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 bandsome, 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

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

When the meal was over, she saw with surprise that her husband's favorite fast horse and light wagon stood in front of the

"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 ngain."

She tripped up-stairs for her shawl and her turban hat, feeling more light of heart than she would have believed, two hours ago, could be possible.

Have I made you understand aright, I wonder, this little woman's not an uncommon type of character? If she had had a stronger and deeper individuality, she would have been less easy to content. Now she asked only for enough love. She had a nature which needed summer days and sunshinelips ripe for kisses; fond, smiling eyes clinging fingers. Love, per se, was more to her than any particular lover; and, as she said, she had loved her husband first. But love she must have, or life to her was utterly without hope or savor. She had intellect enough to understand Waring's tastes; but intellect was not her specialty. She had little originality, and could never make of her mind a kingdom. But she was pure and sweet, with a native-born conscientiousness which would be likely to carry her safely through places which might have been full of peril for far stronger women; and a capacity for self-devotion, if she could only be loved tenderly enough to call it forth, which in itself was

She remembered how sad Waring might be at this hour, and felt herself an unfeeling monster because her heart was growing so glad, as she bowled along by her husband's side over the pleasant country roads, with the sunset light upon the fair new-mown fields, and the clouds opening gates of flame into the celestial kingdom.

When they reached home at last, after moon and stars had risen, her husband lifted her out, and held her a moment in his arms while he kissed her. She felt herself blushing like a girl. As for him, in this strife to win her heart anew there was more of excitement and endeavor than he had ever known in the easy days when he or lover. Having felt losing her, he began to understand how much keeping her was worth his while.

She went in-doors quite at fault about herself. Whom, then, did she love? Could it be that she was so weak as to be constant only to what was present? Had Hugh Waring's strong tenderness taken such slight hold on her light nature that she could be happy with another on the very day he had gone away sorrowful? Then she reflected that this other was her husband, in whom only her happiness ought to lie. What then? She would not think out her puzzle. Instead, with hope young again in her heart, she made her hair smooth, her dress tasteful, and went downstairs to sit in the moonlight beside the man from whose coldness, only last night, she had been tempted to flee away.

Do not ask me for a running commentary on my story. I show you a woman as she was. If you cannot comprehend her, or account for her moods, be sure that you are no worse off than she was, for she did not at all comprehend herself.

For a few days, her husband's newlyborn devotion made her happy. Then a reaction came over her, and she was wretched. The better satisfied she became with him, the more dissatisfied she was with herself. Not a caress did he give her, that she did not think-" Would he do this, and this, if he knew how near I had come loving some one else?" She grew at last to shrink secretly from every demonstration of his love; and he, watching her keenly. felt that somehow the past was raising a barrier between them, and wondered sadly if his best endeavors were to fail, and this wife of his beart was never again to be fully and freely his own.

As for her, she grew thin and pale. Her bright lips were bright no longer, her eyes had dark rings under them. Night after thought, coming always to the same con- on the porch with his head in his mouth !" | county."

clusion-she had no right to his love until he knew all; and if he knew all, he himself would withdraw it from her. She was not ready to trust him, because he had been so old for his years, so fixed in his ways, so unimpassioned, during all the first months of their married life, that she could not believe it would be in his power either to understand or to forgive her. So she went on, bearing her burden through slow days and silent nights, until the anniversary of her wedding-day came round.

Through the day, her uncle and his wife, and a few other friends, were with them .-The little festival was of the husband's planning, and the wife felt that in barely living through it, in hearing and answering congratulations upon her happy fate, she had gone to the uttermost limit of her endurance. The guests wondered at this white, still wraith, this unwifelike bride, this woman whom a single year seemed to have turned to stone. Joseph Hannaford's heart sank within him. Was nothing, then, left for him but to plant rosemary over the grave of his hopes? How thankful he was when the last guest was gone.-He came then and stood beside his wife, and drew a ring from his pocket.

"I don't know that you will care for it now," he said ; "but I got this ring to give you as the token of a new bridal. If you could love me to-day as well as you did one year ago, I think I could make you happier, for I understand better what love means to women."

She drew away the hand he had taken .-A brilliant color flamed in her cheeks, and her heart throbbed chokingly, but a courage which was half desperation shone from her eyes. She spoke passionately.

"You must not put that ring on ; you must never say one tender, loving word to me again until you know me just as I am."

Then, told clearly, steadily, unfalteringly, without reserve or concealment, her story came. It was the story of her whole married life; her disappointment because he did not love her enough; her patient little endeavors to please him, which bore no fruit; then Hugh Waring's interest and tenderness; and, last of all, his love, and the strong temptation it was to her. And then she cried, almost with a sob-"It has nearly killed me to have you so good and kind as you have been lately. Every fond word or deed has pierced me like a knife, for I have thought how different you would be if you knew it all. And the more I loved you, the more wretched I was."

He took her close into his arms, in a clasp which meant peace, and pardon, and, above all, love. He bent over her, and said fondly-" Dear, I did know it all, ever since the night before Waring left, and it never turned me from you for a single hour. I blame myself too much to blame you."

She felt as if her heart, which she had been breaking with woe before, would burst how with rapture.

"Joe," she cried, "you are divine !" "No, dear, very human ; but I love you. Are you ready to wear my pledge?"

So, in the gathering darkness, he slipped his ring upon her finger, and in the joy of a new bridal they two were make one.

The next day she wrote two lines, which she sent to an address Hugh Waring had given her, the direction of his New York

"Mr. Waring—I am, and always shall be, your faithful friend; but I love my husband."

## 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." He was a great hand for stories, and always had one ready, which of course, no person believed. One evening a few of us were seated by the stove in the bar of the tavere, when the door opened and Tom entered. Of course we all pressed him to tell us a

"But, boys," said he, "I don't know "Yes you do."

We told him to give us a yare, and he should have a drink of what he called "White eye." So he began:

"When I was at home, I found a cat one evening down by the road, and took it up to the house to keep. And such a cat! It would go round the house me-you me-you,' until the old woman said I should drown

"So one morning I caught Tommy and took him to the creek, and tossed him in. -Without waiting to see the result, I started home. Next morning, on getting up, I beheld Mr. Tommy seated on the porch, just starting his infornal 'me-you.' I grabbed him before he could run, and taking him to the creek, tossed him in. After watching for a while I went home, thinking I had sent the cat to "kingdom come. Next morning the first thing I saw was the cat seated on the porch, making the air resound with his noise. I took him, picked up the hatchet, and proceeded to the creek. Arriving there, I out off his head and threw both parts into the water. I then went home, fully convinced that Mr. Tommy would not trouble us any more; but may I Beaf Man in a Sleeping Car.

W E 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 never would have been guilty of such an one that something does not turn up worth set, had she not met him coming out of recording. On this occasion we had a deaf church-cornered him right up by the steps 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 Jones'. This happened last winter. He 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 confoundedly 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.

"I can't make out from this ticket," he bawled, as all deaf people bawl, "where I belong."

"Why, boss, disticket calls for No, 5 upper berth."

"Speak louder; I'm a little hard of hearing."

The amiable steward put his large mouth to the man's ear and shouted, "No. 5, upper berth !" "I didn't hear a d-d word you are say-

ing!" was the mild reply; "here, write it. 7 The steward took the card and made a

"5," and pointed to the place.

"All right, make it up; "I'm tired!" The section was accordingly made up, when old Deaf-as-a-post, divesting himself of his boots, rolled into the lower berth. "Hallo, boss !" said the steward, "dat

won't do ; you's de upper berth !" "Tickets?" queried the deaf man,

fumbling in his pockets. "What de debble is I to do wid dis ole

man?" asked the poor fellow in despair. "Let me try him," said a slender in-

dividual, who looked at the world through a pair of glasses; "I understand the deafand-dumb alphabet," and so saying, he tapped the perverse man on the shoulder and motioned him to sit up. This being complied with, he began gesticulating with his hands and arms in the liveliest manner. as he sat opposite the amazed gentleman.

"D-n it !" he roared, "what are you poking your fingers in my countenance for, eh ?" and looking up he saw the gathered passengers grinning, as if greatly amused. He fell into a violent fit of rage, and, suddenly drawing back, hit the alphabet man on the nose, flattening the useful article, and not only mashing his glasses, but sending him "to grass," to use the pugilistic phrase. The instructor of mutes picked himself up and retreated, feeling for his head, as if under the impression that it had been knocked off. We are ashamed to write it, but we, in common with the other passengers, laughed long and loud at this.

Afterward came a long intercourse in writing on one side and profane language on the other, between the conductor and the deaf man. It was interrupted by the owner of the lower berth foregoing his right, saying he would rather sleep above

that fighting character than under him. The next morning, after we had been roused out to get off at this place, the stew-

"Time to get up, boss, ef you wan git off at Oakland," he said, mechanically. The man solemnly came to a sitting position and looked at his watch.

"Two o'clock," he said, "then I have an hour to sleep," and so he laid down again. Again the boy shook him.

"Look here, you scoundrel! he roared, "if you disturb me again I'll kick you up and down this car !" "Oh! berry well, sleep of you wants

And so we left at Oakland, with the deaf man sleeping the sleep of innocence and

I Good news don't operate on all people the same way, any more than patent medicine does. A Chicago man lately received a telegram from his wife in Europe, saying that she bad given birth to a daughter. He felt so good about it that he ordered the baker to distribute five hundred loaves of bread to the poor each day for ten days. A man in this county went home the other night, and was met at the door by the nurse, who informed him that his wife had given birth to a pair of girls, and instead of giving orders for bread he simply said some swear-talk, kicked the house dog down stairs, and went off and got gloriously drunk on account of it. But, after all, maybe he was affected differently from the other man, because his wife wasn't in Europe.

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 hoss behind the pulpit, but I'll night she lay awake and thought, and be blest, next morning if he wasn't seated not give a cent to be took out of the A Bashful Man's Experience.

CHARLIE JOHNSON is a first rate fel-low, only he's terribly bashful. He called to see Miss Jones one night. He 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 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 at 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.

Bridget at the door; same result as before. Bridget waxed wroth. And old Jones vowed he'd fix that infernal whelp so he got a piece of stout broom cord : tied one end of it to the iron railing on the further side of the steps, about a foot higher than the top step, then passed it through a hole in the filigree work on the other side of the steps at the same height; brought the end of the string through the blind of the bay-window, thence into the parlor; afterwards he went out and slackened the string so as to have it lay flat along the step where nobody would notice it in coming up-but where, if it were tightened from within the house, after one had gone up the step, one would be somewhat apt to 'notice' it in going down, especially if one were in a hurry. Then Mr. Jones sat down in the parlor; grasped the end of the string and waited for the bell to ring. Bridget not aware that the old gent had set a trap, had a 'little something' fixed up herself .-She repaired to the kitchen, to the boiling tea-kettle from the range, meandered up stairs with it, sat down by a window right over the front door, and waited also for the bell to ring.

The bell did ring. The old man pulled the string-Bridget emptied the kettle-and Charlie-well, it didn't hurt Charlie much. That is to say he was able in a couple of weeks to sit up and have his bed made; and inside of a month he could get around very nicely on a pair of crutches. To be sure six of his teeth were never found, and his left cheek looked as if he had run a knot-hole into it. But he didn't mind such a little thing as that. Still, he never seemed to care to go down to Jones' after that, as a sort of coldness, as it were, had sprung up between

Now-a-days when Charlie wishes to experience the ecstatic delight of a call on Miss Jones, he goes out and lays down in front of his house and lets a hack run over him; it's just as much fun and not near so far to go. He thinks that by the time he can let a full grown omnibus drive over the bridge of his nose, without making him wink, he'll be able to stand another whirl down at the Jones' house.

Mr. James Brice, in an article in the Cornhill Magazine, describes Iceland in a chilly way. He says there are no trees, though apparently there were plenty in the tenth century, when we hear of men hiding among them and being hanged from them. No corn is grown, nor any other crop, except a few turnips and potatoes which taste only half ripe. The only wild quadrupeds are the blue fox (who has probably come, as the white bear now and then does, on icefloes from Greenland), and the reindeer-the latter introduced about a century ago, and still uncommon, ranging over the desert mountains. There is no town except the capital, a city of 1,800 people, no other place deserving to be calleven a village, unless it be the hamlet of Akureyri, on the above of the Artic Ocean, with some fifty houses; no inns (save one in that village whose resources consist of two beds, a single jug and basin and a billiard table); no hens, ducks or geese (except wild geese) no pigs, no donkeys, no roads, no carriages, no shops, no manufactures, no dissenters from the established Lutheranism, no army, navy, volunteers or other guardians of public order, except one policeman in Reykjavik, no criminals, only two lawyers, and finally, no snakes. "What, then, is there?" asks Mr. Brice, and replies, "Snow mountains, glaciers bot springs, volcanoes, earthquakes, northern lights, caverns, morasses, and above all deserts."

A painter, on being asked what he mixed his colors with to give so fine an effect, answered, "I mix them with brains, sir." "Whose?" was the prompt query in return.

There is a prejudice in human kind against large cars. As the post says :

"Man wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long."

Professional Cards.

J. E. JUNKIN, Atterney-at-Law, New Bloomneid, Perry co., Pa-Ser Office-Next door to the residence of Junkin.

A. M. MARKEL, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. 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. 32 yl

JAMES H. FERGUSON, Attorney-at-Law, NEWPORT, PA. NEWPORT, PA.

CHARLES H. SMILEY. Attorney at Law. New Bloomfield, Perry Co. Pa 68. Office with C. A. Barnett. Esq., next door to Mortimer's store August 20, 1872

W. A. SPONSLER, Attorney-at-Law, Office-adjoining his residence, on East Main street, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.-321y CHAS. A. BARNETT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Office—adjoining Mortiner' Store.—321y

BAILY, Attorney at Law,
New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.
New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.
Parry 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 Bloomield, Perryco., Pa.

All kinds of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry
done in the best manner, and at reasonable
prices. prices.

\*\* Office at his residence, one door East of the
Robinson House, and opposite Wm. A. Sponsior's
Law office.

321y

WM. M. SUTCH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
New Bloomfield, Perryco., Pa.
Compacture of F. Mortimer
Store-571y

CHAS. J. T. McINTIRE, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. AP All professional business promptly and alth-fully attended to.—321v.

WM. N. SEIBERT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Fa. Bloomfield, 333 1v.

LEWIS POTTER, NOTARY FUBLIC, New Bloomfield, Petry 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. 710 ly\*

W. A. MORRISON,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and GENERAL
COLLECTOR, New GERMANTOWN, Perry co., Pa.
43 Remittances will be made promptly for all
Collections made.

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 eatlyn executed. 7 16tf

Auctioneer. — The undersigned gives oftice that he will crysales at any point in Perry Daupin counties. Orders are solicited and rompt attention will be given.

K. D. WELLS.

New Buffalo.

Perry co., Pa

## REAL ESTATE At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale his val-uable farm situate in Juniata township, Perry co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizell, George Ickes 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 There are also TWO GOOD APPLE ORCH-ARDS on this farm, with a variety of other fruit trees. This property is near the village of Markle-ville in a good neighborhood.

Any person desiring to purchase a home, should see this property before making a final invest-ment.

ment.

Price-\$5,000; payments, \$2,000 on the 1st of April, 1574, 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.

Markleville, Perry co., Pa., on

LEWIS POTTER, New Bioomfield, Perry co., Pa. LEBANON

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. Country property insured Perpetually at \$4.00 per thousand, and Town property at \$5.00 per thousand.

LEWIS POTTER, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA... Agent for Perry County.

LOOK OUT!

I would respectively inform my friends that I in tend calling upon them with a supply of good

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Consisting of

CASSIMERS.

CASSINETS. FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for eash. J. M. BIXLER.

CENTRE WOOLEN PACTORY.

J. H. GISVIN

J. M. GIRVIN. J. M. GIBVIN & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF.

Baltimore. Md

ta. We will pay strict attention to the sale of al-tinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly. 5 341y