

liamson, and if men will make blunders they must pay for them."

"But my friend mistook the house.—He thought it was my room that he was entering, and he thought it was I in the bed."

"But it was my sister."

"Well, there was no harm in that." "How the deuce do I know, Mr. Williamson? I merely know the facts in the case, just as I have stated them, and I am bound to have satisfaction of your friend. He must marry the lady, even if she is compelled to sue for a divorce the next day after."

"And lose my Maria!" I yelled forgetting in the agony of that thought the necessity for silence.

"Ha! that's him," cried the fat gentleman, rushing into the room, followed by a long, thin, peaked-chinned lady of thirty-five, perhaps, whose face was the color of tan bark, and whose eyes were as red as a soldier's button-hole.

"O, ho, Mr. What's-your-name," cried the tan-colored lady, springing forward, and clutching my hair, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Danged if I ain't," I answered, trying to sink into my balmoral.

"And what are you going to do about it, sir? Just tell me that will you?" inquired the fat gentleman, grasping me by the arm. "Didn't you know that it was a high crime and a misdemeanor, for which you might be impeached, sir?—Didn't you know that you might be lynched, sir, and don't you think you deserve to be lynched, sir, for attempting to do what you have done, contrary to the laws of the Commonwealth, and against the peace and dignity of the State?"

Looking at the tan-colored sister, I could not answer in the affirmative. "And now, what do you propose to do about it?" cried the fat gentleman.

"Why," said I, "I'm very sorry, sir; and for you, madam, I beg your pardon. It was all a mistake, I assure you, and my friend Williamson will tell you so."

"Quite likely, sir; but suppose such miserable mistakes should become common? They must be nipped in the bud," and the fat gentleman looked exceedingly fierce. "To come to the point, you must either marry my sister, or—"

"What?" I gasped, fixing my eyes upon the countenance of the tan-colored female, who gave me an amorous glance at this point.

"Marry my sister, or I'll shoot you like a dog."

"Choose," cried the tan-colored one. And quick, too," yelled the fat one growing excited.

"I'll marry her," I faltered.

"When?" inquired the lady.

"Name the day yourself. The sooner the better."

"This afternoon, then, at two o'clock."

"And meantime you will remain a prisoner in one of the chambers," said the fat gentleman, "and your friend must have no intercourse with you."

"I submit."

"Very good," said the fat gentleman; "and now follow me."

He led me to this room, brought my clothes, and locked me in. I have taken a bath since, and am now dressed ready for the execution—or the marriage ceremony, rather. Shall I ever survive it?

"Hold heart; But bear me stiffly up." I hear a footstep at the door. My time is almost come. The fat gentleman enters. Adieu, my own beloved Maria, adieu!

Three o'clock, P. M. The ceremony is concluded, and I still live. Truly

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we will."

The fat gentleman conveyed me to his house, where I found his sister, arrayed in her best, the minister, and Williamson waiting for us.

I was introduced to the minister, and then Williamson asked me if I was all ready, and I answered that I was.

"You can take your places then," said the minister.

"Place me on the trap, and draw the cap over my eyes."

"The lady isn't here," said Williamson.

"Yes, I am," answered a voice from the door.

I sprang forward, almost crazy with delight and astonishment.

"That voice!" I cried, "that form, those eyes, that nose! It is, it is my own, my darling Maria!"

"You bet," she exclaimed throwing herself in my arms.

We kissed.

"And this is your brother from Australia?" I asked.

"Yes, love. And this is my sister; but you are not going to marry her. We found out who you were, by some of my letters which I found in your coat after your abrupt departure this morning from my room."

"Then it was your room that I entered—not your sisters?"

"Exactly. But don't make such a mistake again, my dear."

"Won't I though?"

Then we took our places, and the minister made us one flesh.

And this is a true account of how I found my Maria.

Couldn't Find the Verdict.

At a recent session of one of the courts of South Carolina, an entire negro jury was empanelled. A case was brought before them, the witness examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments.

The judge, after laying down the law and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hand of the foreman, a rather intelligent looking negro, with instructions as soon as they found a verdict to bring it without fail.

Thirty minutes more elapsed, when the jury returned headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge.

As the foreman appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired:

"Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?"

"No, Massa Judge, we habn't found 'em no how," replied the ebony jurymen.

"It's a very plain case," said the judge.

"Can't help it massa, couldn't see it," replied ebony, again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the judge.

"We didn't look into de grounds, Massa Judge," replied the foreman; "de ossifier did not take us out into de grounds, but he took us into a room and locked us in, and told us when we found de verdict he would let us out. So we began to find de verdict, and search every nook, corner, crevis, and every ting dere was in that room, but we found no verdict—no nuffin ob de kind dere."

Powerful Effect of Strychnine.

An Ohio paper says an instance illustrating the terrible activity and virulence of strychnine lately came to our observation, which occurred to us as being rather remarkable, though we suppose it a natural result. This is the case. A farmer, named Gilson, living near Girard, thinking to rid his cornfield of a troublesome ground hog, managed to administer the quadruped a dose of strychnine which killed him nearly instantly. The carcass was suspended in a tree, where the crows soon espied the savory bid and proceeded to appease their appetites. After partaking of the fatal meal the crows would fly rapidly a short distance, as if in agony, and fall dead to the ground. The bones being thoroughly stripped of the flesh, remained exposed to the bleaching influence of sunshine, rain and frost for nearly two years, when falling to the ground, a highly prized dog masticated parts of them, and died from the effects in a space not exceeding ten minutes.

A case of Deafness of 14 years standing (the result of Catarrh) cured by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.—Levi Springer, Esq. of Durban's Corners, Williams Co., O., writes, under date of January 6, 1869, that he has been using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and says it has cured him of deafness of fourteen years standing. He was so deaf that he could not hear a person talk when seated by their side, and can now hear the church bells ring two miles distant. It is sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"What is a strait?" The class looked blank, except one small boy, who said he could tell. The schoolmarm hopefully told him to proceed. "It beats two pairs."

Philadelphia covers about one hundred and twenty-seven square miles of territory.

Variety is the spice of life. So of a newspaper. But neither should be all-spice.

Hint to a lover—To succeed as a suitor, you must suit her well.

Quite natural—That Jews should be fond of jew-elry.

A wringing machine—The income tax.

SUNDAY READING.

A GOOD RULE.

BY ALICE CARY.

A FARMER, who owned a fine orchard, one day went out with his two sons to take a survey. The time of the year being April or May.

The buds were beginning to break into bloom. The air all about him was rich with perfume. And nothing at first, waked a feeling of gloom.

But all at once, going from this place to that, He shaded his face with the brim of his hat. Saying, "Here is a tree dying out, that is flat!"

He called his sons, Joseph and John, and said he, "This sweeting, you know, was my favorite tree; Just look at the top, now, and see what you see!"

"The blossoms are blighted, and sure as you live, It won't have a bushel of apples to give! What ails it? the rest of the trees seem to thrive."

"Run, boys, bring hither your tools, and don't stop. But take every branch that is falling aloft. And saw it out quickly from bottom to top!"

"Yes, father," they said, and away they both ran. For they always said father, and never old man. And for my part I don't see how good children can.

And before a half hour of the morning was gone, They were back in the orchard, both Joseph and John.

And presently all the dead branches were sawn.

"Well, boys," said the farmer, "I think, for my share, If the rain and the sunshine but second our care, The old sweeting yet will be driven to bear!"

So when a month, may be more, had gone by, And borne out the June, and brought in the July, He came back, the luck of the pruning to try.

And lo! when the sweeting was reached it was found That wind falls enough were strewn over the ground, But never an apple all blushing and sound.

Then the farmer said, shaping his motions to suit, First up to the boughs and then down to the fruit—"Come John, come Joseph, and dig to the root!"

And straightway they came with their spades and their hoes, And threw off their jackets, and shouting, "Here goes!" They dug down and down with the sturdiest blows.

And, by and by, Joseph his grubbing-hoe drew From the earth and the roots, crying, "Father, look! do!"

And he pointed his words with the toe of his shoe! And the farmer said, shaping a gesture to suit, "I see why our sweeting has brought us no fruit—There's a worm sucking out all the sap, at the root!"

Then John took his spade with an awful grimace, And lifted the ugly thing out of its place, And put the loose earth back in very short space.

And when the next year came, it is only fair To say that the sweeting rewarded the care, And bore them good apples, enough and to spare.

And now, my dear children, whenever you see A life that is profitless, think of that tree; For out of ten chances to one there will be

Some habit of evil indulged day by day, And hid as the earth-worm was hid in the clay, That is steadily sapping the life-blood away.

The fruit, when the blossom is blighted, will fall—The sin will be searched out, no matter how small, So, what you're ashamed to do, don't do at all.

Elder Knapp On Swearing.

ELDER KNAPP is not averse to having it understood that he may be regarded as a sort of consulting physician for sick souls when the original family doctor finds that his pharmacy has lost its efficacy. In one of his recent raids on the arch-enemy of souls he selected, as being especially fit subjects for animadversion, the profane swearers; and 'this is the way in which he "went" for them:

"I will give you my dear friends, a picture from a scene in hell. The devil is sitting in his private office, receiving the souls as they are brought to him from the upper world. In comes an infernal jailer, conducting a soul to everlasting flames. 'Who are you?' asks the devil as the culprit was brought to where he was setting. 'Secretary Benjamin, of the confederate cabinet,' was the reply. 'O yes, I knew you were, coming,' said the devil, as he turned over the leaves of his ledger and made an entry of the Secretary's name. 'I always show considerations to those that have showed it to me. I've got to take you in; but I'll try and make you as comfortable as possible.' To the attendant: 'Show Mr. Benjamin to a place as near as you can get him to a current of air.' The next arrival was one who had killed his mother-in-law. He was hung in Cincinnati. 'Take him away,' said the devil, 'but treat him kindly. The chances are two to one that he isn't much to blame. I remember his case. His mother-in-law came here three weeks ago. She looked as though she wanted killing. She's over in No. 63. Put him there, and set the old woman in front of the furnace.' No. 63 is too cool for her. Pretty soon another victim arrives. 'What has

brought you here?' said the devil. 'My case is a hard one,' was the reply. 'I am here just because I swore.' 'Because you swore,' asked the devil, rising angrily from his chair. 'Yes, that's all the sin I ever did.' 'All the sin?' re-echoed the devil—all the sin. Why you mean despicable, contemptible, low-lived vagabond,' said the devil, as he brought his fist down on the table, 'there isn't a corner here that is hot enough for you. Of all the sixty thousand preachers that spend their Sundays in blackguarding me, not one of them ever yet accused me of swearing. Blasphemed your Maker did you? Profaned the holy name of your Saviour, that forgave his enemies on the cross, and died to have saved you from here? You did this, did you? The trembling culprit made no reply. 'Why,' continued the devil, whose voice raised as his wrath intensified—'why, there's no excuse for you. A man by an unlucky blow may kill another one. In pressing temptation a man may steal; he may lie to save his neck or cheat his neighbor. There's some excuse for him. The profane swearer has no excuse? Attendant, take this accursed scoundrel out of my sight. Put him up to his neck where the coals are the hottest, and then put somebody to sit on his accursed head.'

Friendship of Women.

It is a wondrous advantage to man in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In a woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgement which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor, and reputation. She will seldom counsel you to do shabby things; for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend.

She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart whom he loves, and who loves him. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must have or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence.

Relics of Waterloo.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, during their recent stay in Paris, witnessed a muster of the old soldiers of the Grande Armee, at the foot of the Napoleon column, preparatory to attending mass in the chapel of the Invalides. Their number appears this year to have diminished to about thirty, of whom two-thirds were invalids in full uniform, one of whom carried the standard given to them by the present Emperor. Among the remainder were several artillery-men, one of Marceau's hussars,—still wearing the orthodox pigtail—one naval officer, one of the famous Old Guard, together with a drummer of the Guard, who beat the assembly on the occasion. Almost all had long white moustaches, and all, with the exception of the Old Guard, were exceedingly little men, showing that the military standard of height had fallen extremely low under the first empire.

There is an expression in the face of a good married man who has a good wife that a bachelor cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. No one ever mistakes the good married man. It is only the erratic one, who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

A young woman in one of the rural towns of New Hampshire, desirous of teaching school in a neighboring village, got this document from the selectman: "This is to certify that Tamar Noyles stands on a medium with other girls of her age and sex, and for what I know is as good as folks in general." Tamar got the school.

A sick man was told that nothing would cure him but a quart of catnip tea. "Then I must die," said he, "for I don't hold but a pint."

There's a man in a town who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

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