

How the Match was Broken.

"FOUR o'clock, and no Ellen yet! What can detain her so—she that is usually more punctual than the clock itself!"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay window, with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen!" she murmured, "how differently our lots have been ordered in this world. Her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost—and she too proud to accept a cent which she has not laboriously earned. Oh! dear," and Laura sighed again, just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half-hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. "There's something the matter. Perhaps she is sick; oh, yes, she is sick! I'll send James to inquire—no, I'll go myself."

"I don't think it is going to snow," she pondered looking out at the gray threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting kid gloves. "At any rate I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly carpeted vestibule, a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura—it came five minutes ago."

Ah, the rose was several shades in the back ground now, as Laura Avery broke open the sealed envelope, and glanced over the delicate, cream-colored sheet, with a bright, half-suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after all.

"MY DEAR MISS AVERY.—May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, I will call for you at half-past seven. Your most devoted slave and subject.

"FLORIAN RICHEY."

Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very pictures on the wall should catch a sight of the chirography, and pursued her way down the gloomy street, with eyes that saw the gloomy atmosphere through a radiant glow of *colleur de rose*.

"Come in!" said Ellen Wayall, who was lying on a little white bed in the corner, when Laura Avery's gentle knock aroused her from one of her sad meditations. "Laura! is it possible that this is you dear?"

For Laura's aams were clasped around her neck, and her warm, rosy lips pressed to Ellen's wan cheeks.

"Yes, it is I myself, and none other, Nell! I could not imagine why you did not come to fit that dress as you had appointed; but I know the reason now. Nelly, you are sick—why did you not send to me?"

"I am not very sick, Laura—at least I have not suffered much pain to-night; and the doctor says if I only had a little wine—No, Laura, don't draw out your purse," she added, with a slightly perceptible sparkle in her eyes and a proud quiver to her lips. "I am not reduced so low, as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved, dearest—you know how sensitive I cannot help being on some points. It is only for a little while; when I am well enough to take that dress home and receive the money for it, I shall be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at the friend's side, with soft, pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you surely will not refuse to accept a temporary loan from me?"

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile. "I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face full of painful perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen," she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Dufour's on the way back and order the wine to you. You will never be strong, if you don't cosset your self up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But, Laura—"

"No, but in the matter, if you please Nell!" laughed Laura, gleefully beginning to fold the rich dress into the little basket, that stood on the table beside it.

"Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richey's in Rives street. Why Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing—only I'm folding this dress wrong," returned Laura in a low voice. It was Ellen that did not see the scarlet blush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek as she stood with her back smoothing the lustrous breadth of purple silk. Mrs. Richey's Laura was almost sorry that she had volunteered to go—but it was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am," she mused, "Poor Nelly needs the money so much and cannot go for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go! there's an end of it!"

"Thank you, dear Laura—it is so kind of you," said Ellen fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bed side, with the basket on her arm and a veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet. "She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that she never yet paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear!"

said Laura gaily, as she disappeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine all died out with the presence of her beautiful friend.

It was nearly dusk when Miss Avery, summoning up all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richey residence and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richey at home?"

"What's your business with her?" asked the servant, suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket that she carried. Laura bit her lip—this manner from servants was entire a new experience to her, yet how often must poor Ellen have endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that has been finished for her," she said, in a tone of quiet dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes. Well, I s'pose you'd best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs into a sort of sitting room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richey, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly grateful that the gas had not yet been lighted, particularly when she observed Mr. Florian Richey lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richey looked up as the servant ushered in the new comer.

"Well, young woman, what do you want?"

Laura's cheek tinged at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply, meekly:

"I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Richey."

"Where is Miss Wynnall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well—lay down the dress—it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

"Miss Wynnall would like the money to-night, madam—it is seven dollars on the old account and three for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But Mrs. Richey, Miss Wynnall is sick, and needs the money," persisted Laura.

"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richey, petulantly addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing gown and elaborately arranged hair, "I told you just how it would be!"

"What the dence is the matter now?" snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why these impudent dressmaking people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my last cent!"

"Let 'em clamor then—that's my advice," said Mr. Florian, without taking the trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten dollar bill, Florian," urged his lady mother. "You can't want it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said Florian coolly.

"You are just going to fritter it away in some of those gambling places, or drink yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richey. "It's too bad getting my money away from me, too to indulge in those horrid habits! Why don't you earn money for yourself?"

"Easy, mamma, easy!" said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself into a sitting posture. "Don't lose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten dollar bill is going to help make my fortune—it shall take the lovely Laura to the opera to-night."

"Nonsense—this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your castles in the air. She won't have you."

"Oh, yes she will, my incredulous mamma—just wait and see. I shall bring her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll pay you back the money, with interest out of my lady's bag of shiners."

Both the mother and her hopeful son had apparently entirely forgot the presence of the young lady who was standing in the dusky shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richey, turned sharply around saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked irritably. "I have already told you that it isn't convenient to pay the money to-night; why don't you go about your business?"

Her cheek was flushed, even beneath its artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill gray eyes sparkled with rising anger as Laura Avery advanced composedly forward. She took one of the wax tapers from its china shell and lighted the gas with a steady hand, whose flashes of rich rings struck Mrs. Richey with astonishment.

"I am sorry you can't pay your just debts, Madam," she said quietly, looking the amazed mother and son in the face; "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Mr. Florian Richey. I will take the ten dollars to my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown very pale—his eyes quivered beneath him, as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket book and placed it in the hands of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richey sank back aghast into the cushioned easy chair.

One desperate attempt Florian made to

retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sore defeat and discomfort.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—hope you will afford me an opportunity to explain," he stammered.

"I require no explanation sir," was Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried homeward through the twilight streets, with a burning cheek and a burning heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Ellen Wayall's room, lighted only by the faint glow of the low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura!" asked Ellen, somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine," she said, thankful for the halflight that could not betray her tell-tale features. And now you must get well just as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen earnestly.

Laura stopped to kiss her friend's cheek, inwardly reflecting how much reason she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told Ellen of the discovery she had unwittingly made while fulfilling the gentle mission of friendship, and no one ever knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richey and Laura Avery was broken off.

A Green One on his Travels.

BY MARK TRAIN.

COL JIM had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Col. Jack was from the back settlements of the States, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York. Col. Jack to see the sights, and Col. Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arrived in New York, Col. Jack said:

"I have heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Col. Jim called a stylish barouche. But Col. Jack said:

"No, sir! None of your cheap John turn-outs for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the nobblest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expenses myself."

So Col. Jim stopped an empty omnibus, and they got in. Said Col. Jack:

"Ain't it gay though? Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us."

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver:

"Say, Johnny, this suits me!—suits yours truly, you bet you! I want this shebang all day. I'm on it old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right with you, sonny!"

The driver passed his hand through the strap-hole, and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use. Col. Jack took the hand, and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twig me old pard! All right between gents. Smell of that, and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty-dollar gold piece in the driver's hand. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Both the change! Ride it out. Put it in your pocket."

Then to Col. Jim with a sounding on his thigh:

"Ain't it style though? Hanged if I don't hire this thing every day for a week."

The omnibus stopped, and a young lady got in. Col. Jack stared for a moment then nudged Col. Jim with his elbow:

"Don't say a word," he whispered. "Let her ride, if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her portmonnaie, and handed her fare to Col. Jack.

"What's this for?" said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madam. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shebang's chartered, and we can't let you pay a cent."

The girl shrunk into a corner bewildered. An old lady with a basket climbed in, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Col. Jack. "You're perfectly welcome here, madam, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down there mum, and don't you be in the least uneasy. Make yourself just as free as if you was in your own turn-out."

Within two minutes, three gentlemen, two fat women, and a couple of children, entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Col. Jack; don't mind us. This is a free blow-out." Then he whispered to Col. Jim, "New York ain't no sociable place, I don't reckon—it ain't no name for it."

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made every one cordially welcome. The situation dawned upon the

people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there's plenty of room," said Col. Jack. "Walk right in, and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything as a blow-out, unless a body has company." Then in a whisper to Col. Jim: "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it too? Icebergs ain't nowhere. I reckon they'd tackle a harse, if it was going their way."

More passengers got in; more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything that ever I saw, I'm an Injun!" whispered Col. Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"I weaken!" said Col. Jack. "Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, rattle these folks around as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours you know. Take them everywhere—and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents—go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent!"

The two comrades got out, and Col. Jack said:

"Jimmy, it is the sociablest place I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzed in as comfortable as anybody. If we'd staid awhile I reckon we'd had some niggers. B' George, we'll have to barricade our doors to-night, or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us."

A Remarkable Story.

CHAMBERS' Journal vouches for the truth of the following story, which was originally published in the guise of a fiction:

"Caroline A—, a good looking, finely proportioned young lady lived as a lady's maid with a fashionable young widow. One evening, after having assisted at her young mistress' toilet for a dinner party, she amused herself before putting away the various articles scattered about the room, in trying on a pair of silk stockings and dress shoes belonging to her mistress, and having done so she viewed her well turned limbs with complacency, saying aloud, "There's a leg for a stocking, and there's a foot for a shoe." Having satisfied herself as to their symmetry, she divested herself of her borrowed plumes, put the room to rights, and waited the return of her mistress, whom she saw in bed. That night was the last time she saw her alive. She was found in the morning murdered in her bed, the jewel case and plate chest broken open and robbed. The robber and murderer had been concealed under the room bed and after committing the crime, had departed and left no trace, by which he could be captured, and in spite of the most diligent search, escaped. Three years after, Caroline was engaged in a similar capacity by a lady, who took her to Paris. She had almost forgotten the murder, and, if she thought of it, it was not with any hope of discovering the criminal.

"It happened that she was walking in one of the promenades one afternoon, when as she was passed by a group of men, she heard these words: "There's a leg for a stocking, and there's a foot for a shoe." In a moment the events of the evening before her mistress was murdered flashed on her memory. And now for her marvelous presence of mind. Pretending not to have heard anything, she glanced sideways at the group of men. She saw there three, but she could not tell which one of them had spoken. She walked slowly by them, then she stopped in an undecided manner, and finally turned back, and walking up to them asked to be directed to a certain street. As she expected, all of them had a word for her, and among the voices she easily recognized the one that had just spoken. Their language and looks were both very free, but she only told them that they were very impertinent, and that she would get the information she wanted from the first gendarme.

"She thus averted suspicion, if they noticed her speaking to a policeman. The next difficulty was how to inform a gendarme what she wanted; she had only been a fortnight in France, and knew scarcely a French word. She however, carried a pocket dictionary with her to assist in making purchases and as a means of acquiring a little French. Going over to a bench she sat down, and searching through the dictionary, found the words she wanted, and then she wrote them with a pencil on the fly-leaf of the dictionary. The sentence ran thus: "Gendarmes je voier besoin vous arrester un meurtrier!" The grammar was not very correct, as dictionaries do not teach syntax; but the gendarme understood it, and in another minute he'd heard the murderer in his grasp. He was afterwards convicted and executed on the girl's testimony."

RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.
On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.
Mail, 6:15 P. M., daily except Sunday
Harrisburg Accom. 12:15 P. M., daily " Sunday.
WEST.
Thro' Pass. 4:05 A. M. (flag) daily except Monday.
Way Pass. 8:40 A. M., daily, except Sunday.
Mail, 2:30 P. M., daily, except Sunday.
N. E. Ex. (flag) 11:35 P. M., daily, except Saturday
Cincinnati Ex. (flag) 11:35 P. M., daily, except Saturday
J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.
P. S.—Mail East reaches Philadelphia at 11:05 P. M.

DUNCANSON STATION.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1871, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

WESTWARD.
Cincinnati Express (flag) 11:05 P. M. Daily.
Way Passenger. 8:12 A. M., daily except Sunday
Mail, 1:55 P. M., daily, except Sunday
Mixed, 5:57 P. M., daily, except Sunday.

EASTWARD.
Harrisburg Accom. 12:59 P. M., daily, except Sunday.
Mail 6:46 P. M., " " " " " " " " "
Cincinnati Express 10:05 P. M. daily.
W. M. C. KING, Agent.

Northern Central Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Through and Direct Route to and from Washington, Baltimore, Elmira, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 12th 1871, the trains on the Northern Central Railway will run as follows:

NORTHWARD.
MAIL TRAIN.
Leaves Baltimore, 8:30 a. m. | Harrisburg, 1:45 p. m.
Williamsport 7:00 p. m., and arr. at Elmira, 10:45 a. m.

BUFFALO EXPRESS.
Leaves Baltimore, 7:35 p. m. | Harrisburg, 10:40 p. m.
Williamsport, 2:35 a. m. | Elmira, 5:20 a. m.
Arrives at Canandaigua at 8:15 a. m.

FAST LINE.
Leaves Baltimore 12:40 p. m. | Harrisburg 4:40 p. m.
Arr. at Williamsport 8:15 p. m.

WESTERN EXPRESS.
Leaves Baltimore 10:05 p. m. | Harrisburg 12:50 a. m.

NIAGARA EXPRESS.
Lvs. Baltimore 8:30 a. m. | Harrisburg 10:55 a. m.
Arrives at Canandaigua at 8:25 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN.
Leaves Elmira 5:40 a. m. | Williamsport 9:15 a. m.
Harrisburg 2:10 p. m. | Ar. Baltimore at 6:50 p. m.

BUFFALO EXPRESS.
Leaves Canandaigua 6:55 p. m., Elmira 9:40 p. m.
Williamsport 12:25 a. m. | Ar. Baltimore at 4:05 a. m.
Arrives at Baltimore at 7:30 a. m.

ERIE EXPRESS.
Lvs. Sunbury 9:25 a. m. | Ar. Harrisburg 11:20 a. m.

PACIFIC EXPRESS.
Lvs. Harrisburg 11:45 a. m. | Ar. Baltimore 3:00 p. m.

NIAGARA EXPRESS SOUTH.
Lvs. Canandaigua 9:10 a. m. | Elmira 12:15 p. m.
Williamsport 3:05 p. m. | Sunbury 4:40 p. m.
Harrisburg 7:00 p. m. | Ar. Baltimore 10:10 p. m.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION.
Lvs. Harrisburg 8:30 a. m. | Ar. Baltimore 12:00 p. m.
Mail Train north and south, Fast Line north, Pacific Express and Erie Express, daily except Sunday.

Buffalo Express north and south and Cincinnati Express south, leave daily.

For further information apply at the Ticket Office, Pennsylvania Railroad Depot.

ALFRED B. FISKE,
General Superintendent.

READING RAIL-ROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, Nov. 13th, 1871.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tanawagon, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 2:45, 8:15, 10:30, &c., P. M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 10:07 a. m., 3:42, and 9:45 p. m., respectively.

Sleeping cars accompany the 2:45 a. m. train without charge.

Returning: Leave New York at 9 a. m., 12:30 noon, and 5 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:30, 8:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m. Sleeping cars accompany the 5 p. m. train from New York, and connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3:40 p. m.

East Penna. Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 7:34, 10:40 a. m. and 4:05 p. m. Returning leave New York at 8:00 a. m., 12:30 noon, and 5:00 p. m. and Allentown at 7:20 a. m., 12:25 noon, and 3:25 p. m.

Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M. connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6:20 P. M., stopping at all Stations.

Leave Pottsville at 6:00 o'clock in the morning and 2:30 P. M.; Herndon at 10:00 o'clock A. M. Shamokin at 5:40 and 11:15 A. M.; Ashland, 7:05 A. M. and 12:45 noon; Mahony City at 7:51 A. M., and 1:20 P. M.; Tanawagon at 8:35 A. M. and 2:10 P. M. for Philadelphia and New York, Reading, Harrisburg, &c.

Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 8:15 A. M., for Harrisburg, and 11:45 A. M. for Five Grove and Tremont.

Reading accommodation train: leaves Pottsville at 5:40 A. M., passing Reading at 7:30 A. M., arriving at Philadelphia at 10:30 A. M., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 P. M., passing Reading at 7:35 P. M., arriving at Pottsville at 9:20 P. M.

Pottstown Accommodation train: Leaves Pottstown at 7:00 a. m., returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4:15 p. m.

Columbia Railroad trains leave Reading at 7:20 a. m. and 6:15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Returning, leave Lancaster at 8:20 a. m. and 3:25 p. m., and Columbia at 8:15 a. m. and 3:15 p. m.

Perkiomen Railroad trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 7:25, and 8:05 a. m., 3:00 and 5:45 p. m. Returning, leaves Schwenksville at 6:45 a. m. and 8:10 a. m., and 12:40 noon, and 4:45 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading road.

Cuebrookdale Railroad train leaves Pottstown at 9:40 a. m., and 1:15 and 6:30 p. m., returning leave Mt. Pleasant at 7:15, 11:25 a. m., and 2:54 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading R. R.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8:30 a. m., 2:05 and 6:20 p. m. Returning, leave Downingtown at 6:55 a. m., 12:50 noon, and 3:15 p. m., connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 5 p. m.; Philadelphia at 8 a. m. and 3:15 p. m., the 8 a. m. train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8 a. m.; Harrisburg 2:45 a. m. and 2:00 p. m.; leave Allentown at 8:35 p. m. and 12:45 noon, and 4:45 p. m., and 9:40 p. m. for Harrisburg, at 1:34 a. m., for New York 9:40 a. m., and 4:15 p. m. for Philadelphia. Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets to and from all points at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through, 100 pounds allowed each passenger.

J. E. WOOTEN,
Asst. Supt. & Eng. Mach'ry,
Reading, Pa., Nov. 13, 1871.

Stage Line Between Newport and New Germantown.

STAGES leave New Germantown daily at four o'clock a. m., Landisburg at 7:30 a. m., Greenpark at 8 a. m., New Bloomfield at 9:30 a. m. Arriving at Newport to connect with the Accommodation train East.

Returning leaves Newport on the arrival of the Mail Train from Philadelphia, at 2:30 p. m.

Z. RICE, Proprietor.

J. BAILY, Attorney at Law.

New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office in the Court House, with J. R. Shuler, Esq. Refer to the McIntire, Esq. June 27, 1871.