

A DETECTIVE'S LUCK.

"I WILL tell you a peculiar little incident that happened several years ago to a brother detective, which will illustrate how luck sometimes assists us in accomplishing an object which otherwise might be unattainable.

"Several years ago," he continued, as he ejected a cloud of smoke from his mouth, "a noted forger was wanted very badly in Chicago, where he had been indulging in such crookedness as rendered him liable to occupy the penitentiary for a term of years if he were caught. The case was placed in Pinkerton's hands and one of his men detailed to work it up.

"He was fortunate enough to obtain a clue to the much-wanted individual's whereabouts and following it up he at length spotted his man at Toronto, Canada, which you know is on Lake Ontario. The detective threw himself in the way of the forger, became acquainted with him under an assumed name and gradually ingratiated himself in his favor.

Forgery not being an extraditable offense, it was impossible to make his arrest in Canada, so the detective was obliged to adopt another line of tactics.

"He made known his intention of crossing over into the States, and the forger determined to go to the boat to see him off. Once on board the detective kept him engrossed in an interesting conversation, and with such consummate tact did he play his part that the crooked gentleman did not notice that the boat had started until it was far out in the lake, for they had gone below to take a social glass at parting. When the forger found the boat gradually receding from the Canadian shore, with no possibility of getting back immediately, he fumed and swore for a time, but seeing that that did not better matters in the least cooled down and determined to make the best of a bad job.

"As soon as that imaginary line in the middle of the lake which divides the two countries had been passed, the detective revealed himself, and, clapping on the nippers, arrested his man. They arrived on the other shore at length without adventure, and boarding the lightning express on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern that night, they started on their journey. There happened to be a few persons in the car in which the two sat. The detective was almost completely worn out from loss of sleep, and as it was a through train he determined to obtain a little Morpheus. Placing the prisoner on the inner side of the seat, he so disposed himself next him that he imagined the slightest move would awake him.

"These arrangements completed, he fell asleep in an easy state of mind. He does not know how long he slept until he awoke suddenly and found to his chagrin that the forger was gone. It is a rule of our agency that if a man is sent upon the trail of a depredator, and falls in bringing him back, he loses his place, so you see that his reputation as well as his position depended upon his prompt action. He quickly decided upon his line of action, and, walking with assumed carelessness through the entire train, he examined every nook and corner that the prisoner could possibly be stowed away in. His search was fruitless. On his return he was accosted by a brakeman, who inquired:

"Are you looking for your friend?"

"The detective answered in the affirmative.

"Oh," said the brakeman, "he got off at the last station where we stopped for water. He seemed as though he did not want to disturb your sleep—for he got out over the back of the seat."

"The detective then made known who he was, and inquired of the brakeman whether there was any possible chance of his getting back to the town that night. Very fortunately the train stopped a short distance ahead on a siding to allow a freight train going in the direction of this particular town to pass them. The conductor signalled it to stop, the detective got aboard, and in the course of an hour or so was standing in the little village where he desired. It was a primitive Ohio hamlet, and the only alleged hotel it could boast of was of the most wretched description.

"The detective concluded that he could do nothing at that late hour and in his exhausted condition; so he determined to obtain a little sleep and scour the country in the morning.

"With infinite difficulty he succeeded in arousing the sleepy landlord of the hostelry.

"There were no accommodations," he said, in reply to the detective's question, "unless he was willing to occupy the same room and bed with another man."

"The detective thought it was better than sleeping out, so he asked to be shown the room. He had just disrobed and was about to extinguish the tallow dip, when something prompted him to take a look at his bedfellow. He did so,

and what was his surprise to find his whitened prisoner snuggled up in the bed-clothes.

Accustomed as he was to repressing his feelings upon all occasions he could scarcely refrain from a joyful shout at his good fortune, and it was sometime before he recovered sufficient calmness to act with coolness.

"After much congratulation he secured the forger's clothing to a piece of twine and suspended them from the window. He then resumed a portion of his own clothing and hid the remainder, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and getting into bed he placed his revolver in such a position that, although out of sight, it was within easy reach, and sank into peaceful slumber.

"In the morning he was awakened by some talking in the room, and peering cautiously around he noticed the forger rummaging about, clothed only in an abbreviated undergarment and endeavoring manfully to give proper vent to his feelings in choice but emphatic expletives.

"His search for his clothing proving unavailing, he approached the bed opposite to investigate. As he did so, 'eliek' went the revolver, and the detective stood revealed to his astonished gaze. He started as if he had been struck, and before he could recover from his astonishment he was properly handcuffed and at the detective's mercy.

"He was soon assisted into his clothing, the next passing train was hailed and they arrived at their destination without further adventure."

"What became of the forger?" asked the reporter, as the detective applied a lighted match to his cigar.

"Oh, he was tried soon afterward," was the reply, "and the evidence against him was of such an overwhelming character that he was convicted and sent up for a long time."

A Word to Young Men.

HOW often is the same old story repeated, the story that we heard in our childhood, and that we see every day enacted before us, with new figures and under new circumstances, it may be, but always with the same results. A young man, well born and carefully nurtured, enters upon life with every promise of a bright career. Good influences surround him and help him on his way; his genial nature wins him many friends and young and old speak well of him and rejoice in his success. He advances, step by step, to public positions of trust and influence, and seems a favorite of fortune. But success has brought its temptations, while it has not taught the sense of responsibility. The friends that cluster around the prosperous man make demands upon good fellowship that cannot be disregarded. Public office, moreover, must be paid for by work for the party, which implies personal associations from which a well-bred man should shrink. Little by little the time spent in bar-rooms and club-rooms encroaches upon the hours of labor and rest. Wine and cards gain a predominant place in the man's life, and the useful citizen by day becomes by night the companion of rowdies and blacklegs. Then comes the end—in crime and disgrace, it may be, or in violence, the midnight brawl, the assassin's bludgeon, a narrow cot in the hospital, a narrow grave. The life that was so full of promise is cut short; the career begun in sunshine ends in clouds and darkness.

Over and over again have we all of us heard this story and seen it enacted. Over and over again have we read its obvious moral. And still the world goes on as before, and countless young men are dragged to ruin every day or give themselves over to the devil, though the road to ruin is marked on every finger-post before their eyes. Still those whose duty it is to describe each day's events in truthful terms may not be silent nor withhold their warning and advice because the unlearned lesson has been so often told. Every man thinks it does not apply to him. Others may have fallen, but he is not like them; he can resist temptation and pass through evil scenes unharmed.

Just so those countless others thought who have perished and left nothing behind but the warning of their fall. Who are we that we should boast ourselves stronger than other men, if we have not the strength that comes only through right living? No, the lesson is for us all. As surely as the miasma of the swamps breed physical disease does evil living lead to sorrow and disgrace, and however fair a face a man may present to the world, however warmly his friends esteem him and his fellow-citizens wish well for him, sooner or later his sin will find him out, and the evil that he has taken to himself will bear down self-respect and manly pride, honor and reputation and life itself; for the wages of sin must surely be paid.

Abraham Deweese's Singular Discovery of Stone Statues.

AN ELIZABETHTOWN letter to a Chicago exchange tells the following: In the land of seed-ticks and hoops, of children and butter and eggs, in the State of Grayson and near the village of Milwood, there lives a man upwards of sixty years of age, over whose head the cold blasts of Boreas and the rays of Sol have played for over threescore years; whose life has been one of honesty, sobriety and virtue. This aged man, whose name is Abraham Deweese, is in his way a most eccentric man. Honest to a fault, his life has been one of quiet simplicity, unostentatious, but happy and contented. Born and reared under the old regime, he has been bred to believe that "honesty is the best policy."

Old man Deweese is also a superstitious as he is honest and trustworthy, and his fund of information on biblical or historical subjects, which is never-failing and reliable, makes him a fluent talker, and as his actions are guided by the light of past events, his manner of talking and doing his given him the title of "eccentric." He will not begin any labor or any job of labor on either Friday or Saturday, because of the ill luck attending the success of a venture begun on those days. He says Christopher Columbus, with all his success, discovered America on Friday, and the very next time he came to America he was carried back loaded with chains.

Uncle Abraham (and he will pardon the familiarity of the expression) has made a discovery of a gold mine near his place, or what he is thoroughly imbued with the belief is a gold mine, and his discovery of it is as remarkable as is the man himself. Wandering around over his domain some two years ago, Mr. Deweese unexpectedly came upon about a dozen stone statues of man, visible from the waist up, above the surface of the earth. The arms and features of these statues, or "images," as he calls them, were clear-cut and distinct, even to the eyebrows on the "bulging" foreheads.

All of them faced toward the West, and some were above the others, as though in descending the hill they had become petrified and sunk to their waists in that position. With a horror of anything idolatrous, Uncle Abraham at once set about demolishing these heathen gods, and to his energies and perseverance may be due the fact that in a short space of time those "images" were no more. But how came they there, and what caused their appearance in that unlooked-for locality, puzzled Uncle Abraham, and his most logical conclusion was that gold was in that hill, and he set to work. He has been working off and on, himself, and assisted by others, for about two years, and at this time he has two immense holes in the bowels of the earth.

He has found a peculiar rock in the hill, filled with glittering yellow specks, and this he thinks is gold. Miners' lore told him it was gold. A gentleman living in Missouri, an old miner, will be here this fall, and will assist in the further development of the matter, while samples of the rock or quartz will be subjected to analysis at an early date. One peculiarity remarkable about the rock is that nowhere in the country has any like it ever been found. While the people are divided in their opinions of Uncle Abraham's success, there is none who doubts his word on finding the images, and that he fully believes in the fact that he has found a "bonanza."

Sawing off a Lover's Leg.

THE following story which is calculated to make "each particular hair to stand like quills upon the fretful porcupine," is said to have happened in St. Lawrence county, New York, and is given on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity:

A young man addicted to intemperate habits, during one of his periodical "sprees" took a sudden notion to pay a visit to his sweetheart. On the evening alluded to, the young lady and a female associate were the only occupants of the house where she resided. About ten o'clock in the evening the young man arrived at the house, considerably worse from the use of "beverages." His strange manner in approaching the door excited the suspicions of the young ladies, who supposed the house was attacked by robbers. He knocked at the door, and demanded admission; but his voice not being recognized, from the thickness of his tongue, the ladies refused to comply with the demand. Determined to force an entrance, he commenced a series of assaults upon the door, and booted door by kicking and pounding. After a number of desperate kicks, the panel of the door gave way, and the leg of the besieger went through the aperture, and was immediately seized by one of the young ladies and firmly held, while the other, armed with a saw, commenced the work of amputation! The grasp was firmly maintained, and the

saw vigorously plied, until the leg was completely severed from the body!—With the loss of his leg the intoxicated wretch fell back, and in that condition lay the remainder of the night. In the meantime the ladies were frightened almost to death. With the dawn of morning the revelation was made that one of the ladies had participated in the amputation of her lover's leg. The wretched man was still alive. His friends were immediately sent for, and he was conveyed to his home, where with proper treatment he gradually and miraculously recovered, and is now alive and well.

"We hardly credited," says the editor of the journal from which we quote, "the latter part of the story, and contended that the man must have bled to death on the spot, insisting, indeed, that it could not be otherwise. But we were mistaken—the leg was a wooden one."

A Sharp Lad.

A professor of legerdemain who was recently exhibiting in a theatre got a country boy on the stage, and told the audience that he would pass a coin into the boy's pocket from a box.

"You don't think I can do it, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't," answered the lad, with decided emphasis.

"Well, do you stand up here and we shall see."

"But, sir," persisted the youth, "there ain't no use 'r yer tryin', cause I know yer can't do it."

"You know I can't? Don't be too sure. Wait and see. Just you stand right here—there! Now hold up your head and look steadily at me, to see that I don't cheat you."

"Oh, well," muttered the persistent youth, with a comical grimace, "I'll stand anywhere yer want: only, 'f u git any money into my pocket, I reckon ye'll hev to find the pocket, for I had 'em sewn up by master, cos of the apples."

A Cruel Hoax.

Last evening, just before sundown, a gentleman, who was sitting by his window on north B street, casually remarked:

"There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on."

His wife, who was in the back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby, and ran like a quarter horse to the window, with:

"Who? Where? Tell me, quick!"

"The one with the long cloak—just at the corner."

Then the woman at the window said in tones of deep disgust:

"Why, that's Brown's wife."

"Yes, exactly," remarked the brutal husband, quietly.

Then the disappointed woman went back and got supper ready, but her usual sweet disposition was soured for the evening.

What She Came Down On.

A young lady gave her roller-skating experience as follows:

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the new minister; "I'd just got the skates on and made a start, when I came down on my—"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What? Oh, it was too funny for anything! One skate went one way, and the other'n t'other way, and down I went on my—"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted out from under me, and I came down on my—"

"Margaret!" yelled both the parents. But this time Margaret went right on: "On my little brother, who had me by the hand—and liked to have smashed him. Now, what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee-pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman adroitly turned the conversation into a political channel.

"We must consult the gentlest manner and soft reason of address in our admonishment; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind."

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A country agricultural paper informs its readers that potatoes should always be boiled in cold water.

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April 22, 1879.