

MRS. WINTHROP'S STORY.

"LOUISA, who was that gentleman that came home with you?" "Oh—it was one of my friends."

A cloud came over Mrs. Burnet's face, and she seemed troubled. She gazed upon her daughter for some moments without speaking further.

"My child," said the mother, after reflecting awhile, "what have you been doing? Why did not Henry come home with you?"

"Because he didn't choose to, I suppose," replied Louisa. "That is not the reason," said Mrs. Burnet, with assurance.

"You are too anxious altogether, mother. There is no damage, I assure you." "Still, my child, I would like to know what you have been doing."

"Well, I will tell you," returned Louisa, giving herself a look in the chair. "Henry is altogether too attentive. One would think, to see him at a party, that I was already his wife, and about the only female present."

"And you have become tired of so much attention?" "Of course I have." "And you have thrown it off?"

"Yes, I took occasion this evening to show him that I didn't like quite so much overdoing. I talked with everybody else, and suffered Mr. Pinegrip to wait upon me down to supper."

"My child," said Mrs. Burnet, with much feeling, "you are trying a dangerous experiment. The time will come, if you ever marry Henry Southron, when you will be proud of his undivided attention."

"It will be time enough for that when we are married," replied Louisa, with a toss of the head. "But don't give yourself any uneasiness. He will come around again all right."

"Did he offer to wait upon you home this evening?" "No. He was rather shy of me after supper; and when the party broke up I ran off alone."

"I think, my child," remarked the mother, after another season of reflection, "that you have been not only very wicked—stop—listen to me. You know that Henry loves you most truly, that his whole soul is devoted to you, and that his attention is but the result of his affection—a demonstration of which you should be proud; for let me tell you, an undivided, unswerving love is something not always to be secured."

On the following morning Mrs. Burnet met her daughter, as usual, making no allusion to the circumstances of the previous evening. In the afternoon they walked out to call at Mrs. Winthrop's, having an urgent invitation to visit them.

"Polly, of whom Mrs. Burnet had spoken, was Mrs. Winthrop's sister. She was a maiden lady, past three score, and had for many years found a home with her brother. Her head was now silvered, and time had drawn deep marks on her brow, but still there were traces of beauty left upon her face.

"Your mother told me that you would like to hear a little of my life history." "If you would please tell it, I certainly should, for anything which you may deem worthy of telling must be interesting," replied Louisa.

"Then let us walk into the garden. The moon is up, and the air is warm and pleasant." They went out, and when they had reached the graperies they went into the arbor and sat down.

"There is no need that I should make any preliminary remarks," continued Polly "for I have come out on purpose to tell you a short story, and I shall tell it to you as plainly and simply as possible, and when I have done, you may know why your mother wished that you should hear it."

"When I was your age people called me handsome but still, with all my faults, I do not think I was ever proud or vain. I knew that I was good looking, and I meant to be good. I tried to do right as I understood it, and when I failed it was from a lack of judgment and a proneness to be thoughtless where I should have been directly the opposite."

"From my girlhood up I had been a sort of pet and favorite in our social circle, and considerable attention was shown me from all quarters. George was one of those honest minded, practical men, who cannot appear different from what they really are, who follow a true and just cause straightforward and frankly."

"I never saw George Ashmun again. In less than a year he died in a mad house." "He did wrong—he did wrong—very, very wrong—to leave me as he did. He ought not to have done it. He ought to have made an effort—for his own sake and mine. I had done a wicked thing—a cruel thoughtless deed it was—and the penalty fell heavily upon me."

"Louisa, your mother asked me to tell you my story. I have done so. If it can profit you I shall not regret the pain I have felt in the recital. That I have not ceased to suffer let these hot, bitter tears bear witness. Oh, of all things within the sphere of your influence, beware how you trifle with a trusting, loving heart."

Silent and thoughtful did Louisa Burnet return to the parlor, and but very little did she say on her way home. On the following morning she wrote a brief note, and sent it to Henry Southron. She simply asked him to come and see her. He came, and when they were alone, she fell upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her. She gazed up through her streaming tears, and begged for his love and confidence once more.

Louisa never forgot the lesson she had received. She became Henry Southron's wife, and when, in after times, she saw husbands neglecting their wives, she had occasion to thank God that she was blest with the true and undivided faith and devotion of her bosom companion. Surely there is nothing on earth of more worth than a faithful, virtuous and devoted life partner, and he or she who can trifle with the heart of such a one, only sows the seed which shall yield a harvest of pain and remorse.

"Wasn't certain about it." One of the most popular steamboat captains in Mobile is Capt. Owen Finegan. Another equally popular man, a good fellow, but in "hard luck" (an ex-Confederate Colonel), was accosted on the street by a stranger with the inquiry if he was "Owen Finegan?"

"Well, I swear," says the Colonel, "I owe most everybody in Mobile, but I don't think I owe Finegan anything."

would have to find some one else. I saw the look he gave me—a look of pain, of mortification and of reproach—and as I called it to mind after I had reached the table, I felt a little uneasy; but I said to myself, 'He will come around all right,' and thus I tried to pass it off. Towards the latter part of the afternoon George came to me again. He asked me what I meant by my treatment of him. He was earnest and anxious. I told him he must not question me in that manner.

"But, he urged," "only tell me if you mean anything by it." "Yes," said I, "I do." "And he asked me what it was. I told him I meant to teach him a lesson. 'A lesson of what?' he asked. 'Of good manners,' said I. 'I want to teach you not to be too attentive to me. And, I added, very thoughtlessly, 'you annoy me.'"

"He did not answer me. I saw his lip quiver, and his manly bosom heave; and as he turned away, the sunbeams that came through the branches of the trees rested upon the big tears rolling down his cheeks. The impulse of my heart then was to spring forward and detain him; to ask his forgiveness and make him happy. But a foolish, whimsical pride restrained me. I let him go, and tried to comfort myself with the reflection that it would come out all right."

"When the party was breaking up, he came and asked me if he should see me home. He was very cool, and seemed only to mean that he felt bound to make the offer, seeing he had brought me there. I was not going to accept any such offer as that, and I told him I should not require his attention."

"Polly," he said, "you do not mean this. Do not make me think that I have mistaken you!" He trembled as he spoke, and I could see that he was fearfully agitated. "But I had gone too far to give up then, and with a light laugh I turned from him. I went home one way—he went another. All the next day I looked for him, but he did not come. And a second day I watched; and a third, and fourth. On the fifth day I received a letter from him. It was from a distant town whither he had gone to visit his widowed mother. He wrote me that he feared he had been disappointed. If I could trifle with his heart then, I might do it again. He said he was going out west and might be gone some time. If I still loved him when he returned I might be sure of finding him unmarried, for he had no heart to give another. Still he would like to hear from me—he would like to see if I wished it. He wrote as one who had been deeply wronged, and there were one or two sentences in the missive that touched me unpleasantly. A week passed away, and I did not answer it; but at the end of that time I made up my mind to call George to me and confess my fault; for well I knew that I had been very wrong. I wrote, and my letter reached its destination just twelve hours after he had started on his journey."

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's the secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir?" The youth was silent. "Well, my boy, I pity you; but I will give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair she is worth running a risk for. Look here, there are two hundred pounds, and two months leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid! I did the same before you, and it didn't hurt me."

The clerk fell on his marrow-bones, and was upon the point of making a clean breast of it, when the old man arose and left precipitately to avoid a scene. The young man considered, and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no young daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house.

The house was in consternation, and a search was made in every direction. A note, however, was found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness, and one inclosed from the young clerk, stating that, believing the banker had meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acted on the suggestion, and, ere his "father-in-law" had received the letter he would be his son-in-law.

The pill was bitter, and the joke a terrible one against him, but the banker was a good natured man, and hated ridicule, so he took the bull by the horns at last, and openly declared that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and that he was aware, all the time, who his clerk was going to run away with.

Appeared in Connecticut the other day. As soon as he made himself known the latest husband walked up to him, shook his hand cordially saying: "I'm mighty glad you've got back, old fellow. We thought you were dead. But I resign the lovely partner of your youthful love without a murmur. Take her to your arms again and be happy with her." "No you don't," said Enoch. "I wouldn't have come back, if I hadn't heard that the old gal was dead. I would not be the man to interfere with your conjugal happiness. I'm off for where I came from." And he went away, leaving a disconsolate Philip Ray in that town.

A San Francisco milliner recently hit upon a novel expedient to advertise her store. She had among her assistants one remarkably handsome young woman, and having attired this damsel in the choicest garments of the establishment, placed her in the window of the store. The girl stood in a half reclining attitude, perfectly still, and very soon an immense crowd of people had assembled to see the beautiful milliner's sign. The crowd soon grew to a perfect mob, quite blocking the street until the curtains were lowered and the living model relieved from her position.

A Banker Sold.

A GOOD story is related of a wealthy London banker, who is very good natured but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man of about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and highly intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will. He was as poor as his salary, and had no connections to push him after fortune.

The banker, on Sunday afternoon, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa; as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever, it could not but be of advantage to his children.

He had not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in any English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions, on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved and most proper.

This will almost always be the case with English youth, as Americans well know. Don't "ahem" after this. The youth, in spite of two or three days' invitation to the banker's seat to breathe fresh air and clean his lungs of London fog and smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my clerk," said the banker to a conferee who was in the back office with him, after the youth had brought in some papers. "Well, you are green, I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said banker number two. "Don't you see what is the matter? He's in love."

"In love! bah! He is modesty and propriety itself." "I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would."

"Oh the laughty old fool; my clerk is as good as his daughter, and be hanged to him. Thank you for the hint." As soon as banker number two had disappeared, the young clerk was called in. "So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's the secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir?" The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you; but I will give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair she is worth running a risk for. Look here, there are two hundred pounds, and two months leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid! I did the same before you, and it didn't hurt me."

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We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly.

New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children.

Notice in Bankruptcy. In the United States District Court, For the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Notice is hereby given that said Bankrupt has filed his petition for a discharge and a certificate thereof from all his debts and other claims provable under the Bankrupt Act of March 2, 1867, and that the 24th of September, 1873, fixed for the final examination before Chas. A. Barnett, one of the Registers in Bankruptcy at his office in New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa., at 10 o'clock a. m., and the 24th day of September, 1873, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the final hearing before the said Court at Philadelphia.

By ORDER OF SAID COURT. August 12, 1873.