

## THE TABLES TURNED.

Fanny Rose and Jessie Blair were certainly the belles of the school, did I tell you? We went to Miss Wynn's school at that time and Miss Wynn was the most delightful teacher—had so many receptions and parties and all that, and liked to see the girls look as well as possible. It was provoking to some of us younger ones, whose mothers would only let us wear white to see the splendor of some of the large girls' dresses.

The two who dressed best were Fanny Rose and Jessie Blair. At the parties they had such lots of finery you can't think, and it was a great thing for each to hide from the other what she was to wear. And of course when the Christmas party was coming on we knew there would be something uncommon.

What were the Christmas parties? On every Christmas eve parents and brothers and cousins were invited, and there were quadrilles; and, of course, other peoples' brothers, you know. A beau couldn't be thought of at a seminary, but there were lots of brothers, and no objections to cousins. The brother that liked Fanny Rose best was a young naval officer, and the cousin who admired Jessie Blair was a young doctor; but there was a millionaire brother—a brother to Miss Highjinks, of the West Indies—who was the lion of the evening, and Fanny and Jessie had not decided on whose life it was yet.

I think we all hoped Fanny Rose would look best; she was kinder to the little girls, and Jessie took airs. But two or three of us thought Jessie the handsomest. She was a brunette; Fanny was a blonde.

What curiosity there was when we parcels came by the same express wagon, one for Miss Rose, and one for Miss Blair. We coaxed Fannie to tell us what hers was, but she was afraid we should tell Jessie or one of the other big girls. However, she did let it out that it was blue, and we vowed not to breathe a whisper.

That Jessie would wear garnet I felt quite sure myself, and I told Fanny so. I had heard Jessie declare that garnet became her more than anything else when her mother came to the school and had that long talk with her the week before. As a reward for this information, Fanny promised me a private view of her costume.

We went alone into the little room she had to herself and she put the dress on. Oh how beautiful it was, all covered with puffings of blonde. I vowed she would be the prettiest girl in the room, and she laughed and said no doubt—she knew it; but though she pretended to joke I know she was in earnest. Oh, she was pretty.

While we were looking at it I thought I heard a noise at the door, but was not quite sure.

However, as I went down stairs some one caught me by the hand. It was Jessie Blair.

"Come here, Kitty," said she. I've something to say to you. Come into my room."

I followed her, and of course, I expected to be asked about Fannie's dress, and vowed to myself not to say a word. But all she said to me was: "You are ink monitor next writing day ain't you?"

I said "yes."

"Well," said she, "when you have filled the stands put the ink jug on the shelf over the door, and I'll give you ten dollars." Now you must know that it was by special request that Fanny Rose had a room to herself. The other big girls were in the first-class dormitory, and this little room where Fanny's was next to the class-room where we wrote; and there was a door between the rooms, with a light over it, which was let down and made a sort of shelf. Girls had put books there and had been scolded for it."

"But, why put it there?" said I.

She looked at me again.

"Ten dollars and the work box you like so much," said she, "to put it there, and push it well back over the other edge. Little goose, you'll not get a scolding. Scholars that pay as well as you do needn't fear much for accident—at all. To let the jug fall into the next room, eh?"

Then I knew all. Fanny's new dress pinned in white paper, lay on the table under the light.

I kept my face straight.

"I'd like ten dollars," said I; "and if I dare, I'll do it."

"But, oh, you wretch, I'll expose you," I said to myself.

As soon as I had a chance I found Fanny Rose and told her all. She listened quietly. After awhile she said:

"Did you see Jessie Blair's dress in her room?"

"I saw a parcel just like yours," said I, "on a table." She laughed.

"Kitty," said she, "do what Jessie Blair told you to do, and take the bribe, you little goose. My dress won't be there, and you'll see some fun I'll catch her in her own net. You'll know what I have done when it is over. Do what you were told to do."

"But I can't see how," I began.

"Mind me," said she, "and take the little imp's bribe. I'll give you—" "No," said I; "I won't take anything, but I'll do it. I think I see the trick."

Oh! it was hard work to keep it to myself, but I did. Wednesday came. I was ink-monitor. I filled all the stands, and got upon the library steps as though to reach to the top of the book case. Instead, I put the jug on the light over the door,

"Take that down at once, Kitty," cried the writing teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, and then I staggered. "Catch me—I'm falling," said I. And over went the jug through into Fanny's room.

Everyone shrieked. Fannie cried out—

"Oh! it's in my room! My beautiful new dress!"

"You bad child," cried Jessie, "I hope your dress is safe Fanny."

Then in rushed all the girls, and Fanny began to lament.

"My new dress all spoiled. I haven't even tried it on yet! It's just as it came in the paper, and it's soaked through."

"But, dear me, Mrs. Quill did you ever hear of ink turning a blue dress red?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Quill.

"There's been a mistake," said Fanny. "This is not the dress Madame More was to send. I never saw it before. It's garnet. Oh, I am so sorry. Jessie Blair, your name is in this paper. They must have sent the parcels to the wrong rooms, and we've never found it out."

Jessie Blair gave one glance and one scream, and flew to her room. I followed and brought back Fanny Rose's blue dress, both being done up in white paper, with Madame More's advertisement on the outside. The parcels were exactly alike, and no one wondered at what had occurred.

Of course, you see it; Fanny had exchanged the parcels. It was only that for that.

"You little traitor!" said Jessie to me after I'd been well reprimanded by Mrs. Quill and given a chapter of Testament to learn by Miss Wynn. "I'll punish you for this!"

"No you won't, Miss Jessie," said I; "I know too much. You wouldn't stay in this school long if I told the truth."

And she never spoke of the matter again.

Perhaps it would have been the same in any case, for I hope love don't depend on dress; but Jessie looked beautiful that night, and she is married to the West Indian millionaire, and I'm to pay her a visit the next holidays and go with them to the opera.

## THE THIEF.

They had been together at the farm house all that summer vacation, and Robinson Joyce was in love with Kitty Williams. Now he was going away. He knew very well that if he did not, Tape & Button would engage another man for their cravat department. He wanted to say something to Kitty before he went, but really he did not know whether she liked him or not and it might be better to postpone risking all. He went up stairs to pack his valise, and Kitty who had feelings of her own, went out into the garden to take a walk amongst the roses. Instead, she sat down in an arbor, and there saw a little occurrence which has more to do with the story than it may seem to have at present—the chambermaid talking beside the peavines to a rough dissipated fellow. She caught the words:

"Well, Galie, if I go to the dogs it's your fault."

"It's not," said Sally. "It's just your own; but there—I have got some money for you. I was trying to frighten you. Hard enough I got it, God knows. If it wasn't for mother I'd say no more to you."

She thrust something into his hand and he gave an ungracious "Thank ye," and ran away.

Meanwhile, Robinson coming down stairs, paused, on the bedfoot lay two little gray silk gloves. What lover ever lived who did not value his lady's glove! Robinson sped across the room, clutched a glove, pressed it to his lips, and then crammed it into his pocket to keep as a relic of that happy summer. The stage was at the door. He had barely time to shake hands with every one, and to hold Kitty's fingers a little longer than the others. Then away, thinking of her as young men in the gentlemen's furnishing business may think, I suppose as well as nights of old, and the heroes of poems and plays. And while he spun toward New York in an express train, the whole household at Rabbit Hill were looking for a little gray glove which was lost mysteriously. Papa had sent, by registered letter, to his daughter a bank note for a hundred dollars. This money the dress-maker having omitted making a pocket in the dress she wore that day, and so being without her portmanteau, Kitty had put it in her glove, tucked nicely in and left it just for a few minutes, on the foot of the bed in her room.

The glove was gone!

Sally had been to change towels since then. She declared that she saw both gloves lying on the bed at that time. "Though, of course," she added, "I had no idea the money was wrapped up in one of them."

No idea! other people did not think so. The rough man had been seen by several. Kitty told of the scene at the gate. She would have forgiven the girl, but the old farmer was not so soft hearted. He sent for the proper authorities, and Sally was arrested. Before she went she made a speech.

"I'm innocent," she said. "I only gave my brother a couple of dollars, the last of my wages; but there's them higher in life than me that is not so honest, and I saw Mr. Robinson Joyce go into your room and bring something out. I did, now, and why not have him arrested as well as me?"

This turned all the young lady's passion into scorn.

"You absurd story-teller!" she said. "I wanted to save you; now I don't care. Mr. Joyce indeed!"

The rest echoed, Mr. Joyce indeed! And Sally was ignominiously borne away to prison, there to await her trial.

On the following morning Robinson Joyce was up betimes. He shaved—in the interest of a struggling moustache. He dressed, and he kissed the little glove. He breakfasted and went to his place at Tape & Button's. Mr. Button, who was amiable, "hoped he had a pleasant time." Mr. Tape who was not amiable, said: "Well I suppose you are unfitted for your duties, like the other young men, by this absurd mid-summer gallanting."

Robinson smiled meekly, and said, "Yes sir," to one, and "I hope not sir," to the other; and at lunch, when he took his sandwich in the recess behind a packing box, he kissed the glove once more, to sweeten his life again. As he did so his lips felt that there was something in the glove. He unfolded it carefully, and horrors of horrors!—saw a hundred dollar bill.

In a minute more everybody was surprised by seeing Mr. Robinson Joyce, with another clerk's hat on flying through the store.

"Please, sir," said the office boy, "he said, 'a thief! a thief!' and hit himself over the head twice, and I think he said a swear word, too."

"The young man is mad," said Mr. Tape. "I can't permit my clerks to run mad like that. I shall dismiss him. Jones, take the cravat counter."

"Perhaps he choked; he was eating his lunch," said Mr. Button.

"I don't allow my clerks to choke," said Mr. Tape.

Meanwhile Mr. Joyce had rushed into the Grand Central Depot, caught a train, and was on his way to Rabbit Hill, where he appeared with a hat two sizes too small on the back of his head, and his eyes starting from their sockets.

There was a rush to the piazza. The whole party gathered about him, while he, gasping, cried:

"Miss Kitty Williams! Where is Miss Kitty Williams? I must see Miss Kitty Williams at once!"

Kitty descended from her room with speed, acceded to his request for a private interview. The parlor door was shut on them, and he threw himself at her feet.

"I am not a thief!" he gasped.

"Of course not, Mr. Joyce," said Kitty.

"But I found your money," he added. "I have it here."

"My goodness! Sally said so. Where did you find it, Mr. Joyce?" said Kitty.

Cupid came to Robinson Joyce's aid just then.

"Next my heart," he answered.

Then he told her all—How he had loved her; how he wanted to keep something she had worn; how having much precedent of a literary nature for the act, he carried away her glove, though being in the dry goods business himself, he must have known better than did the knights and cavaliers who were not in trade. In fact, he made love to her in approved fashion; and she, liking the romance of it all, I think was not cruel.

### A MOONLIGHT VIEW.

About ten o'clock the other evening, as a number of passengers at the Third street station were waiting for a train out, a woman about forty-five years of age approached the special officer on duty in the passenger room and said she guessed she'd go out and take a view of the river by moonlight if he'd mind her satchel.

Not alone? he queried.

Well, I guess I can take care of myself, she replied.

There may be rough men about.

Then it will be the wus for them. She had been gone ten minutes when two or three voices were heard shouting. The officer ran out, and as he did so a man with a bloody ear passed him on one side, while on the other he caught a fleeting glimpse of a chap with both hands on his jaw.—The woman was coming up from the river with a serene gait, and as she reached him she said:

The view is just boss. Is that the Canada shore over there?

Those two men, madam—did you see 'em?

Kinder seen 'em.

And what happened?

They followed me down to the wharf, and one of 'em called me his darling. They left pretty soon after that.

H-how?

She extended her hand. In the palm rested an iron slug-shot, weighing half a pound, which was made fast to her wrist by a string.

I guess you needn't worry about me? she grimly observed as he hefted the missile. Are there any other moonlight views around here with seeing?

WHAT MADE HIM FEEL SO BAD.

"John, do you remember coming home last night and asking me to throw you an assorted lot of hey holes out of the window, so that you might find one large and steady enough to get your latchkey in?"

"Yes dear."

"And you remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on?"

"Yes dear."

"And the night before that how you tried to jump into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?"

"Yes dear."

"And still another night when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding on, and then attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular wall?"

"Yes dear."

"John, do you realize that you have come home sober but two nights in the past week?"

"Have I dear."

"That's all; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, too. The idea of a man of your age—but John why you're crying. There, there, dear, I didn't mean to be too severe. After all, you did come home sober two nights." Yes, that's what makes me feel so bad."

And then the meeting adjourned.

## BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhoea, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. It acts upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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