

THE GOOD TIME'S COMING.

WILL ALLEN BROWNE.

Grandma Goff said a curious thing—"Boys may whistle but girls must sing."

That's the very thing I heard her say To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may.

If they pucker their lips the proper way.

But for the life of me I can't see Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle but girls must sing."

Now I call that a curious thing. If boys can whistle why can't girls, too?

It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that, then you do this—Just like you were fixing up for a kiss. It's a very poor girl, that's all I say. Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not.

A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out.

Strayed off somewhere down in the throat.

Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well. Why cannot girls, will somebody tell? Why can't they do what a boy can do? That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and ask him why girls couldn't whistle as well as I.

And he said "the reason that girls must sing is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandpa laughed till I knew she'd ache.

When I said I thought it all a mistake. "Never mind, little man," I heard her say.

"They will make you whistle enough some day."

AN ADVENTURE WITH BURGLARS

In the fall of 1866, I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in southern Indiana. The store, a church and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant and blacksmith were the only residents. The country about was thickly settled up, however, and trade was always good. Before the merchant engaged me he announced that I would have to sleep in the store at nights, and that unless I had pluck enough to defend the place against marauders he did not want me at any price. He showed me a shotgun, a revolver, and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds, and the doors by double locks. The close of the war had drifted a bad population into Indiana. The highways were full of tramps, and there was hundreds of men who had determined to make a living by some other means than labor. Several attempts had been made to rob the store, and it had come to that pass that no clerk wanted to sleep there alone. The merchant seemed satisfied with the answer I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work. That same night a store about four miles was broken into and robbed and clerk seriously wounded. Two nights later three horses were stolen in our neighborhood. At the end of the week a farmer who was on his way home from our store was robbed on the highway. If I had not been a light sleeper from habit these occurrences would have tended to prevent too lengthy dreams as I lay in my little bedroom at the front of the second story. The revolver was always placed under my pillow and the shotgun stood within reach. It was a double barreled shotgun, each barrel containing a big charge of buckshot, and the man who kicked the string and discharged the weapon would never know what hurt him.

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room, and after the people in the neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store. I had looked the over for a week spot, and had failed to find it, but my own confidence came near proving my destruction. I should have told you, in describing the store, that just over the spot where we sat the spring gun was opened through a hole in the

we hoisted and lowered such goods as were stored for a time on the second floor. When not in use this opening was covered by a trap door. Toward evening, on the tenth day of my clerkship, I hoisted up a lot of pails and tubs, and had just finished when trade became so brisk that I was called to wait upon customers. Later on I saw that I had left the trap door open, and I said to myself that I would let it go until I went to bed. The store had the only burglar proof safe for miles around, and it was customary for the farmer who had \$100 or so to leave it with us. He received an envelope in which to enclose it, and he could take out and put in as he liked. On this evening four or five farmers came in to deposit, and as I afterward figured up, we had about \$1,500 in the safe.

There were to strange faces in the crowd that evening: One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a drover, and the other to a professional tramp. I gave the latter a piece of tobacco and some crackers and cheese and he soon went away, and we were so busy up to 9 o'clock that I did not give the drover a second thought. When we came to shut up the store he had gone from my mind altogether. We counted up the cash, made some charges in the day book, and it was 10 o'clock when the merchant left. I was tired out, and I took a candle and made the circuit of the store, set the spring gun and went to bed. I had to pass within six feet of the trap door as I went to my room, but I did not see it. It was a rather chilly night in October, and we had no fire yet, and as I got under the blankets the warmth was so grateful that I soon fell asleep. It was the first night I had gone to bed without thinking of robbers and wondering how I should act in case they came.

I suddenly found myself half upright in bed, and there was a echo in the store, as if the fall of something had aroused me. It was 1 o'clock, and I had been asleep almost three hours. Leaning on my elbow I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound, and after a minute I heard a movement down stairs. While I could not say what it was, a sort of instinct told me that it was made by some human being.

Everything on the street was as silent as the grave. My window curtain was up, and I could see that the sky had thickened up and was very black. I did not wait for the noise to be repeated, I was just as sure that some one was in the store as if I had already seen him, and I crept softly out of bed, drew on my trousers, and moved out into the big room, having the revolver in my hand. There was no door at the head of the stairs. I intended to go there and listen down the stairway. As I was moving across the room, which was then pretty clear of goods as far as the trap door, I suddenly recollected this opening and changed my course to reach it. It was terrible dark in the room, and one unfamiliar with the place would not have dared to move a foot. Half way to the trap I got down on my hands and knees, and as I reached the opening, I settled down on my stomach. There was a dim light down stairs: That settled that fact that some one was in the store. After a minute I heard whispers, then the movement of feet, then a certain sound that located the intruders to a foot. I drew myself forward and looked down the opening. I could see a lighted candle and two or three dark figures at the safe, and I could hear the combination being worked. My first thought was to drop my hand down and open fire in their direction, but I remembered that we had so many articles hanging up that no bullet had a chance of reaching to the safe. I was wondering what to do when I heard one of the men whisper:

"It's all d—d nonsense. We might work here a week and not hit it."

"But I told you to bring the tools and you wouldn't," protested another.

"Oh, dry up? put in a third voice. 'What we want to do is go up and bring that counter-topper down and make him open the box.'

"I'll give the counter a few more trials," said the first man, and I heard the noise of the spring gun being opened through a hole in the

number of robbers, but my ears had. There were three of them, and they were no doubt desperate and determined men. They spoke of bringing me down to open the safe as if no resistance was anticipated or taken into account. Indeed, they might well reason that they had me at their mercy. The rain was now falling, the night was very dark, and a pistol shot in the store could not have been heard in either of the dwellings. If they had reflected that I might be armed they would have offered it with the fact that I was a boy 18, with a girl's face and probably a girl's nerve. I don't deny that I was a bit rattled, and that my lip would quiver in spite of me, but I was at the same time fully determined to protect the store if it cost me my life. How to get at the fellows was what bothered me, but that trouble was soon solved.

"There," whispered the man at the combination, as he let go of it, "I won't fool here another minute. That kid knows the combination, and we can make him work it. Come on."

They were coming upstairs. The best place for me would be at the head of the stairway. The stairs had a half turn in them, and I would fire upon the first man who came within range. I heard the men coming back to the stairway, and my nerve gave way. It wasn't from cowardice, but the knowledge that I was to kill a human being upset me. I decided to retreat to my room, and if they persisted in coming that far, I would shoot. The trio had rubbers on their feet, but they came up stairs without trying very hard to prevent making a noise. The one who came first had the candle, and as he got to the head of the stairs, I saw a knife in his other hand. They made no delay in approaching me.

I made a great effort I braced myself for what I saw must happen. They could not see me until within three or four feet of the door, and their first intimation that I was out of bed was when they heard me call out:

"Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

I had them covered with the weapon, and for fifteen minutes there was a dead silence. They had got a plan. The man with the candle dashed it on the floor, and I suppose they meant to rush in on me in the dark, but I checked them off by opening fire. They then meant to retreat down stairs toward the rear of the floor, for I saw the three moving off, and fired at their dim figures. Three seconds later there was a great shout of horror, followed by the tremendous report of the double barreled spring gun, and then was absolute silence. I think I stood in the door, shaking like a leaf, for fully three minutes before the silence was broken by a groan. Then it came to me that the robbers had fallen through the open door upon the cord leading to the gun. I struck a match, lighted my own candle, and, going to the opening, saw three bodies lying below.

Running back to my bed-room to recharge my revolver, I then went down stairs to investigate. It was as I expected. The three had pitched down together. The top of one's head had been blown off by the shot, a second had a hole in his chest as big as your fist, while the third, who was responsible for the groans, was severely wounded in both legs. It was three months before he could be put on trial, and then he got four years in prison. The whole thing was a put up job. The drover was a Chicago burglar called "Clawhammer Dick," and he had hidden himself in the store that night, and then let his pals in by the back door. They had a horse and a wagon in the rear of the building, and the plan was to rob the store of goods as well as to get at the money in the safe. A bit of carelessness on my part not only saved the store and probably my life, but wiped out a desperate gang.

STOPPING THE LEAK.

Jimsey sat in front of the cottage, where the sunlight fell around him, his slow brown fingers slowly mending the net that was one of his few treasured possessions. Inside he could hear Aunt Molly moving tubs about, and getting ready for the washing, with which she managed to add to the family's slender income; outside was the wash of the waves, a pretty picture of sunlight on the water and a distant whistle by the "Phillis" down up on the beach, and Uncle Dan's

But if Jimsey noticed any of the sights or sounds around him, his quiet face and dreamy eyes gave no token of it. In the language of the villages, he was an innocent, and seemed for the most part to live in a silent world of his own, that had little connection with the world around him.

Presently Aunt Molly came to the door, and for a moment watched the work on the boat; she was warm and tired, and her usually pleasant face grew hard as she looked.

"Ay, he'll do that well enough. I'll warrant. He'll fix it so it'll keep out the water, but it won't keep out whiskey, and that's the worst leak of all," she said, bitterly. "That's the bottom of the bad luck he grumbles so much about." She spoke only to herself, with no thought of Jimsey.

No one gave much more heed to Jimsey than to the dog that lay curled at his feet. He looked up at Aunt Molly with his usual unchanged face and absent gaze, and she turned into the house again. It had been a different looking place once, with no unbegging gate and dilapidated fence, and the "Phillis" too had been kept trim and bright.

Something in the change of the latter struck Dan as he worked, and he remarked, partly to himself, partly to a young stranger from the Seabreeze House, who was interestedly watching him:

"She needs new paint, and fixin' up g'rally, but luck has been too hard this last year."

"Not so many fish as there used to be?" asked the young fellow curiously.

"Oh! there's fish enough, but there's been one thing or another made it hard to get along, somehow."

Jimsey had not heard, and he started off on his own, looking

He desired to become a live issue in America's press. He did so, and the result was he wrote as follows to a London newspaper: "The Americans are surely a very peculiar people. Last night I went to hear a well known gentleman lecture on what those peoples term live issues, and I must say that I never heard a more ridiculous discourse. The people laughed in his very face, but he did not appear to mind it. He talked about absurd things, and spoke of shoving his fist into the bosom of the night and went on at some length to tell of a dog that had fleas. I did not want to be rude, but I really laughed. I actually expected to see the people mob the fellow, he was so very, very queer."

He had been "etered" against Bill Nyo.

Removing Warts.

It is now fairly established, says a writer in Medical Press, that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so proliferous on the hand and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Colrat of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact: Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Aubert cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salt.

Six at a Birth.

A London dispatch dated May 13, says: The wife of the Sydig mayor of Castagnon Ticino has given birth to six children. The fact is testified to be absolutely correct by an authoritative Berne correspondent. The woman whose name is Rezzonico, is 28 years of age and has already given birth to three or four children at one birth. Her husband is married for the second time and has seven children by his first wife. The six children, four boys and two girls, were born living but died soon afterward. The news of this extraordinary event, perhaps hitherto unheard of in the annals of anthropology, has created a great sensation, especially in Italy, and doctors are hastening to the scene from Milan, Genoa and other towns

WISE WORDS.

A precedent embalms a principle. Life is a reckoning we cannot make twice over.

Impulse can do wonders, where preparation fails.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world.

There is no courage but in innocence, no constancy but in honest cause.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

Vanity is a refined selfishness which is ever exacting homage, but never paying any.

The man who has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself.

A man of independent mind shows his independence by the way he treats old subjects.

Don't thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

We are taught and we teach by something about us that never goes into language at all.

We generally hate those whom we have injured more than we do those who have injured us.

All that we possess of truth and wisdom is a borrowed good. You will be always poor if you do not possess the only true riches.

A host of minds, of profoundest thought, find nothing in the disclosures of science to shake their faith in the eternal verities of reason.

An Astonished Englishman.

A newly arrived Englishman was told that the editor of the North American Review would that night deliver a learned lecture

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