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MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, MARCH 1, 1888

THE PRETTY MODEL.

its Dora Breakfast at half-past and chose to pay me accordingly.'

table at which he and his wife were figure of Dora.

know, Austin, that you have not you here !"

and Cleopatra'was speaking should make her ap- me'pearance just ask her to wait in the studio.'

'I am anxions to see this divinity, Melville. Is she so very beautiful?"

'After a certain type, yes,' the busband suswered carelessly. Then, while his bandsome face lit up with a sudden brightness, he added, in low. or tones : 'You know there is but beauty thoroughly satisfies me.'

For some time after her busband's departure that morning, Dora Auslin remained baried in what, judging studio. from the happy smile that played about her month and danced in the blue depth of her tender eyes, must thoughts.

'Was ever woman so blessed ?' she love! Nothing can ever change themselves from her eyes. him-nothing !

Studio ?'

Pora's meditations had been ad- to--to Melville Austin,' ruptly broken by the voice of the She sank back into an arm-chair stately butler who stood at her el- now, with a weary, gasping sigh.

el ? she said, a little confusedly, with a kind of sullen emphasis in his shall not part ! wishes her to wait in the studio un- you as my wife. You believed me with a wild, impulsive movement, til his return. By the way, James, dead three years ago and married At the same instant the door of the you may manage to let her pass Melville Austin; there's nothing par- studio was suddenly enclosed and s through this room. I wish to see ticnlarly culpable about your conduct woman's voice cried out in clear.

clad womau, of whose face Dora cedents.' merely caught a momentary glimpse

murmured, and what a face for Cleo- this morning to sell your silence. Is hotly, "what I speak is the truth, and patra. She seemed anxious to es- it not so?' cape my notice, poor woman: I wonder if she is ashamed of her voca- tin-or Mrs. Dillion. Which is to lips as he sprang towards the woman have no doubt but what there was a esied that the boy would make a tion? You told her, James, did be, by the way?' you not,' addressing the butler, who returned at this moment, 'that Mr. lions; his keen, cruel eyes were fixed villian stared at his wife's protector Austin would return very shortly ? upon the agonized woman like with a tigerish flerceness in his dark.

'Yes, ma'am. James was not absent from the he again made his appearance there. tainty. A rather shabby man desired to see

Mrs. Austin. Should be admit him! scarcely finished speaking when a the following words: graff voice sounded from the entrance of the room.

man was standing on the thresheld, whom I love, honor and reverence, brutality and wickedness I cannot directly opposite to Dors, who was as only a nature like Melville Aus- hate Mark. But whenever I think of dealing with such large game, so

seated near one of the windows. 'You may go, my good fellow,' the

with Mrs. Austin. 'Yes-James-you-may-go.'

The words were gasped forth somehow from Dora's white lips. If the servant observed the egitation which shall inform him of the truth.' had suddenly overpowered his mistrees be was too well trained to manifest the least surprise, and closing the door after him.

'Ob beaven lie it you, Mark Dillion 'I thought you dead—I'— She had risen while speaking the

'I'm getting into terribly bad bab dead swoon at the stranger's feet. Melville Austin had suddenly en-

nine ! Just fancy my indulging in followed by that of an opening door the ashen-pale countenance of Dora such bours three years ago, darling at the further end of the room. as a look of amazement overspread his en to separate us, Dora, I should still mountain faster than you ever did be before the world made up its mind Mr. Austin's model, wearing a startl- own. Then, turning towards the have struggled to regain you. Until fore.' Then began one of the swiftthat I painted respectable pictures ed look on her beautiful face, bur- stranger, who stood beside thechair to-day I never have known the est go-as-you-please races you ever ried in from the adjoining studio in which she was seated, Mr. Austin strength and power of my love." And young Melville Austin rose But the stranger's back was turned said: from the daintily spread breakfast to her as he bent over the prostrate 'It strikes me that I heard your

'I hope that you're going to remain presence in the spartment until she a moment ago. Were you addressat home this morning,' Dora said in touched him lightly on the shoulder ing this lady, sir. Dora, who in this A Brush Valley Hunter Tells an Ina soft, coaxing tone that well be- and in a rather timid voice said: 'Is person.' came her pettite figure and blonde- the lady ill, sir ? I was in the next | A slight tremor shock Dora Aushaired, girlish beauty. 'Do you room and heard-Heavens, Mark ! tin's frame and her ghastly lips quiv-

'Yes, my love,' the young artist tin's senseless body. 'Oh, I recol. supefied, doubtless, by the dreadful proprietor of the 'Huntsman's Re- which I succeeded in doing without interrupted, 'I plead guilty to having lect,' he continued sternly 'you told import of what she utteredshamefully neglected Authory and me that you went out as a model Thatman, Melville, is my husband. Brush Valley, Centre county, con- Now the order of things was re-Cleopatra; but this morning's engage- and this woman's husband is an ar- Five years ago, before you and I had trary to expectations, did not retire versed, for no sooner had I finished ment will not occupy much time and tiet. That accounts, perhaps, for ever met, poverty had reduced my to his bole after seeing his shadow loading than the confounded bear I shall be home in an honr, I trust, your being here, and you may thank mother and myself to the last stages on the 2nd inst; but braved the turned tail and started up the mounready to begin work. In the mean- your stars for having so good an ex- of want. On my mother's death, and storm of Tuesday last, and came tain again, I was determined to while, Dora, if that model of whom I case, If I thought you had followed while I was still almost a child in down to spend a few days with kill him, so was obliged to follow.

finished the soutence more power- and I soon discovered that my Madisonburg in 1837, and conse- me back over nearly the same route

man answered, pleadingly: 'I had misery, I had become united to a man and all the vigor of a man of forty. considerably on him, I shot again no thought of following you, Mark. from whose vile, wicked life my and is appearently just in the prime and he fell, but got up immediately I never imagined that you knew this whole nature turned in loathing of his life, with many more hunting and disappeared in the bushes.

one woman in the world Dora, whose Do not hesitate a moment, but go at from his brosse. During the year quence of having spent the greater When I had completed this opera-

When the studio door had closed Dilhon lives,' marmured presently, as if asking the behind the woman's retreating steps. question of her own heart. 'Three Mark Dillion once more bent over years to-morrow since we were mar- the white face of Dora Austin. A very depth of Melville Austin's agonried, and shill the same devoted love faint shiver convulsed her frame at ized soul. Staring first at his wife, auditors. It was our good fortune ed away and down be came off the effete matter, with its personous from dear Melville, How foolish I this moment, and while his gaze was and then at the moody, crestfallen to drop into Mr. Detainable atore, log at in a heap, but before I could gases, soon paisons the whole system was ever to dream that his worldly eagerly fastened upon her counte- man beside her, his face expressed success would cool the ardor of that nance the silken lashes slowly lifted the keenest intensity of mental suf-

'Then it was no dream,' she mur-The young woman has called mured hoarsely, rising from her fal ma'am, and is now waiting outside. len posture, assisted by the man she Shall I show ber into Mr. Austiu's addressed. 'You have come,' she

'I haven't come to do anything of a sorrow it has so little deserved.' 'Oh ! you mean Mr. Austin's mod- the sort, Dora Dillion,' the man said Yes, James I believe your master groff tones. 'I don't wish to claim He had drawn her to his breast, as far as 1 can discover. I shall be ringing tones: 'Mark Dillion lies. The man bowed and departed to the last one, depend upon it, my Mrs. Austin, when he dares to call xecute Mrs. Austin's order; return- dear Mrs. Austin, to reveal anything himself your husband! I-wronged ing presently, followed by a poorly disagreeable concerning your anter outraged, deserted as I have been,

as she burried toward the adjoining Let there be no disguise between us. in Manchester. Let him deny it if 'How beautiful!' the young wife nature thoroughly. You came here glare at me,' the woman went on

His tones were defiantly supercibreakfast room five minutes before and possession has become a cer- apartment.

But the ceremonious butler bad calmly, scornfully and decisively in ville and Dora.

A rough-looking, heavy-bearded enjoyed in this world-the man man said. T've particular business I acted upon my firm conviction of him against imitating his father; and your death.-Now I know myself to may do in future years ?" have been in error and a single that Melville Austin returns home, I time after her departure.

'Are you mad, Dora Dillion !' he exclaired, every trace of his super- all his villianous treatment. What a cilions manner gone and nothing but marvelous mystery love is ?' quietly withdrew from the room, a sort of furious surprise remaining. 'Are you mad, thus to throw away "Did you really mean, Melville, that as I as ". the position you have wen ?- to nothing should part us not even the

> "Enough of this, Mark Dillion," she interrupted haughtily, 'Your game' Her soft hand had steles

The sound of her fall was quickly tered the spartment. Glancing at

Nor was he aware of the women's fully loud tone as I stood in the hall Model."

ered an instant. But only for an

'O God ! can this be true?'

The words seemed wrung from the fering And now the icy calmness to a passion of sobs.

Stealing towards her husband's an arm chair by the fire, and surside, she murmured brokenly: 'Be- rounded by a number of intersted presently continued, 'to reveal all fore we part, Melville, say that you forgive me for being the cause of so much future wretchedness-for having brought to your noble heart

'Part, Dora.' We must not-we

am none the less his lawfully wedded 'And why will you reveal nothing ? wife, married to him seven years ago Mark Dillion. I know your brutal be dares. You need not scowl and I do not fear to utter it.'

iron Melville Austin's hand hurled thicket. him backward. For a moment the thing of a serpent's pitiless gaze dangerous eyes, and then, like the retired behind a tree and awaited to get their color, and painted the when the prey is within easy distance coward he really was, slunk from the the approach of bruin. In a very white side of his father's cottage in

And from the house, too, never en-But Mark Dillion started back with his wife, Ellen Dillion, followed him, tering it again. An hour afterwards amazement as Dora answered him, against the earnest entreaty of Mel- gentlemen, that was the biggest

I shall not deceive a man to whom him, perhaps, she said, with a mourn- me. It was a beautiful shot and I fellow who amused himself making I owe all the happiness I have ever ful smile on her exquisite face, "but I must go, nevertheless. It seems like a curse sometimes that in spite of his tin's is worthy of being regarded. our child at home I believe this weak-When I married him, Mark Dillion, ness is all for the best. I can guard who knows what a son's influence

Her sad words left Dora and Mel.

"That woman loves him, Melville," the wife murmured at length in slow

"Marvelous indeed, Dora !" make yourself a beggarly outcast? knowledge of being another's wifewhen you spoke so passionately h before Ellen Dillion entered from

before she had finfshed, and was a bold one,' but it has proved a her tearful eyes were fixed upon his take me long to take in and appre-own, with eager questioning in their ciate the situation, and thinking disblue depths.

teresting Bear Story.

painted an atom of canvass this week? 'Ellen!' The man had suddenly instant. She had risen now and was concerning an old hunter from yards between us, I did the same, treat,' at the head of Long Narrows. further interruption. years, Mark Dillion asked me to bes some of his old cronies in this vi- Now began another race, with myself tred it is The angry flash of his dark eyes come his wife. We were married, cinity. Mr. Stover was born near as the aggressive party. He took fully than words could have done, wretched, friendless position had quently has passed his fiftieth mile-until we arrived at the place we Trembling in every limb, the wo been exchanged for a still greater stone, but he has the appearance started from, when having gained One evening in a fit of drunken fury seasons still before him. He is a didn't care to follow him with an Leave the house instantly, Ellen ! he struck me. That night I fled born sportsman, and as a conse- empty gue, so stopped to reload it that followed I succeeded in sup- part of his life in the wilds of Cen- tion and was thinking whether or The woman shuddered and turned porting myself comfortably on the tre county, his career as a hunter not it would be advisable to follow towards the door leading into the proceeds of needlework. Two months has perhaps very faw parallels. He my game I heard a slight noise in the before chance had made me acquaint- has a numerous fund of anecdotes of opposite direction from which the 'I may explain this matter to you ed with you, Melville, I had learned thrilling adventures with denizens of bear had disappeared, and turning some other time,' the man contin-accidentally of my husband's death the forest, and his familiar acquain- around to inquire into the cause, I ued; 'but remember, I warn you in France. You know what follow- tances never tire of hearing him re- hope never to shoot another deer, if have been thoroughly agreeable against remaining in this house a cd. To-day I learn, for the first late them, which he does in a most there was not another hear fully as as by Constipation, and there is no moment longer than you can help, time since our marriage, that Mark pleasing manner and interspersed large and even more savage looking other ill flesh is heir to more apt to with sparkling bits of native humor, than No. I. He was standing on the be neglected, from the fact material making the most startling situation trunk of an old fallen tree, and from inconvenience may not be immediateludierous in the extreme and elicit- his actions I judged be had not yet ly felt from trregular action of the ing roars of merriment from his seen me. I raised my gun and blaz- action the retention of decayed and West Milton, Tuesday last, where, reload he got up and ambled off in by being absorbed into it, ty dinner, and being cons quently it. had taken--ith which Dora had spoken melted his happiest mood, we found the celebrated old nimred ensconced in

> and admiring friends. After a few remarks about the weather, and the difficulty he experienced in getting here through the immense snow drifts, in response man, that he relate to us his adventure with the only bear which ever chased him, Mr. Stover proceeded

'You want to hear about the time I was chased by a bear! Well, it happened in the fall of '82 or '83. Myself and four or five others had started out that morning after deer, and sermons; they say they are too I was stationed at a 'crossing' on long for their highnesses. Perhaps the side of a mountain. I had been they may like these short sermons. standing there some time, and was They will give food to think over. getting cold and beginning to wish and must not be read over hastily : for some excitement, when, as if in A Swedish boy fell out of the direct response to my wish, I heard window and was badly burt, but, a loud crackling of underbrush, in a with clenched lips, he kept back the small thicket a hundred yards to my cry of pain. The King, Gustavus 'You are perfectly right, Mrs. Aus- A low cry of rage escaped Dillion's left, and my experience led me to Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophwho had spoken. But with a blow of bear and a big one at that, in the man for an emergency. And so be

As the sounds seemed to be grow- eral Bauer. ing more distinct every miunte, I ance in the deer path and not more than fifty yards from me. Well. bear I ever saw, and he stood per-'He will beat me when I return to feetly still and looked right towards left him have it, and he dropped drawings of his pot and bushes, east

like a log-I am generally very cautions when before going to examine the supposed dead animal, I commenced to in the powder, and was a pout to ram Now, this will never do. I get too course remains to me. The instant ville grave and thoughtful for a long it home when I raised my eyes, and as I did so, my hair raised also, and my beart jumped up into my mouth Well, sir, I think that was the only and he flung the book out into the time I was ever scared, and I think river. He was Fichte, the great any one else in my position just German philosopher. then, would have been scared as bad

> coming right for me, was that bear. which I had approved dead. I saw shown the traits for good or evil.
>
> at a glence that he was in anything that make the man or woman good but a playful before and it did not bad

cretion the better part of valor, I en with unhesitating tondness: "I weant that if all the world hes strivsaw or heard of. I started down the His arm were classed about her mountain, making prodigious leaps now and she was solving forth her thankfulness, and replied, Dora we from one rock to another and going voice, raised in rather a disrespect- owe this happiness to "The Pretty at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with the bear tumbling and grunt ing close behind. It was almost quarter of a mile, when the bear, which was no doubt suffering from A correspondent to the Lewisburg the effect of his wound, stopped, and 'Saturday News' gives the following after putting about three bundred There's your new picture of Anthony turned his face towards the speaker, addressing Melville who listened si- Brush Valley : Reuben Stover, the and keeping one eye on Mr. Bear while still stooping over Mr. Aus- lently until she had coased speaking, veteran hunter, story teller, and pro- proceeded to finish leading my gun

I was a little unnerved by this but what I might be in the midst of of Constination. a regular colony of bears 1 started on a straight line for camp.'

'What do you suppose became of the bear ' inquired a bystander.

'Well, sir,' said Rube, 'I have never seen or heard anything of either to a request of Mr. Robert Dates- of them since, but they must have gone off semewhere and died. Yes, they certainly died-that old gun of mine would kill anything.'

Short Sermons For Boys

Most boys and garls do not like

did, for he became the famous Gen-

A boy used to crush the flowers few minutes he made his appear- Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures. which the mountaineers gazed at wonderful. He was the great artis

An old painter watched a little and stool, and said : 'That boy will beat me one day.' So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a reload my gun which was an old Llood-and-thunder novel. Right in muzzle loading piece. I had poured the midst of it he said to himself much excited over it. 1 can't study so well after it. So here goes !

Do you know what these little ser-There, not fifty feet away, and mons mean ! Why simply this, that in boyhood and girlbrod are

for Infants and Children,

end it as superior to any preseciple me." H. A. Anceres, H. D.,

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