

The Juniata Sentinel.
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MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
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Juniata



Sentinel.

R. F. SCHWEIER,
VOLUME XXVII, NO. 3

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JANUARY 15, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 1349.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertising for less than three months for one square of 10 lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Administrator's, Executor's and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$5.00 per year. Notices in foreign columns, ten cents per line. Mer- chants advertising by the year at special rates.

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Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court
House Square.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parler, Esq.

S. B. LOBLEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Crier.
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Dutchman a chance. P. O. address, Post
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. nov3, '99

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perryville, Pa.,
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer.—
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Dutchman a chance. P. O. address, Post
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-1y]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-4f.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Belford's building, two doors above the Sen-
tinel office, Bridge street. [aug 18-4f]

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thomps-
ton, offers his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—in the room recently occupied by
Dr. Surg. [June 12, '72-4f]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the Borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Beidler's Drug
Store. [aug 18 1869-4f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
Call on of address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
dec 7 Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Bounties, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse
Claims, State Claims, Stationery, promptly collected.
No charge for information, nor when money
is not collected. [oct 27-4f]

ATTENTION!
DAVID WATTS most respectfully announ-
ces to the public that he is prepared to
furnish
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at reduced prices. Hereafter give him a call
at his OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MIFFLIN.
Oct 25-4f

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPELBAUGH has established
a new and beautiful Dispensary in the
above named place, and keeps a general as-
ortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal pur-
poses, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Con-
fections (first-class), Notions, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Free-Trade Lager,
the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider,
the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any-
thing you may wish in the
RATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-1y

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.

COAL, Lumber, Fish, Salt, and all kinds
of Merchandise for sale. Chestnut Oak
Bark, Railroad Ties, all kinds of Grain and
Scots bought at the highest market prices in
cash or exchanged for merchandise, coal,
lumber, &c., to suit customers. I am pre-
pared to furnish to builders bills of lumber
just as wanted and on short notice, of either
oak or yellow pine lumber.
NOAH HERTZLER,
Jan 1 Post Royal, Juniata Co., Pa.

A large assortment of Queensware, China
ware, Glassware, Crockery, Cedar
ware, &c., for sale cheap by
TILLEN & SPENGLER'S.

MIFFLINTOWN WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE STORE,
D. P. PAISTE,
CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,
Invites attention to his Large Stock of
HARDWARE, IRON AND NAILS,

Which are now ready for inspection, consisting of the most dis-
sirable Goods ever brought to Juniata county.

SKATES, KNIVES, FORKS, POCKET CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.
OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, &C.
STOVES AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,
to make room for other goods.
Wall Paper at Cost.
Agent for Fouse's IXL Horse and Cattle Powders.
A Splendid Assortment of GOODS from which to Select Christmas Presents.
Dec. 11, 1872-4f] D. P. PAISTE.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.
OF
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
JOSEPH POMEROY, President
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
Joseph Pomerooy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Balbach.

Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest
on time deposits, buy and sell coin and United
States Bonds, cash coupons and checks. Remit
money to any part of the United States and
also to England, Scotland, Ireland and
Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.
In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN THE—
PRICES OF TEETH!
Full Upper or Lower Sets as Low as \$5.00.
No teeth allowed to leave the office unless
the patient is satisfied.
Teeth resanded and repaired.
Teeth filled to last for life.
Toothache stopped in five minutes without
extracting the tooth.
Dental work done for persons without them
leaving their homes, if desired.
Electricity used in the extraction of teeth,
rendering it almost a painless operation, (no
extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L.
Derr, established in Mifflintown in 1850.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1872-1y] Practical Dentist.

C. ROTHROCK,
DENTIST,
McAllisterville, Penna.
OFFERS his professional services to the
public in general, in both branches of
his profession—operative and mechanical.
First week of every month at Richfield, Fremont
and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Wild Cat Val-
ley.
Third week—Mifflintown and Raccoon
Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAllisterville.
Will visit Mifflin when called on.
Teeth put up on any of the bases, and as
liberal as anywhere else.
Address by letter or otherwise.

The Place for Good Grape-vines
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.
THE undersigned would respectfully in-
form the public that he has started a
Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast
of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a
large number of the different varieties of
Grapes; and having been in the business for
seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING
VARIETIES, AND OF THE
MOST PROMISING
KINDS, AT
LOW RATES.
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thou-
sand. All persons wishing good and thrifty
vines will do well to call and see for them-
selves.
Good and responsible Agents wanted.
Address,
JONAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

Meat! Meat!
THE undersigned hereby respectfully in-
forms the citizens of Mifflintown and
Patterson that his wagon will visit each
of these towns on TUESDAY, THURSDAY
and SATURDAY mornings of each week, when
they can be supplied with
Choice Beef,
Veal, Mutton,
Lard, &c.,
during the summer season, and also PORK
and SAUSAGE in season. I purpose fur-
nishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday
morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thurs-
day morning. Give me your patronage, and
will guarantee to sell as good meat as the
country can produce, and as cheap as any
other butcher in the county.
SOLOMON SIEBER.

New Lumber Yard.
Patterson, Pa.
BEYER, GUYER & CO.
Have opened a Lumber Yard in the bor-
ough of Patterson, and are prepared to fur-
nish all kinds of Lumber, such as
Siding, Flooring, Studding,
Paling, Shingles, Lath, Sash, &c.,
in large or small quantities, to suit cus-
tomers.
Persons wanting Lumber by the car-
load can be supplied at reduced rates.
BEYER, GUYER & CO.
George Gosben, Agent.
Patterson, May 15, '72-4f

GO TO THE JUNIATA SENTINEL Job Printing
Office for all kinds of Plain and Fancy
Printing

Poetry.
"The Best is Yet to Come."
BY JOHN A. REED.
While waiting on the bed of death,
Before the last expiring breath—
Before the golden bowl had broke,
The godly man in triumph spoke:
Sweet words of faith for all to hear,
Sweet words the Christian's heart to cheer:
"God has blessed my earthly home,
But oh! the best is yet to come!"

The glory yet to be revealed
To human eyes is ever veiled;
The bliss supreme—the rapture sweet
When Jesus and His children meet!
An antepast at times is given,
A foretaste of the joys of heaven.
While we as pilgrims journey home—
But oh! "the best is yet to come!"
Send the glad message far abroad,
That we shall see, our risen Lord;
That when we quit this house of clay,
The soul shall never know decay;
A spark from God that must return—
A light that shall forever burn,
And brighter shine when we get home,
But oh! "the best is yet to come!"
Hear it, ye mortals here below,
Whose sighs and tears in silence flow!
Hear it, ye racers for the prize,
Yet nation seekers in the skies!
The invisible is drawing near—
The city's gates will soon appear:
"Come unto me"—no longer roam—
"The best of all is yet to come!"

Select Story.
Marrying a Convict.
I had served twenty five years on
board an East Indian, and for the
last ten years had commanded the Belle,
one of the finest crafts that ever floated.
I was an old sea dog, and had dwelt so
long on salt water that I felt almost a
hatred for the land.
On the 20th of October, 1824, I re-
ceived orders to put myself in readiness
for Cayenne. I was to transport sev-
enty five soldiers and a convict. I had or-
ders to treat the individual well, and the
letter I had received from the directory
enclosed another, with a huge red seal,
which I was not to open until between
27 and 28 deg west longitude, that is,
just before we were about to cross the
line

The letter was a long packet, so well
clothed on every side that it was impossi-
ble to catch the slightest glimpse of its con-
tents. I am not naturally superstitious,
but there was something in the look of
the letter that I did not altogether like,
though I could give no reason why.—
However, I carried it into the cabin, and
stuck it under the glass of a little Eng-
lish clock, which was fastened above me.
I was busy fixing the letter under the
clock, when who should come into
my cabin but the convict and his wife!
This was the first time I had seen either
of them, and I may say that a more pre-
possessing couple I never met. The
women was scarcely more than fifteen,
and as handsome as a picture; while
the husband was an intelligent, magnifi-
cently formed man, on whose features
nature had never written "villain."

His crime, to be plain, was the mis-
fortune of being a hundred years ahead
of his age. He and others had attempt-
ed something which our government called
treason, and which it punished with
death. It therefore occasioned me con-
siderable wonder that he should be placed
under my charge; but more of this
afterward.
He had, as I said, his wife hanging
on his arm. She was as merry as a
bird; she looked like a turtle dove coo-
ing and nestling beneath his great wing.
Before a month had passed over our
heads I looked upon them as my own
children. Every morning I used to call
them into my cabin. The young fellow
would sit writing at my table, that is to
say, at my chest, which was my bed.—
He would often help me at reckoning,
and soon learned to do better than I
could. I was amazed at his ability. His
young wife would sit upon one of the
round stools in my cabin working at her
needle.
One day we were all three sitting in
this way when I said:
"Do you know, my young ones, as it
seems to me, we make a very pretty fam-
ily picture? Mind I don't mean to ask
questions, but may be you have not
much money to spare, and you are both
of you, as I think, too handsome to dig
in the burning sun of Cayenne, like many
a poor wretch before you. It's a bad
country—a bad country, take my word
for it. I, who have roughed it through
tempest and sunshine till I've the skin
of a rhinoceros, might get along there;
but you—I am afraid of you. So, if
you should chance to have a bit of fool-
ish friendship for your poor old captain,
I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get rid of
this old brig; she's not much better
than an old tub, after all; so I'll settle
myself down there with you, if you like.
You see I have not a living soul in the
world to care for, or that cares for me.
I want relations, I want a home, I want
a family. I should like to make my
home with you, my pretty ones. What
say ye?"

They said nothing at all, but sat look-
ing, first at each other and then at me,
as if they doubted whether they under-
stood what I said.
At last the little bird threw her arms
around my neck and cried like a baby.
"But," said she, suddenly pausing,
"you haven't looked at the letter with
the big red seal."
"Hang it!" I exclaimed, "it had slip-
ped my mind entirely."
With a cold, dreadful sensation, I
went to my chest to see where we were.
I found that we had several days remain-
ing before we should reach the proper
longitude for opening the letter.
Well there we stood, all three of us
looking up at the letter as if it could have
spoken to us. As it happened the sun
was shining full upon the great staring
red seal of the letter. I could not help
fancying it looked something like a big
monster, an ogre's face, grinning from
the middle of the fire; it looked hor-
rid.
"Could not one fancy," said I, to make
them laugh, "its great big eyes were
staring out of its head?"
"Ah, my love," said the wife, "It looks
like blood."
"Pooh, pooh!" said her husband, tak-
ing her arm under his, "it looks like a
letter of invitation to a wedding. Come
come, leave the letter alone if it troubles
you so. Let's go to our room and pre-
pare for bed."
And off they went. They went upon
deck and left me with that beast of a
letter. I remember that I kept looking
at it as I smoked my pipe; it seemed to
fix its great red eye upon mine, fascinat-
ing like the eye of a serpent. It was
red, wide, raw, staring like the maw of a
ferocious wolf. I took my great coat and
lung it over both clock and letter and
went upon deck to finish my pipe.

We were now in the vicinity of Cape
de Verde Islands—the Belle was run-
ning before a fair wind at the rate of ten
miles an hour. It was a splendid tropi-
cal night, the stars large and shining;
the moon rising above the horizon, as
large as a sun of silver, the line of ocean
parting it, and long streams of bare,
glittering light falling upon the waves,
which, as they broke, sparkled like jew-
els. I sat upon the deck smoking my
pipe, and looking at them.
All was still, except the footfall of the
officer of the watch, as he paced the deck
gazing, as I was, upon the shadow of the
vessel, stealing over the silent water.
I love silence and order—I hate noise
and confusion. The lights should all
have been extinguished by this time;
but when I looked upon the deck I
thought I saw a little red hue of light
beneath my feet. At another time and
place this would have made me angry;
but knowing that the light came from
the cabin of my little *deposée*, I determined
to see what they were about.
I had only to look down—I could see
into the cabin from the skylight.
The young girl was upon her knees,
she was saying her prayers. A lamp
swinging from the ceiling lighted her
room. She had on a long white night-
dress, and her fair, golden hair floated
over her shoulders, and almost touched
two little bare feet which were peeping
from under her white dress, so pretty.—
I turned away; but perchance I said, I
am an old sailor! What matters it! So
I stayed.

The husband was sitting upon a little
trunk, his head resting upon his hands,
looking at her as she prayed. She rais-
ed her face to heaven, and I then saw
that her eyes were filled with tears. She
looked like a Magdalene. As she rose
he said:
"Ah, my sweet Laurette, as we ap-
proach America, I cannot help being
anxious—I do not know why—but I feel
that this voyage has been the happiest
part of our lives."
"So it seems to me," she answered.—
"I only wish it might last forever."
Suddenly clasping his hands in a trans-
port of love and affection, he said:
"And yet, my little angel, I see you
cry when you say your prayers, and
that I cannot stand, for I know what
causes it, and then I fear you must re-
pent what you have done."
"Repent," she said, in a sad, rebuking
tone. "Repent of having come with you.
Do not think because I have been yours
only such a very short time, that I should
not love you? Was I not your wife?
How can you be sorry that I should be
with you, to live with you if you live,
and to die with you if you are to die?"
The young man began to sigh, strike
the floor impatiently with his feet,
while he kissed repeatedly the little
hand and arm which she was holding
out.
"Ah, Laurette, Laurette! When I
think if our marriage had been delayed
only five days, that then I should have
been arrested and transported alone, I
cannot forgive myself."
At this the little one stretched out her
round, white arms, clasped his head,
pressed his forehead, his hair, his eyes,
smiling like a cherub, and murmuring all
sorts of woman's fond things. I was

quite affected, and considered it one of
the prettiest scenes I had ever witness-
ed.
"And besides, we are so very rich,
too!" said he, bursting out laughing—
"Look at my neck, and gold louis d'or
—all my worldly wealth."
We began to laugh too.
"Yes, dear, I have spent my last half
crown. I gave it to the fellow who car-
ried our trunks on board."
"Ah, poor," cried she, "what matters
it? Nobody so merry as those that have
nothing at all; besides I have my two
diamond rings that my mother gave me;
they are good for something all the world
over; we can sell them when you like,
and besides, I am sure that the captain
meant kindly by us, and I suspect he
knows very well what is in the letter.—
It is a recommendation to the Governor
of Cayenne."
"Perhaps so; who knows!"
"To be sure it is," continued the charm-
ing little wife. "You are so good. I am
sure the government has banished you
only for a short time. I know they have
no feeling against you."
"It was high time that the light should
be stricken out, and now I rapped on the
deck and called them to do so."
They instantly obeyed; and I heard
them laughing and chattering like two
innocent schoolfellows.
One morning when I awoke I was sur-
prised not to feel the slightest motion of
the vessel. Hurrying on deck, I found
that we were becalmed. Latitude, one
degree north, longitude, between twenty-
seven and twenty eight degrees west.
I waited until night, when I descend-
ed to my cabin and opened the letter,
with a dull, awful feeling. I held my
breath while I broke the big red seal,
and read:
"Captain Fontainebleau: The convict
Antoine Hinderclaire stands convicted of
high treason against the Republic. The
directory order that he be shot in mid-
ocean, and you are hereby instructed to
see that these orders are carried into
effect."
I read the letter backward and for-
ward. I went on deck. There they
were, she looking upon the ocean, and he
gazing upon her with an expression of
unutterable fondness. Catching his eye
I signed for him to come into the cabin,
and, bidding her good bye, he came down
his face all smiles.
I was bathed in a cold sweat; I felt
as if deadly sick, I handed him the letter
and he read it, together with the death
warrant, which was drawn up in due
form and attached. I gathered voice as
he finished.
He colored slightly and bowed.
"I ask nothing, captain," he said, in
the same gentle voice that always char-
acterized his speech, "no man can be ex-
pected to swerve from his duty. I only
wish to speak a few words to Laurette,
and to entreat you to take care of her if
she survives—I hardly think she will."
"All that is fair, my good fellow," I
cried. "If you request it I will carry her
back to France, to her family. I will
never leave her until she wishes to be
rid of me, but I do not think she will
survive it."
He took my hand and pressed it.
"Most kind captain, I see you suffer
more in this business than I do but there
is no help for it. I trust you will pre-
serve what little property of mine is left,
for her sake, and that you will take care
she gets what her poor old mother may
leave her. I put her life, her honor in
your hands. She is" (and how fondly
low his voice became) "a delicate little
creature, her chest is often affected; she
must keep it warm; and if she could
keep the two diamond rings her mother
gave her I should be glad; but, of course
if money is needed they must go. My
poor Laurette, how pretty she looks."
It was getting too much for me, and I
began to knit my brows.
"One word is as good as a thousand,"
I said. "We understand each other. Go
to her."
I squeezed his hand, he looked wist-
fully at me, and I added: "Stay a mo-
ment, let me give you a word of advice.
Don't say a word to her; be easy; that
is my business. It shall be managed in
the best manner."
"Ah!" said he, "I did not understand,
yes, much better. Besides this leave-
taking! this leave taking!"
"Yes," said I, "don't behave like a
child—much better. No leave-taking if
you can help it, or you are lost."
I kept my seat. I saw them walking
arm in arm upon the deck for about half
an hour.
I called the mate to me, and when he
had read the letter, I said:
"Garley, that is bad business—bad
business. I put it in your hands. I
obey the orders, but remain in the cabin
until it is over."
"How do you wish the thing done?"
he asked in a nonchalant manner.
"Take him in a boat—out of sight;
do it as quick as possible; don't say
anything of this till the time comes."
Garley sat five minutes looking at me
without saying a word. He was a strange
fellow. I didn't know what to make of

of him. He then went out of the cabin
without saying a word.
Night came at last. "Man a boat; go
a quarter of a mile; be quick."
To obey a slip of paper, for it was but
a slip of paper after all. Something in
the very air must have urged me on. I
saw the young man kneel down before
his Laurette, kiss her knees! her feet!
her gown! I cried like a madman:
"Part them! Part them this instant!
Part them—curse the republic—curse the
directory—the directors! I quit the ser-
vice—curse the lawyers—you may tell
them if you will."
She was dragged into her berth, and
the boat rowed away in the darkness.
Some time after a dull volley came
over the sea to the vessel. It was all
over.

Fool, madman! how I paced the deck
and cursed myself. All night long I
paced back and forth, and all night long
I heard the moaning of the poor stricken
bird.
Often I halted and was tempted to
throw myself in the sea and to end this
horrid torture of brain and heart.
Days passed; I saw nothing of Laure-
tte. I could not see her. She avoid-
ed me, and I was glad of it. I could not
bear the sight of the woe-stricken face.
The mate, Garley, how I hated him.
He was as cool and unconcerned as
though he had no remembrance of shoot-
ing the poor wretch.
At Cayenne I resigned my ship. Go-
ing to the city I made all my arrange-
ments, and took the steamer for New
York. I placed ample funds in the
hands of a trusty friend and told him to
send Laurette to me at the end of six
months. I could not see her until her
grief had lost its edge.
Weary, sick and careless of life, I
wandered on into New York State, and
finally bought a little place where I hop-
ed I should live and die.
I sent for Laurette. Poor bird, I must
see her. I could wait no longer.
One summer night I sat in the porch
of my house smoking my pipe, and gaz-
ing down the road. Soon the rumble of
wheels was heard, and the stage halted.
The next moment a pair of soft arms
was round my neck, and the head of my
sobbing Laurette was on my bosom.
"Oh, you dear excellent captain—"
"Heavens! who is that behind you?"
There stood the manly form of Antoine
Hinderclaire, and convict.
"What does this mean?" I demanded
hardly knowing whether I was dreaming or
not.
"Are you glad to see me?"
"Thank God, thank God," was all I
could ejaculate.
I understood it all. The mate Garley
had read my heart better than I did my-
self. After leaving the brig in the boat
he arranged the whole affair. The vol-
ley was fired but no bullet touched Antoine
Hinderclaire; he was smuggled into his
berth again and took care to avoid my
sight. The whole crew were in the plot
and, thank God, I was duped.
I sent Garley a thousand dollars as a
reward.
I am now an old man, but I am happy.
My children and my grandchildren
(I call them nothing else) seem to think
old Captain Fontainebleau is not such a
wretch after all.

The following contains solid comfort
for the christian: Two rabbis, approach-
ing Jerusalem, observed a fox running
upon the Hill Zion. And Rabbi Joshua
wept, but Rabbi Eliezer laughed.—
"Wherefore dost thou laugh?" said he
who wept. "Nay, wherefore dost thou
weep?" demanded Eliezer. "I weep,"
replied the Rabbi Joshua, because I see
what is written in the Lamentations ful-
filled: "Because of Mount Zion, which is
desolate; the foxes walk upon it."—
"And therefore," said Rabbi Eliezer, "do
I laugh; for when I see with mine own
eyes that God has fulfilled his threaten-
ings to the very letter, I have hereby a
pledge that not one of his promises shall
fail; for he is ever more ready to show
mercy than judgment."

A couple of Des Moines juveniles ate
a stolen pie. The lady of the house
caught them at it and told them there
was poison in it. The boys ran home
and told their anxious mamma, who gave
them enough antidote to kill a horse.—
They recovered from the effects of the
pie without any difficulty, because there
was no poison in it, but the antidote
made 'em awful sick. They say that
they will never steal another pie.

A system of condensed gardening for
ladies—Make your bed in the morning;
see buttons on your husband's shirt; do
not take any grievances; protect the
young and tender branches of your fam-
ily; plant a smile of good temper on
your face, and carefully root out all an-
gry feelings, and expect a good crop of
happiness.

A lady about to marry, was warned
that her intended, although a very good
man, was very eccentric. Well, she said
if he is very unlike other men, he is more
likely to be a good husband.