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Millhoim on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. ,nas population of 6-700, is a thriving business centre, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the Counsel, has a larger circulation than all ether county papers combined. Advertisers will please make a note of th

Doctor Deane.

The December night was bitter cold with a diear sky above, the moon and stars shining brightly.

Doctor Deane sat before the fire. He was a young man of about cight and twenty years of age, with a pleasant and good looking face of florid complexion, and as yet unmar_ ried.

He sat, this freezing winter's night with his feet resting apon the brace fender, a m dieal book in his hands, and a pipe dangling from his mouth.

The contents of the book did not seem to entirely euchain his attention for every few moments he would raise his eyes and glance up at the clock on the mantel.

The clock struck twelve.

"Midnight," muttered the doctor aloud. "The men are fully an hour behind their appointed time. What can delay them ?"

The words had scarcely left his lips when the bell pealed loudly. Doctor Deane laid Jown his book upon the table.

He unlocked and spened the front door, and beheld two man standing before him in the clear monolight, carrying between them something long and heavy, which was concealed in a canvas bag.

The two men immediately entered with their strange burden, and Doctor Deane followed them into his private room.

They laid the heavy canvas bag upon the long table, which sto d behind a green baize curtin, that was hung by rings on a brass bar . unning from one end of the room to another.

Without uttering a word, the men slowly drew off the great big covering and a human form half nude was disclosed to view upon the table.

"The fellow said to the last that e was the wrong .nun, sir," ex-

newspaper both of which he handed Deane shuddered. "You will not give me up to the to the wondering doctor. cruel law again ? You will not "Before you open the box, sir, have me taken back to prison ? My which is not locked," said the stran-God ! will you not be merciful ;" ger, "you must read the marked "You were found guilty of mur- plece of news on the first page of der, George Leighton. You were that paper. And now, Doctor Deane, brought to the scaff dil to-diy, and good-night and good-bye."

Laying the box upon the table, by a most clumsy mistake, were cut down before life had entirely left | Deane hurriedly opened the paper, your body. By giving you up to at the first glance beheld the marked the justice from which you have for article, and with a beating heart a time escaped, I only do an impera- read the following piece of news : tive duty," said Deane.

"A DYING MAN'S CONFESSION .-"As I am now a living man, as Riram Wood, an aged man, passed there is a Heaven above, I am an innocent man !" . cried George before that event he made a terrible confession. In this confession he Leighton, fervently. "I never comdeclared himself a murderer ; said mitted the deed of which I am acthat he alone was the man who comcused-never, never ! I was conmitted the dark deed some seven or FURS. demned apon evidence which was purely circumstantial, and uo mureight years ago, and for which crime der rests upon my soul."

a young man, named George Leighton died upon the scaffold, sent there Something in the look of the man, by what then appeared to be the something in his voice and manner, strongest circumstantial evidences." caused Deane to think that, after all The newspaper fell from Doctor this being might be the victim of

circumstantial evidences. 'Don't give me up," pleaded Leighton, "Don't let them kill ma something firm and heavy. in earnest. Give me my freedom. -Allow me to leave this place a free And this is what he read : man, and the mercy which you will

now convinced that the man who show to an unfortunate man this swore to you that he was 'nnocent, night shall ever remain as close a secret with me as with you. You seven years ago, spoke God's holy may live to bless the hour when truth. I glory in the thought that such mercy was shown you : for if in this, your dark hour, I can be of the old saying that "murder will service to you. In the tin box you will find the sum of ten thousand out" was ever a prophetic one, it shall be in my case, doctor. I say dollars, a present from him who again, I am an innocent man ; and owes you his life. Blush not to take

the time will come when you and it, for it was all procured honestly. all the world shill be drmly convinc- As much more money is at your dised of the fact." "I will be merciful. I do not

know why it is, but I am strangely pleasant visit, when we can chat toforced to believe your declaration gether and be joyful. that you are an innocent man. I have an old suit of clothes here .---Arise and dress yourself, and let the coming of another ung it see you up. mptied out upon the table. on the ocean. Remember faithfully the belief I have in you, and never abuse the mercy thus shown you," py tidings.

The man, descending from the table, fell upon his bare kness before the young doctor. The clock struck the hour of two cian. in the morning as a man, wrapped up almost to the very eyes, passed out from the warmth and shelter

into the flerce coldness of the silent street. It was in a Summit street dry And Doctor Deane, sitting before goods store, only yesterday, that the fire, asked minself again and three women with eyes glistening. again, whether he had done right or as they survived the piles of dress wrong in allowing that man to go fabrics lying all around and about

forth free.

Seven years passed.

them, were holding a sort of consul tation over a dress pattern which had struck the fancy of one of them. "How do you think it will make

Life Illustra ed.

It was Christmas day. In the high room of a miserable. up ?" "What are you going to trim it proverty stricken old house, situated



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