

JUST WHAT SHE DESERVED.

A Lesson for Many People.

DO YOU intend, Alice, to take that satchel and lunch-basket and bird-cage and plant and water-proof cloak—so many things along with you in your car-seat?"

"Yes, sir, I must." "Why must you, Alice? It is not cold to-day, and there is no danger of its raining. You will not need your cloak, and you probably will not unstrap it. Can't you put it in your trunk, or manage somehow to take fewer bundles into your seat with you?"

"No, Uncle John, I cannot. My trunk is crammed so full now that I fear the lock will burst."

"Well, Alice, if you must take so many packages with you, I want to suggest to you to be careful how you dispose of them. Don't attempt to occupy two seats, when you have paid for only one, if some one else wants the other."

"That will depend greatly, Uncle John, upon who it is that wants a seat with me," replied Miss Alice, with a haughty toss of her head. "I certainly shall not put my things under my feet nor load my lap uncomfortably to accommodate some ordinary-looking man or fussy old woman. One half of the men now-a-days would just as lief oblige a young lady to do it as not. They are not gallant at all; they ought to be ashamed of themselves. I have heard women—good women they were too—say that the seat beside them was engaged, when they had got their things placed and didn't wish to remove them, because they didn't fancy the looks of the person who wanted the seat, when I knew that they had no friend that was coming in to take the place. I didn't blame them at all, Uncle John. I shouldn't hesitate to say the same myself under the circumstances. It wouldn't be telling an untruth. If all of these packages were on it, it would be taken, wouldn't it?"

"Pshaw! pshaw! Alice. Is that you advocating such stuff as that?" exclaimed her uncle, in surprise and indignation. "I, too, have seen women and girls, and occasionally a man, who acted upon that principle; but I had serious doubts of their goodness. I never dreamed before, Alice, that you were so selfish and unprincipled as to think of doing such a thing. If a man ought to feel ashamed to take a seat for which he has honestly paid, how ought a young lady to feel who would not scruple to practice gross deception for the sake of retaining, for her own convenience, a seat to which she has no claim whatever. If I were willing to do such a thing, my respect for myself would be about as little as it would be if I wished to steal from a passenger as much money as he had paid for his car-fare. It will be fully half an hour, Alice, before Mike gets here with the carriage. While we are waiting, I will tell you a little incident that transpired in the car when your Aunt Ruth and I went to Richmond, last fall. We had a seat in the rear end of the car. The first seat in front of us was occupied by a young lady—just about your age, Alice, judging from her looks. She was richly dressed and I think would be called a handsome girl; but there was something both in her looks and manner that was not pleasing to me, even before I had heard her speak or hardly seen her move. If any one had asked me what I disliked in her, it would have been difficult to tell; yet there was an intangible something about her which gave me the impression that she had no idea that the Golden Rule—'Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you do even so to them'—was intended for such as she. She probably thought, Alice, that that divine injunction was given for common people—'ordinary-looking men and fussy old women.'"

"Your Aunt Ruth said that she believed that about all Summerville were going somewhere that morning, the cars were so rapidly filled. It is always amusing to me to observe the difference in the dispositions and manners of the people who are seated while others are passing through looking for unoccupied seats. I know of no better place in which to study human nature than the cars. I think that I have seen more curious phases of it while riding in them than I ever saw in any other place. I observed the young lady in front of me that morning with more interest than I did any other person, because I wanted to ascertain whether I was correct or not in the opinion which I had so hastily formed of her."

"One of the last passengers who came in was a white-haired, tottering old man. He looked to the right and left of him for a vacant seat, as he passed down the aisle, leaning on his staff. I glanced ahead, but could see no place where he could get a seat, except with the young lady of whom I have been telling you. I hoped that some young man would give up his seat to the poor old gentleman and find one for himself in another car; for I was sure the young lady would not make room for him, if she could avoid it. She had about as many packages as you intend to take with you, Alice, and she had arranged them all on the seat beside her with such nicety that it gave them a peculiarly touch-me-

not appearance. I thought of asking her if she had noticed that decrepit old man who was looking for a seat, thinking she might possibly remove her packages if I should. But I had the curiosity to see what she should do of her own accord, so I refrained from speaking, and intended to give him my place if he did not secure one before he came to me. No doubt some of the people whom he passed would have given him their's if they had not observed that there was a vacant seat beside the young lady. As the old gentleman drew nearer to us, she turned her head and looked out of the window. I must confess, Alice, that I was rather glad, on the whole, that no one had moved for him. I wanted to see how far her selfishness would carry her."

"Two men—one middle-aged, the other younger—sat in the seat directly opposite the young lady. From a few words that I caught of their conversation, I learned that the younger man was a carpenter, and I thought it quite probable that they both were. The middle-aged man sat next to the aisle, and I noticed that he was observing the young lady quite as closely as I was."

His face was not a very demonstrative one; but once or twice I detected an amused twinkle in his eyes and a slight curl on his lips when he glanced at her. When the old man came against the young lady, stopped and looked first at her bundles and then at her. But she didn't see him. Oh! no. She was looking out of the window and humming a tune. He didn't speak but he drew a long breath, that was half a sigh and he looked dejected and weary, and was about to pass along when the middle-aged man opposite arose and said respectfully: 'Take my seat, sir.' He kindly helped him into it, at the same time glancing at the young lady and saying: 'I can find another for myself, or I can stand.' She did not turn her head nor show any signs of hearing him. So he walked the whole length of the car, looking for a vacant seat; but, of course, with no success, and it is not at all probable that he expected to find one when he started. As he came back toward us, the twinkle in his eyes and the curl on his lips were a little more marked than they were before, but there was less amusement in the expression and more indignation. Probably none of the passengers except those who had observed him watching the young lady noticed it. I was satisfied, however, from his looks, that he intended to give that selfish, disobliging young lady a lesson, and I soon found that I was not mistaken. He came directly to her, and, gently touching her shoulder (she was still looking out of the window,) he said:

"Shall I place some of these bundles up in the rack for you, young lady? I can find no other seat in this car that is not occupied by some person."

"You will please to leave my things where they are," she snappishly replied. 'I presume that there are plenty of vacant seats in the rear car. A gentleman would go and look for one, and not disturb a lady in this way.'

"By this time all the passengers near were looking on and listening intently to see what would come next. At her crusty reply he put on an exceedingly abashed look, and stammered:

"Oh! I beg your pardon young lady, I had no idea that I was about to encroach upon your rights. I did not suppose that you had paid for both of these seats. But you have, of course; for nothing could have been clearer than that a lady would never speak to a man as you spoke to me if she were not entitled to both. If you will please show me your tickets for the two or will give me your word that you have paid for them both I will go anywhere—will stand crowded into any corner—sooner than disturb you again."

"She neither showed tickets nor deigned to reply. So he carefully removed her things and took the seat, telling her that whenever she or the conductor informed him that he had not the same right to it that she had to the one which she was occupying he would vacate it the next instant. All of the passengers who had observed what was going on smiled approvingly and one or two laughed aloud; and the old man nodded his head emphatically and whispered to the young carpenter: 'That is just what she deserved.'"

"The young lady tucked back her dress disdainfully and looked scornfully at the man beside her, and I thought she was about to say something vindictive; but, if she was, she was prevented by a gentleman's rushing up to the window where she sat and exclaiming:

"I came near not getting back to say 'good-bye,' Clara. Here are the books that you wanted. The bookstore was closed and I had to wait nearly ten minutes before it was opened. I'm sorry it has so happened that I cannot accompany you.—I hope that you will have a pleasant ride and get to the seminary without any trouble."

"A pleasant ride!" she repeated, sarcastically; then putting her head partly out of the window, she whispered, sufficiently loud for those in the adjoining seats to hear her, and no doubt with the special intent of humiliating the man who had the audacity to remove her things

and take a seat beside her: 'I shall have a lovely time, you may be sure of that, father. An insolent old carpenter has crowded himself into the seat with me, and—'

"She was out short in her remarks by the moving off of the train. Soon after the train started, that 'insolent old carpenter' turned toward her, and said, as complacently as he would have done if he had not heard her epithets:

"Your father's voice sounded familiar to me, young lady, and I was about to rise and see if I knew him when the cars moved out of the depot. Will you give me his name?"

"No, sir, I will not," she haughtily replied. "I am not in the habit of holding conversation with strangers."

"Oh! ah! please excuse me," he said, unable to repress a smile. 'Perhaps we shall make each other's acquaintance sometime. Then we will converse.'

"He did not speak to her again until we reached Richmond. When the conductor called out the name of the station, she hastily arose, and, gathering up her packages, which were rather more than she could conveniently manage, said, imperatively:

"Let me pass out."

"Certainly, young lady," he pleasantly replied. 'I stop here myself. You seem to be burdened with packages. Allow me to take some of them out of the car for you.'

"She did not reply in words; but she threw back her head and looked intensely disgusted that he should offer to touch her things. He evidently tried to suppress a smile as he turned around and crossed over to the young carpenter. On account of your Aunt Ruth's lameness, we sat quietly in our seats, waiting for the other passengers to go out, before I helped her out. So I had nothing to do but to observe what was going on around me. The young lady's packages troubled her, and she was obliged to pause a moment to arrange them. Before she passed out of her seat, a young lady about her age rushed in to meet her. After the accustomed salutations between young ladies, the newcomer dropped down upon the seat and exclaimed:

"Oh! Clara, my breath is nearly gone. I did not get your letter until fifteen minutes ago, and I hurried every step of the way here, for fear that I should be too late to meet you. I am delighted that you decided to enter the seminary here. Where in the world did you fall in with our principal, and where is he now? Has he gone to get a carriage for you?"

"I am sure I don't know what you mean, Grace," she replied. 'I haven't seen the principal.'

"Haven't seen him!" said Miss Grace, with an amazed look. "Of course, you have seen him. When I first caught a glimpse of you from the car-door, you and he were standing together in this seat and he was speaking to you."

"Oh! no, Grace. Your eyes could not have served you aright," said the selfish young lady, who had carried herself disagreeably and haughtily, with a good deal of agitation and a very red face. "It cannot be possible that the man whom you saw talking to me was Mr. Gaylord. You surely must be trying to play a joke on me. I beg of you to tell me that it was not he."

"I cannot, my dear; for it certainly was he," replied Miss Grace. "Why, what is the matter, Clara? Didn't you like him? If you did not, I am sure you will when you become acquainted with him. He is one of the most refined and agreeable men in the world, and his wife is just as agreeable as he is. I thought that you were one of the most fortunate of girls when your father told me that they had consented to take you to board. I wish that I were in your place."

"You'd wish you were anywhere but in my place if you knew what—"

"Miss Grace interrupted her in her sentence by exclaiming:

"Why, here is Mr. Gaylord now."

"Mr. Gaylord," she said, as he was passing, without looking toward them, "this young lady, whom you were speaking to a few moments ago, is my friend, Miss Clara Evans, whom we were expecting to-day."

"He turned, and, stepping into the seat in front of them, gave his hand to the young lady and said:

"How do you do, Miss Evans? It gives me pleasure to make your acquaintance.—When I first saw you, with your books and packages, I felt pretty sure that you was the young lady whom we expected down from Summerville this morning, and as soon as I heard your father's voice I was confirmed in my opinion. Now that you know me, Miss Evans, and know that I am not a carpenter, you will permit me to take your things for you and see you into a carriage, will you not?"

"As he stooped and took her packages from her, he asked, in a low tone:

"Have you ever thought, Miss Evans, that it would be well for the revisors of the New Testament to omit to state in the new revision that Christ was a carpenter? You know some people might feel so much greater reverence for him if they did not know that humiliating fact."

"She stood like one transfixed and

neither answered his question nor objected to his taking all of her bundles. Then she meekly followed him out of the cars. Her face was crimson and she looked so utterly crestfallen that your tender-hearted aunt said that she could not help pitying her, richly as she merited the lesson. But I could not pity her, Alice, she had shown such a thoroughly selfish and disagreeable spirit. And I wished that the white-headed old man had remained in the car long enough to witness her discomfort. I think that he would have said again:—'That is just what she deserved.' And I told your aunt so, and she said that she hoped that the poor girl would so profit by that day's experience that she would never deserve to be so humiliated again."

"And I hope, Uncle John," said Alice, in a softened and subdued tone, as Mike came up to the door with the carriage, "that I never again shall merit the rebuke conveyed in your story."

A Salary Grabber Flanked.

COL. ORZO J. DODDS, late member of Congress from the First District of Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office from a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy looking chap, and appeared as though he had but recently come off from about a six weeks' spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand on his heart and the other extending a badly used plug hat, he exclaimed with a dramatic air:

"Have I the honor of addressing the Hon. Orzo J. Dodds?"

"My name is Dodds, but I am no longer an Honorable," said the Colonel.

"Not an Honorable? Dodds not an Honorable? Now, by St. Paul, when I can scan that honest face, on which all the gods do seem to set their seal—('Green seal,' murmured Dodds to himself)—I read nothing dishonorable."

"That's right," said Dodds: "never read anything dishonorable. But to business."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer—I might say, with no unbecoming blush, an editor. I am from the noble State of Arkansas, the only State, by the way, able and willing to support two governments at the same time. But I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed through the fire of cruel Juno, and—"

"Juno how it is yourself," broke in the Colonel.

"Buffeted by the world's rude storms, you see me here a stranded wreck. Scarce three months past I left my office in charge of my worthy foreman, and sought the peaceful vales and calm retreats of the Muskingum valley, where my childhood sported. Returning, I stopped in Cincinnati. I fell into evil company and—why dwell on details. Enough that I am what I am—disheartened, ruined, broke! A mark for scorn to point her slow, unerring finger at. As I was about to give up in despair, having given up everything else I had, I thought of you. Sir, I am here. You have not sent for me, but I have come! Your name, sir, is known and honored from one end of this great Republic to the other. It

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Refreshes in the breeze,
Warms in the sun,
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"My dear sir," the Colonel hastened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely. I was one of the grabbers."

"You were?" (Grasping the Colonel's hand warmly.) "So much the better! Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not frighten you out of what was a fair remuneration for your invaluable services. I am glad that your pecuniary circumstances are so much better than I supposed. Make it two dollars!"

And the Colonel did. It was the only clean thing left for him to do.

Don't Weep Julia.

The habit of hanging mackerel on a nail near the door to drip broke up a match on Essex street, a short time since. The couple got home late in the evening, and, going around back of the house, as not to disturb the folks, they sat down on the stoop to think. During the progress she leaned her head, in a new spring hat, against the house, and became absorbed in the stars and other improvements, while he tenderly eyed his boots. About half an hour was spent in this profitable occupation when the young man felt something trickle down his neck. "Don't weep, Julia," he softly murmured. "I ain't," she said, surprised. He looked up and his eyes rested on an oozy substance back of her head. "What's that on the back of your hat?" he cried. She jumped up at this interrogation, and instinctively placing her hand on the back of her head, drew it away again full of an unpleasantly flavored slime. With a shriek of rage and passion the infuriated girl tore the mackerel from the nail, and trampled it beneath her feet, while she snatched off her hat and tore it in shreds with her livid fingers. The horror-stricken young man not knowing what else to do, jumped the first fence and disappeared, and hasn't been seen since.

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