THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

6 TT'S dreadful curious that ministers' sons and deacons' daughters should always be greater trials than other folks' children. I wouldn't have believed, when Sylvy was a child, that she would have grown up to such a thorn in your side, sister Sarah. But you'll have to bear it as the Lord's will, and trust that she'll be brought some time to see the errors of her

Aunt Doreas rocked vigorously, and made her knitting-needles click with a will, as she always did when she talked of Syl's shortcomings. Syl, who was in the kitchen making preparations for dinner, heard every word through the half-open dooras it was very likely Aunt Dorcas meant she should; and Syl sighed heavily, for Aunt Dorcas had a power in the family, and now that she had taken sides against her, Syl foresaw greater trials in the future than she had encountered.

Syl's trouble was that oldest and most common among maidens-the course of her true love would not be persuaded to run smooth. Its current was ruffled in the most common way, too, by her father's stern displeasure and her mother's ceaseless fretting and coaxing.

Years, before, when they were both little more than children, she and Will Everett had fallen in love with each other, and the love had grown and strengthened as they grew to manhood and womanhood. But alas! Will was poor, being only a clerk in the one dry-goods store Plimptonville boasted. He had his mother and little, sister to support, too, and, as Plimptonville declared, had enough on his hands without thinking of marrying.

Deacon Rankin did not object to 1 im because he was poor. Oh, no! the deacon was not so worldly as that-according to his own statement. In other respects Will did not come up to his idea of what his son-in-law should be. He belonged to a secret society, and the deacon abominated societies. Silas Daggett, the proprietor of the store agreed with him perfectly; he even had serious doubts as to the propriety of keeping a young man who belonged to a secret society in his store, and used to go to the deacon's house to ask his advice and talk the matter over two or three evenings in a week when he first came to Plimptonville and opened the store. Will smoked, too. Silas Daggett did not smoke. He shook his head sadly over that shortcoming of Will's and told the deacon of a great deal of good advice and warning thrown away upon the headstrong young man.

Will dressed too well, also; he was ruining himself by extravagance. Mr. Silas Daggett was of opinion that fully half his salary was spent in that way. Countless other accusations, of a like nature, were brought against poor Will, and from twice a week Silas Daggett's visits increased to every night, and finally it became evident that his visits were intended to Syl, much to the delight of Deacon Rankin.

But Syl, ungrateful, unreasonable girl, frowned upon the suit of Mr. Daggett; she even went so far as to leave the room when be called, and she had been caught walking with Will Everett after her father had forbidden her to speak to the misguided vonug man.

Now matters were at their very worst Silas Daggett had proposed, and her father declared that she should marry him. All her tears and entreaties had availed nothing, and at last she had got her spirit up, and stoutly declared that she would never marry him. Aunt Dorcas was sent for in haste; if anybody could conquer Syl's rebellious spirit, she could. But even Aunt Dorcas failed; the utmost coucession that could be obtained from Byl was a promise that she would never marry Will without her father's consent. She would not promise not/to see or speak to Will, as they tried to make her.

Shas Daggett was established in the deacon's house as a boarder, that he might have all possible opportunity for prosecuting his suit, and Syl was tormented almost beyond endurance.

The clicking of Aunt Dorcas' needles went on, and Aunt Doreas' sharp voice kept company with it, ringing over the changes upon Syl's ingratitude and hardness of heart. Syl began to think she should go wild listening to it.

Her patience gave out at last. She shut the pantry-door forcibly-very forcibly ! I might as well own that she stammed it, for Byl was not an angel, by any means. She hardly dared to go out to put the bisenits she had made into the oven, for she felt so angry that she was not at all sure that she should not say something impertinent to Aunt Dorcas. But it had to be done; so she ran out and whisked them into the oven, hoping that they might be as heavy as her heart, since Aunt Dorcas was to cat

When she went back, there was a face at the pantry window-Will's face-but looking so white and haggard that she hardly know ita

"What is it, Will? What makes you look so? And, Oh, how did you dare to come here? Father may come to dinner at any minute !"

"Let him come ! He needn't grudge me a minute with you ; I sha'n't come again from the conversation at the dinner table.

very soon, Syl," said the young man, in a bitter, reckless tone,

That and his white face frightened Syl o that she trembled and could not speak. Will reached through the window and caught her hands, and almost crushed them in his clasp.

"Will you stand by me, Syl, when all the world scorns and jeers at me for a thief? or will you decide that your father's worldly wisdom is best, after all, and marry that honest, godly man, Silas Daggett?"

The fierce scorn in Will's voice told Syl that, whatever his new trouble might be, Silas Daggett was at the bottom of it.

"What has he done now? Do tell me,

"The store was robbed last night-you hadn't heard of that? The village is alive with it; the safe and the money drawer .-Stevens paid Daggett five thousand dollars yesterday; he left it in the safe, intending, so he says, to put it in the bank this morning. Of course he managed to make suspicion fall upon me at once, and he's got a warrant now for my arrest."

Indignation got the better of Syl's fear

"How dared he? how could he? What possible reason could be give for suspecting you on

"Oh, a good many ! He is keen enough, you know, and I believe that he has been planning this for a long time. A key was broken off in the lock of the money drawer, and the other half was found in the pocket of my coat, which I left in the store. Of course it is no use for me to say that I left the coat in the store ; Daggett says I didn't, and of course his word could not be doubted. Then I was out until after eleven o'clock last night, and I can't say where I was ; that is against me, you know."

"Can't! Why not? Don't mind medon't think of me! Tell just where you were, and I will tell, too. "O Will, don't look so! don't feel so! How can he prove you guilty when you are innocent?"

"If he can't prove me guilty, neither can I prove myself innocent, and the disgrace will cling to me-will cling to you, too, Syl, until you cast me off. I think you had better do it, dear; I seem to bring nothing but trouble upon you."

Syl's brown eyes flashed, and then filled slowly with tears.

"Will, don't talk like that; do try to have more hope and courage. Silas Daggett is a bad man, I know; I was sure of it from the first; and he is sly and cunning. But we shall find a way out of this trouble, or, if not, we will bear it togeth-

Will was evidently not to be cheered, but Syl's courage made him ashamed of his weakness. Syl let him stay a few moments longer; she wanted to hear the details of the robbery, and she could not let him go until she had inspired him with a little hope and confidence, and then she hurried him away. She knew it would not help his cause to have her father find him there.

When he was out of sight Syl sat down on the window-seat and buried her face in her bands. She had spent all her stock of hope and courage in trying to cheer Will. The future did look gloomy to her.

Silas Daggett was so powerful and so unscrupulous, and her father would be sure to be on his side, and leave no stone unturned to prove Will guilty; as he said, it that," she rend, by putting two of the would be very hard for him to prove himself innocent. Silas Daggett had woven a subtle snare. Syl knew him well enough ing and the outside," was another. to be sure of that. She did not believe he had been robbed at all, but had formed the plot for the sole purpose of ruining Will, and so winning her-or, rather, her father's money, upon which his affections were firmly fixed. "Some way must be found to outwit him," Syl said to herself, over and over again, as she sat there in the pantry window; but still no way suggested itself. And she had promised never to marry Will without her father's consent, and that would never be given now. Syl gave way to despair at that thought, and cried until her head ached, and the biscuits were burned to a cinder in the oven.

The deacon looked at her red eyes when he came home to dinner, and baying, doubtless, a little pity for his daughter in his heart, forbore to enlarge upon the subject of the robbery, as Syl expected he would; but he spoke as if there was no doubt of Will's guilt, and Aunt Dorcas and Syl's mother groaned in unison, and said it was so more than they had expected, and Silas Daggett had-or Syl fancied that he had-a look of complacency under the distress and anxiety he assumed.

Syl scrutinized him carefully at every opportunity, and was more firmly convinced each moment that he himself was the robber whom he expressed such anxiety to bring to justice; and once she said, quietly, yet with a searching glance at his face : "I will do all that I can to bring him to

justice, Mr. Daggett." A dark red flush rose to Mr. Daggett's face, but he answered with a smile that be

should be very glad of her aid. But what could she do? she could think of nothing, though she racked her brains for hours, but to openly declare that Will had been with her the evening before, and to wait patiently and watch Silas Daggett.

She ran over in her mind the facts concerning the robbery which she had gained

The keys of the store door had been in Will's possession, and that told against him, as the thief seemed to have entered that way; at least, according to Silas Daggett, though Deacon Runkin did remind him that somebody discovered that a window in the back part of the store was unfastened. And then that half of the broken key found in Will's pocket! For herself, she had not the slightest doubt as to how it came there; but could the publie ever be brought to believe that Silas Daggett had been guilty of so base an act?

The next few days were full of anxiety and suspense, that tried her sorely. Will was examined and committed for trial .-Syl began to feel that she must do something. She went down to the store, one morning, with no definite purpose in her mind, but with the shadow of a hope that she might make some discovery. Silas Daggett, who had grown more tender and devoted to her every day since Will's arrest, was radiant with delight at receiving a visit from her. Nothing daunted by Syl's coldness, he described to her, at great length, the means which the burglar must have undertaken to secure the money.

"But I would like to see the window which father said was found to be unfastened," Syl said, interrupting him. And he led the way to it, but at the same time assuring her, very rervously and with unnecessary vehemence, Syl thought, that it was impossible the thief could have entered in that way.

Syl looked out of the window, which was some distance from the ground, and her eye was instantly attracted by foot prints in the soil below. It was November, and the weather had become suddenly cold, and foot prints made in the yielding ground had frozen there securely. Somebody had climbed in at, and jumped out of the window! The tracks ran down beside the building, and ended at that window. Syl said nothing, but it seemed to her that Silas Daggett must hear the loud, fierce beating of her heart.

She flew home on the wind and rushed up stairs to Daggett's room and found a pair of boots in his closet. Hardly waiting to put a piece of paper around them, she hurried back to the store. But she did not wish to be seen this time; so she went through a back street, and stole slyly to that spot beneath the window. And Silas' boots fitted exactly into the tracks! Syl had expected it, but she was wild with belight, nevertheless.

If Aunt Dorcas could have seen the frantic hugging which she bestowed upon Silas' boots she would have been more fully convinced that her prophecy would be fulfilled. But Syl's delight was a little dampened, before she reached home, by the reflection that the discovery she had made might not be considered sufficient proof of Silas Daggett's guilt. She carried the boots back to his room with her heart divided between hope and fear. As she turned to leave the room her eye was caught by some bits of paper, which he had evidently used in shaving, lying on the

They were small pieces of a letter, and Syl looked them over half curiously, half carelessly, until she read something that made her heart beat faster.

"Don't be afraid of a little job like pieces together. "Do it yourself," was mother. "In your coat, between the lin-

"What if that meant the money? What if he had hidden the money in that way," thought Syl. She ransacked his closet and searched all his coats in vain; and then she sat down and deliberated, with what result will be seen by the next action.

"I want you and Mr. Daggett and Sheriff Allen to go down to the store with me," she said to her father, at the dinner table. "I have made a discovery that I think may be of some importance."

The deacon stared as if he thought she must have taken leave of her senses, and Silas Daggett grew a shade paler-or was it only Syl's fancy,? But they granted her request, after a little laughter and jesting about her "discovery."

She led them quietly around to that tracks were. The Sheriff opened his eyes wide at sight of the tracks, and said :

"It is strange that these were not seen before. Here is evidently where the fellow

"Will you ask Mr. Daggett to step into them ?" said Syl, quietly. They all laughed a little uneasily .-

Anybody could see now that Silas was "Of course Mr. Daggett will not object to doing so, if it will give you any satisfac-

tion," said Mr. Allen. And Silas could do nothing but comply with the request; and it was evident to all that that the tracks had been made by his feet.

"But what does that prove? What do you mean, Sylvia?" asked the deacon, angrily, but evident perturbed in

"Nothing," replied Sylvia; "only, since Mr. Daggett is so obliging, he will probably show us whatthere is between the lining and the outside of his coat I'

It was a great risk, being only a bold

guess at the truth, and Syl trembled with fear until she saw Silas Daggett's face. That proved his guilt so condituively that doubt was no longer possible.

He made no resistance, and when the coat was opened the bonds and bank notes which he had stolen from himself were dis-

The letter by means of which Syl had made her discovery was found to have come from a friend of Silas, of whom he had asked counsel with regard to ruining Will, and then securing Deacon Rankin's heiress. "This must be hushed up, Sylvin-

hushed right up !" said the deacon, nerv ously. "Why, it would ruin me! I should laughing-stock ! I-I've made so much of him; what a reproach upon the church P' "Well, I agree to say nothing about

it-since, of course, you will see that Will is entirely cleared from suspicionthat is, on one condition; and if you don't agree to that, why, I shall feel it my duty to tell the whole story," said saucy Syl.
"And the condition is—?" said the

"And the condition is—?" said the deacon anxiously.

"Why, that you give your consent to my marrying Will; and then you know that pretty cottage that you promised to give me if I would marry Silas Daggett—you must give that to Will and me, and, pa!"—as the deacon was turning away—"nicely furnished, you know!—and, pa, wait a minute!—right away, you know!"

"I am glad that I haven't but one daughter," said the deacon to himself.
"What they say of deacon's daughters is true, every word of it!" But finally Syl had her own way.

had her own way.

Doctor, He has Done It. A physician tells the following story, not without some regret on his part, for the advice given :

"A hard-working woman had a drunken husband, who, when partly sober, would get the blues, and endeavor to destroy himself by taking laudanum. Twice did the wife ascertain that he had swallowed the destructive drug, and twice did the doctor. restore him. Upon the second restoration, the doctor addressed him as follows:

"You good-for-nothing scoundrel, you don't want to kill yourself, you merely want to annoy your wife and me. If you want to kill yourself, why don't you cut your throat and put an end to the matter ?'

"Well, away went the doctor, and thought no more of his patient, until, some weeks after, he was awakened from a sound nap by the tinkling of his night-bell. He put his head out of the window, and inquired-

" What's the matter?" "'Doctor, he has done it," was the re-

ply. 'Done what?' "'John has taken your advice.'
"'What advice?'

" Why, you told him to cut his throat, and he has done it, and he is uncommon dead this time!" Imagine the doctor's feeling!

A Good Decision.

A young man entered the barroom of a village tavern, and called for a drink. 'No' said the landlord; "you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more," He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silently and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord, and thus addressed him ; "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where, those young men are now-I was a man with fair prospects, now at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done ! I shall soon be out of the way ; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me : but for heaven's sake sell no more to them !" The landlord listened, pale and trembling, Setting down his decenter, he exclaimed, " God help me, this is the last drop I will sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

Was He Ungallant,

There was something pathetic in the pos ition of the German florist, who, in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed, "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose; dey vants him pot under the back window where the hardy, dey vants him doubles, dey vants him fragrant, dey wants him nice golour, dey vants him oberyding in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls one ungallant man, but I have sometimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madam, I never often see ladies dat was beautiful, dat vas rich; dat vas good temper, dat vas young, dat was elever, dat vas perfection, in one ladies. I see her much not,1 11

The Sea Mouse.

The Sea-mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under the waters. It sparkles like a diamond, and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in the mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not be called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up as it breathes, and glitter like gold shining through a flocky down from which fine silky bristles wave that constantly change from one brilliant tiut into another, so that, as Cuvier, the great naturalist, says, the plumage on humming bird is not more beautiful. mice are sometimes thrown up on the beach by storms.

REAL ESTATE At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale his vaf-uable farm situate in Juniata township, Perry co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizell, George Ickes and others, containing

91 ACRES,

of Red State land, about 75 Acres are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. The balance is well set with timber. The improvements are a good two story Log and Weatherboarded

DWELLING HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN,

TENANT HOUSE, CARRIAGE HOUSE, NEW HOG PEN and WOOD HOUSE, NEW There is also a Well of good water near the house.

There are also TWO GOOD APPLE ORCHARDS on this farm, with a variety of other fruit
trees. This property is near the village of Markleville in a good neighborhood.

Any person desiring to purchase a home, should
see this property before making a final investment.

see this property before massing a ment.

Price—\$5,000; payments, \$2,000 on the 1st of April, 1874; at which time a deed will be delivered, and possession given. The balance to be paid in three equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds.

**Call on or address **

**ACOB KLINK, Markleville, Perry co., Pa., or.

LEWIS POTTER.

New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa-

The Best is the Cheapest!

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

SINGER SINGER SINGER SINGER SINGER SINGER SINGER

MACHINE. MACHINE. MACHINE. MACHINE. MACHINE. MACHINE. MACHINE.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE is so well known that it is not necessary to mention ITS MANY GOOD QUALITIES!

Every one who has any knowledge of Sewing Machines knows that it will do EVERY KIND OF WORK

In a Superior Manner. The Machine is easily kept in order; easily operated, and is acknowledged by all, to be the

The Best Machine in the World!

Persons wanting a Sewing Machine should examine the Singer, before purchasing. They can be bought on the

Most Liberal Terms

F. MORTINEER. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.,

General Agent for Perry County,

Or of the following Local Agents on the A. F. KEIM, Newport, Pa.

JAS. P. LONG, Duncannon, Pa-

Professional Cards.

M. MARKEL, Attorney-at-Law,
New Bloomfield, Perry county, PaParty Office with Chas. A. Barnett, Esq., Centre
Square, adjoining Mortimer's Store.

EWIS POTTER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. Ar Claims promptly secured and collected Writings and all legal business carefully attended to.

JAMES H. FERGUSON, Attorney-at-Law NEWPORT, PA. NEWPORT, PA.

CHARLES H. SMILEY, Attorney at Law. New Bloomfield, Perry Co. Pa. ce with C. A. Barnett, Esq., next door ner's store August 20, 1872 to Mortimer's store

WM. A. SPONSLEB, Attorney-at-Law, Office—adjoining his residence, on East Main street, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.—32 ly

CHAS. A. BARNETT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Office—adjoining Mortiner' Store.—32 ly

J. BAILY, Attorney at Law,
New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.
As Office opposite the Court House, and two
doors east of the Perry County Bank.
Refers to B. McIntire, Esq. June 27, 1871.

JOHN G. SHATTO, Surgeon Deutist.

New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.

All kinds of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry
done in the best manner, and at reasonable prices.

#2_Office at his residence, one door East of the
Robinson House, and opposite Win. A. Sponsier's
Law office.

3.21y

WM. M. SUTCH.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Now Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.
43-Omee—Two doors West of F. Mortimer
Store—37 ly

CHAS. J. T. McINTIRE, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Sew All professional business promptly and atta-fully attended to. -3 2 1v.

W. N. SEIBERT, Attorney at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa., Bloomfield, 3 23 1v.

L EWIS POTTER, NOTARY FUBLIC, New Bloom-Beld, Ferry Ca., Pa.

Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and Leases carefully prepared and acknowledgementa taken. All kinds of Pousion and Bounty papers drawn and certified, will also take depositions to be read in any court in the United States. 716 ly*

W.M. A. MORRISON,
JUSTICE OF THE PRACE and GENERAL
COLLECTOR, New GERMANTOWN, Perry co., Pa.
25 Remittances will be made promptly for all
Collectious made.
7441

WILLIAM M. SUTCH,

Justice of the Peace,

AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, New Bloomfield, Perry County, Penn'a Special attention paid to Collections of all kinds. Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and Agreements attyn executed.

Ancilonegr. — The undersigned gives notice that he will cry sales at any point in Perry or Daupin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given.

E. D. WELLS.

New Buffalo.

Rerry 00. Pa.