The three felt almost as if they were conspirators and forgers themselves, as they deliberated over what could be done to secure the parcel they believed so dangerous. Mrs. Lock and the steward, influenced by a not unnatural curiosity, were extremely anxious to inspect the mysterious package; but Mrs. Ford, who in the event of discovery, was the one to fear the result, cared for nothing so much as being assured it was forever concealed from sight. Let it be what it would, all she desired was that it should be removed from the top of her trunk, and lodged safely at the bottom of the dock.

While they were considering ways and means, a messenger arrived from the City , the assistant stewardess sent their cabin-boy to inquire for Mrs. Ford, and ask some questions in the way of duty. This was a favorable opportunity. Mrs. Ford sent off her keys by the boy Albert, and requested Mr. Green the cabin steward, privately, to open her trunk, take the parcel lying on the top, and pitch it into the river. In due time, Albert brought back a message to say her orders had been complied with, and all was safe.

The evening after Mrs. Ford's return to her usual employment, Mr. Green, the steward, came to her, and having ascertained that there was no one else present, produced the identical parcel which she had believed was safely stowed away in the bed of the river.

"Oh, Mr. Green !" cried she, in perturbation, "why did you deceive me, and keep that dreadful thing?"

"How do you know it is a dreadful thing?" replied he. "I am sure I don't; and I thought, before we threw it away, we would just see what it was all about. I will call Park, now, and we will just take a look before we make it leap over. We can throw it away any time.'

To own the truth, Mrs. Ford herself, although perfectly convinced that the contents were equally dangerous and wicked, and very much afraid of being involved in some dreadful scrape, had yet so great a curiosity that she was not altogether unwilling to proceed to an investigation. So when Mr. Park joined them, they unfastened the cord and opened the package.

"Hum, I thought so," said Mr. Green, as they unwrapped a copper plate for printing forged ten-dollar notes.

"I don't understand what it is," said Mrs. Ford, as she contemplated it.

Mr. Green explained, and added, that he had understood that Seaton belonged to a regular gang, who were waiting for his arrival, with this plate, to proceed over the boundary to Canada, where they intended to establish their headquarters, whence they could conveniently circulate these false notes.

"And so that is the spool he intended to make the villian !" said Mrs. Ford. "He was nearly making a very tangled skein of me, I am sure. Let's toss it overboard."

"Don't be in a burry," said Mr. Green. "Look here; this man is in prison now,

and they want to find evidence. If you produce this, you will convict him at once if you destroy it, you allow him, perhaps, to go at large."

"But if I produce, it they will take me for an accomplice, and I may be lynched, or Langed, or imprisoned for life," exclaimed Mrs. Ford. "No, no. I will run no I might have !"

"She would be certainly detained here after we sail," said Mr. Park, "and so loose her situation, perhaps, or at any rate have a whole peck of trouble; and, being English, I think she might, likely enough. have some difficulty in establishing her perfect innocence. I would throw it away, if I were she." So the dangerous article was tossed out of the window, and fell with a splash into the waters of the dock, where it no doubt reposes in the mud at this day.

Had Mr. Green's advice been followed. Mr. Seaton who, it had appeared, had a few other aliases for suitable occasions, would not have been discharged in one week as he actually was, in default of evidence, and set at liberty to begin some other fraudulent action.

It was not till after his discharge that Mrs. Ford ventured to put her foot ashore so terribly was she alarmed, lest she should be, in some way, involved in his guilt. But one evening, a few days before the City of -was to start, she did venture into the city under the escort of Mrs. Lock. To her great surprise, as they were walking up Broadway, they met Mrs. Senton herself, who instead of trying to avoid her stopped and spoke to her. There was not much cordiality on the part of the English woman; but Mrs. Seaton was perfectly composed and very friendly, and assured her that it had all come about just as she had expected it would. Her husband had been set at liberty, and was now quite well, and so was Freddy, and she would be glad if the stewardess would come and see them; and would she bring that little parcel she left on board the steamer? Mrs. Ford looked her full in the face, equally amazed at her audacity, and enraged at the injury so nearly done to herself.

"If you wish for that parcel," she replied, as soon as she could, "you must look for it at the bottom of the dock, for you will find it in no box of mine."

A dark expression had passed over

you mean you threw it away, woman? How dared you do so with my property?"

"And how dared you give me your forgeries and cheats to take care of, Mrs. Seaton? How dared you to try to bring me into your scrapes ? I am not at all obliged to you. I can tell you, and don't ever wish to sail in the same boat with you sgain." "Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Seaton, frightened at her language, and glancing at her companion. Don't talk of forgeries, pray; there's no occasion to be angry; you have been in no danger; you are quite mistaken.*

"I have been in danger, and I am not mistaken; and Mrs. Lock knows as well as I, what that parcel was. And we threw it out into the dock, having no mind at all to be concerned in your business. So you will never see it again."

"And if you knew what it was, were you really such a fool as to throw it away? Why, you might have made your fortune by it. We would have given you any share of the profits you liked to name, to get it back; and you have really lost such a chance !"

"I don't want any shares, either in your profits or your prisons. Mrs. Scaton," exclaimed the stewardess, strong in indignant and outraged honesty. "I should have been far more likely to have one than the other, and I should have deserved it, besides, as much as you."

"Well, you are a fool with your honesty," said Mrs. Seaton, with an impertment laugh. "You have thrown away a chance you will not have again in a hurry, I can tell you. And so saying she walked away. Nor have they ever met since.

to In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Jereyman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and it's pretty sure the

defendant throwed it."

" Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it wur a largish stone." " What was its size?"

"I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it

"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness.'

"Can you give the jury some idea of the

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other ob-

"Why, if I were to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk."

"But the distance-how long was it? "Well, I should say about the length of a piece of string."

Answer Your Children's Questions.

Education is erroneously supposed only to be had at schools. The most ignorant children often have been constant in their attendance there, and there have been very intelligent ones who never saw the inside of a school-room. The child who always asks an explanation of terms or phrases it cannot understand, who is never willing to repeat, parrot-like, that which is incomprehensible, will far outstrip in "education," risks of the sort. Who knows what trouble the ordinary Foutine scholar. "Education" goes on with children at the firesideon the street-at church-at play-everywhere. Do not refuse to answer their proper questions then. Do not check this natural intelligence for which books can never compensate, though you bestowed whole libraries.

A minister in one of the Brookfield church gave his son a liberal education and he was duly examined for the position of principal of a high school and was rejected. His father was greatly excited on hearing the news, and hastily taking his hat, he hastily rushed down street, and ran full tilt against one member of the committee. "What does this mean?" he cried. "Don't the committee know that my son can speak and write in four different languages?' "That may be," replied the committee, "but the English is not one of them. We examined him only in English !"

13 A disconsolate editor out west, bemoaning the loss of a wife, had the following epistle engraved upon the tombstone: "To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Trembone. Terms \$3 a year always in advance. A kind mother and exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee. Job printing solicited."

An Irish jockey once selling an old nag to a gentleman, frequently observed with emphatic carpestness that he was an "honest" horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked what he meant by an honest" horse? "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

12 In Siberia, during the winter, milk is bought and sold in a frozen state, and can be carried for a long period in a simple bag. When required for use, the requisite the wind blew off his bonnet when the cow quantity is chopped off with a hatchet or Mrs. Seaton's face, as she snawered: "Do sheath-knife, and thawed as needed.

A Cunning Burglar.

THE other evening a young man named Hugh Mitchell stole into the room of a colored woman named Blanchard, living at the place of Mr. John Long, and pocketed a gold watch, a gold dollar, a bracelet and a breastpin. In attempting to make his escape from the premises he was caught by a colored man employed about the place.

About three years ago Mitchell was known here as a notorious housebreaker, and, although he was not over sixteen years of age, he was quite successful in his exploits, and practiced his profession in a manner that was novel and peculiar. He raised a pet coop, and so trained the animal that whenever his master would put it down upon the ground it would run immediately into the nearest house. Mitchell would take the coon about the street in his arms, ostensibly for the purpose of showing it off, and when in front of a residence that he wished to enter, he would let the coon down; in an instant the welltrained animal would scamper off towards the house, and its master would follow in pursuit. If there happened to be an opening anywhere about the building, the coon was sure to find it and enter the house at once. Of course the people of the house would allow the master to come in after his pet, and while the family and servants were lending a helping hand to effect the capture of the runaway, Mitchell would busy himself, with every opportunity, picking up little things here and there in the rooms into which they passed after the slippery little beast.

Mitchell kept up this smart little game quite successfully for some time, but was finally caught, and sent to the penitentiary for a term of three years. About a month ago he was pardoned out by Governor Leslie, after remaining in the prison about one year and a half. As soon as he was released, young Mitchell returned to Louisville, it seems, to follow his old pursuits. He is now only eighteen years of age, and made quite a genteel appearance when brought to First street station last night. Doubtless this act will send him back to the penitentiary, and perhaps when he returns again to the walks of honest men, he will have learned that honesty is the best policy .- Louisville Courier Journal.

His Question.

We had some comical times in our first Sunday school. The children could not understand how a Sunday school differed from any other; and the first Sunday they brought their slates, and wanted copies set, and to "do sums."

There was one boy who was always asking questions; queer questions they were,

I used to wish sometimes that I could take the top of his head off for a minute and look inside, to see what kind of a brain it was that thought of such things.

One Sunday the lesson was upon the

He raised his hand to signify that he want

ed to ask a question. "Well what is it?"

"Yer say dar was on'y one man den?"

"Yes there was only one man." "Dar warn't no oder man, no place, no

"No; there was no other man on the earth.

"Den, if dar wor on'y one man, an' dat ar man want ter sell a cow, I jes' like ter know how he's gwine to do it."

A Determined Prisoner.

A Frenchman, a prisoner in Edinburg, having managed to escape during the Napoleonic wars, took refuge in the powdermagazine. When the authorities wished to seize him, they found him sitting on a barrel with a lighted match, and threatening to blow up the town. The authorities reflected prudently, and the result of their deliberations was that it would be better to starve the Frenchman out. But they reckoned without their prisoner, who liked good cheer, and was determined to live well. In consequence he called out that he would blow the town to pieces if he did not get three meals a day-he would write out the bill of tare. Sawney succumbed, and the demands of the prisoner went on increasing. Sometimes he had a secrenade under his window; then a review of the garrison; afterwards a sham tight in which the troops representing the French army beats the Highlanders, At last he exacted that every Sabbath morning, before breakfast, the lord provost, in full uniform, should make his appearance, and read him an address. This lasted until the victorious army of the Allies entered the city of Paris.

127 Near Hartford reside two old maids who had lived alone some years, under a yow of celibacy, all that time milking one cow. When both of them fell sick, it was found that the brute would not submit to be milked, as she evidently construed the act into a robbery of her mistresses; for there was no way of getting her to comprehend that they were in the house, sick. At last stratagem was resorted to. young man in the neighborhood dressed in the clothes of one of the sisters, and went out to milk. He got along well enough till discovered the cheat and kicked both him and the milk over.

SUNDAY READING.

Sitting up for Her Boy.

Here and there throughout the village a few lights ficker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from the attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honors labors, wasting the midnight oil and the clixir of his life in toil, useless it may be, save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon external happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One light shines through a low cottage window, from which the curtains are pushed partially aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, are faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptations, and make of them noble mee, and true and loving women. It is nearly mid-night, and the faded eyes are strained to the utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound, however slight that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly and goes back to the table, where an open book is lying and half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in the chair, and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy chair. Up and down the little room the mother walks, trying to knit, but vainly;she can only think of her son, and wonder and imagine what is keeping him. Her mind pictures the worst, and her heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but one-half the anguish he is causing, he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard-a sound of coarse laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes and dies away in the distance.-Thank heaven it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quickly.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form, advancing, shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle; a brisk, light step up the pathway; and throwing wide open of the door, and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he doesn't like to be led by apron-strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a balf unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after years thanks beaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him, and prayed for him. - He knows better than she, now, the good that was done by her sitting up for her boy.

When a lobster is thrown on the shore by the waves of the sea, he makes no exertion to regain his lost position, but lies and waits for another wave to come and carry him back again. But it scarcely ever comes and he stays and dies where thrown while a little exertion would have restored him to all he had lost. So it is with many people; they push boldly out on the ocean of life, with bright and happy anticipations of success. Storms of adversity come and suddenly they find themselves thrown back on the shore, surrounded by the wreck of former hopes. Instead of using the energy God has given them, they quietly accept their destiny, when fortunately the returnwave brings them back again without any exertion. Young man; don't be like a lobster; but if troubles come, meet them bravely. If you are shipwrecked on your first attempt to launch your boat, and thrown back on the shore of adversity, exert yourself to get afloat again, and probably you will succeed, while if you wait for the waves to come and bear you away without exertion on your part, you will, like the lobster, lie and wait in vain. Therefore we say again "dont be like the lobster."

Keep on Praying. "Do you think," I asked, "that the Lord will let me see, in this life, the salvation of the souls for whom I pray."

"I cannot say as to that. a child in the Sabbath School in the old country," she continued, "my teacher used to say, "I have prayed too much for my Class for one of them to be lost." I was a thoughtless girl at that time, and remember wondering at it, and thinking it a very self-confident remark-she was so "I shall have them all," she would "I shall say to Christ, at the judg-KAY. ment, Here am I and the Class thou hast given me."

"And were they all converted?" I asked. "Yes, She did not live to see it; but my eyes have seen it-the last of the sixteen gathered into the fold."

New Advertisements.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION

The primary cause of Consumption is de-rangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation, I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the colids of the body. Persons with digestion thus im-paired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perclogging these organs so that they cannot per-form their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the ston-These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Scaweed Tonic preves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system nent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of good digestion, and, ultimately make good, healthy, living blood—After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most case of Consumption is the free and persevereing use of Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nonrishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all uted to the diseased langs. There it ripeus all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercies, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of irre by the great healing and puryfying properties of Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup, that all nicers and cavities are healed up sound, and my pa-tient is cured. tient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Con-

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow is flesh and get strong. If a person has discused lungs—a cavity or abscess there—rhe cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen so long as the system is below sar. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh tite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantiles, and the person will regain health and sterength. This is the true and on-

neath and sterength. This is the true and onlip plan to cure Consumption, and if a person
is not entirely destroyed, or even if one lang is
entirely gone, if there is enough vitality test is
the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only
one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good
old age. This is what Scheuck's Medicines
will do to cure Consumption. They will clean
out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, ges
up a good digestion, and give Nature the system of all the diseases she needs to clear the

tem of all the diseases she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be. It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold: keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid pight air, and take outdoor exercise and avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only

in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood thet when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do se for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more light to a relaxed than on who far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will be a confirmed to the least change of atmosphere will be a confirmed to the least change of atmosphere will be a confirmed to the least change of atmosphere will be a confirmed to the least change of atmosphere will be a confirmed to the least change of atmosphere will be a confirmed to the least change of a confirmed to the confirmed to the least change of a confirmed to the least change of the large of the mosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my abil-ity to anbidue inflammation instead of provokng it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating infinnces.

The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on wholesome and nutritions diet, and all the Medicines continued

until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the

worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen. About the First of October I expect to take

possession of my new building, at the North-east Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may

Full directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.,
Philadelphia.

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This well known and pleasantly lecated hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor and he will spare no palus to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A carrill and attentive hoster will be in attendance. A good livery washe will be kept by the proprietor. April 3, 1871, 17

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