

"In that case I did my duty, and I think the Indians will not trouble me; but even if they should, I fear them not."

"I fear, young sir, that those light arms of yours would be insufficient, in case of an attack from the red-skin."

"They never failed me yet," said Orlando, his eyes brightening, and his bosom swelling with a proud emotion. "Though I like not deeds of strife, yet I fear not danger."

"To deal with such an enemy, you should be able to wield a weapon like that," said the stranger, as he put forth the muzzle of his ponderous weapon, the butt of which rested upon the ground.

At that moment Orlando's eye caught the outlines of a hawk that was sailing high in the air above the tree-tops beyond the cot. He turned towards his strange visitor, and took the massive rifle in his hand. Its owner smiled as he resigned it to the youth, and stepping back a pace, he remarked:

"She'll prove a little too heavy for that hand of yours, and 'twill be a steady hand and quick eye that takes a wing at that distance."

The young hunter seemed not to notice the words of his companion, but raising the rifle to his side he drew back the hammer, and then placed the butt against his shoulder. The single tick of a watch could hardly have passed between the resting of the rifle and the pulling of the trigger. The sharp, clear crack ran through the forest, and on the next instant the hawk uttered a shrill scream—trembled a moment upon its outspread pinions—and then, with a last effort to maintain its position, it shot obliquely through the air, and fell not a rod from where the two men stood. Orlando stepped to where the bird had fallen, and picking it up, he returned and handed it to the stranger, remarking as he did so:

"That's a good weapon."

As the powerful hunter took the rifle, he stretched forth his broad palm and said:

"Orlando Chester, take that hand. There—it shall ever be yours in time of need, and upon Mark Chiron you may look as a friend. If the enemy are subtle, the wit and strength of Chiron can overcome them."

A moment the young man retained his grasp of the hand that was thus held out to him, and while yet he gazed into the face of his companion, he said:

"Speak you of enemies to me?"

"Indeed I do."

"But I fear not that the red man will attack me."

"And is there no danger in the world, no enemies but the red-skins? Do not white men sometimes prey upon each other?"

"Yet there are none to prey upon me."

"Be not too sure of that, young sir. I came not here without an object, nor do I offer my services at random. I ask you not to accept of them, for they shall be yours at my own will."

There was an air of truth in the words and in the manner of Chiron, which the young hunter could not doubt, and after a moment's reflection he said:

"If it be as you say—that there is really danger in my path—you can be my friend now by explaining to me its nature, and then I can save you further trouble by avoiding it myself."

"The nature of that danger I could not explain, and to be plain with you, I tell you I would not if I could. Nay—do not start. I speak my thoughts plainly, and I fear not to tell the truth. I have come here to-day to recognize you, and when first I saw this garden, that lays in such fantastical forms and devices about us, I knew well from whose brain sprang the wild conception, and I knew, too, whose delicate hand must have done the work—there is but one, and that—"

The giant hunter drew his hand across his eyes as he thus abruptly broke off, and then raising his face towards heaven, he uttered:

"Alas! poor Morgiana Chester, thy fate is a hard one; but if there is a just God in heaven, thy wrongs shall be atoned for, and those that wrong thee shall be brought to justice."

For a full minute Orlando regarded the man before him in a sort of wondering astonishment. Every vestige of doubt had fled from his thoughts, and though he wondered, yet he hesitated not to trust. Then there was something in the manner of Chiron, a kind of authoritative determination, that made him hesitate to ask further questions, and at length he said:

"My mother is in the cottage there, and if you will follow me you can see her."

"Stay a moment," said Chiron, as Orlando turned to lead the way. "Do you think one who knew me years ago, would know me now?"

"I should think not," returned the young man.

"Then lead the way," said Chiron, "and mind you, Orlando, I have called but for a drink of water and a slice of venison."

The young man signified his understanding of his companion's meaning, and without further remark he led the way to the house. In the entry Chiron deposited his rifle, and then followed his conductor into the presence of Mrs. Chester. For a moment the powerful man gazed upon the pale features of Morgiana Chester, but when her eye met his own, he turned away

to hide a tear that stole to his eye. The unwonted emotion soon passed away, and turning his gaze once more upon the poor woman, he took the seat which Orlando proffered him, soon after which the youth brought to him a dish of water.

While Chiron was drinking, Mrs. Chester seemed, for the first time, to notice that there was a stranger in the house, and after watching him for nearly a minute, a sudden light overspread her beautiful features and rising from her seat she approached the spot where he sat, and laid her hand carelessly upon his broad brow.

"Are you not a stranger, sir?" asked Mrs. Chester, in a tone of considerable earnestness. "Surely you must have seen my husband. Tell me, have you not?"

"No, madam, I have not. But rest you in peace, for you may yet see him again."

Mrs. Chester went back to her window and sat down. Whether the thoughts of her husband had passed from her mind, or whether the assurance of the strange hunter had softened her grief, it is impossible to tell, but at all events her tears were wiped away, and the usual placid melancholy overspread her features with its softening influence.

As soon as Chiron saw that Morgiana was quieted from her burst of sorrow, he arose from his seat, and beckoning to Orlando, he took his rifle and left the cottage.

"Sir," said the old hunter, as the two stood once more in the garden, "this is the first time for many, many years, that tears have wet these rough cheeks of mine; but who could see that sad sight and not weep! Boy, you know not what a mind has there been wrecked. I must now away, but be sure we shall meet again, and often. Pursue your wonted course, and when danger threatens I will be near to protect you."

"One moment, sir," urged the young man, as Chiron was in the act of turning away. "Which way from here do you take?"

"To Jamestown."

"And how?"

"The same way I came—by land."

"I, too, am going to Jamestown to carry a load of skins and furs, and if you will take a seat in my canoe, we will bear each other company."

Chiron assented readily to the proposal, and while Orlando went to make his arrangements, the old hunter reloaded his rifle, and then busied himself in looking about the place. It took the young man but a few minutes to get ready for his mission, and when he rejoined his companion, with his furs upon his back, the latter remarked, as he noticed the pistols in the belt of Orlando:

"You go well armed."

"I always do," returned the youth, as he started off. "My rifle carries but one ball, sometimes I want more."

Orlando led the way in a south-easterly direction towards the river, and as both the hunters were naturally on the watch for what might be stirring about them, there was but little said on the way, and that of a commonplace character. At length they came to a small, vine-arboved cove, which let up some rods from the river and here the young man found his canoe, and ere long they were both upon the broad river, with the tide in their favor, sailing rapidly down towards the settlement.

For nearly fifteen minutes after the canoe was upon the river, not a word was spoken. Chiron was busy with his own thoughts, and Orlando knew not how to address his companion upon the subject nearest his heart. There were a hundred questions he would like to have asked, but he disliked to meet a refusal for an answer, and so he asked them not.

"Orlando," at length asked Chiron, just as the youth had shot his canoe past a swift eddy that made round an abrupt point, "will you tell me what are the peculiar points of your mother's mania?"

"You saw her this morning, sir. She is seldom different—never raving."

"I mean not that," returned Chiron. "A soul like hers could never rave with utter madness. I meant to ask what are the particular ideas that haunt her most?"

"There are only two ideas that seem to be firmly fixed in her shattered mind. One of them you have seen in its effects. The same question she so earnestly asked you, she puts to all strangers who may call, though never before have I known her to approach a visitor as she did you. And she also often talks to me about her husband having cruelly deserted her. Then there is one other subject which seems indelibly fixed in her memory. She has a strong old oaken chest, and ever since I can remember she has, as often as once a month, and frequently much oftener, searched it all through in quest of some treasure which she says, she deposited therein. Sometimes she says 'twas money, and at others she asserts that it was merely a paper."

"And this chest—is it safe?" uttered Chiron, with sudden energy.

"Yes, the chest is safe, but the treasure, whatever it may be, my mother says it has been stolen from her," Orlando answered, regarding with no small degree of wonder the manner of his companion.

"And how has she searched it? What

nooks, what corners, what secret place has she found?"

"None at all. The chest is perfectly plain, without a crevice or crack to indicate any secret hiding-place."

"'Tis fortunate for poor Morgiana that she has lost her own secret," murmured Chiron, half to himself, "for had she remembered it, she might have found her treasure but to have irredeemably lost it."

"Chiron," said the young hunter, as he raised his paddle from the water, and in a voice so soft and low that its earnestness was like a prayer, "what of that treasure? Speak, I adjure you."

"If I give you one plain, straightforward answer, will you promise to ask no more?"

"I promise."

"Then the paper—for a paper I think it is—is undoubtedly safe, and for the present it is safe only in its concealment."

And, mysterious as Chiron was, Orlando resolved to trust him, feeling that in some way he held the key to his own and his mother's fate. To be continued.

KITTY CLINE'S PLAN.

"I CAN'T stand this any longer, Kitty; this suspense is wearing out my life. I mean to have a talk with your father this very night, and know the worst, whatever it is."

Brown-eyed, brown-haired Kitty Cline looked up in dismay at her lover's clouded and resolute face.

"Oh, Robert, pray be patient a little while longer! You know just how contrary and set in his way father is. If you do as you say, the upshot will be that he will forbid you coming to the house at all. You leave it to me. I have a plan in my head. Be to Cousin Jane's to-morrow evening, and I will tell you how it works."

As Robert Dunn left the house which he did with a lighter heart than when he entered it, he met Mr. Cline at the gate, who glared wrathfully at him in return for his pleasant greeting.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a red, uncomfortable-looking face, as though his collar was too tight for him.

Stumping into the house with considerably more noise than was necessary he turned to the window where Kitty was sitting, humming a tune, a careless, unconcerned look upon her face, which belied the frightened feeling at her heart.

"What's that young fellow coming here so much for, Kitty?"

Kitty tossed her head with an air of disdain.

"For what he won't get, smart as he thinks himself. He wanted that I should let him speak to you, but I told him that it wouldn't be the least particle of use."

The old man glared at his daughter with an air of mingled astonishment and indignation that was ludicrous to witness.

"You did, hey?"

"Yes," replied Kitty, composedly threading her needle. "He seems to have got the idea into his head, some way, that you would favor his suit, but I told him it wouldn't make any difference if you did."

Here Mr. Cline fairly choked with rage being unable to give utterance to his feelings only by an inarticulate sound.

"And that, furthermore he needn't take the trouble to call here again," continued Kitty, placidly, apparently entirely unconscious of the storm that was gathering.

"And have you the assurance to tell me miss," burst forth the indignant old gentleman, "that my favoring his suit will make no difference?"

"Well, papa, of course I'd be sorry to run counter to your wishes—"

"I'd rather think you would be," interrupted her father; "it's an operation that you would not care to repeat—not while I'm above ground. Mr. Dunn is an intelligent and worthy young man, of whose preference any lady with the least particle of sense would be proud. I shall invite him to continue his calls here, and remember that it is my wish that you treat him with the respect and consideration he deserves."

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Cline left the room with an air of great satisfaction; Kitty making no response, save by a subdued sniffle behind the handkerchief, in which she had buried her face.

Having first made sure that her father had taken himself off down the street, she dried her laughing eyes, and as soon as it began to grow dusk, she went over to her cousin's where she knew Robert would be waiting for her, to tell him of her success, and to instruct him in his part in the little comedy that was being enacted.

At Mr. Cline's express invitation, he continued his calls with more frequency than before, being treated by Kitty, when her father was present, with a coolness which the young man took with very commendable philosophy and resignation.

Perhaps the warmth and cordiality of his host had something to do with this, or he might have been sustained by various private interviews with Kitty, and which seemed to be very pleasant and satisfactory to all concerned.

Emboldened by the marked encouragement given him by the old gentleman, Robert finally asked him for the hand of

his daughter, receiving his unqualified consent.

Robert expressed his gratitude in warm terms, taking care to hint "that he had not received much encouragement from Miss Kitty."

"Never you mind Kitty," returned the old man with an air of grim satisfaction; "girls don't know what they want, nor what is for their best good. I'll manage her."

Accordingly, that very evening, Mr. Cline communicated to his daughter what he was pleased to term "her undeserved good fortune."

No sooner had Kitty been given the name of the husband destined for her than she vehemently asserted that she would die sooner than marry him. Her father just as stoutly insisted that she should; and the controversy ended by his ordering her to her chamber, declaring that she should stay there until she came to a proper sense of the duty she owed him as a daughter.

In the morning he visited Kitty, finding her, if possible, more contumacious than before. Indeed, so provoking was her language, that he assured her of his determination to keep her on bread and water until she submitted.

With this pleasing prospect before her Kitty remained "in durance vile," all day.

She did not seem at all cast down; on the contrary, she bore every appearance of being in an exceedingly comfortable contented frame of mind. She spent the greater part of the day in answering sundry notes, which were slipped under her door by her cousin who was in the plot, the contents of which seemed to afford her great satisfaction.

When the old gentleman visited Kitty in the evening, he found her considerably subdued, which he ascribed, in no small degree, to the regimen of bread and water to which he had condemned her, being in blissful ignorance of the more appetizing fare that had been surreptitiously smuggled into her.

When her father intimated that she could leave her room as soon as she signified her willingness to take the husband he had selected for her, she yielded a sullen assent.

Kitty was careful to express her determination to defer her marriage as long as possible, and, as a natural consequence, her father was prompt in asserting his determination that the ceremony should be performed at once.

Kitty contrived to retain the sullen, resentful look she assumed until the hour appointed for the wedding. Then her face became radiant with smiles and blushes, and which created such a marked transformation in her countenance as to attract her father's attention.

"Ha! she is making the best of it, as I knew she would," was his inward comment.

Kitty's married life was a very happy one.

"I have the best husband in the world she said, one day, in the hearing of her father."

"And you may thank me for it," he chuckled. "You never would have married Robert if I hadn't insisted on it. Girls never know what is good for 'em; it's well that you had some one to choose for you."

Poison in Syrup.

A recent analysis in Chicago of samples of some "very fine syrup" served out to families showed them to contain the oil of vitriol in dangerous quantities. The substance thus operated upon is called lignum by the chemists. It is the basis of the fibre of wood and exists almost pure in undressed cotton and linen. Hence old rags and other equally objectionable refuse substances form the material out of which this bogus syrup is made. Revolting as are the associations called up by this fact a very much more serious objection is found in the sulphuric acid, which still lurks in the syrup and manifests its presence there when subjected to suitable chemical test.

When it is known that this acid is an active corrosive poison to the human organism we may well shudder at the idea of being murdered by inches at the table with poisoned sweets. A recent number of the *Herald of Health* contains an article on the "Golden Drip Syrup," a commodity that is much used. The writer, who has given the subject a thorough investigation, confirms the statements cited above from the *American Grocer* as to the presence of sulphuric acid in the golden drips.

A Brooklyn lady of fourteen has sued a gentleman of sixteen for breach of promise of marriage. We know nothing as to the amount of damages claimed, but we suppose that somewhere between ten and fifteen cents' worth of chewing gum would be about the figure."

A boy found a pocketbook and restored it to its owner, who gave him a five cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then handed it reluctantly back, audibly sighed, as he said, "I can't change it."

Boxes govern the world—the cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, the band-box and the pill-box.

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 splinters entering the flesh or hoofs, Bruises, Sprains, Swelling, 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,

29 N. B. 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,

2011. Perry Co., Pa.

ROBINSON HOUSE,

(Formerly kept by Swager 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. H

J. M. GIRVIN, J. H. GIRVIN

J. M. GIRVIN & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 8. SPEAR'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of William Adair, late of Lenoire, 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 ADAIR,

ROBERT A. CLARK,

September 16, 1873—61* Administrators.