

self beside Mr. Page, ejecting from the settee a young man of unrememberable appearance, with whom he had been exchanging newspapers.

"I think all the better of you that you are not inclined to politics, Mr. Page," said the old lady, "where's the use of it?—a pack of nonsense just got up to help the elections, and empty people's pockets.—But I suppose Mr. Westover thinks he had better get himself excited about it now, for when he's sent away where they catch whales he'll have no chance. You don't go to sea, do you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then pray what may your occupation be?"

Clara started, but Mr. Page, though his eyes snapped very rapidly, answered gravely, "I am the editor of the——"

"Oh dear!—that's a poor business, isn't it?"

"It suits me very well, ma'am."

"You are not hard to please I dare say," she returned, when, to the great relief of Clara, the newspaper reader, who had been hovering near, advanced exclaiming, "I am happy to find that I had the honor of conversing with a congenial spirit—let me grasp your hand, sir—I do something in the literary line myself. My name is O. Goldsmith Twiggs—I presume it is not new to you."

Mr. Page submissively yielded his hand.

"Glorious places these public rendezvous are for persons of our calibre," pursued Mr. Twiggs, "to study human nature and shoot folly as it flies; but there may be too much of a good thing, and I always carry the beauties of Shakspeare in my pocket, to pore over when I grow weary of the dull realities of life. Confidentially speaking, Mr. Page, what do you really think of Shakspeare's Plays?"

"That—there's a good many of them," said Mr. Page.

"Exactly—I understand," responded Mr. Twiggs, winking and nodding significantly, "not quite so great for quality as quantity; I am glad that I have such good authority to agree with me. But between ourselves, I have now a series of papers under contemplation," and as the man of letters began to speak low and look mysterious, Clara thought it a good opportunity to draw her aunt away.

"There, now, the matter's as good as settled!" said the triumphant Mrs. Cripps, when she had followed the hurried steps of her niece to their room; "you don't find me long hemming and hawing about any thing I take in hand. I've managed to get acquainted, and all you'll have to do will be to talk a little kind to Mr. Page, and rouse a bit of courage in him, and you'll have just the husband you want."

"My dear aunt, you are entirely mistaken in Mr. Page," said Clara, drawing her hands over her burning cheeks, and then she stopped, for she knew that it would be vain to try to make the old lady comprehend the force of what was very dear to her memory, the moment she heard his succinct account of himself, that he was celebrated as one of the rarest humorists of the day.

"Why, what under the sun is the matter with you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. Cripps, in much surprise; "I've not made a shadow of a mistake; Mr. Page is every thing I supposed him to be at first sight.—He cares nothing about talking and eating, as you have seen with your own eyes, and heard with your own ears, and as to books, could you have desired any thing better than the way he answered that long-tongued, dirty-collared little fellow about them, and tried to cut the subject short? If you had ever listened to husband Didenhoover you'd have known how to value it. If the name of a book was broached to him, he would tell what this critic thought, and what that one said, and how so and so differed, and then he would spend his own opinion, the longest, most mixed-up rigmorole of all. No, no, Clara, Mr. Page is the man—and he's right good-looking, too—better than might have been expected of him."

"Aunt Cripps," said Clara, solemnly, "I don't think that Mr. Page will have any desire to pursue the acquaintance into which you have so strangely forced him."

"Then he'll be even more of a fool than I think him, and the proper person to follow up—so you needn't cry about it. I thought you had a better conceit of yourself."

Clara for a moment was in despair at the impracticability of her aunt, and then she thought, as she had often done before, that it would be wiser to take a hearty laugh at it, which she did, though with tears in her eyes.

The graces of Miss Burney were by no means impaired by the exhilarating breezes of her healthful retreat, yet before the month was half out it was questioned, particularly by certain young gentlemen, whether she was really a beauty after all. A strong proof in favor of the doubt was, that she quite forbore to exact the tribute, which, as a beauty, was her prerogative, not withstanding each of them had summoned resignation to yield it, and appeared satisfied, simply, to walk and talk with that quiet, plain Mr. Page, who, to be sure, was a good sort of fellow, and capital at a dry joke, but still was, in short—altogether inferior to themselves.

Mr. Page was not what is called a ladies-

man, but he had too much taste not to be an admirer of loveliness, such as was exemplified in the person of our young heroine. Therefore he had no unwillingness to second the advances of Mrs. Cripps, and he did it with a tact that gratified Clara, by assuring her that he placed her attractions quite apart from the old lady's man-mournerings. Then, when, afterward, he found, by reading the most expressive of fair faces, that he was understood and appreciated, and when his delicate humor was rewarded by the sweetest laugh that had ever rung in his ears, he began to apprehend that it was all over with him.—And Clara, it was strangely unaccountable to her how she had missed discovering at the very first, how handsome he was, and she often, by way of extenuation, repeated to herself that she had done justice to his eyes. As to his conversation, she could not pretend to do it justice; she regretted he did not talk more, but what he did say she considered all the more striking for being so condensed, and the manner of it—that was irresistible; she wondered whether Ella, the paragon on her imagination hitherto, could have been at all comparable in play of fancy, in droll humor, in quiet, simple, natural wittiness, to the charming Mr. Page. But she kept all this to herself.

Aunt Cripps soon grew impatient, and began to talk about going home, especially in the presence of Mr. Page, and to Clara she became more and more urgent in her charge to "hurry, hurry, and make good use of her time," which charge was now heard with blushes instead of smiles.—Though Clara had always insisted upon her matronly supervision over her rambles with Mr. Page, the old lady showed an increasing proneness to loitering behind, hurrying ahead, and diverging to opposite directions, and one day, near the termination of the period to which she had actually limited her sojourn, after inveigling them to a shaded bench between two sycamores, with a tall screen of young locusts separating them from all other loungers, she entirely disappeared. The two had ventured upon the perilous undertaking of analyzing each other's characters, and Clara wound up an eloquent disquisition by remarking laughingly that there were times when she had observed her companion to assume an air and an expression of countenance, which made him look as if he possessed not an ounce either of sense or spirit. "I have more than once suspected that the manner was put on voluntarily," added she, "and would think so still, if I could see any possible reason for your doing it."

Mr. Page merely smiled, and then, approaching her more closely, he said, coloring and stammering, "I learn from your aunt that you will leave this in a day or two, and I have been anxiously waiting for an opportunity like the present to express myself on a subject nearly connected with my happiness. Yet now that I have it, I cannot summon words for my purpose. I believe I am a fool in reality!" and then he stopped until Clara had tied six or seven knots in her bonnet strings.

"Never mind that, Mr. Page!" interposed Aunt Cripps, appearing from the further side of the thicket, where she had stopped, unable to resist her desire to listen to the result of her stratagem; "Clara and I won't think any the less of you for being a little foolish. If you wish to pop the question, just go on, and don't mind me—I'm used to such things."

"Oh, aunt," faltered Clara, growing pale, and leaning her face in her hands.

"Miss Burney," said Mr. Page, earnestly, "I have given you the entire devotion of my heart—will you allow me to offer my hand also?"

"Clara, say yes," whispered Mrs. Cripps, peremptorily; "don't be ashamed; who'd have thought you such a baby!—if you don't say yes, I'll take Mr. Page myself; and frowning with a severity she had never before shown to Clara in her life, she frowned away. Clara had not seen the frown, but she had heard the threat, which appeared to her so supremely ludicrous, even beyond the usual devices of her aunt's imagination, that, in spite of her mortification, she burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter.

"I am glad to see you laugh, dear Miss Burney—that is, if you are not laughing at me"—said Mr. Page; "it seems to be an assurance that you will listen to me, with good humor, at least."

"That you may begin fairly," returned Clara, "I give you permission to withdraw your proposal."

"Do you wish me to do so?" asked Mr. Page, looking in her face so anxiously, that she replied, in great trepidation, "Come, let us go to the house;" she did not, however, draw away the hand which he placed in his arm.

"Well, Miss, I hope you have come to your senses," said Aunt Cripps, swelling with dignity, when Clara, all blushes and confusion, came into her room; "do you intend to have Mr. Page, or are you determined to leave him to me?"

"I have agreed to take him myself, aunt," replied Clara, not certain that she durst venture to smile.

have to be off to-morrow, and begin preparations forthwith. There's no end to the sewing and trouble when people make up their minds to get married. And you'll have to commence the house-keeping part of your education, which you can do at once. You couldn't have a better time for it, this being the pickling and preserving season. To be sure, you won't have so much to learn as if you were getting another sort of a husband, but, I dare say, you will like to have nice things yourself sometimes, and it would be as well to teach Mr. Page to care a little about them, just for the sake of appearing well in company. You'd feel queer if he would make such a blunder at your table as not to know a haunch of venison from a sirloin of beef."

The old lady opened the door to go down stairs, and Clara heard her exclaim, "Dear me, Mr. Page, do you lodge in that room? I didn't know it before! It's well you are to be one of the family, for you have no doubt heard plenty of our little confabs."

A new idea struck Clara, and when she met Mr. Page at the foot of the stairs, waiting to conduct her to the tea-table, she asked, "Was Aunt Cripps right in her conjecture just now?—and if so, pray confess all you have overheard."

"The most important item was a very original piece of advice—" "Which you have just been persuading me to follow," added Clara.

"Just so," answered Mr. Page, smiling; "for by undertaking, for the amusement of the moment, a novel experiment, without a single thought as to how far I durst presume to carry it, I very clearly identified myself with the respectable character I attempted to personate."

"I should think you must be disappointed in your niece's match, my dear madam," said an old friend of Mrs. Cripps, who met her, for the first time, some months subsequent to Clara's marriage; "after knowing your opinions about a husband for her, I confess I was surprised to hear that she had taken a man of so much character as Mr. Page."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mrs. Cripps elevating her eyebrows, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper. "Mr. Page is the very man I thought him at first. People have got a great idea into their heads of his wit and wisdom; and it's well enough he can pass himself off for it—but between you and me, it is not all gold that glitters—if you were at home in their house, as I always am when I go to see them, and had a chance to know how he pets his wife, and lets her have her own way in every thing, you'd agree with me that if he is not a fool, he is so much like one that it would take a wiser person than either you or I to find out the difference."

And to this day, Mrs. Cripps thinks Clara owes her good fortune, to having taken the advice given her, in the first paragraph of this story.

A Spelling School Lesson.

As the season for spelling-schools is approaching, we would suggest the following lesson. It contains very many words in which mistakes are likely to occur:

"The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a malleed cobbler, armed with a poniard and a ferule, who drove a pedler's wagon, using a muelle-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diptheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gypsy,' went into ecstasies of cackination at seeing him measure out a bushel of peas, taking up two peas at a time, and trying to separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making an awkward courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a coach, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciuszko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacouaha, a tea-spoonful of naphtha, for delebe purposes, a ferule for a cane, a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woolen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy) wofully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is checkered; but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished.'—The sibyl, apologizingly answered: 'There is a ratable and alleageable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diastasis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion, nor haranguing the audience. Thus 'Gypsy' remained in the ascendant. Her ascendancy can never again be queried by any queasy vulgar quean."

"Religion is to live according to the commandments of God, which is in accordance with the laws of love."

The Boy's Investment.

THE following stories are told of two Nantucket boys who afterwards became famous in their several walks of life. Both died within a few years, upwards of 80 years of age—the one, Capt. Stephen West, sailing as a whaling captain for most of the time, and always, except on his last voyage, in the employ of Seth Russell & Sons of New Bedford; the other, Jacob Barker, then 8 years old, came to him with a ninespence (twelve and a half cents) which he had had presented to him, and said: "Stephen, I wish thee would invest this money, on thy arrival in Boston, in something that will pay." Stephen accepted the business, promising to give it his best attention. On the arrival of the vessel in Boston he looked about for a profitable investment. Going up Long Wharf he passed a table where an old woman had exposed for sale in tempting order her stock of apples, nuts, and candies. Amongst this assortment Stephen's attention was attracted by the sight of some beautiful sticks of sugar candy white in the centre and entwined with stripes of red in a most attractive form. It was the first of the kind he had seen, and he immediately decided on a purchase and procured twelve sticks. On the arrival of the Speedwell at Nantucket, Jacob was already on the wharf, more anxious for the result of this first adventure than afterwards of the argosies of wealth that bore their burdens to his stores. The first salutation was, "Stephen, has thee purchased anything for me?" The reply was that he had, but the vessel must first be secured, the sails handed and the decks cleared before the cargo could be discharged. Jacob's anxious hands soon aided in furling the jib and putting everything in order, when they "went below" and Stephen spread before his delighted eyes the first mercantile investment. Highly delighted he stepped on the wharf and was soon surrounded by a dozen boys, with whom he commenced his trade, and with such success that before he had reached the store at the head of the wharf he had sold the whole adventure for 37½ cents, realizing a profit of 200 per cent., making what he termed "a very good turn of it." This was the first act or turn of business that this great merchant and financier accomplished, and not even those very heavy loans, to which our government in the day of her financial difficulty was obliged to resort to him for aid, gave him so much pleasure as this first adventure of his boyhood.

But this adventure would be of slight interest had it not a sequel in the lapse of time. Several years afterwards Mr. Barker had become a confidential clerk to the substantial mercantile house of Isaac Hicks & Sons, New York. Mr. West arrived in New York an officer in the ship Brothers, Captain Thaddeus Waterman, from Liverpool. While in Liverpool Mr. West had laid in an adventure in a lot of beer. On his arrival in New York he was much troubled and perplexed for money to pay the duties, then high, and the other matters relating to it. The adventure was in danger of being lost, when he recollected that his old friend and schoolmate, Jacob Barker, was in New York. Jacob had already some fame as a clever man for business and shrewdness. As soon as West could leave the ship, he sought out Barker at the counting-room of the Messrs. Hicks, and stated his perplexities regarding his Liverpool adventure. "Give thyself no uneasiness," replied Jacob, "on that business, Stephen. I will attend to it for thee. Enter the beer at the Custom House' I have plenty of money by me to pay the duties. I will not only pay the duties, but attend to the selling of it for thee. Thee only deliver it to my order when I send on." The next day the order came and the beer was delivered. In the evening while Mr. West was writing in the cabin, Jacob came on board and informed him that he had sold the beer excellently well, and in proof opened his handkerchief and turned out on the cabin table a large sum of solid coin. The sale was well done, and much beyond West's expectation; but, sailor-like, he showed back the money, saying, "Take your pay Jacob, as much as you want." "Not a cent, Stephen," was the response, "not a cent! Does thee remember the sugar candy?" and with a hearty good shake of the hand they parted.

Epitaph. John Spellman's like will ne'er be found; He dyed for all the country round; Yet bear with patience, if you can, The base ingratitude of man; When death approached, with aspect grim, Not one of them would die for him; So leaving all his worldly pelf, Poor John at last died for himself.

"A day or so ago the daughter of a German grocer in Rochester, N. Y., was married. Her father, with pride and a spice of humor, placed a placard in the window, bearing this device: 'This store is closed on account of some fun in the family.'"

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