

"Then why should you bury him so secretly?"

"Secretly? I buried him where he fell; and the only secrecy lent to the act is that given by the deep forest about us. I sought no hiding of the deed."

"But why bury him at all, if he would have been your murderer?"

"Because he asked it of me, and I would not refuse him."

"Ha! then he spoke, did he, after you had shot him?"

"Yes."

"And what said he? What did he communicate?" asked the spokesman of the two men, with strange and sudden energy.

Orlando, with the truthfulness and candor that were a part of his nature, would have answered this question by a full statement of all that had transpired, but the manner of his interlocutor made him hesitate, and a moment's reflection made him determined not to reveal the knowledge he possessed, so he simply replied:

"He said what a dying Indian might have been expected to say. He knew he must die, and he begged of me to bury him."

"And said he no more?" asked the settler, in an earnest tone.

"What else should he have said?" returned Orlando, bending a keen, searching glance upon the speaker who had thus questioned him.

"O, nothing, nothing," he answered.

"I only asked because I thought that perhaps he might have—have told you—that is—left some word for the officers at Jamestown."

"Well, he did not," said the young hunter, while a smile of contempt curled about the corners of his mouth.

From the whole tone and manner of the two men Orlando at once conceived that they had some knowledge, at least, of the Indian's murderous mission, and that however many questions they would like to have asked, a fear of implicating themselves would keep them silent on the point he wished to keep from them.

"Never mind," at length said he, who had his foot still upon the grave; "his well for you, perhaps, that dead men cannot speak; and it might have been better still had you got through with this job in secret."

"What mean you by that?" Orlando asked, as the rich blood of just indignation began to mantle his brow.

"O, nothing in particular," replied the settler, with a sort of sarcastic grin. "If you can't comprehend it, there is no need that I should tell you." Then, turning to his companion, he continued: "Come, Ceiton, let's be off."

As he spoke he took his foot from the grave and turned away, followed closely by his companion. The young hunter would have called them back, but he had told them all he had to tell, and if they believed him not now, then he had no hopes of inducing them to a belief, and so without interruption, he suffered them to depart.

As soon as young Chester was once more alone he began to reflect upon the interview just passed, and he could not but believe that the two men who had just left him knew something of Lolowah's mission, and, also, that their present visit had been made to learn the result of the Indian's ambush. And another thing, too, dwelt somewhat heavily upon the young man's mind. Lolowah had not only been a friendly Indian, but having become so serviceable to the government, might not a rigid investigation take place with regard to his death? But what of that? Orlando felt himself innocent of all crime, and endeavoring to banish his fearful thoughts, he started on his way homeward.

When the young hunter reached his cottage he found Old Eipseay standing in the garden, and it took but one look into his black features to show him that some circumstance was giving her a vast deal of trouble, for she not only appeared much agitated, but her large eyes were rolling almost wildly about in their sockets. To be continued.

Where Bazaine is "Secinded."

The Fort Saute Marguerite, whither Bazaine has been transferred, was constructed under Louis XIII. and repaired by Vauban. Among the celebrated prisoners who have been confined there are Omer Falon, the Man in the Iron Mask, the poet Lagrange-Chanceel, and a certain Bishop Broglie, who flourished during the first empire. From 1851 to 1859 a number of Arab prisoners were detained there. Pliny speaks of a city called Vergonnum, which once existed in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, but no trace of it can now be found. In the seventeenth century the first of the modern fortifications was built by order of Richelieu. The fort was besieged in 1635 by the Spanish, and in 1749 by the Piedmontese and Austrians. Prosper Merimee, in his "Voyages dans le Midi," gives some interesting details about this fortress, and particularly about the room in which the Man with the Iron Mask was confined for seventeen years.

Bill Gibson loved Miss Jessie Hoch, and wanted her to wed. She coquetted until Bill got mad, and this being in San Francisco, he naturally resorted to the argument of pistols. Miss Hoch barely dodged a bullet, and Bill was arrested; but when he was arraigned she sent word to the Court that she would marry him if they would let him off. They let him off.

That Chicken-Pie.

IF there is anything in the world that Mr. Fitzrobinson of Columbia street, Washington, loves more than another, that thing is chicken-pie. They always have it of a Thursday for dinner. A protracted meeting has been going on in our new church ever since the dedication. Mrs. Fitzrobinson said she wanted to have a few of the visiting brethren dine with the family some day, and so it was arranged that they should come on Thursday. Six of them were invited, and Mrs. Fitzrobinson said she and her mother would take oyster-pie, and she knew well enough one of the brethren would take the same, so that the chicken-pie would go around nicely and leave a piece for Peleg. Mr. Fitzrobinson felt a little dubious on that score, but he said nothing, trusting to a desperate chance.

Thursday came, and with it the six shepherds. The memory of dedication night still rankled in Fitzrobinson's bosom, and he felt not kindly toward anything animate or inanimate connected with that church. Well, the chicken-pie came on smoking and savory, awakening pleasant anticipations in Fitzrobinson's digestion. With it came an oyster-pie, cutting it in six pieces, as directed by Mrs. F. He had a grim presentiment that each particular piece was whispering maliciously, "I'm not for you," and the strange concert made him thoroughly uncomfortable. He helped the ladies to oyster-pie, remarking its delicious flavor, and throwing in a neat compliment to Mrs. F.'s skill in this branch of culinary art, and then proceeded to serve the chicken-pie.

Being interrogated on that point, the Rev. Mr. Solemface signified his preference for chicken-pie. A look of settled sorrow crept over Fitzrobinson's massive features as he parted with the first piece.

"I don't know whether it's fancy of mine, or what, but it seems as though the oysters this season were better than ever before. Haven't you observed it, my dear?" to Mrs. F.

Mrs. Fitzrobinson admitted that she had.

"Mr. Meek, may I help you to some of the oyster-pie?" he asked with a most winning grace.

"Thank you," rejoined the gentleman blandly, "I'll try a bit of the chicken-pie, if you please."

"I knew it," thought Fitzrobinson, losing faith momentarily. "Just see if every one of 'em don't take chicken-pie. I hope Old Testament 'll get a thigh-bone crosswise in his windpipe—I do, so help me—"

"My dear," observed Mrs. F., sweetly, "you're spilling the gravy on the cloth."

This didn't help Fitzrobinson's mood in the least. "She's chaffin' me," he thought; "confound the luck!"

"Mr. Sleek, I take it, you'll try some of the oyster-pie?" to that gentleman in anything but a gentle tone.

"A little of the chicken-pie, by your leave," was the soft rejoinder.

Fitzrobinson glared at him, and every savory spoonful wrung his heart to the very core. He felt like pouring the contents of the gravy-dish over his shining crest. He gave him the plate back and turned to the next guest.

"Oyster-pie, sir?" loftily, carving a nice large piece, and remarking that Washington beats the world for Cherry-stones.

"I think I'll try a small piece, a very small piece, of the chicken-pie," answered the Rev. Mr. Oilyjohn, with a captivating smile.

"I beg your pardon, did you say oyster," almost rudely.

Mrs. Brownsmith, Fitzrobinson's mother by marriage, whispered in the reverend gentleman's ear that Fitzrobinson was a little deaf.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, how unfortunate! And at the top of his voice to Fitzrobinson, "I said chicken!"

"I wonder who that can be making such a racket," observed Fitzrobinson sarcastically to his wife, pretending to listen, and thinking fiercely all the while; "I reckon the blamed old chicken-slayer thinks I'm deaf and dumb. I wish I was, and blind too." Fitzrobinson thought it in his desperation.

While Fitzrobinson was helping the Rev. Mr. Oilyjohn, the gentleman inquired a low tone of Mrs. Brownsmith, "Has he given attention to religion?" referring to Fitzrobinson.

Mrs. Brownsmith was forced to admit she feared he hadn't, as she recalled the cycle of nights she had shiveringly admitted him at two and even four o'clock in the morning. [N. B.—Fitzrobinson is a jolly old dog and belongs to a chapter that meets five or six nights in the week.]

Fitzrobinson surveyed the situation and mentally calculated his chances. "Only two pieces left," he ruminated mournfully. Then he looked ruefully at the two remaining guests. "If they ain't got chicken-pie unmistakably written all over their features, I'm no judge of human nature," was his unuttered conclusion. The Rev. Mr. Ives was the next guest. Fitzrobinson felt he would willingly part with the last piece of chicken-pie if he could only slip a button or something into it, to avenge the wrongs he had suffered at his hands on dedication

night. Fitzrobinson was too mad to trust himself to say much, so he merely pointed to the oyster-pie, saying in a withering manner:

"Oyster?"

"Lord bless your soul! No, brother; chicken, by all means," replied the Rev. Mr. Ives, fervently. "Sister Fitzrobinson's chicken-pie is too famous to—"

"Peleg, dearest, Brother Ives said he would take chicken-pie," interrupted Mrs. F., seeing Fitzrobinson was about to lead the reversed gentleman's plate with oyster-pie. Fitzrobinson paid not the slightest attention to her, pretending not to hear. He was playing a desperate game. The Rev. Mr. Oilyjohn taking in the situation, came to the front. As he was sitting nearer Fitzrobinson, he shouted on a high key at the host:

"Brother Ives said chicken-pie."

Oh, the look that Fitzrobinson gave that man! I'm sure it would have withered a bronze statue of the indomitable Jackson. He was driven to the wall, however, and doggedly parted with the last piece but one. Now for the last chance. It was evident the deaf dodge was a failure. What should he try for a forlorn hope? Alas! what? No one can ever know the vicious resolves he made in his heart as he contemplated that last piece of chicken-pie. It was not enough that they should peon him to the church for life, but now they must needs take the last loaf in the house, so to speak, in the name of the Lord. He'd see who was master in that house. He inwardly swore he wouldn't stand it any longer. He was thoroughly roused. He fairly hissed at the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, who was reciting to Mrs. Brownsmith a thrilling tale of his experience, which began, "I remember some twenty years ago," &c.

"If I don't think you'll take chicken pie, too, I hope I may be d—"

"Peleg!" warned Mrs. F.

"Mr. Fitzrobinson!" groaned Mrs. Brownsmith in the same breath.

"Yes I do, and I don't care who knows it—no, I don't."

Fitzrobinson stood in a threatening attitude with uplifted carving-knife, as though about to brain the Rev. Mr. Ferguson. "Say it!" he thundered at that gentleman, as though the saying of it was to be the signal for the fray. Consternation sat upon the Methodist brow. Silence reigned for a time. The spirit of chicken-pie was striving with the Rev. Mr. Ferguson. At last it gained the mastery. He cried in a loud voice, "Amen!"

Fitzrobinson understood this to be a confirmation of his suspicion that the reverend gentleman would take chicken-pie, and he understood aright. Up to this time Fitzrobinson had been brave, but now he broke down completely. He spooned out the last piece of his favorite viand, and withdrew in silence. He went out and borrowed ten dollars from Belding, across the way, and hurried down Ninth street. About six o'clock in the evening he might have been seen confidentially talking to an Indian tobacco sign in Seventh street, and was heard to mutter:

"Chicken-pie, hic! every one of 'em," "s' what's matter."

The Present Ruler of France.

IN the month of September, 183—, a young French officer arrived at Vienna and alighted at the Hotel de l' Archduke Charles. It was yet early, so he determined he would have a look at the town before dinner. He sallied forth, and by dinner-time had lost his way. His perplexity was all the greater as he spoke no German, but by dint of inquiry and repeating the words, "Hotel Archduke Charles," he at length met a good samaritan, who took him to the gates of an imposing-looking mansion. The young Frenchman said to himself, "How odd! I fancied the house was not half so stylish as this." He gave up his great coat and hat to the servants, and was ushered into a dining room, where covers were laid for twenty. He sat down and made himself at home, and helped himself to the *caviars* and *hors d'averes*—begun dinner, in fact, and was lamenting that Vienna *tables d' hotel* were not better attended, when the door opened, and there entered a fine looking old gentleman, accompanied by a very young lady and about a dozen other guests. The Frenchman, after the habit of his nation, rose and bowed when they had taken their seats, and continued his dinner with the greatest composure. Presently the conversation became general, and the Frenchman mentioned to his neighbor that he regretted he was debarred from taking part in it, as he knew nothing but French. The fine old gentleman at the head of the table evidently heard the remark and understood it, as he continued the conversation in French. The young officer was delighted at this mark of courtesy, and said something very civil about the pleasant people to be met at Vienna *table d' hotel*—and dinner over went up to the fine old gentleman and said: "I am going to the play now, but I shall be staying here a few days. May I hope you are staying some little time in the house, and that we shall see no more of each other?" With that he made his bow and went out. After play a cab took him back to his hotel, and he went to sleep, contrasting the difference between the splendor of the dinner and the shabbiness

of the sleeping apartments. Next morning he had an explanation. He received a visit from Count Mensdorff, who told him that his Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles, with whom he had dined on the previous day, would be glad to see him every day during his stay in Vienna. The mistake was soon cleared up. Instead of dining at the "Archduke Charles," Hotel as he supposed, he had dined at the palace of the Archduke Charles! The *Nigaro* tells that the hero of this adventure was no less a person than Marshal MacMahon, the present President of the French Republic.

SUNDAY READING.

That's my Penny.

AN interesting young lad, who had nothing to give at a country missionary meeting to which he was going, except a solitary penny, was somewhat disconcerted, the more so because he was much teased by his sister, on account of the smallness of his contribution. She repeatedly remarked, "What is a penny?—What good can it do?" and, besides, it will never be noticed among all the money that will be given by others. The boy was encouraged, however, by his pious mother, not to mind the taunts of his sister, who happened to have a trifle more to give, but to take his penny and give it with a pure motive; and, if it were not noticed by man, to remember that it would be known to God, who was well pleased with the poor widow's mite. Away they went to the meeting at the appointed time. All were interested with the address, and the little fellow frequently wished that he had more to give. At length the collection was made, and the boy, with a heavy heart, dropped in his penny. According to custom, the money was counted in the vestry, that the amount might be announced to the meeting. By and by the secretary stepped forward on the platform, and stated that he had the pleasure of announcing that the collection amounted to "six pounds, five shillings and a penny. When the little boy heard mention made of a penny, he was so moved that he could hardly restrain himself, and he whispered somewhat loudly, to his sister: "Hear that; that's my penny. You said it was so little it would never be noticed, and the gentleman has told the whole congregation."—His mother said, "Hush!" and the matter dropped; but the little boy had the better of his sister for once, and he was disposed even afterward to feel triumphant on account of the public notice that was taken of his penny contribution.

How Have you Lived.

The perils of a traveler were illustrated by the conductor on the Mount Washington railroad this summer. When on the steepest place of that steepest rail track in all the earth a man was frightened, and said to the conductor:

"Suppose the locomotive should give out, where would we go to?"

"Ah," said the conductor, "there is a brake at the front end of the car."

"But," said the traveler, "suppose that should give out, where would we go to?"

Said the conductor: "There is another brake you see, on the car."

"But said the affrighted passenger, 'suppose that also should give away, where then would we go to?'"

And the conductor replied significantly: "That depends upon how you have lived."

The Hidden Serpent.

One bright Spring day I walked along the brook-side. All at once a little cluster of violets caught my eye. There they were, as tidy as a little Sabbath School class. They were the first I had seen that year. I hastened to gather them, without looking for any danger at hand. But scarcely had my fingers touched, before a little red forked tongue was shot out toward me. The serpent was there. "Ah," thought I, "this is the way with many little charming pleasures—they hide a serpent. Every tempting sin hides something more than a snake. Watch, or you will be wounded."

Million Dollars for a Life.

It is said that one of the men who was taken on board the *Virginus*, and who was afterwards shot, offered a million dollars for his life. The incident illustrates the mistaken estimate which men place on money when they give its accumulation all their time and energy, thereby neglecting to lay up treasures that will be available when at last the weary worker lays his burden down.

"Upon the great world's altar-stairs, That slope through darkness up to God."

The following is the form of the Lord's Prayer in the year 1300:

"Fader our in hevne, Haleweyed be thi name, Come thy kingdam, Thi will be done as in hevne and in earth, Our uch dayes bred give us to day, And forgive us our dettees as we forgiven our detours, And lede us not into temptatioun, Bote delivere us from yvel. Amen."

Mr. Gough thinks it is better for a woman to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because she is married.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

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 of the Face, 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, 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 Sweger 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 8, 1871, &c.

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. 534ly

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration on the estate of William Adair, late of Loyalsock, 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, Administrators. September 16, 1871.—64