Business Cards.

SHIPMAN & CASE. Saddie, Harness and Trank makers. Shop in C. Store Building. Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnesses and Hebt, made to order. Brooklyn, April 3, 1872.—m6

M. D. SMITH Having located at Susquehanna Depot, Manufacturer and dealer in light and heavy Harnesco, Collers, Whip Trunke, Saddles, &c., hoping, by strict attention to bun ness and fair dealing, to have a liberal share March 6, 1929.—no10—m3.

BURNS & NICHOLS. * DSALERS in Druge, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestias, Paints, Olls, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fanciracticles, Estembergy and Tollet Aiticles. 37 Prescriptions carefully compounded. Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. B. Bunys.

AMOS NICHOLS. Feb. 21, 1872

DR. D. A. LATHROP, Alministers Electro Thermal Barns, at the Foot of Chestnet street. Call and consult in all Chroni

Chestnet Brices. Discues. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf. J. F. SHOEMAKER. ttorney at Law. Montrose, Pa. Office next door bel the Tarbell House, Public Avenue, Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—ly.

C. E. BALDWIN, Arronyti and Councilon at Law, Great Bend, Pens B. L. BALDWIN.

Tronner at Law, Montrose, Pa R Carmait Esq. Montrose, August 20, 1871. LOOMIS & LUSH.

Attorneys at Law, Office No. 224 Lackswanns Avenue Sermion, Pt. Practice in the several Courts of Lactor and Susgnehanna Counties.

F. L. Loozer.
Scianton, Soft, Cit., 1871.—17.

Ww. D. Lusz. W. A. CROSSMON.

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office,
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf. MCMENZIE, & FAUROT.

caler- in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misse fine Shoes Also, agents for the great America Tea and Coffee Company, [Montrose, Pa , ap 7, 70] DR. W. W. SMITH,

DENTIST. Booms at his dwelling, next door east of the stepublican printing office. Uffice hours from 9 A. m to 4 P. M. Montrose, May 3, 1871—17 THE BARBER-Ha! Ha! Ha!! Chartey Morris is the barber, who can shave your face t order; Cats brown, black and grizzley hair, in his came, just up stairs. There you will find him, ove Gere's store, below McKeneits—just one door. Mantrose, June 7, 1871.—If C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTOREETS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montre Pa. Montro-e, May 10, 1871.

J. D. VAIL,

However Physician and Surgicon. Has permanently jossed himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will prompt by altent to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Cour House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February S, 1871. LAW OFFICE.

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.

LOW FITCH. [Jan. II, '71.] W. W. WATSON, CHARLES N. STORDARD,
caler in Bouts and Shoes, Hatsond Caps, Leather an
Flucture, Maio Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store
Work mide to order, and repairing done nearly,
Moutrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL. SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shep in the new Postofice building, where he will
be found rendy to attend all who may want anything
in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

DR. S. W. DAYTON, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't, Bend village residence, opposite Sept. 1st, 1983.- 1f

A. O. WARREN. ATTORNEY AN LAW Bounty Back Pay, Pensio and Exem on Claims attended to, Office fi-nor below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '0

M. C. SUTTON. Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent

C. S. GILBERT.

Auctioncer Great, Bend, Pa.

U. S. Auotionoor.

Auc. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa-

JOHN GROVES, FAGHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Fa. Shop over Chandler's Store. Allorders filled in first-rate style outling done on short notice, and warranted to St.

W. W. SMITH, CABINET AND CHAIR MANUPACTURERS, You of Main street, Montrose, Pay Jaug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,

FIRE AND LIES ENVANCE AGENTS. AR
business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office
first door north of . 20 nortose Hotel, " west; side of
rublic Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1809.

BILLINGS STROUD, CHARLES L. BROWN.

- ABEL TURBELL,

ASSES. TOSESELLL.

DIALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemical
Liquors, Faints, Oils, Dye Sunfa, Varnishes, Win
Glass, Grocories, Glass Ware, Wall and Window P.
per, Stone-ware, Lamps, Korosene, Sischinory Oil
Trusses, Guns, Ammanition, Eniver. Spectacle
Brashes, Fancy Goods, Jewelty, Ferfa cry, &cbeing font of the most numerous, extensive, an
valuable collections of Goods in Sanquenama CoEstablished in 1843. [Montrose, Fa. D. W. SEARLE.

TTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montroac, Pa. [and DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

HYSICIAN' & SUEGEON, tenders his profession services to the cilizens of Montrose and vicinity-Offices this residence, on the corner cast of Surged Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869. A . DB. E. L. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose. Pa. Give especial attention to discusses of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgicis discases. "Office over W. B Deana" Boards at Scarle's Hotel. [Aug. 1. 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, BCRANTON, PA Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,

FILDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUME & TRAIL SPIRES

CARRIAGE SPRINGS. AXLES, SHEINS AN,
BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,
PLATED BANDS, MALIFABLE

FELOES, SEAT GPINDLES, DUNS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, SPOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS
HAMNEIS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILESAWS, BELTING, FACKING
TACKLE BLOCKS, PRINTED AB
FERSCH WINDOW MARS LEADSTONES,
FERSCH WINDOW MARS LEADSTONES,
crauton, March 4, 1853.

19

IMPROVED HUBBARD

PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE! CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. I

Also the Great Ohlo National Premiums, held at Mans Acid, in 1870. And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State

Loct's Corner.

THE TWO THREADS.

A babe, who crept from the downy nest, Fond hands had loved to deck; Glowing and sweet from its rosy nost, To elling, carressing and carressed, To its gentle mother's neck.
Another, who shrank in his squalld lair, In the noisy crowded court, Dreading to waken to curse and blow, To woman, whose life of sin and woe. Won from sleep a respite short. From the darkness and the light, Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A girl, in her graceful, guarded home.

Mid sunshine, and birds, and flowers,
Whose fair face brightened as she heard
Her gallant, lover's wooing word,
In the fragrant gloaming hours.
Another, iossed out, a nameless waif,
On the awful sea of life,
'Mid poverty, ignorance and wrong;
Young pulses beating full and strong
For the flerco, unalded strife,
Front the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A wife, beside her household hearth,
In her happy matron pride.
Raising her infant in her arms,
Showing its thousand infant charms
To the father at its side,
Another, who stood on the river's banks
Hearing her weakling cries;
Thinking "a plange would end for both
Cruelty, hunger, and broken truth,
Harsh carth and iron skles,"
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

Her children's children at her knee, With friends and kindred round, An aged woman with silver hair, Passing from life, 'mid the love and prayer, That her gracious evening crowned. Another, crouched in the stinted warmth Of the workhouse, homeless hearth Her bitter fare unkindly given; Knowing as little of joys in Heaven As of gladness on the earth. From the derkness and the light, Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A soul that sprung from rose-strewn turf.
With its cavern-cross adorned,
Another, that left its pauper's grave,
Where rank and coarse the grasses wave,
O'er rest, unnamed, unmourned
And two, who sought their Redeemer's feet,
By His having blood to plead,
May He in hismerry guide us all,
For sunbeam and shadows strangely fall;
The riddle is hard to read
From the darkess and the light. From the darkess and the light, Weave the black thread, weave the white.

-All the Year Around Open the Door.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children, See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs;
Pray you the Father to bless them;
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children.
"Of such is the kingdom of Heuven."

A Hymn.

I cannot think but God must know About the thing I long for so; I know he is so good, so kind, I cannot think but he will find Some way to help, some way to show Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand-it lies so near : I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles—He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

Previties and Witicisms.

-Saxe Holm, in Scribner's Monthly.

-Portugal in a hundred years has not quarreled with any power.

Cenis Tunnel has been laid. nentally 77 miles in one hour.

-There is one hour difference of time between Boston and Cincinnati. -We read in Taunton, Mass., a

year old tree will yield this year. -The President has approved of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Depot

has increased the sugar crop eight per awaiting for trial for that highway rob-cent.

The sum of \$250,000 was realized last year by the sponge-gathers on the lower gulf coast of Florida.

-By the deepening of the Illinois Canal, the Illinois River is receiving all dignation meeting. Ha! Ha!? the varieties of fish in the great lakes. Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's

-Twenty persons have been killed by an explosion of petroleum and powder at Tripolizza, a town of the Pheloponnesus.

But I'm going."

"You may take this if you want it,"

"Henri Rochfort has sailed for New and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a

Caledonia together with others convicted six shooter.
of participation in the Communist revolts. "No1" he exclaimed laughting

-A Farmer up in Stafford County. New Hampshire reports that he has plow-ed up a petrified Indian, seven feet seven inches long. A consin to the Cardiff gid up a petrified Indian, seven feet seven
nches long. A consin to the Cardiff gibe cool, and keep a sharp lookout.
And
promise me one thing, Ward; that you
will not drink anything more to-night, at ant, perhaps.

monstrated with her at the wedding for least until you get back" ber of her male friends, remarked with claiming with a laugh;
natural naivete that the gentlemen in questions had been in the habit of kissing her all her life and she didn't see why my chair for some moments, and at last

they should stop now. -In washing windows and other glass before me. Presently Bailey came in on an errand. The genting is simple, compact, removed entirely from the gentire wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the souther wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the grand due the machine, encetantly securing it from grit. The operation can be changed tostantly from a light of the peed to one a third stover, without stop, thus adapt post to one a third stover, without stop, thus adapt post to the places and light and heavy fracts of one cuttler apparatusis perfect. No branch send one enter of each pane. With another cloth rinse over the glass, then rub it with a dry greatly refactly refable the every particular.

SAYRE BROS. SAYRE BROS. | cloth till it shines like crystal.

Miscellancous.

A NIGHT. EDITOR'S WORK.

My story is a ghost story, and one of the genuine article, I conclude, from puting together my pre-conceived ideas of ghosts and the particular experience I have to relate on this occasion. It is an experience so strange, so terrible and so fraught with poignant grief, that for a long time after its occurrence I strank from all mostly results of the property of the put the ginume Turkish tobacco that I kept on

I was night editor on the Hawbuck Morning Sentinel. My associate in the local department was Ward Sutfin a young a liberal admixture of those fascinating fellow of keen perceptions, ready wit and active ability. He had clear eyes, a concontrative brow, a rather pale complexion, a long, flaring, jet-black mustache, and an open, wide-awake look that was a fathful index to his character. Nothing escaped his observation. He was indefatigably industrious, and picked up a'l the news, delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. He was the best Local we had ever had, and our department of city news, soon after his advent, outstripped those of all our cotemporaries in variety and spice.

Ward had one fault, however. The social bowl possessed powerful attractions for him, and it was too often evident that

he had been imbibing more freely than a sound judgment would dictate. To be sure, he was seldom unfitted for business -not more than once in three or four months, perhaps—but he was pursuing a path which, if persisted in, must, I endeavored to pursuado him, eventually result in his downfall. I talked to him often about it, but although he always listened pleasantly, my words seemed to be uselessly expended. He was always the same free and easy, light hearted conviv-al fellow, and hard working, valuable as-

He would frequently choose a topic of popular interest and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in a free, gos-sipy vein just calculated to catch the public attention. This was in addition to his regular work as city editor. The amount of labor he accomplished, and the engo with which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme "Dregs and Scum." He pene-trated the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a wonderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes, the bright spots in their lives, together with scraps of adventure and incident—architecture. awd incident—exciting, amusing and pathetic—were all treated with rare spirit

and grace by his ready pen.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resort of thieves, villians and desperadoes, and plunged into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many chan-

"We will see what can be fished up from the slime," he would say, with a mocking luugh, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Or again he would announce that he had an appoint-ment to meet some distinguished friends. the true purport of which remark we all-

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Bailey, his assistant, had another anartment just across the hall. One night about half-past eleven Ward

"Well, Peck, I guess I'll go out and see what I can see. I've sent in a couple of columns, and Dobbin will be on the lookout to report if anything turns up. I'll be back by half past one or two."

Dobbin was a middle aged, seedy individual, of some ability, but no particular occupation, who loafed around the office

most of the time, in readiness to assist, for a small remuneration, in any department that happened to be crowded. He frequently leut his aid to Ward in reportg police cases, accidents, rows and the

"Hold on, Ward," I said; looking him

narreled with any power.

—A second track through the Mount iii to-morrow night."

—A Locomotive was lately run, experimentally 77 miles in one hour.

"Yes you always are, for that matter, Where do you propose to go to night."
"Down to Mugging' Forks."
The very worst place in the city! The

concentration of vile and desperate lawessness! You're not in earnest, Ward? You're

altimore and Potomae Railroad Depot not going there to night, are you?"

"That's just where I'm going. You

"That's just where I'm going. You

know their great mogul, Barney Buck, is comments. Jove! won't it be a rich treat!"

"I heard they were going to have a talk about it."
"Yes, Muggins' Forks is to hold an in-

"Well, Peck, I don't want you to go.

"You had better take it." But he persisted in declining.

He had been slowly moving toward the indulging in a rather indiscriminate bestowal of her last maiden kisses on a num-door, and now rushed out suddenly ex-

with an effort bent myself to the work

"Where is Sutfin?" he said. "Don't ask," I replied.
"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a scowl, "Be

one long?"
"Till half-past one," I said. "Well, I hope he'll get back." And

with the last word the door swung shut, as Bailey retired.

I cel.ocd an Amon to his wish. We all liked Ward, and felt an interest in him. He was young, so bright, and capable of

private drawer, and filled the pipe with ginume Turkish tobacce that I kept on long time after its occurrence I snrank from all mention of it; but time, the greatalleviator, enables me now to sit down and give a calm account of the events to build me, and when it did, a pipe full of building the cattle of the country of the country of the cattle this tobacco would invariably set things treacherous drugs for which the East is famous, for its effect was always indescribably exhilerating. It gave me new energy, new life, and a quick, far sighted penetrating that could grapple with any problem within the scope of my learning

or information.

Perhaps I took a more liberal allowance than usual that time. I do not know that come on l? I seized him by the shoulder I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by any work as on that particular night. I worked on steadily and unsual that consider and endeavored to drag him toward the content of the state of the sta lar night. I worked on steadily and untiringly, conscious of no effort, and completely absorbed in the tasks before me.

I do not know how long I had thus sat, about, facing me.

"Now tell me what you mean!" he said

was the beginning of the strangest experience of my life—in experience whose parallel I hope and expect never to pass through again.

It is that the work and manner that brought me back to coherency.

In as calm a manner as possible I related to him the events of the few mo-My tasks were completed, with the exeption of one or two trifles, and I leaned When I had concluded be eyed me narception of one or two trifles, and I leaned

back in my cluir and yawned. Happening to look around—I know not what it look.

was that impelled me to look around at "You don't believe me," I said. "But was that impelled me to look around at that particular moment—I beheld the door open noislessly and Ward Sutfin entered. It was about two o'clock, or after.

"What's the matter, Ward?" I cried, for there was a bright red wound on his forther and exercised for some time, but in vain. I felt rather chagrined, and was doubly furbual and exercised for some time, but in vain. formal, and every vestige of color seem-ed to have faded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but

"It must have fallen into the fire-place,"

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but the must have fallen into the fire-place," the must have fallen into the fire-place, the proceeded direct to his desk and sat I said. "See—there are its charred redown. He walked with his usual quick step, and immediately on scating himself took pencil and paper and began to wrice.

"Ward!" I say.

"Ward!" I say.

wri e.
" Ward!" I say.
Still de did not roply. His pencil trav-

"Ward!" I say.

Still de did not reply. His pencil travelled over the paper mpidly,
"Ward!" I spoke londly and tharply.
But he paid no attention to my voice. I concluded that he was so absorbed as not to hear me—though that would not be like him. I felt curious to know how he had received the wound on his forchead, which, however, I concluded from his cool behavior could be nothing serious.

I took a newspaper, rolled it up into a bunch, and threw it at his head, thinking to startle him.

Horror! It seemed to go through him, and he went on writing, apparently under the street and two of two officers.

This inturiated me.

"You are trifling!" I cjaculated. "You don't believe me. But I am neither drunk nor crazy. I have spoken the truth, and you or some one clse must go with me immediately to Mugging! Forks."

Mr. Harding had been so excited about the affair that he went back to Philadelphia the went back to Philadelphia the without ceremony.

Bailey poohed, and endeavored to persuade mejout of this idea, whereat I left him without ceremony.

I took a newspaper, rolled it up into a bunch, and threw it at his head, thinking to startle him.

Horror! It seemed to go through him, and he went on writing, apparently under the street and the went on writing, apparently under the street and the went of two officers.

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"You are trifling!" I cjaculated. "You and then the stage stopped, and the young lady tripped away.

Mr. Harding had been so excited about the affair that he went back to Philadelphia the affair that he went back to Philadelphia the affair that h

and he went on writing, apparently un-

"See here old boy!" I exclaimed, der—"
"Whew! That is coming it pretty arose.

"See here old boy!" I exclaimed, springing up and starting toward him.

But without even so much as looking at me, he walked quickly to the door, opened it, seemed to glide out, and closed it noiselessly after him.

I followed him hastily. Going into the outer hall, I expected to overtake him, hat he was not in sight. I run across an back me, "had he a mother? She surely must have taught him 'Now I lay me," or that she was not in sight.

Both men uttered startled exclamations.

Both men uttered startled exclamations asked me, "had he a mother? She surely must have taught him 'Now I lay me," or that who arose.

asked.

"How long have you been here?" "A few minutes. I was waitin' for

"Ward certainly just came out here rom my room.' "Guess not-leastwise I didn't see him."

I was bewildered. I returned to my room, and was just about to sit down to marrow dirty, dark laue, from various my table when I thought myself to examine what Ward had written.

universal dark laue, from various quarters of which arose stenches almost unbearable. We walked slowly and cau-I went to his desk, and to my intense astonishment and horror, read the follow-

MURDER-Mr. Ward Sutfin, local editor of this paper, came to his death at the hands of assassins shortly before two o'clock this morning. He had been attending—as a spectator—an indignation meeting at Muggins' Forks, and, while leaving, was set upon by three ruffins and severely beaten. On of the trio accomplished their murderous design by strik-ing a fearful blow on his forhead with a small bar of from. They left his body in cellar way in Pinche's Alley. At first I was so transfixed as to be able

at the tyrehead, and there was a bright only to hold the paper in my hand and the one I had seen on—what?"

We carefully gathered it up, and each word and letter in a horrible, fascination. It was Ward's handward straightened it out and comment on the straightened it out and comment. only to hold the paper in my hand and the one I had seen on—what stare at it. I read it thrice over, scanning cach word and letter in a horrible, fascistraightened it out, and composed the nation. It was Ward's handwriting—limbs in a less painful posture. There there was no mistake about that; and were two hands that worked with loving, Ward had written it—for I had seen though trembling touch.

It was taken to the hospital, in order drink?

Strange to say no suspicion of a practical joke entered my head for an instant, call joke entered my head for an instant, call reflection would doubtless have said he must have been dead an hour.

I thought when I returned to the ofwout a was, that Ward had been murdered, and that I had seen his ghost! Strange proceeding, would it not be, for a man to appear after being killed and write his own the preposterousness of the idea did not the preposterousness of the idea did not the proposterousness of the idea did not the preposterousness of the idea did not the preposterousness of the idea did not the preposterousness of the idea did not in the preposterousness of the interest in the interest in the interest in the interest in the

more explicit account of the strange mandal read it carefully. I was in a sort of stupor for a few seconds, and then came suddenly the desire to net. The place mentioned as the receptacle of Ward's body must be searched immediately.

I laid the paper down and went to the door. As I opened it a gust of wind swept in, creating quite a commotion among a the papers. I sprang back to the table. Ward's manuscript had blown off with the rest, and I stooped down to look for the rest, and I stooped down to look for outer hall, and I called:

More explicit account of the strange man, and not the strange man, and read it carefully. I was in a sort of stupor for a few seconds, and then came suddenly the desire to net. And as I minutely described each circumstance, he alternately opened his eyes were find out which one was to blame. At last she said:

"Well, I shall find out on the last day who told the fib."

A few nights after there was a dreadful stoom, which been off the roof of the insurance of works of art from the ream to settle their difficulty. She could not find out which one was to blame. At last she said:

"Well, I shall find out on the last day who told the fib."

A few nights after there was a dreadful stoom, which been off the roof of the insurance of works of art from the ream to settle their difficulty. She could not find out which one was to blame. At last she said:

"Well, I shall find out on the last day who told the fib."

A few nights after there was a dreadful stoom, which been off the roof of the insurance of works of art from the rest, and I stooped down to look for the receptance of works of art from the rest, and I stooped down to look for the receptance of the receptance of works of art from the rest, and I stooped down to look for the receptance of works of art from the rest, and I stooped down to look for the receptance of works of art from the rest, and I stooped down to look for the receptance of the receptance of works of art from the rest and I stooped to the find out which one was to blame

"What's up, Peck ?"

He entered hastily, and spoke with surrised anxiety. I can't distinctly recolect, much less account for, my manner

on that night,
"It's just as I feared," I said, still
searching for the missing paper.
"What is it?"
"Ward—"

"Ward-"
"What of him?"

"He is killed."
'WARD KILLED? How? When? Who

brought the news?"

I suddenly paused in my search and stared at him blankly as he asked the lust question.
"Why don't you answer me?" His voice was full of harshness and distress. "Who told you? Where is he."
"In a cellar way on Pinche's Alley."

"Who brought the news? Will you answer that? answer that?

"He brought it himself—or rather his ghost did," I answered doggedly.

"See here, Peck," said Bailey, sharply, "don't have any fooling on such a subject.

and he went on writing, apparently undisturbed.

I gazed at him spell-bound.

Finally he threw down his pencil and arose.

"Yes—in fact, there has been a mur-

prise and incredulity.

But we hurried on faster than ever, and

in due course of time reached that quar-ter of the city known as Muggins' Forks. It was in a state of comparative quietude, being dark and silent, lights glimmering only occasionally here and there out of low groggeries.
Soon we turned on Pinche's Alley, a

tiously along, guided by the light of one of the policemen's lanterns, which cast about a ghostly glimmer, seeming to make visible the foulness of the nir and the corruption which left not untainted one inch of space. With hesitating steps and dread anticipation we pursued our horri-ble scarch. Down into damp places and nests of filth we peered, withdrawing from each as soon as we had scanned it

throughly. We found it. It law partially doubled up, but the licad and face were visible. I looked first at the forehead, and there was a bright

But I did not reflect calmly. I pounced fice, that Bailey looked upon me with an upon a conclusion without delay, and that expression akin to awe. But I was in a

outer hall, and I called:

"Bailey! Bailey! Come in here for brain receive an impression from a dream so vivid and indelible as to be indisting-uishably from a memory of an actual pillow comes under this head."

fact? If so, what is memory but a delusion, and to what extent can we trust our recollections of the past? But why pur-

"Didn't he return your change?" It is possible? Here, driver!" he continued, dropping his brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you

violently, "why the dickens don't you violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her change - forty cents, sir; forty cents!"

"I did give her the change; I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your own pocket," shouted back the driver. "To me?" said Mr. Harding, feeling in

his vest pocket, from which his firgers brought out four ten cent notes." Gracious goodness, madam! I beg ten thousand pardons; but—but—" "Oh, never mind," said, the lady, eyeing him suspiciously, "you know a lady in New York has to look out for herself.

It's no matter—it was the the forty cents—"

Had be a Mother f "How does God seem to you when you try to pray?" I asked of a Sunday school scholar. He looked up rather sadly and

said, slowly, "I never prayed."
"Never?" I said, wonderingly. "Did
you never try?"
"No," he answered, and a sad, hungry

I hope there are few mothers in this gospel land whose sons and daughters can speak thus.

Oh, mothers, teach your children to call on their heavenly Father, even if you cannot yourselves. Try best of all, to teach them by example, so that in after life, in the great hereafter, your sons and daughters may gladly say, "My mother taught me to pray."

—A country clergyman, paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally nn-popular man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go my friend?" "Oh, yes, said" the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple minded minister, "I am glad you are; for the neighbors are willing." taught me to pray.

From Father to Son.

One day a young man entered a mer-chant's office in Boston and with a pale deal about religious intolerance and per-secutions, but I think your Excellency will agree with me that the intolerance and careworn face, said:

Sir, I am in need of help. I have and persecution of irreligion is far more been unable to meet certain payments terrible and bitter. they agreed by me, and would like to have \$10,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might

No, I never smoke. Well, said the old gentleman, I would

ike to accommodate you but I don't think I can. : Very well said the young man as he was about to leave the room, I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir, Hold on, said the merchant, you don't

No.

Nor smoke?

Well, said the merchant, you and the convicts rect, instead of the mental wish. Your father let me have \$5000 pointed towards the zenith. Being many wish. Your father let me have \$5000 ble to exert himself, he began to how for the same questions.

more explicit account of the strange man-ner in which I received information of their mother came to settle their difficulty. Two little boys were quarrelling, and the Advancement of the Arts and the heir mother came to settle their difficulty. Protection of the Interest of Artist and

A Strange Story sion, and to what extent can we trust our recollections of the past? But why pursue the subject?

A Good Joke.

Eli Perkins tells this. On Saturday a Philadelphia lawyer, Mr. Harding, rode down to Wall street in a Broadway omnitory and the first District Civil Court, and for the first

a Philadelphia lawyer, Mr. Harding, rode down to Wall street in a Broadway omnibus. At Stewart's a beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the distinguished attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Harding, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the driver.

The driver made the change, handed forty cents back to Mr. Harding, who quietly put it away in his vest pocket, and went on reading a mowing machine brief. Then all was silence.

Soon the young lady asked him about the Brooklyn ferry. Mr. Harding replied to the question with courtesy.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. Harding, petulantly, "I'm not a resident of New York; I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes—(then a silence.)

Mr. Harding again buried himself in the fellowing extraordinary statement; ct, bailed him out. Mr. Smith; Sr.,made of the following extraordinary statement; "Judge Cox, this woman first married my nephew, then myself, and now my son. My nephew Alexander Ouler, was an officer in the Confederate service, and on his coming to this city at the close of the war he met this woman and married her. They went to Charlestown, South Garolina and some persons in the lotel, know-ing her character, informed her if she did not leave the town she would be tarred and feathered. They came to New York and quarrelled. She obtained a divorce, and on his threatening to stab her if she refused to live with him, had him arrested and sent to the island for a yeas. I then kept a hotel in Bath Long Island, and brought her there. My son had charge of the place, for I was there only at nights, having to attend to my duties at rights, having to attend to my duties at rights.

"Ah! yes—(then a silence.)

Mr. Harding again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady a-hemmed and asked him what the fare was in the New York stages.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and—"

"Didn't he return your change?" It is assailed. Here the driver, here continued a divorce, but by having him arrested on charges of assaultant and bailing him herself she kept impaying the continued and make the continued a divorce, but by having him arrested on charges of assaultant and bailing him herself she kept impaying to the place, for I was there only at nights, having to attend to my duties at nights, having to attend to my duties.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, with him. They with him. They with him. They are attended to my duties at nights, having to attend to my duties at nights, having to attend to my duties at nights, having to attend to my duties.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents." him away from me. Now I am going to take him to my residence at Bowery Hotel and I don't think she will ever see him again." Mr. Smith, who made this statement, is a very wealthy man, owning real estate in the city valued at \$300,000,— N. Y. Exchauge.

Too Trick.—A good enecdote is told of a house painter's son in Elmira, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquirred the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, all to no purpose gave him a flavellation. no purpose gave him a flagellation.
"There, you young rascal," he said, after performing his painful duty, "how do you like that? "Well, I don't know," whined the boy in reply; but it seems to me that yon put it on a thundering sight thicker

han I did." -The Pennsylvania Coal Mine Inspectors reports that in the year 1671 no less tnan 372 men were killed and 922 injured by accidents in coal mines. It is esti-mated that one-third of the killed met their death from the lack of second shafts into mines, one-third from the explosion of gases, one sixth from defective roofs, and the remaining sixth from other causes. In Schuylkill every 50 tons of coal raised cost a life. In Columbia county, where the laws are better enforced, half a million tons of coal were raised in the year, and only one man was killed and

two injured. —In a trial in London, the other day a witness described himself as of a profession or trade of the existence of which no one in court seemed to be aware. The witness said: "I am an early caller." "An early caller! what's that?" "Why." reopinion that we find the dead body of but he was not in sight. I ran across an office boy.

"Did you see Mr. Sutfin just now?" I sked.

"No sir."

"You did not?"

"No, sir. There ha'n't been nobody in the we find the dead body of was not in sight. I ran across an opinion that we find the dead body of Ward Sutfin."

Both men uttered startled exclamations at this, and demanded to know my reasons for thus speaking.
I then detailed to them the particulars that have already been related at which they uttered sundry expressions of surprise and inexcludity.

I hone there are few mothers in this

The Archbishop of Paris made the following remark the other day to one of the French ministers: "We hear a great

-During the debate on extending, the During the debate on extending the suffrage to women householders, in the House of Commons, one of the members addressed the Speaker "with sentiments tinged with sadness and mournfulness, you were a friend to me, the summer and angust be a friend to me.

Come in, said the old merchant, come in and have a glass of wine.

No, said the young man, I don't drink. Have a cigar, then?

No I have summer.

—A new Canadian paper started out with the idea of discarding the "u," as in "harbour," "colour," and so forth, but "public sentiment" has forced the paper to take up the letter and use it. The per, however, makes up the disappointment by spelling "nigger" with one "g," and "dog" with two of them. -Mr. Livingstone, an Indiana convict,

No:
Nor gamble, nor anything of that kind?
No sir, I am superintendent of the Snuday School.
Well, said the merchant, you shall have (k, and three times the amount if you assistance and was soon escorted to his former apartment. -A "Literal and Artistic Society for

A tired man was asked what he con-ment is this: When a gentleman writes sidered a comfort, and he replied: "A another on his own business, he should enclose a postage stamp."