The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

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give anything to travellers," she said ; Poetical Selections. "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper, if you won't be long about it," and she wiped her eyes with her blue and white checked apron and set with alacrity about What legions of "friends" always bless us, providing refreshments for the poor man, who had thrown himself into the nearest chair with his head leaning on his breast, seeming too tired even to remove his hat from his face.

"I am glad to have you eat, and I would not hurry you for anything," she said in a frightened way, "but you'll eat quick won't you ? for I expect every moment he will be in."

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head as though he belonged to the Society of Friends, but that could not be, for the "Friends" do not go to the wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat, and how long he was shout it !"

Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if he only knew. he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come in and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily, but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to an end.

"Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. 1 can't ask him to take those away in his hand. O, dear, how how slow he is ! hasn't the man any teeth ? At last she said mildly, " I am very sorry to hurry you, sir, but could you not let me spread some bread and butter, and cut some slices of meat to take away with you. My husband will use very abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard on the door stone of the back door and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out in a tone between a savage growl and a roar.

"Hey-day, Mollie, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you, time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master, and you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me see you clear out of my house, and off of my land a great deal quicker than you came on the premises."

Your house and your land !" exclaimed the soldier, starting up suddenly, erect, tall and dashing off this hat with a quick, fiery gesture. His eyes flashed like lightning, and his lips quivered with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was afraid of him, and his wife gave a sudden shrick when the soldier started to his feet and flung off his hat, and had sunk trembling and fainting in a chair, for she recognized him.

" You hain't any business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tompkins, cowed by the attitude of the soldier. " Your wife !" exclaimed the soldier,

with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing to him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you ?" asked Toru pkins with

An Exciting Raffle.

WAS going up the Mississippi in 1848, Judge Underwood and Henry Clay being on board.

"That's a tough crew from Natchez," remarked the clerk, who came upon the deck as we were about going below .- "They play hard and high."

" Let's go and look on for a while,' said the judge.

We went into the saloon where we found two parties at play. At one of the tables sat four men, about whom were gathered a large number of lookers on, and as these proved to be the heavy players, we joined the group of spectators .-The game was twenty-deck poker, and money was changing hands with startling rapidity. One of the players, a middleaged man, whose face showed but too plainly the ravages of an excess that was sapping his life, and who, I afterwards learned, was a cotton-planter, had staked his last dollar, and " called his opponent's hand. He held four queens, against which were laid down four kings. And he was "broken." He started to his feet as though he would leave the table.

"Are ye dead-broke, colonel?" asked he of the four kings.

"Yes-to the last picayune."

"Give me yer note, and I'll lend ye." "No," replied the planter, with an oath, " I can do better than that. " Where is Wackman ?

" Here," answered a dark-visaged man. "Bring the girl and boy here that 1 bought at Natchez. Hold on the game just one minute, gentleman, and I'll make a raise."

The man went away and shortly returned, accompanied by the "girl and boy." Said "girl" proved to be a bright "I Mulatto woman of five-and-thirty, or boy." thereabout ; and the "boy" was her son. The boy was not far from ten years of age, with a face lighter in color than was his mother's; his features really handsome.

" Look here, gentlemen," said the planter, rising, " here's as likely a pair, for a girl and her brat, as you can scare up .---I paid eight hundred dollars for them.-Who'll give six?"

" Why not put 'em up separate ?" asked one.

" Twon't do to put them up separate. The gal has sworn that she will kill herself if her boy is sold away from her; and her old master says she'll be sure to keep her word. But don't you see the woman is worth more'n I ask for the pair. Now, what d'ye say ? Who'll take 'em at six hundred?"

The owner then waited a few seconds without receiving an answer, and then said :

" I must have the money, so here goes for a raffle. Twenty dollars a throw, and thirty chances for the pair. Come, gentlemen, let's see the color of your coin. Them that buys first will throw first." Here was excitement as well as a

chance for profit. The three players at the table took two chances each. Then the spectators surged up, and twenty chances were sold as fast as the planter could take the money and write down the names. Then came a lull. The planter himself took two chances, whereupon his three companions took each one more .---Then three men in the crowd "doubled up." "Two more chances, gentlemen." Clay whispered apart to the judge, and then made his way to the table, and threw down his gold eaglets. " What name ?"

number that could be thrown was nine ; and the highest (nine-sixes) was fifty-four -making what is called on average throw about thirty-one-and-a-half. Of a hundred throws, the majority will fall below thirty-two.

Again the dice rattled in the box as the second gamester took his turn; but this throw was a low one. The twenty eighth throw belonged to the clerk of the boat, who had now returned with the bill of sale. He threw forty-nine, tying the gamester.

"Come, Ninette ! It's your turn."

The woman started and quivered and pressed her hand over her heart. Only the groaning and the puffing of the engine broke the stillness of the place.

" Will the gentleman who paid for the chance throw for me?" she said, in a low musical tone, earnest and imploring, and of purest accent.

Let your boy throw for you." returned Mr. Clay, who shrank from the ordeal. "His luck should be better than mine." Tommy came forward and took the box. His mother's hands were closped, and her lips moved in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen. What a world of weal or woe hung upon the fickle chance ! He held in his hand the sealed book in which was written the fate of his mother and himself, and it was to be opened upon the hazzard of a die!

He shook the box and turned it upon the table. Three accs ! A moment he gazed upon the three single spots, and then dropping the box he sank back, pale and frightened.

"Shake again, Tommy," said the planter.

" It's no use, master. I can't getfortynine.'

" But you've got your own chance, my

" Aye," cried the judge. " That was your mother's chance. Now throw for for yourself-throw for the chance I gave you, brace up, and take heart, and may Heaven help you !"

That was not an assembly of religiously inclined persons by any means; but the fervent petition of the judge met with a warm and impulsive response of Amen" from nearly all present.

Again the boy came forward and lifted the box. His lips were tightly shut, and the cold quivering of the limbs was hushed. The only sound in that saloon above the deep breathing of the spectators, was the clicking of the ivory cubes. Presently the first throw was made.

"Five-five-six, are sixteen !" announced the planter, setting down the figures

The dice were gathered up and thrown again.

" Six-six-and five. " Good ! That seventeen."

The boy was pale as death as he took the box for the last throw, and his mother leaned against a stanchion for support. At length, he threw ! and the book was opened.

" "Three sixes !- Eighteen !- and that's fifty-one! Tommy, my boy, you're a trump ! Now, Mr. Clerk fill up the bill of sale, and I'll sign it before these witnesses."

soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the cornfields tasseling for the harvest; on the rich bright patches of wheat for the sickle, and on the green potato fields with curious eyes-so at least thought Mr. Towne, who was walking leisurely behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The lat-ter was a stout farmer, dressed in homemade brown linen trousers, without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged sol-

dier stopped under the shade of a great sugar-maple, and Mr. Towne, overtaking him, stopped also. " Home from the war ?" he asked.

"Just out of the British clutches," replied the man ; " I've been a prisoner for years." He replied suddenly. "Can you tell me who lives in the next house? Is it yours ?"

" No," replied Towne ; Tompkins lives there. That house and barn used to belong to a comrade of yours, as I suppose, his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again.'

The soldier leaned against a tree .-"What kind of a man is he? I mean what kind of people are they there? Would they be likely to let a poor soldier have something to eat?"

A True Story.

A victim is likely to drown, All hall to the friend whose devotion Will lift up a man when he's "down,"

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

When golden success lights our way !

How they smile as they softly address us,

Has set-then how quickly they frown,

"Kick the man, don't you see he is down !"

What though, when you knew not a sorrow,

What though not a soul you e'er slighted,

Your "friends" became very near-sighted,

And don't seem to see you when down.

And traders all sing out your praise,

So slugs every sucker and clown,

But now, 'tis exceedingly funny,

O, give me the heart that forever

And when in adversity's ocean

Is free from the world's selfish rust,

And the soul whose high noble endeavor

Is to raise fallen man from the dust;

When you're " up," you are loudly exalted,

When you're down you have greatly defaulted,

And they really "don't fancy your ways."

Your style was " tip-toe" when you'd money,

Things are altered " because you are down."

And your 'friends,' when they wanted to borrow,

You'd oblige-and ne'er ask them to " pay."

As you wandered about through the town,

So cordial, good-humored and gay.

But O, when the sun of prosperity

And ery out in tones of severity,

Your heart was as open as day,

THE UNEXPECTED RETURN. UST at the close of the Revolutionary war there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns of Central Massachusetts a ragged and forlorn looking

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Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,

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Millerstown.

Perry county, Pa.

F. MORTIMER & CO., AND New Bloomfield, Pa

Relief given almost instantly, and permanent door,

" If Tompkins is out, you'd be treated first rate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman, but he is the snarhest cur that surly neighbor and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying that fellow, but you see she had a hard time of it with the farm after Jones went off a soldiering, and when my son came back and said he was dead-he saw him bleeding to death on the battle field-she broke right down, and this Tompkins came along and got into work for her, and he laid himself out to. do first rate. He somehow got on the blind side of us and when he offered himself to her, I advised her to have him, and I am sorry that I did it. You had better come home with me. I always have a bit for any poor fellow that's fought for his country."

"Thank you kindly," returned the soldier, but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant-a call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins. " Some old sweetheart of hers it may be," said Mr. Towne, nodding to himself. He comes too late, poor woman, she has a hard row to hoe now," when Mr. Towne foreign countries. The same amount went to supper, and we will go in with the soldier.

and nervous woman who opened the

" My husband does not allow me to insure precision.

an air of effrontery.

"I am Harry Jones, since you asked." replied the soldler. " The owner of this house and land, which you will leave this very hour ! as for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to the woman, now sobever gnawad a bone. He is a terribly bing hysterically, "she shall choose between us."

"O, Harry!" sobbed she, while Tompkins stood dumb with astonishment .-"Take me! Save me!"

With a step he was at her side, holding her in his arms. "What do you mean, treating this poor child so? Do you think because she has no earthly protector, that there was not a God in heaven against you ?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before everybody in town knew that Harry Jones had come home alive and well to secure his much enduring, patient wife from a worse constraint than that of Britsort of old acquaintance. The fact is I ish prison, but what they all said, and used to know her husband, and guess I'll what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, for here the legend ends.

The English Language.

There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in of information can be transmitted in fewer English words than French, German "Could you give a poor soldier a Italian, or any other European language. mouthful to eat?" he asked of the pale In Germany and Holland, especially, it is coming to be a common thing to send telegrams in English to save expense and

"Give it to the woman."

" Eh ! the gal herself ?"

"Yes. Give her a chance."

" All right. One chance for Ninette !' Before the planter could call again .-Judge Underwood had placed twenty dollars upon the table, saying, as he did so : " This is for the boy .'

" Good ?" cried the owner of the property, "here's a chance for Tommy. And that takes the lot. Where's the clerk ?" " Here !"

"Have you got blanks for that sort of business?

"Yes."

"Then won't ye fill up a bill of sale of these two-Ninette and Tommy-and leave a place to put in the name of the winner? Now for the dice, gentlemen." The dice were brought on, and the shaking commenced. There were three dice, and each player was entitled to

three throws. Of the first ten throws thirty-six was the highest number cast.

The eleventh throw turned up fortytwo. Then the scores fell again till the twenty-first throw, when one of the gamesters threw out forty-nine.

The crowd was now all excitement .-Forty-nine was hard to beat. The lowest what a cheat had been played upon him-

The scene that followed can better be imagined than described. The last time I heard from Judge Underwood, he was alive and well, though long retired from active life. Ninette was his housekeeper. and Tommy is his trusted and trustful henchman.

A Sharp Swindle.

A gentleman, the other day, went into the store of a Paris merchant followed by a servant. The gentlemen, who wore his right arm in a sling was taken for a military pensioner, and the merchant gladly placed before him such articles as he asked for. When he came to settle the account, however, he found he had not sufficient money, so he asked the merchant to write a note from his dictation to his wife, which he would send to his hotel by his servant. The merchant unsuspiciously wrote as he was desired, and on a sheet bearing the name of the firm, these words, "Send me immediately by the bearer, two hundred thalers. Yours, Robert." He smilingly closed up the note with the expression, "Ah, then, we are namesakes." The servant took the note and soon returned with the required sum .---

The gentleman paid for his wares, gave them to his servant to carry, and went away. Some hours after, the wife of the merchant visited him, and after talking of sundry things, suddenly asked him why he had sent for the two hundred thalers. The man was rendered speechless with astonisment when he saw