

## Harry Vane's Wife.

"NO, by Jove," said Harry Vane, tilting his feet upon the window-sill, and gracefully removing a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling a cloud of the perfumed smoke. "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was sole heiress to old Astor. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to womenkind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course she then can have the privilege of entertaining me, which with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she was any ways jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you, would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw! Everett, that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements, vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is, you might not be able to, but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry, I'll show you how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment down town. They occupied the same room in their boarding-house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of variety.

Nothing very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, however, and in due process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy; and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her with unfeigned gratitude and joy; and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoing or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife; neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife; that she was duly instructed and trained at home, to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was quite too cute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at ball or party, Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well; if Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady; and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a *te-te-a-tete* in the corner, or a moonlight promenade upon the piazza, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady around to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West was a splendid figure!" Mrs. Vane replied with equal enthusiasm, "She has indeed; and she danced admirably." Or if Harry remarked that "Arminia Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party."

Susie added, gently, "That rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while at the same time the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct, could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that things seemed to mend a little, but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were started by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts availed her little, however; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion, that as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go down town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit of white linen, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled carelessly up the street, instead of going down it, toward his place of business. The quick perceptions of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out too.

She fitted a dainty pair of gaiters to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, then on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't on all Broadway a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, at any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Bridget was entrusted with the precious charge and bid to follow her mistress. Down the street tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the foot of—street, North River. There lay the steamer with flags flying, and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a band of excursionists down the bay. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the gang-plank, followed by Bridget and baby, and the next moment it was withdrawn, and the gallant steamer with its gallant company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane ascended leisurely to the promenade deck, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is indeed a delightful surprise, I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company; after you went down town, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take the salt air, so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable and wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss however to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume, introduce me to her, Harry;" and turning to the lady, "Mr. Vane's circle of friends, previous to our marriage, was so very extensive that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is—? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth; I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous, and indeed he might have mentioned your name casually, you know, a dozen times; and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Bridget, come here."

Bridget answered the call; and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling; was it warm? so it was; mamma will take off its ugly hat, so she will. There, does it see its pap-pa: there, so it does; and knows him too; precious angel. See, Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father; and it isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters, and jokes at poor Harry's expense, circulated in every direction. Mr. Vane excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily below to the stern of the boat, and there stood contemplating the fast receding shores of Manhattan. "What the devil am I to do?" he soliloquized; "to blow out at her like the devil, as I would like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so infernal hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp along too. It is a pretty child enough though; of course, it couldn't be anything else and be my child; and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage. If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her."

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome, in a measure, the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet-tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed, and spat its hands, to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned, he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When the dinner-bell rang, Mrs. Vane called to Bridget to take the baby, and rising, exclaimed, "Mr. Vane give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry into dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite." At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane, who, to tell the truth, was a little absent-minded, to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more turkey; Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce, I assure you it is delicious." After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (!) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the boat arrived at the foot of—street on her return. Harry called a carriage for the ladies, and directed the driver to No.—street, his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite? We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for these past two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Bohea upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good-humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and save his penitent confession, made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" To which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech, there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is grey-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the woman who wouldn't be jealous.

Mrs. Williams, of La Crosse, talked too much, and her husband filled her mouth with wafers, but the Court decided that this wasn't so wafery to stop her, and fined Williams \$25.

## The Whims of Machinery.

THERE are some curiosities about machines which seem to be unaccountable. Every user of a sewing machine knows that from some unknown reason the machine which yesterday performed its work so well, so almost enthusiastically, to-day refuses to do more than half its task, and does that half in a surly, indifferent manner. So with many other machines. Even the steam engine is subject to these fits. Is there some occult bond of sympathy between the operator and his machine, by which the latter is influenced by the mental condition of the former; for it is certain that these differences cannot be atmospheric or other external influences?

It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that half a dozen different locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same factory, each of these locomotive engines would cut out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great deal of coal and water at once; another will not hear to such a thing, but insists in being coaxed by spadefuls and bucketfuls. One is disposed to start off when required at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at work and get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skillful drivers that only particular men can persuade engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these "excellent monsters" declared on being brought from the stable: "If it's Smith who is to drive, I won't go. If it is my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything."

All locomotive engines are low spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which they are united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are the most remarkable. The Railroad Co., who should consign all their locomotives to one uniform standard of treatment without any allowance for varying shades of character and opinion would soon fall as much behindhand in the world as those greater governments are, and ever will be, who pursue the same course with the finer piece of work called man.

## Idle but Hurtful Words.

There is nothing in the New Testament more startling than the enunciation of the responsibility which we assume whenever we speak; for every idle word we shall have to give an account at the last, great day.

There is something appalling in this, for how many idle words have we all spoken! But there is no principle of divine law for which there is not some substantial reason; and our own observation has led us to the conclusion that no inconsiderable part of the unhappiness of this world is occasioned by hastily, ill-considered, idle words.

People are more sensitive than they are thought to be, and more people are sensitive than are thought to possess any sensibility whatever. We mean sensibility to the remarks of others.

A whole life may be influenced—whole life may be darkened, by a single observation, the maker of which never thinks of again. Words lightly uttered often sink very deep into the mind of some boy or girl to whom they are addressed; and when those words are cruel or unkind or unjust, they may rankle for years, never losing their freshness or their force in memory, but often recurring to recollection—a lasting well of bitterness.

And grown people are often as sensitive as children. Men and women who appear almost indifferent, and even callous to what is said to them, or about them, are not unfrequently deeply wounded by some thoughtless remark, to which the speaker attaches little or no importance.

If we habitually care to mind how hurtful to others our idle words may be, we should utter less of them.

## The Drunkard's Will.

Know all men by these presents, that I, Z. X., of the county of Mecklenberg, and State of Virginia, being of sound and disposing memory, in view of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, do make this, my last will and testament, to wit:

I died a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory that is only fit to perish.

I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives.

I leave to my brothers and sisters shame and grief, and the reproach of their acquaintances.

I leave my widow and broken-hearted wife a life of lonely struggle with want and suffering.

I leave my children a tainted name, a reviled position, a pitiful ignorance, and a mortifying recollection of a father who by his life disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who never enter the kingdom of God. I pray God that those who are yet living may take warning and profit by the above.

REAL ESTATE  
At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale his valuable farm situated in Juniata township, Perry co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizell, George Tokes 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.

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.

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  
JACOB KLINE,  
Markleville, Perry co., Pa.,  
or  
LEWIS POTTER,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.

The Best is the Cheapest!

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.  
SINGER SEWING 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. MORTIMER,  
NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.,

General Agent for Perry County.

Or of the following Local Agents on the same terms:

A. F. KEIM,  
Newport, Pa.

JAS. P. LONG,  
Duncannon, Pa.

Professional Cards.

J. E. JUNKIN, Attorney-at-Law,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.  
Office—Next door to the residence of J. Junkin.

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

LEWIS POTTER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA.

Claims promptly secured and collected. Writings and all legal business carefully attended to.

JAMES H. FERGUSON, Attorney-at-Law,  
NEWPORT, PA.  
Office—Market Street, near the Square, 35 5/8

CHARLES H. SMILEY, Attorney at Law,  
New Bloomfield, Perry Co. Pa.  
Office with C. A. Barnett, Esq., next door to Mortimer's store August 29, 1872

W. M. A. SPONSER, Attorney-at-Law,  
Office—adjoining his residence, on East Main street, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.—32 1/2

CHAS. A. BARNETT, Attorney-at-Law,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.  
Office—adjoining Mortimer's Store.—32 1/2

J. BAILY, Attorney at Law,  
New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.  
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 Dentist,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.  
All kinds of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry done in the best manner, and at reasonable prices.  
Office at his residence, one door East of the Robinson House, and opposite Wm. A. Sponser's law office. 3 1/2 ly

W. M. SUTCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.  
Office—Two doors West of F. Mortimer Store—37 ly

CHAS. J. T. MCINTIRE, Attorney-at-Law,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.  
All professional business promptly and faithfully attended to.—32 1/2

W. M. N. SEIBERT, Attorney-at-Law,  
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.  
Bloomfield, 5 33 ly.

LEWIS POTTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and Leases carefully prepared and acknowledgements taken. All kinds of Pension and Bounty papers drawn and certified, will also take depositions to be read in any court in the United States. 7 10 ly

W. M. A. MORRISON,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and GENERAL COLLECTOR, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA.  
Remittances will be made promptly for all Collections made. 7 4 1/2

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 carefully executed. 7 16 1/2

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

E. D. WELLS,  
New Buffalo,  
Perry co., Pa.