

red, hot flush. His whole frame trembled evidently, though whether with passion or emotion, Captain Burrill could not for a moment decide. As the old man's words found utterance, however, the captain's doubts were quickly put at rest.

"Harlot!" cried Jacob Marshall. "You have no claim upon our pity or credulity. Leave the house!"

"Stay where you are," shouted the captain, springing to his feet. "Jacob Marshall, whatever this girl may be, and whatever her life has been, she has called you by the sacred name of father. Remembering this, and remembering that this night she has saved your property and perhaps your life, can you turn her from your doors without one word of comfort or of pity?"

"Who asked you to interfere?" blurted the old man, bursting with rage. "D—n me! Can't I manage affairs under my own roof?"

"You are not what I thought you," said Captain John, forgetting, in the earnestness of his kindly heart, that by bearding Jacob Marshall, he was risking forever his future prospects. "Surely you, Marion, will not see your sister turned heartlessly into the street!"

"Since you know the girl so well, sir, and manifest such anxiety in her behalf," said Marion, scarcely less furious than her father, "you would do well to provide for her yourself. Marion Marshall can never forget an insult."

"I had no intention of insulting anybody," replied the captain; "but this poor child has been under my own protection for a long time, and I should consider myself false to my trust, and false to my word to her, did I stand quietly by and see her turned from her father's doors into the street. How she came here to-night, I know not, nor do I care. I have never yet found cause to distrust her and I believe in her now."

Poor Blanche had risen to her feet during this fiery controversy, and now stood in the middle of the room nervously wringing her hands and repeating, as if to herself, "why didn't he let me die? Why did I ever meet him?" Jacob Marshall, looking from one to the other, and purple with apopleptic fury, stamped violently upon the floor.

"This is all an infernal plot," he screamed, "an infernal plot to rob me. Leave the house, sir. Never again cross my threshold, sir, or ever command another ship of mine. I wash my hands of you. Marion, I command you never to speak to this man again. Do you hear? never speak to him."

"Your command is unnecessary, father," she said. "Our relations are at an end."

She turned haughtily away, and with the queenly step which Captain Burrill had once admired as the very embodiment of grace, sought her own apartment.

Without a word, the captain took down his hat and coat and slowly put them on. When this operation was finished, he turned to Blanche, who stood watching him in a kind of speechless bewilderment.

"We are both in for it," he said, smiling cheerfully to reassure her. "Come. I shall want you to take care of me now." He threw a heavy blanket shawl across her shoulders and, taking her by the hand, led her past her father down the stairs.

"Send the rest of my luggage to Lovejoy's he shouted, to the servants as he passed them. Then, unlocking the street door, he led his trembling charge out into the storm, and, with a spiteful bang, closed the Marshall mansion behind him forever.

And so he brought Blanche Marshall back to the old place in Frankfort street and once more placed her in Tom Saddler's care. Shall it be told that before many months had passed, this rubicund visaged guardian resigned his trust into fitter and more sympathetic hands? Perhaps the reader has not guessed that during all this time poor Blanche had been warming Captain Burrill's heart for him. For his battle in her behalf, he asked her for his pay at last, and she gave him her hand and heart, and the love and trust of a true wife.

#### "That's a Man."

A farmer in Illinois had a neighbor across the Wabash in Indiana who was keeping a pauper on contract at his house. In corn hoeing season the Illinois man sometimes borrowed his neighbor's pauper to help in the corn field. Bill Turner had a pauper working for him, and as some of the people in the neighborhood had never seen a pauper, they were very anxious to get a peep at him. Consequently some twenty of them joined together one day, armed with their shotguns and rifles, and went over to Turner's to see the strange creature. They got cautiously across the fence, and came up to where the men were working.

"Bill," said Silas Brown their spokesman, "we've heard that you've got a pauper working for you, and we'd like to see it."

Bill thereupon pointed out the object of their curiosity. The visitor walked around the astonished pauper and silently surveyed him from every point of view. At last Silas spoke—

"Look here, Bill Turner," said he, "you can't fool us; that's a man!"

We wish all those in charge of charitable institutions had the same idea about paupers that Silas had.

#### Shaving a Millionaire.

EVERYBODY who lives in New Jersey will recollect Billy Gibbons, the millionaire. He was an eccentric man, and numerous stories are told of his freaks. Here is one of them:

It seems that Billy, while in a country village, in which he owned some property, stepped into a barber's shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers, and the old gentleman quietly waited for his turn.

A customer who was under the barber's hands when the old gentleman came in, asked the "knight of the razor," in an undertone, if he knew who that was? and on receiving a negative reply, he informed him, in a whisper, it was "Old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."

Accordingly, after the old man had had that operation performed he was somewhat surprised upon asking the price to be told "seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents!" said he, quietly, "isn't that rather a high price?"

"It's my price," said he of the lather-brush, independently, "and as this is the only barber's shop in the place, them as comes into it must pay what I ask."

To the old man this was evidently a knockdown argument, for he drew three-quarters of a dollar from his pocket, paid them over to the barber, and left the shop.

A short time after he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern hard by, and the topic of conversation was barbers' shops.

"Why is it," said he, "there's only one barber shop in town? There seems to be nearly enough work for two?"

"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter, when this new man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and as every thing in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going for nigh fourteen years."

"But didn't this Bill do good work? Didn't he shave well, and—cheap?"

"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough, but his shop wasn't on the main street like the new one and didn't have so many pictures and handsome curtains, and folks got in the way of thinking the new shop was more scientific and brought more city fashions with him, though, to tell the truth," said the landlord, striking a chin sown with a beard resembling screen wire, "I never want a lighter touch or a keener razor than Bill Harrington's."

"City fashions—eh!" growled the old man. "So the new man's city fashions shut up the old barber's shop?"

"Well," not exactly," said the landlord, "though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened; first, one of his little children died of a fever; then his wife was sick a long time, and Bill had a big bill to pay at the doctor's; then as a last misfortune his shop burned down one night, tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."

"Well, said the old man, pettishly, "why don't he start again?"

"Start again?" said the communicative landlord; "why, bless your soul, he hasn't got anything to start with."

"H—m—n! Where does this man live?" asked the old man.

He was directed, and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tonsor, who corroborated the landlord's story.

"Why don't you take a new shop?" said the old man; "there is a new one in the block right opposite the other barber's shop."

"What!" said the other, "you must be crazy. Why, that block belongs to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of those stores for a barber's shop; they are a mighty sight too good; besides that, I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fit it up with."

"You don't know old Billy Gibbons as well as I do," said the other. "Now listen. If you can have that shop all fitted up, rent free, what will you work in it for by the month? what is the least you can live on?"

This proposition somewhat startled the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out that perhaps twelve or fifteen dollars would be about enough.

"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that won't do. Now listen to me—I'll give you that store, rent free, one year, and engage your services six months, all on these conditions. You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and take no pay; just charge it all to me, and for your services I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable in advance, say to commence now," he continued, placing two \$10 notes on the table before the astonished barber, who, it is almost unnecessary to state, accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself who had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber shop, far surpassing the other in elegance of appointments, and in which, with new mugs, soaps, razors and perfumes, stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty on the heads and beards of the people. Over the door was inscribed,

"William Harrington, Shaving and Hair Dressing saloon."

The people were not long in ascertaining or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, and it is not to be wondered that it was crowded and the other deserted. The other held out some weeks, suspecting this free shaving—for Bill kept his secret well—was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged as usual; but when at the end of six weeks he found Billy working away as usual, charging not a cent for his labor, and having money to spend in the bargain, he came to the conclusion that he must have drawn a prize in the lottery, or stumbled upon a gold mine, and was keeping a barber shop for fun, so he closed his shop in despair, and left the place.

Meanwhile, Bill Harrington kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in, and, without a word, sat down and was shaved; on rising from his chair he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it, and after a careful calculation, the old man said:

"Plenty of customers, eh?"

"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such a business in my life!"

"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have kept the account well. I see I have paid you one hundred and twenty dollars for services—all right—and there are three hundred and thirty charged for shaving all that applied; now, this furniture cost one hundred and eighty dollars; balance due you one hundred and two dollars. Here it is. Now you own this furniture and are to have this shop rent free six months longer, and after to-day you are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to-day."

This of course the barber gladly assented to.

"But," said the old man, on leaving, "take care you never cheat a man by charging ten times the usual price for a shave; for it may be another 'Old Billy Gibbons.'"

#### A Vermont Gunner.

Three or four years after the war of 1812, before the jealousy and bitterness that had been ranking in the minds of Englishmen and Americans ever since its termination had passed away, a frigate of which Gregory was executive officer was lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. There were several English men-of-war in port, and the older officers were careful to prevent collisions between the sailors of the different ships. One fine day the gunners of a British ship of the line and a frigate got permission to exercise the great guns by firing at a mark. A large hogshead or other cask was anchored at a suitable distance, about two miles off, and the frigate and seventy-four were both blazing away at it. Some half a dozen shots had been fired by each, and the mark had not been hit. With the aid of a glass it could be seen that some of the balls fell near it, while others fell short or struck a long way off. There were a large number of ships in port, and the gunnery practice attracted general attention, and many sarcastic comments were made upon the unskillful firing of John Bull. The Yankee sailors were much excited, and their own superior gunnery was loudly asserted.—

Meantime the firing was continued, and with a similar result. At last one of the experts of the frigate, unable to control himself, implored Mr. Gregory to let him have one crack at the barrel. He was sternly rebuked and ordered to quarters. The fellow was a long-limbed, powerful Vermonter, an old tar, but with much of his mother's habits and peculiarities hanging about him. Returning to his messmates, he swore with outlandish oaths that it was a shame he couldn't give "them Britishers a lesson." Presently he inquired of the lieutenant how much it would cost for one shot at the cask. "Such a flogging as you have long deserved," said Mr. Gregory. "Anything else, sir?" inquired Jonathan, as he turned away. In less than a minute, "bang" went a thirty-two, and the British mark was knocked all to pieces.

Mr. Gregory at once ordered the man under arrest, and sent him on board the English frigate with a note explaining the matter. There was great excitement on board the ship. The Yankee gunner was complimented for the accuracy of his shot, the British sailors were reproached for their clumsy shooting, and the Vermonter returned to his vessel filled with grog and with ten guineas in his pocket.

#### Irish Wit.

The late James T. Brady, was very fond of the natural ready wit of his countrymen. One day, speaking of this to a friend, he said, "I'll just show you a sample. I'll speak to any of these men at work, and you'll see that I will get my answer." Stepping up to some men at work on a cellar near by; he spoke to them cheerfully: "Good day, good day to you, boys. That looks like hard work for you.

"Faix an' it is," was the answer, "or we wouldn't be havin' the doin' of it."

"Pleased with this answer, he asked the man what part of Ireland he came from.

"Ah!" said Brady, on hearing the name "I came from that region meself."

"Yes," said the man, with another blow of his pick, "there was many nice people in that place; but I never heard that any of them left it."

#### SUNDAY READING.

##### Sowing and Reaping.

A Christian gentleman was staying a few days with a farmer, who, though a man of sound sense and many amiable traits was a neglecter of religion and known to be both passionate and profane. He was an excellent farmer, priding himself not a little on the fine appearance and thorough culture of his farm, and evidently was pleased with his guest, who was a man of winning manners and extensive information.

One day, as the gentleman walked out where the farmer was scattering his seed broadcast in the field, he inquired:

"What are you sowing, Mr. H.—?"

"Wheat," was the answer.

"And what do you expect to reap from it?"

"Why, wheat of course," said the farmer. At the close of the day, as all were gathered in the family circle, some little thing provoked the farmer, and at once he flew into a violent passion, and forgetting in his excitement the presence of his guest, swore most profanely.

The latter who was sitting next him, at once, and in a low and serious tone said:

"And what are you sowing now?"

The farmer seemed startled. A new meaning at once flashed on him from the question of the morning.

"What!" he said, in a subdued and thoughtful tone, "do you take such serious views of life as that, such serious views of every mood and word and action?"

"Yes," was the reply; "for every mood helps to form the permanent temper, and for every word we must give account, and every act but aids to form a habit, and habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves, and will move forever. By all these things we are forming character, and that character will go with us to eternity, and according to it will be our destiny forever."

It was a new and startling view to the farmer, who though sensible and thoughtful on most matters, had given little thought to the subject of religion. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—American.

##### Proverbs.

Amos Atkins was very fond of proverbs. He read proverbs, wrote proverbs, and spoke proverbs; and meet him when you would, he had always a proverb on his lips. When he once began to speak, there was hardly any stopping him.

When I first met Amos I was on my way to my uncle's. A long walk it was; but I told him I hoped to be there before night.

"Ay, ay," said he, "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. Put your best foot foremost, boy, or else you will not be there. It is a good thing to hope; but he who does nothing but hope is in a very hopeless way."

"Have a care of your temper; for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it. Therefore, again I say, have a care of your temper."

"Remember that the first spark burns the house down. Quench the first spark of passion, and all will be well. No good comes of wrath; it puts no money in the pocket, and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance."

"If you put a hot coal in your pocket, it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find it all through life. Never hide your faults, but confess them, and seek, through God's help, to overcome them."

"Waste not a moment of your time; for a moment of time is a moment of mercy."

"Now, step forward, boy; and as you walk along, think of the half dozen proverbs given you by Amos Atkins."

##### "I'm Too Busy."

A merchant sat at his office-desk. Various letters were spread out before him. His whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of religion entered the office.

"I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the cause of Christ," said the good man.

"Sir, you must excuse me," said the merchant, "I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good morning."

The merchant frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. One morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold moist hand upon his brow, and saying:

"Go home with me!"

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering, ever and anon:

"You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; spectres of ships, notes, houses, and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

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