## The Unfinished Will.

SOLOMON VANWICK was an old man storms and frosts of four-score years. His frame had become weakened, his health impaired, and his mind nervous and irritable; but yet the same iron will that had marked his disposition in the prime of his manhood, was not bent beneath the weight of age. The old man had but one child-That son had died, leaving an only daughter, so that Solomon Vanwick had but one living descendant, from himself, the fair Isabella, his grandchild. Vanwick was wealthy and proud, and among the branch relations of his house, who hung about him in hopes of golden remembrance in his will, was Victor Waldamear, the son of the old nabob's sister.

Old Vanwick was sitting in his large armchair; near him stood Isabella, while at one of the high gothic windows stood Victor Waldamear. Isabella, though her eyes were tearless, had yet been weeping at the heart, but she trembled not, nor did she shrink before the stern gaze that was bent upon her.

"Isabella," said the old man, while a meaning frown darkened his wrinkled face, "this Alfred Norcross is not the man for your husband. Do you understand me ?"

"I understand what you say, grandfather, but I think you can know little of the man of whom you speak. If you did, you would honor him for his virtues."

"When I say Norcross is not the man for your husband, I mean it!" said the old man; "so from thenceforth you will see him no more."

"No, no, my dear grandfather," exclaimed Isabella, with an imploring look and tone, "you will not persist in that. You will not thus crush me beneath your displeasure."

"Not if you obey me."

"But Alfred is the son of my father's dearest friend."

"Yes," returned Vanwick, with bitterness, and your father's friend was my enemy."

"And will you, because there was an unhappy difference between yourself and the elder Norcross, now keep that enmity alive against the unoffending son?"

\* Silence girl! Let me hear no more of this. What I have said is said, and it shall never be recalled."

"Sir," said Isabella, while an inward struggle to keep down her rising emotions gave peculiar tremulousness to her tone, "you are an old man, and your days on earth are short ; but little joy of this life is left for you, while I am young, and all of active life is before me. The steps which I take now will give color to my future, and be that future long or short, it must be made happy or miserable according as my steps are turned. My heart I have given to Alfred Norcross; in his keeping have I placed my purest affections, and I know that he is worthy of the trust. This union of our young hearts is the basis of all our joy in the future, and I cannot feel that even you have a right to rend it in

"Child do you prate to me of right?" uttered the old man. "Young Norcross shall never touch one farthing of my money. You shall not marry him, and if he dares again-"

"Hold!" interrupted Isabella, while a strong calmness seemed to support her, "whatever you have to say against me, I am ready to hear; but speak not against Alfred Norcross, for he is my husbad?"

"Your husband!" reiterated old Vanwick, grasping the arms of his chair with his bony hands, "Isabella, speak that word again !"

"Alfred Norcross is my husband !" pronounced the fair girl, in a firm tone.

"Then," returned the old man, as his face grew livid and his teeth grated together, "go and live with your husband. From henceforth you are nothing to me. I have forgotten you-your image is wrenched from my heart. Cross not my threshold again. Go! you are discarded, and forever !"

"But, my grandfather-"

"Silence, miscreant! Out of my house, and never let me set eyes on you again !"

"Then farewell, and may Heaven yet pour the balm of forgiveness o'er your soul," said Isabella, as she half turned away; but ere she went, she gazed once more into his passion-wrought face, and with a starting tear she continued :

"Your woney, grandfather, I never coveted, but your love I would fain retain. Your property may go to those who hang about you for its possessions, but your heart's affections will find no better resting-place than in the bosom of your grandchild, for there, at least, they will be reciprocated."

Old Solomon Vanwick made no reply, but while yet he gazed at the light form of his grandchild, she passed out of the room. As she closed the door behind her, a look of almost fiend-like exultation rested upon the face of Victor Waldamear, and he turned his eyes away from his uncle, lest on the arms of the chair, while a fierce rage

his feelings settled to a sort of cold, iron hates me; but look up, dearest Isabella; nephew, he said :

"Victor, I think she's been ungrateful

"Most ungrateful," returned Victor, in a fawning, pharisale tone. "Her ingratitude to one so kind and generous as yourself, was to me as unexpected as it was bewildering. But, my dear, uncle, you may yet somewhat relent towards her, for though young Norcross is unworthy of your esteem, yet Isabella may have been de-

"Deceived!" exclaimed the old man, again bursting into a passion. "It's me that's been deceived! Most grossly has she deceived me. No, no, Victor, you cannot palliate her offence. I have discarded her-disvowed her. Not a penny of my property shall she ever touch."

Again Victor Waldamear turned away to hide the glow of exultation that suffused

his countenance.
"Dear uncle," he said, at length, in a tone so studied and hypocritical that any but a rage blinded old man might see it, "let me advise you to wait awhile ere you alter your will; for though Isabella has disgraced you by her marriage, as well as forfeited your kindness by her reckless disregard of all your desires-and even though she has virtually cast herself off by ruthlessly trampling on your love and solicitude, yet-"

"Peace, peace, Victor!" interrupted the old man, with increased emotion. " Nothing, nothing shall turn me. I know you would plead for her, but even with your pleading, you cannot lose sight of her utter unworthiness. My decision is made. Here, take this key and unlock the left department of that old cabinet."

Victor Waldamear stepped to the old man's side, and with a trembling hand he took the key. It was placed in the lock, and the quaintly carved door was opened.

"Do you see that deep drawer, with a small key in its lock ?" psked the old man, "Yes, sir," returned the nephew.

"Open it. Within you will see a parch ment tied with a blue ribbon, and bearing a heavy seal. Bring it to me."

Victor found the document, and he handed it to his uncle; then, at an order from the old man, he rang for a servant, who, when he appeared, was requested to bring a lighted taper.

Ere long the taper was brought, and after the servant but withdrawn, Vanwick tore off the seal and ribbon from off the roll he held, and as he opened it, Victor's eyes rested upon his uncle's will! With features again set in their firm, iron mould, the old man raised the parchment to the blaze of the taper. The compact vellum began to hiss and crackle in the flame, and as it crisped and rolled in the heat, it fell in charred masses upon the table. Slowly it burned, but yet line after line of its inky import became annihilated, and at length the work of destruction was complete. Old Vanwick's will was no more.

Thus far had Victor Waldamear triumphed. He had succeeded in poisoning the old man's mind against his grandchild, by the most subtle arts. He had not dared to directly attack the name of Isabella, but he had most basely traduced the fair fame of Alfred Norcross, and by a continuous siege of petty thrusts and stabs at the cords of affection that bound the old man to his son's daughter, he had at length seen the estrangement complete. But the game was not yet won, for without a will, Isabella was the direct lineal beir. A new will must be made, and to this end, and that he might be the heir, Victor Waldamear determined to set himself at work. He was now Vanwick's sole confident, and he held no doubt of his success. Already the broad land and the bright gold of his uncle seemed his own, and not a pang of remorse reached his heart, as he thought of the poor, innocent being whom he had so foully wronged out of her birthright.

Isabella was not entirely happy when she turned her steps toward the dwelling which her husband had procured, nor was she really sad. The knowledge that she had been utterly discarded by her grandfather was a source of sorrow, for she had loved the old man well; but the thought that she had a husband who loved her cheered her on, and when at length she found herself clasped to that husband's here is the place?" bosom, the clouds were all rolled away, and and she smiled in joy.

"Alfred," said she, "here in this humble cot we must make our home, for my grandfather has forbidden me ever to enter his dwelling again."

"Then he has disinherited you?"

"Yes, and he disowns me." "Then," said Alfred, while his fine features were lighted up by noble pride, and he clasped his young wife more closely to his bosom, "we will show him how independent we can be. I am sorry that he still clings to his dislike of me, but if I live he shall yet see that I bear him no malice in return. When my father urged your father into that unfortunate speculation by which they both were rained, he thought his real feelings might be seen. Ten min- to do him a pecuniary benefit, but God utes passed away, during which time the ruled it otherwise. Now, if Mr. Vanwick old man sat with his bands grasped firmly will still hunt me down for the result of my father's doings, then he is at liberty so then his lips trembled; the fire of his eyes

determination, and turning towards his with my penell I can yet carve out a fortune, or at least a comfortable means of sustenance. You do not mourn for the loss of your grandfather's estate, Isabella?"

"No, no, Alfred, I coveted it not; nor do I miss a thing I ever possessed. One source of regret alone is mine-I have loved my grandfather, and I am sorry that he appreciates it not."

Since Isabella had been banished from his house, old Solomon Vanwick had been growing moody and morose. He had entertained no thought of recalling her, nor had he swerved one grain from his resolution of utterly disinheriting her; but yet he missed her sweet smile and her merry song, and no art of Victor Waldamear's could make him glad. The old man, however, would not own, even to himself, that 'twas Isabella's absence that made him sad; he rather persuaded himself that 'twas the sin of ingratitude she had committed, and in his opinion Victor endeavored to strengthen him. Vanwick's health was evidently failing, and his scheming nephew began to fear that he would die without making another will; but at length the old man was brought to the point and a notary was sent for. He spoke of his grand-daughter, but Victor kept strict watch that the poison failed not in its work upon his mind; and whenever some spark of paternal kindness would for a moment struggle to throw its beams over his bosom, the nephew would dash it out with a cold stream of insinuating slander.

Within the old man's library sat Victor Waldamear and the notary. Vanwick was there, and he dictated to the official while the new will was being made. With the exception of a few hundred which were bequeathed to some of the old servants, the whole vast estate was made over to Victor. The young man's eyes sparkled as he heard the orders given which were to make him the sole heir, and he dared not hold up his head lest his too palpable emotions should be seen.

"That is all," said the old man, as he gave the last clause of the will.

"And have you nothing for your grand-child, the gentle Isabella?" asked the notary, with considerable surprise.

"Isabella, sir, has, by her ungrateful conduct, alienated herself," returned Victor, quickly, lest, if time were given, his uncle might relent.

"Mr. Vanwick," continued the notary, eeming to take little notice of what the nephew had said, "by law, without a will Isabella is your sole heir-the daughterthe only child of your only son. Is it your firm intent that she be thus cut off?"

"I tell thee yes, old man," said Victor. The notary noticed not the young speakr, but he kept his eyes riveted upon the face of Solomon Vanwick.

"It is, it is," at length murmured the old man, in a slightly faltering voice. "She has been very unkind, very ungrateful to me, and I-"

Vanwick hesitated, and for a moment Victor trembled, but his assurance came quickly to his aid, and he said :

"My uncle would not thus have cut her off, but that young Norcross stood ready to grasp his money. Into his hands Vanwick desires not that his property should fail; but, if at any time Isabella needs assistance, harmless about her. They had, indeed, or when I can see signs of her repentance, I shall assist, her, though I trust that long years will yet pass ere this last testament of my dear uncle's will need to be administered, and he himself may yet see what the girl deserves."

Young Waldamear spoke this with the most hypocritical sycophancy; but it seemed to revive the drooping purposes of the old man, for with a quick, nervous movement, he put forth his hand as he did so :

"The will is as I wish it. Give it to me, sir, and let me sign it. I said it,-I gave her warning, and I told her she was discarded forever. 'Twas her own fault."

Old Vanwick spread the parchment out before him, and after running his eyes over it, he seized the pen and dipped it into the inkstand. There was a nervous twitching about the muscles of his face, and a strange, lustrous fire shot forth from his eyes. The pen had not yet touched the

"Sign ! sign !" whispered Victor, as he sprang to the old man's side. "Here-

"Yes, I will sign it," murmured Vanwick. "She is not worthy; she shall not touch a penny of it. I said it, and I must not swerve."

"Then sign ! sign !" "Hark! hark! Did I not hear a voice?" uttered the old man, still grasping the pen, and raising his hand. "Twas her voice !

'Twas Isabella's !"

" No, no, she has forgotten you, my dear uncle," urged Victor, while the sweat began to stand on his brow. "Sign the will!

At that moment the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Isabells, all pale and trembling, entered the room. Here eyes caught the scene before her, but she dwelt upon none save her grandfather, and towards him she cast a took of imploring, tearful agony. A moment the old man gazed upon the form of his grandchild, seemed rankling in his bosom; but at last to do; for my poverty, too, I suppose he changed to a still stranger glow, a tear have no business to think wrong.

started forth upon his long gray eyelashes, and slightly raising his hands towards where she stood, he murmured :

"Isabella-my child-forgive your poor old grandfather. I forgot the warm love of your heart; but let all be forgottenforgive. You have come back to-you are -you are-Isabella. Victor-take away this black curtain-it shuts her out. Take it away-it makes all dark !"

"The will! Sign it ! sign it!" gasped the nephew, as he laid his touch upon the hand that still held the inked pen.

That hand rested on the table, and it moved not. It still clutched the pen, but it made no motion toward the unfinished will. The old man's eyes were still fixed on his grandchild, but their fire was gone, and they looked cold and glassy. The notary stepped forward and raised Vanwick's hand from the table, but it fell back with a dull, leaden motion, and the unused pen fell from its grasp. Solomon Vanwick was dead !

Victor Waldamear shrank back pale and trembling from the scene; he dared not speak, for in the presence of the dead his conscience shook off its lazy folds and stung him. Isabella sprang forward and threw her arms about the neck of her grandfather's corpse. She kissed the marble brow, she bathed the pale face with her tears, and then turning her eyes towards the notary, she murmured:

"He forgave me ! He forgave me ere he died! You heard him, sir, did you not? He loved me-he loved me-I ask no more."

"Mr. Waldamear," said the old notary, after the party had withdrawn from the the study, "henceforth you must regard Isabella as the ruler of this place. Whatever may have been your aims, or what schemes you may have used to attain them, you yourself best know; but you must now be aware that there is nothing here for your ambition to feed upon further. That will which was to have robbed a child of her birthright is yet unfinished, and he who alone could have done it is now no more on earth. A wise Hand held him back from the fatal deed, and even his own hand shrank from it. And now," the old man continued, turning to Isabella, "let the servants see that nothing is troubled till my friends arrive to settle the estate. The funeral may, if you choose, be at your own arrangement, or I will take its charge upon myself."

Isabella was too much bewildered by what had passed to take anything of moment upon herself. One thing alone seemed uppermost in her mind,-her grandfather had forgiven her! Then came the thought that she and her husbard should suffer no more, and in the midst of her overwhelming emotions, she burted her face in her hands and went.

I need not tell how the servants sneered at Victor Waldamear, when he went disappointed and disgraced away from the dwelling where his schemings had failed, nor need I tell how the servnats laughed and cried by turns when they knew that their young mistress was restored to them. Isabella mourned for her grandsire, but yet the smiles of joy began soon to bloom around her. Her dear husband was restored to health—the wealth of her father's house was hers, and the deadly shafts of the traducer had fallen powerless and caused her some hours of anguist, but now they had fallen back upon the evil man who had sent them forth, and they stung him, and the poison he had intended for others, fell to his own portion.

### Rather Fast.

The Terre Haute Express says that a city minister opened his front door suddenly, and surprised a guilty looking man who was just in the act of depositing a neatly covered basket on the door step. The meeting was not rapturons. "Ah!" said the minister rushing out and grasping the man by the collar, while he applied a heavy soled boot vigorously under the coat tail of his visitor, "what do you mean, you villain, by leaving a baby on my door step? Ah, I have you, scoundrel! I'll show you how to abandon an infant to the cold mercies of the world." And all these remarks were punctuated by kicks. "I hain't left any baby at your door," said the man. taking up the basket and lifting the cover. "I brought a right fat turkey for you, but I'm darned if you shall have it now, if you were starving," and he walked away. The minister had a pensive, unhabpy look and corrugated brow, as he dissected his buckwheats a few minutes later. Evidently there had been a misunderstanding.

A poet thus describes how it snowed, and what he did :-

Softly, softly, while we slept,

Came the snow-flakes gently down,
Came and sorrowfully wove
A shroud of white for the buried town;
We rose with feelings grand and intense,
And hired a youthful shovelest to clean our
sidewalk off for fifty cents.

We hope that all will imitate the example of the poet, as described in the last lines, of this poem appropriate to the

You ask for freedom of thought; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think a and if you have sufficient grounds, you

# PERRY COUNTY Real Estate. Insurance.

CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,

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

WEINVITE the attention of buyers and self-the ers to the advantages we offer them in pur-thesing or disposing of real estate through our of-

V ers 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 lavern stands, and real estate of any desgription 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, and all legal papers at mosflerafe 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 bounty, who have never made application. 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 coundednt we can render satisfaction in any branch of our business.

\*\*A\*\* No charge for information.\*\*

## ST. ELMO HOTEL,

(FORMERLY "THE UNION,")

JOS. M. FEGER, - - Proprietor, 317 & 319 ARCH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA.

\$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. 629

#### 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 Mil-linery Establishment. All orders promptly at-tended to. \*\*E\* We will sell all goods as Cheap as can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the la-test style, as I get the latest Fashions from New York every mouth. Goffering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give sat-isfaction. All work done as low as possible. ANNIE ICKES.

Cherry Street, near the Station,

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 countles.

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

CARLISLE, PA. 3 dp

Farmers Take Notice.

THE subscriber offers for Sale

THRESHING MACHINES, JACKS and HORSE-With Tumbling Shaft, and Side Gearing, Warranted to give satisfaction in speedy and perfect threshing, tight 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, Elliotta-burg; Thomas Morrow, Loysville; John Filekinger, Jacob Filekinger, Centre. 620 13\*

620 13 Ickesburg, May 14, 1872, SAMUEL LIGGETT. 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.

as may be agreed upon. 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 pald for the Guide.

The JANUARY NUMBER is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, Designs for Dining Table Becorations, Window Gardens, &c., and centsining a mass of information lovaluable to the lover of flowers.—Obe Hundred and Fifty pages on the tinted paper, some Five Hundred Engravings and a superb COLURED 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.