

## A Fortunate Blunder.

"WHAT'S that you say Hayden? The Bolton Bank broke? It can't be possible!"

And Frederick Wells, who had been reclining in one chair, with his feet resting on the back of another, the very picture of indolent enjoyment, sprang to his feet, tipping over his chair, and sending the cigar he was smoking to the further end of the room.

"Yes it is; it is here in the paper, as you can see for yourself. But what is it to you? Did you have anything invested there?"

"No; but Miss Neal had—which amounts to about the same thing."

An air of intense chagrin overspread his handsome, though rather effeminate features, as he read the paragraph to which his companion pointed.

"Confound it," he muttered, "it's always my luck to have my dish tipped just when it's full! Though I must say, if it's got to come, that I'm glad it happened the month before our marriage."

Charles Hayden, a young man whose features, though less regularly formed, were expressive of far more manliness and goodness of heart, gazed at the speaker with an air of undisguised astonishment.

"Why so, Wells? you surely did not seek the hand of Miss Neal simply for her money?"

"Well, no; I can't say that. She is a most lovely and charming woman; and it really cuts me to the heart to give her up. But then I am too poor to afford such a luxury. And Miss Neal can no more afford to marry a poor man than I a poor girl. So we're about even."

"And have you no thought for the pain that your desertion will inflict upon the heart you have won," said Hayden in a tone of suppressed indignation.

"Softly, my dear fellow," said Wells, who had resumed his former comfortable position, and was solacing himself with a fresh cigar. "I hardly think that it will be any such desperate affair to Miss Neal as you suppose. Indeed, I've thought several times of late, that had it not been for her foolishly high idea of the binding nature of such a promise, she would have broken the engagement herself."

"And knowing this, you would have held her to its fulfillment?"

"Not being sufficiently disinterested to refuse the gift of fifty thousand dollars, I rather think I should."

"You are not worthy of a true-hearted woman, like Ellen Neal!" was the indignant response.

"Then so much the better for her, that I should leave her to be appropriated by some one that is—you, for instance. It strikes me that you used to be somewhat interested in that quarter; now is the time, old fellow, for you to go in and win."

Charles Hayden scarcely felt or heard the covert sneer in these words, so much was he engrossed by the new-born hope that had sprung up in his heart, and which made his pulses beat so quickly and strongly.

"So you are to be married next month my dear?" said Mr. Thornly to his ward, Ellen Neal.

"Yes, I believe so," was the rather indifferent reply.

Mr. Thornly studied his ward's face for a moment with his keen eyes.

"I don't believe you care two straws for Frederick Wells."

"Oh! not so bad as that guardie," said Ellen, with a faint smile; "though I have sometimes feared that I don't give him the affection that he deserves. He seems to be very strongly attached to me."

"Humph! my opinion of Frederick Wells is, that he is too much in love with his own handsome face to be very much attached to any woman."

"You are too severe. Any way, I have promised, and cannot break my word."

"Oh, no, certainly not; far better break your heart."

"I don't believe I've got any," was the laughing rejoinder. "If I have I've never been able to discover it. Never fear for me, guardie; I dare say I shall be as happy with Frederick as with any one."

Yet in spite of these lightly spoken words, there rose up before her mental vision one with whom she knew she could be far happier. But even if she had been free to choose, how did she know that he would choose her? True, she had sometimes fancied—but what right had she to indulge in such fancies?

When Mr. Thornly reached his office he found Frederick Wells waiting to see him; who said with an air of constraint, not to say embarrassment, not at all remarkable, when we consider the awkward errand on which he came.

"I heard of Miss Neal's misfortune last evening, sir, and I assure you with deep regret."

"Miss Neal's misfortune? What the deuce d'ye mean?" said the old gentleman gruffly, with whom the young man was by no means a favorite.

"Why, the failure of Bolton Bank, to be sure," Mr. Wells responded quickly, the suspicion entering his mind that the shrewd

old lawyer was trying to dodge the question.

"Oh, ah, yes I think I do understand you. Well, what of it?"

"Only this, sir, that deeply as I regret the necessity, the high regard I cherish for your ward, and the knowledge that I shall be unable, at least for some years, to offer her such a home as she is accustomed to and merits demand the sundering of our engagement."

"That is to say, in plain English, my ward, having lost her fortune, Mr. Wells no longer desires to marry her."

In spite of all his efforts, Mr. Wells felt his cheeks tingle beneath the quiet scorn in the eyes that rested upon his countenance.

"You put it rather harshly," he said, forcing a smile; "but we won't quarrel about terms."

"Very good. All I have to say is, that what you are pleased to term Miss Neal's misfortune, promises to be the best thing that could happen her.—Good morning."

When Mr. Thornly saw his ward again, in the evening, his countenance wore a curious expression.

"I have important news for you Ellen; one portion of it, rather bad, but the other so good as to more than make up for it. Indeed, as I told a certain young man this morning, I consider it the best thing that could possibly happen to you. First, for the bad; the bank, in which your money was invested, has gone up, and won't probably pay two cents on a dollar. Now for the good; in consequence of this, Mr. Frederick Wells called to express his regrets, that he must relinquish the honor and happiness of making you his wife."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ellen.—"How I have been deceived in him. I thought he loved me for myself alone. O, Mr. Thornly, how thankful I ought to be that I have discovered how false his heart is, before it was too late."

"Mr. Hayden is in the parlor and wants to see Miss Ellen," said a servant opening the door.

Ellen entered the parlor in a rather perturbed state of mind; much as she rejoiced at her escape, she could not but feel deeply grieved at this discovery of the unworthiness of him, whom she had hitherto esteemed so highly as to often reproach herself that she could not love him as he deserved.

Mr. Hayden's mind was, also, much disturbed, though from a very different cause.

It was in vain that young gentleman tried to recall the neat little speech, that he had conned over on his way to the house; as is usual in such cases, it completely vanished from his mind as soon as he found himself in the presence of the lady, for whose benefit it was intended.

At last, making a desperate effort he broke the rather embarrassing silence by saying:

"My dear Miss Neal, I have heard of your loss of fortune, and cannot express what a great burthen it lifted from my heart. I was so truly rejoiced, as to quite forget—"

Here, startled by the indignant astonishment depicted upon Ellen's countenance, the poor fellow stammered, and then stopped.

"Sir—Mr. Hayden," faltered Ellen, deeply wounded at language so different from what she had anticipated. "I am at a loss to understand why you should rejoice over my misfortune."

"Dear one, I know it is very selfish in me, and yet I was never half so happy in my life as when I learned that I might, without being accused of unworthy motives, tell you what a privilege I should deem it to cherish and care for you, as man cherishes and cares for the dearest object of his love."

The sudden revolution of feeling, caused by these words, sent warm, happy tears to Ellen's eyes.

"I thank heaven for the reverse of fortune that has given me the rich treasure of your love," she murmured, as she laid her hand softly in his.

Half an hour later, the lovers were receiving the congratulations, and the warm approval of Ellen's guardian.

The old gentleman listened silently, and with evident enjoyment to the plans they laid for the future.

"I am sorry to spoil your pretty romance of 'Love in a Cottage,' and all that sort of thing," he said at last, "but the fact is, Ellen—though, as I told you, your fortune was invested in the Bolton bank—I happened to withdraw the money the week before it failed.—But don't be downhearted about it, my young friends, you'll find plenty of people who will gladly relieve you of its burthen. If you can't dispose of it in any other way, you might donate it to found a 'mission school,' for the 'Feejee Mermaids,' or some other equally as practicable missionary enterprise."

We can't say as to whether our young couple followed this suggestion, but this we know, that throughout her long and happy married life, Ellen often had occasion to bless the fortunate blunder.

Two centuries ago, not one in fifty wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not a boy was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago, not a girl made a waiting-maid out of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this age!

## Madder, and how it is Prepared.

THE madder of commerce is obtained from the root of a plant extensively grown in the South of Europe and in Asia Minor, but also produced in large quantities in the State of Ohio and Delaware, in our own country. The ancient Greeks and Romans were familiar with its properties as a dye-stuff, as appears from the writings of a distinguished Grecian author. The stem of this plant lives but one season, while the roots continue to vegetate year after year, and are usually gathered when they have attained a growth of several years. When the external bark is removed, the soft juicy tissue of the root appears of a reddish color and possesses a peculiar acid taste. It is said by some that the madder produced in very warm temperatures is superior in coloring substance, and produces an intenser shade than that grown in more moderate climates; that from the French provinces of Alsace and Avignon being deemed superior to all other varieties.

But recent analyses of American growth have established the fact that, in the brightness and stability of its coloring properties, it is not excelled by the product of any foreign country.

When the roots are taken from the soil, they are at once placed in heated ovens, where they remain until all moisture has evaporated, after which they are beaten with wooden staves until the external covering is pulverized. The entire mass is then passed through a number of sieves of graduated fineness, until the fibrous portions alone remain. After carefully selecting the coarsest fibres, which are regarded as most valuable, these are again exposed to the heat, until they become so brittle that they can be reduced to fragments by the pressure of the hand. They are then severed into very small pieces by a sharp instrument, pulverized by machinery, and the powder, being sifted by means of a bolter, is packed in casks ready for export. There are many grades of madder offered in the market, and their quality is graduated by the amount of care and trouble bestowed upon their preparation.

Some varieties contain the external covering of the bark, the trash rejected by the sieves and other impurities. These may readily be detected by the complexion of the madder thus adulterated, which is always much darker than the genuine article. Like wine, madder is improved by age, and, if allowed to remain undisturbed in the casks, undergoes a process of fermentation, after the lapse of a few years, which greatly improves its qualities. The largest importations of madder into this country are produced in Turkey and the French provinces of Alsace and Avignon. To calico printers this dye is almost invaluable, as it enters more largely than any other into the composition of the great variety of tints required in coloring cottons.

## THE TEETH.

About the middle of the last century Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America, and wrote sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages; and came to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Catlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, &c., noticed that the North American Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way—that the reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good-working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tie-douloureux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Catlin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the white race especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much; the Indian warrior sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and breathes through the nostrils. Among the virtues attributed by him to closed lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.

A young man in Sunbury was fishing in the canal one day last fall, when the cook of a passing canal-boat tumbled overboard. He plunged in and rescued her, and she thanked him, asked his name, climbed upon the deck of her vessel, and sailed away. Last week the youth was surprised by a visit from the maiden and her father. The old man rushed up, seized his hand, and said: "You saved the girl, she's yourn. Take her, my son, take her and be happy, with a father's blessing. No man shall say that I'm ungrateful." The maiden moved forward as if to seek an embrace, but the gallant youth dashed through the window and fled, pursued by the parent and his child. He has since written home from the far West to say that if he ever perceives another canal-boat cook in the canal, he will tie a cargo of anvils to her neck to hold her down.

## THE MAJOR'S EXPERIMENT.

OUT in a certain western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointed toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball-cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast mule out to the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood around in a semi-circle, while the major went up and inserted a time-fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the unruddled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited and his curiosity became more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understand, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breast works with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, and a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive back-somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally, with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, lit the chimney in major's quarters, and rattled the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

## A Singular Accidental Death.

A singular story of an accidental death is reported by the legal journals. A young man of 23, living near Orleans, who figured as a volunteer in the army of the Loire, was lately invited to a birthday festival by an uncle in the Rue Vauairan, Paris.—The banquet was gay, and the youthful hero enlivened the conversation by recounting his hair-breadth escapes during the war, and how he was exsanguinated, with difficulty, alive from a heap of dead and dying. He was congratulated on his good luck, and it was the general opinion that he must have been born under a fortunate star.

The party had scarcely adjourned to the drawing room, when the volunteer of the Loire remembered that he had left something in the dining-room and went back to look for it. In a dark passage he met a maid servant carrying a pile of plates. From the middle of the pile there stuck out the blade of a carving-knife, against the sharpened point of which he ran. The end of the handle pressed against the girl's chest, and the superincumbent weight of plates gave the weapon a deadly impetus. The steel entered the young man's breast and so severely wounded him that he died in a few moments after he had told his friends how the accident had happened.—Paris Correspondent.

A well-known doctor of divinity was riding the other day in a street car in company with a friend. He is a positive man and resents an insult quite vehemently. Earnestly engaged in conversation, he handed the conductor a ticket as he came to collect the fare. The conductor did not move on. As he remained studying the ticket, the doctor's attention was attracted toward the official, who seems to be highly interested in the car ticket. He read it, smiled, shook his head, and finally said to the doctor—"This may be all very well, but the ticket is not good on this line."

"What's the reason it's no good, I should like to know?" said the testy doctor. "It's one of your own tickets; I bought it this morning."

"I guess not," said the conductor.

The altercation drew the attention of all the passengers.

"This is very good advice, but it will not pass you over this line," and the conductor read: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

An explanation followed—amid which the doctor paid his fare and left the car. He has concluded to keep his religious cards in one pocket and his car tickets in another.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying deacon to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling reply.

## 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 these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest 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 prepare 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 expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all cavities 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 the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one round 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 I 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 Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, 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 Northeast 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.

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