

The two friends in a short time produced another letter which we give in full.

WINTHROP HOUSE.

"ADORABLE MISS SHIRLEY:—I experienced so much pleasure in perusing the few, though precious lines, which you so generously penned me, that it is impossible to describe my emotions upon paper. I feared you would not deign to reply to my petition; I dreaded lest you might cast away the offering as a worthless thing. Having heard the name of Miss Isabella Shirley associated with that of a Dr. Malcolm so often, I almost despaired of receiving a kind word. Is the rumor that is abroad entirely without foundation? You can speak to me as freely as to a brother. Dear Miss Shirley, your beauty and talents entitle you to grace a circle where he could not gain admittance for a moment. I speak warmly, but my feelings are impulsive and often lead me to extremes.

"Let me speak to you for a moment, dear Isabella—pray forgive this liberty—let me hear your sweet voice and look again upon that charming face. I know you have not bid me hope, but you have not forbidden me to write you—to plead my cause as eloquently as I will. I am very grateful for this, and perhaps ought not to ask more; but be generous, my friend, and if you can see me without any compunctions of conscience, let me know in your next; for I flatter myself that I may possibly hear from you again.

"That you may be fully satisfied of my sincerity, I will ride past your father's house on horseback near the hour of five to-morrow evening, and shall watch eagerly for even a look from the fair Isabella.

"Think gently of one who adores you, and believe me,  
Devotedly yours,  
FREDERIC GREENWOOD."

"I shall now learn, probably, how I stand in the estimation of the 'adorable Miss Isabella,' observed Malcolm, complacently.

"Some good will result from the joke, at all events," answered Frederic. "I must return, make out a copy of this nonsense and send it to the office, and also look up a pair of large whiskers for my horseback ride on the morrow," he added, laughing, as he left.

Precisely at the hour named, Frederic Greenwood was seen mounted upon a splendid black horse, richly caparisoned. The rider was tall, somewhat disguised by an immense pair of whiskers, and altogether made quite an imposing figure. A little in the rear rode another person, upon a small pony, enveloped in a large grey coat, and other things to match.

It was no other than Malcolm. He had no fear of being recognized, as he knew the eyes of Isabella would be directed to her illustrious sutor instead of the servant. Nevertheless he wore a large hat which shaded his face, and with the aid of a wig completely changed his appearance.

As they rode past the house of Mr. Shirley, he had the extreme felicity of seeing Frederic touch his hat and bow gallantly in the saddle, while at the same time he caught glimpses of a female figure, smiling and waving her handkerchief. When they had lost sight of the dwelling a hearty laugh ended the joke.

Two days after, Frederic received an answer superscribed in the delicate handwriting of Isabella. It ran thus:

"MR. GREENWOOD:—I fear I shall not be able to withstand the delicate flattery of your lordship. My weak head, and still weaker heart, may make me but too subservient to your wishes. I shall be disengaged on the evening following this. I must confess that the report you have heard is not entirely unfounded; but I can assure that no reciprocity of feeling exists between us. As the companion of a physician, I fear there would be but little congeniality between my refined sensibilities and pills, powders, small pox and other contagious diseases. The profession, too, obliges one to mix with all classes of people. I think I have explained this subject to the satisfaction of your lordship; but should you deem me too free upon so short an acquaintance, attribute it to the deep respect I entertain for your character, and suffer me to subscribe myself,  
Your friend,  
ISABELLA SHIRLEY."

"Refined sensibilities and contagious disorders!" exclaimed Malcolm, gaily. "Complimentary, very. Her feelings are unusually delicate of late. I rather suspect Miss Shirley will receive a visit from me rather than 'Lord Illsley.'"

"Thus far, Fred, this has been a practical and, to me, a fortunate joke. The effects, if I mistake not, will be good; at least, it will learn Isabella a good lesson, and make me, possibly a happy man."

"And do you really think seriously of Flora West?" inquired his friend, earnestly.

"If, upon further acquaintance, my sentiments are not changed, I shall most assuredly make her Mrs. Malcolm, provided I can gain her consent and that of Mrs. West. You know I have seen her daily, and my interest has increased rapidly," replied the physician.

"I truly wish you success," rejoined Frederic.

"As you well know, I am not influenced by the opinions of the world in general. My happiness is too valuable to be sacrificed at so heartless a shrine. Flora West is fair, modest, and good, sings like an angel, and plays the harp divinely; added to this, she is a kind and affectionate daughter, and must make a good wife," observed Malcolm, earnestly.

"She cannot fail to do so. Secure her if you can, or some one else may try his success," answered Greenwood, significantly, as the friends parted.

Isabella Shirley was alone. She was

elegantly attired, and evidently unusual attention had been bestowed upon her toilet. The glow upon her cheek betokened excitement and pleasure, while she nervously walked to the window and then seated herself with the determination of being calm and composed. Suddenly the bell was rung violently. With a start she arranged her dress and assumed the most bewitching attitude possible. With a winning smile upon her countenance, she awaited the entrance of the visitor; but a look of disappointment was too obvious when Dr. Malcolm was ushered into the apartment.

"Good evening," said the young lady, in a cold and restrained voice.

"Good evening, Isabella," replied the other, cordially. "Excuse me for rather neglecting you of late. My business has been pressing, and that must be my excuse."

"It is of no consequence," rejoined Isabella, in a still more frigid manner. "I have not been troubled with ennui."

"I am glad to hear it, for I feared you might reproach me. But now let us have a social chat; tell me what you have been reading, and if anything new has happened," he added, in the same friendly tone.

"I am not in the humor for talking; I have not been reading, and you will not find me a news-carrier," replied Isabella, shortly.

Malcolm tried many times to draw her into conversation, but she was as silent and cold as ever. He now started a new theme.

"You look unusually well to-night," he remarked.

"And what of that?" she retorted, sharply.

"I was not aware young ladies were averse to being informed of the fact," he added, quietly.

Neither spoke for a time. Isabella was obviously uneasy; she moved from place to place, consulted her watch often, and at every sound looked anxiously towards the door. Malcolm knew the nature of her feelings, and, perhaps rather ungenerously, prolonged the interview.

"It may be you expect company, Isabella?" observed Malcolm, abruptly.

"And am I accountable to you for any visitors I may have?" returned the young lady, angrily.

"Certainly not; but I may intrude, and will take my leave." And wishing her "good evening," he left the house.

Isabella Shirley waited long and vainly for the arrival of "Lord Illsley." She thought of every possible reason for his non-appearance, but was fully convinced the morning would bring her a note containing a satisfactory excuse. She retired feeling unhappy and anxious.

The following day passed away with no tidings of "his lordship" or Malcolm. She felt conscious of treating the latter in a very rude manner, and something whispered, "you will regret it anon." Isabella again retired dispirited and miserable. A half formed suspicion arose in her mind that she had been duped, but to this she would not listen, for the idea seemed an improbable one.

The following day a package was brought her. With trembling fingers she tore it open, when three letters fell from its folds. Taking one which was addressed to her, she read as follows:

"MISS ISABELLA SHIRLEY:—'Lord Illsley,' I am informed, left the Winthrop House to-day, for the South, where he resides, leaving the enclosed epistles in my possession. I return them, thinking they will prove more valuable to you than to myself, or even to 'his lordship.' As your 'refined sensibilities,' want of 'reciprocity of feeling,' and dread of 'contagious disorders,' are so many obstacles to our further intercourse, I will respectfully withdraw my suit, and subscribe myself,  
Your obedient servant,  
GEORGE MALCOLM."

The letter fell from her nerveless grasp, and glancing at the others, she perceived they were the very ones she had sent to Mr. Greenwood. The whole truth flashed upon her mind; she grew pale and sank insensible upon the sofa. Her mother coming in soon after discovered her in this situation, and learned the cause by referring to the letters. Applying restoratives, Isabella soon recovered, but only to experience the most bitter anger and mortification.

"O, this is dreadful! I have been so duped; I shall die with shame!"

"I told you how it might be. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and you recollect these were my words," replied Mrs. Shirley.

"I cannot bear it, mother. It will be known, and every one will laugh and call me 'Lady Illsley.' I have lost Malcolm also, and find, when too late, that he is necessary to my happiness!" exclaimed Isabella.

"Your knowledge has not come in time to be of any service in regard to Dr. Malcolm, but this experience may be of value in after life. We must leave town for a few months, until the affair is forgotten. Doctor Malcolm is worth half a dozen 'lords,' after all," added the mother with a sigh.

With feelings not to be envied by any of her sex, the unhappy Isabella left town in company with her mother. When she returned, at the expiration of three months, greatly altered in appearance, she learned

with emotions which cannot easily be imagined, that Flora West had become the wife of Dr. Malcolm.

Flora West had indeed associated herself for life with the physician, "pills, powders, and contagious diseases" included. Mrs. West, who recovered in a short time from her illness, found a comfortable home in the large establishment of her daughter, and that serenity of countenance and peace of mind which she once possessed, returned. Flora's sister was sent to a select school, and promises to become an ornament to society.

Malcolm proves a devoted husband, and often congratulates himself that Isabella had made such a mistake.

How the Lover was Lost.

IF you care to hear it, I don't mind if I tell you the tale of my only love-affair. It's rather a good story, I think, and as the lady's married and settled far away from here it won't do any harm. It happened when I was about twenty-eight—ten years ago, you see—and, although I'd had many a good rousing flirtation before I made Louisa's acquaintance, I'd never seen the woman I really wanted to marry. You see, I was very fussy—at that age, I called it fastidious, aesthetic, &c.—and I found fault with one thing and another in all my lady friends, but there was just one thing which I could not abide, and that was awkwardness. I didn't mind good, honest ugliness half as much, for I always remembered the poor things couldn't help that; but I never could see why people should sit as if they were all elbows, or walk as though made of cornstalks or bean poles; and the starchy way in which people climb a fence or get into a wagon always sets my teeth on edge.

"Well, the young lady who finally took my fancy was Miss Louisa Maxwell, one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She was very intelligent, too, and took an interest in almost everything which interested me; and the way in which she first attracted my attention was by her graceful waltzing at a Newport hop. I soon found, however, that she was not an instinctively graceful person, only that what she had been thoroughly taught she did well. Waltzing, riding, walking—all those things in which her school-mistresses had drilled her she did to perfection; but set her to perform some gymnastic for the first time and she was entirely at sea, as I discovered when I undertook to gallant her over the rocks at 'Spouting Horn,' or down to the beach below the 'Forty Steps.'"

"You know I have always kept my horses, and at that time I had a regular beauty, and the first dog-cart ever seen in this country. Louisa liked the looks of it very much, but seemed rather afraid to try riding in it; however, I finally coaxed her to go out with me one day, intending to stop at a Half-way House not very far from the town and get some ice-cream before we came back. The fact was, I wanted an opportunity to propose to her—we were both staying at the Ocean House, and of course I could never get a word with her alone, especially as she was quite a belle and always had a crowd round her. But I had been in dancing attendance all summer and wanted the thing settled; so, although etiquette says you must never propose to a lady while out driving, I determined to seize the opportunity while we were having our cream in the grove attached to the house, and come to the point.

"Well, she made some little pother about getting into the wagon—you know a dog-cart is rather up in the air—but finally she was safely settled on the cushions by my side, and we drove along very happily. Indeed, she made herself so charming, I should have proposed to her then and there had it not been for the presence of my groom, who of course sat cocked up behind us.

"Things went on very well till we reached the 'Half-way House,' which was situated in a grove of trees, with little tables scattered around in all sorts of shady nooks—little arbors and bowers that seemed made on purpose for lovers. Of course it was very popular, and late in the afternoon was always crowded with visitors; but I had purposely come early, and as we drove up was gratified to see that not many had yet arrived, and among them but few people we knew. All who were there, however, were collected on the piazza, and looked up to see the new vehicle, which had already made quite a sensation in the town and all the waiters and attaches of the establishment also came to the doors to get a peep at the cart.

"My groom leaped down and took the horse's head, while I sprang out to help Louisa. As she stood up I saw she looked rather perplexed, and laughed to think she was puzzled to know how she should get down. Little did I guess how she would solve the difficulty!"

Here Larry sat upright, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and used his forefinger to point the moral, if not to adorn the tale.

"The very instant I raised my arms—before I had a chance to touch her waist—by Jove! she made a bolt right at me, took a short flight through the air, and came to rest on top of my head! And there she lay, Charley, paddling like a huge turtle and screaming, 'Oh!—my!—goodness!—ga-a-u-cious!'"

"She nearly knocked me down, my boy, and she almost broke my neck. I was in utter darkness, on account of my new beaver being crammed down over my eyes, and her struggles were so frantic I thought every minute she'd tip us both over together. Ah, you needn't laugh! It was a very serious matter, and came near being my death, and hers, too. Even to this day I'm not quite sure my neck is sound. In that minute I think I had every sensation of hanging.

"I ran backwards several steps with her still balanced on my head; and not her shrieks nor the hat, which by this time had worked down to my chin, could prevent the howls and roars of laughter with which our performances were greeted from reaching my mortified ears. My groom was paralyzed with laughter, and of course no one else came to our assistance. But finally I remembered Samson and the Philistines and with one mighty effort bounced myself forward and planted her on her feet before me.

"What became of her after that I did not see, for it took the combined efforts of myself and groom to extricate me from my hat. While we were still struggling with it I heard invisible questioners ask him whether 'them were circus folks?' and whether I meant to 'pass round that hat when I got out of it?' When I finally emerged I encountered the grinning visages of every guest and knife-boy on the premises, and, catching the contagion, could not help joining in the general shout.

"After a while Louisa re-appeared in the parlor, and we had our cream there instead of in one of the lovers' nooks outside. To tell the truth, I didn't dare propose to her. What on earth would I do with a wife who got out of wagons in that style? At that time I thought the loss of her would break my heart, but I was sure if I married her she would break my neck.

"After all, life's sweet; and while I was hesitating what to do she settled the question for me by leaving Newport the next day. The poor girl was very much mortified, I think, and couldn't bear to face me again. She left me a farewell note, however, thanking me for all I had done to make her summer pleasant, and asking me to call on her in town the next winter. Of course I did so; but by that time she was engaged to a Southern fellow she met traveling, and before the New Year she was married and settled in Selma.

Good Evidence.

Henry Ward Beecher tells the following incident:

I recollect a man who came to me and said, "I was in a certain firm, and we did a commission business; and there were three or four occasions on which I know we received a good deal of money which belonged to our customers. I cannot tell you who my partners were, because it is not for me to inculpate them; but I want you to take so much money (giving me the amount), and pay it out so and so. I have made up my mind to be a Christian; I feel that a Christian must be honest; and I want you to see such and such men and give them this money, without my name." It was a very interesting interview that I had with one of the men, because the effect was to break him down and bring him under conviction. It was a gospel to him. I went to his counting-house and said, "I have a very pleasant duty to perform. There is a man uniting with my church who thinks he is a Christian, who is trying to live a Christian life, and who says he has defrauded you. This is the amount of the principal, and this is the interest." The man sat and trembled a moment; then he said, "Who is he? For God's sake, tell me his name."

"No, sir," I said, "I cannot tell you his name." The man cried like a child.

"Well," said he, "that means something. Partner come here." The partner came, and he had to tell it all over to him. This man himself came to my church and began to believe in religion. This instance was so different from anything that he had met with before that he thought, after all, there must be something in Christianity, although no such impression had been made upon him before that time.

For, where men do business and find that deacons cheat them, that leading men in the church cheat them, and that they have to look out as sharp for members of the church as for anybody else (and a little sharper, because having everything settled up above, they think they can take a little more liberty down here), then it is hard to preach the gospel to them effectively; but when you bring evidence to worldly business men that there is among Christians, self-denial, self-sacrifice, and humiliation, not only before God but before men, it is like a gospel to them.

A Juror in a criminal case recently tried at San Francisco said that he would like to agree to a verdict of acquittal, but was prevented from doing so by his oath which required him to render a verdict according to law and evidence. To show his sincerity, however, he offered (being a man of means) to draw a check for \$500, to be applied toward paying the fine and request the Judge not to impose any imprisonment. Several other Jurors who agreed with him agreed to increase the sum to \$1,000, so that the prisoner and his family would suffer no pecuniary loss by reason of the verdict. The majority of the jury would agree to nothing but a verdict of acquittal. A disagreement was the result and the prisoner will have to undergo another trial.

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