

The Myrtleville Scandal.

It commenced by Mrs. Sawyer's arrival at Mrs. Muffit's early in the forenoon, evidently in a state of great excitement, and full of news. With an air of profound mystery, she drew Mrs. Muffit from the wash-tub to the sitting-room, and said to her: "What do you think has happened?"

Now Mrs. Sawyer was well known in Myrtleville as 'newsy,' as one who lost no opportunities of collecting the most reliable and startling items of information regarding the sayings and doings of the Myrtle-villians. Accordingly Mrs. Muffit prepared her mind for tidings of moment.

"What is it?" asked she, drying her hands on her apron and setting down in a chair for a 'good talk.'

"You'll not tell I told you?"

"Never."

"Because it wasn't intended for me to hear. I just happened over to Mrs. Seymour's this morning, and Mrs. Kately was in there, and the door stood open, and I couldn't help but hear what was said, you know, and—"

"But what was it?" cried Mrs. Muffit, as Mrs. Sawyer paused for breath.

"Fred Seymour and Belle Grainger have eloped."

"Eloped!"

"Mrs. Seymour was just telling Mrs. Kately as I went in. As soon as they saw me coming, they began to talk about the news in the morning's paper; but you can't throw me off the track in that way."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Muffit, suddenly, as if some inspiration had seized her.

"You've heard something too," cried the widow.

"No, but I saw Belle Grainger this morning, quite early, passing by here, in the direction of the depot, and she had on her travelling dress, and her waterproof, and carried her satchel."

"Going to meet him on the eight o'clock train. Oh, the aly, deceitful thing. Think of her poor father."

"And her sick mother. It is awful. And everybody knows Fred Seymour is as good as engaged to Susy Belknap."

"There! I'll go right over to Belknap's!" cried Mrs. Sawyer. "Somebody ought to break it gently to poor Susan. Poor girl. No wonder they went off alyly."

And away hustled Mrs. Sawyer to find Mrs. Belknap and Susy in the sitting-room, sewing. It was a keen satisfaction to tell the news there, for Mrs. Belknap, being in delicate health, and possessing ample means, kept a servant and lived in a style of refinement that Myrtleville generally condemned as putting on airs. To take her 'down a peg,' as Mrs. Sawyer mentally resolved to do, was a vulgar triumph she enjoyed greatly in anticipation. But it was in anticipation only. Mrs. Belknap and her daughter received the news in a quiet way, as if the gossip possessed no special interest for them, asking no questions, and manifesting no chagrin. The story had grown a little on its way through Mrs. Muffit's sitting-room, and Mrs. Sawyer had now a full description of the runaway bride's costume, and the train was specified upon which the young couple travelled.

But after Mrs. Sawyer had gone to take her news elsewhere, Susy turned a very pale face to her mother, asking pitifully: "Oh, mamma, can it be true?"

"I will go over to Mrs. Seymour's dear, if you wish it."

"Not for the world. If it is true, we must never let any one know how we feel it," and her lips quivered. "Fortunately, no one knows we are actually engaged. If it is not true—"

"It seems to come very direct," said Mrs. Belknap, as she drew her daughter in a close, motherly embrace. Mrs. Sawyer is a terrible gossip and busybody, but I never knew her to be guilty of absolute falsehood."

"Mrs. Kately is very intimate with Mrs. Seymour. I have heard Fred say they were schoolmates. So it is quite natural for her to be telling Mrs. Kately, and speak of something else when Mrs. Sawyer went in."

"I can scarcely believe it of Fred," said Mrs. Belknap.

"Nor I. And Belle too, who has been my friend so long, and her only interest in Fred, seemed to be in his love for me. Oh, mother! I can't believe it."

In the meantime the story was spreading from house to house, gaining a little here, a little there, as it was repeated. Mrs. Gray had seen Fred Seymour going in the direction of the depot at half-past seven, and it did not seem to occur to the gossips that, as his business was in New York, this was a sight of daily occurrence.—Another one had always thought Miss Grainger's quiet, modest manners, covered a deceitful heart. Some pitted Susy, some congratulated her upon her escape. The young couple were discovered to have every fault the imagination of their accusers could summon up, and Mrs. Belknap and Mrs. Seymour shared the odium and pity with Mrs. Grainger, who certainly should have attended more strictly to the education of her daughter, and given her a more careful moral training.

Every moral in Myrtleville was piously

thankful it was not her daughter who had so disgraced herself, and the daughters, as a general rule, secretly wished they had Miss Grainger's chance, for Fred Seymour was decidedly a beau in Myrtleville, and his mother was known to have a property from her late husband that would make the young man independent, when in the course of nature, it reverted to him. He was engaged on one of the daily evening papers of the great metropolis, and considered talented and upright, a man who in time would make a name and position of honor. His attention to Susy Belknap, though the fact of their engagement had not yet been published, had been too marked to escape the notice of eyes so prying as those possessed by the good people of Myrtleville, and his inconstancy was a matter of marvel, as Susy was a maiden whom any man might have been proud to win.

When the four o'clock train came in, Mr. Grainger, a little, nervous man, all excitability, was amazed at the sympathizing faces that greeted him on the platform. A chill like death seized his heart. For years his wife had been an invalid, suffering from spine complaint. Had she died while he was away? What a sheet he turned to a friend standing near, saying:

"Why do you look so at me? What is the matter at home?"

"My poor friend, have you heard nothing?"

"A choking sensation came over the loving husband, but he struggled against it, saying:

"Quick, tell me! Is it Mary?"

"No. Mrs. Grainger is as well as usual I believe; but there is a very sad story to break to you regarding your daughter."

Wrath took the place of terror.

"My daughter!" cried the little man furiously. "Who dares to carry stories about my daughter?"

"Well—you—see," stammered his friend "the women folks say she eloped this morning with Fred Seymour."

"Fred Seymour! Why, he's head over ears in love with Susy Belknap. My Belle! Why, she has been engaged for two years to Lieut. Weston of the navy, though we did not publish the fact for the benefit of all the tattlers in Myrtleville."

"I am afraid, was the reply, that it was the fact of these engagements that drove them to secrecy and elopement."

"I tell you the whole story is false!" roared the excited father! "I'll make these mischief-makers eat their own words! My Belle, indeed! They must be crazy."

But on his way home. Mr. Grainger met the report in so many places, heard it in such plausible versions, that he entered his wife's room with a very grave face, from which all angry excitement had vanished.

"Where is Belle, Mary?" he asked.

"She went to New York this morning to do some shopping. She will stay at her Aunt Maria's to-night."

"Did young Seymour go up on the same train?"

"I suppose so. He usually goes at eight, and that was the train that Belle took."

Mr. Grainger was on the point of telling his wife the whole story, but on second thought he restrained the impulse. Sure in his own fatherly confidence in his gentle, modest child, that there was some mistake admitting of explanation, he said nothing. After all, it was a subject of congratulation that none of the busy-bodies of Myrtleville had invaded the sick room, and he easily made some trivial excuse for going out again. He was determined to sift the gossip thoroughly before alarming the invalid, and his first visit was to the telegraph office at the railway station.

"Is Belle at your house?" flashed over the wires, and was carried to a handsome house in the city.

"Yes. Will be down on the next train," was the answer; for poor Belle imagined there was death or frightful illness to cause her father's message, when a visit to her aunt's was such a common occurrence.

Satisfied on this point, Mr. Grainger quietly waited until the train came in, walked up Main street with his daughter on his arm, left her at home, and started out to defy all Myrtleville.

From house to house he traveled with exemplary patience, and followed the snake-like coils of the story, till he faced Mrs. Sawyer, who earnestly assured him:

"Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Kately were in the sitting-room as I came in the back way through the kitchen. They were talking, and just as I got to the door, Mrs. Seymour told Mrs. Kately that her son and Belle Grainger had eloped. They saw me then, and Mrs. Seymour said very carelessly:

"Here are the morning papers, Mrs. Kately," just to change the conversation.

"And you rushed off to carry the news all over Myrtleville, said Mr. Grainger.

"Well, I thought it must be true, from such an authority."

"Pshaw! You misunderstood what was said."

"I tell you I heard her as plain as I hear you now."

"Telling Mrs. Kately her son and my daughter had eloped?"

"Yes. I'd swear it on my oath!" said Mrs. Sawyer, as if there was several other ways of swearing, if she chose to take her choice.

"Suppose you step over to Mrs. Kately's with me?"

"Well, I will."

But to Mrs. Sawyer's discomfort, Mrs. Kately denied the story entirely. Mrs. Seymour had never given her any such information, either in confidence or otherwise. Mrs. Sawyer tearfully persisted in her story; and finally the trio went to Mrs. Seymour's. The hero of the story was by this time at home, and eating his supper when the visitors entered.

It was an awkward story to tell, but it was told; and Mrs. Seymour's face was a picture of indignant surprise.

"I?" she cried—"I say my Fred had eloped with Belle Grainger! Why, Mrs. Sawyer, you must surely be dreaming!"

"You said so, I heard you," sobbed the widow.

"Said what?"

"You said distinctly Belle Grainger ran away with my son, this morning."

At this moment Mrs. Seymour burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, to the great consternation of her audience. She laughed till she was obliged to wipe the tears from her eyes; when, catching sight of Mr. Grainger's disturbed face, she said, with sudden gravity:

"Pardon me, Mr. Grainger I see I have most innocently caused you a serious annoyance. The truth of the story is this: Fred, as you know, has all the morning papers sent to him on the early train, and many of the neighbors come in to borrow them. Mrs. Kately always likes to see the Sun, and I save it for her; but this morning your daughter stopped on her way to the depot for a paper to read as she rode to the city, and took the Sun. When Mrs. Kately came for the papers I said to her, 'Belle Grainger ran away with my Sun this morning!'"

"And all Myrtleville has been busy with the scandal Mrs. Sawyer manufactured out of your remark," cried Mr. Grainger. "I can only hope she will be as active in contradicting as she was in circulating it."

But to this day Mrs. Sawyer persists in declaring that she can't see where she was to blame, after all. Anybody, she is quite sure, might have made such a mistake on the same ground.

Pretty Susy was not left long in doubt, for Fred, having drawn from Mrs. Sawyer the confession that she 'thought it a duty to tell the Belknaps the first thing,' hastened over to his betrothed wife, to give vent to his indignation against all tattlers and mischief-makers, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Seymour's wedding cards put the final contradiction to the Myrtleville scandal.

Greater is he who causes good deeds than he who does them.

A Western Parson.

A SHORT time since a Missouri river steamboat left Fort Benton with a party of rough and well-to-do miners on board. There were also among the passengers three or four "brace men," and before arriving at Sioux City they had very generally cleared out the pockets of the miners. The boat stopped at Sioux City to "wood up," and found among other persons waiting to get on board, a ministerial-looking personage with the longest and most solemn countenance on him you can well imagine. He was dressed in a suit of black, wore a white stovepipe hat and a "choker" collar, ornamented with a black neck handkerchief.

Well, he got aboard and the boat started down stream. For two days he was unnoticed by the other passengers, but one of the sports at last thought he saw a chance to make something out of the sad and melancholy individual. The latter would once or twice a day step up to the bar, and with a voice that was as mild and as gentle as a maiden's, ask for "a glass of soda, if you please," and then he would pull a roll of bills from his pocket and take a quarter from their interior layers. Then he would say to the barkeeper, as if under a thousand obligations, "Thank you sir," and walk off again as if about to commit suicide.

This thing had gone far enough, and the gambler I have spoken of at last approached him.

"Would you like a little game of seven-up, sir?"

"Seven-up? What is seven-up? Please tell me, my good friend."

"Why, a game of cards, you know, just to pass the time; let us play a game."

"My good friend, I do not know anything concerning cards; I cannot play them."

"Well, come along, we'll show you how to do it." And the mild gentleman in black after some further protests, at length consented.

They showed him how 'twas done, and they played several games. The gentleman in black was delighted. Gamblers want to know if he will play poker, five cent ante, just for the fun of the thing. Gentleman in black says he can't play the game, but they explain again, and poker commences. The gentleman in black loses every time. There are six men in the game; each one deals before gentleman in black, and ante has been raised to a dollar. Gent in black deals awkwardly, and looks at his hand.

Next man to dealer bets five—goes around and the bets are raised to one hundred dollars. Gent in black sees it and makes it a hundred better. Gamblers look surprised, but will not be bluffed. The bet has reached five hundred dollars—a thousand. Gent in black makes it two thousand. All draw out except a plucky Pike's Peak miner, who sees and calls him: "What have you?" "Weal," answers the gent in black, "I heave—let me see, let me see—weal, I have four ones."

The gamblers who have suspected something before, now look wild, and the light begins to dawn in the miner's mind. He leaned across the table and said in the most sarcastic tone he could command:

"Oh you heave, heave you. You got durned sanctimonious-son of a gun."

The gent got up from the table and handed one of the gamblers his card. "It read 'Bill Walker, New Orleans'—one of the most successful sharpers in the country."

A Remarkable Story—An Undertaker Bitten by the Corpse.

The Brooklyn Eagle is responsible for the following:

A short time since, Alexander Jones, a colored boy, aged eleven years, was buried at Evergreen Cemetery from Fleet street, where he had died of consumption. He was attended by Dr. L. B. Firth, of 232 Myrtle avenue. Certain alleged actions of the corpse when being transferred to the coffin gave currency to a strange story.

It was said that after the fact of death had been indubitably ascertained, and the ceremony usual had been concluded, the dead boy deliberately lifted himself upon his elbows, and opening his mouth grasped the undertaker's finger between his teeth, inflicting a painful wound.

John H. Farrell, of 261 Jay street, is the undertaker who superintended the burial. His son tells the following story:

It had been a principle of his father to exclude all members of the family from the room when the body of a deceased person was being arranged in the coffin. In the case of Jones the body had been thus deposited, and would soon have been shut from view by the lid, when the supposed corpse lifted its head and seized Farrell by the finger, so biting him as to bring both a jet of blood.

Farrell had in his hand a screw-driver. Having failed at the instant to release his hand from the teeth of the boy he dealt the latter a blow upon the neck. This had the intended effect. The boy sank back in his coffin, was nailed up and buried.

A lady, says a Western editor, has just sent a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

Never Known to Fail;
THOMPSON'S
Fever & Ague Powders
 FOR THE
PERMANENT CURE OF CHILLS AND FEVER, DUMB AGUE, OR ANY FORM OF INTERMITTENT FEVER!
The Greatest Discovery of the Age!

There are no diseases so debilitating in their effects upon the constitution as the above, and none more difficult to cure by the usual modes of practice. The Fever and Ague Powders will effect a cure in cases of the longest standing, as well as prove a preventive in the forming stages of disease. Being purely Vegetable, they act with certainty on the disease, totally eradicating it from the system, and preventing a return at any future period. Why waste your money and health in trying every medicine you hear of, when Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders have never failed to cure the Chills in any case.

REASONS WHY THEY ONLY SHOULD BE USED:

Their Reputation is Established.—Thousands of testimonials have been received, showing that these Powders have performed miracles in curing cases of long standing, many of them considered hopeless.

There is no Risk in Taking Them.—They contain nothing injurious, and, therefore, cause none of those lingering diseases so often the result of the many nostrums of the day. Physicians recommend them as far superior to Quinine, or any other known remedy, for they leave the system in a healthy state, and the patient beyond the probability of a relapse.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—The genuine are put up in square tin boxes, with "Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders" stamped on the lid, and the signature of "Thompson & Crawford," on the wrapper.—No others can possibly be genuine.

PREPARED ONLY BY
CRAWFORD & FOBES,
 141 Market St., Philadelphia.
 THOMPSON'S
RHEUMATIC
 AND
HORSE LINIMENT,
 The Great External Remedy for
Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c.
EQUALLY GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

This Liniment has earned for itself a reputation unequalled in the history of external applications. Thousands who now suffer from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., would find immediate relief from all their pain by using this certain remedy. It is equally effectual in Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Stiffness of the Neck, Sore Throat, Swellings, Inflammations, Frost Bites, Pains in the Side and Back, Bites of Spiders or Stings of Insects. One rubbing will in all cases give immediate relief, and a few applications complete a cure. On account of its powerful penetrating properties it is beyond doubt, the SUREST REMEDY for the most troublesome diseases to which horses and cattle are liable. It cures Scratches, Old and Fresh Cuts and Sores, Chafes produced by collar or saddle. Injuries caused by nails or splints entering the flesh or hoofs, Bruises, Sprains, Sweeney, Spavin, Thrush, and all diseases which destroy the hoofs or bones of the feet. Full directions accompany each bottle. Prepared only

By Crawford & Fobes,
 141 Market Street,
 PHILADELPHIA.

Why not have a Beautiful Complexion?
 WHY BE ANNOYED WITH
CHAPPED HANDS OR ROUGH SKIN?
 when such an agreeable and effectual
REMEDY CAN BE OBTAINED
 AT SO SMALL A COST.
 BY USING WRIGHT'S
"ALCONATED GLYCERINE TABLET."
 Sold by Druggists & Dealers in Toilet Articles. 00

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.

The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$5.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10. per month.

Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$5. and \$15. per month.

Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates.

Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions.

The undersigned having had over 10 years experience 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,
 Perry Co., Pa.

ROBINSON HOUSE,
 (Formerly kept by Swezer and Shuman.)
 New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
AMOS ROBINSON, Proprietor.

This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A careful and attentive hostler will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor

April 3, 1871. tr

J. M. GIRVIN.
J. H. GIRVIN
J. M. GIRVIN & SON,
Commission Merchants,
 No. 5. SPEAR'S WHARF,
Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly. 534ly

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration on the estate of William Adair, late of Loyalville, Tyrone township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscribers residing in Madison township.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to
ANDREW ADAR,
ROBERT A. CLARK,
 September 16, 1873—6f