

THE LITTLE DETECTIVE.

Not far from the year 1890 a bold robbery took place in a large southern city, located on the shores of one of our great rivers. The money taken was very large, a large deposit of which had just been made. In those days the bank safe and vaults were less secure than now, and the combination lock was unknown. No other burglars so skillful as these were known to exist in the city. The money was taken from the safe in a quiet manner, and the thief was not seen again.

The whole detective force of the city was on the alert next day, and the eyes of Argus watched the streets and the railway stations, the streets and by ways.

Over forty thousand dollars had been stolen, and a reward of eight thousand dollars was already offered for the capture of the robbers and the recovery of the money.

There was a member of the detective force, named Donnelly, who had long been a target for the railway of his fellow.

One reason was that he was very short in stature, his height being five feet five inches and his weight one hundred and sixteen, and another was that he never accomplished anything of importance. He had been kept down, probably to a mistaken notion of his real worth, and had generally been assigned to duty in plain livery, where a stolen coat or cloak was to be looked up among the pawnbrokers or dealers in second-hand clothing.

Donnelly, too, was excited, as a detective ought not to be, and on this occasion he entered the chief's office and nervously said: "I know where the gold is!"

"Where?" asked the chief, smiling, while several officers present winked at each other.

"I saw them take it on a boat at the levee."

"How do you know? Did you see the coin itself?"

"No; they didn't have it, I saw a wheelbarrow, like coal," replied Donnelly, in a stung, "I'm not joking, sir, and mean what I say. I saw the gold taken on board the Water Lily."

"Pretty name, anyhow," suggested a detective.

"How was it taken aboard?" asked the chief, more leniently.

"In three carpet bags."

"Well, how do you know the gold was in them?"

"They were very heavy, for one thing."

"And they were carried by two well-dressed white men. One carried two, and he could hardly walk with them; while the other carried the third. They must have been valuable, or they would have been intrusted to the darkeys."

"When did the Water Lily leave?" asked the chief, somewhat interested.

"She steams up the river for Memphis, at four o'clock. She has but a small cargo."

He had gone from the bottom to the top in one jump, and for years afterward he enjoyed the distinction of being the keenest detective in the South-west.

So much for sticking to the scent and "shadowing" the Water Lily.

Underneath the Ocean.

Prof. A. E. Merrill, of Yale College, recently delivered a lecture in New York City, telling of the wonderful country lying beneath the depths of the sea, especially that lying beneath the Gulf Stream.

He said he had made 1,500 observations this summer for the United States Fish Commissioners. He had cruised from Labrador to Chesapeake Bay and about two hundred miles to sea.

About sixty miles outside of Nantucket is a streak of very cold water, and animals live in the waters of Greenland, Spitzbergen, or Siberia. The water is fifty fathoms deep, and the bed of the ocean is clay. Bowlders weighing 800 or 1,000 pounds are dredged up.

Prof. Merrill believes that they are brought down by icebergs when the ice melts. The bowlders are found as far south as Long Island. Farther out to sea, seventy to one hundred and twenty miles south from the southeastern coast of New England, the bottom of the sea, which has included very gradual erosion of the region, takes a sudden dip downward, so that whereas the water on the edge of the bluff is one hundred fathoms deep, at the bottom of the basin it is 1,000 fathoms deep.

The slope is as high and as steep as Mt. Washington, and on its summit, which is about 100 feet high, is a low level, could not put out his hand without touching a living creature. The bottom of the sea is covered just there with a fauna which has never been before found outside of the Mediterranean Sea.

A Gulf of Mexico, the Gulf of California, and the Indian Ocean. The number of species of fish dredged up is eight hundred, and over half of them have never before been seen by naturalists. Seventy kinds of fish, ninety of crustacea, and two hundred and seventy mollusks have been added to our fauna.

The age of many of the specimens shows that they must be permanent in that region. The trawl let down from the ships by a mile of rope brings up a ton of living and dead crabs, shrimp, star fish, and as the trawl simply scrapes over a small surface, the ocean bed is plainly carpeted with creatures.

Sharks are seen by thousands in this region, and countless dolphins, but it seems strange that not a fish bone is ever dredged up. A piece of wood may be dredged up once a year, but it is honeycombed by the boring shells of the worm-eater.

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A Plate of Baked Beans.

A well known individual of Boston went on an excursion to Nantucket, and at noon-time went into one of the restaurants for dinner. Unfortunately for him, his companion was an irascible practical joker. As they were seated Ed said to Charley:

"Are you going to have a regular dinner or only a lunch?"

"Well," said Charley, "I don't believe I pay for anything but a regular dinner. I'll have a plate of baked beans."

Accordingly the order was given to the waiter, and an elegant dinner was set before Ed, while Charley contented himself with a plate of baked beans and a cup of coffee.

When the check was laid down Ed, who had slipped his, marked "81.25," over to Charley, who was all unconsciously, and kept the one marked "25 cents" himself.

When they finished and had walked over to the counter to settle, Charley bent over and looked at his check, "81.25," and turned aghast to his companion, exclaiming:

"Good Heaven! what kind of a place is this where they charge \$1.25 for a plate of baked beans?"

"That's all right!" returned Ed. "My check is just the same. They charge \$1.25 for a plate of baked beans, and you order what you like. You might have had just the same as I did, but you chose baked beans. You'll have to pay it, as there is no way of backing out."

And pay it he did, all unconscious of the wicked joke, but as he walked back to the restaurant, he learned one thing, and that is never to order baked beans again in a high toned hotel.

Mr. Mark L. Dering, mechanical engineer of Cleveland, has recently taken out a patent for a barrel with out staves or hoops, and in one piece. The material he uses to make this seamless barrel is wood pulp.

A certain amount of pulp is placed in an iron cylinder, the inside of which is shaped exactly like a barrel. This cylinder is made to revolve by an ingenious arrangement both ways; that is, the ordinary way that a barrel would revolve and revolve at the same time about over head at right angles, at about one hundred revolutions a minute. The centrifugal force of this double revolution throws the pulp equally in every direction, spreading it so to speak, equally all over the inside of the cylinder. After being revolved in this manner for three or four minutes, air is then pumped through the bung, which is made tight against the pipe conveying the air, till a pressure of 100 pounds to the inch is obtained. This is done by other means, such as the use of a pump or the revolving cylinder. The pressure of this air squeezes all the water in the pulp through the brass lining of the cylinder, which is perforated with minute holes, and is carried away in the grooves of the iron cylinder. After being revolved for three minutes under this pressure the two halves of the cylinder are opened and a perfectly shaped barrel is taken out, all complete, with heads in, which is laid aside for twenty-four hours for the purpose of being seasoned, when it is then placed in a drying room, heated to a temperature of 100 degrees of heat, and kept there for about three days, when it is taken out all finished for the market.

How to Save Boys.

Women who have sons to rear and dread the demon-haunting influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of our modern youth, who is disturbed by vacillating, by thirst for action, by longing for excitement, by irascible desires to lead life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the impressions of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts.

They will not go to the public house at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor—they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they had there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. So to it, then, that homes complete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms with gas or electricity on the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons and dullness and apathy that have so long reigned in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent devices and contrivances that will bring a delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Do not do this for the sake of your own ease and comfort, but for the sake of your children and right minds. Why may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

A Girl's Club.

A very pretty story comes from New York about four homeless working girls who determined to band together and make themselves as real a home as can be found beyond a parent's roof. They rented a third-story tenement, and made it their own by their own hands. They were poor, and were obliged to start with only one room carpeted, a stove, some chairs, a clock, a table, a few cups and dishes, knives and forks, and two mattresses, but no bedsteads. Little by little the furniture was increased; now by a chair, now by a bed, and again by a bureau, and so on until from being complete, extras were added. One of the girls got a week as a milliner, another \$12 as a clerk in a Broadway candy store; another got \$10 or \$12 as a dressmaker; and the fourth was a seamstress, and the house-keeper and called steward of the club. Until the house was furnished all pooled their earnings, but since then each has paid every Saturday a share (graded in accordance with their income) of the week's expenses, including a receipt in duplicate to the signers. The girls dress tastefully and live like their neighbors. They live alone without quarrel, and run their picture-show establishment according to rules framed and hung in the parlour. One of these rules is that no girl is to be in the club after the closing of a gentleman, except in the presence of at least one other member, and that all the members who are in the house shall be present in such cases.

A Chinese Child's Funeral.

Many curious sightseers stood around Wash Street laundry in New York. On the floor in the rear room in the basement rested a coffin, which contained the remains of Fung O, a girl five years old, and at the head of the coffin stood Chae Lee, her sister, three and one-half years old, the only two Chinese children of unmixed blood that have ever been in the city.

A Chinaman engaged the plate upon the coffin, and, according to Chinese custom, the parents nailed it down. Forty small candles stuck on eight small pine sticks, inserted in five wooden sockets, shed a grim fire on the surroundings. The funeral cortege consisted of two carriages, one of which bore the child's remains.

The remains were buried in Evergreen cemetery, where the Chinese have a plot. The coffin was quickly lowered into its resting place and hastily covered with a few sheets of dirt. Three fires were lighted about the grave, into which the effects of the dead child were thrown and burned. While they were being consumed the mourners sprinkled a white powder from their paper bags into the flames. It burned with a bright light, and emitted a disagreeable odor. When the fire had completed its work the grave was filled up and at the foot of it was placed a pine board inscribed with the name of the dead.

Dr. Chae Kiu Fong, the Chinese physician who attended Fung O, was asked the cause of her death, which was rejected by Dr. Sayre, of the health board, because he was not a registered physician, said, through an interpreter, that when he was first called to see the little girl, he saw at a glance that her days were numbered and that medicine could be of the slightest benefit to her, and he so informed her parents, who were very loth to give up all hope of their child's recovery as long as the breath of life remained in her body. When at last she died, he gave the usual certificate as to the cause of her death, supposing it was all right, and did not know to the contrary until so informed by the health officer. He said he would go before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and submitting his Chinese certificate, will undergo such examination with regard to his qualifications as a physician as may be desired.

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely and Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are constipated or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kerner's disease, stop taking your medicine, stop eating, stop drinking, and turn to a cure of Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a manufacturing district, harbor your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or scaly skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and a sweet breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease, \$500 will be paid for a cure they will not cure.

For a list of testimonials, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

Pittsford, Mass. Sep. 28, 1878. "I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial."

MRS. J. W. FITZGER.

Secretary Women's Christian Temperance Union.

"Do you buy your music by the note?" inquired a young lady of a neighbor. "Oh, no," replied the other. "I always wait until Sunday, and then I get it by the choir."

Good for Babies.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It prevents bowel complaint, and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite.

He Was Qualified.

When I was a young man I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Fort Gibson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time and it was not an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and I repaired to court to get called. On my name being called I informed his Honor, the Judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore, not qualified to serve.

"I am stopping for the time being at this place."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?"

"I take my meals there, but have rooms in another part of town, where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall, do you, sir?"

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the Judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you have done so, and to make his freehold."

The court does not excuse you."

It holds the colored surfaces so relieve the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and the tone of the system, and the only remedy for the cure of pulmonary disease.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTHACHE, EARACHE.

And the whole noxious family of nerve diseases are cured by Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

SURE!

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AGONY! PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. RELIEF!

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