

the tangled mass of hair flying about her face.

"Now for the ferns," said Deb, after resting for a few minutes.

And off she ran, now gathering a fine fern, and now rejecting it for a finer one, and going into transports of delight over each new discovery.

"What beautiful moss on that old log!" suddenly exclaimed Deb. "I'll have some of it!"

And off she ran toward the log, and was kneeling down beside it, when, without a moment's warning, except a faint crackling of breaking logs, down went Deb, disappearing so suddenly and noiselessly from mortal view that the ground seemed to have opened and swallowed her up, which it really had done, since she had fallen into an opening in the earth, which had been made years before by some parties who were prospecting for coal on the bluff, and the logs and boards with which they had covered the treacherous hole had become so decayed and rotten, and withal so moss-grown, that they hid from view the trap under them, and Deb's hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois had been too much for the weak timbers, and down she went into a hole at least twenty feet deep, in about twelve inches of water.

She was slightly stunned, but not in the least injured, the boards and logs under her having lessened the force of her descent, but the pretty white apron and clean dress were sadly smeared with the dirty, stagnant water that had splashed up all around and over her, and one of her pretty "Oxford ties" was missing, and was lying at the bottom of the pit in mud and water.

Deb's first move was to get out of the water; and, fortunately for her, she succeeded in getting on a log that had fallen in such shape that one end was above the water. She saw that it was utterly impossible to get out of the pit without assistance from above, and when she remembered she had not told a soul where she was going, and might have to remain all night in her uncomfortable quarters, she felt like crying, but was too philosophical a young lady to cry when it could do no earthly good to do so.

And now we will leave Deb to her own reflections, while we return to Aunt Nancy, who is wondering why Deb don't bring her the eggs, but finally come to the conclusion that she has failed to find any, and is romping in the barn, and therefore goes about her work unconcerned about her darling's absence, when, had she known where she was, we do not think we exaggerate in the least when we say that she would have gone at once into hysterics.

Three, four, and five o'clock come and go, and it is nearly six now, and no Deb; when Miss Nancy remarks to grandma that Deb is gone an unusually long time, and she thinks it possible that she has fallen asleep under some tree in the orchard; she will go and see.

But neither searching nor loud cries of "D-e-e-b," or "D-e-b-o-r-a-h B-a-a-r-l-o-w!" brings to light the truant girl, and Miss Nancy returns to the house slightly alarmed now, for the sun is nearly down, and she feels confident Deb would not remain willingly away so long when there are so many things she intended doing before night.

As soon as Nathan comes from work he is told of Deb's unusually long absence, and he and Miss Nancy at once begin a thorough search of the premises, all the while calling loudly for Deb; but no reply comes to them from barn or orchard, from garret or cellar, and poor Nancy comes to the horrible conclusion that she has been kidnapped by two tramps whom she saw pass the house in the afternoon, which conclusion, having reached incapacitates poor Miss Nancy for doing anything but getting behind the kitchen door with her apron over her head and sobbing piteously, while poor grandma takes to her bed in a paroxysm of grief.

And now it is long after dark, and the young folks come in, merry and laughing, to the party, and are informed of Deb's absence, and Miss Nancy's surmises, and all the young men provide themselves with lanterns and join in the search, while the young ladies do all they can to comfort grandma and Nancy, the latter, however, being quite inconsolable.

First and foremost in the search is Tommy Deane, his young mind filled with fearful forebodings, and—must I tell it?—his eyes with tears. He seizes a lantern, and goes out alone, and, by mere accident, for so excited was he that he knew not where to go, he goes in the region of the bluff, vowing fearful vengeance on the wretches who have stolen or killed "his Deb," and then and there consecrating his life to the accomplishment of the aforesaid revenge.

Deb is still sitting on the log, silent and anxious. She has hallooed herself quite hoarse, and could scarcely utter a sound, when she imagines she hears a noise above her head, and, had not her

disordered imagination construed the noise into the tread of a bear, she would have made a desperate effort to cry out, and while she is thus perplexed with doubts and fears, she hears the voice of Tommy Deane, who, wearied and excited, is seated on a stump at the very mouth of the pit, and in a very dolorous and romantic tone, indulges in the following soliloquy, every word of which Deb hears:

"Shall I ever see her again, my lost one! my Deb?"

"Yes, Tom, if you can invent some kind of a hoisting apparatus that will support the weight of a young lady who weighs one hundred and twenty, you can again gaze upon your Deb," gasps out the young lady from the pit, her doubts and fears all dispelled, and her love of fun restored at once.

"Why—why—Deb, where are you?" cries Tom.

"Twenty feet under ground, in twelve inches of water, the hungriest victim of Fate ever heard of. Get me out as quick as you can, and I'll promise you faithfully that I won't make you marry me, as the rescued heroines always do in novels."

But all of Tom's inventive genius cannot devise a method of getting her out of the pit until her returns to the house for assistance, and ropes or ladders. Therefore he leaves Deb his lantern, which he lowers with a string, and returns to the house, meeting a party of searchers on the road, and together they return and rescue Deb from the pit; and she is escorted home in triumph, on a hastily constructed platform, borne on the shoulders of half a dozen young gallants, which honor, Deb declared, compensated her for all her distress in the pit.

As it was nearly midnight before Deb was found, there could be no party that night, but Deb promised them that if they would only return the following evening she would surely be there to welcome them, and she was, and a jolly time they had; but Deb kept poor Tommy Deane in an annoying state of blushing all the evening by eyeing him in an extremely comical manner, and occasionally asking him in a sly whisper if he had found his "lost one" yet; but fickle girl that she was, she broke her promise given to Tommy, for she married that young man just five years afterward, and we are therefore enabled to bring our story to a close in really novel and romantic style.

Swiftmess of Birds on the Wing.

PROFESSOR NEWTON considered that were sea fowls satellites revolving around the earth, their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, hot or cold, the puffins repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast distance in a brief space of time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney swallow—ninety miles per hour being about the limit of its power; but the passenger pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of 1000 miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmen has attempted to show, that migrants during long flights may be directed by an experience partly inherited and partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast line of the Continent, and invariably take on their passage over the Mediterranean one of the three routes. But this they will not explain, how they plot themselves across broad oceans; and is invalidated by the fact, familiar to every ornithologist, that the old and young birds do not journey in company. Invariably the young broods travel together, then come, after another interval, the parents, and finally the rear is brought up by the weakly, infirm, moulting and broken-winged. This is the rule in autumn. The return journey is accomplished in the reversed order. The distance travelled seems, moreover, to have no relation to the traveller. The Swedish blue throat performs its maternal functions among the Laps, and enjoys its winter holidays among the negroes of the Soudan, while the tiny, ruby-throated hummingbird proceeds annually from Mexico to Newfoundland and back again, though one would imagine that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the cacti and agaves of the Tierra Caliente than among the firs and fogs of the north.

The man who is accused unjustly can afford to maintain silence, but the man who is justly accused must make as great a pother as possible in order to throw people off the track.

SUNDAY READING.

How to be Happy.

Married people would be happier if home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings," in public, and more common manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

If men would remember that a woman can't be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sickly baby, tie up the finger of a two-year-old, gather up the play-things of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who during the honeymoon wouldn't let her carry as much as a sun-shade.

So Say We All.

The President of the Limekiln Club stated that he was in receipt of a communication from St. Louis, asking the club how it stood on the Bob Ingersol question of God or no God. He would ask Sir Isaac Walpole to answer it for himself and all his fellow members. He was willing to abide by what the good old man said, and he believed all others would be.

The white-headed old man, old and wrinkled, and burdened with the weight of seventy years, arose in his seat, looked around him and quietly began:

"If dar am no God, den dar am no fuchur. When we close our eyes in death, de soul dies wid us, an' we moulder to dust de same as de brutes. It has been a long journey to me. In my heart am de mem'ry of wife an' chil'en. My days have been cloudy an' full of woe. My nights have been dark an' full of sorrow. I have been robbed, cheated, abused, an' made to feel my wretchedness; but neber, not even in de darkest hour did I doubt dar was a God, nor did I lose faith in Him. Take away dat faith to-night—make me believ dat dar am no heaben—tell me dat I won't meet my poor Chloe, an' de blessed chil'en up dar 'mong de angels, an' you would crush me down an' break my ole heart. Dat's all I 'pear to be libin' for—to wait de Master's call to close de ledger ob life and go home, home! I am old, an' poor an' lowly; but here in my breast is a feelin' dat I wouldn't sell for all de gold in de world—dat all de arguments ob a million Ingersols could not change; a feelin' dat poor as I are, an' lowly as I am, de grave will not be de las' ob me." During his remarks the hall was quiet as the grave. When he had finished it was full a minute before anyone moved, then Brother Gardner softly said: "As says Sir Isaac, so say we all."

A Darkey Preacher's Advice.

"De man dat knows dat he am mean, tricky, dishonest or degraded an' yit who sots down to wait for any 'ticular day on which to vow dat he will do better, won't be apt to make any change in his system dat his naburs will notice. Ebery day should be a day for sw'arin' off from whateber am mean or offensive. Ebery day should be a day for resolvin' on doin' a lettle better dan de day bef'. If you do wrong doan wait for de special day, but do right at once. If you feel dat you am mean an' low lived, doan' lib a day waitin' fur de new year, but ax some one to kick yer right off."

When we are in prosperity we are ready to think our mountain will never be brought low, so when we are in adversity we are ready to think our valley will never be filled up.

Most men keep on hand a large assortment of evils, while their stock of excellencies is ruinously low.

FOR THE TIMES. Great Floods in the North-West.

During the last month or more, some of the North-Western States and Territories have sustained many heavy losses, caused by the great floods that have occurred. During the winter the mountain sides and plains were covered with a great mass of snow, and as the spring opened the sudden thaws caused the streams to swell to overflowing. The heavy ice together with the immense seas of water has done much damage to that section of the country. A short distance below Yankton, the capitol of Dakota, the Missouri river flows through a pass between two ridges. Here a great ice gorge formed itself, miles in length, appearing as firm as the hills it connected, and caused all that section of the Territory north of it to become flooded. Thousands of acres were inundated and all through large sections the farmers lost all they possessed in this newly settled country. The floods became so great that a portion of them sought an outlet across the country to the Big Sioux river, thirty miles east. All mail communications with Yankton and many other towns were suspended on account of all the railroads being under water. The farmers' cattle were drowned, their graneries and the contents destroyed, farming implements, everything except the land itself, was either washed away or destroyed. Hundreds of settlers lost all they had and are now in great distress. Many of the destitute farmers and villagers were fed by Government rations issued in pursuance of an order from the President. This relief was necessarily very temporary and it will take a large sum of money and much time before those ruined homes can be rebuilt, after the water has receded. Besides those settlers have nothing to support themselves with until their crops can be harvested. Aid has been solicited and our large cities are responding liberally by sending money and provisions. It is feared that all the submerged grain is a total loss. Enormous floods have been reported all over that part of the country. Iowa, Minnesota and portions of Nebraska, Illinois and other States, have met with the same misfortune. Much damage has been done all along the banks of the Missouri. Many large cities together with hundreds of smaller places have been flooded. Omaha and Kansas city were inundated. At Omaha the water rose twenty feet above low water mark and put out the fires of the smelting works there. Atchison, Kansas, was also flooded. Many washouts have occurred and bridges washed away. Miles of railroad were under water and much of the traveling has been suspended. The railroads used each others tracks indiscriminately so as to keep up communication. Along the Rock river in Illinois much damage has been done. Many iron manufactures met with serious losses by the floods putting out the fires. The streams in Minnesota have all overflowed their banks and carried destruction in their way. Special dispatches from the interior of Wisconsin report alarming floods. At Fond du Lac the water flooded the city, and lumber yards became floating wood yards. Many washouts and serious accidents have been reported. Never before in the history of that section of the country have such great floods occurred and so much damage been done. The waters are now abating slowly.

A. F. M.

Mrs. Adam Grubb, 231 Walnut street, has been a great sufferer for a number of years from extreme pain in the feet, something like rheumatism.—She was also very much troubled with corns and bunions. It was with great difficulty that she could walk, and sometimes when she would visit her husband's shoe store or any of her children, she could not get home again without assistance, and often when she was walking along the streets she would be seized with such acute pain that she was compelled to stop in at the neighbors on the way until she got better. Some two weeks ago she heard of the wonderful cures St. Jacobs Oil was effecting and she at once commenced to use it and experienced great relief immediately. The pain, have left her feet and ankles and the inflammation has left the corns and bunions. She is now tripping up to her husband's shoe store and out to see her children without experiencing any pain.—Wilmington, (Del.) Daily Republican.

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasant surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or a dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich, and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column. 84

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and he has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it." From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.—Times. 19 2w

Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female weakness that they ever heard of, for it gives universal satisfaction. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. 19 2t

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should be careful not to forget himself.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back. Text includes: 'THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.'

Advertisement for Musser & Allen Central Store, Newport, Penn'a. Text includes: 'Now offer the public A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF DRESS GOODS... BLACK ALPACCAS AND Mourning Goods A SPECIALITY. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, AT VARIOUS PRICES. AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS. We sell and do keep a good quality of SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS... And everything under the head of GROCERIES!... CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the CENTRAL STORE, Newport, Perry County, Pa.'

Advertisement for Hop Bitters, featuring an illustration of the product bottle. Text includes: 'If you are a man of business, your sales, credit, and profits will be increased by using Hop Bitters. If you are young and delicate, Hop Bitters will give you strength and vitality. Hop Bitters is the best remedy for all ailments of the stomach, liver, and kidneys. It is a pure and healthful beverage. D. I. C. Hop Bitters NEVER FAIL. S. O. C. & CO., Buffalo, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont. 17 4t

Advertisement for 'Wanted' by C. L. Van Dusen Nurseries. Text includes: 'Canvassers in every county in this State to take orders for Nursery Stock. Steady and desirable Employment at Good Wages. Experience in the business not required. Nurseries widely and favorably known. For terms address C. L. VAN DUSEN, Geneva, N. Y. Van Dusen Nurseries, established 1839. Also Stock at Wholesale. 18B13t'