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Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.
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Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888. NO. 52.

HANLON'S rowing days are evidently over. He has again been beaten by Beach. Ten years appears to be the limit of prime condition for oarsmen, and Hanlan had his day, though he is still a young man.

AN old observer tells that one's eyebrows are an infallible guide to his age. No matter how young looking the person may be, if his eyebrows lack gloss and do not lie flat and smooth he is no longer a young man.

THE steamship Indiana seems to have again proved the value of oil on troubled waters during the recent severe gales. Some of the officers attribute the safe arrival of the vessel in part to the liberal use of fish oil distributed over the sea.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN will have the sympathy of a nation in his family affliction—the loss of a wife to whom he was married thirty-eight years ago, and who, in her own modest way, "fought the good fight" as bravely as the General himself.

A RECENT traveller in Labrador is authority for the statement that there exists there a waterfall that eclipses Niagara Falls in several ways. It is located, he says, on the Grand river, which connects Lake Petchikapon with Goose Bay, at the head of Hamilton Inlet.

A ST. LOUIS MAN furnishes a hint for bald-headed people. A few years ago, finding that he was getting bald, he discontinued wearing his hat while in his office. Then he began a systematic "dry scrub" of his head daily, with a coarse brush. He has now, it is told, a very satisfactory crop of new hair.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE has reached a pretty pass near Olean, New York, where a company of militia was ordered out to aid the police in breaking up a gang of between 40 and 50 insolent thieves in the guise of tramps. They fled on the approach of soldiers, and will no doubt be heard from at some other point before they are landed in jail.

THE false pension claimants, recently convicted in the United States District Court, got off with light punishment, considering the nature of their offence. The principal was only sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary, and his perjured witnesses to six months' imprisonment and $100 fine each. Yet their crime was a deliberate attempt to defraud the Government, and of a kind difficult to detect and expose.

WITH a tidal wave off the East coast, an earthquake on the West coast, and a cold wave running down its back-bone, this great American Continent is having a lively time of it. But all the great elemental disturbances serve a good purpose. They remind us what a minute and inconsequential thing a man is; and when a person begins to feel that way, he begins to love his wife a little more, his children a little more and his neighbors a little more.

HON. J. SMITH FUTHEY, of Chester county, who died suddenly November 26th, was a hard worker, devoting almost all his leisure time to historical researches and to literary work. Historians are indebted to him for much information about the early history of Chester county, which he obtained by careful search of county and church records. Such work was to him a labor of love, done for the public good.

THE report of Chief E. O. Graves, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, for the fiscal year 1888 shows not only that the production of securities during the year exceeded that of any previous year in the history of the bureau but that the results have been accomplished by the adoption of simpler methods of doing business, the discharge of superfluous employes, the abolition of unnecessary places and the exaction of greater diligence in the discharge of duty and of a higher standard of qualifications.

A RECENT decision handed down by the United States Supreme Court is particularly interesting to widows and orphans. It holds that the proceeds of a life insurance policy made payable to a man's wife or children cannot under any circumstances be attacked by his creditors after his death. In the case acted on the claim of the creditors was that the man was insolvent when he took the policy out, and that the money that was paid as premiums upon it was not his own, but belonged to his creditors.

IN A decision as to reasonable railroad rates on cotton the Inter-State Commerce Commission goes to the root of the matter, when it says: "Whether railroad companies combine or act separately in making rates and charges is not so important, the essential requirement is that, however made, they shall be reasonable of themselves and so fairly adjusted as to be reasonable in their relations to each other and in their results." In other words, pools and combinations to fix rates are not evils *per se*, but evils only when they result in unjust discriminations and overcharges. Though one might suppose this to be an obviously true proposition, demagogues have so broadly denounced all trusts and combinations of capital that it is necessary to restate it occasionally in the interest alike of truth and justice.

Evil habits are webs which are too light to be noticed until they are too strong to be broken.

HIS HOLIDAY.

Mr. Sparks Attends to a Number of Little Things Before the Ball Match.

'Marie,' said Mr. Sparks to his wife joyfully, 'I'm going to have a holiday to-morrow.'

'Are you?" said Mrs. Sparks. 'That is nice. There are a number of little things, about the house I want you to do for me.'

'Well-er,' said Mr. Sparks dubiously 'I rather thought I'd go to see the baseball match. I haven't seen a game for I don't know when."

'Well, you know yourself, Mr. Sparks, without my having to tell you,' said his wife calmly, 'that the wind comes into my window in a whistling cyclone without the weather strips. I expect every night the baby will wake up with the croup. And it seems a pity to have a plumber's bill to pay for fixing the sink when you could do it yourself in ten minutes."

'Oh! if that's all you want done,' Mr. Sparks exclaimed, cheerfully. 'I can do those in the morning and go to the match afterward.'

'It isn't quite all,' replied his wife, guardedly, 'but they are all trifling things.'

Mr. Sparks woke in the morning with a delightful consciousness of not having to hurry about getting up. It was quite 10 o'clock before he finished his breakfast, and then he drawled over the paper an hour before he went to work. Then he put on his old coat, hunted up all his tools, and said to his wife, courageously:

'Now, Maria, just tell me all there is to be done so you won't be saying afterward that you wish I had done this and that that you didn't even mention to me."

'Very well, Mr. Sparks,' replied his wife, composedly. I'll tell you all I can recollect. I want you to put on the weather strips in my room, and while you are about it you might as well do them all over the house. Then you'd better fix the sink, and while you are down in the kitchen see if you can mend the wringer. Sarah says it won't work, and I think she'll leave if she has any more trouble with it. Then there's that picture that's been standing in the parlor for weeks waiting to be hung, and I want you to stop up that hole in the diningroom with putty so the mice can't get up. Then you'd better fix the caster on the dining-room table. You know you said a good deal about it when you were carving the roast beef and the table wobbled so. Then there is that shutter that flaps so at night, and—"

'Great Scott, Maria!' exclaimed the master of the house. 'I didn't say I had a week's holiday. I told you I wanted to go to the baseball match.'

'You don't want to go at 11 o'clock, do you?' inquired his wife, cuttingly. 'It doesn't begin until 4, I believe. And the longer you fool round the later you'll be getting done.'

Mr. Sparks saw the force of this reasoning and went to work at once. While he was fixing the weather strips his wife reminded him that the springs of the shades were all loose. He did not receive this suggestion very amicably, and he was quite savage when she came into the diningroom and suggested that the stove ought to be set up at once while he was grovelling on his hands and knees under the table trying to get the casters even. During all his vicissitudes the wary Mr. Sparks kept his eye on the clock, for he was by no means weakened in his determination not to lose the baseball match. At 3.30 he dropped the hammer and tacks and dashed hurriedly upstairs to change his coat.

"Why, James, are you through?" asked his wife, mildly. "Won't you look here at the sewing machine a minute?"

'I can't indeed, Marie,' gasped Mr. Sparks, as he struggled into his coat. 'It is half-past three now and the match begins at 4——"

"Half-past three?" said Mrs. Sparks. "Why, it's half-past four. The dining-room clock lost an hour. I didn't ask you to fix it when I came in there, for you seemed annoyed, but——"

Mr. Sparks waited for no further explanation, but tore madly off to the match. He was too late to get a seat to see much of the game, but his feelings found a slight vent in savage shouts of disapproval of every error of the Giants.

Drinking Water Tests.

We are giving more and more attention to the purity of drinking water as it becomes more apparent that infection of almost every kind travels by water. It becomes of the highest importance to know whether the tests usually resorted to for the detection of organic impurities are trustworthy. If dangerous impurities slip past these tests, they afford no protection against transmission of disease germs. "The Sanitarian" prints a paper by Dr. J. A. Tanner, of Boston, giving results of some of his experiments in this direction, which may almost be called startling.

Dr. Tanner declares boldly that the chemical processes relied upon for testing water are "as apt to condemn a good water as they are to commend it, and to commend an impure water when they should condemn it," and his statements go far to support his theory. For example, if five per cent. of milk or any beef extract be added to a gallon of distilled water the processes will condemn it as impure because it contains organic matter. Add a few million of disease germs to a gallon of distilled water and none of the processes will discover them, because the quantity of organic matter is not large enough. Yet the one mixture is entirely harmless, and the other, if we accept the germ theory, is dangerous. The combustion process relies upon the proportions found of carbon and nitrogen; the ammonia process upon the presence of free ammonia and albumoid ammonia; the permanganate process upon the amount of oxygen required to oxidize the organic matter. All of these tests are extremely delicate, and a slight inaccuracy is enough to cause an impure water to be rated as pure, or the opposite.

The fact that they disagree wildly in their their results with the same water is enough to shake faith in all of them. Dr. Tanner shows this by reference to the investigation conducted by Professor J. W. Mallet for the National Board of Health some years ago, with which he was connected. Nineteen samples of natural water, believed from actual use to be wholesome, were examined by these processes. They agreed that ten were potable, and three were not, but as to six, or one-third of the number, they disagreed totally. Then nineteen samples were taken of "natural waters which there seemed to be fair grounds for believing have actually caused disease." But only four of these were rejected as unwholesome, as to nine, or one-half, there was no agreement, and six, or one-third, were pronounced wholesome by all the processes. Then twenty samples were taken of natural water of doubtful but suspected character, and as to these the results were really more unfavorable than as to the waters known to be dangerous. The most remarkable of all the tests were with twenty samples of good water, to which were added various pollutions, such as sewerage from various sources, black vomit and like offensive and poisonous substances. Only eight of these samples, less than half, were condemned by all the processes, as to nine the reports did not agree and three the processes actually concurred in pronouncing good.

Handiwork in the Public Schools.

In these days, when the struggle for bread grows constantly more severe, it is of the greatest importance that the youth of the country shall be sent into life properly fitted for the struggle. It should be the purpose of a public or free school system to so prepare and fit them. Do public schools do this? Everybody, even those who form the vast ring which mismanages them, knows that they do not, but that, on the contrary, the whole tendency of the system as it is mismanaged is to disable the pupils, to send them out in the world unfitted for the task before them.

Our public schools ought to breed men and women. As they are now and have long been misused, they breed clerks and shop girls. That is to say, they prepare millions of youths who attend them for avocations which are always overcrowded, and unfit them for any others. The system has thus become a vast injury to the country. A proper public school system would teach spelling, reading, writing, geography and drawing, and having acquired these fundamentals the pupils should then be drawn into free technical schools, where both boys and girls should be thoroughly taught the use of tools of all kinds. In that way they would be really fitted for practical life.

In Sweden and some other European countries boys are thus taught to be gardeners, carpenters, blacksmiths. They are made, as part of their school education, to know useful handicrafts in many branches. The girls are taught to sew, to cook and housewifely duties in general. The result is that the young men and women so taught do not lack employment wherever they may wander; they do not drift into factories; they get on in life. Well—in 10 of the 70 Brooklyn public schools, after two years and a half of struggle, a young girl may give one hour of her Saturday's holiday to being taught sewing. It is quite wonderful. But at any rate it is a beginning.

Capt. Custer and the Chief

"It is a source of wonder to the whites," says Mr. McFadden, "that the bodies of General Custer and his brother Tom were not mutilated in the massacre. It is well known that the treacherous chief Rain-in-the-Face had sworn that he would eat Tom Custer's heart. The way he came to make that threat was this:

"Rain-in-the-Face had committed some depredation in Nebraska for which he was wanted by the United States officers—horse stealing, I think it was. He took refuge at Standing Rock, and Gen. Custer sent a sergeant with a detail from Fort Lincoln to bring him in. The sergeant was compelled to return without his prisoner. The General then said to his brother, 'Tom, go to Standing Rock and bring back Rain-in-the-Face or leave your own body there.' The captain, who never refused to obey orders, started on his errand with a detail of cavalry.

"It so happened that the day he reached Standing Rock was the day on which rations were issued at the agency. There were fully 5000 Indians at the place. Capt. Custer placed his detail so as to surround the trading post. He dismounted, and with a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other, entered the building. When he got inside he asked, 'Where is Rain-in-the-Face?' Silence fell on the room, which was crowded with friends of the chief. The captain then told the interpreter to point out Rain-in-the-Face. This was done, and stepping up to him the intrepid cavalry officer placed the muzzle of his revolver at the Indian's head and said:

"'Rain-in-the-Face, I want you. If you make an attempt to escape I'll shoot you. If your friends interfere I will blow your brains out. I have but one life to lose, and if they shoot me you will die also.'

"Rain-in-the-Face said he would submit, but on going out at the door he said: 'It is your turn now, but some day I will eat your heart.'"

Merchants and the Agencies.

As the business of the mercantile agencies is becoming better understood the attitude of the merchants toward them has undergone a very great change. It used to be that the agencies were regarded as pernicious spies in the commercial world, and the polite interrogatories of our agents, asking for statements of business standing, were looked upon as impertinent. Very often the business man, when so questioned, would flatly refuse to answer. Of course this fact we communicated, as in duty bound to the creditors, who had made through us, the inquiries, and the effect was not to quiet any alarm that might have been felt about the debtor's condition, but often an uncomfortable squeezing of the merchant resulted. Within the last ten years the agencies have been recognized as powerful and legitimate aids to the mercantile trade, and the questions of our agents touching the condition of this or that firm are met with answers that are straightforward and, in the main, candid and satisfactory. Whenever a business man is known to desire a concealment of his affairs, the manifestation of that desire creates more suspicion than even a lame statement.

DUCKS usually begin to lay in February, and until that time they may be kept at but little expense. Cooked turnips, with a small amount of corn meal, make good feed for them. After they begin to lay they should have a proportion of animal food.

—A child in Cleves, Ohio, had the end of its tongue eaten off by putting some caustic lye in its mouth while its mother's back was turned.

Old Maid's Music.

All down the long, narrow street
The windows were wide all day;
The musks and the pinks smell sweet
In the boxes over the way.

The night is a night of June,
When the Summer flowers are born
And, above a sickle moon
Hangs o'er the coming corn.

No sigh of the past is there,
And the silence spellful feels,
When out on the dreamy air
The Old Maid's music steals.

It seems like a story told
That must fill the eyes with tears—
So sweet, so wistful, so old,
That ditty of fifty years!

Even as I listen and hear,
Those years roll back between,
And the long ago draws near,
Till I look on what has been.

And a sound of footsteps rings,
And the shadows move below—
While she lifts her voice and sings
The ditty of long ago.
* * * * * * *

And I see two figures pace
Together with lingering feet;
And now 'tis a girl's white face
That looks down the empty street.

And I see her lean and gaze,
And the crowd is black below—
But the Old Maid sits and plays
That ditty of long ago,
* * * * * * *

'Tis light in the narrow street,
To-day is the longest day;
The musks and the pinks smell sweet
In the boxes over the way.

THE NAKED ASSASSIN.

When Pierre Lurier came out of prison he found himself without work or bread.

He had been condemned for the burglary of a house which he had entered as a valet de chambre. In prison he had been taught to make tags for shoe strings. Naturally, in the little city of the prince in which the surveillance of the police obliged him to dwell, it was absolutely out of the question to utilize this special business; on the other hand, it was out of the question to think of returning to his life as a domestic.

Pierre Lurier, then, had nothing in prospect but hunger and misery. He reflected, and told himself that by working early and late, if by chance he found work, he would only arrive at the point of not dying like a dog. If, on the contrary, he committed a new crime, he would doubtless be able to gain at a stroke a supply of bread, and also riches.

He hesitated no longer—he elected to commit a new crime.

What crime should he commit? That was the question; but the first thing to do was to fly from the eyes of Justice. Pierre Lurier left the city where he had been imprisoned.

Without reference, without money, he dragged along for six months the hard and miserable life of a vagabond, walking always before him, begging in secret, sleeping under the beautiful stars or in an open barn, haggard, emaciated, waiting an occasion, refusing it when it failed to offer security or wealth enough; but enduring everything until the propitious moment when he could indemnify himself for his youth by devouring the prey always hoped for.

One day he perceived that he was in Champaign, his native country. He had been drawn there by I know not what fatality—possibly, however, by that bestial instinct that brings back the hunted animal to the wood that has been his home. He was seized with fear at first. They would recognize him! He had thrust himself into a hornets' nest—he was lost—he must retrace his road!

Reflection reassured him. How could they recognize him? He had left the country at twelve years of age, a child rosy and blonde. He had returned at forty years, with bronzed skin, long beard, hollow jaws and gray hair. He reasoned with himself, and very sensibly. How many occasions had failed him along the route he had passed, through ignorance because he knew not the places nor the people?

Here, in spite of the changes during his absence, he knew everything—knowledge that was a weapon ready made to his hand. He required only to recall his memories.

Pierre Lurier recalled his memories!

Ten leagues, perhaps, from the spot where he then was there had been in other times, in a village called Nizy-le-Comte, a household rich and childless—a man and wife by the name of Berlot, and whom they nicknamed in the village Comte sous (count sous).

Pierre had known them well, for in the times he was a lad and peasant he had filled is the household the office of a domestic errand boy. He was familiar with all the habits and arrangements of the dwelling. He knew that the big door that opened upon the road was stout and armed with solid bars of iron, and that the walls of the garden at the back were covered always with broken glass, but he knew also that the trees at the end must have grown up, and that from the exterior, by climbing these trees, one could penetrate the garden without touching the walls.

He knew that from the garden one did not enter immediately into the kitchen, closed invariably at the same hour every evening, but he knew with equal certainty that the wash-house was only separated from the outside by a very thin layer of bricks. This wall would be very easy to throw down, and once in the wash-house one was the same as in the kitchen. From there one passed to the lower hall, where, under the face of the clock, hung the double key of the staircase. At the top of this staircase was a closet, in which it had been the custom to keep the dustpans and brooms; after that the sleeping chamber of the Berlots.

Here—he could recall no more. He had never entered that chamber, and had only seen through the half opened door that the bed was at the end of it beside a tall and solid armorie of oak with copper hinges.

At this, the first memory that had returned to him, his design had taken shape—he had found, in short, the occasion patiently awaited. He must go there without letting himself be seen, to find out if anything had changed, to take all the precautions demanded by prudence and to act with daring.

He made in two nights the ten leagues that separated him from Nizy-le-Comte. He passed an entire day concealed in the woods at the bottom of a wet grotto, his feet in the water and without eating. But for all that, when he arrived, about two o'clock in the morning, at the house of the Berlots, he was very sure of not having encountered upon the road a single person. In the lane that ran along behind the garden he luckily found a field of carrots; he gathered some, and in a manner appeased his hunger. Then, meagerly ballasted, but sustained by the desire for success, he climbed the wall that fronted the back of the Berlot's establishment, gathered himself together for the effort, and with a prodigious bound cleared the lane and fell into a tree of the garden.

The noise of his plunge into the branches aroused a dog of the neighborhood; it began to bay, answered, it seemed to Lurier, from all directions; it was a concert of yelps and howlings that little by little died away. Nothing was heard at last but the far-away voice of a shepherd's dog watching his flocks below there, in the darkness of the quiet fields. Pierre Lurier felt his limbs to see if anything was broken and began to consider. It was not much to have entered the garden—it was really nothing. He had come, in truth, for something more, to throw himself heart and soul into the adventure, pushed by an irresistible desire to finish with his bad fortune; but he knew not as yet if the Berlots still lived or still inhabited their old dwelling.

No matter; he was right to have come; it would have been imprudent not to inform himself, and to inform himself he had only to pass a day in the top of a tree. If the farm had new proprietors, he must depart again the following night; if the Berlot's were there, their money would repay him for the trouble it gave him to regain it. While waiting for the morning he descended from his perch to get some thing to eat. He was not afraid of a dog, for in the concert of a while ago none of the howling had come from the house. He walked then toward the poultry yard.

It was exactly the same—the house for the pigs to the left, the stable for cows and horses to the right. In the trough of the pigs his hand encountered a loaf of bread which he stuffed into his pocket without the slightest feeling of disgust. It was provision for the morrow's repast. Then he gathered some fruit from the garden, discreetly, so as not to show.

These precautions made, he decided to put off until the following night all that bore upon the crime, and he sought a bed where he could rest through the day. He eyed the oak, thick and knotty, by which he had landed. Toward the middle of the tree the twisted trunk, hollowed by a stroke of lightning, formed what was called in that country a creute. Pierre Lurier went to bed there.

The sun had gilded the spiders' webs that hung between the branches of the pear trees, and the dew dried from the vegetables, when he awakened. The first thing he saw across the leaves of his oak was Father Berlot himself, engaged in attending to the cares of his poultry yard. The heart of Pierre Lurier beat with joy. Yes, the old man was there, coming and going, and distributing his grain and bread crumbs to his noisy fowls, their breakfast to the grunting pigs.

This reminded Lurier that he, too, was hungry. He drew his bread and fruit from his pocket and breakfasted silently. Things were turning out to his satisfaction, for truly, since Father Berlot cared for his poultry yard with his own hands, he had no domestic and must be alone in the house with only Mme. Berlot.

Until eleven o'clock the old man remained in his court and garden, cleaning, digging, clipping and putting in order. At one moment Pierre Lurier was afraid. Berlot was attentively considering his fruit—he had perceived that some were lacking. Mechanically he turned his eyes to the walls and trees at the end, seeming to suspect that some one had entered there. But the contemplation of his broken bottles, so sharp and jagged, reassured him. He shrugged his shoulders with an air of saying: 'No, wrong; it's impossible!'

Still, he was plainly tormented, and to be assured, called loudly: 'Pierre! Pierre! here, I say!'

Lurier trembled at the sound of his name, as if he called him. He buried himself still deeper in his creute. At the shout of Berlot the kitchen door opened and a child came out, a boy ten or twelve years old, rosy and blonde. Lurier trembled still more—it seemed to him that it was he himself had come from the kitchen. It was the same little peasant gamin that he had been in other days.

'Pierre,' said Berlot, 'thou hast been stealing my pears.'

'Oh, no, m'sieu,' responded the lad, 'I swear to you. How could I steal them? I have only just come from the fields and pasturing the cow, and you yourself opened the kitchen door for me to go to the stable, and the big door for me to go to the fields.'

'Thou art a little rascal. What is it that prevents you coming in the garden at night?'

'Oh, m'sieu, impossible! Everything is closed in the house!'

'Ta, ta, ta, prove to me that thou art not a thief!'

'I swear it, m'sieu; behold the proof!'

Pierre Lurier shuddered with fear, fancying the little one had seen him. But no, the proof that he wished to give was only the solemn vow usual with children of his age, which consisted in making the sign of the cross, elevating his right hand and spitting upon the ground. Berlot contented himself with pulling his ear, and returned with him to the house.

Twelve o'clock struck. The cracked sound of the village bell was the only noise that troubled that silent hour. Two or three chickens picked here and there in the dunghill by the stable. The pigs had emptied their box and retired to sleep in the bottom of their pen. The sparrows had left the fruit and gone to the fields, and the peasants had drunk their soup and were at work again. Nothing stirred in the hamlet, and there was only a vague rustling and buzzing in the country as if the earth sighed while sleeping in the sunlight.

Pierre Lurier felt rise within him a singular peace. It was good to live in this tranquility. The chickens were happy, the birds content, the existence of the little Pierre charming in spite of the growlings of Father Berlot. His ears were pulled sometimes, it was true, but he could drink, eat, sleep, walk in the grass and under the wood without fear, without looking behind him to see if he were persued by a tricorne.

And Father Berlot was rich; he had his fowls, his pigs, his pears—what a happy man! Why had not he, Pierre Lurier, his share of happiness, too? Ah, why? Had he only remained here in the fields like his father. But was it really his fault that he had gone? They had told him they had more fortunes in the city. Could he have gained that fortune? Perhaps; who could tell? He had good chances; a patron had taken a fancy to him on his arrival, but bad advisers had preached to him the pleasures of idleness and excess. One year, two years, many years—the precious time of youth—rolled miserably away, and he had done nothing but exist from day to day.

Then, one morning, weary of the struggle, taken with remorse, wishing at last to work, and not knowing how, he became again a domestic. There still was a chance for him to make his living, but he was soured, full of desires and regrets. He had had acquaintances, a lady-love who was a bad woman, a friend who was a pickpocket. He had listened to the friend in order to satisfy the exigencies of the mistress; in short, he had awakened one beautiful day between two agents of police. He was a thief!

He was tried, condemned, and passed fifteen years in prison, and now—ah, now he was a rascal, a vagabond, food for the galleys, and that evening would be an assassin; to-morrow, perhaps, would be arrested, and soon would be tried again, condemned to death, to have his head cut off!

Pierre Lurier, with staring gaze, saw neither the garden, the court, nor the house, but a place full of people, a guillotine, in the hole of which he grimaced.

He uttered a cry. That cry brought him back to the present.

'Pardieu!' he said to himself; 'I am mad; I dream with my eyes open! It is stupid; had Father Berlot been here I would have been done for!'

To change his ideas he returned to his memories of the prison, the boasting of his comrades of thefts skilfully made, assassinations whose authors have never been discovered.

'See you, my lads,' had said an old rascal, many times condemned, 'never throw yourself into a game unless you are sure of success; three things only are necessary to insure it; first, to be in a country where they do not know you; secondly, to work alone; thirdly, to work as naked as when you came into the world. To work alone and as a stranger in a country, one has neither to fear the sheep nor the wolves; to work with nothing but your skin as covering, you leave 'no pieces of conviction' behind you.'

These were the counsels that rang like a battle trumpet through the head of Pierre Lurier. He was unknown, he was alone, and he would be naked, he was certain to succeed. Evening had come; the people were returning to their dwellings; steps were heard in the lane, and the cows lowed in regaining their stables. Dogs barked, and every one was preparing to eat his supper before going to bed to sleep. Berlot came out of the kitchen and opened the door of the court. The cow, driven by the little Pierre, took her place in the stable.

'Hurry yourself, rascal,' cried the peasant to the boy, 'and go up and change windows for Mother Berlot. The dust blows from the front; put her by the one above us.'

The child obeyed, and some minutes later a window on the first floor looking to the court opened, a big chair was rolled to the front, and Mother Berlot appeared. She was motionless—rigid. In her face the eyes alone seemed still to live.

'Good!' thought Lurier. 'The old woman's paralyzed, it will be more convenient!'

One thing disquieted him—the child. In what part of the house did Pierre sleep? Would he be compelled to pass him when he went above? Ma foi! so much the worse for him—he would be forced to clear the road! It began to be dark. Night stretched itself inch by inch about the house, the court, the garden. Soon Pierre Lurier could distinguish nothing from his perch in the tree. Only the stars shone between the branches.

Nine o'clock. A light reddened a window upon the sleeping floor. Old Berlot was counting his money, as he did every evening. The light was not extinguished for nearly an hour. There were lots of ecus in the board! Ten o'clock. But it was a long wait. The hours were as many nights. Eleven o'clock. All was quiet in the distance.

The moment had come. Pierre Lurier descended from his tree, and arrived at the wash-house, began to feel in the wall to find a crack into which to insert his knife. The first brick was hard to unsettle; but the hole once made, the opening enlarged quickly, and at last the body of Pierre Lurier was able to make the passage. He remained a moment motionless, accustoming his eyes to the darkness. When he began to see things a little he recognized that he had not deceived himself in his memories. In front of him was the latched door that entered the kitchen. But before entering there he must take precautions—that is to say, strip to the skin, prepare a lantern and secure a weapon. The knife that had served to break the wall was neither long enough nor strong enough to kill a man.

Still feeling, he fumbled in the baskets of implements that encumbered the room, and fixed his choice upon a short pick, with a solid handle and a head heavy and pointed. The lanterns were also in their racks, one for the carriage, the other for the stable. The first was the one for his affair, because it was smaller and furnished with a reflector that made it like a dark lantern. The matches were in the kitchen, but he needed to light it only when he ascended to the room above to see how to strike and seek the money. Matters arranged, Lurier undressed himself, tied his clothes in a bundle, and attached them by a cord to his shoulders. Had he forgotten anything? Yes. His clothes were rolled up, he was naked, he had no pockets! What was he going to carry the gold of Berlot's in? He had many ecus and franc pieces, all of it heavy and hard to manage.

He fumbled again in the baskets, and smiled with pleasure as he drew from one filled with oats a canvas muzzle, one of those nose bags that farmers use to feed horses on a journey. It was just the thing. He hung it about his neck, and with his bundle of clothes at his back, began the trip. Half past eleven sounded! His lantern hooked to his finger, his pick grasped in his hand, he lifted the latch of the inner door and passed to the kitchen. A soft and regular sound announced the sleep of a child. It was, in fact, the little Pierre upon a pallet bed, the covering drawn to his ears, and sleeping heavily. Pierre Lurier began to raise his pick.

'Bah!' he said to himself; 'he sleeps so sound! Nothing wakes children. When I was his age the thunder of God wouldn't have stirred me! If he does when I'm up there—pooh—but he won't—it will be time enough if he does! Ma foi! no; I'd see him as a bloody ghost!' He took the matches from the chimney-piece, passed to the hall, and felt beneath the face of the clock. Oh, joy! the key of the staircase was there as in other times. In three minutes he would be near the board! The steps cracked under his tread! 'Wooden head!' said he to himself, 'you are too heavy!' He listened a while. The house was quiet—from below came the snorting of little Pierre. Still two steps to go, and he was on the landing; then at the broom closet; then at the door behind which were the Berlots and their gold!

If only they would sleep like Pierre he would content himself with thieving! Pardieu? 'twas useless to think of it—the old man had a keen ear—he slept with an eye open. He lifted the lantern and pushed the door! At the grinding of the hinges, rather than at the stream of light suddenly entering his room, Father Berlot sat up in bed—to fall again instantly without time to utter an 'Oh!'—the iron sank deep into his skull! Mute, motionless, her eyes wide open, the paralytic regarded the frightful deed, but only for a second—once, twice, thrice—the pick had entered her head!

All this passed quickly. Pierre Lurier had only to empty the armorie. A turn of the knife in the lock and the door opened—one, two, three sacks, and a fourth still smaller. His rummaging fingers found franc in the three first, louis in the other. It was enough. No use to turn out the armorie. He must fly with the four sacks buried in the muzzle. It was heavy about his neck. And the pick? He must take it too, should the child sleep no more! He turned to go; for a second only, the second that it had taken him to open the cupboard lock, had his eyes left his victims. At that instant a cold chill had racked his body. He moved hurriedly now, feverish, the light of the lantern, always upon the bed. He was nearly at the door that by its own weight had closed behind him. He raised the light to find the knob, to fly from the room, he wrenched his gaze from those stiffening corpses; a cry of horror escaped his throat; he moaned with terror; a man stood before him!

Without stopping, without reflecting, without looking, without seeing, even, that this man was like himself, naked, with a lantern in one hand, with a pick in the other, with a sack hung about his neck—Pierre Lurier had but one idea—to slay the apparition. He threw himself forward with uplifted weapon—to encounter a sheet of glass; his body carried by its own impetus, his head bowed under the weight of the gold, he staggered and plunged face downward; there was a splintering crash. The child, wakened by the noise, and believing, perhaps, that Mother Berlot was ill and they needed his assistance, ran with a candle. At the landing he stopped with a shriek of terror; he fell to his knees.

Twenty-four hours later, when the people of the neighborhood, puzzled by the shut-up appearance of the house and the crying animals, entered to solve the mystery, they found:

The door that led to the Berlots' sleeping room with a gaping hole in the panel of glass that had formed the upper half of it. Through that hole they saw the pillows of the bed a mass of blood and brains that had run from two opened heads. In that hole rested a naked man, his body rayed with cuts from the broken glass, a pick in his hand, his legs in the air, his stomach upon the wood of the door. About his neck, and that kept his body in position, a heavy bag with gold pieces and clotted blood that had run from the arteries severed in the struggle. The wall was bespattered from side to side, the floor soaked, and in the corner of the closet on the stairs a child was crouching, a child with distended eyes, with hair on end, and who responded to the questions put to him with frightful laughter.

Little Pierre was an idiot.

Finding a Fortune.

It was on June 6, 1886, that Frank E. Daggett, an enterprising prospector, was climbing the side of Lynx Creek Mountain, about twelve miles east of Prescott. The usual kit of a prospector, consisting of a pick and shovel, were swung over his shoulder. When well up the mountain he stopped beneath the projecting boughs of a juniper tree to rest. He fell into a slumber, and, on awakening, gathered up his pick and shovel to pursue his journey, his objective point being a gold-bearing quartz claim on the other side of the mountain, which he intended to prospect. In throwing his pick to his shoulder it slipped, and, falling behind him, its sharp point struck his leg, causing great pain. He picked it up, and, with a vehement oath, stuck it into the ground impetuously, saying that it could remain there. Walking on a few steps, and the pain easing somewhat, he changed his mind and returned for his pick. On pulling it up some shining metal was raised with it. He had accidentally struck his pick into a blind ledge, which is now known as the Amulet Mine, and from which there has been shipped $50,000 worth of high-grade ore. He took in as a partner J. W. M. Moore, an assayer in the district who has recently purchased the discoverer's interest in the mine, and is now sole owner of the property. The main shaft of the property is 160 feet deep.

At the 55 feet level a drift was run on for 60 feet, and the ore all stoped out from that up to the surface. At 100 feet drifts were run in both directions, one 20 feet and one 50 feet. There are also two other shafts 50 feet deep, and an open cut running from the face of the mountain to one of them about 60 feet. From these openings the above amount of first-class ore has been taken and shipped, the second-class ore remaining on the dump not bearing transportation. The owner and Charles A. Girdler, a mining expert, visited the property recently, and made careful measurements of the dumps, estimating that they contained 2000 tons of second-class ore. A ton of it was taken promiscuously and sampled and assayed, giving a value of $35.50 per ton, or an aggregate value of $71,000.

Origin of Sub-Rosa.

Most curious of all the sights in Bremen, is a cask 200 years old called "the Rose," because it stands under a large painted rose. It is said this is the spot where the old burgher councilors held their most secret meetings, the proceedings of which were never divulged; hence, perhaps, the saying, "under the rose." It must be confessed they chose a fine, dark, damp hole for their deliberations, and fully deserved the rheumatism that without doubt they caught, though the contents of "the rose" were duly and frequently called into requisition, you may be quite sure.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Isaac S. Dement, of Chicago, is the fastest stenographer in the country. He recently took down 1,337 words in five minutes.

—An aged turtle was picked up near Kingston, N. Y., recently that had the following inscription on its back: "W. D. Whittaker, Aug. 10, 1771."

—The chrysanthemum is a plant of such recent date in this country that many will be surprised to know that next year will be the centenary of its introduction in England.

—Henry Goode, of Madison, Wis., is the owner of a cat that has struck up a great friendship with a billy-goat. The two are together night and day, and the cat occasionally takes a ride on the goat's back.

—Patti is to sing *Juliette* in the revival of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette" at the Grand Opera House in Paris. She is to receive £1200 a night for her services, and one of the clauses in her agreement stipulates that Gounod himself shall conduct the orchestra.

—During a fire in a hospital at Cleveland, Ohio, the legs on one end of a dissecting table were burned off, precipitating five subjects upon the heads of firemen who were at work upon the floor below.

—A man in Jackson, Mich., has a small black-and-tan that plays the mouth-organ. His performance, though not remarkable in a musical way, seems to delight the dog, and he whines for the organ several times a day.

—A well-to-do citizen of Macon, Ga., uses for a bath tub a zinc lined coffin box. It was intended to contain the coffin of his neighbor, but proved to be too large to enter the grave, and was bought by its present owner for a song.

—As a result of heavy rains, a Los Angeles house floated off to a considerable distance, and finally brought up where it now completely blocks a street. There is talk of hitching a tug to it and dragging it back where it belongs.

—The Empress of Austria and the Empress of Japan will be in this country about the same time. The former has the more beauty and is the better horseback rider, but the Mikado's wife will possess the greater charm as a novelty.

—Sir John Lester Kaye has eleven farms in Manitoba, all supplied with buildings and machinery. He raises better flax than the Irish, which is worth $350 a ton. Next summer 33,000 sheep now in Oregon will be transferred to his farms.

"Snuff-dipping" is said to be growing quite the fashion in Lewiston, Me. The devotees don't inhale the snuff, but make what is called "a smear" with castile soap, and apply it to the nostrils. A species of mild intoxication is said to result.

—Deadwood, D. T., must contain some tough citizens. One of them was digging into a hill between two projecting bowlders when one of the rocks, weighing 3,000 pounds, fell and pinioned him to the other. He was extricated only slightly injured.

—The petrified remains of a huge monster have been discovered near Knoxville, Iowa. The body was between fifty and sixty feet long, with a head almost four feet long and two and a half feet wide, with four eyes. The sockets of the eyes are eight inches in diameter.

—Michael Mooney of the town of Erin, Washington county, Wis., found a prehistoric copper spearhead eleven inches long and one and a half inches broad at its widest place. It is nicely finished, having the customary socket, and its edges beveled and sharp.

—San Francisco papers are discussing the wonderful strength of Hans Hansen, a seaman on the revenue cutter Corwin. For raising a disturbance on board a ship he was put in irons, but giving his wrists a sudden wrench he snapped the tough steel bracelets as if they had been made of paper.

—A queer incident took place at A. Lower's home at Griffin, Ga. A colony of black bees had been living peaceably near a tribe of Italian bees for years until recently, when the black bees attempted to rob their yellow neighbors. A fierce fight was the result in which hundreds of the black robbers were killed.

—Eugene Oudin, leading tenor of the McCaull Company, is composing the score of a new opera. Those who have heard the numbers already finished are enthusiastic over the beauty and grace of the melodies and the skill and originality displayed in the setting of the ensembles and the orchestration.

—Some fifty models have been submitted for the Grant monument in New York, but the committee is not yet satisfied and the time for competition has been extended to January 1. The models all call for a $500,000 shaft, but only $130,000 has been collected by the committee, and Congress will be urged to appropriate $250,000 for the work.

—The patronage of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its own city has surpassed even its precedent of former seasons. Mr. Gericke has secured additional talent where it could be judiciously used and his orchestra is in the best possible condition. At intervals during the season a week has been reserved for a concert tour, which includes New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

—A curious button was made about a century ago and worn by the English dandies of the period. It consisted of polished brass, and was ruled with lines so fine as to be almost microscopic. The roughness of the surface thus obtained broke the reflection of the light falling on it and gave it prismatic colors. The beauty of mother of pearl and its iridescent brilliancy are believed to be produced by three plates overlapping each other unevenly, and thus they disperse the light as they reflect it.

—There is in a Southern insane asylum an eight-year-old boy who has never been awake since the hour of his birth. He was the child of a paralytic mother, and has delicate features and a high, white forehead, with long, black curls. His arm is not larger than an ordinary man's thumb. He lies on his bed year after year, taking no note of anything that passes. Twice a day he is aroused enough to take a little nourishment, and then relapses into sleep.