THE GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY

TIME Miss Calkins-or, as they were sometimes wont to call themselves, the Misses Calkins-were two young ladies, who never omitted to congratulate themselves that they lived "in town." This more particularly, in contradistinction to anything that ever came from, or went to the country. The Old Bailey could not certainly be a worse place, in their fancy, than was the expanse of territory that stretched beyond the walls of their pent-up streets. Nothing, they religiously believed, ever came to much in the country ; and nobody ever was anything, who happened to live out of town.

They were not even endowed young ladies, the two Misses Calkins, either in point of comeliness or gentle breeding. They were lankish, muddy complexioned, and had little grace to spare in their manners. Their social situation, too, was somewhat peculiar, and might possibly have been altogether responsible for the unsettled and decidedly inconsistent character of their demeaner. They affected refined society, and kept the cheapest. Yet in doing as they did, they offered just patronage enough to the latter class, to assure them that they were capable of vastly superior social achievements.

They shuddered to think that Miss Barstow-the lady who had just arrived from New York, with an inherited fortuneshould chance to see a rustic cousin mount their steps; and could have gladly laid hold of his very respectable ears, and with main strength drawn him into the hall, if, by that means, their mortification might have been spared them. They never dared to speak of an acquaintance in the country to Mr. Heidenseik, the wholesale merchant, who had two or three times called, for fear the horrid syllables might jar on his delicate ear. And yet this fastidiousness did not betray itself in anything else. They had only laid their ban on the land that wasn't duly taxed by a municipal corporation. It hardly mattered what a man was, after proving that he was at least mediocre, provided only he lived, moved and had his being "in town." A green grocer, in town, was far before a gentleman from the

And so they deluded themselves. They thought country life must be so much mixed up with stables, and horses, and cattle, and ploughs; yet they lived almost directly opposite a livery stable themselves, and thought nothing of the inconvenience such a neighborhood would certainly offer to well-bred and at all sensible country people. Everything in the country was so very vulgar-they never thought of the word without unconsciously turning up their noses. And between vainly creeping after society in town and cutting it dead in the country, the two sisters Calkins made a pretty miserable life of it. They could neither raise themselves to a high bench, nor settle themselves comfortably down in a low one. And, always in a ferment lest people should wrongfully interpret their social opinions, or mistake in respect to their social position, they were at heart looked down upon by one class, and hated

For all this, however, Mr. Caleb Calkins was quite another sort of person. He laughed at his sisters, when they did not vex him; and when they were unfortunate enough to do that, he was ungallant enough to retort upon them his own and other people's opinions of their very fastidious notions. Mr. Caleb Calkins rarely split hairs with anybody. If he had an opinion, any one could have it for the asking. And among other opinions that had become a part of the warp of his character. he really believed that all country people were not fools or clowns. And as to vulgarity of manners, he always said that there was vastly more of it in town than you could find anywhere in ten mile circuits about the country. He thought that simplicity and houest-heartedness always insured gentle behavior, whether the intellect had been highly cultivated or not.

In this, as in almost all other things, Mr. Caleb Calkins was unlike his sisters. Their influence over him was exceedingly small, and they went the wrong way to work to enlarge it; they protested, and he reasoned; they taunted, and he stung; they put on airs, he maddened them with clever ridicule. No armor of theirs, that he could not pierce with his arrows. Yet to them Caleb was totally invulnerable.

He drove up to the stable one day, in an airy little one-horse carriage, and jumped out upon the ground. Taking his valise from the vehicle, he proceeded to cross the street to his father's house.

"There's Caleb !" muttered Susan, who was the elder of the two sisters. The tone in which the syllables were given, was nothing by the side of the sour look that curdled in her countenance.

"Where do you suppose he's been?" muttered Charlotte, in reply.

"Been! Been off into the country, of course I' said Susan, laying a contemptnous stress on the word country, that was the best thing that could be got up of its kind.

"To worship at the shrine of some rustic

belle," returned Charlotte. "Yes; do you think he can ever be cured

any hope of him?"

"I'm sure, I don't know," answered Charlotte. "I hope he's not going to mortify us with his country belle! I think he might not do just as he does. Why, he knows he could wait on almost any young lady of our acquaintance, and yet he prefers to go off and hunt up some rustic beauty. I wonder he will do so,"

"It is strange," rejoined Susan ; "but I don't know how we are to help it. And he's so obstinate, too! You might as well try to turn a stone in its opinion!"

"I know it," chimed in Miss Charlotte. "I only wish he knew how his own sisters felt about his visiting such people."

"And so do I," returned Charlotte. "That I do, indeed !"

"But even that might have no effect upon him."

"Just as likely as not."
"I don't care," said Susan, recovering her usual spirits, "I am going to tell him myself what a fool he is making of himself; and how he is mortifying his own family. If he don't care for the feelings of his sisters, then he can't live over and above happily with his wife,"

"But do you know that he is off courting?" inquired the not yet satisfied Char-

"Know it ?" replied Susan. "Who is there that doesn't know it? Haven't I been questioned about it by Miss Sawyer, and had it thrown in my face by Miss Thompson, and been obliged to confess it to Miss Norton? And ain't there a hundred others who would be glad to see us brought down by just such a thing as that? Just the thought of it-of Caleb's marrying a country girl! Why, it's absolutely preposterous! He must be out of his

"Something must be the matter with him," acquiesced Miss Charlotte, playing with her dangling curls.

Just at that moment the object of their earnest animadversion came into the room. To see him, one would very naturally have thought it quite questionable whether he could even mortify such girls as his sisters. There was a wide difference between bim and them, even in the matters of outward appearance. They might have been rather a little proud, than ashamed of him.

" So you've got back !" exclaimed Susan taking care to direct her eyes to another corner of the room.

"Yes, got back," said he. "How do you all do?"

"It's of precious little consequence to ou, I should think, how we do, or how

"Why, what now? What's on the docket now?" inquired he, pausing in the exploring circuit he was making over the

"What's the matter !" replied Susan, as she caught the burning eyes of Charlotte, "matter enough, I should think! You've got back from one of your country excursions !"

" Yes, safe and sound," said he.

"Yes," testily chimed in Susan. "And is it for that, that you feel so bad?" he asked, his eyes gleaming with fun, yet his brain full of the knowledge of the

difficulty. "Caleb," exclaimed she, "you know what I mean !

"I am sorry to say that I believe I do," he calmly replied.

"It's the talk your visits into the country make, that mortifies us so. We might be somebody, if 'twasn't for being pulled back by just such things as this! Nobody will visit us, and we can't be asked anywhere, if-"

"If I take a ride out into the country occasionally !" interrupted Caleb. "Ha!

"You needn't laugh about it," ventured Charlotte. "It doesn't make us laugh."

"Ha! ha! ha!" again rung from his clear pipes. "You will be cut off from all society, if I indulge in a turn in the country! What an idea !"

"Country people are vulgar," said Susan, with emphasis; "and when people know that our acquaintaince lies among them, they will have no more to do with

"No, that's what they won't," added Charlotte.

"I'm grieved to the heart about it, really," said Caleb, affecting uncommon seriousness. "I'm really grieved about it -I wouldn't be the means of denying you the benefits of really good society, girls, for something of a consideration : for I don't honestly think you can well do without them.

The girls looked at him as if they could have gladly delivered him over into the hands of the Spanish Inquisition.

"But I've got a bit of news for you," continued he, with the utmost nonchalance; "I'm going to be married !"

"Married !" shricked Susan, holding up both hands.

"Married!" repeated Charlotte, rolling up her eyes to the wall.

"Yes, that's the word," returned Caleb. 'I was going to invite you both to my wedding; but you couldn't stand by and see your brother throw himself away, by marrying a young lady from the country !"

"Are you really going to be married books, good friends and good humor.

of his nonsense? Do you believe there's to a vulgar country girt?" asked Susan, rising.

" Yes." "A country girl?" exclaimed Charlotte, likewise rising.

" Yes." Susan hurried from the room, without another syllable. Her face was burning

Charlette followed her in extreme haste, 'Good-by !" shouted Caleb, after them. They responded by a vigorous slam of the door only.

"Now they shall be cured of this nonsense," soliloquized Caleb, "and the sooner the better. They know nothing as yet of the name of my wife-how odd that word sounds to me, to be sure !-- and I won't enlighten them."

And Caleb was quite as good as his

Perhaps it was a month after this very delightful incident, or episode, that the two Misses Calkins, while sitting together in their parlor, one afternoon, heard the doorbell ring, and saw a boy deliver a billet-doux to the girl who answered the bell-pull.

It was an invitation for the two sisters to attend a social party at the house of Miss Mary Broad, on the following Thursday evening. Such delight as they were in, can only be conceived by those who are in similar social circumstances. They tried to recall the few times when they had been thrown into the society of Miss Broad; and thought of the trifling attentions she had ever vouchsafed to them on such occasions. They felt sure that their prospects were now looking up ; even in spite of the ignominy their brother Caleb insisted on bringing upon them. An invitation to the house of Mary Broad !- it was across the threshold of the best society in town. They were about equally divided in their minds between gratitude for the billet, and downright astonishment at its being sent at all. But there was no mistake in the superscription. It was for them-for the Misses Susan and Charlotte Calkins.

Thursday evening ushered them into the brilliantly lighted parlors of Miss Broad, to whom they lost no time in paying most obsequious attention. Their eyes were bedazzled with the brilliancy of the scene. It was vastly more than they had dared to hope; and the sisters Calkins were most sanguine girls, too.

They moved about in the crowds, almost unnoticed and unknown. Yet they were not the persons to stand long upon such trifles as that. They introduced themselves. They abhored prudishness, so they said; and the other extreme was the one they adopted.

"There's Caleb !" exclaimed Charlotte. "Well done!" replied Susan.

"I didn't know he was to be here !"

"Nor I," said Susan. "I wonder how that happened?"

Caleb was there, and alone just at the moment they spied him. Their eyes were drawn from him, however by the sight of a most lovely female, who had just then passed them, leaning on the arm of Miss Broad. Both were accompanied by a gentleman unknown to them. They remarked the uncommon beauty of the stranger lady, and simultaneously wonderdered who she could be. They observed that she received very muchfof the attention of all parties, and were not a little chagrined to see their own, brother Caleb conversing with her with quite a confidential air. They wondered how he could be acquainted with her; and a thousand times envied him his privilege. If the Misses Calkins were apt to be taken, as people say, with anything, it was with new and pretty faces. Caleb knew it, and enjoyed their feverishness to the utmost. He underwent no little exertion, too, in shunning contact with them during the whole evening. At midnight, or not very far from that hour, Caleb entered the parlor of his own residence. His sisters were already

there, discussing the evening's experience. "Caleb !" protested Susan, in a very tender and grief-stricken tone, when he

opened the door.

"Well, what ?" asked he, seating him-

"Why couldn't you show your sistersyour own sisters-a little attention, this evening? There we knew nobody; and you were enjoying yourself with Mary Broad and her friend-" "Who was that lady?" interrupted

Charlotte.

"Yes, who was she?" echoed Susan. "I believe she is a very intimate friend of Miss Mary's," roplied Caleb, "who is at present visiting there."

"But where is she from? and what is her name?" persisted Susan.

"She is from the country, girls," said Caleb, triumphantly. "Her name is Martha Allen. And in less than a month she will be Mrs. Caleb Calkins !"

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the others had been too small. Our six-year old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

Three things to cultivate - Good

A Funny Mistake.

RICH incident occurred a short time A since, in one of the County Courts in Vermont, which we consider too good to be lost.

Many of the Jury, together with the judge and lawyers, were intending to participate in a celebration of a society, of which they were members, and were consequently-in their auxiety to close the term-rushing cases through with all the dispatch that honor and justice would permit.

At half past twelve o'clock, one day, an intermission for half an hour for dinner was granted, with a strict injunction from the judge that "all hands" must be back punctually at one to commence a new case of larceny.

The dinners, that day, were swallowed with greater rapidity than usual, and as the clock struck one, the officers of the law rushed into Court like chickens into a meal-trough.

While they are eating their dinners, however, a young man from the 'kentry,' being somewhat anxious to see the manner in which justice was meted out walked into the Court-room, and, as he afterwards expressed himself, "took a squint at all the seats, and seein' there wasn't nobody in the nicest one, with a railin' all around it, thought he'd make sure on it, afore the fellers got back from dinner."

In five minutes after the crowd entered the room, the Judge rapped the desk with the butt-end of his jack-knife, and with a dignified frown cried-

'Silence'n the Court !"

"Silence'n the Court," repeated the broad-shouldered constable, leaning on the railing in front of his honor, and immediately resumed the occupation of picking his teeth with a pin.

"Silence'n the Court ?" echoed the squeaking tone of a small red-headed constable near the door; and the latter speaker immediately commenced elbowing the crowd, right and left, to let them know that he was around !

"All ready ?" says the Judge.

"All ready !" replied the attorney.

"Command the prisoner to stand up!" says the Judge, "while the indictment is OF being read !"

The broad-shouldered constable now walked up to the prisoner's box, during the apparent momentary absence of the sheriff, placed his hands on the shoulder of the young man, and exclaimed-

" Stand up !" "Wat fur?" said the astonished young

farmer. "To hear the charge read!" exclaimed

the constable.

"Wall, I guess I kin hear what's going on, without standin," as well as the rest on 'em," was the reply.

"Stand up!" roared the Judge, in burst of passion-he had just bit his tongue while picking his teeth; "young man, stand up! or the consequences be upon your own head."

The victim came up on his feet as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking around the court-room, and noticing that all eyes were upon him, with an expression about as affectionate as that of a rabid man toward a bowl of water, he hung his head in confusion and mortifi cation, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment, but he heard enough of the long, complicated, tangled sentences to learn that he was charged with stealing, or embezzling, or cheating, or pilfering some house or somebody, and he couldn't tell exactly which.

. "What does he say to the charge? Guilty or not guilty?" inquired the Judge, peeping over his spectacles, with a look bold enough to freeze a man's blood .-Guilty or not guilty.

"The young man ventured to look up, in hopes to find a sympathizing eye, but all were cold and unfriendly, and he again gazed on the saw-dusted floor, and trembled with confusion.

"Guilty or not guilty?" again vociferated the Judge, in a tone that plainly denoted impatience to proceed with the case. The broad-shouldered constable being

rather a humane man, now stepped up to the prisoner, and exclaimed-"You had better say 'not guilty,' of course! If you say 'guilty,' you don't

stand no chance this term that's sure ! and if you say 'not guilty,' and wish, at any future state of the case, to change your plea to 'guilty,' you can do it, without any injury to yourself! Therefore, I advise you to say 'not guilty,' and stick to it as long as there's any chance !"

Jonathan's feelings had been simmering some time, but now they fairly boiled over; and, with a look of innocence but determined resolution, he swung his arms about his head, and exclaimed—
"What in all nature are you fellers a
tryin' to dew? I hain't been stealin' noth-

! I hain't sure !" Just at this moment, the front door opened, and the sheriff with the genuine

prisoner, walked into the ceeded at once to the box. the room, and pro-

The Court saw, in a moment, its mistake, and tried to choke down its effect with a frown-but 'twas no go! The crowd burst forth into a hearse laugh that fairly made the windows rattle, and the young man left the room exclaiming, as he passed out at the door—
"I knowed all the time, I hadn't stole nothin'?"

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