WINTHROP'S STORY. MRS.

66T OUISA, who was that gentleman d that came home with you?" "Oh-it was one of my friends."

"It was not Henry Southron?" "No. It was not."

"But I thought Henry waited on you to the party."

"So be did."

"And did he not remain until the party closed?

"Yes-I believe so."

A cloud came over Mrs. Burnet's face, and she seemed troubled. She gazed upon her daughter for some moments without speaking further. Louisa was nineteen years of age; a bright eyed, happy, merry making girl, possessing a true and loving heart, but a little inclined to be thoughtless in her moments of social joy. She was an only child and had been a pet in the family; but her love was not confined to the circle that met around her own hearthstone. More than a year before she had promised Henry Southron that she would be his wife as soon as time and circumstances rendered such a step proper. Heury was an orphan, and had just gone into business on his own account. He was a young man of whose friendship any sensible maiden might have been proud; a generous, upright, steady, industrious youth, fixed firmly in his moral course, and of a fair, manly personal appearance.

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

"Because he didn't choose to, I suppose," replied Louisa.

"That is not the reason," said Mrs. Burnet, with assurance. "Something that you have done has caused this. Now tell me what it is ?"

"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 rock 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

"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 now him that I didn't like quite so much overseeing. I talked with everybody else, and suffered Mr. Pinegree to wait upon me down to supper. Poor Henry looked as though he had lost his last friend. It will give him a lesson, I guess; and in future I hope he will make a little less love in pub-

"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 tose 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. Mr. Pinegree overtook me on the way and accompanied me to the door."

"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. Now you have been trifling and mortified him; and it so happens that those hearts which love the most deeply and truly are the ones which suffer the most from slight or neglect, and which shrink the most quickly from coldness and triffing. Believe me, Louisa, you are entering upon dangerous ground. If you care for Henry's love I advise you to ask his pardon as soon as you have an opportunity."

"Ask his pardon!" repeated the thoughtless girl, with an expression of surprise. " Mercy on me! what are you thinking of? You shall see him at my feet before the

week is out." "Ah my dear one, you don't know so much about the human heart as you think you do. A heart may revolve steadily around its centre of affection for a long time-for so long a time that it seems fixed in its course like a planet around the sun -but a sudden strain may snap the cord tangent, and never come back. If you must trifle, trifle with anything rather than to-morrow, and I hope I may induce Polly to tell you a little story of her experience ful face, and offered me his arm. in life.

Louisa said she would be very glad to hear it; then she tried to laugh; and then, having told her mother once more that she

lusion 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. They remained to tea, and spent the evening.

"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. During the evening she came and took a seat beside Louisa, and after some common place remarks the old lady said, in a quiet way:

"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 pleas-

They went out, and when they had reached the grapery 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. When I was eighteen years of age George Ashmun asked me if would be his wife. He was a noble hearted, generous, upright man, and I never experienced a sense of more blissful joy than when I became thus assured that his heart's best love was mine. I told him yes, and our vows were plighted. We were to wait a year, and then if we continued to hold the same purpose we were to be married. I don't know as any one envied me; but I do know that in all the country around there was not a better man than was he who loved me, nor was there one whose prospects in life were more promising.

"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. When he had proposed for my hand, and I had promised to be his wife, he devoted his entire attention to me. It almost seemed as though he could not be attentive enough. When out upon our social picnics and excursions he was constantly by my side, anticipating my every want, and ever ready to guard and assist me. I allowed myself to feel that I would like a little more of my old liberty; I even went so far as to feel annoyed by his close, undivided attention. It was a thoughtless, reckless emotion on my part, but I was foolish enough to give male friends joked me on the subject, and I finally determined that I would not be quite so closely tied to my lover. I did not stop to ask myself how I should feel if he were less attentive to me. I did not reflect that I might have been very unhappy had he bestowed his social favors upon others of my sex; in short, I did not reflect at all. I was only seized with a reckless determination to be a little more free and independent.

"We had a picnic in the grove near our village. I was buoyant and happy, and with Henry's heart; you have both pained laughed and chatted with all who came in my way. We had a dance before dinner, and George asked me if I intended to join in the amusement. I told him certainly, He then took my hand and said he would bear me company; but I broke from him with a laugh, telling him at the same time that I was engaged to dance with another. He was disappointed-I could see it at a glance-but he took it in good nature. Before the second dance he came again; but again I told him I was engaged. He betrayed no ill feeling at all, only I could see the disappointment. In a little while I was among a company of laughing, joking, merry making friends of both sexes who had been my companions for years, and one of the gentlemen said I must go to dinner with him. I knew that George had made arrangements for me to take dinner with him; but what of that? Should I be tied to his skirts? No. I meant to be free-and I told the man who made asunder, and the stricken heart fly off at a the proposition that I would go with him. I must have been blind, as I know I was foolish and wicked; but I did not stop to the heart. We are going to Mr. Winthrop's think. When the dinner hour arrived George came with a happy, smiling, hope-

"For what?" said I. "For dinner, my dear," he replied. Then I told him I was engaged with another, and before his very face I took the proffered arm of the man was needlessly anxious, she went to her to whom I had given my promise, remarking to my lover, as I tripped away, that he

On the following morning Mrs. Burnet would have to find some one else. I saw met her danghter, as usual, making no al- the look he gave me-a look of pain, of mortification and of repreach-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 seturned 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.

"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.

you my story. I have done so. If it can prayer of forgiveness, and one inclosed profit you I shall not regret the pain I from the young clerk, stating that, believehave 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. Of course he could not refuse. Perhaps he was never happier than at that moment, for surely it must have been a mighty love and a true devotion that could have prompted the course the maiden had thus pursued.

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

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

A Banker Sold.

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.

I have 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 confrere who was in the back office with him, after the youth had brought in some

"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 haughty 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 dis-

appeared, 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

"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 "Louisa, your mother asked me to tell | dressing table, conveying the customary ing 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 suggesgestion, and, ere bis "father-in-law" received the letter he would be his son-in-

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.

An Enoch Arden

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. thought you were dead. But I resign the lovely partner of your youthful love without a murmer. 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 connubial 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 stere. 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 balf recliping 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.

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New Pension Law. U NDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, wallows 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.

The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$8.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10, per moth.

Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$8, and \$18, per month.

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Perry Co., Pa. Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the United States District Court. Eastern District of Pounsylvania In the matter of Edwin Shuman, Bankrupt, To the creditors of said Bankrupt:

To the creditors of said Bankrupt:

NOTICE is hereby given that said Bankrupt
has filed his petition for a discharge and a
certificate thereof from all his debts and other
laims provable under the Bankrupt Act of
March 2, 1867, and that the 6th of September, 1873,
Rxed for the Bank examination before Chas A.
Barnett, one of the Registers in Bankruptcy at
his office in New Bloomiteld, Perry co., Fn., at
his office in New Bloomiteld, Perry co., Fn., at
his office has and caut at Fhiladelphia.

By Onnice of Said Court.

August 12, 1873.

August 12, 1873.