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DR. A. G. MILLER,
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Estate of Josiah Walter, late of Milford Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1881, at the store of Walter & Truxal, Gebharts, Pa.

CHARLES A. WALTER,
Jan. 5. Administrator.

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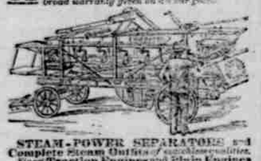

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IN THE FOREST.

Oh the stillness in the wood:—
Only little brooklets tripping
Past the mossy banks, all dripping;
O'er the pebbly pavement skipping,
In the quiet wood.

Fragrant pines are sweetly singing,
Gaily plumaged birds are winging,
Through the leafy branches flitting;
In a silent mood.

Playful squirrels always chattering,
Each the other ever flattering,
All in glee; and oh such clattering,
In a stilly wood.

Far away from noise of city,
Far from friends with converse witty,
Far from dull, prosaic trudging
Of the business world, all grudging
Each his brother; all o'er reaching;
Where the honest poor beseeching
Of the opulent, a farthing
Thus to save some one from starving;
These the thoughts in solitude
Of the quiet wood.

When with brothers oft contending,
And with brothers oft offending,
(Angry clouds with ills portending,
In a selfish mood.)

Then with nature thus communing,
With our hearts to love attuning,
We will here the virtues wooing,
Here is stilly wood.

Banish care and banish sorrow,
From the book of Nature borrow,
That to make our lives to-morrow
Like this tranquil wood.

MY WEDDING TOUR.

I was only seventeen when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charlie Vail, Jr., and saw the initials of the same emblazoned on the end of my new Saritoga trunk, when we started on our wedding journey. My wedding journey! I can speak of it calmly now, but the time was when it harrowed up my inmost soul. To this day Charley becomes wroth when it is mentioned, and says it is my "blamed imagination;" but he knows, and I know well, that that is only one of those convenient little loopholes through which big masculinity can crawl in emergency; and the facts remaining unchanged and indisputable, I shall defy Charlie and state them to the world.

Imagine then reader, or listener, who ever you may be, that the last silken train has swept itself out of Trinity chapel, and the last note of the inevitable "Wedding March" shuddered itself out of the big groaning organ, and that Charlie and I are married. Also, that the kissing and crying over is achieved, and the voices of my husband's sisters and my maiden aunt's, hailing down blessings on our heads, are happily lost in distance—that the only sound we hear is the rattle and roar of an express train thundering eastward, and I am looking out into the golden noonday, watching the fields and roads and villages and woodlands race past us, and sweep back into a stream like running water. There we sat, two blissful young fools—but it isn't of our bliss or our foolishness either, that I am going to tell you—only of the singular adventure of our wedding tour.

Charlie hadn't told me where we were to go, and I rather liked being left in ignorance, knowing no more than that we were being swept away to some little paradise of our own—it might be to an island of the Hesperides or Crusoe's kingdom of Eden itself. We stopped at a good many stations by the way that looked anything but paradisical; but I saw everything through a glass, rosily, as I sat there demure and mute, by Charlie's side. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon when we stopped at some "vile" or other, whose long, low, strangling buildings, crowding close upon the track, and the broad, dusty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. Not for anything intrinsically remarkable; there were only a good many teams and farm wagons and open carriages, and light carryals standing about, with the lazy horses rubbing their noses against worm-eaten posts, under the row of drooping green trees, and plenty of people on the platform, crowding together for greetings and good-byes; it was a commonplace everyday picture enough, and not even a pretty one, except in fragments. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some "House" or other down the lazy little country street; and Charlie, looking at his watch, said it was 12 o'clock—and didn't I want some lunch?

Of course I didn't, but of course I must have it, he said, and immediately started up. He wouldn't be five minutes, he said, and I musn't move till he came back. I was to guard our two seats, and let no one come nigh them, and, above all, I was to sit still, and not be led astray by any possible warnings to change cars. "We're going through," Charlie remarked, "so just keep the seats, and don't pay any attention." I nodded obedience, and Mr. Vail marched out of the car, leaving me to peer after him in the crowd and catch the last glimpse of his straw hat vanishing down the street.

I watched the crowd, when Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered at the faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations then, as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think of. Presently the door banged open, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted, "Change cars for Boston!"

Everybody began to scramble their bundles and canes together, and there was a rush among the few who remained my fellow-passengers. I watched them go without emotion, and merely settled myself more comfortably for the solitary journey through which Charlie had indicated—wondering a little where its terminus might be, but in nowise disturbed or anxious thereat. I stared out at the people five minutes longer—at least so said the fat-faced clock in the ladies room opposite my window, though I made it fifty at least by mental calculation—and then the door swung open again. This time a head projected itself into the door, roared "All out!" evidently at me and vanished again.

"I won't get out," I replied defying the empty car. "Charlie, told me to sit still, and I'm going to. Oh, Charlie! why in the world don't you come back!"

But no Charlie came to answer me, and I began to stare out in the crowd with more anxious eyes, and to grow a little hot and uneasy, and to think, with certain unpleasant chills running down my back, what should become of me if the train should start and Charlie shouldn't come back at all! At this awful point of my meditation the locomotive gave vent to an unearthly screetch, which I took for a premonitory symptom of departure, and I was so terrified that I started up from my seat just as the little door swung back for the third time, to admit a last warning, like that of Frier Bacon's brazen head. This time the face reappeared on a big, shaggy suit of clothes some six feet in height, and was a grim, not to say irate, visage.

"Change cars, miss!" said the person gruffly. "I told you so twice before!"

"I'm to sit still," I replied meekly. "I'm going through." I thought this was the right thing to say, because Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect.

"Change cars then—there's the Boston train over there. This car runs back to New York."

I simply stared at the person, ie a dogged way that seemed to take very ill.

"Come!" he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit here all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"

"I—I—don't know," I stammered, "I was told to sit still, and I—I must wait till the person comes back."

The man stared back at me now with interest. "Where's your ticket?" said he, extending a dirty hand.

"I havn't got it," I answered in a meek and conciliating tone. "My—Char—at least, the gentleman who is with me has got them both."

"The gentleman! Pretty fellow he is! Told you to sit still did he?"

I made no reply to this unwarrantable lack of respect in referring to my absent lord, but drew myself up and looked severely out of the window.

"Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my tormentor, summarly. "The best thing for you to do is to get out and look for your gentleman, miss." Saying which, he jerked my bag down from the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charlie had inverted, back into its place and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawls, parisol, etc., and follow him in abject submission to the door.

"Now where did the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on the platform.

"He went in to get me some lunch." I replied, almost ready, at this crisis to disgrace my bridehood and cry.

"And told you to sit still, did he? Well, you stand right here and keep a lookout for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in 15 minutes, and he can't get into it without you seeing him, if he ain't inside already; and my advice is, stick fast to him if you find him, for he must need looking after!"

With which remarkable words the man set down my bag, and winked at a bystander.

"What's the row?" inquired the person thus invited to participate in the enjoyment of my woes. Then they whispered—about me, I suppose—and everybody stood and stared at me.

Poor little bride! There I stood, holding fast my parasol, with a shawl on one arm, my own small shall on the other, and Charlie's bigger one at my feet, feeling like a very "lone lorn critter" indeed. There stood three men in a knot, contemplating me, and any quantity of the same species coming and going, who all looked at me as they passed, and then turned around and stared again—and there was no Charlie visible in all the range of surrounding country. Dire thoughts began to be born within me, and to turn me cold and damp with extreme terror; the nightmare of my infancy—"being lost"—came back upon me, and crushed my seventeen years and the new dignity of Mrs. Charles Vale, Jr., with a fell swoop. What was to become of me? Supposing there had been an accident and Charlie knocked down and awfully mangled, or that he had just vanished away, as one occasionally hears of respectful men having done, and never would appear again, or be heard of at all; supposing I were just to stand there waiting, the train shrieking away in the distance, and night coming on, and all these strange men staring and whispering? Pretty soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stand it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocket-handkerchief, and that reminded me of my pocket-book as a slight resource. I dived to the utmost corner of my pocket before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the very outset of our wedding tour.

At this alarming discovery a cold moisture broke out on my entire frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—unless I could deposit the same possessions or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's lodging and a ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was a sufficient challenge for inquiry. I don't know what an extreme it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, far a benovolent voice presently saluted my ears:

"Are you waiting for somebody, miss?"

I turned around with a gasp of alarm, which subsided a little, however, when I met an elderly face, spectacled, and benign in the extreme.

"Excuse me, miss," said the old gentleman, in a sympathizing tone, "are you waiting for anyone?"

"I—I—yes, sir—I'm waiting for—" I came to a dead stop. For Charlie, should I say? "My husband" was a step beyond utterance just now. I only turned scarlet, choked, and twisted the handle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I—don't know—where to go!" I burst out quite involuntarily. "They told me to change cars, and I didn't expect to, and I don't know what to do."

My new friend looked bewildered, and came a step nearer, as he inquired, in a solemnly lowered voice: "Are you alone?"

"No, r o," I said quickly under my breath.

"Who is with you?" said he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me. I did not understand it.

"My—a—a—gentleman," I faltered out. "He went out to get me something, and told me to sit still and not move; and a man came and made me change cars—and I don't know what cars we were to take—and—and—I—I—don't see him anywhere."

Here I choked and fell to biting my lips and winking my two eyes hard, to wink the tears down.

"A gentleman!" repeated my friend, suddenly. By this time two more men had drawn near to listen. "Your father?"

"No."

"Brother, then?" very mysteriousiy.

"N-no."

I began to get very red and uncomfortable, and to wish that they wouldn't stare so.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked the first Samaritan, after, a solemn pause.

"I don't know," I answered faintly. "He didn't tell me; he just said, when he went to get me some lunch, that I wasn't to move if the man said to change cars, for we were going through; and I told the man so, but he made me change."

"That train's a-going back to New York," said one of the last arrivals, grinning. "Going through to Boston, was you?"

"I don't know where I was going," I answered, very shortly.

"Let me see your ticket," said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way of looking at me over his spectacles; and he looked queerer still when I answered faintly—"He's got it—and—my money—oh, why don't he come!"

Here I cast loose all ceremony, and burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry now," said the old gentleman, soothingly. "Don't know! It'll be all right—you'll be taken care of. Where did the—your friend—where did he go?—which way?"

"I don't know," I sobbed from behind my handkerchief.

"Went to get some lunch, did he say? Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and perhaps we can find him? Was he young or old?"

"Young," I murmured, still behind a barrier of cambria. W-with a yellow mustache, and g-gray clothes, and a straw hat.

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered to another. "Sharp fellow!" responded a second. And then there were some antistrophies of "What's the matter?" "It's a shame!" from a small crowd that had by this time started up around me.

"Well, now, just come in here and sit down," said my old gentleman, paternally gathering up my bag; "and compose yourself my dear, and we'll see what can be done. Don't cry, it'll only flurry you, and won't do any good, you know. There, that's right!" For I wiped my eyes with a remnant of a sob, pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him, when, behold! as I swept the landscape over with one last look of desperation, there appeared Charlie—gray clothes, and straw hat, and yellow mustache, and all, coming from the dim distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.

"There he is!" I shrieked, dropping bag and parisol in my ecstacy, and rushing down the platform with extended arms. "There he is! Oh, call him, somebody—tell him I am here! Make him look this way!"

"Whare? which? where is he?" cried a half a dozen men, quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles? Halloa, sir! Halloa! Stop him!" and three small boys and one man started in pursuit.

Poor Charlie! There he came, hurrying along in our direction, rather swiftly it is true, when my four companions gave chase. And just as they uplifted their voices, and just as Charlies eyes, sweeping the surrounding scene appeared to light upon them—just then did the locomotive behind which we had been sitting fifteen minutes before and which had been backing and snorting, and advancing and backing again; after the manner of trains, choose its time to set up a shriek and a violent ringing of the bell and to go puffing off on its way back to New York. And Charlie first stared wild, and then turned and chased the locomotive; and the three small boys and the man chased him, reading the air with shouts of "stop him!"

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long, and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly, after he had run himself very hot and damp, and shed all the hot buns from his brown paper parcel for about 20 yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bay, and figuratively speaking, they all fell upon him.

"Stop there! where are you going? Come back after your lady, you scamp! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" shouted the small boy, in ecstacy. "Wanted to run away, did you? Didn't do it that time, old fellow!"

"What the duce do you want?" said Charley, fiercely. "Where's Sarah? where's my wife?"

"There she is!" roared a dozen voices, with appropriate action of as many unwashed hands. "A'nt got rid of her so easy yet!"

I will draw a veil over the embrace that followed and the compliments exchanged by the populace, who evinced the wildest joy at what was supposed to be the discomfiture of villainy. I will merely observe that the whistle of the Boston train cut short our little scene, and that I was hauled up on the last car amid cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting roar from one benevolent personage to "keep a tight eye on my young man, for he warn't to be trusted as far as you can see him!"

Also that Charlie shed bank-notes as well as buns in the excitement of the chase, and that my point d'Alencon parisol with an agate handle the wedding gift of my beloved Arabela, is probably marching around Blankville this very hour, poised in the Lisle-thread hand of some village belle.

Mr. Grow and His Traducers.

Since Hon. Galusha A. Grow withdrew from the Senatorial contest, his recent supporters have been unsparing in their denunciation of him, and have loudly proclaimed that he sold out to Cameron; that the price of his withdrawal was the promise of the Governorship, etc. Mr. Grow writes from his home at Glenwood, Susquehanna county, under date of February 18, 1881, to the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, to deny these charges. He says:

Will you allow me space in your columns to correct a mishapprehension, which I see by the newspaper press of the State, is somewhat widely extended. That is, that my withdrawal as a candidate for United States Senator was influenced by the expectation of being a candidate for Governor two years hence. Under no circumstances would I be a candidate for Governor then or at any other time. At the conference referred to with Mr. Oliver, Senator Cameron and Col. Quay, to which I was invited, a few hours before it took place, nothing was then said, or at any other time, about Governor, and no assurance, pledge or promise of any kind, was made by either, except that if a candidate for United States Senator was elected by agreement of both divisions of the Republicans in the Legislature, that in that case such division and the individuals composing it, were to be regarded and treated alike in all respects as members of the Republican party. Bygones to be bygones.

Each of us, *i e.*, Senator Cameron, Col. Quay, Mr. Oliver and myself were to use all our influence with whoever should be elected to secure from him such recognition and treatment of all who had participated in the Senatorial conflict on either side.

This was the clearly expressed understanding of us all before any reference was made as to any probable candidate that might be agreed on by the respective divisions. It was not understood that we were to settle on a candidate in case Mr. Oliver and I both withdrew. but names talked over were to be presented merely as suggestions to the caucus of each division for their action and if either did not like one of the names presented they would agree on some other.

My judgement had been clear for weeks that if Mr. Oliver should propose to withdraw as a candidate, in the interest of harmony for the party, that there would be no proper course for me but to do the same thing and that was the expressed opinion of a large number of my sincere friends.

Eating Lemons.

A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice as to how to use them so they will do the most good runs as follows:

Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking another at night, also. The way to get the better of billious systems without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors or bile, with mild efficacy, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not iraitate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, infallibly produces inflamation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its full medical work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work on the system throughout.

Words of Wisdom.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Some people think it an excess of magnanimity to forgive those who they have injured.

Speak of people's virtues, condone their infirmities; if you can say no good talk no ill of them.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.

We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally deprived of them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are have a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtue of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of the Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to everyone's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

The beaver increases in numbers in America and Norway.

A Lottery of Death.

A STORY OF MOSBY'S COMMAND.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Times*, relates the following story of the war as told him by a soldier of Mosby's command:

"On arriving at Rectortown, Va., we found Colonel Mosby, with full command drawn up in line, and he himself in consultation with his principal officers. One of these finally advanced towards the squad which guarded the Union prisoners and gave orders to draw them up in line. The adjutant then rode forward and read an order stating that seven of our men having been recently hung by the enemy it was determined that seven of the prisoners should be hung in retaliation, and that lots for the seven would immediately be drawn. A scene ensued which will be impressed upon my memory until the day of my death. A cry of anguish and consternation arose from among the unfortunate prisoners. Some implored the guard to intercede with Colonel Mosby and have them excluded from the drawing, two of them declared that they were merely suttlers and not fighting men, never having fired a shot at a Southern soldier. Others said that they had been drafted into the federal army contrary to their wishes and were friendly to the South. Others again expressed a willingness to desert that army and join our standard. While this tempestuous appeal for life was going on among these poor fellows, the main body of the prisoners heard the awful sentence with deep dejection but sullen resolution.

"In the course of twenty minutes, two officers approached, one of them holding a hat, in which had been placed a number of wads or balls of paper, corresponding with the number of prisoners. Seven of these wads were marked. The drawing then commenced, the officer with the hat requiring the right hand prisoners to take out a ball, which when drawn he handed to the other officer in attendance, who on opening pronounced it to be either a blank or otherwise. At first several blanks were drawn, then came a marked ball which was drawn by a cavalry soldier of Custer's command and hailing from Michigan. This man very coolly remarked that he was prepared to die for his country.

"'Six men have now been drawn,' cried the officer with the hat; 'one more must come.'

"The next and last victim was a drummer boy, who, upon being informed of his fate, uttered the most piercing cries, and, throwing himself upon the ground, exclaimed that he was only a drummer-boy with neither father nor mother, and begged to be spared. So greatly was the pity of the officers excited that they immediately applied to Col. Mosby to spare this boy. He very promptly replied that he did not know there was a boy among the prisoners, and ordered that he should be removed and the drawing taken over again.

"This was done, and on the second drawing my friend, a lieutenant, drew a marked ball. I was shocked by this and he was greatly distressed, but exhibited a courageous resignation to his fate. Calling to him a soldier of his company, who had also been taken prisoner, he requested him to take to his wife an empty pocket book and pencil case, saying that these were the only souvenirs he had left when condemned to execution, and that his last thoughts were with his wife and mother.

I was deeply affected at his fate and desired to assist him if possible. Whispering to him, I asked him if he was a freemason, to which he replied in the affirmative. Immediately after this the guard was ordered to march off with the seven men who had been condemned. We proceeded with them (I being one of the guard) only a few hundred yards, when we were ordered to halt and await further orders, and in a few moments a freshly mounted squad of fifteen men, commanded by a lieutenant and equipped for a raid, approached us with orders from Colonel Mosby that we should be relieved from care of the prisoners. Among the number of this relief was an intimate friend of mine, to whom I related the circumstances in connection with the lieutenant and also informed him that he was a freemason. Being anxious to learn their destination, I questioned him about the recent order and he informed me that they had been commanded to take the prisoners across the mountains and as near to Sheridan's headquarters as possible and there hang them. He promised me that he would do all that he could (consistent with duty) in behalf of the condemned officer. They then proceeded on their way, and several days elapsed before I heard anything of their movements. On meeting with my friend he gave me the following particulars:

"They reached Paris on the same night after leaving and were there met by Captain Mountjoy, who was returning from the valley with a batch of prisoners. Being a friend of Mountjoy's he took the first opportunity of informing him of the situation of the lieutenant and also informed him that he was a freemason and requested that he would save him. Upon hearing this Mountjoy requested an interview with the officer, and immediately afterward he crossed the street to where he kept his own prisoners and returned with two of them. These he presented to the officer in charge as two of Custer's men, whom he wished to substitute for the lieutenant. After some hesitation, and with the condition that Mountjoy should assume all the responsibility, the exchange was made. The officer, after returning earnest thanks for his life, was hastily transferred to another batch of prisoners under the care of a sergeant, who was told to make all possible haste to Gordonsville, and especially to get out of 'Mosby's Dominions' before the break of day. The others met their fate.

Life in Wall Street.

"There is a complete misunderstanding on the part of the public as to Wall street, says a well-known broker. The street is not a royal road to sudden wealth. Everybody cannot come down here without previous experience, deposit ten per cent. margin in a broker's office, buy one hundred or one thousand shares at random and reap a sudden fortune. That's the idea most people have of Wall street. You may accept it as a sound general rule that persons who know nothing of Wall street had better not try to learn anything. But, if circumstances put you in a position to devote your time to acquiring a knowledge of the ins and outs of Wall street, that's another thing. I have seen boys spend a few years in a broker's office, at a small salary, accumulate a few hundred dollars, make friends and branch out for themselves, either as dealers in privileges or as speculators. These young men, without an exception to my knowledge, have been successful. Some of them have become members of the board, and are in receipt of large incomes. Two of them that I have watched have attained the highest standing in the privilege business, one being probably the best buyer and the other the best seller of privileges in the street. Besides members of the board and big operators, who can bull or bear the market until they are satisfied, there are two other classes of operators who average snug incomes year in and year out. They are the moneyed men, who can buy stock outright if they see that the market is panicky, lock it up in their compartments in the Safe Deposit Company, and go to London or Paris for a holiday, remaining until the market has boomed up again; and the cautious, small operators, who never handle more than five hundred shares at a time, need at least twenty-five per cent. margin up, and operate only upon the evident drift of the market, waiting quietly for favorable opportunities, and living well within their means in the mean time.

"The moneyed speculator, with cool, clear head, and plenty of experience, has the best time of all. He can get out of the street whenever it is too hot for him, and enjoy himself. Why, I have in my mind just now a friend belonging to this fortunate class. He is a French gentleman of elegant tastes. He has his entire fortune, about $500,000, invested in Government and New York city bonds, assuring him an income of about $25,000 per annum. When the great tumble of last spring came, he had about $100,000 worth of stocks, at ten per cent. margin, on hand. When he saw five per cent. swallowed up, he lit a cigarette, and shrugging his shoulders, said:

'*Ma foi*, this is no place for me. I shall go to Paris and amuse myself for some months.'

"He went out, and returned in a moment with Government bonds representing $100,000. Handing the bonds to the cashier, he said:

'Have the goodness to give me my stock and the premium on my bonds.'

He received a check, and with a parting handshake all around was off. Early last September he re-entered the office, fat, rosy, and jolly, and bought a thousand shares of Central. In his absence the market had taken the up grade, and while he was enjoying himself in Paris his stocks in the safe deposit vault rose in value until, when they were sold, they netted him $200,000.

"The shoals of greenhorns who pour in incessantly with their cash, and their ambition to become great operators in a month or two, are—well, that's the reason why there is so much money floating about the street for smart men to pick up."

Women in the Treasury.

The first female clerks in the national treasury were appointed in 1868 by Secretary Chase, who placed them in the office of the comptroller of the currency at six hundred dollars a year. They cut and trimmed the United States notes issued in sheets, and did their work well. As soon as they had been appointed there were many other applicants, and their number steadily increased, many of them securing places thro' the peculiar energy and perseverance which will refuse to take no for an answer. There are now more than 1,300 women in the departments at Washington, the majority employed in the bureau of engraving and printing and in the government printing office. They excel as counters, their slender, sensitive fingers turning notes with great rapidity and exactness. They detect counterfeits, it is said, quicker than men, though they do not succeed so well with accounts, as the average feminine mind has little natural love for figures.

Counters and copyists receive nine hundred dollars a year, other women, twelve to fourteen hundred dollars, several of them sixteen hundred dollars and one in the internal revenue eighteen hundred dollars. Most of the clerks are well educated and refined and many of them have seen more prosperous days.

A number are widows and daughters of army and navy officers who lost their lives in the civil war. Very few of the young women or widows marry or resign, and consequently the hundreds who are constantly seeking places in Washington have very slender prospects of success. The most untiring, obstinate place-seekers at the Federal capital are women.

Good Advice.

If you keep your, stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect order, you will prevent and cure by far the greater part of the ills that afflict mankind in this or any section. There is no medicine known that will not do this as quickly or surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic, which will secure perfectly natural action of these important organs without interfering the least with your daily duties. See ad. f. 16

A Street Horror in Paris.

All Paris says a correspondent, has been deeply stirred by the shocking fate of a little girl of nine, Georgette Babin, the only child of a prosperous green grocer of Rue Belzunce. She attended a day school, to which her father every morning took her and fetched her back at noon. A few days ago they were walking home, hand in hand, rejoicing in the bright sunshine that had come out after the snowfall. The streets they passed were busy with traffic and squadrons of sweepers who were pushing heaps of snow towards sewer traps purposely opened to receive them. At the corner of the Rue Hautville the child let go her father's hand to tighten her muffler. Just then a wagon drawn by a restive horse rumbled by. Babin instinctively moved backwards, thinking his daughter was by his side, but when he turned round to look for her she had disappeared. It was evident that in backing out of the horse's way she had fallen into a yawning sewer which was of great depth.

Cries for help were heard for a moment and then ceased. The child had