MARK SHIPLEY'S ATONEMENT.

BY HELEN AARCOTRT.

"Hallo! Shipley! good evening old fellow! We've stopped in to carry you off with us. You know you promised long ago to take a look in at Mason's, and we won't let you off. So put on your hat and come along."

Mark Shipley turned with a start of surprise. He had not been aware of the entrance of his friends, so intently had he been gazing upon a little note which he held in his hand.

"Welcome, Burton, welcome, Hawar; I am glad to see you in my humble lodging. Sit down; help yourselves to cigars, and spend the evening with me."

"Not a bit of it," cried Burton. "The cigars we'll accept with thanks, and we will smoke them in your company, but it must be on the way to Mason's. So come along; it is too late now."

Mark shook his head.

"You must excuse me. It was, as you say, long ago when I made that promise, and my opinions have changed somewhat; moreover, Mason's was not then the regular gambling house it is now. Be generous and give me back my promise, boys. I don't wont it said that I ever entered any such places."

For a reply his friends burst into uproarious laughter, and Burton exclaimed,—

"Hear you, Hawer! The sinner has turned saint, and what, forsooth, has converted him? Ah, Shipley, Shipley, I fear you are lost—irrevocably tied to a certain fair lady's apron-strings. You are soon to become a Benedict, we know, and so it is all the more our bounden duty to see that you make use of the little liberty you still have left."

"Indeed," said the young man, earnestly, "you will oblige me greatly if you will let me off. You have heard of my poor father's fate; it was a gambling house that ruined him and embittered his last days. I would never have made the promise I had if Mason's had been then the place it is now."

"But still a promise is a promise, and must be kept," said Hawar. "So, put on your hat at once, for we'll grant no release. We won't ask you to play—only to look on a while and see how things are done. Why, Shipley, you ought to be ashamed in these days to confess to ignorance about such places—it is part of a man's education. Come."

After some further remonstrances, Mark suffered himself to be persuaded to accompany his friends, feeling in honor bound to do so since they would not release him from his promise, for it had always been his pride that his word, once passed, had never been broken.

Mason's was a so called private gambling house, and open only to the upper classes. Several gentlemen were gathered about one of the numerous tables, deeply absorbed in the dangerous game of Rouge-et-Noir.

Our three friends looked on for a while in silence, and then Burton and Hawar drew nearer, and each staked a small sum. They won, and again risked a larger sum. Again fortune favored them; and then—alas for human resolutions!—Mark Shipley, carried away by the excitement of the moment, forgot the lessons of his father's past, and threw down upon the table a golden coin.

"Hurrah, Shipley!" cried Burton. "Well done! You are a true man, for all your squeamishness. You see these things don't look so bad when you're right close to them. These Rouge-et-Noir tables are very tasty—not at all repulsive."

But Mark already regretted his impulsive act.

"Ah, Burton," he said, "there is the whole trouble in a nut-shell. It is because gambling looks so harmless at first that so many noble-hearted fellows are ruined by it."

This he spoke in all earnestness; and yet a few moments later, when his gold returned to him doubled in amount, he staked it again; and yet it came back to him, four times the amount it first started—forty dollars instead of ten.

"Try it again, Shipley," cried Hawar. "Down with it on the noir."

"No, on the rouge!" and Mark, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, laid down his forty dollars on the spot referred to. Again he won, and eighty dollars were handed him by the banker—a clear gain of seventy.

"What a splendid run of luck, Shipley!" cried Barton "Double, triple the amount; you're sure to win!"

Mark hesitated, but the reckless fascination of the game was in the ascendant, and he risked the larger sum suggested by his friends, placing this time on the "inverse," and then he waited with breathless eagerness for the result. It was against him; but so far from checking his wild career, it seemed to excite him to further risks.

"Two hundred dollars on the noir."

A moment's pause, and again he lost. As this result was announced, Mark's face grew pale, and with a shock he awakened to a full appreciation, not only of the debt he had incurred, but of the sin he had committed—of the self-imposed vow he had broken. Faint and sick at heart, he gave his note for the sum due Mason, and then bidding his friends good night, hastened homeward.

As may be readily imagined, his reflections were far from pleasant. Aside from the reproaches of his conscience, the sum he had lost was by no means an inconsiderable one, and his salary as private secretary to a wealthy banker (no other than his intended father-in-law) could ill withstand this heavy draft upon it. Moreover, his next quarterly payment would not be due for a month, and he had but very little money on hand.

"If Mason will only wait till this month is out," he thought, "I can weather the storm I have brought on myself, and then"—he raised his hand solemnly toward heaven—"I will never again enter the gambling house or engage in any game of chance, so help me God."

But Mason would not wait. No promise, no security would satisfy this man, who, destitute of honor himself, could not believe existence in others. Money in good, solid coin—this alone would content him. Day after day he intruded himself into Young Shipley's apartments; and at length one day grew so violent, that Mark, to get rid of him for the time, told him to come on the morrow, and he would endeavor by all possible means to have the money ready for him.

"Very well, sir," said the man as he turned toward the door, "I'll come to-morrow as you say; but if the money is not forthcoming, I will go to Mr. Morton, and tell him what a nice son-in-law he is going to have. You know him as well as I do, and I am more mistaken than I ever was in my life if he don't cut you adrift for this business the moment he hears of it, so you'd better get the money ready and keep it all from him."

This was early in the morning, and soon after, Mark walked down to the bank, thinking it all over with a sinking heart. He could not raise the required sum. Burton and Hawar were unable to lend it, and to no other friends could he apply.

"So, on the morrow, all would be over and his bright dream of love at an end, and in its place sorrow and disgrace.

He had brought it all on himself, too; and this knowledge made his thoughts all the more bitter, for he felt that he deserved the misfortunes which were thronging about him—he was not worthy to call Jennie Morton by the sacred name wife.

The day wore on; and as the hour for closing the bank drew near, Mr. Morton rose from his chair to depart; but at the office door he paused.

"I had nearly forgotten, Mark. Just look in my desk—here is the key—and you will find four hundred dollars in cash that I wish you would lock in my private vault. You will be up this evening, of course? Jennie expects you; so good bye for the present."

Left alone, Mark opened the desk and gazed intently on the coarse bag which contained the gold. His cheeks grew deathly pale and his frame shook like an aspen leaf. He then put forth his hand, touched the gold, then drew back as though stung by a scorpion. Once more he advanced his hand, and this time he clutched the bag; then taking down his overcoat from the nail upon which it hung, he threw it over his arm in such a way as to conceal the gold, the latter being to heavy too place in his pocket, and hurriedly left the bank.

"This will save me," he muttered; "and before Mr. Morton can miss it I shall have replaced it from my salary—only one week to wait for it now. Oh, how low I have fallen—a gambler and a thief—I, Mark Shipley!"

"Well, sir," said Marson, "here I am. Can you say the same of that money you owe me."

"Here it is," said Mark, hoarsely. "Count it to make sure it is right, and then begone, and never dare to cross my threshold again."

"Not unless you cross mine first, never fear. Well, it's all right, sir. There is your receipt, that I've carried in my pocket these three weeks. I'm glad to give it to you at last."

Mason moved toward the door with a sneering laugh, and Mark, excited beyond control; advanced toward him with uplifted hand, a silent threat that was not lost on its object, who quickly vanished.

It was not quite time to go to the bank, and Mark spent the interval walking up and down his room. At length he threw himself into a chair and bent his head upon his hands. Directly he looked up, with a brighter glance in his eyes, a firmer expression on his face.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed. "Irresolution has been my bane through life; but for that I should never have fallen thus low. Oh, Jennie, my beloved, heaven grant that you care not for me as I had hoped and believed! I would fain that this sorrow should fall upon me alone, who have deserved it all."

He walked rapidly to the bank, and entering Mr. Morton's private office, found that gentleman seated at his desk. Pressing his hand over his fast-throbing heart, Mark advanced and stood in silence until his employer looked up.

"Why, Mark, you look ill!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? Sit down, sit down!"

"I am ill sir," said the young man slowly—"ill in mind. I have committed a great sin, and have come to confess it."

And then, in brief, clear words, he told it all—his first false step and its consequences, his temptation and his fall.

Mr. Morton listened in silence. He was a kind-hearted, upright man; and while his sense of honor was shocked at the story of Mark's wrong-doing, his heart recognized the inherent nobleness in the young man's character which had led him to confess his crime. He longed to speak to him words of comfort, but nevertheless he deemed it best that he should wait yet a while longer, in order that the remembrance of those dark hours of sorrow and humiliation might never fade away.

"Mark," he said, "I need not say how shocked and grieved I am—you know all that. You have sinned, but you have proved your repentance, for you know as well as I that in all probability I should never have discovered the absence of the money. For this reason I shall retain you in your position here. I trust you, still, you see. But, Mark, tell me on your sacred honor and conscience, do you think I would do right to confide the happiness of my child to one who has sinned as you have? Are you worthy of her?"

He waited for an answer, and it came in low, gasping tones—

"No, sir I am all unworthy. You would do wrong to give her to me now. I will not seek her—you may trust me for that. Tell her—yes, tell her what I have done, and then she will cease to love me, and not suffer as I shall. Would that I might die; but I must live to work out my atonement."

"Be it so, Mark," said Mr. Morton, and then he hastily went out from the office that the young man might not see the tears in his eyes. But Mark could not have seen them had he stayed, because of the scalding drops which blinded his own sight.

Time passed on. Two months had gone by, and Mark, a wiser and a nobler man, was steadily working out his atonement. Not once had he looked on her who had so nearly been his bride, nor had her name once been mentioned between him and her father.

The bank closed at three o'clock, its officers and clerks having generally all departed by four; and then from this latter period till five o'clock—the hour of the night watchman's arrival—the building was entirely deserted. Mark had had some extra work to do, and not having completed it when his friends left the bank, remained in Mr. Morton's office for that purpose.

His pen ran over his paper before him, but suddenly he laid it down, and bent his head as if to listen. His quick ear had caught the sound of stealthy footsteps in the passage leading to the office in which he sat. A moment's attention. The steps paused at the door, and a man's voice said—

"Come, hurry along, Bill; this job's got to be done quick. The watchman'll be here before long, and we'll find ourselves in a pretty muss if we're not off first. There's a door in this here office leading to the vaults, and I've got keys that'll open all ahead of us. These here skeletons are precious nice things."

Quick as lightning Mark comprehended it all. These men had concealed themselves in the bank to await the departure of its officers, and now were prepared to break into the vaults.

Grasping the high stool on which he ordinarily sat, Mark glided across the room and stationed himself on one side of the office door. Scarcely had he done so when it was opened and the foremost burglar entered, to receive a heavy blow from the stool, which sent him reeling back into the passageway.

His astonished comrades looked cautiously in through the open door, and cried—

"Hurrah! only one man! We'll soon finish him. Come on, down with him!"

Five men rushed into the apartment, but Mark had been too quick for them. With a sudden bound he crossed the room and placed his back against the iron door opening into the passage to the vaults below.

Fast and furious were the blows aimed at him, but his long-legged stool proved an admirable weapon of defense, not alone repelling the attacks of his assailants, but laying one of them insensible on the floor.

"Hang it, we'll have to use powder, after all, and to risk the noise," exclaimed one of the robbers; and as he spoke he presented a pistol at Mark and fired.

The stool dropped with a crash from the latter's powerless hands and he fell heavily to the floor, the blood flowing from a wound in his side. The robbers pushed him aside, and he saw one of their number draw a bunch of skeleton keys from his pocket and fit one to the door, then all grew dim before him, and he knew no more until he opened his eyes to find himself in a darkened room.

"Where am I?" he asked, and the sound of his voice startled him, so low and weak was it.

No answer was made him, but a slight, graceful figure started up from his side and sped from the room. A moment later Mr. Morton entered and stood at the bedside. Mark repeated his question.

"You are in my house, my dear boy," was the reply. "You have been very ill for weeks and must not attempt to talk, though you are better now. Hush! not a word."

The young man was too weak to oppose the mandate, so he closed his eyes and soon sank into a mild and peaceful slumber.

A few days subsequently, when Mark was stronger, Mr Morton told how the watchman, entering the bank in company with a friend, had been startled by a pistol shot, and hastening in the direction of the sound, had discovered the robbers in the act of opening the iron door which Mark had so ably defended. The men had fled, all save one who lay insensible. Him they gave into the charge of the policeman whom they summoned; and he had since recovered and turned State's evidence, so that the whole party had been captured.

As for Mark, they had thought him dead at first, but Mr. Morton, sent for in all haste, had conveyed him to his own house, and called the wavering spirit back to life again. Mark's eyes brightened as he heard this story, and he asked—

"Then the robbers got nothing?"

"Not a dollar, thanks to your brave."

"Thank heaven for that! I have atoned for my sin!"

"You have, indeed, my dear boy," was the earnest reply; "and here is your reward. Take it, for now you are worthy of it."

He drew his blushing daughter from behind the curtains which up to this moment had concealed her from Mark's view, and placed her hand in the thin, emaciated one of her lover.

"I told her all, Mark, but she never wavered in her love. You are worthy of each other. You have each passed through the furnace of affliction, and have come forth purer and nobler."

A sweet, happy smile played over the young man's wasted features as he clasped the hand of her he loved in his own.

"Thank heaven," he murmured; my atonement is in truth accepted, for man has forgiven my sin, and God is yet more forgiving than he. I have found peace again once fmore."

And Mark was right, as his subsequent life of joy, prosperity and usefulness testified.

Oranges and Lemons.

Orange and lemon plantations in the Mediterranean countries are called gardens, and vary in size, the smallest containing only a small number of trees and the largest many thousands. The fruit is gathered in baskets lined with canvass, the basket being held by a strap attached and passed around the neck or shoulders. From the garden the fruit goes to the repacking magazine, where it is removed from the boxes in which it was packed in the gardens and repacked for shipment by experienced female packers, after having been carefully assorted by women and wrapped in separate papers by young girls. As many as 500 persons, mostly women and children, are employed by some of the fruit growers in their gardens and magazines, in gathering, sorting and repacking for shipment, the wages paid them varying from nine to sixteen cents a day. A full grown orange tree yields from 500 to 2,000 fruit annually, and arrives at the bearing state in three or five years, as does the lemon tree. In sorting, every fruit that wants a stem is rejected. The boxes are then securely covered, strapped and marked with the brand of the grower, when they are ready for shipment. Twenty yeras ago this trade was nothing in its commercial characteristics, or the inducements it offered to capitalists. Now it is progressing with giant strides into prominence, and is a considerable source of revenue to the government.

Useful Information.

It is said that half a cranberry, bound on a corn, will soon kill it.

Water window plants with tepid-water, and the leaves often.

If you don't want milk to sour during a thunder storm, kindle a fire in the dairy, even in hot weather, the purpose being to drive out moisture.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor gum with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury.

"JESSIE, what was Joe's arm doing around your waiste when you were at the front gate last night?" asked a precarious boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't round my waist: I won a belt from him, and he was taking my measure," replied the indignant young lady.

Budding.

Almost all *intelligent* farmers know how to graft, and large numbers employ that knowledge in springtime to put a good head on a wild tree or to change the character of one to some thing more desirable. But the spring is generally crowded with work.—few get done what they desired and intended to do; and among the put-off things very likely of all others will be the grafting job. Something of this can be made up at this season by budding, or inoculation as it is sometimes called. It does not find the same favor with farmers as with nurserymen, because no time seems to be gained over grafting six months hence for the buds put in now do not push into growth until the next spring season. If grafts are put in next year they grow immediately and make stronger growths and form a good head much sooner than buds put in at this season will. But there is the question of time. If one waits till spring it may never be done. This is comparatively a leisure season, and a tree budded now is done with. It will keep growing and will certainly beat the tree that never is done!

Budding is so simple an operation and has been over and over and over again described in the paper that most persons who are likely to be benefited by this article know how it is done. A piece of bark containing a leaf stock and the eye at its base is simply put under the bark of the stock to be improved and which has been slit and "lifted" or loosened by the back of a knife for the purpose. After insertion the bud is tied firmly in. Anyone can understand this, and only experiment will teach more. But there is one thing which all budders do not understand and we will explain why even some good hands fail in their work. The branch on which the bud is to go must be thrifty, vigorous and in every way healthy, or the buds will not "take." Failure in most cases comes from this. It does not make much difference whether the branch to be operated on is more than one year old, so that the bark separates freely from the wood—as the budder says, "runs freely"—but it is essential that it should be in perfect health. The bark generally loosens freely at the end of summer, if in the condition we have described. In regard to the bud, it must not be too young. Failure generally comes from this. There is far less chance of failure with very old buds than with young ones, though of course all the buds must be of this season's growth.

It is hardly necessary to say that in budding, as in grafting, like must be suited to like, and the nearer the bud is like its stock the better will be its success. It is not often that plants of two dissimilar families will grow together. The pear will grow on the quince, but this is rather an exception. So closely allied things as the apple and the pear will not do very well, and only at all with difficulty. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Obeying Orders—The Tables Turned.

General Mackenzie, when commander-in-chief of the Chatham (England) division of mariners, was very rigid in his duty, and among other regulations would suffer no officer to be saluted by the guard if out of his uniform. One day the General observed a Lieutenant of marines in plain dress, and though he knew the young officer intimately, he called to the sentinel to turn him out. The officer appealed to the General, saying who he was.

"I know you not," said the General; "turn him out!"

A short time after that the General had been at a short distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and returning in the evening, in a blue coat, claimed entrance to the garden gate. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the General, not knowing, desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the Lieutenant whom the General had treated so cavalierly.

"Who are you!" inquired the officer.

"I am General McKenzie," was the reply.

"What! without a uniform!" replied the Lieutenant. "Turn him out! turn him out! The General would break his bones if he knew he assumed his name."

The General made his retreat, but the next day, inviting the young officer to breakfast, he told him "he had done his duty with very commendable exactness."

Stirring the Ground.

The continued drought of the past month was broken by the refreshing rains of the 5th, and subsequently we have had kindly showers, which have done much service to the grass and corn crops, and the wheat also, which had been almost at a stand still for some time before; and so for the latter crop, we have much apprehension that not half a crop can possibly be raised in this vicinity, except where the land had been well prepared and manured for it. The harvest for wheat and rye will be ready by the first of July, but we do not think that the growers need hurry themselves about getting their crops into the market, as there will undoubtedly be a very deficient crop throughout the country, and prices will not be likely to fall below the present rates, except perhaps for a month or two, when those who need funds will, as usual, and they are unfortunately not a small number, be forced to realize as quickly as possible to meet their present wants.

The frequent stirring of the soil is one of the best antidotes for drought; it presents a surface for the dew and air to operate upon, and is found to be equal to a good rain, if the soil is kept in a loose, porous condition, by which it is enabled to absorb it. After the first working of the corn with the plow, when that implement may be used as near the plant as can be and on each one of the rows, it is better to substitute the cultivator and the hoe; the roots will be rapidly extending, and if the plow is used, the mouths of the plants will be much injured, and it will require time for them to heal again; besides this the manure is apt to be turned up to the surface, and thereby permit the ammonia to escape and be lost to the growing crop by exposure to the heat and moisture; and thus the object of manuring, of keeping the fertilizer as near the roots as possible, counteracted. After the plants have attained to the height of four inches, therefore, dispense with the plow, and let the other implements indicated above do the rest of the work, and they should be kept agoing as frequently as there may be found need for them, to keep the crust of the earth broken, and to destroy the weeds; for the latter purpose, there is nothing like thorough cultivation, and the earlier in the season this is attended to the surer will be the effect, as the worst of these pests can be more readily eradicated than if left to a later period, when their roots will have penetrated so deep as to have gotten beyond the reach of the hoe. Let it be remembered that all the strength received to send forth these pests, is so much taken from the corn. Therefore let the corn growers see to it, that their crop is well tended from now until it is laid by.

Art of Living with Others.

It is not well for us to cherish the habit of dwelling much on the fault and shortcomings of those with whom we live. It makes us more critical than generous. It affects the cordiality of our manner toward them. It insensibly lessens our confidence. It interferes with the delicious ease and freedom of our intercourse with them. It colors the remarks that we make about them to others, and then reacts with double force upon our own feelings and our relations to them. It is said of a virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, that the law of kindness is in her tongue. But in order to be in the tongue it must first be in the heart, and in the habit of dwelling much on the imperfections of our friends and associates will soon drive it from us.

A Chinaman's Plan.

The *Alta Californian* tells how Ah Wy, a Chinese youth of no particular occupation, conceived the idea of abducting Ah Hee, an exceedingly comely matron, and for that purpose procured a hack and drove up to the lady's residence on Jackson street. Wondering what a hack with a good looking young man of her own race was doing on that particular spot and hour of the night, the unsuspecting lady descended from her stoop, whence she was watching for her husband's return. Ah Wy, who was noticing everything with the vigilance of a hungry spider, took advantage of the favorable movement, and springing from his ambush almost before the astonished Ah Hee was aware of the fact, she was bundled into a corner of the hack, and dashing down the street at a gallop, with Ah Wy grasping her by the throat, to prevent her from screaming. The enterprising young man's efforts in the latter direction were unsuccessful, however and the abducted matron, breaking loose from her captor, thrust her head out of the window and shrieked so loudly and so long that she not only attracted the attention of her own relatives, but of half Chinatown and Officer Frog as well. The latter, although taken at a disadvantage by being half a block behind the fugitives, joined ardently in the chase, and succeeded, by brandishing a pistol in a suggestive manner and using strong language suited to the occasion, in halting the escaping team. Having achieved so much, it behooved the officer to protect his prisoner from the righteous wrath of Ah Hee's better half, who just then loomed up with a hatchet and a six-shooter. The almost bereaved husband was eventually quieted, and placed in the hack with his wife and her wouldbe abductor, and driven to the city prison. Ah Wy was furnished with a cell, and Ah Wong and his wife with lodgings until the morning, when they will be called upon to testify in the Police Court against their rascally countryman.

A Plucky Clergyman.

North Mountain is a quiet hillside resort on the Branch road off from Wilkesbarre, Pa. Adjacent to the hotel are mines and shafts. In a new one of these latter, which was being sunk, the flow o water at eighty feet was so plentiful as to compel its temporary abandonment. A few days ago, the "boss" descended the shaft to examine its condition. He was lowered fifty feet, when the sudden slacking of the rope showed that the captain must have fallen from the bucket. It was clear that he had been overcome by gas and that if he had not been already killed by the fall that he would soon die from drowning or suffocation. The group of guests were of course horror stricken, and urged the unfortunate boss' gang, numbering many men, to go to his rescue, but they peremptorily refused to take the risk. Their cowardice so disgusted the Rev. Walter Q. Scoot, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Tenth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, that accoutred as he was, he plunged into the bucket and insisted upon being lowered to the scene of peril. He was reluctantly let down, and in a very short time signaled to the alert and anxious hearts at the windlass to "hoist away." This was done with a hearty will, and the added weight told them that the impulsive and dangerous exploit had not been futile On reaching the surface Mr. Scott fainted from the great stress he had undergone, and his rescued burden was a wet, limp and senseless mass. Mr. Scott was soon restored, and the "captain" also yielded to treatment, and called for a glass of whiskey and his pipe for a little solace. Mr. Scoot reported that the gas was overpowering, and that he was cautious to inhale as little of it as possible. He found the victim under the water, and as he was a man weighing about two hundred pounds, it taxed his strength to lug him into the bucket, and when he had himself climbed in and given the signal to hoist he was in a stupor, and recollected no more until he revived among his friends.

Curious Customs.

In Wendish Prussia there are villages where certain odd customs are still observed on the death of a head of a family. If the man should happen to have been a bee-keeper, one of the family goes to the hive, and striking the comb, exclaims: "Bees, arise, your master is dead." A similar custom prevailed, and possibly still prevails, in parts of England, and furnishes the idea of an interesting poem by Tennyson, entitled "Telling the Bees." The English custom was based on the supposition that unless the bees were told of any death occurring in the family they would quit the premises, and the manner in which the information was conveyed was by placing a black cloth over the hive. In the Prussian villages already alluded to, it is the custom on the morning of the funeral of a farmer, for the men to proceed to the cattle-sheds, and after causing the cattle to get upon their feet, place cheese before them, and solemnly announce to them that body is about to be taken away.

"FROM over the desert I come to thee, on a stallion shod with fire, and the wind is left behind me, in the speed of my desire," was the epistle she got from her lover on the Rio Grande, but he didn't come in that way at all. He rode a little mule until he reached the narrow-guage from Denver, and then he sat in a smoking car and chewed a plug tobacco and read a dime novel the rest of the way.

The Detroit Police Court.

Joseph Muldoon had scarcely touched the mark when he informed the court that he was not only a poor orphan, without a relative in the world, but that he belonged to Canada.

"I can't help it if you belong in Colorado," replied the court; "you shall have a fair trial, and truth and justice shall stand out here like freckles on a Chicago woman's nose. Are you guilty?"

"I took a drop sir."

"Where did you drop from?"

"I mean that I sipped a little brandy, sir, and it flew to my head."

"Joseph Muldoon, native of Canada, you've spoken truly," said his honor. "The brandy flew to your head, you flew to an alley and the police flew to you. It was a flying time. Do you make a practice of drinking brandy?"

"No, sir—I drink whisky as a general thing."

"Yes—um—yes," mused his honor, as he looked over the grinning Bijah. "Well, I'll sequester you."

"Thanks, sir, thanks."

"I don't want any thanks. I said I'd sequester you for thirty days."

"I'm greatly obliged, sir, and I'll go now right off."

"Sir! don't you know what sequester means?" exclaimed the court.

"Yes, sir, and I'll be in Cannada in ten minutes!"

Bijah grinned.

The clerk groaned.

The reporters anxiously waited.

"Mr. Joy, let this man out," continued the court, as he looked up from his papers," "and warn him that he'll catch it if he ever comes within thirty-six miles of Detroit again."

A Peculiar Sentence.

The following curious sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," is not first-class Latin, but may be freely translated: "I cease from my work, the mower will wear his wheels." It is in fact, something like a nonsense verse, but has three peculiarities:

1. It spells back and forward the same.
2. Then the first letter of each word spell the first word.
3. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word.
4. Then all the third, and so on through the fourth and fifth.
5. Then, commencing with the last letter of each word, spelling the first word.
6. Then the next to the last, and so on through.

Corn Pudding.

A noted housekeeper says: I send an old and long used receipt for corn pudding: One quart of corn carefully cut off the cob; one quart of milk; one cup of meal; one tablespoonful of melted butter; salt and pepper to taste. Stir well and put in two eggs well beaten, just before you put the pudding into the oven. If your fire is good the pudding will be done in half an hour. Let it brown slightly on the top, and serd it to table in the same dish in which you bake it. I prefer a dish of white earthen ware. This can also be made of canned corn. I have been careful to enter minutely into particulars, and remember how much trouble receipts given me by others have caused, by their not giving these little hints so needful to all beginners.

The One Great Charm.

Miss Thackeray says: "Of all the myths of the fairy age, of its many legends and enchantments, true love seems to be the one great charm which has come down to us unchanged by time, untouched by steam engines, and unexplained by science Revenge may still exist with its daggers and flashes and melodramatic boots and teeth, but we feel little sympathy for it, and are glad to see it looking more and more clumsy and out of place, except indeed in a police court or on the boards of a Surrey theatre. Mystery is also somewhat old-fashioned, and its poor veils are sadly torn about and darned, and its wonders and terrors explode. High-flown romance seems out of tune with our modern ideas, but true love by whatever signs and language it is spoken—as long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, we may seek it."

Insects.

It is the same with insects as with weeds, beetles, bugs, catterpillars, and insects of all sorts in all their forms. There must be constant warfare against them, and they must be killed by every means in our power. But a farmer must keep his eyes open, or he will fail to see the enemy until too late. Insects and weeds rob farmers of half their profits, half their rest, and double their work. United and constant effort are needed to get rid of them, but after every year of effort the work will be lighter.

Queer Friends.

A curious story of animal friendship comes from Newton, Conn., where a black and tan dog has taken charge of a brood of chickens, and with them occupies a basket, barking at every one approaching. He steps into the basket, and, moving the chickens with his paws, secures room to lie down in, when the small balls of down nestle close to him and overrun his body.

THE Charleston, S. C. *News and Courier* says- "Ex-President Johnson's death will be regretted by none more deeply than by the insurance companies. He was a believer in life insurance, and illustrated his faith by his acts to an extent that is rare indeed, even nowadays. The aggregate of the policies on his life is no less than $350,000. His happy heirs can well afford to say no more about that little pile of $70,000 which the ex-President lost by the bankruptcy of Jay Cooke's bank."

Root crops will need thinning severely. Every supernumerary plant is really a weed, and should be pulled out with other weeds. Twelve inches apart is near enough for ruta bagas and turnips.

Buckwheat sown with potatoes drives away the potato bug. This is simple and can easily be tried. The bug will not disturb potatoes on land where buckwheat had been raised the previous year.

AN Astronomer can discover more wonderful things with one eye than most men can with two.

CHINESE is to be taught at a Boston normal school. The girls are determined to be no longer ignorant of what is written on fire cracker packs and tea chests.

Salt Lake City is called the great orphan asylum because there are so many Young children there.

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashionable lothing and Furnishing Goods.

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

apr1.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED.

sep 18

New Firm!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

☞Having purchased the interest of Messrs C. F. Rhoads & Bro's, in the grocery business, we respectfully announce to the public that we will continue the business at the old stand,

(No. 2, Baer's Block.)

In addition to a full line of groceries (fresh and of best qualities),

GLASSWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, GRAIN,

& MILL FEED,

We will make a specialty of

S A L T,

Carbon Oil,

Land Plaster,

ALSIKE PLASTER,

FREDERICK

AND

CLEVELAND

WHITE LIME,

Cumberland Lime,

GUANO,

PHOSPHATES, &c.,

We have a large warehouse and lime house near the Depot, and will furnish Country Merchants and Farmers storage room at reasonable rates.

W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.

SOMERSET, PA.

March 3d, 1875.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Protection of your Family from poverty, and in case of sudden death your estate from bankruptcy; or in event of a long life a competency for your old age, can be secured if you now avail yourself of the Decennial Dividend plan furnished by the

NEW JERSEY

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

The only Company that can or do issue the above kind of policies, the most liberal and fair in its provisions of any in the world.

Those who wish to avail themselves of its many benefits can have the necessary documents furnished them to fill out, and additional and important information, by applying by letter or in person to

F. E. GOODELL,

MANAGER BRANCH OFFICE,

88 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A responsible person is wanted in this and adjoining counties to present the above plan of insurance to the public, to whom a permanent and desirable position will be given. Address as above.

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear.

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,

Dress Goods,

Felt Skirts,

Hoop Skirts,

Bustles,

Gloves,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible.

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 30.

NEW STORE!

SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at

GARRETT,

on the line of the P. W. & B. R. R., and now offer for sale a a General Stock of Merchandize, consisting of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

QUEENSWARE,

HARDWARE,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES.

&c., &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.

WANTED—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs,

MAPLE SUGAR,

Bacon, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.

SALT AND FISH.

always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold.

SCHELL & WILSON.

WIKE & YOUNG,

BUTCHERS

AND DEALERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

IN

FRESH MEATS,

ALL KINDS, SUCH AS

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, PUDDING, BOLOGNA

AND

LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.

Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. mar10'75

STEVENSON & CARTWRIGHT,

Manufacturers of

Galvanized Iron Cornices,

Window and Door Heads, Finials, Turret's, Chimney Caps, Ventilators, and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Ornamental Work. Tin Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Job Work promptly attended to.

No. 158 Federal St.,

Allegheny City, Pa.

may5

Miscellaneous.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.

NEW FIRM.

NEW OODS.

THE NEW FIRM OF

PATTON & HURST

No. 4, Baer's Block,

are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of

CALICOES,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins

GINGHAMS,

SHIRTING,

TICKING,

BOYS AND MENS'

HEAVY PANT STUFFS,

in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,

DRESS GOODS,

in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,

STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

HARDWARE

The best assortment of

Carpetings and Oil Cloths

ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. feb18

DR. T. BROWN, No. 62 SECOND AVENUE, between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburg, continues to guarantee his cures in cases of PRIVATE DISEASES. His remedies are prepared by himself. No patient will be sent to a druggist for his medicine. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 20 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate diseases, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, strictures, diseases of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a few postage stamp promptly answered. jan22

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to friends and the public generally, in the town vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened in our New Store on

MAIN CROSS STREET

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,