A FORGOTTEN GUARD.

The Islands of Rugen, in the Baltic, opposite Stralsund, is a strong natural position strongly fortified. During the campaign of 1807, Davoust had occupied it with a regiment of infantry and some companies of sappers and pioneers, and one of the infantrymen was Firmin Bonard, a young soldier posted as sentry on a little eminence near the harbor.

It was midnight when the corporal of the guard left him, and he expected to be relieved at two o'clock, which would leave him three hours sleep before morning. The minutes slowly wore away, and the two hours, according to the sentry's calculation, had about expired, when suddenly he heard a sound as of footsteps approaching.

"Good! Here comes the relief," said Firmin Bonard to himself, then cried aloud, "who goes there?"

There was no reply. "And yet I heard something," muttered the soldier, "and I can take my oath my two hours are up." Almost immediately thereafter there was another rustle in the bushes, then a bark, and the poodle Capucin, the dog of the Regiment and a warm personal friend of the young sentry bounded up to him.

On hearing the dog bark the sentinel at first fancied that something was wrong, and cocking his musket he cast a searching glance into the obscurity, holding his breath to listen. But there was neither sound nor sight of a foe, and Capucin, clambering up the rocks, came bounding to Bonard's feet.

"Oh, that's you, old fellow, is it," said the soldier. "You found it dull, did you? Well, Capucin, it is not particularly lively here. It is a pity you didn't think to invite the corporal to accompany you, for the night is decidedly cool, and I have an disposition to sleep come upon me. The corporal's watch is always slow, and will be until he takes it to the blacksmith for repairs."

In response to these words, to which he had patiently listened, Capucin began to bark and and gambol furiously round his friend.

"Oh, you think if I am chilled and sleepy I had better warm my blood and wake myself up with a dance, eh? But Capucin, you have no musket to carry, or you wouldn't frisk so."

Still Capucin continued to bark and to run, now to the right, now to the left, as if possessed, until finally loosing all patience he came up to the soldier seized him by the overcoat and tugged so heartily at it that he tore away a fragment of the cloth.

Bonard was not in the best humor originally, now his anger was increased and transferred from the absent corporal to the present Capucin and he saluted the animal with a lusty kick.

The dog was visably grieved to be so maltreated and misundersood and retired to some little distance, and slowly returned, looking reproachfully at the soldier and licking his hands.

"Go! Be off with you!" said Bonard, steeling his heart and threatening him with the butt end of his piece.

Capucin seeing that he could not prevail with him at last retired, often looking back and barking invitingly.

But the sentry stood resolute at his post and Capucin just reached the beach in time to embark with the corporal in the last boat, for Napoleon had formed a new strategic combination and was retiring inland, and had sent Davoust orders to join him instantly, evacuating Rugen on an hour's notice. In the bustle the corporal—every one but Capucin—had forgotten all about Bonard.

Firmin Bonard pacing his beat with his musket under his arm, heard three o'clock strike in the distant belfry of the old church of Rugen, then four, then five. The swallows began to twitter and the sun came up.

Losing all patience, and in desperate defiance to all military law, which enjoined him to remain on post until he was duly relieved, he descended the heights and sought the guard house. "If anybody is going to be shot," he growled, "it ought to be the corporal, for the idea of leaving a man on guard for six hours is absurd."

So saying he entered the guard house, and found it deserted. "The devil!" he exclaimed and was sorely puzzled, but after a few moments reflection came to the conclusion that the regiment had moved during the night to some other part of the Island. Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he set off across the Island and presently came to peasant who was ploughing in a field.

"My good man," said the soldier, can you tell me which way the French troops have gone?"

"By water," answered the peasant, surprised at seeing the solitary soldier, "I don't know where they have gone, but at two o'clock this morning they sailed with the greatest haste and in the completest silence."

"Gone!" said the sentry, "and they have abondoned me! I shall be set down as a deserter. Damn that corporal—he not only left me on watch six hours, but he has ruined my reputation—dishonored me. Now I understand poor Capucin's visit; he came to warn me that they were going, and I, dull fool that I was, could not understand him. Good dog, and kicked him—the first time one of our men ever struck him. Oh, Capucin, why didn't you think of tearing the corporal's coat too?"

And the sentinel burst into tears of regret and despair.

"Come, come, my son," said the peasant kindly; "Don't give way so. Crying won't mend matters. Stay here; you can't do anything else. If the French return and take you I will explain everything."

"But you do not understand what martial law is—if they return there will be no pity shown me."

"Tut-tut! That is absurd. You cannot be punished for a crime you never committed. If anybody is to be blamed it is your superiors who forgot everything about you."

Firmin Bonard made no reply, but swept with despairingly hopeful eye the distant horizon. Alas! there was not the white fleck of a single sail to be seen, and again he gave way to his grief.

"Take my advice," said the old man, "and bear up with a good heart. You too are from the rural parts, unless I am greatly mistaken, and can find in me a friend if you are only willing to let me befriend you."

"But you know nothing about me—whether I am fit—"

"I am an old man and long accustomed to read the faces of my fellows," said the peasant, smiling. "Before you took up the musket you have held the plough. I need a laborer, vigorous and intelligent like yourself. Come with me and I will feed, lodge and clothe you, and see that you have something in your pocket every Saturday night for a Sunday frolic."

"I accept your offer thankfully," said Firmin Bonard, "and you shall see that a French soldier is not less faithful to the plough by which he gains a livelihood, than he was to the flag of his distant country."

As the farm of Peter Baxen, the peasant with whom Firmin Bonard had fallen in, was one of the largest in the island, the soldier returned to his old calling, did not lack for opportunities to show his skill and industry, and speedily convinced the rich peasant of his value.

"My friend," he said to Firmin one day, "I love you as I would my own son."

"If it were not," replied Firmin, that my old father in France waits and hopes anxiously for my return, I should never care to leave Rugen."

"You will see him once more," said the farmer; "and when you go to France to see him, why should you not bring him back to Rugen with you?—That, however, we can speak of at some future time. To-day I wish to speak to you concerning my daughter."

A flush covered the young Frenchman's face as the peasant's keen eye saw. "If I am not wrong," he continued, "She and you are very friendly."

Girmin stammered something unintelligible.

"In fact,' the old man went on "the neighbors say you are in love with her."

"'What? Who says so? I swear to you, sir, that I never addressed to your daughter one word which would make her aware—"

"Precisely, and that is why she has desired me to ask you to. You shall marry her. I have already promised her that it would be so, and she hugged me so for a quarter of an hour by the clock that I really commenced to think that she would strangle me."

Firmin hugged him, too, and a fortnight later became the husband of the old peasant's only daughter, the rich, pretty and amiable Amelia.

Four years passed away—four years of toil and love. Firmin Bonard thought often of France, but came to forget his technical desertion. The prattling of his two children, the embraces of his wife, were a present that answered for the future; small wonder that he forgot the past.

So matters went on till one morning the signal was made that several vessels were in sight, then as they drew nearer the word went round the island:

"It is the French! They are going to land!"

The words came to Firmin Bonard's ears like alarm guns, and he felt that he was a lost man. A sudden thought came to him, however, and reassured him somewhat; dashing to his dwelling he put on his old uniform and shako and ran down to the spot where some five years before he had been strangely abandoned.

Soon barges filled with soldiers were seen to put off from the ships that had rounded to and dropped anchor. In the bow of one was a white poodle that barked joyously on seeing solid ground once more.

Firman Bonard saw the dog and fancied that he recognized in him Capucin, and his eyes filled with tears.

Still the barges approached. Capucin—it was Capicun, indeed—evidently recognized the island, looked around eagerly, espied the sentry, then standing on his hind legs gave one rapturous howl and plunging into the sea swam with all his might shoreward.

An instant later and the boats were within hailing distance.

"Who goes there?" shouted Firmin Bonard in a voice of thunder.

"Who goes there yourself?" shouted one of Davoust's staff from the leading boat, "who are you, anyhow?"

"Firmin Bonard, private of the Sixty-eighth of the line, on guard."

"On guard? How long have you been on guard?"

"Since 12 o'clock on the night of May 13, 1807."

At this reply everyone burst out laughing. The first boat's prow had not quite touched the shore when Capucin had scrambled up the steep bank and with a tremendous bound cast himself, barking furiously into the arms of his old friend. Barks, gamboling, somersaults, licking off hands, face, feet—all imaginable demonstrations of canine joy.

"Go on, old fellow," sobbed the soldier, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "tear my coat and muddy it as much as you like to-day, and I won't say anything. I remember when I struck you for showing me all your affection and intelligence."

When he had somewhat recovered from his emotion, Firman Bonard, followed by the faithful dog, went down to the beach to greet his comrades and tell his story. Luckily the corporal, who was now an officer on Davoust's staff, was there to corroberate it. The regiment feasted him royally, and he in return, invited everyone to the farm, where he and his wife did the honors cordially.

It was not long ere the news reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed heartily at Firmin Bonard's stratagem, and having satisfied himself that the soldier's antecedents were irreproachable, ordered his discharge to be made out in due form.

"Far be it from me," said the Marshal, "after he had been on watch for five years without being relieved to send this gallant fellow before a court martial."

Firmin Bonard remained on the farm. He visited France that year and brought his father back to the island of Rugen. His children today hold the most important positions there and their family is known as "the family of the French sentry."

When the French again withdrew from the island, Capucin resigned his commission in the Sixty-eighth of the line. He had enough of glory, and the quiet life of abundance and happiness that his friend led at the farm was more to his taste. He came to understand—wise dog!—that life on the farm might be quite as pleasant as life in camp, and that there were infinitely fewer dangers in it.

So Capucin remained at the farm.

In mixed society, a clean hand often carries off the palm.

Wishing and Willing.

Wishing won't do much for anyone in the world. There a great number of dreamers and visionaries, people who put on the "wishing cap," and desire all sorts of nice things to come to them. They expect gold and all nice things to drop into their lap. But they are mistaken. Wishes won't do much for anyone. The only way to get anything is not to sigh for it with a wish, but to work for it with a will. That is the way; and the only way. The working man knows that. He knows that wishes won't manufacture daily bread for him. He goes out to his work with a stout heart, and earns a day's wages with a day's labor. A scholar does not expect to excel and get the highest prize without intense toil You must work with a will if you would get anything worth having. But it is astonishing what an earnest will can do. Poor boys have become rich men. Ignorant boys have become wise men. Obscure boys who were known only in a village have come out in the eye of the world, and have been known far and wide as distinguished men. They might always have remained in the quiet village but for this will, which, like the wings of a bird, bore them right out of it all into the wide world atmosphere.

I'll tell you a story of one who made a name for himself, and gained great renown and great possessions by the simple force of his character. He was diligent, and the hand of the diligent maketh rich; he was energetic, and energy is like an express train, it goes ahead. This boy's ancestors were rich and honored, but they lost their inheritance and became poor. When the boy knew this he was sad, and one day, as he wandered alone over the broad lands of his forefathers, he resolved he would work and struggle with all his might to buy them back again. He didn't sigh and shed tears, and say: "Oh, how I wish that castle were once more mine!" No, he didn't do that, because he knew that tears of regret would not help him in the least. He had his pleasant dreams, as I have told you, but he set himself to work. He brooded over his vision, and it gave strength to his brain, his will, his hand. He knew that everything depended on himself, and on himself he relied. He went abroad to the East Indies, and he himself tells us that during the long voyage this one thought of regaining the ancestral lands possessed him, and fixed him with a purpose to achieve renown. He landed in a strange country, without money, and without friends. And how did he get on? What was the result? He began life as a humble clerk, and rose rapidly in power, and ceased not in the ascending scale until he became governor-general of all India.

Wishing and willing—you understand the difference now, don't you? Wishes bring nothing but airy dreams that come and go, but willing and working bring solid realities.

Wintering Stock on Straw.

The present is a season of high priced fodder. All kinds of coarse feed finds ready sale in our market at a good price. Hay ranges from $14 to $18 per ton, according to quality. Oat straw brings from $8 to $10, and is in good demand. Other fodder sells in proportion to its value for feeding purposes. This has caused much stinted feeding among farmers. Oat and barley straw have been substituted for hay, in view of having a surplus of that article to carry to market. I heard a farmer say that he had thus far wintered his cattle almost wholly upon his straw stack, built in the center of his barnyard. I visited his barnyard and found his stock had eaten far into the lower portion of the stack. Little other feed (a few cornstalks) had been given them. His stock, seemingly, was in good condition. The animals appeared full and hearty. But, as I ventured to suggest to the farmer, appearances are deceiving. The stock, well filled with the large bulk of straw which they had eaten, appeared better than they really were. Young, healthy cattle, brought into their winter quarters in good flesh, will subsist largely upon good straw until midwinter, and show to the owner no marked falling off in flesh. But if the same feed is continued the stock will, unless fed grain, show a sudden falling off in condition before Spring. I have always thought it poor economy, even in seasons of scarcity of fodder like the present, to save fodder at the expense of stock.

It is wise economy at such times to employ every paying method by which less food will be required; but it is not prudent to deprive stock in any instance of their just allowance. Good oat or barley straw is a useful auxiliary in wintering stock, when feed in connection with grains or other fodder, but it cannot be relied on alone.—*Cor. Country Gentlemen.*

A Touching Story.

On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primative customs still obtain, where the crier goes about the streets day by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of sulphur meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go jungling together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B——. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old fashioned fireplace. There she sits, a picture of peace and content. "Havn't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look came over her eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play so beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister said to me: "Let us go down to the corner and see him play." Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and, I suppose I shall regret not hearing that hand-organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a tear on the half-heeled stocking.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen, twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitter is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

Baker's Choice.

You have probably heard of "Hobson's choice," but Hobson didn't begin with a man named Baker, who belonged to a camp in the early days of silver mining in Nevada. When he had been there a year they could not remember of a single day having passed that he did not developed some new ailment. He had leg ache, backache, sore throat, pleurisy, earache, asthma, and a hundred other things, but after about a year all these ailments sort o' consolidated, as if by mutual consent, into the toothache. There was eight men in a log hut, and he was the cook. After the toothache struck him he was no good. He growled in the morning, swore at noon and when night came and the men were ready for sleep he would begin:

"Oh, Lord! Oh, my stars; Oh, Peter and Paul and everybody else, but I know I shall never live to see daylight!"

Night after night he kept them awake with his groans and howls. It was little any one could do for him. The aching-tooth was a big fellow, with a cavity clear to the root, and Baker hadn't the grit of a child. Other men, similarly afflicted, had gone to big Tom Black and his shoemaker's pincers, but no money could hire Baker to have that tooth out. He applied cold water, hot ashes, burnt rag, and even drove a pin plug into the cavity, but it was no go. Every ten minutes he sung out:

"I'm dying and no one has the least sympathy for me. Oh! why did I leave Mary and the children and the State of Michigan!"

They finally decided not to stand it any longer. One morning they seized Baker and tied him hand and foot and sent for the toothpuller. When big Tom arrived Baker was as white as a ghost, and could hardly speak. He was told that tooth had to come out and he replied:

"See here, boys, I've got a choice in this thing. I'm sorry I made you so much trouble, but I can't lose that tooth. I'd rather you'd cut off one of my little toes."

"I'll be sculpted if we don't," said the captain. "Off with his left boot, and I'll unjint that toe in a York second."

They expected Baker to "cave" but he never flinched. He settled down on his back, shut his eyes and said:

"Go ahead, boys—the tooth feels better already."

The captian found the toe a poor affair at best, afflicted with a big corn, and the nail gone, and being out of temper he actually cut it off at the joint and fixed up the stump in a workmanlike manner. Baker uttered no groan during the operation, and from that hour until the day he left camp, full fourteen months, he never had a moment's trouble with his teeth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How She Retaliated.

It was a suit for divorce. The husband, a surly, mean-faced, ferret-eyed, beetle-browed man, wanted a divorce from his wife. They were both in court. The woman was sickly-looking, and, very likely, had been driven into hysterics by the brute who called himself her husband. The principal witness for the plaintiff was another beetle-browed, ferret-eyed, mean-visaged fellow, who was shop keeper for the latter and boarded in his family. And this witness had been "cooked"—had been "done up brown" by both his employer and his employer's lawyer. It was plainly to be seen that he answered by note—that the words he spoke had been put into his mouth by another. When the counsel for the wife came to question this witness, after his own lawyer had done with him, he said to him, with a smile, the whole meant for the jury, of course:

"You've got your lesson pretty well, havn't you, sir?"

"I havn't got no lesson."

"All right. But let us see. You say, if I understand you, that Mrs. B—— has a very retaliating disposition?"

"Yes sir—that's what I said."

"Well and how did she retaliate? give us an instance."

"Why," grunted the witness with a stupid look, "I've told lots of 'em."

"Yes, and now I want you to tell me one. Tell me and the jury if you please, a marked case of her retaliating."

"My! I've told you once she was always retaliating."

"Exactly; but we want a particular instance so that we can judge of its real merits. Now, look! Did you ever see the plaintiff in this case—your employer kiss his wife?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered quickly.

"And what did the woman do on that occasion?"

"She retaliated immediately."

"That will do. You may stand down."

The counsel for the plaintiff would have called the witness back, but the judge whispered to him something which nobody else heard, but which caused him to let the witness go. The divorce was not decreed.

Barrels from Wood Pulp.

Yankee ingenuity has succeeded in making very perfect barrels from wood pulp, and thus struck a heavy blow at the coopers trade. The process is thus described;

The body of the barrel is all made in one piece, of coarse wood pulp. The pressure to which it is subjected is 400 tons. The heads are made of one piece in the same way, and when put together the barrel is exceedingly light, and satisfactory every way. There are two kinds, one for fruit, flour and other dry substances; the other for oil, lard, and liquids of all kinds. A flour barrel made in this way and filled can be dropped from a wagon to the pavement without injury. Fruit packed in these receptacles keep longer than when put up in the usual way, being dry and excluded from the air. The barrels for liquid substances are made by subjecting the first form to a simple process, and oil can be kept in them without leakage. The saving in cost is about fifty per cent.

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv.—*Times.*

Chinese Schools.

A class of thirty Chinese Sunday School scholars which has been formed in Cincinnati held a Christmas festival. One of the features of the evening was and address by Chan Pon Tip, a scholar, in which he thus pointed out how hard a thing going to school was in China: "We have more letters in the alphabet in our language than you could count, but only use from 3,000 to 3,500, that is all. We do not commence to learn the alphabet first, but learn it as we go along in our reading. The first thing that we learn is to read Confucius, our religion. The children who first start to school take but very few lessons from Confucius. They are instructed by their teachers how to behave and what they ought to do for their parents, and how to pay good respect to strangers. They must bow and call a stranger a teacher; for the name of teacher is held with great respect. The schoolteacher has full charge of the children, and the parents have very little to do with them after they commence to attend the school. The teacher sees the children more and so understands them better, and sees them in the wrong, so they can correct them better than their parents. After the first six months they begin to study Confucius, and they study until they get through the four Kings. Perhaps the children can get through Confucius and the four Kings in three or four years. Then they go to college, if they can afford it. The four Kings are written by the disciples of Confucius; he had seventy-two, where Christ had twelve. You can never get through college until you become an officer. If you do not want to become an officer you have to leave college.

"It is much harder for us to go to school when we are little. We have to be in school in the morning as soon as we can see to read, and when the teacher comes we have to recite our lesson, and if we do not know it, we cannot go home for breakfast. After breakfast we practice writing two hours. Then the writing books are taken up to the teacher. We are not allowed to play or talk to any one in the school. We all study out loud at the same time and on different lessons. The teacher is very strict, and when it gets late and one cannot see to read then school is out. We are not allowed to stop on the way home, and if we do not do as the teacher says then we get a good thrashing with a number of small switches tied together. You will notice that the Chinese when they pass along the street go quietly and mind their own business. It is because they were brought up in that way."

A Thrilling Experience.

A brakeman on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road relates the following incident of his experience:

"Another bad fright I had was one dreadful dark night, when we had got just below Milford. We were rushing along at forty-five miles an hour—it was a passenger train this time—when all of a sudden I felt the air brakes working and she came to a standstill. There had been three men killed in as many weeks just before on our division and I said at once to myself, 'we've hit another man.' Just then the conductor told me to run back and flag the train behind us. Off I put in the darkness. I fell into two cattle guards and then went plump over a body that lay on the track. I picked myself up and found I was covered with blood. I tell you it sent a cold chill up my back. Then I turned my lantern on the body, and you may believe it took a great load off me to find it was only a cow. I resumed my run along the track, and in a minute or two I heard a noise as if some one was following me. I looked back and could see nothing. I started on and the noise began again, sounding just like several persons running along after me on the ties. I began to get discouraged and taking off two of the torpedoes I had fastened to my lantern I twisted them onto the rails, thinking that if anything happened to me or my lantern the explosion would warn the engineer of the coming train before he ran into the cow or into our train, which had been stopping to fix something about the engine that had been broken when we hit the cow. The torpedoes laid, I started on once more. Again I heard the steps, this time ahead of me on the track. I followed on and soon the train I was flagging came around a curve. By the glare from the headlight I could see that the patter on the ties that I had heard was caused by several cows and they were right ahead of me on the track. I made a rush for them, swinging my lantern and shouting and drove them off into the ditch. I kept swinging my lantern till the train stopped and got into the engine and told what was up. I hate now to think of cows on the track. How is it cows and drunken men always put for the railroad track when they get loose?"

The Danubian Floating Mills.

The floating grain mills on the Danube are perhaps its most curious feature. Fancy two canal boats moored parallel to each other, in mid river, about fifteen or twenty feet apart, and supporting between them the crank of a gigantic mill-wheel, turned by the current of the stream. Fancy, moreover, the sides of one of these boats carried up one story higher than those of the other, then roofed over a la Noah's ark, with doors and windows as needed—and you have a fair idea of these Danube grain mill, some four or five thousand of which, in groups of ten or a dozen together are scattered along this watery highway, all the way down from Vienna to Belgrade. Each mill is inscribed with its owner's name, and I found time in passing to copy one or two, such as "Juhas Istvany ces Landos," and "Jonasvitch Makopopom" as being curious samples of Magyar peasant nomenclature. As the steamer goes shooting by these mills, so close that the "clack, clack" of the mill-wheel is distinctly audible, it is amusing to note the inmates, looking for all the world like Humpty Dumpty in the play, rushing to their doors or windows to wave a salute and have a look at the passengers.

Health, hope and happiness are restored by the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It is a positively cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet.

What doth it profit a man if he is "well-heeled," yet hath a bunion?

How the Burglars Burgle.

The modern housebreaker is, however, a far different person, and plays for a different stake. He has probably been in prison, learned the tricks of the trade in the hours of combined labor while undergoing penal servitude at Dartmoor or Portland. It is here that he receives the first smattering of his scientific education. He may have been a clerk or a discharged footman, or a small shopman, or an errand lad,—some one who embezzled or purloined,—and the discipline of his prison career has resulted in nothing more than preparing him for the exciting trade of a professional thief. Society, he argues, has injured him by depriving him of his liberty, and he intends to be revenged upon society. He becomes a companion of old thieves, and he is elected a brother in the freemasonry of crime. He is told where property can be found, how it can be stolen, and where it can be disposed of. Stories of robberies and burglaries, and midnight adventures sound as fascinating as the yarns of miners at the diggings. Chance may decree a long course of ceasless work and no reward; but when the "turn-up" does come, the prize is worth the winning. Thus educated theoretically in thieve's knowledge, the felonious neophytre comes out of prison to be the connecting link between the "lagged" and the "lucky." He knows what policeman can be bribed, what information is necessary for his undertaking; what public houses and other haunts are frequented by thieves, and what should be the general plan of the campaign on which he has entered. He does not go rashly to work, bides his time, setting his traps and snares with the care of an old sportsman, Unconsciously, domestic servants, male and female, drift into this world of rognery and before they are aware of it, are led to betry the confidence of their employers. They are plausable fellows, these modern burglars; they can tell a good story and sing a song; they can flirt with the silly maids; and will "walk out with them" on Sundays; they bet a little and play cards and gradually they enmesh a household by the agency of the indoor servants who have not the faintest idea of the real objects of the crafty fellows who have made themselves so agreeable. People express themselves surprised at the constant success of the confidence trick, and all of the devices in which good acting and plausibility are opposed to selfishness and vanity; and yet they cannot realize the fact that agents of the "intelligence department" of knavery are constantly on the alert.

Expulsion from the Garden of Eden.

Old Judge Gustavus Swan, of Columbus, Ohio, was a "character" of his day. One day a missionary called on him for a contribution. "Now," said the Judge, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I will ask you a simple question in the scripture, and if you answer it correctly I will give you twenty-five dollars; if not, nothing."

The clergyman brightened up at once and agreed to the proposition.

"Well, now," said the Judge. "can you tell me why God drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise"

"Certainly," said the clergyman, "that is a very simple question; it was because they ate the forbidden fruit contrary to the command of God."

"There," said the Judge, "it is as I supposed; I have asked the question of a hundred different clergymen and never yet got a correct answer. I see you are no wiser than the rest. You ought to give me twenty-five dollars for being so ignorant of the most important fact in connection with the fall of man. But I will send you away with my simple blessing and the true answer to the question. If you will look into your Bible, which you seem to have read so carefully, you will see it written: 'And the Lord said, Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put his hand and take also of the tree of life and live forever, therefore the Lord sent him forth from the Garden of Eden to till the ground from which he was taken.' "Think," added the Judge, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "what a great mercy it was to drive them out, for suppose they had by some chance got hold of the tree of life, and thus the tree had been perpetuated forever on the earth. Why, by this time we would have been piled mountain high upon each other, and what an awful struggle there would have been for life and happiness." The clergyman departed a wiser if not a happier man.

Bloodless Amputation.

Within the last five years surgical science has made some wonderful improvements in its operations, among which may be mentioned the grafting of human skin and freezing with ether spray tumors to be operated upon; but nothing that modern surgeons have achieved is so calculated to ease mankind and preserve life as the invention of the Esmarche bandage for performing bloodless operations. It is an invention of very recent date, not yet in use by all surgeons, and almost unknown to the physicians of the back country. There is used an elastic bandage of rubber and cord, called from the French surgeon who invented it the Esmarche bandage, which is wraped very tightly about the leg or arm to be operated upon. The wrapping begins at the extremity of the limb and is continued to a point about the place of cision very tightly. The wrapping drives all the blood from the limb. At the top of the bandage a tourniquet is placed, which gives a heavy pressure upon the principal artery. The bandage is then removed, and the operation is performed. Amputations are made by this plan where the knife is unatained, and not a drop of blood is shed during the cision. The flesh is white, and the operation may be performed with more ease than when, as formerly, the blood was spurting forth. All the blood of the body is saved to strengthen the patient. By this method hundreds of lives have been saved during the last year. After the limb has been amputated the blood must be allowed to flow a little in order that the arteries may be discovered and bound up. In no case, by this method, is over an ounce of blood shed. By the old method patients often died upon the amputating couch, or soon afterwards, from excessive hemmorrage. Like all new methods, it is blindly rejected by old school physicians, who regard nothing good save the antiquated.

Love me little, but keep ii up.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Wm. Dempsey, late of Quemahoning Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, the 7th day of February, 1881, at the late residence of deceased.

WM. W. DEMPSEY,
Administrato

ofDec, 29

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OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of Goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Trowels, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Files, Hammers, &c., Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Harness, Buckles, Bits, and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and 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 very large and comprises very elegant styles. Dietsons Circular, Muley and Cross-cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds. Shovels, Forks, Spades, Rakes, Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Snaths, Sledges, Cast Steel, Mason Hammers, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Washboards, Clothes Wringers, Meat Saws, Door Mats, Buckets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope of all sizes, Hog Molasses, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Sausage Stuffers, Trace Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust, and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs.

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