

### Annie Fairfax.

A Story of the Revolution.

AMONG the beautiful hills that overshadow the upper waters of the James River, in Virginia, there might have been seen a dozen years ago, a stately mansion of brick, with white stone facings, and surrounded with spacious and beautiful grounds. This was known to all the country round as the Peyton House.—If you should journey thither to-day, you would see nothing save charred and crumbling walls, and gardens torn and covered with weeds—terrible traces of the march of desolation over this beautiful country. For the red tide of war, bearing with it fire and ruin, surging back and forth over this fair home, receded at last, leaving it the wreck that you now behold. In 1785 a scion of the old English nobility dwelt here, and bravely upheld the proud prestige of its inheritance.

His name was Sir Thomas Fairfax.—Years before, young, gay, wealthy and handsome, he had left his ancestral home in England to seek a new one in this virgin land. Then a fair English bride was with him. Now, at the time of my story, she had lain in her grave many years.—Her only child, sweet Annie Fairfax, grown to womanhood, had taken the task of superintending the household with its great retinue of servants. Sir Thomas, worn out by much drinking and dissipation, was an old man before his time.

Gray, wrinkled, gouty, ill-tempered, devoted to the bottle and his king, hating the colonial army as he did cold water, and never wearied of cursing George Washington. That was Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Fair, sunny-eyed, with rose-pink cheeks, graceful as a lily, as good as she was lovely, and as sensible as she was graceful, praying for Washington and his army as devoutly as her father cursed them; that was Annie Fairfax.

This Fairfax household might seem to be rather unequally divided against itself, since on one side was the baronet, with the help of a most savage temper, and unlimited profanity; while on the other there was only this gentle maiden of scarce twenty years, loving, gentle, tender-hearted. But Annie Fairfax, though gentle, was strong, and thoroughly fearless, and her father knew that neither in word or deed would she ever flinch from upholding her principles, when any need called upon her; when the only result of speaking her sentiments would be to open the flood-gates of his profanity, she shrewdly kept silence.

On the morning when our story opens, Annie Fairfax, sat before a small writing table in the large and handsomely adorned library of Fairfax House.

Suddenly a tread was heard in the corridor without, and her father entered. In his hand he carried a letter. Greeting his daughter in a gruff way, which yet was as kindly a way as he was capable of, he went to her side, and placed the letter in her hand, only remarking:

"This was given me this morning, Mistress Annie."

The girl knew what it was before she looked at it, her blood turned chill and cold about her heart, but she opened the folds of the paper mechanically, and read the letter in the same way, while her father stood beside the table, his eyes fixed steadily upon her face. Her numbing pulses told her beforehand the contents of the letter, and yet she read it through three times without raising her eyes from the page. Perhaps she was schooling her face, meanwhile, to express nothing of the feelings that swelled within her. If so, she was certainly successful, for her father, looking down upon her with keen eyes and bent brow, could not divine the thoughts that passed within her. At last he grew impatient.

"Well, Mistress Annie Fairfax," said he sharply, "has lost thy tongue of a sudden? 'Tis a pretty old father waiting thus for thee to pass, I think, when thou keepest words."

"What do you wish me to say, father?" she said, without raising her eyes.

"Say?" replied the old man, "why, what thou wilt. Do De Courcy's words, please thee? What answer hast thou to his suit?"

The girl looked up. "Am I to reply to this, father?" she asked.

"Thou must reply through me, girl," said the old man, "and thou wouldst do well to reply quickly, for De Courcy is no idle carpet knight whose only talk is to sue for a fair lady's smiles. He has returned to his home on a leave for but a few weeks only, and in that time, Mistress Annie, it is his will to woo, win, and wed his bride. What hast thou to say to that—is it not thus that a soldier's wife should be won?"

The old man spoke earnestly. He had now advanced to his daughter's side, and stood resting one hand on the back of her chair. She folded up the letter calmly, laid it down, folded her arms across her bosom, and said, as she looked into her father's face with clear, fearless eyes:

"Let us understand each other in this matter, my father. Am I to have full freedom to give what answer I will in this matter?"

"Freedom! pugh! pahaw!" said the old man angrily, "where hast thou caught such words? This is the vile cant of those wretched Rebels. I fancy. Give me a straightforward answer, girl, with no preliminary remarks about freedom and the like. What hast thou to say to De Courcy and his suit? Come, this is no new thing to thee, thou hast known of De Courcy's love for long. Can'st speak?" Annie Fairfax, with arms still folded and her clear eyes bent upon her father, replied at length:

"My answer could not be otherwise than straightforward, my father, and Louis De Courcy knows this well. To his suit I have but one answer, as you and I well know. I do not love him. I will die rather than marry him."

"Foolish jade!" said the old man, bringing his flat down upon a table with such force as to almost overturn it, and uttering a fearful oath as he did so. "Thou shalt marry Louis De Courcy! Dost hear? I swear it, and if that cursed young rebel who has dared to pay court to thee appear again before my door, I shall lay him dead at my feet!"

As the old man spoke, in his excitement he struck his gouty foot violently against the leg of the table. The sudden pain called from him a sharp cry and another savage oath. His daughter sprang to her feet, and would have aided him to a chair, but he waved her off with a threatening gesture, himself hobbled to an arm-chair, where he sat for a moment quite speechless from pain. When, however, he had regained his self-control he said with fiercer emphasis than before:

"Understand me, then, thou hast but a few hours of grace. Louis De Courcy will come to thee, to-day, to press his suit. If thou darest to say him nay, I will break thy proud spirit for thee, or thou must leave thy father's roof, and find a home where thou canst. Mark my words, Annie Fairfax; I have commanded, and thou must obey!"

The old man now rose and left the room. The girl with cheeks pale and cold as marble, and with lips tightly set and colorless, seated herself at the writing-table and wrote a few hasty words.

"Edward; As you love me, come to me. I will consent now to be your wife in spite of my father's commands; only come and set me free from torture."

Your own,  
ANNIE FAIRFAX."

The sheet containing this, she folded in as small a compass as possible, and concealing it in her bosom, she left the room. Pausing in the hall, she took her hat in her hand and walked rapidly forth. Down the path towards the shrubbery she pursued her walk, but when she entered its green shelter, she turned aside, and quickening her steps even yet more, she left its bounds and walked over the brow of the hill, and under the old trees, never pausing until she had reached a little log cabin, that was almost hidden by trees and vines. There was no one in the hut excepting an old and quite infirm negro woman, and a young aged lad.

"Miss Annie!" said both at once with a cry of surprise. The girl hushed them with her uplifted hand. "Say nothing, and listen to me," she said, speaking in low and rapid tones. "I must send a word to Mr. Edward Peyton, immediately," she said, "and no one can take it but Jake.—Can you spare him, aunt Hannah, and will he dare to go?"

The old woman raised her hands with an ejaculation, "De Lord sabe us!" Jake's dark cheek lost a shade or two of ebony hue, but he answered, rapidly enough: "I see all ready, Miss Annie."

"Take this note then," said she, giving it to him, "walk over the river to James Peyton's, and tell him to give you the fleetest horse in his stable. Keep clear of the redcoats, and ride for your life, till you reach Gen. Green's army beyond the Deep River, and give this yourself into Massa Peyton's hands."

The faithful servant waited for no further order, but vanished from the cabin, and in another moment, was walking rapidly down the river, whose silver waters were plainly to be seen from the cabin door. The young lady only paused to caution the old negro woman to secrecy, and to assure her that everything should be done that her necessity demanded, and then retraced her way to her home. That evening, she assured the young British officer who called to see her, that she would never willingly accede to his suit.—The next morning she found herself a prisoner in her own room. There she remained, day after day, and even her father refused to come to her, and her only hope was in the faint possibility that her messenger had passed Cornwallis' army unharmed, and that Edward Peyton would brave all danger to come to her. Though she knew not how he could free her should he come.

The only face that her father permitted Annie Fairfax to see was that of her old nurse, and, lest the woman might be tempted, through her affection, to let her caged bird escape, a close watch was kept upon her movements. But two months, and more, went by, and spring had given place to summer, and still no answer came to Annie Fairfax from her lover, and the foot-page that had been sent to bear word

to him from her, came not back. And the cheek of the prisoned girl, had grown as colorless as the snow, and her eyes grew luminous in great rings of shadow that care and sleeplessness had traced upon her face. Meanwhile, the troops of Cornwallis were spreading misery and devastation in their path, and Green's army had turned southward again. No wonder that the weary, prisoned girl cried out in her grief: "O, when will the end come?"

The end was nearer and more terrible than the weary girl thought, for it came one fair, summer night, in flames and terror, in the shouts and curses of a ribald soldiery, in the shrieks of the frightened servants, and the bootless rage of a helpless old man. But Annie Fairfax, no longer under watch, was by the old man's side, and as she stood by him, like a guardian angel, the rudest soldier dared not lay a hand on her or him. But when the robbers, gorged with booty and ruin, had passed on, Annie Fairfax found herself looking upon the bare walls, which were all that remained to her of a home of luxury, while, on a rude couch in a negro's cabin, whither they had gone for shelter, lay her father, now quite wrecked in body and mind by a palsy stroke which the terror had caused.

The days that followed this terrible night were far less irksome to Annie Fairfax, in spite of her poverty, than those of her forced imprisonment. She procured a modest house near her old home, whither she took her father, by whose bedside she was occupied night and day.

Bused thus one August morn, her old nurse entered the room, and informing her to a significant whisper that "a gemman wanted to see her in the odder room," took her place by the bed. Annie went out in a maze of mingled terror and hope, and almost on the threshold without, she was clasped in the strong arms of Edward Peyton.

When the girl awoke from the glad swoon into which the unlooked for arrival of her lover had thrown her, she saw the black face and gleaming white teeth of the boy Jake at the open door, and eagerly asked about the message she had sent, and the delay which the messenger had made in returning.

It was a short tale as Jake told it, though a clever writer might have made a three volume story of it. The second day after the negro left his home he was captured by some of the British scouts, and his horse taken from him, and he was beaten so cruelly that he was left for dead upon the ground. But recovering from his unconscious condition he hid himself in the woods, and the next night found his way to the shelter of a cabin where a good friend of his own race took care of him until his bruises were healed. Then he set out again upon his journey afoot, but was again captured, suspected of bearing communications to the Federal troops. He was searched, but fortunately had concealed the note, wrapped in black tow, in his mat of curly wool. He was kept a prisoner, however, for in many, many weeks; but at last escaping, he passed through numberless dangers, and safely reached the Federal army in South Carolina.

Capt. Peyton being high in favor with the authorities, easily procured a leave of absence, and returned to Virginia with the faithful servant. Their way was full of peril, but their fortunate stars protected them, and they came to their journey's end in safety.

Edward Peyton only daring to linger in the presence of his beloved girl for a few days, then returned to the scene of war in the Carolinas. But the probation of the devoted lovers was soon to come to an end, for in the autumn days came the surrender of the British troops at Yorktown, and with the falling snows, Sir Thomas Fairfax, last of his name, fell into the grave. And when the daisy bloomed again in the spring, Edward Peyton claimed his bride, and when the old home of her childhood was rebuilt and called by the name of its owner, it became the abode of less elegance and luxury than before, perhaps, but of more happiness and virtue.

#### Badly Sold.

In the far-back days when the Schoolcraft Herald was established, crusaders had not been heard of and some editors kept "a little brown jug" in the back room to stimulate their energies. The founder of the Herald was such a man, though he didn't care to have it known; and instead of a "brown jug" he had a kerosene can which he used to take up to Kalamazoo and have filled occasionally. The boys in the office discovered that he was drinking a good deal of "kerosene," and they purchased a can of the same size, filled it with the real fluid and put it in the place occupied by his can. The proprietor ran in one day, snatched up the can and took a heavy "swig" before he discovered the cheat. The next moment he appeared among the boys shouting: "I'm poisoned to death!" and overcome by the taste he fell to the floor. They lifted him upon the table, threw water into his face, and he finally revived, and the foreman of the office said it was perfectly heartrending to see how sad and melancholy he looked for the succeeding ten days. He "swore off," threw the can out doors, and they say he never drank a drop afterwards—not without smelling first to see if any one had put up a job on him.

#### Cooley's Hat.

When Mr. Cooley came into church last Sunday, he placed his new high hat just outside the pew in the aisle. Presently Mrs. Pitman entered, and as she proceeded up the aisle, her abounding skirts scooped Cooley's hat and rolled it up nearly to the pulpit. Cooley pursued his hat with feelings of indignation, and when Mrs. Pitman took her seat, he walked back, brushing the hat with his sleeve. A few moments later, Mrs. Hopkins came in church, and as Cooley had again placed his hat in the aisle, Mrs. Hopkins' skirts struck it and swept it along about twenty feet, and left it lying on the carpet in a demoralized condition. Cooley was singing a hymn at the time, and he didn't miss it. But a moment later, when he looked over the end of the pew to see if it was safe, he was furious to perceive that it was gone. He skirished up the aisle after it again, and in the face, and uttering sentences which were horribly out of place in the sanctuary. However, he put his hat down again and determined to keep his eye on it, but just as he had turned his head away for a moment, Mrs. Smiley came in, and Cooley looked around only in time to watch the hat being gathered in under Mrs. Smiley's skirts and carried away by them. He started in pursuit, and just as he did so the hat must have rolled against Mrs. Smiley's ankles, for she gave a jump and screamed right out in church. When her husband asked her what was the matter, she said there must be a dog under her dress, and she gave her skirts a twist. Out rolled Cooley's hat, and Mr. Smiley being very near-sighted, thought it was a dog, and immediately kicked it so savagely that it flew up into the gallery and lodged upon the top of the organ, Cooley, perfectly frantic with rage, forgot where he was, and, holding his clinched fist under Smiley's nose, he shrieked: "I've half a mind to bust you over the snoot!" Then he flung down his hymn-book and rushed from the church. He went home bare-headed, and the sexton brought his humiliating hat around after dinner. After this Cooley intends to go Quaker meeting, where he can say his prayers with his hat on his head.

#### Anecdote of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton was once applied to for professional assistance by a man in New York city, who held the guardianship of several orphan children. These children, then very young, would on coming of age, if they had their rights, succeed to the possession of a large and valuable estate. In the title deeds of this estate, the guardian had discovered material defects, and he thought he saw a way, with the assistance of an able lawyer, by which he could secure the title of the whole property to himself. He opened to Hamilton the whole deeds, and exhibited copies of the title deeds, and explaining how he would like to proceed. And he promised to the great jurist a large reward if he would undertake the business. Hamilton said he must give to a matter so important due thought before he decided, and set a time for his client to call again. The guardian called again according to appointment. Hamilton had put in writing faithful minutes of their former conversation, which upon his second visit, he read aloud.

"I think," said Hamilton, when he had finished reading, "that is a true statement of your plans?"

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "That is correct. And now if I may ask, what have you decided?"

"I will tell you, sir," replied Hamilton, sternly; "you are now completely in my power, and I consider myself as the future guardian of these unfortunate orphans. I have decided that you will settle with them honorably, to the very last penny, or I will hunt you from the surface of the earth!"

It may be unnecessary to add that the false-hearted guardian did not pursue his nefarious scheme any further.

#### A Determined Editor.

There is a newspaper man in the eastern part of the State who is being bantered as the champion railroad pass beggar. Passing him by, we want to tell a little story about an acquaintance who once published a paper on the line of the Detroit and Milwaukee road. He was a mighty poor compositor to begin with, and the first issue of his paper was a sight to see. He had borrowed old bitters stereotypes to fill up with, and his "salutary," as he called it, contained two hundred typographical errors and half that number of grammatical blunders. But it was a foundation, and he went to receiving subscriptions and sending for railroad passes. He "went for" superintendents until he had a pass over every road in the State, but these were not enough. He sent abroad, and finally addressed the superintendent of an Ohio road. No answer. The editor wrote again. No answer. He wrote a third letter, and the answer came back, "Go to—!" The editor turned the letter over and wrote, "Send me a pass over your road and I will." The pass came, and he was made happy.

A farmer named Earle, living five miles from Kansas City, Mo., while on the top of a load of hay in his field, was shot and killed on Saturday by an unknown party concealed in an adjoining woods.

### REAL ESTATE At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale his valuable farm situate in Juniata township, Perry co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizol, George Lokes and others, containing

91 ACRES,

of Red slate 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, CARLAGE 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.

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#### Professional Cards.

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

M. MARKEL, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., 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 20, 1873.

W. M. 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. 32 1/2.

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W. M. N. HERBERT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Bloomfield, 33 1/2.

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Auctioneer.—The undersigned gives notice that he will sell at any point in Perry or Dauphin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given. E. D. WELLS, New Buffalo, Perry Co., Pa.