

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. July 28th, 1879.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 2.00 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.05 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, and 4.00 p. m. The 8.15, and 8.10 a. m., have through trains cars for New York. The 5.15, a. m., train has through cars for Philadelphia. SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.15 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.15 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 4.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 5.50, 9.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. Leave Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.41, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 8.05 p. m. SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.05, 8. m. and 10.25 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 8.05 p. m. J. E. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HAMCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. Does not run on Mondays.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, and a share of the public patronage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant. A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. H

NATIONAL HOTEL, CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

NEW WAGON SHOP. THE undersigned having opened a WHEELWRIGHT SHOP, IN NEW BLOOMFIELD,

are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted. STOFFEE & CRIST. New Bloomfield, April 23, 1878.

American and Foreign Patents.

GILMORE & CO., Successors to CHIPMAN BOSMER & CO., Solicitors, Patents procured in all countries. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a re-hearing. By recent decision of the Commissioner, ALL rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress, Infringement Suits in different States, and all litigation pertaining to Inventions or Patents. Send Stamp to Gilmore & Co., for pamphlet of sixty pages. LAND CASES, LAND WARRANTS & SCRIP. Contested Land Cases prosecuted before the U. S. General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private Land Claims, MINING and PRE-EMPTION CLAIMS, and HOMESTEAD cases attended to. Land Scrip in 40, 80, any 160 acre pieces for sale. This Scrip is assignable, and can be located in the name of the purchaser upon any Government land subject to private entry, at \$1.25 per acre. It is of equal value with Bounty Land Warrants. Send Stamp to Gilmore & Co., for pamphlet of instructions. AREAS OF PAY AND BOUNTY. OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to GILMORE & CO., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free. PENSIONS. All OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS, wounded, captured, or injured in the late war, however slight, can obtain a pension by addressing GILMORE & CO. Cases prosecuted by GILMORE & CO., before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims and the Southern Claims Commission. Each department of our business is conducted in a separate bureau, under charge of the same experienced parties, employed by the old firm. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to GILMORE & CO., is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it. Address: GILMORE & CO., 629 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

BLOOMFIELD ACADEMY. An English Classical School for Ladies and Gentlemen.

The regular Academic year begins on MONDAY, September 1st, 1879. Students are carefully prepared for College. The preparation is thorough and accurate, and up to the requirement of any leading Colleges. An English course, the Academy course proper, embraces the essentials of a good English education, and students whose progress justifies it will be allowed to select one or more of the higher branches in addition to the studies of this course. Music, Drawing and Painting. Patrons will notice our reduction of expenses: Board and furnished room, if paid in advance, \$2 50; Tuition for common English branches, in advance, \$5 00 per quarter of ten weeks. During coming year the number of students will be limited in order to do thorough work. Address: J. E. FLICKINGER, A. M., Principal, or W. M. GRIER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Pa. July 29, 1879.

Image of a person's face with text: DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR. It is a medicine for the hair, and is the best for the purpose. It is made of the most valuable ingredients, and is the only one of the kind. It is sold by all druggists, and is the best for the purpose. It is made of the most valuable ingredients, and is the only one of the kind. It is sold by all druggists, and is the best for the purpose.

My Adventure With Robbers.

IT WAS between ten and eleven o'clock on a wet and chilly evening in November, that I sat alone by my comfortable library fire. My sisters and nieces had gone to a party, and the servants had retired, the kitchen being, as is usually the case in the South, a building detached from the house. I had been very busy settling some household and other accounts, and counting money just collected, to be next day deposited in bank. Having now concluded this business, I put away my books and papers, carefully locked the money in a private drawer of my secretary, then producing a decanter and a little brass kettle, was presently imbibing a steaming beverage of sugar, lemon juice, water, and one or two other ingredients—a sovereign remedy against cold. Not that I was affected with that complaint, but I am a believer in the adage that "an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure." I was just falling in a state of luxurious drowsiness when a slight noise at my window aroused me. I listened, and the sound was repeated. The library, I may observe was on the first floor parlor of the house, and the window was about eight feet from the pavement. Raising I opened the window and saw two figures standing on the portico of the adjoining house, which had been unoccupied. The dim light of the nearest street lamp showed one of these men muffled in a great coat, while from beneath the loose cloak of the other I caught a gleam of the belt and buttons of a policeman's uniform. "I want to speak to you," said the latter, speaking in a low voice, "I am Officer Perrin, of the Third district.—Open the door, but make little noise." I obeyed, and, with a silent salute, he entered, followed—rather reluctantly, it seemed—by the other man. Both tipped across the hall into the library.—But first, to my surprise, the policeman, on my turning the key in the door, tried the bolt, and removing the key, silently handed it to me. In the library Perrin said to me: "You are Mr. Saunders, I presume?" "Yes." "Has any person been admitted at the front door within the last quarter of an hour?" "No; I am alone in the house, except yourselves." "Then," resumed Perrin, "I have to tell you—don't be frightened—that there is probably at this moment a burglar in the house." "A burglar?" He checked me with a movement of his finger and at the same time turned his attention toward the door of the room adjoining. "What room is that?" I told him. He went to the door, drawing a pistol as he did so, and gazed around with searching eyes. "Is the farthest door locked, and those closets?" I believed so; but he proceeded to investigate, and said, as he nodded towards the plate on the closets shelves. "No doubt it is this they are after, unless there are other valuables about the house." "Nothing, except the ladies' jewelry," I said. "That is up-stairs, I suppose? We will first search the floor thoroughly, then proceed above." "But," said I, nervously, "what makes you suppose that there are burglars in the house?" "I was coming up street just now—not on duty, you see—when I met this man, Mr. —, eh?" "James Goodman, Belvin's furniture factory," said the man with the great coat, speaking for the first time. "Oh! He stopped me and said he had just seen something suspicious—a man in the portico of the next house here, looking in at a lighted window—this window, you see." "Good gracious!" said I, remembering the money I had been counting. "That led me to watch him," said Goodman. "I saw him come down and go up the front steps of this house. He stood there a considerable time, now and then stooping down as if doing something to the lock. Then the door opened and he went in." "But the door was locked on the inside," I said. The policeman shrugged his shoulders. "Not much of an obstacle to this class of citizens. When you examine that lock to-morrow, you'll find something wrong with it." "What is to be done?" I inquired, in some agitation. "Capture the fellow," returned Perrin. "If I can count on you two, the thing can be done at once." "But I am not used to this kind of business," said Goodman. "Your part, my friend, will be easy enough. The thief is probably at this moment up stairs. All you will have to do is to take up your stand at the foot of the stairs, and shoot him if he attempts to escape that way. 'Look here,' he added, more earnestly, 'I'll not mind in giving you five, ten, or even fifteen dollars out of my own pocket, if you will stand by me in this matter. It's a thing I have been particularly wishing for, and now that I have the chance, I'm bound to do it. They are accusing me of hanging back in the Ryan burglary, and if I can show them their mistake, and capture this fellow without calling in professional assistance, it will be worth more than the money I will owe.'" In a few moments he had arranged his plan. After going over the first floor and securing all the doors, so as to prevent escape in this direction—all the time observing the greatest caution and silence—Perrin posted Goodman at the foot of the stairs, directed me to take my position at the hallway landing, and then himself quietly ascending to the second landing with his revolver in one hand and his heavy boots in the other. Both Goodman and myself were to fire at the burglar should he attempt to escape in our direction. As the police disappeared in the darkness of the upper half, I began to feel rather unpleasantly. I pressed closely into the darkest corner of the landing and listened. At first all was dead and silent; but presently I distinctly heard, in one of the rooms above, a sound as of a drawer being opened. Then there was a sharp metallic ring, and some object fell to the floor. Here, then, the burglar was at work. Before I had time to recover from the creepy chill which the thought evoked there was a sudden, stifled exclamation—a scuffling and tramping of feet—a chair overturned, a crash of glass, a heavy fall on the floor. The next moment Perrin's voice was heard shouting loudly: "Hello, here! Saunders! Goodman! quick! I've got him!" I rushed up and attempted to open the door. To my surprise it was fastened. "Break it in!" cried Perrin, "or get through the landing window on to the roof of the porch, or he'll escape." I rushed to the landing. The window was too high to be easily scaled by one of my short and rather puffy stature, and I ran down into the hall, seized a chair, called to Goodman—who, however, made no response, having doubtless beat a hasty retreat on hearing the noise above—and with difficulty and delay succeeded in getting through the window. I wrenched open the shutters of the room in which the struggle was going on, and, throwing up the sash sprang to the floor within. All was pitch darkness and deep silence. Not a sound, not a breath could be heard. A cold horror came over me. The thief had murdered his captor, left him dead on the floor and escaped. I groped my way to the door. It was still locked—no doubt by the murderer in his flight. I threw up the front window and yelled for help. "What's the matter?" shouted a voice in the street. "Murder! burglars! help!" A crowd, including two policemen, rushed in. They told me they found the front door open, though I had the key which Perrin had given me still about me, and breaking in the chamber door peered around after the gas was lighted. "Where's the murdered man?" demanded the other, whilst a precociously thoughtful boy pushed his way through the crowd, ushering in a physician, whom he had hastily summoned from his office, which was a few doors off. There was no mangled body upon the floor, no blood stains anywhere. A broken chair, an overturned table, a shattered Bohemian glass toilet set—these alone testified to the struggle that had taken place. In a few words as possible I explained the case. "The thief had escaped; and the policeman is after him," I concluded, "hadn't you better join in the pursuit at once?" "We will first look around a little," said one of the officers, coolly. The search revealed some bureau drawers pried open, and several jewelry cases and watch stands lying emptied of their contents. Down stairs the plate had vanished from the dining-room closets, and the door of my writing desk stood open, revealing the secret money drawer, minus the roll of bank notes which I had an hour before placed there with care. "How on earth could this have been done?" I exclaimed, in bewilderment. "The secretary was locked when we went up stairs after the burglar. He could not have had time to do this work after his escape, and with Perrin in pursuit and Goodman at the foot of the stairs." "I rather think, sir, that your disinterested friends, Perrin and Goodman, know more about this matter than you do," remarked a policeman, grimly. "I will go and look 'em up now, and no doubt they'll be promoted for this night's work—to the State prison." Slowly the light began to dawn upon my dazed and bewildered mind. I looked around and saw a grin bordering on the faces of all present, and heard a murmur in which I could only distinguish the most appalling monosyllable—"Sold." One month thereafter I had the pleasure of identifying my friends. Goodman and the *soldier*, "Policeman Perrin, of the Third district," as they were led from the prisoner's box, adorned with iron bracelets, each to serve a second term in the State prison. Goodman nodded patronizingly at me, while his companion looked me full in the face, smiled very suavely, and winked. I may add that the plate and jewels with most of the money, were recovered; but I have since been very particular in always closing the window shutters and curtains at night. Too Sharp for Her Father. A SHORT time ago one of our nice young city ladies, a somewhat recent graduate of the C— H— S—, being engaged to be married to a worthy and promising student of Harvard University, in the department of —, thought that the time had about arrived when she thought to broach the subject of a suitable dowry for herself to her estimable father. The said parent was a well-to-do business man, not of great wealth, but in the way of becoming so in the not far distant future, if his ship kept on her course as she is now heading, and no head wind should occur. The bride was quite proficient in mathematics while at the high school and if she were not, she couldn't have been the daughter of her father. So one day last month she ventured to suggest the interesting topic at the breakfast table, asking in the apparently careless manner what mark he proposed to make as a dowry on the occasion of her approaching marriage. The father "tackled to it kindly." "Oh," replied he, "I don't know. I haven't thought much about it as yet.—I don't intend to be mean, but at exactly what figure to fix it I am not now prepared to say." The daughter had, as we have said, devoted some time in particular to the study of the wonderful accumulation of money at compound interest and by the process of involution, and so was especially enlightened upon the all-absorbing theme—to her—and to which her parent was not quite so fresh in his studies, acute as he was as a financier. Then she replied: "Now, dear father," (so kindly) "I don't mean to be hard with you; in fact, I only want enough to give me a decent outfit—one suited to your means and my social position. Now if you'll give me one cent this morning and simply double the amount every day for only a month it will be all I ask." The doting parent at once grasped the proposition as a hungry fish would a fresh clam bait, and drew forth a bright new nickel from his pocket and gave it to her to bind the bargain. The matter was alluded to at every morning's breakfast, as the amount kept doubling at two, four, eight, and sixteen cents, and the father thought he was getting off amazingly low. At the tenth day the amount had only reached \$5.12, a very, very small sum surely. On the fifteenth day it reached \$163.84, and it now seemed to increase rapidly, yet the father thought it would come out about right in the end. At the twentieth day the sum began to trouble the gentleman just a little, for although he might be able to pay \$5,248.88 easily, which indeed was about the figure he really thought the final product would be, still he began to be alarmed about the issue of the next ten days. So he resolved to go to his place of business immediately after breakfast and figure up the balance.—When he did so he was absolutely astonished, and very soon convinced, by the figures that cannot lie, that if he would give "the gallant father's daughter" the sum of his "whole pile" and as much more as he might be able to borrow on his own securities, it would not nearly suffice to equal the amount "nominated in the bond," for on the twenty-fifth day he found it would amount to \$167,771.16! So, as he was a man of the world, especially to his child, something had to be done and that right quickly.—He went home to dinner that day, a thing he hadn't done for many a long day, and dined happily with his family. Then he called his daughter into the parlor, and she at once began to suspect the cause, for it was to explain his situation to her. "No," said he, "it is absolutely impossible for me to continue this arrangement; I must compound with you now, although I have been 'compounding' ever since the first day. Now if you'll release me from the accomplishment of an utter impossibility, I will give you the amount that will be your due on to-morrow, 'in full of all demands,' as a bridal dowry; and I will place \$10,000 in the saving bank to your personal credit and give you the remaining \$486.76 in cash for the expenses of the wedding, of which you may expend as much or as little as you and your mother may please." The happy girl, overjoyed at even this proposal, and making a virtue of necessity, promptly accepted it being far more than she had ever expected to obtain and then she proposed to her mother to go into the city on the morrow and look at some goods. We need only add that the bridegroom in prospect was immensely pleased on Thursday evening when he called to learn the result of this somewhat scientific mathematical strategy. In conclusion we would only ask our young readers to give us the amount which the fond parent would have had to pay; had no compromise with his fair creditor been effected and his barrels of dollars held out. Army Recollections. BY W. H. B. DIDN'T LIKE COD FISH. ONE DAY our regiment was served with rations of ancient codfish, having a villainous smell and terrible taste. The next morning we were aroused from our slumbers by the music of the dead march, and the slow step of the men following it. They bore in their midst a box resembling a coffin which they deposited in an open grave, going through the formula of firing the three rounds over the grave. As they returned at a quick march to quarters, our astonished captain inquired "what the devil they were at," and was greatly amused to learn that they had been burying the cod fish with the honors of war. FOND OF MUTTON. In 1862 Jim Peoples was sent by General Banks as guard over the property, among which was a flock of sheep, belonging to a rampart rebel named Roberts, who was always blowing about his sons in the rebel army. One day old Roberts, after his usual blow, remarked: "I wish I had three more boys to send to that army." "Well," replied Jim, "you had three hundred sheep when we come here and now they are all gone. I wish you had as many more, for we all appear fond of mutton." A Good Story. I was looking over the stories that were sent in last week for the prize, and I wonder that the editor did not insert this one, which is really too good to be lost: "There is a curious duel now pending in Boston, which began several years ago. Mr. A., a bachelor, challenged Mr. B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other—and he declined. A year afterwards he received a challenge from Mr. A., who stated that he, too, had a wife and child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid.—Mr. B. replied that he now had two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children too, but his adversary had three. The matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed. A Wise Deacon. Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often." "Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time." "Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter." 40 "To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all." "Never tell a man that he is a fool; in the first place he will not believe you, and in the second place you make him your enemy." "The wealthy miser lives as a poor man here, but he must give account as a rich man on the day of judgment." "If a dunce is short of some faults, he only did not know how to acquire them." "Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters."

do is to take up your stand at the foot of the stairs, and shoot him if he attempts to escape that way. "Look here," he added, more earnestly, "I'll not mind in giving you five, ten, or even fifteen dollars out of my own pocket, if you will stand by me in this matter. It's a thing I have been particularly wishing for, and now that I have the chance, I'm bound to do it. They are accusing me of hanging back in the Ryan burglary, and if I can show them their mistake, and capture this fellow without calling in professional assistance, it will be worth more than the money I will owe.'" In a few moments he had arranged his plan. After going over the first floor and securing all the doors, so as to prevent escape in this direction—all the time observing the greatest caution and silence—Perrin posted Goodman at the foot of the stairs, directed me to take my position at the hallway landing, and then himself quietly ascending to the second landing with his revolver in one hand and his heavy boots in the other. Both Goodman and myself were to fire at the burglar should he attempt to escape in our direction. As the police disappeared in the darkness of the upper half, I began to feel rather unpleasantly. I pressed closely into the darkest corner of the landing and listened. At first all was dead and silent; but presently I distinctly heard, in one of the rooms above, a sound as of a drawer being opened. Then there was a sharp metallic ring, and some object fell to the floor. Here, then, the burglar was at work. Before I had time to recover from the creepy chill which the thought evoked there was a sudden, stifled exclamation—a scuffling and tramping of feet—a chair overturned, a crash of glass, a heavy fall on the floor. The next moment Perrin's voice was heard shouting loudly: "Hello, here! Saunders! Goodman! quick! I've got him!" I rushed up and attempted to open the door. To my surprise it was fastened. "Break it in!" cried Perrin, "or get through the landing window on to the roof of the porch, or he'll escape." I rushed to the landing. The window was too high to be easily scaled by one of my short and rather puffy stature, and I ran down into the hall, seized a chair, called to Goodman—who, however, made no response, having doubtless beat a hasty retreat on hearing the noise above—and with difficulty and delay succeeded in getting through the window. I wrenched open the shutters of the room in which the struggle was going on, and, throwing up the sash sprang to the floor within. All was pitch darkness and deep silence. Not a sound, not a breath could be heard. A cold horror came over me. The thief had murdered his captor, left him dead on the floor and escaped. I groped my way to the door. It was still locked—no doubt by the murderer in his flight. I threw up the front window and yelled for help. "What's the matter?" shouted a voice in the street. "Murder! burglars! help!" A crowd, including two policemen, rushed in. They told me they found the front door open, though I had the key which Perrin had given me still about me, and breaking in the chamber door peered around after the gas was lighted. "Where's the murdered man?" demanded the other, whilst a precociously thoughtful boy pushed his way through the crowd, ushering in a physician, whom he had hastily summoned from his office, which was a few doors off. There was no mangled body upon the floor, no blood stains anywhere. A broken chair, an overturned table, a shattered Bohemian glass toilet set—these alone testified to the struggle that had taken place. In a few words as possible I explained the case. "The thief had escaped; and the policeman is after him," I concluded, "hadn't you better join in the pursuit at once?" "We will first look around a little," said one of the officers, coolly. The search revealed some bureau drawers pried open, and several jewelry cases and watch stands lying emptied of their contents. Down stairs the plate had vanished from the dining-room closets, and the door of my writing desk stood open, revealing the secret money drawer, minus the roll of bank notes which I had an hour before placed there with care. "How on earth could this have been done?" I exclaimed, in bewilderment. "The secretary was locked when we went up stairs after the burglar. He could not have had time to do this work after his escape, and with Perrin in pursuit and Goodman at the foot of the stairs." "I rather think, sir, that your disinterested friends, Perrin and Goodman, know more about this matter than you do," remarked a policeman, grimly. "I will go and look 'em up now, and no

doubt they'll be promoted for this night's work—to the State prison." Slowly the light began to dawn upon my dazed and bewildered mind. I looked around and saw a grin bordering on the faces of all present, and heard a murmur in which I could only distinguish the most appalling monosyllable—"Sold." One month thereafter I had the pleasure of identifying my friends. Goodman and the *soldier*, "Policeman Perrin, of the Third district," as they were led from the prisoner's box, adorned with iron bracelets, each to serve a second term in the State prison. Goodman nodded patronizingly at me, while his companion looked me full in the face, smiled very suavely, and winked. I may add that the plate and jewels with most of the money, were recovered; but I have since been very particular in always closing the window shutters and curtains at night. Too Sharp for Her Father. A SHORT time ago one of our nice young city ladies, a somewhat recent graduate of the C— H— S—, being engaged to be married to a worthy and promising student of Harvard University, in the department of —, thought that the time had about arrived when she thought to broach the subject of a suitable dowry for herself to her estimable father. The said parent was a well-to-do business man, not of great wealth, but in the way of becoming so in the not far distant future, if his ship kept on her course as she is now heading, and no head wind should occur. The bride was quite proficient in mathematics while at the high school and if she were not, she couldn't have been the daughter of her father. So one day last month she ventured to suggest the interesting topic at the breakfast table, asking in the apparently careless manner what mark he proposed to make as a dowry on the occasion of her approaching marriage. The father "tackled to it kindly." "Oh," replied he, "I don't know. I haven't thought much about it as yet.—I don't intend to be mean, but at exactly what figure to fix it I am not now prepared to say." The daughter had, as we have said, devoted some time in particular to the study of the wonderful accumulation of money at compound interest and by the process of involution, and so was especially enlightened upon the all-absorbing theme—to her—and to which her parent was not quite so fresh in his studies, acute as he was as a financier. Then she replied: "Now, dear father," (so kindly) "I don't mean to be hard with you; in fact, I only want enough to give me a decent outfit—one suited to your means and my social position. Now if you'll give me one cent this morning and simply double the amount every day for only a month it will be all I ask." The doting parent at once grasped the proposition as a hungry fish would a fresh clam bait, and drew forth a bright new nickel from his pocket and gave it to her to bind the bargain. The matter was alluded to at every morning's breakfast, as the amount kept doubling at two, four, eight, and sixteen cents, and the father thought he was getting off amazingly low. At the tenth day the amount had only reached \$5.12, a very, very small sum surely. On the fifteenth day it reached \$163.84, and it now seemed to increase rapidly, yet the father thought it would come out about right in the end. At the twentieth day the sum began to trouble the gentleman just a little, for although he might be able to pay \$5,248.88 easily, which indeed was about the figure he really thought the final product would be, still he began to be alarmed about the issue of the next ten days. So he resolved to go to his place of business immediately after breakfast and figure up the balance.—When he did so he was absolutely astonished, and very soon convinced, by the figures that cannot lie, that if he would give "the gallant father's daughter" the sum of his "whole pile" and as much more as he might be able to borrow on his own securities, it would not nearly suffice to equal the amount "nominated in the bond," for on the twenty-fifth day he found it would amount to \$167,771.16! So, as he was a man of the world, especially to his child, something had to be done and that right quickly.—He went home to dinner that day, a thing he hadn't done for many a long day, and dined happily with his family. Then he called his daughter into the parlor, and she at once began to suspect the cause, for it was to explain his situation to her. "No," said he, "it is absolutely impossible for me to continue this arrangement; I must compound with you now, although I have been 'compounding' ever since the first day. Now if you'll release me from the accomplishment of an utter impossibility, I will give you

the amount that will be your due on to-morrow, "in full of all demands," as a bridal dowry; and I will place \$10,000 in the saving bank to your personal credit and give you the remaining \$486.76 in cash for the expenses of the wedding, of which you may expend as much or as little as you and your mother may please." The happy girl, overjoyed at even this proposal, and making a virtue of necessity, promptly accepted it being far more than she had ever expected to obtain and then she proposed to her mother to go into the city on the morrow and look at some goods. We need only add that the bridegroom in prospect was immensely pleased on Thursday evening when he called to learn the result of this somewhat scientific mathematical strategy. In conclusion we would only ask our young readers to give us the amount which the fond parent would have had to pay; had no compromise with his fair creditor been effected and his barrels of dollars held out. Army Recollections. BY W. H. B. DIDN'T LIKE COD FISH. ONE DAY our regiment was served with rations of ancient codfish, having a villainous smell and terrible taste. The next morning we were aroused from our slumbers by the music of the dead march, and the slow step of the men following it. They bore in their midst a box resembling a coffin which they deposited in an open grave, going through the formula of firing the three rounds over the grave. As they returned at a quick march to quarters, our astonished captain inquired "what the devil they were at," and was greatly amused to learn that they had been burying the cod fish with the honors of war. FOND OF MUTTON. In 1862 Jim Peoples was sent by General Banks as guard over the property, among which was a flock of sheep, belonging to a rampart rebel named Roberts, who was always blowing about his sons in the rebel army. One day old Roberts, after his usual blow, remarked: "I wish I had three more boys to send to that army." "Well," replied Jim, "you had three hundred sheep when we come here and now they are all gone. I wish you had as many more, for we all appear fond of mutton." A Good Story. I was looking over the stories that were sent in last week for the prize, and I wonder that the editor did not insert this one, which is really too good to be lost: "There is a curious duel now pending in Boston, which began several years ago. Mr. A., a bachelor, challenged Mr. B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other—and he declined. A year afterwards he received a challenge from Mr. A., who stated that he, too, had a wife and child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid.—Mr. B. replied that he now had two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children too, but his adversary had three. The matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed. A Wise Deacon. Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often." "Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time." "Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter." 40 "To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all." "Never tell a man that he is a fool; in the first place he will not believe you, and in the second place you make him your enemy." "The wealthy miser lives as a poor man here, but he must give account as a rich man on the day of judgment." "If a dunce is short of some faults, he only did not know how to acquire them." "Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters."