

long hair back from his forehead with an impatient movement like that of a wilful child.

"You are not looking well, Sears," said Mr. James, giving him a rapid, searching glance, "have you had advice?"

"Oh, I hate all sorts of advice—except yours—but especially doctors?"

"Can I offer you anything—supper—a glass of wine?"

"Nothing at all, thank you—I dined late."

"You poetical young gentlemen never do eat, now I think of it," returned his companion, with quiet rallery, which was too dignified to have the slightest approach to familiarity.

"But I am not poetical—"

"Though you do write poetry?"

"Who told you that, Mr. James?"

"As if I should not recognize your printed thoughts at once—a lawyer is not necessarily quite a mole."

The youth colored again at this discovery of his carefully treasured secret—there is nothing in life more painfully sweet than the poet's first consciousness that those about him have recognized his gift.

"I didn't know you ever read Magazines or light literature of any kind."

"See, you have betrayed yourself at once—you will make a poor lawyer, sir, if you are so easily thrown off your guard."

"A lawyer! Why I'd rather be a doctor, Mr. James, and—begging your pardon—a tinker sooner than either."

"You would doubtless find even that a more profitable avocation than verse-making, my young friend."

William Sears was silent again—his face took a worn, troubled look, which made him appear much older than before—his lips grew tremulous, and his eyes gathered a misty sadness, half eager, half desponding.

Mr. James was apparently occupied in folding and directing letters, but his keen glance watched every movement of his guest, and noted each change in his mobile countenance.

It was a handsome face, though the features were delicate almost to effeminacy varying so rapidly in their expression that one seemed never to grow familiar with them; at times there came over them a tired, hopeless look, painful in one so young, but a merry word or laugh would chase it so rapidly away that it appeared only a shadow, and the almost childish sweetness returned until it brightened as if radiant with sunshine.

"You are pre-occupied to-night, William," Mr. James said, at length, pushing the table back and turning toward him.

Sears roused himself with a start, and the restraint which that man's very smiling affability so frequently caused him, all came back.

"How old are you now?" Mr. James asked, after a time, almost abruptly—no, not that, for there was never any approach to abruptness in his voice or manner—but more quickly than he often spoke, "how old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Yes," he repeated, as if soliloquizing, "you must be that—seventeen!"

His tone was low, like that of one recalling a memory—perhaps visions of his own lost youth were awakened by the word—but no one could have told, that face would have been a mystery to the most scrutinizing observer.

"It is nine years since my mother died," said the youth, suddenly, "I should have been entirely alone in the world except for you."

"You would be certain to make friends any where," returned he—the tone was kind, but there was no affection to satisfy the cravings of a heart like that of the listener.

"It seems so long ago, and yet but yesterday," continued Sears, impelled to unwonted utterance by the power of memory. "Had you known my mother long?"

It was the first time he ever asked that question. Mr. James looked at him calmly.

"I knew her many years since, but we were too far apart for the acquaintance to be kept up."

"And my father—you knew my father?" Mr. James drew farther back from the fire and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Did you know him?" persisted William.

"I had seen him," he replied quietly.

"I cannot remember him at all—if I only could," said William, sadly. "I never heard my mother speak of you until just before her death, then she said that a gentleman would come for me and be my friend through life, she hoped—for her sake."

"She honored me by the trust," he replied—did that voice never change?—its smooth equability grew fairly oppressive.

"And you have fulfilled it—I thank you, sir!" Sears rose from his seat and grasped Mr. James' hand with affectionate warmth.

"Your exalted nature runs away with you," he replied, smiling and unmoved; "I have done what appeared right."

"But I am growing up now; I must think of the future—I shall soon cease to be a boy."

"You are glad doubtless—the dignity of manhood is highly prized by the young."

"I am in no hurry to claim it," he replied, almost haughtily; "but it is not

strange that I should think of all these things—I have my way to make in the world—much to do—a name and position to acquire."

"There is time enough for all those things—let us take them in their season. At present you have not finished your studies," replied Mr. James.

"But I graduate so soon now."

"I am happy to hear it—you have done yourself infinite credit."

"Not at all, I—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who came in hurriedly.

"Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Lennox's man is here and says he must see you."

Mr. James rose immediately, and walked toward the door.

"Let him come up, Martin."

"What brings you here so late?" Mr. James asked.

"Mr. Lennox has burst a blood-vessel, sir; and when he came to, he asked for you, and I started right off."

It looked almost like a smile that flitted over the mouth of the listener, but it was gone too quickly for observation.

"Order the carriage, Martin, I will go at once. You will excuse me, William—I shall see you again, soon."

"Very soon. Good night, sir."

When he had left the room, Mr. James turned again to the man.

"Is your master very ill?"

"They say he can't live more than a day or two, and Mrs. Lennox is gone."

"How very unfortunate! Have they sent for her?"

"They can't find her, sir—she left in a very strange way."

"Never mind!" The man left the library in obedience to his gestures. Mr. James stood for a moment and the same peculiar expression crossed his face.

"We shall see!" he said aloud, and putting on his hat and cloak he went down the stairs, and in a few minutes was driving rapidly away through the storm. To be continued.

A Wonderful River.

The Amazon is the most voluminous of rivers. At the narrows of Obydos, six hundred miles from the sea, half a million cubic feet of water pass any given point every second. Born in Lake Lauricocha, among the Andes of Peru, the main trunk runs northerly for five hundred miles in a continuous series of rapids, and then, from the fronties of Ecuador, it flows easterly twenty-five hundred miles across the equatorial plain of the continent. The average current of the great river in its passage through Brazil is three miles an hour. At Tabotinga, two thousand miles from its mouth, the width is a mile and a half, with a depth of eleven fathoms; at the entrance of the Maderia, it is three miles wide, and below Santaren it is ten. The tributaries are in keeping with this colossal trunk. In fact, the Amazon is a great river. It has twelve affluents over a thousand miles long, the largest—the Maderia—equaling the Arkansas, entering the Amazon nine hundred miles from its mouth.

Besides these and a host of minor tributaries there is a wonderful network of natural canals alongside of the main river and joining the tributaries, called *igarapes*, *paranas* and *furcos*. These by-paths are of immense advantage for intercommunication.

There are characteristic of the country, and are so numerous that Amazonia is truly a cluster of islands. Altogether, this inland or fresh water sea drains a territory of two million square miles, reaching from the Andes to the Atlantic and throwing out its arms to the Orinoco and Paraguay. On the lower Amazon the annual rise reaches its maximum about the middle of June, and its minimum in December, the difference of the level being about three feet.

No other river runs in so deep a channel to so great a distance. No other river can furnish over six thousand miles of continuous navigation for large vessels. For two thousand miles from its mouth the main stream has not less than seven fathoms of water; and not a fall interrupts navigation for twenty-five hundred miles. The Pongo de Maneriche is the western limit to navigation on the Amazon proper. While the current is ever east, there is a constant trade-wind westward, so that navigation up or down has always something in its favor. In August and September a strong breeze sweeps over the lower part of the main trunk, so that schooners often go from Para to Obydos in ten days, or one third of the ordinary time.

Capitol Dome.

As an instance of the effect of heat and cold in expanding and contracting the iron of the dome of the National Capitol the Washington Chronicle states that the statue of Freedom surmounting it inclines four and a half inches to the west in the forenoon and the same distance to the east in the afternoon. This fact has been ascertained by fixing a plumb line to the statue and dropping it to the floor of the rotunda below. As the morning sun upon the east side of the dome heated the iron and caused an expansion on that side the statue was thrown westward four and a half inches.

In the afternoon, when the sun upon the west side heated and expanded that part of the dome, the statue inclined to the east a similar distance.

A Mother's Lesson.

"ARE you not sorry that father has gone away to stay over night—Alice?" said one of Mrs. Montgomery's children to his sister. "It rains so that no one will call; and now mother will wear that faded wrapper all day. I heard her tell Barbara she should have a good long day for sewing. She doesn't think it worth while to set even the dining-room table just for us."

"Don't you wish she would spill ink on that dress, Philip?" was the answer.

"Then she wouldn't wear it any more."

"No indeed, I don't want it any worse, for she would wear it just the same rainy days and when papa is away."

Now mamma in the next room, heard this discussion of the children, and arose to take a survey of herself in the looking-glass. It was not a very pleasing picture that the polished surface gave back to her view.

"Now Harry Warren's mother," said Philip, "is always dressed nicely, any time of day."

"She wears such pretty bows on her hair and neck," said Alice. "But she isn't half so pleasant as our mother," she added loyally, "if she does look prettier."

The mother's eyes glistened as she looked down on the old wrapper.

"To be compared to Aunt Warren," she thought, "and by my own children, too. Who would have thought they were such sharp little things? They notice every trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's spirit was quite stirred. She would not allow such a rival, she said to herself, if she could eclipse her.

"You shall be disappointed about the old wrapper, for once, Mr. Philip," she added smiling, so she took a soft bright dress, just the thing to enliven a dull day. Then she puffed her hair in her prettiest style, and proceeded to dress herself with unusual care. The delicate lace collar was adorned with a bow of palest pink, and her hair was tied back with a ribbon to match.

It is wonderful how these simple additions to the toilet changed her whole appearance. A little taste does much for a woman's toilet, and yet how small, often is the cost. A simple knot of violet or crimson velvet will make a dull dress look bright and even elegant. As a great painter said, "trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's face wore a brighter look than usual that day, as she entered the nursery. Her dress had actually raised her spirits; but she was hardly prepared for the burst of admiration that greeted her. It is not often that compliments are sincere and heart-felt as were those of her little ones that day. But her children's tones quickly changed to one of anxiety.

"Are you going away anywhere, mamma?" they asked directly.

"No, dears, I am going to sew on the machine all day; so we can have a nice time together."

Little Alice hung over her chair a minute, admiringly, and fingered her buttons, as she said, with a smile of deep content in her eyes:

"You look nice, mamma."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled, as she threaded the needle of her machine, while Philip added proudly:

"She looks nicer than Harry's mother, even when she has her silk dress on."

That was reward enough; she had eclipsed her rival.

"I'll remember this day's lesson," said the mother, in her own heart; and she did remember it.

The rainy day dress was doomed, and they helped to rip it up with sincere pleasure. It made excellent linings for a new one, and is often preached its old sermon over, as it hung, wrong side out in the closet.

A Quaker's Temperance Lecture.

A few years ago several persons were crossing the Allegheny Mountains in a stage. Among them was a Quaker. As considerable time was on their hands, they naturally entered into conversation, which took the direction of temperance, and soon became quite animated. One of the company did not join with the rest. He was a large portly man, well dressed, and of gentlemanly bearing. There were sharp thrusts at the liquor business and those engaged in it. Indeed, the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed and handled without gloves. Meanwhile this gentleman stowed himself away in one corner and maintained a stolid silence. After enduring it as long as he could, with a pompous and magisterial manner he broke silence and said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor seller. I keep a public house, but I would have you know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

When he had delivered himself, he seemed to feel that he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so, thought our friend the Quaker, so he went for him. Said he: "Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would only sell to drunkards and

loafers, thee would help kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the pure, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, and makes drunkards and loafers of them; and when their character and money are gone, thee kicks them out and turns them over to other shops to be finished off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin." Surely the good Quaker had the best of the argument, for he had facts on his side.

An Ohio Giant.

A Cleveland paper relates a number of anecdotes illustrative of the strength and size of Abner McIlrath, whom it dubs a giant. It appears that McIlrath is sixty-one years of age, and is six feet seven and a half inches standing in his boots, fairly proportioned in form, without a pound of waste flesh. He was and is a giant in muscular strength as well as physically. He has lifted 1,700 pounds of iron, and a blow with his massive fist and long arm was so powerful that on one occasion, when some twelve or fifteen sailors went out to his place to "raise a muss," he thrashed the whole lot and threw them one by one out of the door just as one could throw so many babies, and during that operation he dared not double his fist for fear his blows might prove fatal to some of the rowdies. "Abe" formerly carried on the business of a cooper, and used to come to town with his load of barrels. On one occasion, while at the "Red Tavern," lately known as the "Jackson House," and which is now torn down, a snob from town who was out there with his turnout in the shape of a livery horse and buggy, got into a difficulty with Abe, and, having insulted him in some way or another, Abe resented it by lifting the buggy right up and straddling it across the fence, and then got on his wagon and drove off to town, whistling as though nothing was the matter, and leaving the luckless dandy to get his buggy off the fence as best he was able.

Followed Smithson.

A Massachusetts farmer says: My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot and on the way up to the barnyard stop and call for a lock of hay. Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable about that. He went into a barnyard in the country recently, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and an old bull followed him not only until he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most familiar way possible. Smithson says he has no doubt the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little while, but he didn't want to keep the old folks waiting for dinner, so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the bull's horns and went into the house.

An incident in paying off the Indians: Each one brings his little bundle of sticks, and presents it to the agent to register. Sometimes a dialogue like the following occurs: "How many have you in your lodge?" The Indian carefully, and with great ceremony, counts his bundle of sticks: "Fifteen." "How many men?" "Two." The agent lays aside two sticks. "How many women?" "Three." Three more sticks are separated. "How many children?" "Eight." Eight sticks are added to the heap. "What is the meaning of these two sticks that remain?" The culprit, whose arithmetic has not served him to carry out his deception, disappears amid the shouts and jeers of his companions, who are always well pleased at the detection of roguery in which they have had no share.

The gallant corsairs of that little isle of the sea, Nantucket, are not remarkable for bottom speed. One found his way into the Massachusetts cavalry during the late rebellion, being recommended as an excellent war-horse. When the soldier returned he was in a towering passion because he had been so completely swindled, "but how?" asked the islander. "Why, you warranted him a good war horse, and there is not a bit of go in him." "Yes, I did; and I repeat, he is a good war horse, for he'd sooner die than run."

"Hans," said his grandfather one day, "take this jug, and go out and get me some beer." "All right, give me the money." "Oh! It is easy enough to get beer with money; the thing is to get it without money." Hans goes out and soon returns with the jug. His grandfather, after trying in vain to get a drink, says: "Hans, this jug is empty." "So much the better," replied the urchin, "it is easy enough to drink beer when the jug is full; the thing is to get a drink when it is empty!"

A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy person for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance, "Take it; you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

Women are fast becoming familiar with politics. We have heard of a woman who believes so thoroughly in inflation that she blows her husband up three times a day.

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