# HUNTINGDON, PA, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1877.

Emmolo anopanitanu

tor's name was to be excluded from the list of her intimates; and when that lady called, which she did in a day or two after

face of the young wife, and familiarly seated her." herself on the sofa, beside Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Preston, in spite of her lovely face

The Story-Teller.

## Mrs. Preston's First Ouarrel.

At thirty, Charles Preston was a pros-perous merchant, doing a flourishing busi-ness, in a city out West; and was such a pleasant, upright fellow, that everybody-especially old folks and children-looked at him with partial eyes. All the marriageable ladies in his "set," watched him with covetous eyes; but Charley was blind and deaf to all feminine

blandishments until he met pretty Lucretia Waverly, the only daughter of one of his

lived his thirty years untroubled by any love dream, and amassed a fortune that would have made him an acceptable hus- angel-and make myself generally useful band to any woman with mercenary motives. But Lucretia Waverly, was not a merce-staunch old country merchant, who, although he indulged his daughter in many

ways never spoiled her by too expensive ADVERTISING MEDIUM. living; and she would have married Char. ley Preston if he had been as poor as a

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# God's Plans. Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forever have set, The things which our weak judgment here have spurned, The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet, Will flash before us out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how what seemed reproof was love most true. And we shall see, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me; How, when we called, he heeded not our cry, Because his wisdom to the end could see. And e'en as prudent parents disallow Too much of sweet to craving babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good. And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,

We find the wormwood and rebel and sink, Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine, Pours out this portion for our lips to drink. And if some friend we love is lying low Where human kisses cannot reach his face, ), do not blame the loving Father so, But bear your sorrow with obedient grace ! And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath And you shall shortly know that lengthened orea Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend, And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death Conceals the fairest bloom its love can send.

If we could push ajar the gate of life, And stand within, and all God's working see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart; God's plans, like lillies pure and white, unfold. We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart— Time will reveal the calyxes of gold. And if, through patient toil we reach the land, Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest, When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say that "God knows best."

BY OLIVE BELL

it's the very last cent he can afford. But I pay him off in his own coin, don't I.' She laughed, a hard disagreeable laugh, sob. and innocent Mrs. Preston looked at her wonderingly.

wonderingly. She was a warm-hearted, vivacious blonde; as fair and almost as fragile as a snowdrop; with cyces like twin forget me-nots, and an abundance of silky, yellow hair, worn in innumerable braids-cornet fashion-around her shapely head. wonderingly. "I suppose you would like to know how, wouldn't you?" she went on, idly toying the family I suppose I may as well tell you. In the first place I leave the sole care of the house and my two children to said she jilted you, and gave me your pho-

detests all such work, and I love it." -as if married life and its cares and a wife. loveless home were no trouble to her. Mrs. Preston, guileless as a dove, felt grieved and shocked.

young wife, an expression of deep commisseration creeping into her blue eyes. church mouse, as readily as the prosperous

"Just how all matrimonial differences city merchant, who loved her so devotedly, and gave her such costly gifts. She loved "Henry objected to my mode of dressing,

"O, how could you-we quarreled about it," cried Lucretia, the tears rolling down

husband."

marred the lovely face again.

# Select Miscellann.

travagance. The money did not come out a spirit could alone remain there in that of your pocket, and consequently it is none of your business. What if the minister does call on Ann Smith twice a week?

The Shadow in the Valley.

called, which she did in a day or two after the above conversation, Lucretia's welcome was more polite than fervent. "I am so delighted to have you for cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Astor, after the compliments of the day had been exchanged "I must really compliment Charley on his choice of a wife. In a season or two you will eclipse me." The little black eyed beauty laughed merrily, as a flush crept up into the fair face of the young wife, and familierly seated Up and down that valley through which

She looked pitifully at her husband. In about it the other week, when he surren-

fiercest and longest. When the soldiers moved out of the valley, leaving near three hundred graves behind them, the wolves rushed out from canon and ravine and den, to dig up the fresh earthland feasted on the Let Your Neighbor Alone. No people are such a thorough nuisates is those who are perpetually medding started. The shadow was there before is those who are perpetually medding started at the first before to be start. They were the started to grant these sources and rights and point and the started to grant these sources and rights is in possible that you can find out any the the basicess of their neighbors, who is in possible that you can find out any the the shadow closely pursued. They have always on the sleet for anything say of errypholy. Reader if you belong to that unfortucate class, we pity you. Ar-the this is going on in your vicinity-possible that you can find out any they contain. It is none of your business, and if your flighty neighbor, Mrs. Light, to you meed not free above they have always be the sentinel beat over the grave, curving and winding to take in they ontain. It is none of your business, and if your flighty neighbor, Mrs. Light, to the devoted hashad was pathets to her th

NO. 21. Fred Douglas' Speech.

Fred. Douglas, the Marshel of the Dis trict of Columbia, made s speech in Balti-more, on Taesday night, in which he han dles the Washingtonians without gloven

uses the Washingtonians without gloven In speaking of life and society in that eity, Douglas, in his terrible caustic style, said : vines, a shadow lurks day and night. The last scalp had hardly been torn from the head of the cavalryman who had crept in-to the tall grass to die, when this shadow skulked into that valley of death and be-gan dealing out retribution. The chief, Dull Knife, had much to say about it the other week, when he surren-dered. He spoke in whispers when he re-

The standard of t

# Who are the Blessed?

Bles

poor husband. Henry is as stiff and stolid in creation. as an ox. When he puts his foot down on anything, it's there. He gave me so much a year for my own use, and I have to live on it if I do go like a beggar. He says "Charley Preston ! You tell me that af

Just the woman to bewitch a cool, clear-headed man like Charley Preston who had the servants. Secondly, I keep all my pleasant words and smiles for company, "My picture? The treacherous vixen!

"There !" Mrs. Lucretia laid the dainin the woman's rights movement. Astor ty piece of card-board on the table before him. He looked down at his own pictur-She laughed again-a low musical laugh ed face, then up into the angry face of his

questioned he."

"How did it all begin ?" inquired the plied Mrs. Preston, awed a little by the set sternness of his face.

begin," said Mrs. Astor, with a half yawn. er gave it to her. What did she tell you about her own affairs ?"

ter what I've seen and heard," with a half

"See here, Mrs. Preston"-Charley wa cetting excited-"if you are going to be-

and snub him in every possible way. Then I flirt with other men who think I am an session."

"And you believe her, of course. Where

"You believe I gave her that picture,

"She says you did," rather meekly re-

she got the picture I cannot say, but I nev-

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ent eyes of a child. of a room furnished in blue and gold. ictures !" her the loveliest picture in the room. to be at the office to-morrow." said to be faultless. my home duties." kinds S OFI it styles of New Type, Borders, dds of material necessary for the DFFICE, we are prepared to do ers of any size, Circulars, Busi-g Cards, Ball Tickets, Program-s, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal ill Heads, Letter Heads, Pam-etc., etc., etc. Our prices are nd our work will compare favor-We make it a point to employ nd will not permit an *apple butter* ooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in work, and see what we can do. Mrs. Gore's." the fire. "Because she is a vain heartless woman - COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. -

side, and the short honeymoon was like a everything to annoy him. He gave me I ever saw. She will leave nothing undream to the young wife, who looked on the gay scenes around her with the inno-I'm not fit to be seen." Mrs. Astor concluded ber little speech After a short sojourn in the East, they returned to the home that had been furhished and filled up for them during their and an impatient toss of her handsome who was determined not to be so easily head. Mrs. Preston glanced at her rich absence. Upholsters, paper-hangers and painters, had done their work perfectly and becoming carriage dress of soft garnet nd Mrs. Preston fairly clapped her dimand Mirs. Preston fairly chapped her dim-pled hands with delight when she entered her parlor in her husband's home—a gem of a room furnished in hus and gold who told her sorrows and acknowledged her handsome in the sorrows and sor "Oh, Charley," she exclaimed waltzing faults with such charming simplicity. In that Lucretia should so persistently believe around the room, with her traveling hat n her hand, and the color coming and lieved Mrs. Astor and thought Herry n her hand, and the color coming and going in her pink cheeks, "this is the loveliest room I ever saw. And such "You do not know how miserable I am," oveliest room I ever saw. And such went on the low, sweetly modulated voice, Her shining blue eyes took in the dainty as Mrs. Astor put a dainty scrap of cambits of landscape and rare old Scriptural bric and lace to her eyes. "If I did not thousand; only you mightn't have been scenes at a glance. She dropped down on go out so much I would actually die of the such a hypocrite, and pretended you never horrors." an ottoman, with a sigh of supreme "It is such a pity. I hope Charley and I will never drift apart in such a way.— i a storm of reproaches, calling Charley a content, and her husband mentally voted "Come," said Charley, extending his Indeed it seems almost impossible that two hard hearted deceitful wretch; and wished hand; "if you are not too tired, we will persons loving each other as we do, should she had staid at home among her flowers look over the house together. I will have ever disagree," said Mrs. Preston's earnest and birds, and finally ended, by declaring They went, hand in-hand, from one room deep and strong and fervent. to another, and Mrs. Preston announced "Don't be too sanguine in your expec-

the arrangement perfect. Even the stout tations," said Mrs. Astor sharply. "Some Irish servant girl in the kitchen, and the day you may wish you had never seen for both parties were thoroughly aroused trig maid of all-work, who looked shyly at your husband's face. It might have been But Henry Astor's coachman was suddenher young mistress, were inspected and different with me if I had married a dif- ly ushered into the room, with a message ferent man. But Henry and I had not a from his master, that chilled Mrs. Preston thought in common. He is quiet, generous, to the heart. "We will be as happy as the day is long,"

vas Mrs. Preston's self-satisfied assertion, and one of your goodish moral men, who as she went into her own room-a cozy never did anything wrong in their lives; retreat, furnished in blue and grey—"and and I—well I suppose I'm just what that I tered, as she repeated the man's words. I mean to be such a good wife; and will plain spoken husband of yours called me She glided swiftly to her husband's side, let nothing in the world take the place of once-'a light-headed fool.'" Mrs. Preston blushed; and gay Mrs. into his face, beseechingly.

"Bravely said, little wife," said Charley; and I warn you, Lucretia, not to encour-laugh, half-scornful, half defiant, and rated forever," she whispered; while Charage Cousin Henry Astor's wife in her added, fixing her black eyes on a fine por- ley drew her closer to his side, as he revisits or friendships. She will doubtless trait of Mr. Preston.

"She is a very fascinating woman, but under her black lastes at bills. And to tor. her attractiveness won't wear. I would face, which had paled suddenly. And to "Poor misguided creature!" was Mr "Why ?" innocently inquired Mrs. Pres- card case from her pocket and displayed a Preston's only comment. "A home left

Charley Preston's black brows knit in a paper would burn her fingers.

light frown as he leaned his elbow on the low marble mantel, and looked down into the smiling upturned face of his wife.

Lucretia; and has led Harry a miserable life. She is a leader in society, a Woman-Suffragist, and if one is to believe her own story's perfect slave to a despotic husband." "I am so sorry," said Mrs. Preston with

liked her so much." "Every one likes her, but she is none the less to be avoided for all that. Few people | ward a woman who has jilted him."

Mrs. Helen Astor laughed maliciously, know her as thoroughly as I do. When

So one sunshiny, October day, when the and I resented that of course. I had mar-"Mrs. Preston went over Mrs. Astor" sun lay on the fields and hills around the ried a wealthy man, and I was going to story as briefly and sulkily as possible. old Waverly mansion like sheets of pale dress. Then, he objected to some of my "If Henry objected to her spending mongold, and the garden paths were gorgeous associates, and once, after I had been out ey he was forced to it, for he could not with chrysantheums and fall flowers, the four nights in the week, attending the satisfy her extravagant demands on his pretty bride-elect was married and said meetings of a 'club' we women had or purse, without ruining himself. The comgood bye to her parents and dear old neigh ganized, he suggested that I should stay pany he objected to were brainless fops bors. She had no fears for the future as she went out into the world by her husband's I pleased, and danced and flirted, and did the smoothest, most deceiving hypocrites

> telling you such a falsehood." Mrs. Astor concluded her little speech with a tragic gesture of one little hand "I suppose she thinks 'forewarned fore-armed,"" doggedly replied Mrs. Preston,

> conciliated. "Mr. Preston looked at his wife, a mixsilk and velvet, and thought it anything ture of doubt, anger and sorrow in his face.

> > and uphold Mrs. Astor. "No more of such nonsense," he exclaimed angrily. "I did not give her the picture; and that is all I have to say about

"I do not care if you had given her a cared for anybody, but me !" sobbed the

voice, for her love for her husband was she would go home to 'mother.'

How far this senseless quarrel would have gone, or how many heartaches it would have led to, it is difficult to say;

"Dying? Helen Astor dying !' Lucretia's lips were white, and her teeth chattered, as she repeated the man's words. and laid her warm hand on his looking up

quested the man to tell him what had hap

"What an elegant picture of cousin pened. Mrs. Astor, the man explained call on you in a day or so." "What an elegant picture of cousin "Mrs. Helen Astor!" said Mrs. Preston in surprise, "why I thought she was the gave me before I was married. Ah ! what sweetest woman I ever saw. I met her at happy hours we have spent together !"- wishes. The horses ran away-overturn-Irs. Gore's." "She is a very fascinating woman, but under her black lashes at Mrs. Preston's it was thought, fatally injuring Mrs. As-

ton, as she laid aside her traveling wraps, and seated herself in a low rocker before wife did not a Compt to touch it, for it wiles. Come!" looking at his wife, who seemed to her as if the cold, satin-like stood like one stunned : "Get your wraps.

The carriage is at the door, is it not Pat-"You can have it if you wish," went on | rick ?"

The coachman nodded, and backed out the siron like voice, "for of course, all nonof the lovely blue and gold room, with eyes sense is at an end between us now." Mrs. Preston shook her head and forced distended; and after a few moments delay a careless laugh, as Mrs. Astor tossed the Mr. and Mrs. Preston followed him, and picture into a silver card basket, with a were soon in the chamber of the woman, look in her black eyes which said plainly, who lay, propped up by pillows, in a great "you have done your work." white bed, a ghastly horror on her white "I must be going, but I mean to come face, and in her glittering eyes. Her husa half sigh. "I shall be so lonely, and I again, although I know Charley dislikes band, a sad faced man, with two curlyme. But then you know it is not natural headed children clinging to his hand, and

for a man to have very good feeling to- the family physician, were the only persons in the room. "Lucretia !" whispered Mrs. Astor, as

heart she was sorry that Mrs. Helen As. up the picture Mrs. Astor had so carelessly me that picture."

Why exercise your brain about it? Let

him court away. Suppose she has an aw-ful temper, and powders her face, as you their white foes, they encamzed in the val-ley for the night. The shadow stole among says she does-her temper will not trouble you. Mind you own concerns. What them as they slept, and when a fierce scream aroused the band from slumber five difference does it make to you if bold Maria "cut" modest Mary? You need not torof the red men had been murdered-each ture Mary by long stories of what you heard concerning the matter. "I thought I would tell you, my dear. I speak for bronzed throat slashed across with a keep knife. The shadow stood a little ways off and jeered the living, who huddled toyour good. Somebody should put you on gether like frightened children. When your guard against that treacherous girl. they fled for their lives it pursued them with drawn sabre, and the chief has a sear As a natural consequence, modest Mary, her womanly pride aroused, shrinks into on the shoulder to prove that he was struck the back ground, leaving the field open to by the blade. Next day, when a full hand of Indians marched into the valley to solve her victorious rival. So you crush a good girl's heart because you will not mind your own business. What if they do have the mystery and secure revenge, they saw no living thing. The bodies of their dead three pairs of stockings over at 'Squire warriors were cut and hacked and gashed. Hills?. Haven't they a right to? As Five of the poor cavalrymen whose brains had been beaten out and limbs dismemberlong as you don't do the washing, it need not trouble you at all. What right have ed had been avenged. you to watch their clothes line ? Employ Before the crown of a single grave had

your time better. It may be true that dashing Mrs. Gay signals to young Dr. Wilde from her back windows. But who sunk down, Crazy Horse started to cross the valley at midnight with his lodges. The shadow confronted his band and mockgave you the privilege of watching a lady ed them, and as the red men hurried along in her own home, where, if any place, her in the darkness, vividly recalling the mud privacy should be sacred ? Her disgrace charge of the cavalry and the fierce desis nothing to you ; it is none of your busiperation of the surprised villagers, the ness. If we had our way, meddlers should be published like any other offenders strange shadow skulked along with the going to do with it. against the rights of others.

## The Duty of a Woman to be a Lady.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, noon, when the sunshine beat down upon s destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling. creek. "The world is wide, these things are small;

If this shadow was a shadow-a mist, a They may be nothing, but they are all." Nothing? It is the first duty of a nothing-it could not beat paths, nor laugh

good sense. Bad manners in woman is and yet, if it is not a shadow, how does it stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no seimmorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of cirregionance of etiquette is the result of cir-cumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the ameni-band of cavalrymen escaped death in some takes. He uses no ignoble weapons in ties of this kind. But self possessed, un-shrinking and aggressive coarseness of de-he wandered about among rocks and val-He is ashamed of incendoes. He is not

not would ded when a woman rais in world'y and show a they galloped away, it sent a ment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward Y. Sun. be found wanting, he receives an inward Y. Sun. hurt .- Gail Hamilton.

as impenetrably dense.

ed men Once, when Dull Knife and a trusty few Blessed is the woman who never says were scouting to learn the whereabo

her husband, "I told you so." Blessed is the man who enn se wn buttons when the baby is orging.

Blessed is the woman who a widower-providing he's your father. Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who new oks down on you-when you are in the

Riessed is the poor relation looks up to you-for money. Blassed is the old maid who don't ha

old people and children. Blessed is the old has ed is the old back

ate cats and pin cushions. Blessed are the married people

on't wish they were single. Blessed are the single prople

content to remain so. Blessed is the husband who never so his mother's pies were better than wife's are.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of her "de

departed" for No. 2 to emulate Blessed is the man who gives his ten cents without asking her what she in

column and fired shot after shot into the Blessed is the woman who band. They fired at it, and pushed out to when the stove pipe fails down on capture it, but the shadow disappeared as shadows do. Two squaws, a child or two, ean fix it up without swearing.

an old man and two warriors fell by the Blessed is the friend who never requir builets which the shadow fired. From that the loan of your umbreila.

time the red men avoided the valley as Blessed is the neighbor who is as busy white men avoid the pest houses. They with his own affairs that he has no t would not cross it or skirt it, even at high to pry into yours.

Where are the blowed the graves and on the waters of the historic Echo answers, "Where ?"

## The Christian Gentleman.

oman to be a lady. Good breeding is and jeer, nor cut throats and fire rifles; He is above a mean thing. He cannot live ? Is it some erazy hunter, whose be- eret in the keeping of another. He betrays Bashfulness is constitutional. fogged mind drunk in the story of the aw- no secret confided to his keeping.

ties of this kind. But self possessed, un-shrinking and aggressive coarseness of de-meanor may be redened as a State priorn offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a butter shame that they need it. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alks bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint.— Do not wish to dance with the prince un-sought; feel differently. Be sure that you confer an honor. Carry yourself so loftly that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural senti-ment of an towards woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in senti-ting discoved in aggregation provided in a state prince and the base as large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to the a man—a gaunt, long-baired huma be-ing, dressed in rage, which had once be and they hen her a wound fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in senti-ting discover. It he would a work at them a carbine and a subre, and when they galloped away, it sent a lad hook at them a carbine and a subre, and when they galloped away, it sent a lad when they gallope

THIS is about the time of year that Eve WHEN a young man's salary will not used to examine the foliage of fig-leaves glass put in his wife's sitting room to and pick out the prettlest for her new match her eyes he said. She returned the count; but do not go any farther." Mrs. Preston obediently promised to obey her husband's instructions, although in her eyes be said. She returned the match her eyes be said. She returned the band's arm, "I'm dying. God has punished me at last. I told you a falsehood—a cruel, malicious lie—when I said Charley gave

A MARRIED man in St. Louis had his