

CONSTANCE'S WEDDING.

A GRAND country wedding. Every thing was in preparation. One week from that day, and Constance Pierpont, the belle of the county, and the only daughter of one of the wealthiest farmers in Devonshire, was to join hands, for better or worse, with young Adam Gray, Squire Gray's only son.

Constance was passionately fond of her country home, and the thoughts of leaving it pained her more than she cared to have those about her know; but her parents had promised to spend the greater part of the winters with her, and she and Adam were always to pass their summers at the old home, so that the separation would not be so very terrible after all; but, strange to say, the maiden's eye were always ready to overflow. In some mysterious manner, Constance commenced to feel homesick before leaving the parental roof.

"If I didn't know how well you loved Adam Gray, my child, I should think you wanted to back out of this business," said Mr. Pierpont, drawing his daughter to his knees, and attempting to look under the drooping lids.

Constance tried to smile, but broke down completely.

"I am foolish, father, and don't pet me any more. I wonder if every girl feels so sadly at leaving her home. Sometimes I fancy it must be more than that. Perhaps it is a foreboding of evil. 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' this may be one of the shadows."

"Nonsense, Constance! Never give way to superstitious delusions. It would be strange if you were not thoughtful, and even sad, in anticipation of this event. You are about to take a man with all his failings—remember that, Constance; how many, you can form no idea, because it is just as true as you live that a couple may court a hundred years, and yet not become acquainted with the defects in the secret springs that keep the strange machinery moving. Counting is deceitful business, and it is, perhaps, wise that it is so. Adam never saw you cry and pout because I thought you had silk dresses enough without the last expensive one you had set your heart upon buying. You never heard Adam swear at his tailor for a misfit, or scold because a button was missing. You'll find he's got failings you never suspected, and he'll discover that his little wife is not as perfect as his fancy painted her."

Constance commenced to sob.

"I think you love one another very fondly, my child, and love, which is boundless charity, covers a multitude of sins."

A few days previous to the wedding-day "Aunt Betsy" had arrived and assisted at the making of the cake, and while she was busy in the production of the most important piece of confectionery which is offered to the wedding guests on the eventful breakfast, she observed to her sister, Mrs. Pierpont—

"I have always heard it said that if the bride wished for good luck during her married life, she would help to stir her own cake."

"Well, I don't know what under the sun is the matter with Constance," replied Mrs. Pierpont; "but I can't persuade her to do anything."

"Now, that's very strange, and not at all like Constance," responded Aunt Betsy. "Between you and me, I don't like the way she mopes. Now, there's Polly Martin, who's to be married to-morrow, she's as bright as a cricket. Constance, Constance," she suddenly screamed as she caught sight of the young lady passing the doorway. "Now I want you to come in here and stir your own cake. It's a very bad sign to let somebody mix it; and Aunt placed in her hand the dish containing the butter and sugar. 'I will whip the eggs as light as a froth, while you keep at that until it is just the consistency of cream,' she continued."

Constance gave the materials a few very unscientific turns; and then without a word, pushed the pan on one side, and hastily left the room.

"Now what do you make of such conduct as that?" inquired her mother, in evident distress.

"Lord a Massy, I don't know; but it don't mean any good, anyhow."

"I think it's the going away from home that troubles Constance. I fancy that she would be lively enough if it wasn't for that idea," returned Mrs. Pierpont, whipping the newly-laid eggs until she had formed huge pyramids of snow foam, and Aunt stirred away at the cake briskly, exercising her tongue in a similar manner; and by and by it was ready for the big oven.

The day of the wedding arrived—bright, crisp, and clear—one of those glorious autumn days just before the leaves, so beautifully colored, commence to fall.

The evening preceding, Adam and Constance had spent together, and both were under a cloud. He had a nervous headache, and consequently was not talkative; and she, with his head in her lap, pressing both little hands against the aching temples, allowed many a silent tear to fall.

"Don't be worried about this stupid pain in my head, darling," said Adam, noticing her distress. "I shall sleep it off," and Constance bade her lover good night

for the last time—to-morrow the husband and for the first time in her life she left him sobbing.

Ah, that was a lovely picture—the bridal toilet was faultless, but Constance's roses had all paled. The last exquisite touch had been given to the orange-blossoms and veil, and Adam was called to salute Miss Constance for the last time. He, too, was pale as death, and walked forward very slowly and with apparent difficulty. Constance, with her head bowed, gave him both of her little white-kid hands to press.

For a moment they stood quietly, then, in a tone so strange, so deep, so unaccountably as to cause all present to gaze at him with astonishment, as he caught her in his arms, pressing her tightly to his heart, Adam said—

"Kiss me, darling quickly; I am dying," and sank into a chair.

A moment more and the loving heart ceased to palpitate, and the dreadful truth overwhelmed the anxious friends—Adam Gray was dead.

There he lay with a smile on his beautiful features, dressed in his bridal clothes awaiting now only the last sad funeral rites. What a change! Nothing could induce Constance to leave the room. She would not listen to entreaty or command.

The shades of night came on again; still Constance kept her watch. Aunt Betsy was sent to reason with her. Constance always liked her aunt.

"Come away, Constance, darling, and go to bed," she exclaimed, tearfully. "I will remain here all night, if you wish me. You are making yourself very ill."

"I shall remain!"

That was all.

"Well so shall I," said poor Aunt, alarmed lest the intellect of Constance was permanently injured.

"Aunt," suddenly cried Constance, with a strange excitement, "go down stairs into the store closet and bring me a bottle of brandy."

"Shall I give you some, Constance?" she said, on returning.

"Yes, make it part water. Quick, quick, Aunt. Now give me a napkin."

Aunt, horrified, watched her making preparations to feed poor lifeless Adam.

"Good Heavens! Constance dear," she cried, in a tone of amazement and fright. "I can stand almost anything, but pouring brandy into a corpse is going a little too far, and I shall call your father."

"Aunt, Aunt," shrieked Constance, wildly, "rub his hands and feet with something hot, instantly! Don't you see how his countenance has changed?"

"Heaven preserve us, yes!" replied Aunt, trembling with terror. "Don't you know that your acting a very wicked part? But what do you think the undertaker will say to such behavior? The girl is raving distracted!"

And Aunt ran to call some one, as she saw Constance attempt to change his position.

"Constance for Heaven's sake, what is this Aunt is telling me? You must have gone stark mad! Poor child!" cried Mr. Pierpont, bursting into the room, with tears streaming down his face.

"Will you come here, father, and see for yourself? There is a cold perspiration on my darling's face. Give me the brandy, quick, Aunt!"

Aunt passed it mechanically.

"Go for the doctor somebody, run quickly! I tell you he is alive! Adam, Adam, Adam! Open your eyes, darling!"

To the utter astonishment of her father, and the consternation of poor Aunt, and to that of Mrs. Pierpont, who had now appeared on the scene, Adam slowly lifted up his eyelids, smiled faintly, and by the time the doctor arrived, the pulse although feeble, was quite regular, and consciousness had entirely returned.

The next day the wedding came off, but in an entirely unexpected manner. Constance, radiant with sweet content, and this time with healthy color on cheek and lip, stood by the side of the couch, and in the presence of a few friends, vowed to love, honor an cherish him in sickness and health, until death did them part.

There was not a dry eye in the room. Even the minister faltered.

Adam recovered rapidly, and there is no happier couple to-day in Exeter city than Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gray.

A man has been arrested and brought up for trial in Salem, Mass., for using profane language in a public place. To make the offence worse in the eyes of all right-minded persons, the man was on his way to a wedding. We are inclined to think that a law under which all persons using language that is excessively offensive to decent people could be arrested and punished would have a salutary effect.

The town of Londonderry, N. H., holds its charter on the condition of giving the Governor of the State a peck of potatoes every year, and pays the penalty of its corporate existence regularly. It is an old custom derived from the mother country, and though perhaps more honored in the breach than the observation, is kept up as well as if the welfare of the town and of the Governor's family depended on it.

How the Bill was Defeated.

IN the discussion over a recent bill in the Senate at Harrisburg, a member who properly appreciated the office of ridicule, sent up to the clerk's desk, and had read the following letter. The bill was withdrawn.

Tribune Office, Jan. 27, 1872.

Mr. J. T. V., Reading Pa.: My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 25th inst., is just received in reference to the admission of colored children into the public schools of your city and containing a copy of your remarks at a meeting held by your colored citizens. I will forward your remarks to Washington as requested. I am forming no opinion just now on the question, but think that Mr. Sumner's bills will settle the whole matter. A great deal of my time the past season has been occupied in preparing a new and enlarged edition of "What I know about Farming," a most excellent and serviceable book which I think you ought to have. (I will send you a copy, postage prepaid, on receipt of price: \$1.50.) As the season is advanced and kept me in the house a great deal, I have been trying to better the condition of our people by endeavoring to make improvements in cooking.

For some years I have found that doughnuts lie too heavy on my stomach, which my physicians attribute to the fat in which they are fried. They tell me that a doughnut contains about eight times as much fat as is consistent with a doughnut. To overcome this difficulty, I have gone to considerable philosophical research. By using only one-eighth of the usual amount of fat for frying them, Mrs. Greely assures me the doughnuts would burn. By using eight times as much flour, I would have eight times as many doughnuts as I want. I therefore determined to use eight times the usual quantity of sots. Mrs. G. mixed up the batter in the bread bowl, and having made most exact proportions, I put in one pint of sots. The next morning on entering the kitchen, we found that our batch of doughnuts had risen about ninety degrees above our highest expectations, and the tide was still rising. Mrs. G. heated the lard while I downed the batter, but all to no use. I poured in some fat, but it only spritzed and cracked, and I was mortified to find my experiment a failure, as the doughnuts would not stick together. Too much sots in a doughnut is worse than Carl Schurz in a caucus.

But I was not dismayed. Education has done much for the human mind, and there is no reason in philosophy why it should not do so much for doughnuts. To preserve the tone of the doughnut, without fat, I substituted alcohol for lard, but the consequence was that Mrs. G. and myself narrowly escaped with our lives. We only saved three doughnuts out of the batch two of which we ate and sent the other to Mr. Beecher. They were truly delicious, but they are too high priced and the manufacture is attended with too much risk for this brand ever to become a popular article of diet. Those we made cost about seventy-three cents a piece.

Let me hear what your colored citizens are going to do with the school board.

I heard that in your vicinity you raise a small fruit called pretzels, which are said to be good when cooked. Please send me a few seed, and I will set them out in the spring.

Yours truly, HORACE GREELEY.

P. S.—When passing through Allentown some time ago, a boy came through the car with cakes and a peculiar fruit called snits. I bought a few and set them out, but fear that our climate is too severe for them. If you will be kind enough to send me a few healthy vines, I would like to give them another trial in my greenhouse. H. G.

The Indian's Head Work.

AN American Governor was building a house at his plantation, and while directing his workmen noticed a lusty Indian, who, though the weather was severely cold was as naked as well as an idle spectator.

"Hark ye, Indian," said the Governor, "why don't you work as these men do and get clothes to cover you?"

"Why you no work, Governor?" replied the Indian.

"I work," returned the Governor, placing his forefinger upon his forehead, "with my head, and therefore need not work with my hands."

"Well," replied the Indian; "and if I would work what would you have me to do?"

"Go kill me a calf and I will give you a shilling."

"The fellow did so," and the Governor asked him why he did not skin and dress it."

"Calf dead, Governor," said the Indian "give me another shilling and I will."

This was complied with, and away went the Indian to an ale house with his two shillings; he soon drank one in rum and then returned to the Governor.

"Your shilling bad; the man will not take it."

The Governor believed him, and gave him another; but returning with the second the Governor found that he was a rogue; nevertheless he exchanged that too, reserving his punishment for another opportunity.

To accomplish this he wrote a letter to a friend in Boston to give the bearer a sound whipping; and in a few days, when the Indian came to stare at the workmen, gave it to him saying:

"If you will carry this to Boston and deliver it as directed, I will give you a half crown."

The Indian bowed assent, set out upon his journey, but had not proceeded far, when he met another Indian, belonging to the Governor, to whom he gave the letter, and told him his master had sent him to meet with him, and bade him return with that letter to Boston as fast as he could.—The poor Indian carried it with great diligence, and received a sound whipping for his pains.

The other Indian came no more, but at a meeting with some of the nation, the Governor saw this fellow among the rest, and asked him very severely, "how he could dare to serve him such a bad trick?"

The Indian looked him in the face, placed his forefinger on his forehead, and replied:

"Head work, Governor, head work!"

The Red River Raft.

Having heard of the "great raft" in the Red river, since our geography days, we are apt to suppose we know all about it. We are well aware that it is a mass of drift wood, completely obstructing navigation at the point where it covers the water with its countless trunks of forest trees. We know that the water passes under this mass as if it were a bridge; and we remember that in 1833, when the raft was 124 miles long, the general government began the work of removing it, but after working at it for twenty-two years, abandoned the attempt as wholly impracticable, and confined its efforts to the opening up of some of the lateral channels or bayous. We may know all this, but still be ignorant of one of the most curious characteristics of the great raft, which is that it, unlike rafts in general, moves up the river against the current, instead of down. The movement is very slow, being but a mile or two a year. The explanation of this retrograde movement of an apparently stationary mass is simple enough. The logs of the lower end of the raft is continually broken away and carried away by the floods and freshets. Thus the raft, always falling away at one end and growing at the other, gradually moves up the river, it is calculated that it has moved since its forming about four hundred miles. Scientific writers have suggested the idea that this vast mass of timber after lying in the old bed of the river for quite a number of ages, will become a coal bed. But when the Red river country becomes thickly settled, this enormous collection of driftwood may be utilized in some way or other, and thus incalculably distant generations may be cheated out of many a good coal fire.—Ex.

Sergeant Major John Champ may have been a very patriotic and nice man in his day, and the evidence seems to favor that supposition. John was elected by request of Washington, from Gen. Lee's regiment, to go to New York as a deserter and bring off Arnold in time to save the life of Andre. Champe reached the British lines after an exciting pursuit, underwent an examination before Sir Henry Clinton, and was given a position in the British army with his former rank. A plan to seize and carry off Arnold failed, and Champe returned to the American army, from which he was discharged by Washington, lest, falling into hands of the enemy, he should be hanged as a spy. Subsequently he died in Kentucky, near the close of the eighteenth century. At this rather late day it is proposed to reward the services of this revolutionary hero, and for this purpose Mr. Shellenbarger of Ohio has introduced in Congress a bill to grant his heirs a township of land from the public domain. As the gallant Sergeant Major has been dead nearly one hundred years, it is to be feared that he will not be much benefited by the donation, while it is difficult to see what his heirs have done to deserve it.

A Young Lady's Mistake.

One day there was a great feast in a great house. A wealthy young merchant was giving a dinner-party one winter evening. The guests had just entered the diningroom when suddenly a carriage drove up to the door, and the portals once more opened at a reverberating knock. A tall, elegant girl presently entered the dining-room. Perhaps if she had been able to glance carefully at the faces of some of those who were assembled, she would have seen some slight marks of surprise. None was expressed; she was greeted with favor by the lady who did the honors of the house, and had a seat next the host. Everybody was charmed with the beauty and grace of the fair apparition. The dinner was hardly finished, when the visitant discovered that she had made a mistake. She had come to the wrong house. The right dinner-party was at the very next door. The young merchant had already fallen in love with the guest, and he wooed and won on her. I am not quite certain about the details of the story—how she was alone and without any friends; but, for all that, the story is true, and I trust I may be excused the telling of it.

New Advertisements.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION!

THE primary cause of Consumption is derangement 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 impaired, 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 impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging their organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the arrest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach 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 stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels 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 permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and thereby the system for the first process of good digestion, and, ultimately make good, healthy, living blood.—After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectation, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption 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—the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person will regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is not entirely destroyed, or even if one 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 Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the system of all the diseases she needs 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 cold; keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine. I wish it distinctly understood that 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 partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is 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 pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptive's lungs are a system of sacs which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. 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 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 to 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 treatment whom I have never seen.

About the First of October, I expect to take possession of my new building, at the North-east 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, 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.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 662 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents. 5231

X. L. REVOLVERS!

The New X. L. Revolver, No. 1, 22-100 Cal., No. 2, 22-100 Cal., short, No. 3, 32-100 Cal., long, No. 4, 36-60 Cal., for Pocket Revolvers, are unsurpassed. They use the ordinary Copper Cartridge and are beautiful in shape and finish.

The BALLARD DERRINGER 41-0 Cal., has no equal as a Derringer. Full and complete stock of GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, AMUNITION AND SPORTSMEN'S GOODS.

MANUFACTURED BY MERWIN & HULBERT, 83 Chambers and 65 Beado Streets, Send for Catalogues. (10 & 3 10) NEW YORK.

ROBINSON HOUSE,

(Formerly kept by Woodruff and Turbutt,) New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa. AMOS ROBINSON, Proprietor.

This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A careful and attentive hostler will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor. April 5, 1871.

(ALL KINDS OF Printing neatly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD TIMES" STEAM JOB OFFICE.