

that jarred bitterly, and I felt that it was undeserved.

"Let me carry it, Frank Smith," said a grating voice, that had a saw-sharpening sound in its cutting tones. And in a moment the bag was wrested from Miss Saville's hand and thrown heavily upon the deck.

There was a swaying about, a sharp, struggle, and I was about to throw myself upon the second-class passenger—a ruffian who was committing an outrageous assault upon my fellow-passenger—when a strong hand dragged me back, just as there arose a sharp "click-click," and, dizzy with surprise, I saw the wretch drag a revolver from Miss Saville's fattered hand as she lay torn and disheveled upon the deck.

"Had not breath to speak before, my friend," said the second-class passenger, panting, as he rose from one knee; "but, for your information, Mr. Frank Smith, I hold a warrant for your apprehension. Bank robbery, gentlemen; cool twenty thousand; but I'm in hopes it is all here." And he took up the bag that lay on the deck.

"Stand up, sir," he said the next minute, as he assisted the prisoner to rise, and tore off the veil. "Very clever, very well done indeed, this false hair; and the chignon is very becoming, sir. I must do you the credit of saying that you took me in while poor Matthews hadn't a suspicion, but was rather down on your friend."

"Take me out of this," said a hoarse voice. And I would have turned and fled, but I felt myself wedged in by the crowd; it seemed impossible that the flushed face, veined and knotted with disappointment and rage, could have been that which had deluded me through the voyage.

"All right, sir, as soon as we can get an officer from the shore. But there, you need not mind for a few minutes."

"Take me below, officer," was the husky, imploring petition next uttered, and the officer was about yielding, when a passenger exclaimed:

"But are you sure you are right, officer?"

"Right, sir? Yes, I'm right enough, and I hope there's nothing blacker against him, for there is the death of my poor mate to clear up yet. It seems strange that he should disappear the very night that our friend here suspected that he was found out; and it seems stranger still that he should have settled down so quietly after, and never show at all when the officer who suspected him was gone, for he did not know I was on board."

"I glanced once more at the deathly pale face of the detective led his prisoner below; and then, giddy with the rush of thought through my brain, I made my way back to my cabin to stay till the other passengers were ashore, when I hastened to a hotel, but not as I had hoped, unseen, for I encountered the officer just returning from placing his prisoner in security.

He took me by the button, as he had seized the captain, and held me for a few moments.

"There, you need not be ashamed of it. Young man," he said, with a dry smile; "he's got about as womanish a face as ever I saw, and his disguise was as clever as it was possible to be. I was hard pushed, but I felt pretty sure, and at the last I got one look that settled it. There's a resemblance between you that had he put on a good beard would have made him look a deal like you, and it was that which made my poor mate have his suspicions of some one else; but, any how, fourteen years will make him rather different, and he won't come the petticoats again."

"Fourteen years?" I said.

"Yes, perhaps more; for it's a bad case—confidential clerk."

We parted, and I saw no more of the police-officer. From the report of the trial, though I learned that the police had certain information that the culprit would sail from Liverpool in the *Helvetia*, though his disguise had been nearly clever enough to throw dust in the keen eyes of every one. I was only twenty then—a fact which I plead as an excuse for my want of discernment; and no doubt I formed in the culprit's eyes a capital screen, and one which would make it almost impossible for his sex to be for an instant doubted.

The sergeant was right; the prisoner was brought back to the scene of his depredations, and fourteen years' penal servitude was his award. As to the work of that dark night—whether Sergeant Matthews, otherwise M. Lister, met with foul play, and was sent to his death by a push in the dark—the mystery, if mystery there was, lay a secret between Frank Smith, prisoner at the bar, and him who was forever dumb.

The rising of the Sun is known by its shining beams; the fire is known by its burning; the life of the body is known by its moving; even so certainly is the presence of God's spirit known by the shining light of a holy conversation.

To be cast down by undeserved censure, or elated by unmerited compliment is alike a proof of weakness.

How Daniel Boone Outwitted the Indians.

IT WAS just after the close of the Revolutionary war and the settlements of the pioneers were seldom disturbed by any serious attacks of the Indians; though of course there still existed that strong hatred between the two races which will always continue as long as there is an uncivilized Indian upon the face of the globe. It was not safe to trust yourself with them unless you were fully armed and always ready to resist any attack which their treacherous nature might prompt, if they thought they had advantage of you.

It was thus that things stood when Daniel Boone, the great and renowned pioneer hunter of Kentucky, settled down in active farming life. His farm or plantation was at a considerable distance from any other, and he had to be constantly on the alert, lest the wily savages should catch him "asleep," and thus overmatch him. One of the principle productions of his plantation was tobacco, and though he raised large quantities, he never used it himself. For the drying and storing of this tobacco he had erected a small building of two stories or rather one story and a loft, which at this time, was full of the stalks and unsalable remains of last year's crop, wishing to remove this rubbish before storing the new stock he resolved to commence early one Thursday morning and finish before noon, so that he could employ his time more profitably in the afternoon. When he had eaten an early breakfast he took down his rifle and seeing that it was loaded and primed he put it behind the door, ready for instant use. As the drying house was but a few steps from the house, he did not deem it necessary to take the rifle with him as the Indians had not been seen in that locality for a considerable length of time and he had no idea that they would make their appearance for some weeks. But he made a great mistake and barely escaped being taken prisoner in consequence of his recklessness.

It was about ten o'clock, and having cleared all the litter from the lower apartment, he had just commenced in the loft above when voices were heard below. He glanced through a crack in the flooring and saw four Indians each armed with a gun, who were evidently looking for him. Keeping perfectly quiet, he hoped that they would not look in the loft for him; but the hope was vain, as he well knew. The Indians were too cunning to go away without examining the whole building, and after they had satisfied themselves that he was not in the first room, they got on some barrels stood in one corner, and looked up into the loft, which only extended about three-quarters the length of the building. One glance was sufficient and they saw that Boone was there and not armed, so the one who appeared to be leader spoke in his broken English.

"Big Warrior come down; you prisoner; must come with Seneca braves, who have traveled many days to fetch you."

Boone now saw how foolish he had been to leave the rifle in his house, even if it was but a few steps; but he was a man who was equal to an emergency, and knowing it would be folly to resist, he tried to think of some plan of escape. He knew there was no way of getting out of the snare except by using strategy—so not wishing to have the Indians know that he was frightened at his situation, he coolly replied:

"Now see here, I know you are all great braves, and I hope you will let me finish my work; I've only got to take out a few more of these sticks of tobacco and then I'm perfectly willing to go with you."

"No," answered the Red skin, "we in big hurry; come now, or me shoot," and they leveled their rifles at him. There was a look on their faces which told Boone that if he was going to do any thing he must do it immediately. While he had been parlying with them he had formed a plan for outwitting even the most cunning of the Seneca braves. As he talked he had continued to gather up fragments of leaves and stalks, as if to throw them out, and at the same time he had advanced to the edge of the loft, the more readily to speak to the Indians, who were in a group just below him. Suddenly he leaped from the loft with his arms full of dried tobacco, and flinging it in their faces, he made for the house at the top of his speed, where he arrived in perfect safety, as the pungent tobacco dust had filled the eyes and mouths of the Indians, rendering them perfectly harmless for some seconds. When they recovered, they looked toward the house and saw Boone quietly standing at a window with a rifle in his hand, ready to repel any assault. Remembering the stories which they had heard about him and his rifle, they wisely concluded to let him alone, and plunging into the wood which bordered the plantation, they left Boone unmolested.

On the Jump.

The Westchester county, New York girls had a grand jumping contest on Thursday, the 22d ult., for a purse of \$400 which was won by Miss Kate Langdon, who leaped eight feet, nine inches on the first trial and nine inches on the second, distancing her three competitors by a few inches only. The jumpists were dressed in red and white flannel drawers, merino shirts and tight leaced boots, with jaunty little red velvet caps with tassels.

SUNDAY READING.

We Fade.

We extract the following beautiful and truthful illustration from an exchange: "As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame or revel in luxury and wealth go the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs by the wayside and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says and eloquent writer, have felt as we feel and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. And so shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for off-springs yet unborn that she had once for ourselves and that she has now for our children."

DRUNK.

Young man, did you ever stop to think how that word sounds? Did you ever think what misery and woe you brought upon your friends, when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk? How it rings in the ear of a loving wife! How it makes the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a dotting father, and brings reproach and shame upon loving sisters! Drink! See him as he leans against some friendly house. He stands ready to fall into the open jaws of hell, unconscious as to his approaching fate. The wife, with tearful eyes and aching heart, sits at the window to hear her husband's footsteps; but alas! they come not. He is drunk! The husband the parent, is drunk spending his time and money when he should be at home. Instead of enjoying the comforts of the home circle, he is drunk! He is spending his means of support for liquor, while his family is starving for bread, his children suffering for clothing. Drunk! His reputation is gone, gone! His friends one by one, are reluctantly leaving him to a miserable fate.

Life Thoughts.

Encouragement after correction, is like sunshine after a shower. Godliness has the promise of, and secures the blessing of both worlds. A man may have much of the world and yet not be much of a man. Those who retract love themselves better than the truth.

Half the truth may be a lie, in the absence of the other half.

Pride hides a man's faults from himself and magnifies them to others.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Always bear in mind that your example will speak louder than your tongue.

Sorrow.

Sorrow sobsers us and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the nights, so these are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much because it is better for him, and it will help to make him sure of being immortal. It is not in the bright days, but only in the solemn, that other worlds are to be seen shining in the haze, distances. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see the farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity and sons and daughters of the most High.

Rich and Noble Relatives.

I was reading lately of a very good answer made by a very little boy, who afterward became a very distinguished minister of the Gospel. One of his school-fellows was boasting one day about the number of rich and noble relatives he had. Then he asked the future minister if there were any "lords" in his family. "Yes," said the little fellow. "I know there is one at least, for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our ELDER BROTHER."

The entire Bible contains 66 books, 1,188 chapters, 31,185 verses, and 774,002 words. The name of Jehovah or Lord, occurs 6,555 times in the old Testament. The shortest verse in the Bible is John xi, 35. The nineteenth chapter of the Second Kings and Isaiah thirty six are the same. There is a Bible in the library of University of Gottenberg written on 5,376 palm leaves.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Learn to have not one life for God and another for the world; but let your life be divinely quickened. Let every footstep be a walk with God.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

We treat communications from all persons who are interested in matters properly belonging to this department.

Planting Apple Orchards.

No man in the review of the past season can say that the apple-trees have done bearing. The yield has been bountiful, notwithstanding the great drought, and apples have been a drug in many communities, yet good winter apples are now bringing remunerative prices—three dollars a barrel and upward. Thousands of barrels have been sent into New England, and are now selling in sight of farms once blessed with productive orchards. The excuse for not planting has been the failure of the old trees to bear. Why should they bear, given over as they have been to utter neglect for a whole generation? A tree can no more bear fruit without nourishment than a cow can give milk without fodder. There are orchards in the older parts of the country well fed and productive as ever. There was never more encouragement to plant good varieties of apples than now. There is no danger of overstocking the market with good, sound winter apples. Even in years of plenty, the long-keeping varieties will bring good prices. Every farm should have its orchards.—*Health and Home.*

COMMUNICATED.

Where Does it Come From?

A subscriber writes to us as follows: In the spring of 1860, I turned down a piece of soil and planted corn, following that crop the next Spring with oats. The crop of oats was taken off at the usual time, and in the September following, I went into the army, where I remained till the end of the war. During that time nothing was done with that field, as it was called, very poor land, and after my return I let it alone until last Spring, when I heavily limed it, and plowed it, calculating to plow again, and sow wheat last fall. When I came to plow it again, and prepare it for seeding, I found the ground covered with as fine a crop of clover, as ever was raised in this vicinity. Now what I wish to know is, where did the clover come from, for there was little if any in the sod turned down in 1860, and there had been no seed sowed on the land since I have known it, which has been since 1855. R. S. B.

Perhaps some of our readers can answer the question, and if they can, let us hear from them.

Pumpkins for Calves.

John G. Shelman, writing on this subject in the *Rural New Yorker*, says:

We have often been asked the question, "Do you think pumpkins of much value for stock?"

In reply, I wish to give my experience in feeding them. Years since, I found out their value as food for milk cows, and their milk producing properties. This fall I found that, for calves, they were better than anything ever fed. I only raised three spring calves—one born April 6th; one the 12th, and one the 15th. They were fed as usual, on skim milk, until pumpkins were ripe, when we began to feed them at the rate of a bushel per day, cut fine. This was increased until they were fed two bushels per day. I weighed them to day at noon, and the three head weighed 1435 pounds. The country is full of calves fed in the usual way, that would not weigh more than two or three hundred apiece."

Corn or Oats.

"I feed my horse well, but somehow he looks rough-coated and don't seem to do very well."

"What kind of provender do you give him?"

"Oats, and plenty of them."

That's what the matter. Too many oats. Half the amount of oats and the rest in corn would no doubt, work an improvement in him. We have found out that horses should not be fed entirely with oats or provender. They need something else. Give them corn or cornmeal part of the time, or a mixture of oats and corn, and see if they do not improve. And, by the way, don't forget to give him, twice a week, a mess of potatoes as a medicine.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Best Site for an Orchard

Dodart first observed that trees pushed their branches in a direction parallel to the surface of the earth. If a tree stands on a steep hillside, it pushes both toward the hill and the declivity; but on both sides it preserves its branches parallel to the surface. The most fruitful orchards and most fertile trees are those planted on a declivity, and the steeper it is, though not quite a precipice, the more prolific they prove. It is well known that the spreading of trees render them fruitful. On a plane they incline to shoot upward, and therefore art is employed by skillful gardeners, and applied in various ways to check their perpendicular and promote their lateral growth. But this point is obtained on a declivity by Nature.

They have a hog at Middleport, N. Y., that weighs one thousand pounds. An exchange wants to know if he was raised on pig metal.

"Blees Patent" NOISELESS, LINK MOTION, LOCK-STITCH Sewing Machine

Challenges the World in Perfection of Work, Strength and Beauty of Stitch, Durability of Construction and Rapidity of Motion. Call and examine, and for Agencies and Circulars, apply AT PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 623 Broadway, New York.

How I made it in 6 mos. with Stenels.—Samples mailed free. A. J. FULHAM, N. Y. 6m

A GREAT OFFER. HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway, New York

WILL dispose of ONE HUNDRED FRANDS, MEDICINES and OILS, of six first class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid. 4.17-1y a

PIMPLES, OR WORMS IN THE FACE.

A treatise on their Causes, and how to cure them—including the prepared Remedy, will be sent free by mail for 25 cents, or Descriptive Pamphlets gratis on receipt of stamp. Address, M. LAFAYETTE BYRON, M.D., Box 4069, P. O., New York. (Office 80 Cedar St.) 4,50,4t

LONGEST ROOF

In the United States is on Black's Sons' Factory, Easton, Pa.—one third of a mile long, and is covered with

READY ROOFING, CHEAP, DURABLE and easily applied. Send for circular and samples to the manufacturers. READY ROOFING CO.

423 1/2a No. 64 Courtland St. New York.

\$5 FIRST PREMIUM \$5 Sewing Machine.

\$12.50 clear profit per day. \$75 per week. \$300 per month made easy by any lady or gentleman introducing this Genuine and Original Old Favorite. With its many new and practical additions, making the most complete combination of valuable and useful improvements ever effected in any one machine. The embodiment of extreme simplicity, efficiency and utility, entirely different in model and design from any low priced machine. It is the most serviceable, elegant and reliable Family Sewing Machine ever invented, gives perfect satisfaction wherever introduced. Has received Premiums. Stood the test of ten years, and is fully approved of by every family who have them in use. Is noiseless, makes the strong and beautiful Elastic Lock Stitch, with wonderful rapidity and certainty. Sews anything a needle will go through, from the finest to the thickest fabric, dress and neat, with ease. Uses all kinds of silk or thread direct from the spool; is improved with new self-acting feed, spring tension, self-gauger, and uses the adjustable straight needle, peculiar motion, with powerful lever action. Possesses all the good qualities of the best high-priced machines condensed, without their complications or faults. Samples of sewing sent free on receipt of stamp. For certificate, see Descriptive Pamphlets, mailed free. A thorough practical sewing machine for family use.—*Tribune.* A very strong, reliable machine, at a low price.—*Standard.* This beautiful sewing machine is one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism ever invented.—*Democrat, Ga.* Worth many times its cost to any family.—*N. Y. Weekly.* It is quite a new machine with its many late improvements, and sews with astonishing ease, rapidity and neatness.—*Register, N. Y.* Single machines, as samples selected with care, for family use, with every thing complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in strong wooden box, free on receipt of price, \$500. Safe delivery of goods guaranteed.—Forward cash by registered letter, or P. O. money order, at our risk. Agents wanted, male or female everywhere. New pamphlets, containing extra liberal inducements, sent free. Address Family Sewing Machine Co., Office 86 Nassau Street, New York.

JAMES B. CLARK, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

KEEBS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves, TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD

es. Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock. 31

Use Dr. Frederick's Lightning Relief, THE MEDICAL WONDER!

Cures all Pains and Aches in from 1 to 10 Minutes. Sold by Druggists and Country Store ers and F. MORTIMER & CO., New Bloomfield, Pa. J. L. SINGER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Newport, Perry County, Pa. PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE 4t

BELLS. (ESTABLISHED IN 1837.)

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY!

CHURCH, Academy, Factory, Farm, Fire Alarm Bells, &c., &c., made of PURE BELL METAL.

(Copper and Tin.) warranted in quality, tone, durability, &c., and mounted with our Patent IMPROVED ROTATING HANGINGS. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT, Nos. 102 and 104 E. 2nd St., 41101ygd CINCINNATI, O.

Stop Chewing Tobacco

SAVE YOUR MONEY and restore your health. By using Dr. Byrns' Antidote for Tobacco.—This is not a substitute but a cure for Smoking, Chewing, and Snuff-taking. Few persons are aware of the terrible effects of the noxious weed on the human system. Dyspepsia, Headache, Disease of the Liver, Sallow Complexion, Constipation of the Bowels, Loss of Memory and other diseases are the afflictions brought on by its use. The Antidote is purely vegetable and harmless.—It acts as a tonic on the system, purifies the blood, and enables a person to digest the heartiest food. Samples sent free for 50 cents—\$3 per dozen. Address M. J. Yarnell, 86 Cannon St., N. Y. 14673m

NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!

After the 12th day of August of this year, (1870) suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of Hampshire County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.

For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address S. H. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law & County Surveyor, Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.—4t