The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Margie's Letter.

2

"RALPH, here is a letter which John just brought me, saying that he found it in the bottom of your sleigh when he was harnessing Selim, and he added the melancholy fact that the sleigh will be at the door in five minutes."

"So soon ! Ah yes, it is already ten, but I could have sworn we had not been ten minutes rising from our eight o'clock breakfast ; all your fault, naughty one."

"Yes, sir, but the letter-"

"O, yes, the letter ; give it mo, please." "Not till you tell me, traitor, who it is from. The handwriting is extremely pretty, and the seal of rose-colored wax is stamped with the motto, 'Ever thine !' Ever thine, indeed ! Come, tell me at once. the name of this sentimental correspondent or rather give me leave to read the letter ; shall 1 ?"

"Indeed no. What ! betray the secrets of one fair lady to the scrutiny of another, especially when both are young, beautiful, unmarried, and fond of the same unworthy fellow ?"

"Then she is all that !"

"All what?"

"Why, young, beautiful, unmarried, and -and fond of you."

"All-especially the last."

"Now you shall give me the letter, sir," and, although the young lady still smiled, there was an angry color beginning to deepen the rose of her cheek, and an angry light kindling in her hazel eyes.

Ralph Morton saw these symptoms, and just the least shade of sternness and determination peeped over the smile upon his lips, as he answered :

Shall, Margie? That isn't a pretty word for such rosy lips, child ; and to punish you, this unfortunate letter shall at once be condemned to an auto-de-fe, and its contents at once be lost to mortal ken."

As the young man spoke, he snatched the letter from the young girl's hand, and cast it into the midst of a fiery sea of blazing coal which filled the ample grate.

Hot words rose to Margaret's lips as she saw the flames wrap themselves around the devoted letter, and that which till now had been only a playful wish now rose to vital importance.

"I will never forgive him," was her first thought, but she bit her lips and walked to the window before she spoke, and then she turned, and said calmly and politely :

"Your sleigh is at the door, Mr. Morton, and I have the honor to wish you good morning ; and she moved to the door of the library, where her father sat.

"Stop, Margie, one minute ! It was rude of me to snatch the letter from your hand, and for that I beg your pardon. Kiss, me, love, before I go, won't you?"

"I will forgive you, and, when you tell me who wrote the letter, and what it was about_'

"Have you not yet learned, Margaret, that demands do not succeed with me so well as requests ? Kiss me, and be my own sweet Margie, and I will repeat the letter verbatim."

"Repeat the letter first, and then we will speak of the other proposition."

"No, Margaret, not if you never kiss me again." Aud now the look of stern determination was unmistakable, and the proud lips, instead of smiling, pressed hard against

never could pass my lips ; but I believe there is no sacrifice, dear child, dear daughter, that I would not make to save you from treading the dark and bitter path through which my steps lay for so many vents.' "You, dear aunt! I thought you had always been as happy as you have made

every one about you ever since I can remember." "When you were born, my darling, my sorrow was many years old, as men count,

though new and ever young to me. "Time was, Margaret, when I too was young, and gay and fair, and I too, loved and was beloved. Every one that knew him praised and admired Henry Murray, and those whom he loved loved back again with a passion that was almost adoration. My father and mother gave me to him more willingly than they had thought they could yield their only child to any one, for they felt sure I should be happy. And so we were married, and went to Henry's mother's for our bridal tour. O, those few weeks ! what promise of a long life of happiness was bound up in them ! and then we came home, to our own wedded home. The fairy cottage-I see it now, nestling among the trees and shrubs which quite hid it from the road. Often, between sleeping and waking, I distinctly perceive that delicious aromatic perfume which constantly filled the air around it, from the millions of flowers that were in their glory that balmy month of June.

"It was the second month-O, my God ! only the second month of our marriage, when one delicious morning Henry came to give me the kiss and embrace without which he had never yet left me, even for a few minutes. His horse stood saddled at the gate, his hat and gloves were in his hand as he entered the room. O, how handsome, how beaming he looked ! how

my whole heart went out to him, and thanked God for making me his wife ! "My darling," he said, 'I must entreat your pardon for my forgetfulness ; here is a note which was left by a footman at my counting-room yesterday for you, and which in my joy at coming home and see-

ing you again I quite forgot." "He handed me the note, which I took with a look assuring him of pardon. I found it was from an intimate friend of mine, who had been married upon the same day that we were, and whose husband was dear to both Henry and me. It announced their intention of coming out to

dine and spend the day, and told me to beg Henry to come home early, as James had something in particular to say to him. "You will come home to dinner, love, won't you ?" said I, after reading the note

to him. "I don't know, petite," said he ; "I would like it, of course, but I have an engagement for three o'clock, which I am

afraid cannot be postponed." "But it must be postponed," said I, with the willfulness of a petted child, who has never been denied anything. "It is the first time Emma and James have been to see us, and you must give me a positive promise that you will be home to dinner at two."

"Don't ask me to do that, Mary dear, for perhaps I shall find it impossible. You know it won't answer for a young merchant like me, just starting in business, to be negligent; and unic s Mr. Monroe can me this morning, I must wait in town till afternoon."

self, and ask his forgiveness ; but the moment had passed ; no tears, had they been of blood, no prayers, had they been an agony of supplication, could ever recall it. "Ah well," murmured I, "it will be but a few hours, and he will be at home." Even as I spoke, a deadly shudder shook my frame. A few hours !

"My friends arrived, and I strove to greet them gaily and cordially ; but my thoughts, my attention, were not with them; my enr was constantly strained to catch the hollow sound of horses' feet upon the little bridge just below our cottage. At last I heard them in the distance-a furious clatter over the bridge and up the little avenue ; but I knew it was not him I longed for. A nameless dread crept over me, and I seemed frozen to my chair.

"Heavens ! Mary, what is the matter ?" cried Emma; and at the same instant a sharp peal from the door bell rang through the house, and in a moment the servant said at the open door :

"A gentleman would like to speak a few words with you in the hall, Mrs. Murray." "I rose and went out as if in a dream.

A stranger stood there, looking at once embarrassed and sympathetic. Before he could speak, I said, in a strange muffled voice :

" Is he dead ?"

"Then you have heard, madam," said the stranger, somewhat relieved ; he said something else, I believe, but I heard it not, for I was again gasping out : " Is he dead !"

"No, Mrs. Murray, he still breathed when I left, but if you would see him alive, think you should come at once. I left word at the little tavern in the village for a chaise and driver to be sent up, and here they are."

"By this time Emma and her husband, hearing something of our conversation, had come out ; and it was her kind hands which arrayed me for this terrible ride, and her husband placed me in the chaise, and silently, after a few directions from the stranger, took the reins, and drove rapidly through the village, and about a mile beyond. We stopped at a common sort of a house, in the yard of which Sultan stood tied to a tree.

"Come right in," said a woman who eemed to be watching for us at the door. " But I'm most afraid he's gone. He was sinking fast when I came out to look fer you." My friend led or rather carried me into the room-that room where lay my know till then how keen an anguish the heart may bear, and yet survive.

"The sight of that dearly-loved form, that morning so replete with manly grace and strength, now so crushed and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen. I rushed forward, exclaiming : "Henry, Henry ! don't you know your own Emma, your wife !"

"He smiled faintly, and opened his eyes, but he could not see me, and in another minute they closed gently, the smile faded from his face, and I was alone-alone with my great sorrow.

"I heard long afterward, for it was months ere I could hear his name spoken, that he had exerted himself that morning to find Mr. Monroe, had transacted his business, with him, and was riding at a shied violently throwing him among the wheels, which, before the horses could be stopped, passed over him, cruelly mangling his limbs, and injuring him internally so severely that death was the only relief to which he could have looked.

SUNDAY READING.

DO SOMETHING. If the world seems cold to you, Kindle fires to warm it ! Let their comfort hide from you Winters that deform it. Hearts as frozen as your own

To that radiance gather; You will soon forget to moan, "Ah! the cheerless weather !"

If the world's a "vale of tears," Smile, till rainbows span it ; Breathe the love that life endears-Clear from clouds to fan it. Of your gladness lend a gleam

Unto souls that shiver ; Show them how dark sorrow's stream

Blends with hope's bright river!

The Prayer-Meeting.

An earnest prayer-meeting is the life of a Church, and a dull one is pretty sure to be the death of it. The attendance upon this service is a better indication of the spiritual interest of the people than in the morning or evening congregation. Your church may be crowded on the Sabbath, but you are reasonably certain to have a vacant pulpit within a year if you have thin, yawning, and bored audiences in the chapel when you meet together to pray.

The prayer-meeting is the point where the minister's hardest blow should be delivered. It is a good and necessary thing for him to work over his sermon, and to interest and attract the neighberhood-in crowds if possible-to the exposition of the Bible and the interpretation of daily experiences, which mark the worship of Sunday; but this is not a chief means of insuring a long and steady spiritual success. People go to church largely through habit, and because of the cessation of all business pursuits, and because it is the fashion to pay a proper respect to the day ; but they go to the prayer-meeting because they want to know more about religion, and because they are interested in the grand verities of Christianity. Fashion and the general dullness of life are not impelling motives. Drones my gravitate towards the pews, but only earnest men and women, the hone and sinew of the society, will fill up the lecture-room.

You may have the congregation boiling with interest and curiosity, but it will bubble and bubble until it has all evaporated into thin air unless a steady and increasing fervor is kept up by means of the working organizations, the central impulse of which is to be found in week-evening gatherings.

Young ministers begin at the wrong end. They are too frequently mere declaimers about the Word of God, or, as they like to be called, orators. They spend the bulk of the week on the manuscript, which is to startle the refined and select who rustle along the road to glory in silks, and make the Sabbath glitter with costly jewelry, and put off to odd times all preparation for the simpler gathering of this weekly service. Our advice would be to do the heavy pounding at the prayer-meeting, and skirmish more on Sunday.

It is a very curious and significant fact that the wealthier, more refined, and more influential part of the society, as well as the minister, are apt to regard this meeting as of secondary importance. It is left to quick pace toward home, when, in passing the care of the few earnest souls who are heavily-loaded country wagon, Sultan pretty sure to get to heaven without the aid of any meetings at all, or terrible fate, to the tender mercies of certain talking machines who are self-constituted itinerants, and who go from one church to another to air their vagaries, to make humbler Christains oringe and shiver at their daring and reckless assertions of sinlessness. If we would persuade the zealous-hearted among the more influential classes to regard the prayer-meeting as of supreme importance, we should do a great deal toward changing the Christianity of the day from an immense talk to an immense work.

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"Good-morning-no farewell, Mr. Morton." And the angry rose and the angry light burned bright on cheek and eye.

"Farewell, Miss Leslie !" And in another minute the jingling sleigh-bells made music which Margaret did not hear, for her bright head was buried in the cushions of the couch, and the voice of her own weeping filled her ears.

"What ! Ralph gone without bidding us good-by ?" said a cheery voice, as the door opened ten minutes after, and a face beaming with love and geniality looked into the room ; but when Mrs. Murray saw the lithe figure lying so crushed and forlorn upon the couch, and heard the stifled sobs, she came quickly in, and, shutting the door, approached her niece with a face so full of sympathy and grief, that one could well see that "she, too, had wept."

"Margie, darling, what is the matter? These are not the light tears which Ralph's departure might cause. Is it anything which you may tell me, dear ?"

"O, aunt !" sobbed Margie, without lifting her head. " It was a hateful letter, and-and he called me Miss Leslie, and said farewell, and so-----

"Margie, Margie, you have not parted in anger ! Do not tell me that."

The low voice, usually so calm and sweet had in it such a tremor of apprehension and agitation that the girl involuntarily looked up and saw with alarm that every vestige of color had faded from her aunt's face, and that her eyes were full of anguish and alarm.

"Aunty, darling, what is it ? Why do yon look at me so? You do not think he will never-" A fresh burst of sobs choked Margie's voice, and her head went down again upon the cushions.

"Child, if you know what I know, if you felt what I have and do, you would not ask why it fills my heart with sorrow and dismay to know that you and your noble lover have parted in anger. Listen, my darling,

"And so this Mr. Monroe is more important to you than the wishes of your wife !" said I, pouting.

"Don't talk so, Mary, for you know it is unreasonable.

"Promise, then, to come home to dinner."

"I have told you, Mary, that I cannot properly give you a promise. I will certainly come if I can."

"I'm sure I don't care whether you come or not, if you won't give up so much of your own way as to make the promise."

"Mary, I know you will be sorry, when you think about it, that you have said that."

"His tone was so sorrowful, and his words so true, that I could have cast myself weeping on his breast ; but an evil spirit, I believe, withheld me, and I answered very coldly :

"I do not think I shall ever regret so true an expression of my feelings.'

"Do you mean, Mary," said my husband in a deeply-wounded voice, "that unless I will conform exactly to your wishes, or rather commands, that you do not care for my society ?"

" Exactly."

"Henry did not speak again, nor did I turn my head ; but as I still gazed from the window, I saw Bim mount his beautiful black horse, Sultan, and ride away. The expression of that noble face haunts me to this very moment-so deeply pained and wounded, so justly displeased. Had he looked round, 1 would have recalled him, and made peace on any terms; but his looks were to the ground, and his movements so rapid that before I made up my mind to call him he was gone.

"As he disappeared, a terrible feeling of despair and wretchedness came over me. I would have given the world, had it been and I will tell you what I had thought in my grasp, to recall him, to humble my-

"My child, do you know why I felt so agitated when I found that Ralph and you had parted in anger?"

Mrs. Murray rose, with a countenance sadly moved from its usual screnity, and left the room ; nor did she leave her chamber for many hours.

Margie raised herself from the couch with the look of a sudden resolution in her eyes. She walked steadily into the library, where her father still sat reading his morning paper.

"Father, can John be spared to go into the city for me this morning ?"

"Why, I don't know, you hussy ; what do you want now-ribbons-gewgawseh ?'

"No, papa, but a note-"

"A note-and who is it for ?"

"For Ralph, papa."

"For Ralph | Why, it isn't an hour since he left here. Well, well, you puss, don,t look as if you were going to cry, and send John to the world's end, if you like." The note was sent, and was worded as

follows :

The answer was as follows : "It can. May a man have a sister, young, beautiful and unmarried ?"

RALPH.

TA young man in Lawrence, Mass., was paying attention to a girl, gave her some trinkets as tokens of his affection, ineluding a ring, bracelet, ear-rings, &c .--Seeing her the other evening with 'mother feller,' he walked up and demanded his

love-tokens back, and-being a special police officer-informed her that if she did not comply, he would take her to the police station .- She surrendered the baubles.

A Mechanic,

A young man commenced visiting a young lady, and seemed to be well pleased. One evening he had called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been. "I had to work to-night." "What, do you work for a living ?" "Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose. This was the last time that young man ever visited that young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the nicest women for a wife. The lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool-a regular vagrant about grog shops, and the soft, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

137 Chastise your passions that they may not chastise you. No one who is lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind. Riches are not among the number of things that are good. It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires .--Deliver yourself from appetite, and you will be free. He who is discontented with things present and allotted, is unskilled in life.

There is too much of the Divine in man to render him less than a mystery and too much of the human for him to understand that mystory.

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UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widews of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitied to 22.00 per month for each of their chil-dren.

entitied to \$2.00 per month for each of their chil-drea. The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$4.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10. per month. Moldiers who receive Invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$5, and \$15. per month. Moldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates. Pathers and mothers who lost sons in the serv-ican also obtain pensions. The undersigned having had over 19 years ex-perience in the Claim agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act. Call on or address

LEWIS POTTER. Attorney for Claimants, New Bloomfield.

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Dissolution of Co-Parinership.

Dissolution of Co-Parinersmp. NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partner signed, under the name of Kough. Snyder & Co. is dissolved by mutani consent. The books of the form will be found with J. W. S. Kough, and no the is given that accounts must be settled within thirty days from this date. L. W. S. KOUGH, W. S. KOUGH, W. H. KOUGH. Newport, Aug., 20, 1875.

W. H. Rough Newport, Aug., 29, 1873. The business heretofore conducted by Kough, nyder & Co., will be continued by the subscribers. J. W. & KOUGH, W. H. KOUGH,