

A dog howled at me in the dark,
A toad came from his hole to croak,
And the devil cat in anger spat
At me beneath the druid oak;
And, as it never croaked before,
Creaks yonder swaying dairy door.

There is a death's head in the fire,
An hour ago I broke a glass;
And down the lane I see a train
Of shadowing, mummering phantoms pass;
I see those ghostly shadows go
Where broods the ghoulish carrion crow.

The flax I strewed outside the door
Some evil sprite hath whisked away;
The candle burns away and turns
Its flames where bones of men decay.
The picture in my cup portends
The loss of riches, health, and friends!

INVOCATION.
I put these penny upon this plate
And these sweet curls upon this shelf,
I set them down for Bawseybrown,
My own familiar little elf:
Take peace, eat curds, dear faye, be
Protector of this house and me!

—Eugene Field.

RALPH, THE ROVER.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp!
Come back here, sir! There, he's gone!
Off for a two or three days' tramp again.
Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you. I was
that busy callin' the dog I reckon I nearly
walked over you. The matter, sir?
Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You heard
me call him, I dare say. A grander old
fellow you couldn't find in a day's travel,
but he has one bad habit. Most humans
have more than that, and I ain't sure in
my own mind that he ain't human.

"The habit?" Well, it's just this: he
will follow every blessed old tramp as
passes here, and keep followin' 'em,
sometimes, for two or three days. He's
a queer one. Did you notice him just
now? Didn't see him? Well, he keeps
just far enough behind the fellows so
they won't drive him back, sniffin',
sniffin' along, and kind of castin' his eye
back to let me know he hearin' me but
not heedin' me. Just the same way he
acts every time he goes off. He'll be
back all right, when he does come; and
he's been actin' that way ever since I've
had him. 'Stolen?' Why, sir, I don't
believe the one's livin' could steal him,
or fasten him up ever so tight he couldn't
get back, ever since—an' a right queer
way I got him, too.

"Is he mine?" Well, yes, in one way;
an' then no, in another. It was a queer
story, anyway.

"Tell it, sir?" Well, if I had time I
might. Ah, thank you, sir! A fine
gentleman like you can afford to be gener-
ous.

"Now, let me see! As near as I remem-
ber, it was June, two years ago, as I
come down stairs rather early one morn-
ing to light the fire for my old woman.
She wasn't very strong then; the young-
ster there was only a couple of months
old, an' I was gettin' the things all hand-
y for her to get breakfast. When she come
down the fire was lightin' an' the kettle
singin'—for joy of seein' her, I'm thinkin'.

"Mollie was always a great one for
fresh air, so as soon as she saw that
'everythin' was goin' right in the kitchen
she walks to the front door, turns the
key an' opens it.

"Well, quick as a flash she came run-
nin' back to me with her face kind of
white an' scared.

"Oh, Jim! come out here to the door,
quick, 'sist' she.

"An' when I followed her, blessed if I
don't see the rummest sight I ever did:
an' there I stood, starin' like an ape.

"You see, these seats on the porch are
rather comfortable to sit on, an' with the
vines hangin' over this way, makes it
most as s'lat in an' quiet like as a bed-
room; then the posts here an' at the cor-
ners form good rests for the back. Well,
anyhow, good or bad, right here, a lean-
in' back in the most uncomf'blest way,
was the trampiest lookin' tramp I ever
saw, sound asleep. An' on the seat be-
side him, with his head on the man's lap,
was the dandiest setter I ever expect to
see. A vallyble dog, sir, too, as I knew's
soon as I set eyes on him. I always know
a good dog, bein' rather in the sportin'
line myself; an' this was a genuine Gordon
setter.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said
somethin', with surprise, for to wake
them both up. The dog turned the sol-
em' eyes 'round at me, askin' me not
to make so much noise; an' the man, all
rags an' tatters, yawned an' set up. An'
then, seem' Mollie right behind me, I'll
be shot, sir, if he didn't stand up, take
off his piece of a hat to her, an' begin to
apologize for settin' on our doorstep.
Said he'd been 'overcome with fateek'.
My eye! for the manners of him I could
hardly believe he weren't a swell cove,
dressed in the latest fashion, with a full
blooded stepper at the gate waitin' for
him.

"I know I must have stared at him
considerable, but, bless you, Mollie didn't
spend no time a starin' till she'd asked
him into the kitchen, an' when the
breakfast was ready she gave him, an'
his dog too, a good one.

"His feet were blistered with walkin'
in shoes that left half of his feet outdoors
an' half in; an' as he could scarcely take
a step we made him stay with us a day
or so till they got better; but he couldn't
bear it, an' the only reason, I think, was
that he was afraid of burdenin' us. But,
Lord! he did as much for us as we did
for him, I'll be bound. He filled the
yard with kindlin', an' I believe he'd a'
chopped all the wood in the village if
Mollie hadn't seen his hands all blistered
an' bleedin'. That gave him away, sure.
'A gentleman born,' says I to myself
when I see those hands.

"Then nothin' would do but Mollie
must doctor an' bandage them up for
him. An' while she was doin' it she
heard a sound like a child tryin' not to
cry, an' she just bends down an' kisses
her hand, an' then he says, kind of low
an' choked like, more like a groan than
words, 'Oh, mother!'

"An' the way the little kid took to him
was a caution. A mite like he was—no
sense at all; only pucker'd up his face
and cried when I went near him. He'd
smile up, Robert's face that was what
he told us to call him an' hold on to his
finger like he was his nurse.

FIVE MONTHS IN PERIL.

THE STRUGGLE OF STANLEY'S MEN THROUGH AN AFRICAN FOREST.

One Hundred and Sixty Days Spent in Cutting a Path, Fighting Fierce Dwarfs and Enduring the Pangs of Starvation. A March Unequaled.

The march of Stanley's relief column across the African continent is now a matter of history. The purpose of the expedition was accomplished by the rescue of Emin Pasha, and the European survivors of the wonderful journey are again safe at home.



THE MARCH THROUGH THE FOREST.

But although a matter of history, the tale of trials and triumphs is still to be put on paper. As yet only the main facts have been presented to the public, and the full details of the long battle with disease, with nature and with natives are yet to be told. It is the object of this article to throw a little light on a portion of the march inland, which will live in the annals of heroic adventure, not only as practically unparalleled, but as the magnificent victory of a trained brain and indomitable will over the most stupendous obstacles.

March 18, 1887, Stanley's column, consisting of 700 Africans, mostly Zanzibaris, and a few whites, left the mouth of the Congo river bound inland. At midsummer they plunged into the great forest, and thereafter their lives were worn and spent with toils, perils and disaster.

"We were," said Mr. Stanley in a recent conversation, published in an extra number of The London Illustrated News, from which the accompanying cuts are taken, "100 days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. * * * While in England, consider- ing the best routes open to the Albert Nyanza, I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region lying between the Congo and the grass land, but you may imagine our feelings when, month after month saw us marching, tearing, plowing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took 100 days before we could say, 'Thank God, we are out of the darkness at last!'

Try and imagine some of the inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse dripping with rain. Imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees ranging from 100 feet to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river.



WOUNDING OF LIEUT. STAIRS.

"Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere with its dread consequences—fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then * * * you will have some idea of the inconveniences endured by us.

"Until we set foot on the grass land, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we were never greeted among the natives with a smile, or any sign of a kind thought or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are still worse, far worse. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and somber. The sky one-half the time every day resembles a wintry sky in England; the face of nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it, and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

Until Stanley's column penetrated and marched through it this region was en-

tirely unexplored and untrodden by either white or Arab. At the outset the force had been divided and it was the advance guard that made the appalling journey. The rear guard, by the way, was rescued long months after at Banalya, 71 being alive out of an original complement of 257. "We bore," says an officer of the advance guard, "a sectional steel boat, 28 feet by 6 feet in size when put together, with us, about three tons of ammunition and a couple of tons of provisions and sundries. With all these goods and baggage we had a reserve force of about 180 supernumeraries. Half of them carried, besides their Winchester, billhooks to pierce the bush and cut down obstructions. This band formed the pioneers."

The first serious conflict took place Aug. 13, 1887. On this day the expedition had crossed a small river and camped in a village on the other side. About 4 in the afternoon some of the men were shot at by the natives who lined the opposite bank, not showing themselves, but crouching in the dense bush and discharging clouds of poisoned arrows. The white men, hearing the rifle fire of the Zanzibaris, rushed down to the river, and Lieut. Stairs at once headed a party of men in the boat and was crossing to the other side to dislodge the enemy, when, about half way across the river, he, the only one standing up in the boat, was dangerously wounded by a poisoned wooden arrow just below the heart. Six or seven Zanzibaris were also wounded, and most of them died of tetanus, but Lieut. Stairs recovered, although the piece of arrow that had broken off short in the wound was not extracted until fourteen months had elapsed.

Day by day the fierce denizens of the great forest hung on the flank of the sorely tried column. Disease added to the horror of the situation, and in October it became necessary to leave eighty disabled men behind in a small camp on the banks of a sluggish stream. After twenty-three days it was possible for the



OUT OF THE FOREST.

main body to send them succor. The relief party found five of the eighty alive. The rest had perished, and their bodies had been consigned to the waters of the river.

Still the awful march continued. The only hope was to reach the grass lands, and on the glorious day when the last barrier was burst and they saw the boundless stretch of plain the surviving Zanzibaris simply went mad with joy. But more perils were yet to come. One of Stanley's lieutenants says:

"A few days after the expedition moved out from the forest to the plains it entered the country belonging to a chief called Majamboni. The natives, instead of running away, began to collect on the hillsides near the line of march, evidently with the idea of attacking us. It soon became necessary for us to take up some strong position and inclose ourselves in a zareba. Accordingly we selected a hilltop, and built a strong zareba of mimosa bushes, and then felt able to rally out and punish the natives. * * * After some feints on the part of Majamboni's warriors on our position two parties were sent out under Mr. Jephson and Lieut. Stairs. The party under Stairs went toward the north, across the valley to the villages north of the stream, and while actually crossing it were fired upon by crowds of natives hidden among the bananas. However, the stream was crossed, the natives dislodged and the villages burnt.

"The party under Mr. Jephson had taken a northeast direction, and, returning home by a different route, had burnt every hut to the east and northeast of our position. This had the desired effect. We could see large bodies of natives retiring behind the hills to the north, and next day we were permitted to march onward to the lake without further molestation."



FIGHT IN MAJAMBONI'S COUNTRY.

Here closes the epic period of the great march, the anabasis of the Zanzibaris. The time from December, 1887, until April 10, 1889, was employed in the rescue of Emin and the collection of the fugitives from the Sudan. Then followed the journey to Bagamoya, and the end of the expedition at Zanzibar, where the surviving natives received from their monarch the honors due them as brave and much enduring men.

"Gen. Greeley, I thought you promised us a cold wave."
"So I did; but I had to postpone it on account of the weather."—New York Sun.

MUSICAL ACCENT ILLUSTRATED.

A Witness Explains the Term to the Satisfaction of the Court.

At a trial in the court of king's bench as to an alleged piracy of the "Old English Gentleman," one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke. "Now, sir," said Sir James Scarlett in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical, but different. What am I to understand by that, sir?"

"What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same but with a different accent—the one being in common while the other is in triple time; consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies."

"What is musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired.

"My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the court.

"I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel, "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is musical accent." Sir James waxed wroth. "Can you see it?" he continued.

"No," was the answer.

"Can you feel it?"

"Well," Cooke drawled out, "a musician can." After an appeal to the judge the examining counsel again put the question. "Will you explain to his lordship and the jury—who are supposed to know nothing about music—the meaning of what you call accent?"

"Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, "is emphasis laid on a certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking in order to make yourself better understood. I will give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say 'you are a donkey,' the accent rests on donkey; but if instead I said 'you are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James, and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this." The story is more personal than polite—nevertheless, it is well worth telling as an instance of forcible illustration. It is useful, too, since it may serve to impress upon the minds of that very large circle of people who plume themselves on being musical some faint notion of what accent in music really is. It is the outcome of that wonderful invention, the division of music into bars, but for which music might still be only the magical accomplishment of a few Gentleman's Magazine.

Draughty Places.

It is one of the oddities of human nature that people are always looking as far away as possible from the ground they stand upon, not only for their best chance for distinction, but for the dangers which they believe are most be setting.

A lion tamer ventured into the cage of the most ferocious beasts, apparently having no fear of them, although he was often quite badly bitten. But he had a dreadful fear of taking bronchitis. One day, after he had entered, with perfect composure, a cage containing two half-starved bears and a panther, he shook his head gravely as he came out.

"Well, well, sir," he said to a gentleman who stood near, "this is going to end badly for me some day."

"You are afraid those ferocious animals will devour you, then?"

"The animals? Pshaw! You don't think I'm afraid of them, sir! Not at all; but these cages, sir, are such a dreadful place for draughts!"—Youth's Companion.

About Buying Cigars.

If, by chance, I happen to go into a strange cigar shop and the man at the case asks me if I want an imported cigar I make up my mind that he doesn't know his business or that he takes me for a fool. A man is supposed to know what sort of a cigar he wants and ought to say so at the start. An imported cigar, at the average cigar stand, at the common price, is a delusion and a snare. If I go into a place where I am not known and buy a cigar I am always particular to notice the box. If the cigar does not fit the box I know the seller has practiced some deception. He has put a different cigar in the box than the one called for by the brand. If he is mean enough to do this he is mean enough to palm off a poor cigar. I am not a cynic in anything; but I have noticed one thing in my travels—it is easier for a man to be swindled on cigars than anything that grows, runs or stands still. If the cigar man doesn't know you get the worst of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Tinted Paper.

Mrs. East, the wife of an English paper maker, happens to drop a bluing bag which she holds in her hands into a vat of pulp. She is frightened and says nothing about the accident; her husband storms when he finds that the paper has a peculiar tinge, but the astonished workman can throw no light upon the matter. Thereupon he sends the paper to London with instructions that it be closed out at any price. The public, however, accept it as a purposed novelty. It becomes the rage; orders pour in for more of the same sort. The wife confesses, the husband forgives her—and well he may, for his fortune is made. This is the very simple origin of tinted paper.—Illustrated American.

For Lettering on Glass.

In order to fasten glass letters, figures, etc., on glass (show windows) so that even when submerged in water for several days, they will not become detached, use an india rubber cement. The best for this purpose consists of one part india rubber, three parts mastic and fifty parts chloroform. Let stand for several days at a low temperature to dissolve the cement. It must be applied very rapidly, as it becomes thick very soon. When spread with a camel's hair brush over a crack in glass or porcelain vessels this cement effectually closes it, and the vessels may be made serviceable for holding water, though, of course, they will not bear the application of heat.—New York Telegram.

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COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Commissioner to take testimony and report a decree in the case of Catharine Staller vs. Sanford Staller, No. 31 December Term, 1887, I will sit at my office No. 57 Franklin street, Johnstown, county of Cambria, Pa., on **TUESDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF MAY, A. D.**, next, for the purpose of attending to the duties of my said appointment, when and where all parties interested may attend.

H. F. CRISWELL, Commissioner.
Johnstown, Pa., April 30, 1890.