

when we come to death and judgment.— God bless you, and forgive me." He was gone before she could answer him, and she heard him saying good-by to her husband in the yard. Was she never to see that handsome, loving face again in all time?—never to hear again that voice which had spoken to her words of such strong tenderness? Was it her destiny to go on in the old, cold life, till she was an old, old woman? Why, she might live to be eighty—people did sometimes, and she was only eighteen now. The late July was warm and bright out of doors, but she felt strangely cold. She got a shawl and wrapped herself in it, and then some idle tears, of which she was hardly conscious, fell, till they had somehow eased by a little her woe.

Mr. Hannaford was wise enough to stay away from her all the afternoon. Before tea she tried to make herself fresh and bright for him. She would not half do her duty. When the meal was over, she saw with surprise that her husband's favorite fast horse and light wagon stood in front of the gate. "Will you go over to Danbury with me?" he asked, following the direction of her eyes. "Can you get away? I thought at this time of the day you were always so busy." "Yes, but the busiest days are over.—The hay crop is almost all in. The rest can get along with the work without me, and I should like to see a little more of my wife, now that I have her all to myself again."

Deaf Man in a Sleeping Car. WE find the "sleeper," as the Pullman is technically called, a rare place for the study of eccentric human nature. It is seldom that we pass a night in one that something does not turn up worth recording. On this occasion we had a deaf man who called forth all the exertions of the conductor, assisted by the passengers, to keep him to his place. He was a tall, muscular man, with a prominent broad chin and hard face, who had parted with his hearing, but retained his indomitable will. Deaf people are not generally amiable. A blind man can be counted on as jolly; but to lose one's hearing is to lose one's temper; and so it was not only difficult to set this pest of a man straight, but it was confoundingly unpleasant. Added to this, he persisted in talking. Now, conversation is not like Hudibras' horse, that required but one spur, upon the recognized fact that if one side went the other had to go also.

A Bashful Man's Experience. CHARLIE JOHNSON is a first rate fellow, only he's terribly bashful. He called to see Miss Jones one night. He never would have been guilty of such an act, had she not met him coming out of church—cornered him right up by the steps where all the girls could see him—and made him promise to come round the next night—before she's let him go. So the following evening Charlie arrayed himself like a lilly of the field, and started for the Jones'. This happened last winter. He got there about eight o'clock. It was quite dark. Charlie mounted the steps; rang the bell; and then—his courage failed him. He cleared the six steps at one leap and fled down the street. Bridget went to the door. Nobody there. Old Jones hailed Bridget and asked her who rung the bell. "Sure it's some of them lads that do be ringing the bell every night, and thin run away—bad luck to them, at arl arl!" "Once more to the breach, dear friends," was the soliloquy of Charlie, as he slowly retraced his steps. With glad and gallant tread did he re-ascend the front stoop and blithely pulled the bell. But nimbly did he again descend the steps and swiftly disappear up the street, reaching the quarter post in less time than forty seconds.

Professional Cards. J. E. JUNKIN, Attorney-at-Law. Office—Next door to the residence of Judge Junkin. M. MARKEL, Attorney-at-Law. 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. Office—Market Street, near the Square, 35 1/2.

The Champion Liar. Do you know Tom D—? Well he lives down by us in the town of Danville, and is counted by all persons, far and near, as the greatest liar "out of jail."

The "Hess" in the Pulpit. A Rush township lumberman sold his timber, bought a new suit of clothes and brought the balance of the money home.—His wife persuaded him to go to church on the following Sunday. At the close of services, a strong appeal was made to raise some missionary money, when the lumberman arose and said: "Here's fifty dollars for the old Hess behind the pulpit, but I'll not give a cent to be took out of the county."

There is a prejudice in human kind against large ears. As the poet says: "Man wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long."

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 Tizel, George Jakes and others, containing 91 ACRES.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company, OF JONESTOWN, Penn'a. POLICIES PERPETUAL at Low Rates. No Steam risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable Companies in the State.