The New Teacher.

A California Story.

"WHEN is he expected?"

"They said he was coming in to-night's stage."

"He taught in 'Frisco, didn't he?"

"Yes I guess he was in the department."

The doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar, and on this last sensation, the coming of a schoolmaster, she freely enlightened her neighbor, Mrs, Blunt, a plump widow, whose miner husband had died a few months before. There was not much to gossip about in that quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week, and if a stranger was noticed, envoys were immediately dispatched to the hotel to learn his name and business, and the probable length of his stay. But now Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster, and the folks wondered much if be would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy, or Ike Walker, an unruly spirit, who had knocked down and pummeled the last preceptor, who undertook to teach him school discipline. The trustees were powerless in these matters, and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in a square stand-up-fight, he might as well pick up his tracks and leave Russian Bar.

On the very evening of the expected arrival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous school-boys, met at a pool, from which both were endeavoring to coax a few speckled trout for supper.

"Have you heard what the new chap is like Sam?" said Ike, as he impaled a wriggling worm on his hook.

"No; have you?"

"Father told Jake, the barkeeper, that he was very young."

"And small?"

"Yes."

"Guess he won't stay in town, Ike."

"I guess not, Sam. School ain't good for us such fine weather as this."

The worthies sat and fished in silence for some time, and then Ike produced a bunch of cigarettes and passed them to his friend. At last, finding that the fish would not bite, they shouldered their poles and straggled up toward the village, pausing for a moment to stone a Chinaman's rooster which had strayed too far from the protecting wash-house.

Philip Houghton was a schoolmaster from necessity, and not taste. Like many who had been educated as gentlemen in one sense of the word, that is, without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to good account in the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California, with nothing to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a city paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it, and was accepted at a venture. Putting his few movables together—a pair of old foils and a set of well worn boxing-gloves, for Houghton was an accomplished boxer and fencer—he bought a ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage driver a communicative, pleasant fellow, who, at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed, his descriptions of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of was not very encouraging. "You'll find them a hard lot," said he, "and they're all on the muscle, too."

"What is about the weight of my oldest?" asked Houghton, good humoredly. "You see, if I have got to exercise something more than moral susasion, I want to get posted on the physique of my men."

"Well, Ike Walker is about the strongest."

"And what about the size of the redoubtable Ike?"

"Well, I guess he tops you by half a head."

"Oh, I expect we'll get along well enough together," said Houghton, "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village.

The stage bowled along the smooth road and passed the great white oak under whose friendly branches the teamsters were accustomed to make their noontime halt.

"I'll set you down at the hotel," said the driver. "There's Perkins, the proprietor, that fat man smoking on the stoop."

Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was anything but a prepossessing one. He was not of a very combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the excitement; but a game of fisticuff with a dirty, mutinous boy had neither honor or glory for one who had been one of the hardest hitters in his college.

The folks were all at their doors when the stage clattered up the single street, and the slender, good-looking young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before that worthy had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical avocations, also found time to "run" the post-office.

The doctor's wife was at the window, and after a long survey of the schoolmaster, hastened to communicate her opinions to Mrs. Blunt. Meanwhile Houghton washed off the red dust of the road, and took his seat at the supper table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few minutes that intervened between their arrival and the evening meal.

"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord, graciously, as he helped his new guest to a cut of steak.

"Well, it seems a pretty place."

"When you get acquainted you'll find yourself pleasantly situated; but you'll have a hard time with the boys."

"So they all tell me. Anyhow, I am not unprepared," said Houghton cheerfully.

After supper the landlord remarked confidentially to the doctor "that the young man had grit in him, and thought he'd be able to 'make the riffle' with the boys."

* * * * * * * *

When Houghton arose next morning and opened his window to the fresh breeze, odorous with the perfume of the climbing honeysuckles, he felt that, after all, a residence in a remote village, even with a parcel of rough boys to take care of, was preferable to the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his foils and boxing-gloves, a little sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his under-graduate days.

"Well," he soliloquized, as he straightened his arm and looked at the finely developed muscles, "I ought to be able to hold my own in a stand-up-fight with these troublesome pupils of mine. This is my day of trial, however, and before noon we shall probably have had our fight out."

The school house, a raw, unfinished looking building, stood hard by the river, at about half a mile from town. When Houghton opened the rickety wooden gate that led into the school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled. Among them were Sam Seymour and Ike Walker. The latter's sister, a pretty girl of sixteen, was leaning against the fence with half a dozen of her friends, for the Russian Bar school house was arranged for the accommodation of both sexes.

Houghton handed the key to the nearest boy, and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others, and half a grin on his face, he obeyed.

"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton cheerfully, to the boys.

They all passed in—Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he passed by. When they were seated Houghton stood at his desk, and laid a heavy rule on the books before him.

"Now, boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly, and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience is what I require, and a strict attention to the matter of our instruction.

Giving them a portion of the grammar to prepare for recitation, he walked quietly up and down the room, occasionally standing at the window, but appearing to keep no surveillance of the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard, followed by a general titter.

Houghton turned quietly from the window, and saw the blue smoke from a cigarette arising from where Seymour sat.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, in a stern tone.

"My name is Seymour," replied the mutineer, innocently.

"And are you smoking?"

"I guess so."

"Leave the room."

"I guess not."

There was a dead silence in the schoolroom now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial was at hand.

"Seymour," he said very quietly.

"What?"

"Come here."

Seymour, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered from the desk, and stood within a yard of the schoolmaster, and looked sneeringly in his face.

"Leave the room," said Houghton again, in a lower voice.

"No."

The little arm straightened like a flash of lightning, and the rebel measured his length on the floor, whilst the blood gushed from his nostrils. In a moment he sprang to his feet and rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, but went down like a reed before that well-aimed blow. The second time he fell, Houghton stooped down and lifting him up as if he had been a child, fairly flung him outside the door. Seymour, confused and amazed, staggered down to the brook to wash his face and reflect on the wonderful force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to the school without a word of comment on the scene, commenced the recitations. Walker was mum. Seymour's fate had appalled him, and in fact the entire mutinous spirit of the schoolars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of being totally subdued.

When the trustees heard of the affair they unanimously commended the schoolmaster's pluck.

"I tell you what, boys" said Perkins to a crowd who were earnestly engaged at a game of old sledge in his bar-room, "that Houghton knows a thing or two about managing boys. He'll fix 'em off, or my name's not Perkins."

Houghton was hospitably treated by the folks at Russian Bar. They felt him to be a man of refinement, brought down in the world, but showing no offensive superiority in his intercourse with them. The doctor's wife pronounced him to be the best New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossips insinuated that Mrs. Blunt, the widow, was setting her cap for him.

Gypsy Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw-mill, which all day long groaned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express her opinion as to Houghton's merits, but in the summer evenings, when the schoolmaster, rod in hand, wandered along the stream, and threw his line across the mill-dam, Gypsy was seldom far away. Lane, a bluff, hearty old fellow, frequently asked Houghton to spend the evening with him, and told his adventures in early California to a patient listener, while Gypsy dutifully mended her father's socks on the veranda.

Mrs. Lane, when Gypsy was but a baby, was laid to rest in Lone-mountain long before Lane ever thought of settling at Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker were the best and most industrious pupils the young master had, and were happy when accompanying him on his fishing excursions. In fact, all agreed in declaring that the educational department in the village was a thriving success.

One pleasant evening in June, Gypsy Lane, twirling her straw hat, thoughtfully picked her way across the broad fields that lay between the house and the mill. The stream was a winding one, and as she placed her tiny foot on the first stepping-stone, she saw a straw hat on the grass which she knew well.

"How is Miss Lane this evening?" said Houghton, lazily, from beneath a manzanita bush, where he had been enjoying a book and a pipe.

"Well, thank you. How is Mr. Houghton?" replied Gypsy, shyly.

"Warm, but not uncomfortable. Are you going to the mill?"

"Yes, I have a letter that has just come for father."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you choose."

Houghton put on his hat and helped Gypsy across the brook.

"I had a letter from New York a few days ago," said he, after they had left the first bend of the river behind.

"A pleasant one?"

"Well, although in one sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter."

They walked on, and Gypsy swung her hat pensively, longing, with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about the New York letter.

"I am going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton, abruptly.

"Indeed! how soon?"

"I don't know yet; possibly within a week."

The hat was swayed from side to side with increased energy.

"Do you care much, Miss Lane?" Saying this with an earnest look into the hazel eyes that were kept steadily bent on the brown parched grass beneath their feet.

"Yes, of course we shall all be sorry to lose you," returned Gypsy, evasively.

"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this ring on her finger?" whispered Houghton, capturing the little hand that held the hat, and slipping a pearl ring on the delicate finger.

Gypsy said nothing; but her eyes turned for a moment on the schoolmaster's earnest face, and in the next moment her soft cheek was resting on his shoulder.

Russian Bar, to a man, turned out to wish Philip Houghton god-speed on the morning he took his place by the driver who one year before had set him down at Perkin's hotel. They knew he was on his way to New York, and that he had been left some money, and the gossips more than suspected that there was something between Gypsy Lane and their favorite. At all events her eyes were red for a week after his departure.

Winter had come and the river was swollen and rapid, and many a lofty tree from the pine forest had found its way to the hearths at Russian Bar. One delicious morning, crisp and cold after a night's rain, the stage passed by the large white oak, and, splashed with mud, halted before Perkin's hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads were very heavy.

The worthy proprietor of that excellent house was in the act of tossing his first cocktail when a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted:

"Perkins, old boy, how are you?"

The landlord returned the hand, shake dived behind the bar and had a second cocktail in a moment. "And now," said he, as he pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when will the wedding take place?"

Six weeks afterward the old mill was hung with evergreen wreaths, and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gypsy Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill, and invested all his New York money in the village, and was admitted to practice in the courts, everything seemed to take a fresh start. Through all, his warmest and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar schoolmasters, and now the holder of that important position.

Changing the Subject.

Little Mary had heard her father instruct her older brothers and sisters that when, in the course of conversation, a subject should come up that seemed to be disagreeable to any one present, etiquette demanded that it should be changed as quickly as possible. Some days after, her father said to her as she left the house:

"Mary, papa wants you to be very careful if you play in the garden to-day, not to touch the hyacinths. Will you remember?"

Of course she would, but on papa's return in the evening he found his hyacinths picked, and the mark of the little feet in the garden bed.

Calling Mary up to him, he looked very grave and said:

"My dear, you remember I told you particularly not to touch the hyacinths, and now I find them picked, and no one has been in the garden but you. How is this?"

Mary laughed and said:

"Oh, papa, it was splendid in the garden to-day! I saw a beautiful little bird's nest, and there was a great big butterfly"—

"Wait, wait, my child, I am talking to you about something else now. Don't you understand me? I am very seriously displeased with you. I told you not to touch the hyacinths, and now I find them picked and your footprints all about."

"Oh, yes papa, I did have the loveliest time in the garden to-day. Don't you think it was a beautiful day?"

"Mary, how dare you answer me so impertinently! I am talking to you about your disobedience. Why do you not attend to me? I shall have to make you."

Rather sobered by this suggestion, the little girl's countenance fell, and she faltered out:

"Why, papa, you said that when a subject become unpleasant to any one, the only way was to change it."

Papa saw the point, and the unpleasant subject was dropped for that time.

An Eccentric Judge.

The following story is told of the late Judge Keyes, of Vermont. The Judge always had about him a large number of workmen. Among them was a young man named Amasa. One day he ordered Amasa—or, as the Judge always called him, Sampson—to cut down a crooked, unsightly tree on the brink of his mill-pond.

The judge stood by, watching the progress of the work. "Sampson" was like most young Vermonters, at home with the axe, and soon reached the heart of the tree; two or three strokes more would suffice. Seeing the judge was in a position to be hit by the limbs of the tree when it fell, he said:

"You had better move, judge, or you will be hit."

"Cut the tree down, Sampson," was the response.

Two more strokes, and then seeing that unless the judge moved, he would be hit sure, Sampson renewed his suggestion.

Cut the tree down, Sampson; just as the old man tells you," said the judge.

One more stroke, and the last; down came the tree and down came the old judge, also, into the water. Sampson quickly jumped into the water and dragged the judge on shore, his face all scratched and bleeding, and nearly strangled by his sudden bath. Blowing the water from his mouth, like a spouting whale, and wiping his face, he said:

"That's right, Sampson, that's right always do just as the old man tells you."

Josh Billings Insures his Life.

I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so onsartin', that the only wa fur me tew stand a fair chance with other folk, waz to git mi life insured, and so i kalled on the Agent uv the Garden Angel Life Insurance Company, and answered the following questions, which wuz put to me over the top ov a pair ov goold glasses, by a slik little, fat old feller, with a round gray head:

QUESTIONS.

1st—Are you mail or femail? if so, state how long yu hav bin so.

2d—Are yu subject tu fits? and if so, du yu hav more than one at a time?

3d—What iz yure precize fiteing weight?

4th—Did yu ever hav enny ancesters? if so, how much?

5th—What iz yure legal opinion ov the constitutionality ov the 10 commandments?

6th—Du yu ever have enny nite mares?

7th—Are yu married and single, or are yu a Bachelor?

8th—Du yu beleave in a future state? if yu do, state it.

9th—What are yure private sentiments about a rush ov rats tu the head? Can it be did successfully?

10th—Did yu ever cummit suicide? if so, how did it seem tew effekt yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man, in the confirmative, the slik little fat old feller with goold specks on, sed i was insured fur life, and proberbly wud remain so fur a term uv years. I thanked him, and smiled one uv my most pensive smiles.

☞ "We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another, "Heaven preserve us," moaned an old lady.

PERRY COUNTY
Real Estate, Insurance,
AND
CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,
Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agent
New Bloomfield, Pa.

WE INVITE the attention of buyers and sellers to the advantages we offer them in purchasing or disposing of real estate through our office.

We have a very large list of desirab property, consisting of farms, town property, mills, store and tavern stands, and real estate of any description which we are prepared to offer at great bargains. We advertise our property very extensively, and use all our efforts, skill, and dilligence to effect a sale. We make no charges unless the property is sold while registered with us. We also draw up deeds, bonds, mortgages, andall legal papers at moderate rates.

Some of the best, cheapest, and most reliable fire, life, and cattle insurance companies in the United States are represented at this agency.—Property insured either on the cash or mutual plan, and perpetually at $4 and $5 per thousand.

Pensions, bounties, and all kinds of war claims collected. There are thousands of soldiers and heirs of soldiers who are entitled to pensions and bounty, who have never made application. Soldiers, if you were wounded, ruptured, orcontracted a disease in the service from which you are disabled, you are entitled to a pension.

When widows of soldiers die or marry, the minor children are entitled to the pension.

Parties having any business to transact in our line, are respectfully invited to give us a call, as we are confident we can render satisfaction in any branch of our business.

☞ No charge for information.
4 20 ly LEWIS POTTER & CO.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,
(FORMERLY "THE UNION,")
JOS. M. FEGER, - - Proprietor,
317 & 319 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Terms, - - - - $2.50 Per Day.

THE ST. ELMO is centrally located and has been re-fitted and refurnished, so that it will be found as comfortable and pleasant a stopping place as there is in Philadelphia. 6 29

New Millinery Goods
At Newport, Pa.

I BEG to inform the public that I have just returned from Philadelphia, with a ful assortment of the latest styles of

MILLINERY GOODS.
HATS AND BONNETS.
RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS
FEATHERS,
CHIGNONS,
LACE CAPES,
NOTIONS,

And all articles usually found in a first-class Millinery Establishment. All orders promptly attended to. ☞ We will sell all goods as Cheap as can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as I get the latest Fashions from New York every month. Goffering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE ICKES,
Cherry Street, near the Station,
5 16 13 Newport, Pa.

CARLISLE CARRIAGE FACTORY.

A. B. SHERK

has a large lot of second-hand work on hand, which he will sell cheap in order to make room for new work,

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

He has, also, the best lot of
NEW WORK ON HAND.

You can always see different styles. The material is not in question any more, for it is the best used. If you want satisfaction in style, quality and price, go to this shop before purchasing elsewhere. There is no firm that has a better Trade, or sells more in Cumberland and Perry counties.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING
promptly attended to. Factory — Corner of South and Pitt Streets,
3 dp CARLISLE, PA.

Farmers Take Notice.

THE subscriber offers for Sale

THRESHING MACHINES, JACKS and HORSE-POWER,

With Tumbling Shaft, and Side-Gearing, Warranted to give satisfaction in speedy and perfect threshing, light draft and durability, on reasonable terms. Also

PLOUGHS
Of Superior Make.

CORN SHELLERS,
KETTLES,
STOVES,
SCOOPS
AND ALL CASTINGS,
made at a country Foundry. Also,
A GOOD MILL SCREW,
in excellent order, for sale at a low rate.

I refer those wishing to buy to John Adams, Samuel Shuman, John Boden, Ross Hench, at Ickesburg. Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Elliottsburg; Thomas Morrow, Loysvile; John Flickinger, Jacob Flickinger, Centre. 6 20 13*

SAMUEL LIGGETT.
Ickesburg, May 14, 1872.

DUNCAN SHERMAN & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 11 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK,

Issue circular Notes and circular Letters of credit available in any part of the world.

☞ Current accounts received on such terms as may be agreed upon. 5 12tf

Vick's Floral Guide for 1873!

The GUIDE is now published Quarterly.—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost.—Those who afterwards send money to the amount of ONE DOLLAR or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five Cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

The JANUARY NUMBER is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, Designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers.—One Hundred and Fifty pages on fine tinted paper, some Five Hundred Engravings and a superb COLORED PLATE and CHROMO COVER. The First Edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, ready to send out.

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.