

head, and went up to look for him, he swung himself out of the window, shutting it cunningly after him, and sliding down the spout, was in a second at the window of your mess. It was but the work of a moment to do what you found done, and of another to escape as he entered. It was a sort of spite he felt against intruders in that house.

"But how came he by my orderly-book?" inquired Charles.

"That I must claim as my unwilling glory," answered Helen. "I cross-examined Peter, privately, on the subject of his night's adventures, and strictly forbade his repeating his visits without my knowledge. I must confess, however, to a strong desire to mystify you a little further; especially as I had learned from my maid, who was a flame of your orderly, of your precautions. I accordingly told Peter that he might visit your room once more, disturbing nothing, but only bringing away a single book from the table. When I found what it was, I was frightened enough, and when I learned how much mischief I was near doing, you know I was half-distracted."

"I remember it well, and put it all down to my own account."

"And so you should, to be sure, Charles. It was all on your account. I was relieved by finding that the mischief could be repaired, if the book was returned in time. So I devised several ways of getting it back to you, which I abandoned for fear of detection. My party, however, on Friday night, gave me the opportunity, you recollect, of spiriting away your servant, and getting poor Peter within your lines of entrenchment. By watching his opportunity, he climbed unperceived to your closet, where he encased himself, bidding his time. I had told him to restore it, as nearly as he could, to the place whence he took it, for fear of mistakes. In due time the snoring of your watchful friends told him that the season of action was come. He stole into the room, deposited the book on the table, blew out the lights, knocked the two sleepers' heads together, and retired covered with glory. The rest you know as well as I. This," continued Helen, "is the revelation of the only secret I ever kept from you. It was the first—it shall be the last."

AN ASTONISHED SCHOOL MA'AM.

A SOUTH HILL school marm, the other day, while working an example on the board, detected an urchin directly behind her in the unlawful act of devouring an apple. She said to him, "Tim, what are you doing?" "No'nin," said Tim, with his mouth so full that his cheeks stuck out on either side like aldermen's stomachs. "Yes, you are," paradoxically insisted the teacher; "what have you in your hands?" "Napple," said Tim, with some surprise, as he looked at the fragment of the apple in his hand, and wondered who had laid it while he was studying. "What has become of the rest of it?" "Dunno," said Tim, looking around in an amazed effort to discover who had the rest of it. "Somebody's been eatin' it." "Have you any more?" demanded the teacher. "Yes'm," said Tim dolefully, "got nother." "Where is it?" relentlessly pursued the teacher. "In my desk," sighed Tim, as he began to suspect that the teacher was going to demand it of him. "Well, take it out and go stand on the platform and eat it." "Eat 'em both?" queried Tim. "Yes, eat them both." "Eat all I got?" demanded Tim in a subdued tone of countenance. "Yes, eat all you have," impatiently responded the teacher, and turning to the board continued, "and don't you leave that platform while you have an apple unneaten." Silence reigned in the school room. The paper pellet pursued its tranquil transit unobserved. The busy hum of the studios made more noise than the cautious smile of the indolent. Tim stood at his post. The fragment in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell upon the other apple silently, but determinedly. Quickly it followed the first. Then he put his right hand in his pocket and took out an apple, and, after a cautious reconnoiter, during which he wiped it on his trousers, he began the attack. He carried the fort. Down went the hand again and another apple was brought to light. It was quickly dispatched. A third followed.

Then he changed his position, and resting the weight of his body on his left leg, sighed as he drew from his left breeches pocket another apple.

When it was gone he drew on the commissary for another, and by the time he produced the eighth apple he was silently being observed by two thirds of the boys in the room. The teacher turned and saw the boy still standing in the attitude of one who was reaching for something in his coat pocket.

"Aren't you through yet?" she queried in some astonishment.

"Got nother," stocially responded Tim, producing it and falling to work on it.

In surprise the teacher saw him reach

for still another, and when that was gone surprise grew to amazement as his unwavering hand again sought the glowing mouth of that pocket. As the boy ate he grew in dimensions, and the teacher became alarmed. There seemed to be no end to the apples that he had in his clothes.

"Tim, for mercy's sake, have you any more apples?"

"Got nother," said Tim, indifferently.

"How many more apples have you?"

"Dunno," said Tim; "guess got two or three more."

"The teacher did not dare let him proceed, and appointed an investigating committee to look after the back counties. The boy never changed a muscle of his countenance nor moved an inch, while that teacher pulled apple after apple from his coat, and stacked them upon the desk, until there was something less than a peck piled up, with Dade county to hear from. The matter hasn't been laid before the school board yet, but the exhausted school ma'am declares that the next time she will learn how much of a crop of apples a boy has about him before she issues any orders."

Lost in the Bush.

A STORY comes to us by the Australian mail which will fill many a mother's eyes with tears, and touch the sterner hearts of all those true men who love little children and are tender to them. The colony was ringing with it when the steamer came away, to the temporary forgetfulness of gold fields and railways, of general elections, and the fight between Victoria and New South Wales about the river Murray. Years hence, probably it will get into ballad, and be "sung or said" to the tiny Australian generations to come, like the "children in the Wood" to their small cousins at home.

Its heroes are three little people—two brothers and a sister—of whom the eldest boy was nine, and the youngest five, the girl being seven years of age. They were children of a carpenter named Duff, who worked at a sheep station near a place called Horsham. In Australia small hands can help; so these three babes used to be sent after brush-wood for brooms and fires. They had gone dozens of times, and had come back safely; but this once, when their mother sent them, they wandered into the bush, and missed their way, and at night there were their little cots empty, and their little plates of supper getting cold, but no children. "Lost in the bush!" Think what that means for an Australian mother—when vigorous men have sometimes wandered but a hundred yards from the track in those labyrinth of gum-trees and wattles, and goes hopelessly forward and backward and backward and forward, till they have laid themselves down to die. Of course there was a search for them, all night, and day, many nights and many days, and every hour of the weary time stealing the hope slowly out of the hearts of the father and mother.

At last they did what ought to have been done before—they called the instinct of the savage to help them find at least the corpses of the wanderers. Nobody can explain that instinct; everybody who has hunted or travelled with wild tribes has witnessed it. The face of the ground to them is like a leaf of a book to us—they read it. One of the Australian blacks will tell you if a kangaroo has crossed a creek by the displacement of a pebble, blindfold him, and bring him into the thick of the eucalyptuses, he will point to his "gunya" miles away; it is the sixth sense of races brought up in a life that could not exist on five. The blacks soon found the trail of the poor little three; and to find one end for them was to be sure of the other. "They would be dead, alas!" but it was something to have their pretty bodies away from the crows, the buzzards and the dingoes. So father and mother and friends, on the eighth day after the loss, followed the native trackers step by step. "Here littlest one tired—look, sit down!" says one black blood-hound; and presently another grunts—"Big one carry—see, travel in dark—tumble into this brush." Father on still, the keenest of the pack finds the mark where "little one put down too tired"—and thus they search every nook, corner, bush, and thicket until at last they are rewarded. The little ones are found lying asleep in each other's arms, not with the robins covering them with leaves, but in the hut of a bushman who had kindly cared for them.

A Baked Bible.

There is a Bible in Lucas County, Ohio, which was preserved by being baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to a Mr. Schebolt, who is a native of Bohemia, in Austria. This baked Bible was formerly the property of his grandmother, who was a faithful Protestant Christian. During one of the seasons when the Roman Catholics were persecuting the Protestants in that country, a law was passed that every

Bible in the hands of the people should be given up to the priests, that it might be burnt. Then those who loved their Bibles had to contrive different plans in order to try and save the precious book. When the priests came round to search the house, it happened to be baking day. Mrs. Schebolt, the grandmother of the present owner of this Bible, had a large family. She had just prepared a great batch of dough; when she heard that the priests were coming, she took her precious Bible, wrapped it carefully up, and put it in the centre of a huge mass of dough, which was to fill her largest bread tin, and stowed it away in the oven and baked it. The priests came and searched the house carefully through, but they did not find the Bible. When the search was over, and the danger passed, the Bible was taken out of the loaf, and found uninjured.—Unitarian Herald.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

IT was early in the summer of 1845, that I found myself on board the Sultana, just backing out from the levee at New Orleans, and turning her sharp prow up the Mississippi River. As usual at this season of the year, the boat was crowded, both with deck and cabin passengers, the former consisting of some hundred German emigrants bound up to a settlement in Missouri.

The boat plowed on steadily northward now passing some lofty bluff, and now for hours skirting the low woodlands of Louisiana and Arkansas, and now stopping and rounding to at some temporary landing, to "wood-up," or at some sugar plantation, to discharge a small party, consisting of a planter and his family from the city.

But when night came and the steamer rounded to for wood at one of those wild spots on the river's banks—the only inhabitants being some two or three wood-cutters and their families, with perhaps a slave or two, and the only recommendation that the spot offered for settlement being its proximity to an available forest of wood—the scene was grand beyond description. Torches were flying hither and thither, deck hands—always in large numbers—running from the boat to the shore on one line of planks and coming back on another loaded with wood, which was hastily deposited on deck, and then hurrying off again. No wilder scene can be imagined; the bright lights of the steamer's state-rooms throwing their gleamings deep into the forest's thickness.

The first day on board the steamer a young and very handsome German woman, who was evidently too ill to endure the hardships of a deck passage, had been taken into the cabin and her passage paid by a purse made up by the passengers. She had arrived in a ship at New Orleans, two days before coming on board the steamer, and was, in common with the rest of the German passengers, bound for the settlement in Missouri. Her illness was solely caused by weakness, brought on by continued seasickness and the want of those little comforts and necessities impossible at sea. She had no intimate friends among her country people on board, but had joined them at Hamburg, on shipboard, and had thus arrived in America. Her object was to meet her husband, who had agreed to be at this settlement, and who had sent her the means,—though not quite enough in amount—to come and join him. There might have been a hundred such cases on board, and little curiosity or interest excited by them; but in her case, a strange fascination involved one. She was so young, so patient, so pale with sickness and deprivation that one could not but feel deeply interested in her.

Having some knowledge of medicine, I had been called upon, by the captain of the Sultana, to administer from his medicine chest to the assistant engineer, who had come out of New Orleans so ill as to create some fears for his life, but being an excellent man the captain would not leave him, preferring to bring him away from the city and to take care of him on board. He had exposed himself at night, and had taken the country fever, as it is called, and though it was but slightly upon him, still he was far too ill to leave his berth.

We had touched at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Natchez, etc., and were steaming gallantly on towards St. Louis. Finding my patient on the engineer's deck in want of many of the absolute necessities of life, in his sick condition, I took some portions of my own wardrobe, and after representing the case to the cabin passengers at lunch one day, obtained from them some important additions to his comforts in the way of clothing, linen, etc. When this arrangement was made, our young German woman, understanding that there was another on board like herself, sick, and needing the charity of the good people of the cabin, begged to be permitted, now that she was so much better, to make up any article he might require, where in a woman's needle might do so.

She was, indeed, vastly better, good and nourishing food, kindness and comfortable accommodations were fast restoring the color of her cheek, and the lightness of her eye. She was permitted to do as she desired, and made several necessary under garments for the sick man, with surprising neatness and despatch, showing herself a perfect mistress of the needle. They were received with due thanks by the sick man, who was most grateful, and who showed good promise of recovering ere long.

It was the custom to pay off the officers of the boat on coming in sight of the termination of the voyage or trip up; and when one fine morning the river's bend had been passed, and St. Louis was in sight, the clerk's office, situated in the extreme forward part of the cabin, was thrown open, and a bell summoned the officers to receive their pay. My patient had recovered so far as to have done duty on the last day of the trip, and was, with the rest, called up to settle, by the captain.

We were at breakfast in the after part of the cabin, when suddenly a scream, so shrill as to startle every soul at table and to bring me with some others to our feet at once, rang through the saloon. All eyes were turned towards the clerk's office, from whence the sound had proceeded, when we found the young German woman, who had been our companion, through charity, in the arms of the assistant engineer!

"What means this?" I asked of my late patient, hastening forward.

"Sir, this is my wife!" For a moment there was the stillness of death about us, while each one seemed to be realizing the scene, the remarkable coincidence before us; and then one loud prolonged cheer rang through the cabin, so hearty and whole-souled as to cause even the timbers of the Sultana to tremble.

It was even so. The engineer was then on his last upward passage, but had no idea that his wife would be so soon in America, and much less that she was in the same boat with him.

It is so true that "one good turn deserves another," that the passengers would not part with the now thrice happy couple, without once more making up a purse of gold and pressing it upon them, as a remembrance of the passengers who made the up trip with them in the Sultana.

A Feminine Fight.

In a Cincinnati street, just as an audience, from a theatre matinee was dispersing, a brunette and a blonde, equally well dressed and ladylike in appearance, suddenly fell upon each other, in the way thus described in the Enquirer: "The tiny dark woman made a grab at the brunette's duck of a bonnet, and dislodged a handful of artificial lilies of the valley, and tuberoses from the side next to Koehler's drug store. One swoop of the blonde's off claw stripped the brunette's head of as beautiful a set of hair as was ever bought at a store.—Then they stood glaring at each other like fighting cocks for ten seconds, when the blonde said 'bah,' and started westward. The brunette drew up her little form till it overtopped a store box, and in a voice that was grand with emotion exclaimed: 'You—you—you.' She, too, started off, after thus having relieved her mind."

What no One Earned.

When Field Marshal von Moltke was a simple colonel he astonished the members of his mess by regularly taking ten Frederick d'ors out of his pocket, at the beginning of dinner, and laying them beside his plate. Always after dinner he re-pocketed the gold, buttoned up his coat, looked sourly around, and disappeared. It was resolved to ask him the meaning of this strange behavior.—"Well," he said, "I have noticed that from the time I entered this regiment the conversation at table has always turned on women, or cards, or horse racing, and I had determined to make a present of the ten pieces of gold to the first man who should start a sensible subject. No one has yet earned them."

A singular case of amateur surgery is reported from Austin, Illinois.—A farmer fractured his leg, and refusing to obtain medical aid, had his wife set the broken limb. He was in a fair way to recover, when, in attempting to descend a flight of stairs, he fell, breaking the same leg again. He still persisted in refusing to have a surgeon, and insisted that his wife should amputate the fractured member, which, strange to say, she did. The patient is doing well, but the query is, Won't he wish he had tried to save his limb?

It is a good practice to read with pen in hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It rivets the attention, realizes the greatest amount of enjoyment, and facilitates reference. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with his own mind.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills.—These deservedly celebrated and popular medicines have effected a revolution in the healing art, and proved the fallacy of cerebral medicine which have for many years obstructed the progress of medical science. The false proposition that "Consumption is incurable"—deterred physicians from attempting to find remedies for that disease, and patients afflicted with it reconciled themselves to death without making an effort to escape from a doom which they supposed to be unavoidable. It is now proved, however, that Consumption can be cured, and that it has been cured in a very great number of cases (some of them apparently desperate ones) by Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone; and in other cases by the same medicine in connection with Schenck's Sea-Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the case. Dr. Schenck himself who enjoyed uninterrupted good health for more than forty years, was supposed at one time to be at the very gate of death, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless, and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the aforesaid medicines, and, since his recovery, many thousands similarly affected have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success.

Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, every Monday, Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, day, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists. 1-41

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICAL PROPERTIES ARE Alterative, Tonic, Solvent AND DIURETIC.

Reliable Evidence.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that I would seem as though I never could breathe any more, and Vegetine has cured me; and I do feel it to thank God all the time, that there is so good a medicine as Vegetine, and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

Mrs. L. GORE, Cor. Magazine and Walnut Sts., Cambridge, Mass.

GIVES Health, Strength AND APETITE.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of Vegetine.—Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all her friends. A few bottles of VEGETINE restored her health, strength and appetite.

N. H. TILDEN, Insurance and Real Estate Agt., No. 49 Sears' Building, Boston, Mass.

CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Charlestown, Mar. 19, 1869.

H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that, for Scrofula or Cancerous Humors or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier or spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine. Yours respectfully, Mrs. A. A. DINSMORE, No. 19 Russell Street.

RECOMMEND IT Heartily.

South Boston, Feb. 7, 1870.

Mr. Stevens: Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint and general debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints. Yours respectfully, Mrs. MURKIN PARKER, 86 Athens Street.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

LEATHER & C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at LOW PRICES, Good Sole Leather, Kip of Superior Quality, Country Calf Skins, French Calf LININGS, ROANS, &c. F. Mortimer, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

Late Immense Discoveries by STANLEY and others are just added to the only complete

Life and Labors of Livingstone.

This Victoria Explorer ranks among the most heroic figures of the century, and this book is one of the most attractive, fascinating, richly illustrated and instructive volumes ever issued.—Being the only entire and complete history which is eager for it, and wide awake agents are wanted quickly. For proof and terms address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 783 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

STORE STAND AND FARM FOR SALE.—A First-rate Farm in Juniata co., Pa., also a Store stand and Stock of Goods. For further particulars address SAMUEL BUCK, Fort Royal, Juniata co., Pa. 35 3m