

to return to Japan, so that there are difficulties in the way of a personal interview."

"Really, Mr.—Mr. Fiel," said the widow, glancing at the card which had been given her, "I hardly know what to make of all this. I was certainly aware that Mr. Loby-

year had a father very much devoted to natural history, who, if alive, was supposed to be some where in Japan; but that he takes any notice of his son's affairs, or professes to exercise any authority over him, is quite a new idea to me."

"To me also, madam; and I believe it to be a very unusual proceeding on his part. But marriage is an unexceptionably important thing, and as his son is under age—"

"Under age! Thomas under age! impossible!" cried the widow.

"It is a fact, madame; but were it otherwise, it would be of no importance, since Mr. Lobyyear is entirely dependent on his father, who is determined to discontinue his allowance, and cut him out of his will, if he marries without his consent and approval."

Mrs. Montacute remained in pensive contemplation of a very pretty foot some little time before she replied—"Excuse me for being over cautious, Mr. Fiel; but you are an utter stranger, you know, and I would like to see the letter from Mr. Lobyyear's father, if you have it about you."

"Certainly, madam," replied the lawyer. "A very natural and proper precaution on your part. I might be a rival, prompted by motives of jealousy. Here is the letter, which, however, I fear may give you pain. Evil tongues," he continued, as the widow took the document and ran her eyes rapidly over it—"Evil tongues have evidently traduced you. Alas! the best and fairest cannot escape slander! Indeed, the greater the merit, the more virulent the envy."

"Evidently genuine. Thank you," said the widow, returning the letter with extraordinary composure, considering how she was treated in it and then once more fixed her gaze upon her boot which she fidgeted about, she relapsed into silence and meditation. At length she raised her eyes slowly to the lawyer's and looking at him quietly, but very fixedly, she said—"Mr. Fiel, you have come to me treating this affair as a pure matter of business, and therefore I will not speak to you of my affections; it would prolong the interview; and probably you would not understand me. I will speak of the marriage engagement between myself and Mr. Thomas Lobyyear, then, precisely as if it were a mere commercial transaction. In order to fulfil my part, I have left India, where I had a home, and have come to England to live on my meagre pension. For all his threats, I consider it very unlikely that Mr. Lobyyear will really disinherit his only child."

"Pardon my interrupting you, madam; nothing is more probable. The ardor with which he pursues his favorite science amounts to mania, and I fear that he would be hardly sorry for an excuse to devote his entire fortune to the building and foundation of a museum."

"There is a certain force in what you say," replied the widow, calmly; "and I do not conceal from myself that it would be a very great misfortune indeed for both of us if Mr. Thomas Lobyyear were to be deprived of his income upon our marriage. Still, it would be worse for me to break it off, and remain here, far from my friends, penniless."

"Nay, madam, not penniless; some compensation would be your due."

Lugate Venereus Cupidinesque—if they didn't come presently to fair up-and-down bargaining! The matter was finally settled thus. Mrs. Montacute was to start for New York by the next mail, Mr. Fiel taking and paying for her passage; she was to write a farewell letter to young Lobyyear, breaking the match, and keeping silence about where she was going to. Mr. Fiel was to accompany her on board the ship, and then to place in her hands the sum of one thousand pounds.

"When this treaty, with 'No Trust!' for its basis, was concluded, Mr. Fiel took his leave; and as he stepped into the street, Jack Horner alone could appreciate his sensations. Never had so delicate a case been so skillfully handled. Three days afterwards Mr. Fiel escorted the fair widow to Liverpool; accompanied her on board the American steamer; and staid with her until the last moment, gave her the thousand pounds, and returned to the bosom of his family, having himself sealed and posted a most satisfactory letter of farewell to poor young Lobyyear, which was put in his hands unfastened, that he might assure himself that the contents were according to treaty.

Next day the deserted lover came to him in a fury—storming, upbraiding, beseeching him to tell him where his charmer had flown to; threatening murder and suicide when the lawyer remained obdurate. Finally, he rushed away, declaring that he would never speak to him again."

"Yes, you will, when you want money," said Mr. Fiel as the other banged the door behind him.

He was right. In less than a fortnight young Lobyyear, came calm and haughty, and coldly intimated that he was about to return to the East, and required some funds. After some discussion about necessary expenses, passage money, outfit, what his father usually allowed him, &c., Mr. Fiel

let him have five hundred pounds, and saw him depart with infinite relief—for now the edifice of his diplomacy was crowned. Commissioned to separate a young couple, he had dispatched one to the east, the other to the west. What success could be more complete? He had always estimated his own acuteness very highly, but now he felt as if he should "strike the stars with his sublime top," as a school friend of ours once translated a familiar line of Horace. This state of extreme self-satisfaction lasted some months, during which he looked forward to the letters of thanks and admiring approval which he expected from Mr. Lobyyear the father.

It came a mail sooner than he expected. One morning on entering his office, he found two foreign letters awaiting him—one from an unknown correspondent, and the other in the familiar handwriting of his client in Japan. He opened this letter eagerly, and prepared for praise.

"DEAR SIR,—I can't make out the meaning of this rigmorole you have written to me about a son and a marriage. I had a son, a lieutenant in the —th, but the poor boy fell a victim to the climate of China, ten years ago. You refer to a letter of mine, dated from Hong-Kong, and it is true that I was there about the time you mention, but certainly I never wrote to you during my stay. If you are in your senses, you have been grossly imposed upon by some rogue or another. I wish you would have the goodness to call upon Pium of the British Museum and tell him," &c.

The rest of the letter was all about bugs and beetles.

Mr. Fiel staggered to his desk, took out the letter he had last received, and compared it with the present one: the imitation of the handwriting was cunningly executed but a palpable forgery. Had he entertained the ghost of a suspicion at that time, he could not have mistaken it.

It was a good hour before he partially recovered from the effects of this blow, and then, in a bewildered, mechanical way, he opened the second foreign letter. It was dated from New York and ran thus:

"SIR,—When I was a clerk in your office, you tried to get too much out of me but I managed to turn the tables and pay myself for time and trouble expended on your behalf—that was one to me. You caught me, and got me two years—that was one to you. With the aid of my clever little wife, I have drawn about fifteen hundred and eighty pounds out of you, winning two events out of three. Never mind; it was improbable that I, who alone knew the details of your business-relations with Mr. Lobyyear, should have chanced upon that gentleman in Hong-Kong, and procured a specimen of his handwriting; and in the walnut-stained young man, with jet-black hair and moustache, you could hardly be expected to recognize the fair, smooth-faced red headed Tom Scott."

"P. S.—Love to Sarah. I regret that we could not square matters, by a matrimonial alliance, but bigamy is not one of my little games at present."

Mr. Fiel threw the letter on the ground, pounded it with his heel, buried his face in his hands, and in a tone of agony which might have melted the heart of his bitterest enemy, exclaimed—"Done!"

A Mixed Matrimonial Case.
A curious matrimonial complication was developed in Springfield, Mass., recently on the trial of "Rev." J. Percy Painter, on charge of bigamy. The first wife being on the stand, the counsel for the defense undertook by cross-examination to show that Mrs. Lucy Painter had a husband living when she married Painter; that Painter's marriage with her was illegal; and, therefore, that there was no polygamy when Painter married Mrs. Lawrence. But the fact came out from Mrs. Painter's testimony that her first husband Nelson Robinson, had a wife living when she (Lucy) married him; consequently her marriage with Robinson was illegal; consequently she was free to marry Painter, as she did; consequently Painter, in marrying Mrs. Lawrence during Lucy's lifetime, perpetrated polygamy! It should be stated, however, that when Lucy married Painter, she had not heard from Robinson for eleven years, and had heard and believed that he was dead; though whether he was or not, was no difference with Painter's case, inasmuch as she, as has been shown, was not legally married to Robinson. Robinson's first wife was divorced from him four years after his marriage to Lucy—a fact adduced by the latter to show that she (Lucy) was never legally made Mrs. Robinson.

Old Times in Massachusetts.
The Salem "Gazette" for May 9, 1800, has the following—"Smoking Cigars—Public notice is once more given to all persons who are in the habit of smoking cigars in the evening, that constables have received positive orders to enter a complaint against any person who shall be found smoking cigars after sundown, as it is contrary to the laws of the town, made for the purpose of preventing so dangerous a practice, and every person, without distinction, who shall be found violating the law, will be prosecuted on the first complaint entered with the officer of police. (Signed,) Nathan Waldo." In the same paper occurs the following obituary notice: "Died, in Scotland, J. Anderson, a tinker, aged 114 years. After carrying a budget more than a century, his mortal kettle was worn through, and death consigned him to the common crucible to be melted down, refined and cast into a more worthy vessel by the Great Founder."

A River With no Mouth.
The Leavenworth, Ind., Democrat records the following: During this age of discoveries and superstition, it becomes our duty to report a fact, which to those unacquainted with the singular developments of the day, may be somewhat disposed to doubt. But we give it as a positive truth, as related to us by one of the best citizens in this county, who went and examined it. It is as follows: Two men, named John E. Stanley and Frederick Henniger, were employed in digging a well on the farm of Mr. Benjamin Ellis, who resides in Washington county, near the line of Harrison and Washington counties.

They commenced digging in a place where, as they thought, it would be probable not to encounter any obstruction in their search for water. They had proceeded but a short distance, however, when they encountered a bed of loose "nigger-head" rocks which, upon being broken open, were found to contain water and other substances, supposed to be ore of some kind. When they reached the depth of sixty feet from the surface, they came to a large cave, which they followed a distance of ten or twelve feet, when there before their gaze, was a beautiful river of clear water, which, upon examination, was found to contain an innumerable number of small white fish.

Upon a closer examination it was found to be sixteen feet wide and five feet in depth, and as clear and cold as spring water. As an experiment a lighted candle was placed upon a small piece of plank and set afloat. It started off into the darkness with the current and was soon lost to sight. Several persons have visited this great curiosity, and many were the conjectures as to where the water came from and whither it went, but nothing satisfactory could be arrived at.

JAPANESE SHOES.
THREE kinds of shoes are worn in Japan, a brief description of which may interest the reader:

1. There is the straw shoe. This consists of a strong mat of straw, made to fit the bottom of the foot, and fastened by means of strings going through the mat, and round the ankles. The Japanese horses, what few they have, are shod with straw, in precisely the same way. The mat being made to fit the bottom of the horse's foot, and turned up a little at the sides, is fastened on by means of strings going round the leg above the hoof.

2. The second kind of shoe is made of cloth for the upper part, and this is attached to a sole of felt an inch thick. This is the most common shoe of the Chinese also. Then, instead of our gum over-shoes, the Japanese construct a rude sandal of wood, the bottom of which fits the shape of the foot, and across the bottom are two transverse sections, one near the toe, and another near the heel, forming two huge corks, a toe-cork and a heel-cork of wood, four inches long, and an inch thick. The whole is constructed of one solid piece of wood, and kept on the foot by means of a strong rope or string fastened to the top of the sandal, like the ball of a kettle under which the foot is thrust to the instep, and the pedestrian is enabled to move "high and dry" over a muddy road. The tracks of such a traveller look queer enough. Two impressions in the soft earth, four inches long, and one inch wide, and four or five inches apart, are all you see.

3. Garrison says that the woman question was an "all-embracing" one. Who said it wasn't?

THE OLDEST METHODIST CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.



In 1767, Capt. Webb an officer in the British army introduced Methodism into Philadelphia, and contributed largely towards purchasing a building for the use of the Society. In 1770, Miles Pennington one of the members of the class, bought the building which is the subject of this sketch. It was built by a German Reformed Society and was then called St. George's Church, but is now known as "the Old Brick Church" and though one of the oldest church edifices in the State, it is still used as a place of worship.

Stepping in Father's Footsteps.

One bright winter's morning, after a snow storm, a father took his hat for a walk to attend to some farm affairs requiring his attention. As he started, his little boy of five summers also snatched his hat, and followed his father with much dignity, and an assumed business-like air. When they reached the door, the gentleman noticed that no tracks or pathway had been made in the snow, and he hesitated about letting his boy follow him. But the soft, fleecy snow so tempting, so pearly white, that he concluded to allow the child to walk after him. He took long and rapid strides through the untrodden snow, when, suddenly remembering his "little boy," he paused, looked back for him and exclaimed:

"Well, my son, don't you find it hard work to walk in this deep snow?" "Oh! no," said the boy, "I'm coming; for, father, I step in all your tracks."

True enough, the dear child was planting his tiny feet just where the parents had trodden. The child's reply startled the father as he reflected that thus would his child keep pace with him, and follow in his tracks through life. He was not a friend of Jesus, not a man of prayer, and not a Christian! and well might he pause and tremble as he thought of his child, ever striving "to step in all of his tracks," onward, onward, through life's mysterious mazes and myths, toward eternity! The little boys reply brought the strong, stubborn-hearted man to think, when never the preached word of God had made no impression on him. Finally he repented, and sought and found peace in believing in Christ. We believe he is now making such tracks through life that some day that son may be proud to say "Father, I step in all your tracks."

Honesty.
Abraham Lincoln was once a postmaster in the village of New Salem, "out West." He then went to Springfield to study law, and for four years had hard work to earn his bread and butter. Fighting with poverty is a hard fight. One day a post-office agent came around to collect a balance due to the Washington office from the New Salem office. The bill was \$17.60. Dr. Henry, a friend of "poor Abe," happened to fall in with the agent, and was as sure as could be that he had nothing in his pockets to pay it with. He went, therefore, to the office, in order to lend him the money, or offer to lend it.

When the agent presented the draft, Lincoln asked the man to sit down, and sat down himself with a very puzzled look upon his face. He then stepped out, went over to his boarding-house, and came back with an old stocking under his arm. This he untied, and poured out on the table a quantity of small silver coins and "red cents." These they counted, exactly \$17.60 just the amount called for; and moreover, it was just the very money called for; for on leaving the office the young postmaster tied up the money and had kept it by him, awaiting the legal call to give it up.

On paying it over, "I never use," he said, "even for a time, any money that is not mine. This money I know belonged to the Government, and I had no right to exchange or use it for any purpose of my own."

That is the right and true ground to take. If money is intrusted to your care, never touch it, never use it. I am not now talking about cheating and stealing, but taking and using money with the intention of returning it. Money in trust should always be kept a part from all your other business, and held sacred. By neglecting this, and not making good the deficiency when pay-day came, many a man has lost the confidence of his fellow-men, and damaged his integrity beyond repair.

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 intestines 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 coughing. 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 diseases 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 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.

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