

THE RIGHT SORT OF A GIRL.

Just true enough to be pretty. Just gentle enough to be tender. Just sunny enough to be witty. Just dainty enough to be neat.

LOVE'S REWARD.

'Asked Tilly?' 'Yes, actually. I heard him myself. You ever?' 'Miss Rosie Green, for an answer, looked unutterable things. Miss Green took off her sundown and fanned herself rigorously with it.

His particular charm, Lieutenant Phil Ross, was standing by. This gentleman was a cornucopia of facts—a trait which the thoughtless are apt to confound with curiosity; but I contented that there is difference between the two.

'I studied medicine in Dr. Green's office. There was an excellent opening for a country practice.' 'Let me see; he had two daughters—Rosie and Poise, and three.' 'The third was only an adopted daughter. She accounts for my interest in her. Her mother was a distant cousin of mine.

A cripple! maimed! He thought of Maud and her strong, bright beauty with a sickening sensation of unfairness. He lay at death's door for weeks, and the time he was unable to recognize any one. Only the tenderness of the most assiduous care, saved him. And when he finally opened his eyes to consciousness, upon what assiduous and tender nurse do you suppose they rested?

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PARIS LETTER. (From our Regular Correspondent.) PARIS, July 2, 1879. No event, not even the assassination of the Czar or Kaiser, could have made a more profound sensation in Europe, than the death of the Prince Imperial last week.

No positive intelligence of the death of the Prince was received at Chislehurst, the home of his mother, until the morning of June 21st. The duty of breaking the fearful news to the ex-Empress fell upon Duc de Bassano. He asked permission to see the Empress, and was granted it. The Prince had been very ill and noticing probably from the expression of his countenance that he was greatly troubled, begged to know at once all he had to tell her.

Positively Shocking. There is a beautiful pelagic lake in a certain country in Tennessee, which is noted as much for leeches as for the beauty of its clear water and surrounding scenery. It was an impromptu bathing pool for all the boys in the neighborhood, except on Sundays, when they were strictly prohibited about the shores.

It happened, however, that Brother Ebenezer Crawford was sick that day, and the services were so arranged that the four Erie-like fugitives came out on the main road and met two-thirds of the congregation—their relatives did not recognize them in that slight attire of leeches, and naturally thinking it was a female constable, broke loose and ran for their lives.

M. T. HELMBOLD'S COMPOUND Fluid Extract BUCHU, A GOOD FAMILY PAPER, GENERAL, LOCAL AND POLITICAL NEWS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rash of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

SHERIFF'S SALE. In virtue of a writ of Vend. Ex. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., and in pursuance of the order of public sale at the Public House of Samuel S. Shaffer, in Berlin, Pa., on

Monday, August 12, 1879. I, the undersigned, Sheriff of the County of Somerset, Pa., do hereby certify that the following is a list of the real estate of the late Charles Krueger, of said county, and of the same which is to be sold at public sale at the Public House of Samuel S. Shaffer, in Berlin, Pa., on

WOLLEN GOODS. Having received the first lot of the new season's goods, I have a large stock of the following: Woolen Goods, Blankets, Cassimeres, Suits, Jeans, Rufflers, Trunks, Covertlets, Caps, Yarns, etc.

TRADE FOR WOOL. Our Goods are MADE FOR EXPORT, and we are prepared to receive orders for the same, with all usual, full and complete facilities. We have a large stock of the following: Woolen Goods, Blankets, Cassimeres, Suits, Jeans, Rufflers, Trunks, Covertlets, Caps, Yarns, etc.

Well, isn't he, for the present, I'm sure, and he takes the messages that are left, and tells pa afterward. For my part, I think he is bound to be civil to pa's daughters.

He wrote to the mother too; he seemed so anxious, as Phil said, to have his fingers in every corner of the pie that Phil waived his rights of precious acquaintanceship, and permitted his name to be used in all the letters to Mrs. Eaton, Phil contented himself with enclosing a few lines to his cousin—in that young man's own words.

It used to be a common remark that Americans were lacking in physique, and as a nation they were called lank, lean and of too nervous temperament. But time, with increased comfort, prosperity, better food and clothing, and other concomitants of civilization, has worked wonders for our people.

Washing Blankets. Take half a cake of soap, cut into small pieces, and dissolve it thoroughly in hot water. Pour this into enough of cold water to cover the blankets; and 2 ounces of borax (pulverized dissolves most readily), and put your blankets in to soak all night.

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REJECTED. Helmbold's Buchu is unequalled. Ask your neighbor. Helmbold's Buchu is unequalled. Ask your neighbor.

Mr. Leonard—be hoped to be Dr. Leonard this time next year—drove a fast horse before a shining new buggy. It was a bright day, and he had a pretty girl beside him.

It was impossible not to see that Tilly was extremely agitated when she came down to meet him. The hand she gave to John was like ice, and trembled at his touch. He all the more needed her still holding her hand, and she looked up at him with the old wistful look in her eyes.

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When he came to bid Tilly good-bye, she burst out crying. That settled the question as to their manner of farewell. He took her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. This was decidedly imprudent, although they were only affectionate, brotherly kisses.

But fate interfered with his intentions. He could not be spared for five minutes. She ran down just to say good-bye. John resolved that he would write instead. He told Tilly he would write. 'And take care of yourself,' he added. She did not say this time. Person who takes an extreme view of human malice would perhaps have said that she looked simply broken-hearted.

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And he actually kissed her too. He wanted to put it out of her power to tease poor Tilly. She had been guilty of the same impropriety herself. Poor Tilly was wretched, after he was gone. But she was buoyed up by hopes and visions. She had a brave picture, too, of John, which she sent to her when he was made a lieutenant. Oh, how poor she felt when that came! She felt that she was fighting the battles of her country.

When John did write it was a different sort of letter from the one he had planned. On his return to camp he was confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay party from Washington came to dine and dance and in the tented field in lieu of the conventional hall-room. Of its number was Maud Gale, who, if experience goes for anything, should have been an adept in both dancing and flirting.

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She never forgot a speech of John's about improving her mind. She tried hard to find time to do so. Her favorite method was the composition of letters to John, which were never sent, in the course of which she would laboriously hunt out in the dictionary nearly all the words she wanted to use, to insure their correct spelling. She also endeavored to find time to read such literature as was contained in the weekly paper of the household. She read the love stories, to be sure, with an especial zest apart from their purpose as educators. They struck a kindred chord.

One day John Leonard received in camp a copy of the same paper—the Woodbridge News. It contained a marked paragraph. 'Good gracious! he said, reading it, 'old Green's dead. How fearfully sudden!'

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