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IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
at Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

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Cambria Freeman.

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GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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are now in use in Pennsylvania, and are giving entire satisfaction. They also manufacture
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Of from 4 to 150 Horse Power.
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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [19-4, '79-ly.*]

IT IS SAID THAT
500,000 PERSONS
Witnessed the Grant Reception in Philadelphia.

WE WOULD LIKE ALL THE
Men and Boys to Call at Oak Hall
Immediately and Equip Themselves for the
COLD WAVES OF 1880.

The Singularly SMALL PRICES we started the Annual Winter Sales with have stirred all the stores to do their best. But we eclipsed them all, and they know it, and the People see it, too.

These are the Prices for Our Own Carefully Manufactured Goods, not bought in the New York Wholesale Stores.

A few left of the $30.00 Fine Overcoats, reduced to	$20.00
Royal Reversible Plaid Backs, sold everywhere at $25.00 (Full Indigo Colors and Woven Backs). Our Price	18.00
Next Grade	16.50
Extra Sizes in Blue and Brown Worumbo Beaver Overcoats	12.00
A Good Strong Serviceable Cloth-Bound Overcoat	10.00
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Men's All-Wool Suits	5.00
The "Auburn" D. B. Suits, for Business and Dress	10.00
Extra Quality "Sawyer" Suitings	12.00
The Finest of Cassimeres Suits	15.00
Dress Suits of Best Imported Cloths reduced to	20.00
Men's Everyday Pants	25.00
All-Wool Business and Dress Pants	1.50
Extra Fine Dress Pantaloons, formerly $10.00, now	3.50
Genuine Harris Cassimere Pants	5.00
The Very Latest Styles in Children's Overcoats	5.00
The Double-Shouldered Cape Royal Reversible Back Overcoats	3.00
(The Nicest Little Boys' Overcoats Oak Hall ever produced.)	
Children's Suits as low as	3.00
Higher Grades and More Elaborately Trimmed Suits	5.00
A Great Specialty in Boys' and Youths' Pants	2.50

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL, S. E. COR. SIXTH AND MARKET, PHILAD'A.
The Largest Clothing House in America.

ALL OUR
—AND—
HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING!
NOW ON HAND,
TO BE SOLD AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER,
TO MAKE ROOM FOR A LARGE AND NEW STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO GIVE US A CALL, AS THE GOODS NOW IN STORE WILL
POSITIVELY BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF THE ADVANCE IN PRICES,
Which are now at least 25 per cent. higher than last year.
SO TAKE OUR ADVICE, AND BUY YOUR CLOTHING NOW,
AND FROM US, AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,
Feb. 6, 1880.-tf. ALTOONA, PA.

$5,500
WORTH OF GOODS TO BE SACRIFICED.

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
Ladies' Coats, Gent's Furnish'g Goods, &c.
AT AND BELOW COST.

As my constantly increasing business demands a much larger store room, I have made arrangements with Mr. C. Jaggard to occupy his spacious and elegant new business house now being completed on ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, into which I expect to move on or about the **1st of March next**, and which will unquestionably be the finest store room in the Mountain City. Meantime all persons wishing the best of bargains in my line should give me an early call, as I do not intend to transfer any of my present stock to the new building if **slaughtering prices** will enable me to dispose of them. Every person, therefore, who wants to buy goods much cheaper than they can be obtained elsewhere should pay me a visit forthwith, as this announcement is no humbug but a positive fact. **I am bound to sell if low prices will do it.**

☞Thanking my many customers for the kind and liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon me, and soliciting a continuance and increase of the same in the future, I remain

Yours, Respectfully,
CHARLES SIMON,
[1-9,'80.-tf.] Corner Eleventh Avenue and Thirteenth Street, Altoona, Pa.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

Don't forget to bear in mind and keep in remembrance that
GODFREY WOLF
HAS INAUGURATED AT HIS
"PALACE OF FASHION,"
NEXT DOOR TO THE POST-OFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.,
A GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE
OF HIS ENTIRE STOCK—ABOUT $10,000 WORTH—OF
OVERCOATS AND WINTER CLOTHING
Generally, AT COST AND LESS THAN COST.
Call Early and Get First Choice and Best Bargains!
As the Goods will Positively be Sold at a Sacrifice.

Wells, Richardson & Co's
PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR
Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it, or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

FOR SALE.—A tip-top heavy one-horse or light two-horse PEDDLING WAGON. Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Feb. 18, 1880.-tf.

WE have a large stock of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES, which we will sell at very low prices between now and the 1st of April next. V. S. BARKER & BRO.

THE OLD PRINTER.

A printer stood at his case one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was dim as the light
Of the mouldy lamp hung near;
The wild wintry winds were howling without,
And the snow falling thick and fast,
But the printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And laughed at the shrieking blast;
He watched the hands of the clock creep round,
Keeping time with its snail-like tick,
As he gathered the type, with a weary click,
In his old, rust-eaten stick

His hairs were as white as the falling snow,
And silently, day by day,
He beheld them with grief, like the autumn leaf,
One by one, "passing away."
Time had cut with his plow furrows deep in his brow,
His cheek was fevered and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its head on his gray-bearded chin;
And with fingers long, as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type, with a weary click,
in his old, rust-eaten stick.

For many long years, thro' joys and thro' tears,
That old printer's time-battered face,
So ghostly and lean, night and morn has been seen,
Earnestly bent o'er his case.
In a few years more death will look up his form,
And put it to press in the mould,
And a stone, o'er the spot where they lay him to rot,
Will tell us his name and how old;
And his comrades will light that old lamp by his case,
And list to the clock's dull tick,
As they set up his death with a solemn click,
In his old, rust-eaten stick.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL PROOF.

CURIOUS CASES IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME.

Perhaps the difficulties in evidence, direct and circumstantial, were never more strongly shown than in the once celebrated case of the brothers Boorn convicted, in Vermont, 1819, of the murder of their brother-in-law, in 1812. It appeared in testimony that the latter, a half-witted fellow, and a burden to the family, was last seen in a field with the two men, and there had a quarrel, in which he had been struck on the head with a stake and somehow had finally disappeared from the locality. Seven years after, some bones supposed to belong to the missing man, one of his buttons and his knife were found near, in an old cellar in the field, and the men were arrested.

Upon their trial they both confessed to the murder, and gave the details, and then immediately appealed to the Legislature to commute their sentence to imprisonment for life. This mercy was only granted to one of them, but the interest of certain gentlemen being aroused by the case, careful search was made and the missing man found in New Jersey, brought back and recognized by all his old companions, and the men were set free. The explanation of the singular conduct of the accused is found in the bad advice of their friends, who, knowing that public opinion ran strongly against them, and thinking it would hang them, advised them to the confession in order that they might get the lighter sentence of perpetual imprisonment.

It was said that the French naturalist, Cuvier, from a single fossil bone, could describe the structure and habits of extinct races of animals. But bones neither lie nor mistake, while witnesses do both, and no court is infallible. The cases are numerous on record to show that even the senses cannot be implicitly relied on, even when the veracity of the witness is unquestionable. In cases of highway robbery a man's face has been repeatedly sworn to from the glimpse got from the light of a gun or pistol flash, whereas accurate experiment shows the thing to be impossible. In a case of theft, a woman swore a certain gown was hers; being asked by a juryman to try it on, it was found not to fit at all, and she confessed her mistake. The fact was that the prisoner had stolen the gown from a neighbor, though this was found out only after the acquittal.—Another woman, being robbed, swore a certain black pocket-book, found on a man arrested for the crime, was hers, which would have sent him to the gallows had not a countryman found another black pocket-book while reaping, and hastening to the trial, the same witness finding all, and her very money safe, confessed she was mistaken, and the accused went free. A signature to a certain deed was sworn to by respectable and honest parties as Lord Eldon's, but Lord Eldon came into court and swore that he never attested a deed in his life. In a celebrated Scotch trial for forgery, intricate and far-reaching, and which involved the title to one of the best estates in the realm, half a dozen engravers swore that certain numerous letters were written by different persons, though the prisoner afterward confessed he wrote them all. His conviction was partly insured by a sharp lawyer noting that, in all the documents, certain words were curiously misspelled, and, on the prisoner being required, in open court, to write these words, he misspelled them as they were written down in documents purporting to have been penned by many different persons, living even in half a dozen different generations. In a murder trial a piece of rope found near the victim was sworn to as the same kind of rope as a piece found in possession of the accused, a bit of testimony which would have hung him had not a ropemaker examined and testified that one piece was twisted to the right while the other was twisted to the left. A half-dozen witnesses swore that they saw a certain person at a certain hour of the clock. Being asked to say what time it was by a clock in the court room not one of them could tell. This was a case of downright lying to prove an alibi. An eminent English lawyer swore positively to two men who, he said, robbed him in broad daylight. It was proved that at the time of the robbery they were so far off as to make the thing impossible. Shortly after the true robbers were taken with the stolen goods on them. The prosecutor then confessed his mistake, and is said to have given a money value to the men whom he came very near sending to the gallows. Besides, accused persons often behave very strangely, even when innocent. Some run away, which, in old times, was held so sure a proof of guilt that in England, in cases of felony and treason, flight carried forfeiture of goods, whether innocent or guilty. It is now in proof that innocent persons, timid or ignorant, or ill-advised, when accused of crime often run away and do a great many other foolish things. Daniel Webster, in the famous murder trial at Salem, spoke the famous epigram, "Suicide is confession," a very fine sentence, but very poor law, since even innocent persons, falsely accused, have often died by their own hand to escape further misery. Sir Edward Coke tells of an uncle bringing up his orphan niece, and had her lands for fee until she came to sixteen years. When eight or nine, her uncle correcting her, she was heard to say, "Oh, good uncle, kill me not." At this time the child disappeared and could not be found. The uncle, arrested on suspicion, was bailed and told to find the child. Fearing what might happen to him if he failed, he brought another child, very like the true one, into court. The cheat was discovered, and the man hanged. But the child had only run away into another county, and been taken in by hospitable strangers, and, at sixteen years of age, came back and claimed her property.

Now, proof, as defined by the lawyers, is only a presumption of the highest order.—Cunning is but a sinister or crooked wisdom, while human nature in the court room often turns out to be a singular and fallible element in the attempted equation of justice. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that so many innocent persons have suffered, and, upon the whole, the wonder is that so many of the guilty are punished. Yet, appearances may be very strong against a man, and yet he be innocent. In 1827 Thomas Gill was convicted in England of stealing two oxen. He had just finished his apprenticeship to a butcher, and, after paying a visit to his uncle in the country, in order to save expense, was traveling on foot back to London. About three o'clock in the morning, he met a man, riding on a pony and driving two oxen, who offered Gill five shillings to drive them to London, and agreeing to meet him on Westminster bridge. The young man, willing to earn an honest penny, agreed, and was arrested shortly after, with the cattle in his possession, by the owner in hot pursuit. Arrested, he gave a false name to conceal his situation from his friends. He was pardoned as he was on the point of being transported for life. The simple fact was, that the real thief, hotly pursued, had taken this cruel way to rid himself of the cattle and the crime.

In France, a young man was in the service of an old woman and had a key to her house. She was found murdered with a piece of his cravat near her, and a lock of his hair clenched in her hand. He was arrested and executed. But he was innocent. An intimate friend, who afterward confessed, managed to get an impression of the key, picked up one of his old cravats about the house, and, combing the young man's queue, had scarcely abstracted hair enough to make the lock found in the dead woman's clutch. Sad as it sounds and is, the history of the law shows a list of cases where the innocent have died a shameful death through the mistake of justice. These legal disasters have had for their basis not so much an unfair or heartless trial as a failure to weigh wisely the peculiar circumstantial evidence involved. But, on the other hand, justice oftentimes seems aided either by good luck or the Divine wrath of the gods themselves, in detecting criminals. In 1830 the body of a man was discovered in England who had been murdered 23 years before. His widow identified his remains from the skull, his shoes and a carpenter's rule found with the bones. The murderer was then found and executed. In 1813 a Cornish peasant was found murdered, and his body dragged under a hedge. It was shrewdly surmised by the detectives that the murderer was a stranger in those parts, since a native would have been very likely to have concealed the body in some abandoned coal mine, many of which were in the same field. From this slight clew mainly, they arrested an Irish soldier whose regiment had lately come there and on him they found the dead man's purse. He was executed. Three ruffians, murdering a poor Italian boy to sell his body, were largely convicted by their giving away some white mice which there was every reason to believe had belonged to the unfortunate child. A sailor was mainly convicted as an accomplice in a brutal murder in a London hawdy-house from the fact that the victim's hands were tied behind him with what is known as a sailor's knot.—Where a man was shot by a ball, the wad on the ball was shown to be half of a certain ballad, the other part of which was found in the prisoner's pocket. Convicted. A man assailed by a robber struck him in the face with a key. A mark on the prisoner's face corresponded with the wards or divisions of the key. Convicted.

In 1752, in England, a man and woman from within a certain house gave the alarm that some one had entered and murdered an inmate. The dew on the grass outside the house was found to be undisturbed. The living inmates were convicted. In 1816, in England, a man was tried for the murder of another, where the struggle had been severe. Impressions were found, in the clay, of a man who had worn breeches of striped corduroy, patched with the same material; but the patches were not set on straight, the ribs of the patch meeting the hollows of the original corduroy. The accused was shown to have his breeches patched thus, and this greatly aided his conviction. Dew and snow have often helped to track the murderer, and many a man has perished on the gallows the peculiarity of whose shoes, or the curious way in which nails are set in them, aided conviction. A man arrested in his bed, who claimed to have been there all night, was found with wet, muddy stocking on. The night was wet and the ground outside soft. Convicted and executed. One of Kaulbach's illustrations of Goethe's Reineke Fuchs shows us the fox murdering the hare. It is a solitary place, a field and close by a shrine with its cross. But curiously enough, the artist has put eyes into every head of the full wheat, which bends in the breeze, and every flower at hand is made in likeness of a dim, human face, which beholds the deed with horror. The fact thus symbolized is that nature, in all its attributes of weight, size, color and condition is, after all, the head detective of crime, and every secret murder leaves its mark behind it, which rightly interpreted of men, metes out detection and punishment to the criminal. "Murder will out," because, on most subtle ways, the circumstance of murder being accurate, when wisely interpreted, confess and denote with unerring finger, and "dead men do tell tales" with a hundred tongues. That the guilty sometimes evade detection does not prove the contrary. Perhaps the old story of the murderer, Eugene Aram, whose horrors have passed into English literature, assisted by the genius of Hood's shadowy poem of that name, best illustrates what has been said of the curiosities of circumstantial evidence in criminal causes. Aram was born at Ramsgill, Yorkshire, in 1704, and, though the son of a gardener, was of ancient British family and brilliant genius. With scant education in youth, and serving for a time as book-keeper in London, yet he managed to make such progress in learning, especially in mathematics, that he was invited back as schoolmaster to his native village, and there married. His wife seems to have been a woman of easy virtue, and to have made his home unhappy. But he devoted himself to the study of the classics—Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic—and became so much of a philologist as to bestow much labor in comparing these languages with the ancient Celtic. While engaged apparently in such honorable undertakings, he found time, Feb. 8, 1744, with the help of a confederate, Richard Houseman, to murder one Daniel Clark, a shoemaker, and conceal his body. His motive, as Aram alleged after his trial, was revenge on his wife's paramour, but it was in evidence that he got from his crime the whole of Clark's wife's dowry, to the amount of £160. In fact, Aram looks, when viewed in the most candid light, to have been one of those hypocritical and cold-blooded villains of ability who sometimes appear to disgrace humanity. Fourteen years after the murder, a peasant, digging stones for a lime kiln in the neighborhood, found a human skeleton two feet below ground, with the frame so well kept together as to enable it to be seen that the body had been bent and buried doubled. As Clark had never been seen alive since 1744, and as Aram's wife had formerly thrown out dark hints that he had been murdered, public suspicion was aroused, and an inquest was held upon the bones. At this inquest she was summoned, and testified that she thought Clark was murdered by Aram and Houseman. When brought before the coroner, Houseman was in great confusion, trembled, changed color, and faltered in speech under examination. The coroner desired him to take up one of the bones before him, thinking to see what further results would follow. Taking up one of the bones, he said: "This is no more Dan Clark's bone than it is mine." These words were so pronounced as to convince those present, not that Housman believed Clark was alive, but that he knew very well where his bones lay. (If the reader will read Houseman's words aloud, with a strong emphasis on the word this, he will see a little what they might be made to mean.) After some evasions, he finally broke down and confessed that Aram and he had murdered Clark, and though these were not his bones, they might be found where they had buried them, at dead of night, in St. Robert's cave, near where the other bones were found, adding that Clark's head lay to the right in the turn at the entrance to the cave. Upon search, a skeleton was found exactly as described. Aram himself was arrested while acting as usher of a school at Lynn in Norfolk. Upon trial, Houseman was used as king's witness. Aram defended himself in a written speech full of fact and antiquarian lore, in which, with a skill beyond most lawyers, he probed into the weak points of the circumstantial evidence against him, urging the great uncertainty of its being Clark's body, since St. Robert's cave had been a place of hermits, who very likely, according to their custom, had buried there. He was convicted and afterwards confessed his crime. Failing in in an attempt at suicide with a razor, he was nursed back to life sufficiently to be hanged and his body sent to rot in chains at Knaresborough, near the scene of his crime. So perished one of the most learned criminals of the world.

Crime comes and sometimes may strike very close to anyone of us. It is, above all, necessary that punishment also should be made swift and sure. This result is reached by careful and scientific study of evidence, especially on its circumstantial side. Upon a wide view of the history of crime in this world, it may be safely said that punishment, though slow, is sure, and of justice, what the old Greeks said of God, that he comes with leaden feet, but strikes with an iron hand.

It happens very curiously that, just at present, English law circles are greatly excrcised over a pamphlet discussion between Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Mr. Taylor, author of a standard treatise on the law of evidence, upon a novel decision of his lordship, by which, in a late murder trial in London, a bit of circumstantial evidence was excluded on grounds that attack all legal precedents. His lordship, who is known to have both the ordinary virtues and vices of a beef-eating, "by jingo" Englishman in excess, seems to have lost both his temper and his case before the bar of the legal profession. At least, such is the opinion of American lawyers who have read the pamphlets of both disputants, just in hand. —*Boston Herald.*

THE GAME OF FIFTEEN.—Sometimes it is a song, sometimes it is a theatrical play, over which people become wild, and now it is a *simple* game with blocks over which many men of many minds in the eastern cities have become excited, and some have even gone crazy. To show how easy it is to puzzle the brain, here is a short description of the puzzle, which is commonly known as the "Game of Fifteen," although it is variously called "Boston," "Solitaire," "Gem," "Buttercup," etc.:

The puzzle consists of a square box, into which are fitted fifteen round blocks numbered consecutively from 1 to 15. There is room for four rows of four in a row. The absence of the sixeenth block in the box affords room for the movement of the others. The game is to disarrange the blocks and then to bring the numbers into consecutive order by shifting them into place without lifting one off the bottom of the box. The intricacies of this apparently simple exercise are startling. A mathematician who reports the result of his calculation states that the number of possible movements is 1,307,674,-368,000. There are said to be a number of combinations that are either very difficult of solution, or, as some believe, impossible.

The general combination arrived at is this:

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	15	14	

Having failed to get the right combination in the horizontal row, the player arranges the blocks in vertical columns, when the following solution is reached, said by some to be the correct one:

13	9	5	1
14	10	6	2
15	11	7	3
	12	8	4

A sixteenth block accompanies the game, and by adding this the game of thirty-four, or the game of sixteen, is produced. The object of the player is to so arrange the blocks that the sum of their numbers will be thirty-four when added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally. The blocks may be taken out and changed in whatever manner the player chooses. This is the solution:

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

THE GAME OF FIFTEEN.

He sat and gazed with a placid mien
And a cheerful and confident smile
At the little square box with the "gem fifteen,"
And he said he'd bet his pile

That he could finger it out right thar;
So he jumbled the blocks about,
And then he remarked: "It's simple, I swar,
And I reckon I'll work it out."

So he tackled it sharp for an hour or more,
And his hands he ran through his hair
As he jumped right up and fearfully swore,
And his eyes had a maniac's glare,

That he'd "be dashed if the dash, dashed fool
That invented this game was here,
He'd smash his dash, dash, dash, dashed skull
And chaw off an end of his ear."

But after another hot hour had flown
The head drops down 'gan to roll,
And he raved in a way that, the people all say,
Struck terror to each watching soul.

For—Thirteen—Fifteen—Fourteen—alas!
Were all that he got for his pains,
So he frantically swallowed of poison a glass
And with a bullet he bored out his brains!

A MODEL DETECTIVE.

We had been two days at work on the case, and had not even found a starting point. In fact, when we met to compare notes on the second evening, it was discovered that the sum total of our knowledge was precisely what it was before.

The difficulty was, it was such a commonplace crime. It is when criminals do something unusual that their detection becomes comparatively easy. There is something then to work upon. The experienced detective is at once able to limit the field of his inquiry. "Who," he asks himself, "was able to contrive a plan like this?" And often the very ingenuity exercised to conceal the authorship of crime most clearly points the way to its discovery. But when it is a thing any one of thousands might have done, it is easy to see how greatly the difficulty of laying your hand upon the real perpetrator is increased.

That is just what made the case in hand so hard to unravel. Mr. Dame was a rich, retired merchant, in the habit of carrying a liberal supply of money about him, and given to wearing expensive jewelry. He occupied an elegant suite of bachelor apartments, where he was found murdered in his bedroom one morning.

The manner of the crime was as little mysterious as its motive. The victim's skull had been beaten in with some blunt instrument, and his money, jewels and watch had been taken.

Any brutal ruffian might have done such a deed. There was no particular clew to follow; and even Orville Thoms, confessedly the shrewdest man on the force, whose scent on the trail of a criminal seldom proved at fault, was obliged to acknowledge he didn't see his way.

Mr. Thoms had won his spurs a year before, as an amateur, in ferreting out a formidable gang of forgers, around whom he succeeded in weaving a web of circumstances that left not a loophole for escape; and when the whole band, after their conviction, wagged their tongues against him, denouncing him as their ringleader, who had betrayed them for a price, there was a general smile of derision; and, as a mark of the public confidence in Mr. Thoms, he was given a place on the detective force, of which he was a member at the time of Mr. Dame's murder.

The mayor offered a large reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer. Mr. Thoms noticeably pricked up his ears at this. He was not the man to let such an amount of money slip through his fingers.

"He'll get it!" more than one of us whispered.

And sure enough, on the third morning, when we met again for consultation, Mr. Thoms sauntered in, with a smirk of satisfaction on his face, and took a seat at the table.

The rest of us had nothing new to tell, whereat Mr. Thoms smiled contemptuously.

"I have a report to make," he remarked, quietly.

"Proceed, sir," said the chief, eyeing him rather sharply.

"At an early hour this morning," Mr. Thoms continued, "I noticed a shabbily dressed man enter a pawnbroker's office. His manner was lurking and suspicious. I followed him in, making a pretext of wishing to pawn a ring I had taken from my finger. Whilst higgling with one of the clerks, I kept a keen eye on the man I had followed, who was offering a handsome gold watch to another clerk.

"'Let me see it,' I said, turning up my lapel and displaying my official badge; and placing myself between the customer and the door, I took the watch from the counter and examined it. Inside the case was the maker's name and the number. No doubt was possible. It was the murdered man's watch, of which I had a full description.

"The man gave no satisfactory account of himself, or his possession of the stolen property, and, of course, I arrested him at once. The case is a very simple one. The murder, it is conceded, was committed in the perpetration of a robbery. Part of the property taken is found in the possession of the prisoner, a circumstance which he fails to explain. What proof could be stronger?"

"Bravo!" we exclaimed. "The reward is yours, Mr. Thoms. It's a fortune you might afford to retire on, and give the rest of us a chance."

Mr. Thoms beamed benignantly, and the meeting broke up.

I was on the point of leaving with the others, when the chief touched my arm and desired me to remain for a few minutes.

Our brief conference was strictly confidential, and it would not be proper to reveal it here. At the end of it, I hurried out. My way and Mr. Thoms' lay along the same street; but he had so much the start that I was barely in time to see him enter his own door.

Bright and early next morning I was met by our chief at the principal railroad depot, whither I had cautiously followed a gentleman in an iron-gray wig and blue goggles, whom I lost no time in pointing out to the chief.

The latter approached and touched the gentleman's shoulder.

"A word with you, if you please, sir," said the chief.

"I'm in a great hurry," returned the other; "the train is about starting, and I really cannot afford to miss it."

"Do not force me, Thoms," the chief whispered, "to strip you of your disguise here. Your plan was cunningly laid, but, unluckily for you, it has not succeeded. It was a shrewd device of yours to feign intoxication night before last, and take an exposed seat in the park. From a concealed spot I saw a thief approach and pick your pocket of a watch, as you designed should be done. As he hurried away you rose and followed stealthily, whilst I, unobserved, kept in sight of you both. We all three sauntered up and down till morning came, and the shops began to open. I saw you and your man enter a pawn-broker's place, and there is no doubt that it was Mr. Dame's watch which was offered to be pledged, and quite as little that it is the same which I saw taken from your pocket by the thief whom you would now bring to the gallows with the double purpose of screening yourself and securing the proffered reward. The object of your present journey, doubtless, is to convey to a place of safety the rest of your ill-gotten gains."

The new prisoner was taken to a private room and searched, and on his person were found a number of articles readily identified as having belonged to Mr. Dame.

And so, after all, it was our model detective who was tried and hanged, and not the wretched pickpocket who had been purposely enticed into stealing the tell-tale watch, that he might suffer for another crime of which he was not guilty, and enable the real culprit to escape and pocket the reward.

A MODEL MEMORIAL.

PLAIN TALK TO CONGRESS OF A DESPERATE NEWSPAPER MAN.

About the liveliest memorial ever sent to Congress comes from the Wisconsin Editors and Publishers' Association asking for the remission of all tariff duties on chemicals and such other dutiable articles as enter into the manufacture of paper. In transmitting the resolution passed by the aforesaid Publishers Association the President, Mr. George W. Peck, adds in the memorial: "Now that you have read the resolutions, it is a supposable case that you will feel that your next duty is to throw them into the waste basket. In the name of 40,000,000 people, be the same more or less, I ask you not to lose your cue, but ruminate, as it were, and think over the highway robbery that is being practiced upon your unsophisticated constituents by the type founders, who are foundering the newspapers. As it is now, they stand in the entrance of the editorial sanctum and take the money that comes in on subscription, and only allow the publisher the cord-wood and farm produce. By the protection your alleged honorable body affords them in the way of tariff, they grapple the throat of every newspaper in America, and say 'Keno,' while the newspaper publisher can only return his chips to the dealer and say 'O, hell!' Every article that is used by a newspaper man, except second hand ulster overcoats and liver pads is protected by a tariff that makes the cold chills run up his spine.

"Another thing that the Association did not pass any resolutions about, but which they probably will at the next meeting, if there are enough of them left outside of the poor house to meet again before they meet on that beautiful shore, is the recent action of the manufacturers of paper, who are endeavoring to screw down the lid of the newspaper coffin which the type founders are preparing for the grave. In the last three months, by their own sweet will, they have run the price of paper up almost a hundred per cent. There is nothing to prevent them from doing it, as foreign manufactured paper is kept out of the country by the tariff. Every article that goes into the construction of rag paper, except bass wood, sweat and water, has a tariff on it. The soda, the asafœtida and blue mass, or whatever is used to deodorize undershirts and cast off drawers, so that they will smell good in a newspaper, has a corn on it in the shape of a tariff, so that the paper manufacturing three-card-monte chaps have an excuse to bleed newspapers to the last drop. What the newspaper men want, and they believe it is not an unreasonable demand, is the removal of the tariff on type, on rags, on paper, and on all chemicals used in the manufacture of paper. In a tariff on rags (if there is no tariff on rags you had better put one on, unless you remove the tariff on the rest of the stuff; if a tariff is a good thing you can't have too much of it) for instance, whom do you protect? Nobody but gutter snipe rag pickers, and old maids who save up rags to buy snuff, and tin peddlers who trade tin dippers and skimmers occasionally for a flour sack full of bad smelling rags. Are the rag pickers and old maids your principal constituents?

"The newspapers of the country believe that they are entitled to some consideration at your hands. They are in many instances the instruments through which many of you have attained the positions you now hold, and they never have got much of anything from you except patent office reports and agricultural documents. They have set up nights for you and done dirty work that may bar them out of all participation in the chariot races in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and now they demand that you protect them from the ravages of the type founding and paper making grasshoppers, before it is everlastingly too late.

"Not being one of the 'd—d literary fellers' so touchingly alluded to by the great Senator Simon Cameron, this epistle to you Corinthians may be a little raw, and not as polished as it should be, but it tries to represent the feelings of the newspaper men of Wisconsin in language that the wayfaring man, though a diabolical idiot, can understand, and it means business. The newspapers are desperate, and while they don't want to go on the war path, they feel that they have been ravished about enough by the different tribes of beneficiaries of the government. If you great men will pass a bill to give us relief, you will strike it rich, and don't you forget it."

A COTEMPORARY has the following bit of advice kept at the head of the column that merchants may not forget it: In all towns where a newspaper is published, every business man ought to advertise in it, even if it is nothing more than a card stating his name and the line of business in which he is engaged. It helps to sustain the paper, and lets the people in the distance know that the town is full of business men. The paper finds its way into hundreds of places where a hand bill cannot reach. A card in a paper is a traveling sign board, and can be seen by every reader. "Think of these things," and let your light shine.

"SAM," you are not honest. Why do you put all the good potatoes on top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front ob your house all marble an' de back gate chiefly slop-bar'l, sah."

It's a sharp rat that gnaws its own fodder —(knows its own father.)