

Fanny's Elopement.

"FANNY," said Judge Clifton to his daughter, one morning, laying down the paper, over the top of which he had been for some time regarding her, "come hither, my child."

Fanny very dutifully did as she was bidden. And as she stood by his side, the Judge took both of her small hands in one of his, and smoothing caressingly with the other her soft shining hair, looked tenderly into her face.

"You are a woman now, Fanny," he said.

"Eighteen last Christmas, papa," returned Fanny, demurely, trying to assume the dignity and gravity which belong to that mature age. Though to tell the truth, they looked strangely out of keeping with her slight form, and girlish face, and in spite of all her efforts, her rosy mouth would dimple with smiles, and her eyes wear the arch, saucy expression that was natural to them.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the old gentleman, heaving a deep sigh. "How time does go, to be sure! You are a year older than your mother was, when I married her. Well, well, he resumed, after a pause, taking off his spectacles, and wiping them carefully, he re-adjusted them upon his nose, "I suppose I must come to it some time, and it may as well be first as last. All fathers have to lose their daughters, and I suppose I shall have to make up my mind to lose you."

"Lose me, papa!" exclaimed Fanny, opening her eyes in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean? I hope I am not going to die yet awhile."

"You know well enough what I mean, you jade, I mean, that like all the rest of the silly young girls, who never know when they are well off, you will be getting married."

"For shame, papa," said Fanny, blushing and laughing. "I shall do no such thing."

"Of course not," returned the judge, dryly. "Never had such an idea during the whole course of your life. I dare say. Couldn't be persuaded to do anything so highly improper."

"But what put that idea into your head this morning?" persisted Fanny, whose curiosity was aroused.

"The visit of a certain young gentleman, who has requested permission to pay his addresses to you."

"That homely and disagreeable Major Sinclair, I suppose," said Fanny, scornfully.

"No, my dear, it is not. It was that handsome and very agreeable Mr. Charles Ray. What do you think of that?"

To her father's surprise, Fanny's countenance fell; her rose-bud lips showed a very perceptible pout, and a frown actually gathered on her smooth, open brow.

"Think?" she repeated, with a disdainful toss of the head, "I think he seems on a fool's errand; that is what I think."

"Hoity, toity!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a puffed air. "What has come over you now? It seems that you have changed your opinion very suddenly."

"As Mr. Ray never took the trouble to ask my opinion, it can matter very little to him if I have," retorted Fanny.

"Oh, ho! there is where the shoe pinches, is it?" said Judge Clifton, laughing. "Well, never mind, my dear, he is coming here some time to-day to talk with me about it. I have given him full permission."

"Without which he would have stayed away, I suppose," said Fanny, in an undertone.

"What is that, my dear?" inquired the old Judge, who was a little deaf.

"I said that it will not be convenient for me to see Mr. Ray," said Fanny, in a louder voice. "He may come if he chooses, but I cannot be at home."

"Fanny," said Judge Clifton sternly, "what is the meaning of this folly? Of course you will receive him. Mr. Ray is a worthy and honorable man, and I shall insist that he shall be treated civilly."

"I suppose the next thing you will be insisting on my having him for a husband, is it?" she returned, her eyes filling with tears at this unaccounted harshness in her indulgent father.

"My dear child," said the Judge, kindly, touched by the evident grief of his daughter, though unable to understand the cause. "I shall insist on no such thing. I really supposed you had a partiality for the young man, and I was glad of it, for I entertained a very high opinion of him. Only remember that I desire you to see him this evening, and tell him so yourself."

But it so happened that business of a very pressing nature called Fanny over to her sister's that evening, much to her lover's disappointment; and her father's clinging, who was quite mystified at his daughter's conduct.

"Only to think, Mary," said Fanny, as she drew a chair up to the table where her sister was sewing, "that Charles Ray has asked papa's permission to visit me."

"Well, it's just what I expected," replied Mary quietly.

"What? without a word to me about it?"

"I suppose he was pretty well informed of your sentiments in regard to him," said her sister, smiling.

"Well, he will find himself mistaken if he thinks he is going to marry me," said the little lady, with dignity. "I have no idea of being bargained for like merchandise?"

"Why, Fanny! I really thought that you liked Charley. I am sure it was very proper and honorable in him to ask papa's permission before speaking to you."

"Very proper, I dare say," said Fanny, scornfully. "But I can't abide these proper people that always do everything by rule. I suppose if papa had refused, he would have walked away as meek as a whipped spaniel and never come near me."

"How ridiculous, Fanny. Papa thinks a great deal of Mr. Ray. I heard him say only the other day, that he would rather have him for a son-in-law than any one he knew."

"He thinks a great deal more of him than I do then," was Fanny's scornful rejoinder. "I have no idea of having a husband picked out for me. I can make my own selection. And I would rather never marry, than to have for my husband such a tame, spiritless man as Charles Ray."

Fanny was as good as her word. She took every opportunity of avoiding her suitor, for whom she had hitherto exhibited a preference, which would no doubt in time have ripened into a warmer feeling; never gave him a chance of seeing or speaking with her alone.

This obvious change in her deportment quite disheartened poor Charles, who was sincerely attached to her, and was a source of much annoyance to Judge Clifton, who had set his heart on the match.

"My child," said the Judge to Fanny, one morning a few days after, "I quite agree with you in your opinion of Mr. Ray; he is an insufferable puppy!"

"Who, Charles Ray?" said Fanny, in astonishment.

"Yes, Charles Ray, I repeat it, is an insufferable puppy!" said the old gentleman, in a still more excited tone and manner, bringing his cane down on the floor with emphasis. "To keep hanging round here, when he knows he is not wanted! I shall take the first opportunity I have of requesting him to discontinue his visits."

"Why, how you talk, papa," exclaimed Fanny, her color rising. "I see nothing at all out of the way in the young man; he has always behaved himself remarkably well, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you may not," replied the Judge sternly, "but I do; which is of some consequence, whatever you think to the contrary. And I shall make it a point with you that you abstain from all intercourse with him."

And so the old gentleman went out of the room, hanging the door after him in a manner that quite frightened poor Fanny, who had never known her father so excited before.

It so happened that Charles called that very afternoon.

"I can't imagine what papa can see out of the way in him," thought Fanny, as she looked upon his handsome, animated countenance. "He has a beautiful smile, and is so very gentlemanly in his manner, besides."

Perhaps something of this sort was visible in Fanny's countenance. At any rate, there was something in its expression which emboldened him to take a seat by her side, which he had not ventured to do for some time.

He had hardly done so, however, when the door opened, and Judge Clifton walked in. His brow grew dark as his eye fell on Mr. Ray.

"How is this, Fanny?" he said, sternly; "I thought that I had previously instructed you in regard to your intercourse with this gentleman. And as for you," he added, turning to Charles, "I beg leave to inform you, that you are coming here for what you won't get with my consent. I have other views for my daughter and desire that you will in the future keep away from the house."

This tirade so shocked and astonished Fanny, that she burst into tears. Upon which her father desired her to leave the room, which she lost no time in obeying.

After indulging in a long, hearty cry, Fanny wiped her eyes and went over to her sister's to pour all her grievances into her sympathizing bosom.

Mary consoled her as well as she could, but ended in advising her to soften her father's feelings by avoiding Mr. Ray as much as possible. To which the young lady responded, that she would die first. That she would show gaps that she was not a child to be controlled in that way. Not she.

Fanny stayed to tea; and in the evening who should come in but Charles Ray. The meeting was rather embarrassing to both, but Fanny anxious to atone for her father's rudeness to him, was more than usually gracious and conciliating, and this soon wore away. Charles remained all the evening, and at its close, accompanied Fanny to her father's door, though he did not consider it advisable to go farther.

"How well Mr. Ray looked to-night," said Fanny to herself, as she entered her

room. "I never saw him so agreeable."

After this Fanny met him frequently at her sister's and every succeeding interview deepened the favorable impression she received that evening. At last the lady's heart was fairly caught, was brought to terms, and obliged to surrender, and to that tame, spiritless man, Charles Ray.

When Fanny began to realize the state of her feelings, the strong aversion that her father had so suddenly conceived for her lover began to trouble her. But in spite of all she could say, she was unable to persuade him to renew his former proposition to the Judge, or to make the least attempt to conciliate him.

Weeks passed, and as there appeared to be no hope of obtaining Judge Clifton's consent Charles at last proposed a clandestine marriage, and after a severe struggle in Fanny's heart between her affection for her father, and her love for him, the latter triumphed.

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, and Fanny Clifton sat at the open window of her room, anxiously awaiting the approach of her lover. An elopement does not appear to be such a funny affair, after all; her cheeks were pale, and tears filled her eyes, as she thought of the indulgent father that she was about to leave forever. Suddenly a low whistle fell upon her ears. Fanny seized her bonnet and shawl and glided noiselessly down the stairs and was soon in her lover's arms.

"Dear Charles," she sobbed, "I'm afraid I'm doing wrong. It seems ungrateful to leave poor papa, who has been so kind to me."

"I have not the least doubt of it, darling," he replied, a quiet smile playing around his lips.

Soothed by his assurance, she allowed him to lift her into the carriage.

"I hope you are not going to stop here, Charles," said Fanny, in alarm, shrinking back into the carriage, as, after riding nearly a mile they drew up in front of a large white house. "Why, this is Elder Kingley's! I know him very well."

"Oh! that will make no difference," replied Charles, gaily jumping out, and then holding out his hands for her to alight. "I've told him all about it. He is expecting us."

It seemed so! for the venerable man had not yet retired, and manifesting no surprise at their appearance, or the errand on which they came. They stood up, and Elder Kingley, in a few solemn words, united them for life. The ceremony was so brief that Fanny could hardly realize that she was a wife, and looked up bewildered into her husband's face, who was looking down upon her with a proud and happy smile.

They were too much absorbed in their own happiness to observe the approach of a gentleman who had entered unperceived, until he stood directly opposite them. Fanny turned, and uttered a cry of terror and surprise, for it was Judge Clifton, whose eyes were fixed upon her with a look of severe displeasure; though an attentive observer would have noticed a slight twitching around the mouth, evidently prompted by an inclination to laugh.

"Forgive me, papa!" exclaimed the new-made bride bursting into tears.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Judge; unable longer to contain himself. "Forgive you, of course I won't. I'll cut you off without a shilling—banish you from my house forever, you deceitful baggage you! Do you know what you have done, you ungrateful minx! You have married the very man I have selected for you—done the very thing you declared over and over again, that you never would do. Ha, ha, ha! it is the most capital joke I ever read of."

When Fanny comprehended the successful ruse that had been practised upon her she made a strong effort to assume a displeased and indignant look, but it was a complete failure.

She was in reality too happy at the unexpected turn that affairs had taken, to look otherwise than pleased, and received the congratulations of her numerous friends, who now poured in from an adjoining room, with all the smiles and blushes usual on such occasions.

"Are you offended, dearest?" inquired Charles, as soon as they were free from observation. Fanny might have been, but there certainly was no trace of anger in the soft blue eyes that were raised to his, overflowing with love and happiness.

"It is much better to use plain words, rather than try to show superior knowledge by using obscure ones. This fact is shown by the following anecdote:

"Is that an excellent?" inquired Professor Hotchkiss, the other day, of a huckster who displayed in the market a mammoth and very odd-looking vegetable. The man's face assumed a scornful smile, and after he had studied the professor's form contemptuously for a moment, he answered, "Excellent! thunder and lightning, no! that's a blue-nose potato."

Testing Oregon Wool. Mr. Wilkins, of Lane county, Oregon, is about to send forty fleeces of his new Oxfordshire wool to a delaine manufacturer at Philadelphia, with instructions to make returns respecting the quality, length, strength of fibre, and desirableness of the wool for use in that market.

Scottish Anecdotes.

Is a very entertaining work, entitled "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," from the pen of Dean Ramsay, we find the following humorous illustrations:

"Some years ago, when it was not an uncommon thing, even in Scotland, for challenges to be given and accepted for insults, or supposed insults, an English gentleman was entertaining a party at Inverness with an account of the wonders he had seen and the deeds he had performed in India, from whence he had lately arrived. He enlarged particularly upon the size of the tigers he had met with at different times in his travels, and by way of corroborating his statements, assured the company that he had shot one himself considerably above forty feet long. A Scottish gentleman present, who thought these narratives rather exceeded a traveler's allowed privileges, coolly said that no doubt those were very remarkable tigers; but that he could assure the gentleman that were in that northern part of the country some wonderful animals, and as an example he cited the existence of a skate-fish captured off Thurso, exceeding half-an-acre in extent. The Englishman saw this was intended as a sarcasm against his own story; so he left the room in indignation, and sent his friend to demand satisfaction or an apology from the gentleman who had, he thought, insulted him. The narrator of the skate story coolly replied, "Weel, sir, gin yer freend will take a few feet aff the length o' his tiger, we'll see what can be done about the breadth o' the skate."

"The parishioners of a clergyman in Scotland, in expressing to him their aversion to the use of manuscript sermons, urged: 'What gars ye tak up your bit papers to the pulpit?' He replied that it was best, for really he could not remember his sermon, and must have his paper. 'Weel, weel, minister, then dinna expect that we can remember them.'

"A late Duke of Athole had invited a well-known character, a writer of Perth, to come up and meet him at Dunkeld for the transaction of some business. The Duke mentioned the day and hour when he should receive the man of law, who accordingly came punctually at the appointed time and place. But the Duke had forgotten the appointment, and gone to the hill, from which he could not return for some hours. A Highlander present described the Perth writer's indignation, and his mode of showing it by a most elaborate course of swearing. 'But whom did he swear at?' was the inquiry made of the narrator, who replied, 'Oh, he didna sweeten anything particular, but juist stude in ta middle of t' road and swoor at lairge.'

Found her Match.

THE cars were very crowded. An elegantly dressed woman occupied an entire seat. Her bundles, band-box, and bag were piled up artistically. She was oblivious to the fact that passengers were rushing back and forth to obtain sittings. More than one gentleman drew himself up before the imperious dame, and silently plead for the vacant spot. She fanned herself leisurely, lolled in the seat, and evidently thought that things were very comfortable as they were.

"Is this seat occupied, madam?" said a well-dressed man politely. "Yes it is," was the snapping reply. The man walked on. In half an hour the door opened, and in walked a tall, rough fellow, coarse as a polar bear. His huge beard was uncombed and stained with tobacco juice. His clothes were filthy put on, and smelled of the stable. He was ungloved and brawny, and weighed full 200. He ran his eye along the car, and caught the seat on which our lady was sitting. He made for it. With great deliberation he seized bundle, band-box and bag, put them plump in the lap of the lady, and sat down in the vacant spot like one who intended to stay. If looks could have annihilated a man, there would have been a corpse in that car about that time. The man seemed to be very much at home. He whistled; he spit; he stroked his beard; he threw around his arms chuckled inwardly at the evident rage of the woman. She left the car at New Haven, and had hardly gone, before the gentleman who was refused the seat reappeared. To some gentlemen who seemed to take great interest in the proceedings, he said:

"Did you see how that woman treated me?"

"Yes."

"Did you see how she was come up with?"

"Yes."

"Well, that man is a horse doctor that sat down beside her. He belongs to Bull's Head. I gave him a dollar to ride with that woman as far as she went." The car roared.

Her Three Reasons.

"I would marry you, Jacob," said a lady to an importunate lover, "were it not for three reasons."

"Oh, tell me," he said, imploringly, "what they are, that I may remove them?"

"The first is," said she, "I don't love you; the second is, I don't want to love you; and the third is, I couldn't love you if I wanted to!"

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