The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

For Father's Honor.

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S⁰ MUCH GONE ! I might have known how it would be !' said Mr. 66 Sterling, looking up from a morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What has gone ?" asked the wife. "My money is gone?" answered Mr.

Sterling. "That money I was foolish enough to

lend Mr. Granger." "Why do you say that ?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

" Dead !" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients away from home to die !"

"Poor Mrs. Granger ! Poor little orphans;" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do ?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been persuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the winter. "He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harvey ! How can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger ! She will be heartbroken."

"Kindness is cheap and is easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling. He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. reckon they can do without him. If I had three hundred dollars, 1 wouldn't-"

But he checked for shame-not for feelings-the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many hundred yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-boarded walks and filled with shrubberry. A honey-suckle, twined with a running rose bush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows giving beauty and sweetness.

The hand of taste was seen everywherenot lavish, but discriminate taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C-Now the shadow of death was upon it.

Poor Mrs. Granger ! Poor, little orphans ! Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. While her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little children weeping over her in childish terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said: "I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father

heard the remark, and letting hiseyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen. "I think her a very nice little girl," re-

plied the mother. "So she is nice," returned the child,

"but then abe is so queer. Oh, she isn't like the rest of the girls. She said the oddest thing to-day. I almost laughed out; but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie Lillie Bonfield and I were walking round the square at recess time, when uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten cent pieces, he said; "here's a dime for each of you girls to buy sugar plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and started away for the candy-shop in an instant; but Katie

stood still with her share of the money in her hand. "Come along !" I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. "Aren't you going to buy some candy with it?" I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear her words)-" It's for father's honor;" and leaving us, went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so queer !"

"Her mother is very poor, you know,' replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's remark to be pondered over.

"She must be strange," said Flora, "for she's worn the same frock to school for 'most three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katle's remark, "It's for father's honor;" the truth flashed at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and then Mrs. Granger called again on Mr. Sterling and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a stronger impression upon bim. It troubled him to lift the money in her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transpar-

ent skin, as she counted it out. He wished she had sent the money instead of calling. It. was on his lips to remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is con-venient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his kindness so he kept silent.

"No, dear, it's for father's honor. I cannot spend the money."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when the sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age. "Come away, Maggie," said the other

drawing her sister back from the window. "Don't look at them any more-don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, Katie," pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an ger. apple which cost only a cent; but the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of those pennics, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers ? A feeling of shame burst upon the cheek of Mr. Sterling.

Grangor had now made three payments. For some moments he hald it in his hands looking at the face thereof. He mw written in clear figures the sum of \$300. Seven-

ty of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of the hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence; "No, dear, it's for your father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "canelled," and handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean ?" sho asked, ooking bewildered.

"It means said Mr. Storling, "that I hold no obligation against your husband." Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's houghts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for you generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless.

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were new to him. "It's as white as mow."

Then he thrust back upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

" No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said. "It shall be as I will !" was the response. I would rather touch fire than your money; every dollar would burn my conscience like

iving coals. " But the last payment," urged the widw. "I shall feel better."

"No, madam ! Would you throw fire apon my conscience ? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he left you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What ?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children, whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years,-giving their meat to cancel an obligation which death paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, "Madam !" Mr. Sterling's voice softened, "if we could all see the right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved ! I honor your true-hearted self-devotion, but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my way any time."

Under Providence this circumstance was the means of breaking the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stran-

Travelling Stones.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found iu Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin travelling toward a common center, and there huddle up in a bunch. like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released at once started off, with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remains motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but a bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two diamcter, and it is in these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be leadstone or magnetic iron ore.

"Kiss Me, Mother; For I Can't Hold on any Longer."

In describing the flood which was so disnaterons to many sections of Virginia, the Lynchburg papers record the following very sad and touching incident : A mother and several little children were making their escape from a "narrow neck of and," which lies between the river and the canal. They had reached the banks of the sanal when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone; and their only hope was to cling on to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waters should subside. But as they stood there clinging to the abutment, the waters continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep darkness they could hear the crushing of trees amid the thunders of bridge timbers that were wildly dashing all around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time, when the little girl felt that her strength was gone, and with a wild shrick of terror she exclaimed ; "Kiss me mother, for I can't hold on any longer !" and with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheek, she was swept away, and was seen no more. Christian mothers what a lesson is here for your sober reflection, and to arouse your most anxious solicitude. These little ones that hang around your knees-oh, how strong, and deep and how irrepressible is that love which they lavish upon you ? Think about the love. and cherish it as you would hidden treasures ; and then again, think of this incident as expressive of the real spiritual condition of your children. If you are a Christian. you know the dangers that encircle them. The storm of sin is already raging, and arround you are dashing the wrecks and ruins of other souls. There is a thick darkness that has settled down upon the world, and if in your terrible anxiety you will only listen, you can hear the shricks of others that are perishing, and the maddened rush of pent up waters that are sweeping around you.

Legal Jokes.

When Chief Justice Shaw, was on the bench, a distinguished member of the bar met the following reproof : "Where did you get the money with which you made the purchase spoken of ?" asked the "learned brother" of a witness under the tortures of cross-examination. "None of your (gentle expletive) business !" thundered the victim. "Now, may it please you, are counsel to be insulted in this manner?" appealed the lawyer. "Witness," said the Chief Justice, compassionately, "do you wish to change your last answer?" "No, sir, I don't !" "Well, I wouldn't if I were in your place !" And the chuckle that shook the bench was audibly echoed.

"Everybody recollects Uncle Van Meter, the colored philosopher of Barkersville, who died some months since. Van was as a character. He was summoned on one occasion as a witness in the Supreme Court on a cow case at the time of the benevolent Judge Hathaway presided. The counsel on either side, out of sheer fun racked their brains to obfusticate the veteran African boy by plying all manner of questions pertainin gto every other topic but the cow. The experiment was successful, and befogged Van answered as noor wiidly as a blind pugilist strikes out his antagonist. Judge Hathaway willing to enjoy a little sport, but with a view of getting the bewildered philosopher back to a rational stand point, turned benignantly toward him and put a simple question. This was more than the illustrious voudoo could stand; a magazine never exploded quicker. Lifting both hands above his head and with a countenance beaming with despair, "I sez now, you old gray-haired gemmen up dar on de bench, don't you interfere wid dis matter. I've just as much as I can do to take care of dese chaps down here !" 177" President Hopkins of Williams College is thoroughly good and greatly loved. and he is a stately and dignified old gentleman withal. All these excellent qualities added a quaint effect of contrast to the suddeness of the following answer which the worthy president once received, and which illustrates the principle that "ridicule is the test of truth." In the railroad cars one day the President descried one of his students, a youth of regretable habits in point of dissipation, and wearing at that momment the haggered and disheyelled looks of one not yet over the effects of a hard debauch. Stepping up to the young man, looking him sternly yet sadly in the face, the President said in a deep and impressive tone :

New Advertisements.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION

CONSECTOPPION: 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 nutritiment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus im-paired, having the slightest prodisposition 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 rentoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first bling fo be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot per-form their functions, and then rouse up and rentore the liver to a healthy action. For the purpose the surest and beat remark is Schenck's Mandrake Fills. These Fills clean the stom-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 blue 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 Here are thus deansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Rest is , but there remains in the stomach an ex-ress of acid, the organ is torpid and the appo-tite poor. In the lowers the incide are weak,

Fills; but their remains in the stomach an ex-cess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appe-tite poor. In the bowels the incteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenek's Scaweed 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 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 persevering use of Schenk's Paimonic Syrup. The Paimonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily ab-sorbed into the circulation, and thene distrib-ued to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all system, purpose the blood, and is feading and sorbed into the circulation, and thence distrib-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 ex-pel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and puryfying properties of Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavitles are healed up sound, and my pa-tient is even 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 firsh and get strong. If a person has discussed lungs—a cavity or abscess there—rhe 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 appe-tite, a good outrition, the body to grow in fiesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be throws off in large quanties, and the person will regains health and sterength. This is the true and on-ity plan to cure Consumption, and if a person ly plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is efficiely 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 direction, and eiter Nature the get

will do to care Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen is, 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 1 recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, 1 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 curved; 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 amass of sores, which the least change of at an songhere will infame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking the subdue inflammation ity to subdue inflammation instead of ity to subdue inflammation instead of provor-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 chill-ing winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. carefully shielded from all irritating thutness. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any elecumstances is an impossibility. any circumstances is an impossibility. The person should be kept on wholesome and nutritions dict, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength. 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 rery 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-cast Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it. require it.

went away two or three months before, his loved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle trusting woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. "She cannot stand alone." But they were mistaken. As we have just said love and honor make the heart

strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling had read of the young minister's death, he received a note from the widow.

"My hushand," she said, "was enabled to go South in hopes of regaining his health, through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slight curling lip, "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, "what a noble woman ! what a fine sense of honor she has !" but I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend nial of herself and little ones, the poor her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered about three months afterwards that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. Ho did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with his dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch the document from Mr. Sterling's hand. It seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Temple to her mother on the evening of the very day the first payment was made. Mr. Sterling

"Here little ones?" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come," repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly. The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory

all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved the money. But the vision of sober child faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears.

Through over-taxing toil and the dewidow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands, to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of the little pile of bills that lay under his fingers.

One thing was clear to him, he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven.

People would get to understand the widow's case, they would hear of self-denial and that of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask, naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This though affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from

Made Him Pay.

When Gen. Jackson was President, a heartless clerk in the Treasury Department ran up an indebtedness with a poor landlady to \$60, and then turned her off, as he did every other creditor. She finally went to the President with her complaint. and asked if he could not compel the clerk to pay the bill. "He offers his note," she said, "but his note is good for nothing." Said the President, "get his note and bring it to me." The clerk gave her the note with the jeering request, "she would let him know when she got the money on it." Taking it to the President he wrote, "Andrew Jackson " on the back of it, and told her that she could get the money at the bank. When it became due the clerk refused to pay the note, but when he learned who was the endorser, he made haste to 'raise the wind" The next morning he found a note on his deak saying that his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from services were no longer required by the one of the copartments a note on which Mr. government—and it served him right.

" Been on a drunk !"

"So have I," was the answer.

Greeley on Maple Sugar.

A great many ridculous funny things are published concerning Greeley's views on agricu ltural affairs, of which the following is a sample :- Mr. Greeley says the reason there is a scarcity of maple sugar this spring is, that the farmers didn't more than half manure their sugar seeds when they planted them last fall. He says for every seed you plant you want a whole pile of manure, when the vincs will be fairly weighed down with scolloped cakes. Farmers will never learn anything if they keep on fooling away their time as they have the past year.

require if. Fail directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in auy part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same. J. H. SCHENCK, M. D., Philadelphia. J. H. SCHENCK, M. D., Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents. 5231

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This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the pres-ent proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accom-modate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the mar-ket, and the bar stocked with choise liquors. A careful and attentive hostier will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor. April 3, 1871. If

ADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortiment of shoes at the one price store of F. Mortimor.