

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-
continued until all arrears are paid, unless
at the option of the publisher.

Juniata Sentinel.

VOLUME XXVII, NO. 18

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., APRIL 30, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 1364.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertising for less than three months
for one square of nine lines or less, will be
charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50,
and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrators, Executors and Auctioneers,
Notaries, \$2.00. Professional and Business
Cards, not exceeding one square, and in-
cluding copy of paper, \$5.00 per year. Notices
in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer-
chandise advertising by the year at special rates.
3 weeks \$ 3.00 1 year \$ 8.00
One inch..... 5.00 5.00 11.00
Two inches..... 6.00 6.00 13.00
Three inches..... 7.00 7.00 15.00
One-fourth col'n. 10.00 17.00 25.00
Half column..... 18.00 25.00 45.00
One column..... 20.00 45.00 80.00

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office on Bridge Street, opposite the Court
House Square.

ROBERT MCMEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge Street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parlor, Esq.

AUCTIONEER.
J. F. G. LONG, residing in Spruce Hill
township, offers his services to the citi-
zens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and
Vendor Crier. Charges moderate. Satis-
faction warranted. [Jan 29-3m]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor Crier.
Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satis-
faction warranted. [Nov 3, '69]

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Ferrysville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer.
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Subscriber a chance. P. O. address, Fort
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-ly]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-4f.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Belford's building, two doors above the Sea
and office, Bridge Street. [Aug 18-4f]

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Mifflintown,
offers his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—in the room recently occupied by
Dr. Serg. [June 12, '72-4f]

D. T. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Bellier's Drug
Store. [Aug 18 1869-4f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows: At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
dec 7 Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
above-named place, and keeps a general as-
ortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind. He has located
in the borough of Patterson, where he is pre-
pared to accommodate the most fastidious in
LADIES' WEAR,
Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,
CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.
Also, mending done in the neatest man-
ner and upon the shortest notice. A liberal
share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Pas-
carona street, one door south of Main street,
nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN.
March 8, 1872

Billiard Hall.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Freshest Lager,
the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the
Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any-
thing you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE,
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-ly

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASSOM.

COAL, Lumber, Fish, Salt, and all kinds
of Merchandise for sale. Chestnut Oak
Bark, Railroad Ties, all kinds of Grain and
Stocks bought at the highest market prices in
cash or exchanged for merchandise, coal,
lumber, &c., to suit customers. I am pre-
pared to furnish to builders bills of lading
just as wanted, and on short notice, of either
oak or yellow pine lumber.
NOAH HERTZLER,
Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa.
Jani

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND,
REFRESHING SLEEP
Guaranteed by using my
Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm
immediately, and enabling the patient to lie
down and sleep. I suffered from this dis-
ease twelve years, but suffer no more, and
am now as well as any one. Warranted
to relieve in the worst case. Sent by
mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box;
ask your Druggist for it.
CHAS. B. HURST,
ROCHESTER, DEVEREUX CO., PA.
Feb 19-ly
All kinds of Job Work neatly executed.

Miscellaneous.

Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.
Shelley & Stambaugh.

The First,
The Best,
The Cheapest,
The Largest

Stock of Goods
IN THE COUNTY.

To Offer to the Public
AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Just Received from Eastern
Markets.
Seeing Them will Guarantee You
Satisfaction.

SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.
NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
April 19, 1873.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dye Stuff,
Oils, Paints,
Varnishes, Glass,
Putty, Coal Oil,
Lamps, Burners,
Chimneys, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soap,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Cigars, and Stationary, Notions,
and Stationary.

LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes, the public that he has located
in the borough of Patterson, where he is pre-
pared to accommodate the most fastidious in
LADIES' WEAR,
Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,
CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.
Also, mending done in the neatest man-
ner and upon the shortest notice. A liberal
share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Pas-
carona street, one door south of Main street,
nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN.
March 8, 1872

Boots and Shoes.
Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, fashionable Boot
and Shoemaker, heretofore respect-
fully informs the public that he has located
in the borough of Patterson, where he is pre-
pared to accommodate the most fastidious in
LADIES' WEAR,
Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,
CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.
Also, mending done in the neatest man-
ner and upon the shortest notice. A liberal
share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Pas-
carona street, one door south of Main street,
nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN.
March 8, 1872

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP
In Nevin's New Building on
BRIDGE STREET, MIFFLINTOWN.
THE undersigned, late of the firm of Pa-
sick & North, would respectfully an-
nounce to the public that he has opened a
Boot and Shoe Shop in Major Nevin's New
Building, on Bridge Street, Mifflintown, and
is prepared to manufacture, of the best ma-
terial, all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
FOR
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.
He also keeps on hand a large and well-
selected stock of
Ready-made Work,
of all kinds, for men, women and children.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give me a call, for I feel confident that I
can furnish you with any kind of work you
may desire.
Repairing done neatly and at reason-
able rates.
J. L. NORTH.
May 31, 1872.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
New Shop in Mifflintown.
THE subscriber begs leave to inform the
citizens of Mifflintown, Patterson and
vicinity that he has opened a Boot and Shoe
Shop, for the present, in the room occupied
by N. E. Littlefield's Tin Shop, on Bridge
Street, Mifflintown, where he is prepared to
manufacture all kinds of
LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S
and
CHILDREN'S WEAR,
in the most substantial manner, and at the
lowest prices. Cash. Repairing promptly at-
tended to.
A liberal share of public patronage is sol-
icited, and satisfaction guaranteed.
A. B. FASICK.
May 29, 1872-4f

PLAIN and Fancy Job Printing neatly ex-
ecuted at this Office.

Select Story.

Determined to Win.
"Of all the things this is the worst!
If I ever in my life expected to hear
such news? Why, our George has gone
and got married. Do you hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her seal-
bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and
dropped her letter in her lap, and she
turned round to her husband, the stout,
clever old farmer, who was contentedly
stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"
"This time, when she asked the ques-
tion, there was sharpness in her voice."
"Yes—what is he married? I'm sure
it's natural enough. It kind of runs in
the family 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no no-
tice of this little pleasantry.
"Well, if you like it I can tell you I
don't. He needsn't think he's coming
here with his fine city-bred lady, all airs
and graces, and flounces and fluttered
ruffles. I do declare, I think George is a
fool!"

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a
garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a
small round pointed head, covered with
short dusky curls, and a pair of dark
blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny
receding of a mouth, and a dimple in one
pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was
it any wonder that George had fallen in
love with her?

She sat in her bright little parlor, close
beside the lace curtained window, watch-
ing for the loved husband's return; and
then, when she heard the click of the
latch key in the hall, flew for the well
come kiss.

"Haven't you got the letter this time,
George? I've felt sure of that all day.
Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses
to take with me."

He smiled, and shook his head.
"A cloud passed over her pretty face."
"O, George, isn't it too bad? And I
do believe—oh! I don't believe they
will write, because they are sorry you
married me."

He put his arms around her neck.
"And supposing such to be the case
do you think it would make any differ-
ence to me?"
"Oh, no! only it would grieve me so
if I had alienated your parents from
you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would
be, too! They have never seen you!
And when they know you, can't help
loving you!"
"Oh, George!"

And the exclamation was caused by
the kiss accompanying his loving flat-
tery.
"That's true as preaching. By the by,
my dear, what would you say if the firm
sent me off on a traveling tour of six
weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.
"You won't stay here alone, eh? But
Marion, it would be five hundred dollars
clear gain to us."
"What need we care for money? I'd
rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the
young man's lip; he was more matter-of-
fact, than this romantic, tender little wife
of his.
"I think, the addition to our balance at
the bankers' would be consoling for the
absence. But never mind, little pet—
let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll
get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched
it from his coat pocket the very next
minute. But her husband's face looked
very grave and stern, and his eyes look-
ed angry, when she looked gleefully over
the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember that I
care very little for what the letter con-
tains. Remember I did not write it, but
you are dearer to me than ever before—
Kiss me first while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoit troubled her
when she glanced over the note; then
tears stole under her lashes, and
George saw her tender mouth quiver and
tremble; then when she had finished it,
she laid her head on his shoulder
and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my
wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And
don't forget, darling, what the Bible says,
that a man shall leave his father and
mother, and cleave unto his wife. You
are my precious wife, Marion, and to you
I turn for all the happiness my life will
ever hold."

He dried her tears and they talked it
over.
"Just because I am city bred, she
thinks I am lazy and haughty, and dain-
ty, and—"
"Never mind, Marion. She will find
out some day. My father—"
"Yes, bless the dear old man. He
has added: 'My love to my daughter
Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him
and your mother too, if she would let
me."

"We will invite them down when I
come home. By the way, Marion, I will
stop at the farm on my way home, and
invite them down, and bring them home
with me."

"George, dear, I have been thinking
about that trip West. I think you had
better go and leave me at home. It won't
be so very long."
Marion was eating her egg, while she
spoke across the cozy little tete-a-tete
breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion,
and when I come back I'll bring you a
present. What shall it be?"
"Your father and mother from the
farm. It shall be that hope that will
bear me company when you are gone."
A fortnight after that, Marion Cle-
ments ate her breakfast alone, the traces of
a tear or so on her pink cheek; then
dashed them away with a merry joyous
little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that
George has gone for six weeks, I must
begin to prepare for his return. And I
pray heaven it shall be such a coming as
shall delight his very soul."

"I am sure I don't know what to say
The land knows, I need help bad enough,
but it 'pears to me, such a slender little
midget as you couldn't earn your salt—
What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And indeed, if you will
try me a week, I'm sure you'll keep me
til the season is over."
Mrs. Clements looked out of the win-
dow at the great clouds that were piling
gloomily up; and then the wind gave a
great wailing shriek around the corners
of the house.

"You can cook, can you? or shake up
feather-beds, good big ones—forty pound-
ers."
A gleeful little laugh came from Ma-
ry's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to
suit you, but I can learn."
Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge
fire place in the kitchen where the deacon
was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon, keep her or
not? I kind o' like her looks, and the
dear knows it 'ud be a good lift, while
we're killin', if she couldn't more'n set
the table or make mush and bread."

"Take her of course, Hamrah. You
are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a
week or so, anyhow."
"So Mrs. Clements came slowly back
and set down again."

"You can't get away, to-night; there's
a snow storm been brewin' these three
days, it's on us now, sure enough. See
ere flakes, fine and thick. You may as
well take your things up-stairs to the
west garret, and then come down and
help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west
garret; and when she was gone Mrs.
Clements turned to the deacon: "I never
saw a girl before I'd trust up-stairs alone.
But such as her don't steal. I can tell
you that if nothing else."

Directly, she came down in a purple
print dress and white apron, her hair
brushed off from her face, into a net; a
narrow linen collar fastened with a sail-
or's loop of narrow black ribbon. It
seemed as if she had life too, so handily
she flitted in and out of the big pantry
and then down to the cellar. Then, af-
ter the meal she gathered the dishes in a
neat, silent way, that was perfect bliss to
Mrs. Clements ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread,
anyhow, and I like her turn too."
And the deacon had "taken a shine"
to Mary Smith. One by one the dishes
were on; the hog killing was over and
done; long strings of sausages hung in
fantastic rings, arranged by Mrs. Clem-
ents' fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were
piled away in the true housewifely man-
ner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements
were sitting in the sunny dining-room,
darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I am going to do
without you, Mary, I read to see you
pack up your clothes."
A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's
face.

"I am so glad you have been suited
with my work. Indeed, I have tried."
"It ain't the work altogether, though.
Goodness knows, you're the smartest gal
I've seen in many a day. As I say, it
ain't the work—it's you, Mary. I've got
to thinking a heap of you—me and the
deacon."

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness
of the old lady's tone, but she sewed
rapidly on.

"It is so uncommon lonesome since the
boy left the farm, but it's worse since he
got married. It seems like deserting us
altogether."

"Have you a son? You never men-
tioned him."
"No—George has gone his way, and
we must go ours. Yes—he married one
of those crack-headed boarding house
people, who can't tell the difference be-
tween a rolling-pin and a milk pan."

But, despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements
dashed off her tears with her brown fist.
"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you
love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her,
and never want to know. He's left us
for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes
around; set as if they were burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes,
Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of
her chair.

"Mary, supposin' you stop on with us
another month yet, anyhow. The deacon
will make it all right."
It isn't the money I care for, Mrs.
Clements; I only wish I might stay al-
ways. You don't know how much I
love—"

"Love us! do you? Bless your heart.
If poor George had only picked you out,
what a comfort it would be to us all!
But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glancing out
of the window, looked a moment, and
then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our son
George coming up the lane! Deacon!
Deacon! George is coming!"

And her mother's love rushing to her
heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh,
the welcoming, the reproaches, the car-
resses, the determination to love him still,
despite the poor, innocent little Marion!
Then, when the table had been set in the
next room by Mrs. Clem's deft fingers, and
she had returned to her "west garret,"
Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George, this
fine, fancy lady o' your's 'll never suit
me. Give me a smart girl like Mary
Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in
to supper, now. Mary, Mary."

She raised her voice to call the girl,
when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my
boy. Well, I must confess, I never
knew you had such a handsome dress,
and you look like a picture with your
net off, and them short, bobbin' curls.
George this is Mary Smith!"

George came through the door, and
glanced carelessly at the corner where
the young woman stood. Then, with a
cry, sprang with outstretched arms to
meet the little figure that sprang into
them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements
stood in speechless amazement. Then
Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles,
went over to the old pair and took their
hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid
you would never love me, so I came de-
termined to win you if I could. Mother
father, may I be your daughter?"

"And a happier family, when they had
exhausted their powers of surprise,
amazement, and pride in the beautiful
Marion, gave thanks over a supper ta-
ble."

Only a Mechanic.
The snow was falling like a myriad
flight of tiny, white-winged birds, the
December blast howled mournfully
through the twilight streets, when the
lights were beginning to shine out here
and there, solitary beacons of fire, and
Grace and Myra Payne were sitting by
the grate in their cosy, well used sitting
room, talking.

"Grace had been darning stockings,
a piece of domestic finger craft not par-
ticularly ornamental, but nevertheless
more essential, and Myra was dotting
the edge of a shirt collar with stitches like
seed pearls. But it was grown too dark
to work now, and they sat in the ruddy
shine of the grate fire, enjoying the sea-
son commonly known as "blind man's
holiday."

"New Grace, I'm sure you'll think
better of it," said Myra, coaxingly.
"Don't think there's the best prospect
in life of any such thing," returned
Grace.

Stay, though—we have not photo-
graphed our heroines for the eye of the
reader's fancy. Well, they were two
pretty girls, although in somewhat dif-
ferent style. Myra, the elder by a year,
was tall and slender, with dark, languid
eyes, an oval face, and jet black hair,
slightly rippled. Grace was small and
sprightly, rather inclined to be plump
than otherwise, with big brown eyes,
full of liquid laughter, a skin like rose-
colored satin, and brown curls, which
could no more have been coaxed to lay
straight than so many grape vine ten-
drils.

"You are really going to marry a com-
mon mechanic!" persisted Myra remon-
stratively.
"Well I think he's rather an uncom-
mon one myself."
"But our papa is a gentleman."
"Our papa is a lawyer by profession,
Myra, but I don't think he is more of a
gentleman than Walter Genlis!"

"Mechanics are not gentlemen!"
Yes they are, if they behave them-
selves. Now, look here Myra, and the
big brown eyes became very resolute, I
am very glad you are engaged to a Wall
street broker, who lives in a brown stone
house, but I don't think that gives you
the privilege of criticising my lover!

"But he is so poor, Grace!"
"He has health and strength, and his
own right arm to help him."
"And you will have to work."
"Well what then? My goodness gra-
cious, and Grace elevated two little
plump hands, what do you suppose these
were given to me for? To wear kid
gloves and diamond rings only, and to
gather roes? No, indeed! I can find
better use for them than that!"

"Grace, you are perfectly incorrigible!"
"Yes, I am; so you may just as well
leave off lecturing me," said Grace, san-
cifully. "I plead guilty to all your accu-
sations. I am going to marry nothing but
a mechanic. I shall live in half a house;
I can't go out in a carriage, nor give par-
ties, and I think very likely that I shall
not unfrequently wash dishes, sweep
rooms and iron my husband's shirts—
And through it all expect to be very
happy."

Myra sighed and abandoned the use-
less argument. What was to be done
with so very unreasonable a damsel as
this!

A bright little heartstone—a kettle
singing on the hob; the crimson carpet,
not Brussels, nor velvet, but simple in-
grain; and the plain, neat furniture, with
Grace smiling at the ready spread table
—this was a pleasant home for Walter
Genlis to come to after his day's work
in the great machine shop was over.

"Upon my word," he said gaily, "I
think we are happier here than Myra in
her big house, with her parties and her
visiting list, and her swarm of servants.
Do you know, Grace, I almost felt at
one time that I was doing wrong in mar-
rying you?"

"Wrong, Walter?"
"Myra seemed to think you were such
a victim."
"Do I look like a victim?" demurely
asked Grace.

"Why, no, I can't say I think you do,
but I wish I could have brought you to
a house all your own, my pet. Never
mind, some day you shall reign in a pal-
ace worthy of you."

"Nonsense, Walter; could I be hap-
pier anywhere than with you?"
"Are you happy, love?"
She rose from her seat and came over
to her husband's side, looking full into
his face with eyes so eloquent that all
the dictionaries in creation could not have
spoken more plainly.

Yes, he knew that she was happy.
Mrs. Linley, too, thought that she was
happy, and pined poor, dear Grace! from
the very bottom of her heart. No ser-
vants; no silver napkin rings; no
double damask table clothes with em-
broided monograms on them; no car-
riage; no Wilton carpets nor brocade
curtains. What would life be worth
without these? And then, too, she lived
so outlandishly; actually dining in
the middle of the day, and having—good
fates!—pork and cabbage occasionally,
and fried onions! Mrs. Linley was quite
sure that she could not have existed un-
der such fearful concatenation of circum-
stances.

"Of course we must continue to visit
them," said Myra, inhaling the Lubin
perfume from her Valenciennes-edged
pocket handkerchief, but really I am
quite ashamed to have our carriage seen
in such a commonplace street."

"She's your sister," said Mrs. Linley,
"and Genlis is a good fellow, after all."
"I know it—but a common mechanic!"
And Myra took out her pearl tablets to
look over her visiting list.

Grace knew very well that Mrs.
Gustavus Linley despised her and her
low estate, but Grace cared not two pins
for that—why should she? Was she not
happy as Queen Victoria herself in her
eng little house, with love to brighten
the ceilings and beautify the maple wood
furniture.

"Grace is a pearl of price," thought the
young husband, as he watched her at her
thrifty housewifery, and some day she
shall shine in a proper setting as well as
Gustavus Linley's conceited doll of a
wife. She shall, or my name is not
Walter Genlis!

Mrs. Linley did not find herself entirely
uncomfortable when Walter Genlis ac-
cepted an offer from a California firm to
come out as head machinist, and her sister
went away.

"It's just as well," thought Myra, "for
I wanted to give a series of Germanus
this winter, and I couldn't have invited
them, and of course they would have
been mortally offended. Now it's all
right."

And the years passed by, and Myra
Linley forgot to answer her sister's let-
ters so often that, at length, Grace left
off writing, and Mrs. Linley became a
bright star in the world of fashion, and
enjoyed the false, artificial life as one en-
joys fevered excitement of any kind!

One evening Mr. Linley came in late,
but he often did that. Myra glanced
languidly up from the book she was
skimming over, not because she enjoyed
reading, but because it was a fashion-
able thing and she wanted to say she had
read it—and noticed that his face was
perturbed.

"What is the matter?" she inquired,
a little startled by his look.
"The matter," returned Gustavus, seat-
ing himself deliberately before her, "is,
that we are ruined."

"What do you mean?"
"Simply that we are penniless—beg-
ged—haven't a cent in the world, and
debts enough to sink the Spanish Arma-
da!"

Myra looked at him in blank dismay.
"And what are we going to do?"