

JOHN F. BLYMYER, DEALER IN Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, & C.

OLD TEA HOUSE, TEAS, A SPECIALTY. HEADQUARTERS FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES.

OLD TEA HOUSE SPECIALTIES. The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea. Guaranteed absolutely pure.

TO THE LOVERS OF FINE HORSES. THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT KEEPS A FULL LINE OF THE CELEBRATED Garden Grown Tea.

FOR SALE GOOD SECOND HAND ENGINES. LIST OF CAUSES. 1. William McMillan's estate vs. John McMillan.

MENTOR. I hereby give notice that I will stand my son's share of the estate of my late father, John McMillan.

PHENIX. It will stand as much as any other brand of insurance. Also, EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

PARIS LETTER. (From our Regular Correspondent.) PARIS, FRANCE, April 16, 1880. It is said that the Jesuits have not been surprised at the tenor of the decree published yesterday in the Journal Officiel.

For ways that are dark and which they expect will be the final step in the Jesuit plot to give the papal States a bright young fellow who was driven not long ago to traveling country roads with a basket over his arm.

Writing the evening in the Pays. M. Poincaré and Cassagnac, the Government, has given all the Conservatism a common ground upon which to work.

THE GAMES OF FIFTEEN VS. TWENTY. "What is this puzzle of fifteen" they are all talking about," asked Dr. Clemenceau.

A Plantation Discovery. THE SOUTH REALIZING THAT A LIVE NEGRO IS BETTER THAN A DEAD ONE. WASHINGTON, March 26.—B. F. Watson, a colored preacher from Kansas City, Mo., was examined by the Senate Education Committee.

A FAIR VOICE IMPOSED. J. W. Brown, a colored man from Kansas, who had lived in Mississippi from 1871 until 1875, testified before the Senate Education Committee.

OUR TOLLING GOVERNMENT. It is evidently the opinion of ex-Senator Henderson, who, on Monday night, addressed the Sherman Club in this city, that our republican form of government is the weakest variety of government ever devised.

There are two dangers which constantly menace republican government in this country. One of these is the danger of electing a man President of the United States for a third term.

As if it was not enough that we should be constantly exposed to this frightful danger, we are almost menaced by the danger of a military President. Mr. Henderson pointed out on Monday night the appalling fact that in Washington there are many statues of soldiers.

THE PRESIDING ELDER'S WIFE. WARREN, Pa., March 20, 1878. DEAR SIR:—After using your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, I feel much better.

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NEGATIVE ON PAPER. M. Londe lately exhibited some negatives upon this paper (diap. trique). It appears that this gentleman prepares a plate with talc and pours over it a collodion emulsion.

MADDY. "At it again!" muttered Farmer Grant under his breath. "I declare, it does beat all! Its regular horns bet me! Catch me a going in there now!"

"At that instant the voices broke out once, and the fresh wind in the war of words. Then, after a slight pause, something seemed to fall or to be thrown against the wall with great force, and a shrill feminine voice cried passionately: "Now, suppose that had struck me!"

"Then it would have ended you, that's all," was the deep bass reply. "I expect you'll kill me yet," said the other voice.

"I know I shall, I've been tempted a thousand times, and it is—" The rest of the sentence was lost, the speaker seemed to have gone suddenly into another room, and Farmer Grant turned away.

"I tell you what, mother," he said, as he entered his own home, "I met the county justice, and I'm afraid there'll be some trouble up to Ura's some day. Those two children do quarrel desperately!"

"Poor things," muttered Mrs. Grant: "they're to be pitied." "Well, I don't know as they exactly are," said the farmer, hanging up his straw hat.

"Oh, yes, they are. Just you think of their bringing up their father and mother both drunkards, and when they were alive, there was nothing but violence and sin, there was a home from morning till night. Maddy is so pretty, too, poor child; and Jed has such a temper. Did you hear what they were quarreling about?"

"No, I just wanted to get out of the way. He said he had been tempted to kill her a thousand times, and I am dreading to play there some day."

"Shouldn't wonder. If so, it will be pretty bad for Jed, for the folks round about here hate him, and would like to see him shut up for the good of the community. His blood is terrible, but, poor souls, what better could you expect?"

Meaning, the quarrel raged fiercely in the miserable house occupied by Jed Ura and his sister. The parents had been dead for four years, having left them for a heritage both poverty and disgrace.

Jed supported himself by doing odd jobs for the farmers and whoever would employ him; but his reputation was not good, and his temper led him into many difficulties.

The cause of this dispute, a portion of which the farmer had heard, was in the beginning a trifling one. Maddy served milk to a few families, for Farmer Grant, for Mrs. Grant was almost the only person friend the poor girl had.

The day before a sudden and terrible storm had overtaken Maddy, and Mrs. Grant had detained her, in consequence, till near dark, when Frank Grant, the farmer's oldest son, had happened to meet her on the road and had gone home with her as far as the gate.

Now Frank and Jed were mortal enemies. When the latter had learned of the fact on the following day, through Maddy's irrepressible vanity, that Frank had walked with Maddy, it roused at once the intensity of his anger, and he visited his wrath on his sister in the manner spoken of by the farmer.

The quarrel had nearly culminated Maddy stood in the middle of the floor, her eyes sparkling, and her face the counterpart of the intensity of her anger, striving, with interest, Jed's irritating language.

At last Jed kicked with great force a pile that stood in the doorway, and it flew to the opposite side of the window and crashing some of the lower panes.

Maddy returned the angry act by hurling a broken case knive at him; and then seeing him run up stairs, she felt that she had made him furious. His pistol was in the room about her, and she felt that she had a mortal fear overtaken her.

Hastily bolting the door through which he must return, she pulled down her sleeves, adjusted her dress, snatched and old sash from her waist, caught up an old iron pail, and promptly betook herself to the woods berry-picking, she sprang through the kitchen into a little patch of ground behind the house, and ran till she had put a mile or two between herself and the wretched place that she called home.

Here she picked berries, and sang fragments of merry songs. It now and then a sense of a wrong came over her, she stifled it by harboring evil thoughts of Jed; but by-and-by, when she sat down to eat her berries, conscience would attack her, and she was led to review her conduct.

"I needn't 'a' told him," she muttered, "and I wouldn't 'a' I hadn't wanted to make him mad. But what's the use? If it hadn't been that, it would 'a' been something else. Jed says he can't live with either brother or sister. There ain't one mite of love between us, no one mite."

"But then he's good sometimes," she added, with a contemplative look at her stained fingers. "Cos, when he was sick, he was real kind. Yes, and I didn't know him, and struck at him; but he didn't mind it. I wonder if it's my fault?"

"I wish I didn't get mad so quick," she added with a sigh. "I'm always a-wanting to fling back to him."

Not long after Maddy fell asleep. When she awoke the air was chill, and the sun was going down. In some anxiety she snatched up her pail, still only half full of berries, and started for home.

But as the twilight came on, with its leagling shadows, she lost the main in what direction to go she did not know.

She stood hesitating, troubled with all manner of fears. Ignorant and superstitious, she trembled at the sound of her own footsteps. Go where she would, she could see no opening. In her anxiety, her feet went forward wildly and uncertainly and soon began to run. Just then her foot caught in some trailing branch or uprearing root and she fell insensible.

When consciousness returned she was lying on the ground, the darkness surrounding her like a thick wall. The slightest movement caused her excruciating pain in her head. The poor girl thought with regret of her miserable home and her evil tempered brother. It seemed quite likely that she would lie there alone and uncaared for, and die at last in that horrible solitude.

Bitter tears ran down her cheeks, heaving sob convulsed her frame, only for one glance at Jed's face. Only for one moment of strong hand! He would not leave her to perish cruel as he had been.

"And oh, many a time, if it hadn't been for my wicked tongue," she

lamented, "Jed would have stopped quarreling!"

As for Jed, he did not concern himself about her sudden departure, jumping from the window above on the porch roof, he let himself to the ground, and went in his usual vagabond fashion. Long after night-fall he came home, bringing with him an unfortunate chicken, whose neck he cut off, and then cooked the pullet for his supper. The feathers he burnt, partly for fuel, and partly to get them out of the way.

Supposing that Maddy was at home and asleep, he threw himself upon his bed, and slept till morning, till, in fact, he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door.

It was Farmer Grant who met him and who recoiled from the appearance he presented, with a look of unmistakable terror.

"For mercy's sake, Jed Ura, what have you been doing?" he cried.

"Nothing," said Jed.

"Do you know there is blood on your hands? Whose blood is it, Jed?" asked the farmer solemnly.

"No, the boy had stolen the chicken from farmer Grant's hen-coop, and the question confused him.

"I cut myself last night I suppose," he said, surlily.

"Where's your sister?" asked the farmer. "She's always at the house for milk at six, and now it's almost nine."

"She's asleep up-stairs," said Jed, started at the lateness of the hour.

"Call her then," said the farmer, sternly.

Jed disappeared, and came down presently.

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