The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

A Singular Duel.

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IN the north of Ireland resided a singu-lar character named Fooks. With the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in "Sir Roger de Coverly," or merrier opponent in the game of "Matrimony," could be found in the entire country; while his skill in making "hurleys" for the boys, and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a wide-spread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in this neighborhood as "Holy Fooks," and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singular blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his characterhe was never known to fight. From the tithe-proctor, whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid-an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much enduring man to exclaim, "Sure Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Holy Fooks"-frem the tithe-proctor down to the urchins, whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused or guarreled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward-that the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he had saved from drowning by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, with the other to seize in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside ? Mr. Fooks, in short, was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland-a brave, good man, who would not fight !

The estate which bounded his had lain, I have said, for some time unocupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duelist from Tiperary, who having made even that flery locality too hot too hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not long been settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several "very pretty quarrels" with his neighbors. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offense as the famous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip, as they were leaping together across a stream, while following the hounds. All attempts at a reconciliation were rejected by the scornfull bully. They met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to "Conventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and tried to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to "bell the cat?"

It happened that a small field, belonging to Mr. Fooks, lay near the upper corner of Mr. Magennis's lawn, to which the latter vished to have it annexed. He according ly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Mageanis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr. Fooks. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlor, surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations had passed, Magennis began abruptly.

dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven

off the field be declared the vanquished." "Queer arrangements as ever I heard," said Magennis. "Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down, and split you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your look out, and not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

He then walked away, marveling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news through Barnagore.

"To think," said Mr. Penrose, one of the chief land proprietors, "that our own honest Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by a scoundrel; it mustn't be. I'll go to him and offer to fight him in his stead."

Accordingly he repaired to the dwelling of Mr. Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

"A bad business this, Fooks," said Mr. Penrose, "a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself."

"Thank you, my friend," replied Mr. Fooks; "I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr. Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I am resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps," he added smiling, "the result may be better than you expect."

"Oh, my dear Fooks," said his friend, don't, I beseech you, build on that. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death." With this somewhat equivocal piece of

consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors.

On the following morning, a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Fooks at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their utter abhorrence of his antagonist.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the following morning, Magennis appeared on the field mounted on a splendid blood horse; a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without adny one in particular ssing at

bearing the enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which halled his defeat, and the boundless triumph of Holy Fooks.

President Jackson Didn't Understand French.

ENRY A. WISE, of Va., has published a volume of "Recollections," from which we take this good one on President Jackson :

But, on another occasion, his ignorance of language did entangle him in a ridiculous mistake, and almost in a scrape. During his administratiton, while Mr. Louis McLane, of Delaware, was Secretary of State, France sent a certain dashing minister to Washington, a young man just elevated above the grade of Charge, whose passion was display. His outfit of equipage, grooms postillions and gold lace was magnificent. He called on the Secretary of State to appoint an audience with the President ; and Mr. McLane, an accomplished, easy gentleman, begged him to call the next morning at 10 o'clock at the State office, and he would accompany and present him to the President.

Monsieur le Ministure mistook as to the place of calling. He thought he was to call at the President's mansion at 10 o'clock A. M. Accordingly, in full panoply of costume, in coach-and-four, with attendants, grooms, postillions, out-riders and footmen, at the hour appointed he drove up to the door of the White House, instead of the State Department where Mr. McLane was awaiting his arrival.

At that time the President was served by a French cook, and the celebrated Irishman. Jemmy O'Neal, was General Jackson's petted major domo. The hour was about the time of General Jackson's finishing puff of the pipe after breakfast, and he smoked, as he did everything else with all his might. His mode was no Latakia curl. no dreamy, thready line from barely opened lips ; but a full drawing and expanding volume of white cloud rising up whiff after whiff, puff after puff, and bowl and stem and pipe all smoked as hard and fast as they could, and the fire was red and the ashes hot, and the whole room was so obfuscated that one could hardly breathe its atmosphere or see. His usual mode of sitting while smoking, was with his left leg thrown across the right, and the left toe brought behind the right bendo-Achilles, and the long pipe stem resting on the fork or crotch of the two knees, and reaching nearly to the floor. He smoked the old Powhatan bowl, with red stem very long. In this attitude he was sitting and smoking while Mr. McLane was waiting at the State Office for Mr. Minister, and while Mr. Minister was riding up to the Presidential Mansion. He arrived-the French cook in the kitchen, Jemmy O'Neal about his business, and General Jackson alone in his office. A bustle was made, bell began to ring, Jemmy was summoned to the door, and there presented itself all this parade. The divil the word could Jemmy understand, and the best he could do was to run up stairs to the General and announce somebody very grand, but Jemmy winked that all didn't seem right, as there seemed too much fuss for that soon in the mor-

SUNDAY READING.

Two Kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eye grew bright, and he spoke. "Mother I wish to be rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" "Because every one praises the rich. Everyone one inquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say his lessons well. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believeing that wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for in dolence or cause them to be held in honor who led unworthy lives. So she asked him :

"What is it to be rich ?"

"I do not know," he answered. "You tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me.'

"To become rich," replied the mother, " is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said: "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now ?"

"Yes, my boy she answered. "The gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind them at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the wayside beggar, like a garment . There is another kind of riches which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Too Much for the Devil.

This is Edward Hale's story : A man had sold himself to the devil who was to possess him at a certain time unless he could propound a question to his Satanic Majesty which he could answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended upon the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife appeared in the room with a bonnet on her head, Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said, "I can propound a question which the devil himself cannot answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet?" The devil gave it up and retired in disgust and the man was free.

New Advertisements.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION:

THE primary cause of Consumption is de-rangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation, I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus im-paired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms ; and I hold that it will be without first restoring a good digestion and without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels form all discusses the stomach and bowels be done is to cleanse the stomach and costs from all diseased mucus and alime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot per-form their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this schemely, and the schemely action is schemely a restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Fills. These Fills clean the storm-ach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted. The stormerh howels and liver are thus

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleanaed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an ex-Pills; but there remains in the stomach an ex-cess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appe-tile poor. In the bowls the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give perma-nent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system nent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of good digestion, and, ul-timately make good, healthy, living blood — After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most case of Consumption is the free and persevereing use of Schenk's Palmonic Syrup. The Palmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily ab-sorbed into the circulation, and thence distrib-uted to the discased lungs. There it ripens all uted to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of absces-ses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free per an the diseased matter, in the form of Free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and puryfring properties of Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are bealed up sound, and my pa-tient is cured. tient is cured. The essential thing to be done in curing Con-

The essential thing to be done in curing Con-sumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs—a cavity or abscess there—rhe cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen se long as the system is below par. What is necessary te cure is a new order of things—a goed appe-tite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen aud be thrown will heal, the matter will ripen aud be thrown off in large quantles, and the person will regalu health and sterength. This is the true and on-ly plan to cure Consumption, and if a person If y plan to the Construction of the lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope. I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Construction. They will chan

will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, ges up a good digestion, and give Nature the sys-tem of all the diseases she needs to clear the

system of all the diseases she heeds to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be. It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take coid : keep in-doors in cold and damp weather ; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only

In a genial and warm supshine. I wish it distinctly understood thet when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but par-tially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is for more liable to a relates than one who has far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulnenery patients against expaning themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleas-ant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of at-mosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my abil-ity to subdue inflammation instead of provok-ng it as many of the facility do Are inflammatic ing it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be ex-posed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influnces. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility. The person should be kept on wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the Medicines continued nutritions diet, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength. I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived is-get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this-terated when I have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen. About the First of October I expect to take possession of my new building, at the North-cast Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it. Full directions accompany all my Remedies. Fall directions accompany all my Remedles, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same. J. H. SCHENCK, M. D., Philadelphia. Philadelphia. Street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents. 5231

"Mr. Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field ?'

" Certainly, sir; I have no intention whatever of parting with it."

"But I tell you that I want it, and have it I will!"

"I should be sorry," said Mr. Fooks, mildly, "to disoblige a neighbor; but I am sure Mr. Magennis you will see the impropriety of pressing the matter further when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field."

"You won't sell it ?"

" No, sir."

"Then," said Mr. Magennis, with a fearful imprecation, "if you don't give me the field you shall give me the satisfaction; and maybe I'll find your 'heirs, executors, administrators and assigns,' casier to deal with.""

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

"Do you mean Mr. Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?"

"Certainly; name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him."

"I am not much versed in these matters," said Fooks, "but I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting ?"

"Oh, certainly: nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy; the sooner the better."

And the bully rubbed his hands with delight, at the prospects of slaying another

"Then," said Mr. Fooks, "I wish to

"I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his friends (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place."

"Here he comes himself !" cried a boy, throwing up his hat; and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size that its rider's feet were little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore some-

thing which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing gown, was not as yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shoek the bridle, and urged his tiny steed toward the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr. Fooks' costnme, his nettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gandy dressing gown flaunt before his eyes than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription:

"What's the meaning of this buffoonery ? Come and most me like a man !"

"Always happy to oblige a friend," said Mr. Fooks, and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long, slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder filled with dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his cars was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode

Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting: "Come back, Mr. Magennis I come back! 'Tis a shame for you, man, to be afreid of a dressing gown and a child's rattle !"

nig, and it might be, after all, an imposi-"Och, there was no telling about the thing, it was so unusual !" It might turn out what afterwards occurred-a Lawrence affair ! The General quietly replied, "Oh, Jemmy, show the stranger up-we will see who it is." Jemmy ran, and Jackson sat smoking, when presently the roomdoor was thrown wide open, and a manikin of gold lace entered, cocked hat, with bullion and white feather, flourished in hand, making a salaam to the right and a salaam to the left with tremendous sweeps, whizzing and whirring French with vehement gesture, and approaching nearer and nearer; it seemed threatening in the extreme !

The president quit smoking, beat the bowl of his pipe in his hand, rose quickly, took hold of the back of the chair, and exclaimed with a strong voice. "By the cternal gods, Jimmy O'Neal, who is this?"

Jemmy, with eyes and cars open, and hands ready, was amazedly looking on, when, fortunately, he bethought him of the French cook, who with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and just as he was besprinkled white with flour, ran up with Jemmy, arriving just in time to save Mr. Minister's pate from being smashed by the chair in General Jackson's hands.

"Mon Dieu !" exclaimed the cook ; "it is the grand Minister of Louis Phillippe !" "Oh !" said the General ; "walk in, sir, there is no ceremony here !" and he was about taking the Minister by both hands just as Mr. McLane entered to see the mistake, to witness the prevention of the catastrophy, and to enjoy the joke, which made him a thousand times afterward "shake" with jollity "like a bowlful of jelly."

137 A gentleman was introduced to a oung lady recently, and addressed her as follows:

"Where do you live when you are at home?" to which she replied, "When I am at home I live there."

The rose has its thorn, the diamond Faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, | its speck, and the best man his failing.

The Devil's Servant.

Many years ago, when as yet there was but one church in the town of Lyme, Connecticut, the people were witho ut a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making a unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man, named Dorr began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion. a half-witted fellow rose in the house and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night.

He thought he died, and went away where the bad people go, and as soon as Satan saw him, "he asked me where I came from."

"From Lyme, in Connecticut," I told him right out.

'Ah! and what are they doing at Lyme?' he asked.

"They are trying to settle a minister," I said.

"Settle a minister !" he cried out. "I must put a stop to that ! Bring me my boots ; I must go to Lyme this very night !"

I then told him as he was drawing on his boots, that Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and very likely he would prevent it altogether.

"My servant Dorr!" exclaimed his majesty ; Here take my boots ; if my servant Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all !"

This speech did the business. Mr. Dorr made no more opposition ; the minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title "my servant Dorr" with him to the grave.

13" It does not require much religion to cry salvation, or hallelujah, or glory to God, or praise the Lord at the top of your voice. Most any one can do that. Be not deceived. You may do all that, and use all the vain repetitions you can, and not have reli-It is the pure in heart who shall see gion. God.

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