

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

IT WAS a pleasant evening and the Fenton family were enjoying the breeze as it swept through the open windows at their pleasant residence in Philadelphia. Mr. Fenton had been naming over his relatives which might happen to visit them, and had already mentioned a long list when his son Tom interrupted him by saying:

"Oh! if you go to counting up, you'll never get through. 'But I say! haven't we any objectionable connections at all? Isn't there some old duffer who'll turn up just at the wrong moment?"

"No, I haven't any," said Mr. Fenton.

"No-o-o," said Mrs. Fenton, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully. "Stop! I think I remember one. Of course—Cousin Jerusha! I wonder I didn't think before. But I don't know that she is objectionable; the fact is I don't know anything about her. She's lived 'way up in Vermont all her life. She is a niece of grandfather's, and is an old maid; at least she ought to be, if she isn't married or dead. Her name is Hevington—Jerusha Hevington. I always thought it such a pity to spoil such a fine name as Hevington with Jerusha. I hope she won't come; I'm sure she must be perfectly awful!"

The two young ladies had been looking at their mother in blank silence ever since she had mentioned this unpleasant relation; Tom had gone off in a fit of laughter; so that Mr. Fenton was the only one who spoke:

"Well, if she comes, all we can do is to make the best of it, and treat her as well as we know how."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Fenton.

Tom here looked at his watch, and started up, exclaiming that he should be late, he had an appointment, and bolted off, promising to be home early. Then Mr. Fenton settled down for a nap; Mrs. Fenton buried herself in *Lorna Doone*; and the girls yawned over a Japanese canvass, fearing a dull evening.

The air gently fluttered the lace curtains, the mellow light shone down from the many-globed chandelier, upon the fresh white matting, the linen-draped furniture, the pictures and statuets, the three ladies in their pretty evening dresses, and the old gentleman snoring away behind his newspaper; all was as quiet as quiet could be, when a violent peal at the door-bell made them nearly all jump out of their skins.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Mr. Fenton, bounding up.

"I suppose it's Mr. Vanderpool," said Mabel.

"Oh, no, he never rings like that," said Florence.

The old colored waiter had opened the door by this time, and a loud voice was heard inquiring, "does Mr. Fenton—Mr. Samuel Fenton—live here?"

"Yes, ma'am, he does," old James answered respectfully.

"Wa'al, then, I guess I'll walk right in—I seen the folks through the winder;" and apparently before the old servant could stop her, the owner of the voice did "walk right into" the parlor—a tall, strong-featured woman, with iron gray hair, clad in a brilliantly flowered dress that a bulging hoop-skirt showed to advantage, and a shawl of vivid red and yellow plaid. A bonnet of the shape called poke was on her head, and from it dangled a thick green veil. She wore gray cotton gloves, and one hand firmly grasped a lumpy carpet-bag, the other a fat umbrella. She looked comfortable and common from top to toe. She peered at the group through her steel-bowed spectacles, and tucking her umbrella under the carpet-bag arm, she extended her hand, "Wa'al now, I s'pose you don't know me. I'm Jerusha Hevington—yer cousin, Jerusha Hevington."

The stricken family were dumb. Mr. Fenton was the first to recover. He took the proffered hand, shook it warmly, and led the lady to a chair, begging her to be seated; he could not say she was welcome, but he tried to make her feel as if she were. Mrs. Fenton then came forward and sitting down beside her, asked her some friendly questions about the journey; and the girls, a little conscience smitten, offered to take her things.

"Wa'al, Samuel," began Miss Jerusha, "Yer've got two fine, likely gals; they'd oughter help their mar a sight in doin' house-work and sich. It must take a powerful heap o' work to keep all them fussin's clean"—with an admiring, rather awe-struck glance about the room. Then she went on, "Is them all the children yer've got, Maria?"

Mrs. Fenton answered that she had two more, a son and a little daughter.

Mabel offered to send for her little sister, thinking that a child might converse easier, but Miss Jerusha answered, with such evident alarm and disrelish, "For law's sake, no! I can't bear children;" that she drew back, offended. Mrs. Fenton looked annoyed; but Miss Jerusha, unabashed, began to complain of the awful drought up in their place, while an awful silence fell on the rest.

A quick, light ring made the girls start and fervently hope that it was not Mr. Vanderpool—I am sure for the first time in their lives. To have Mr. Vanderpool, of all beings in the world, to see this dreadful relative—Mr. Vanderpool, whose father belonged to the oldest of Knickerbocker families, whose mother was an F. F. V., who was so fastidious and refined himself! It took only a few seconds for this to rush through their brains, when in Mr. Vanderpool walked. He was greeted in a rather embarrassed manner by them all, and inveigled into a seat as far as possible from Miss Jerusha, on pretence of its being cooler by the window.

But Miss Jerusha didn't mean to be left in the back-ground—she got up from her chair and stalked over to the group.

"Who's this young man?" she blandly inquired, indicating Mr. Vanderpool, with her cotton forefinger.

Mabel, with a very red face, introduced "Miss Hevington," mentally grateful that the name wasn't Mulkins or Snooks.

Mr. Vanderpool made an astonished bow, but Miss Jerusha held out her hand and gave his an unmerciful grip, exclaiming heartily, "I'm real glad to see yer, mister. But see here, sis"—to Mabel—"I ain't ashamed o' bein' your cousin—yer might have introduced me as sich."

Then ordering Mr. Vanderpool "to set down on the sofa," she took her place beside him when he had obeyed.

"Wa'al, now, I didn't s'pect to see sich a fine young feller the fust night I come—a beau o' yourn, I s'pose?" she said to Mabel, in a loud voice.

Mabel wished that the earth would open and swallow some one of the party.

"Wa'al yer needn't get so all-fired red; yer ain't got no call to be ashamed o' him; he seems a nice nuff kind o' young man."

Mabel felt the cold shivers run up and down her back, and thought she knew the meaning of purgatory now.

Miss Jerusha, quite blissful, turned to Mr. Vanderpool, and put some searching questions with regard to his "trade."

Mr. Vanderpool politely answered that he was studying for the bar.

"Hum! bar-tender; I shouldn't hev thought it!" was Miss Jerusha's comment.

The girls sat shuddering, and wondering what was coming next. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were holding a council of war in the back parlor.

Miss Jerusha was silent for the space of three minutes, gazing upon Mr. Vanderpool with such ardent admiration that he began to feel nervous.

"You're awful like Linus Swinefield!" she exclaimed at length—"the fust beau I ever hed. I knowed him when we went to the deestrick school. They use'er call him Piggy then, and none o' the girls could bear the sight o' him, and when he grew up, I was the only one who'd go to prayer-meetin' with him. My stars! but he was powerful, like you. He'd jest the same kinder tow-colored hair, and kinder whitey-blue eyes. I was awful fond o' him." She sighed, and edged a little nearer to the now thoroughly uncomfortable Mr. Vanderpool; then she sighed again, and edged still nearer. "You're dreadful like him," she said, and buried her face in a big red handkerchief, and groaning, moved nearer still; another groan, another sigh, made the girls rise in a fright. Was the woman crazy?

Still another sigh and groan wedged Mr. Vanderpool against a sharp corner of the sofa. He, somewhat alarmed, tried to get up, when Miss Jerusha, with spasmodic twitches all over her face, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, convulsively, "My dear, dear boy!"

Mr. Vanderpool indignantly struggled to release himself, but the clinging arms refused to be unhooked. Mabel and Florence stood wringing their hands in despair. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton rushed to the rescue, and in the scuffle that ensued off came the poke-bonnet and green veil, carrying with them the spectacles and gray hair—and there was Tom's curly brown head confessed.

"Oh, Tom, you dreadful boy!" cried the girls, as Tom sank down on the sofa shouting and shaking with laughter.

It took about the space of a lightning flash for them to grasp the situation, and such peals of laughter rang through the rooms that it is a wonder that the neighborhood was not aroused; but then it was hearty rather than noisy, and that makes a wondrous difference.

Tom, with many chokes and roars, told how he had managed, winding up with:

"Nurse and cook and old Tim acted like regular trumps. How I did fool

you all! but by Jove I thought I was gone when Mab wanted to send up for Dot; she'd seen the rigging up in the nursery, you know, and she'd have let it all out. Oh, dear, it's the best fun I've had since I left the academy. When I called father 'Samuel,' I thought I would explode on the spot. Oh dear!"

And, would you believe it? The young scamp persisted in wearing this outrageous get-up all the rest of the evening, and when Mr. Vanderpool finally took his leave, insisted upon escorting him to the door, where he bade him an affectionate farewell, assuring him that "he was powerful like Linus Swinefield."

Who was Cain's Wife.

THE REV. C. P. McCARTY, who preaches every Sunday in the University Building, Washington Square, New York, as pastor of what is called the American Free Church, endeavored to answer the question of "Who was Cain's wife?" Sunday evening, Nov. 26th. He took his text from the 4th chapter of Genesis, and the 17th verse. The preacher said that he had selected the peculiar subject announced at the request of several members of the congregation. Maintaining that the old theories as to the meaning of the Bible stories had ceased to be tenable because of the increased light of science, he said that the theory held by many as to Cain's wife would also have to be abandoned.

The orthodox answer to the question," said he, "is perhaps Cain married his sister." Well, I don't think he did. Now, I am not going to shirk the answering of this question. I have a theory of our race which others do not believe in. Nine out of ten believe that the human race came from one pair. I don't believe it. Do you say that is heretical? Perhaps it is, but this is not a question to be answered by those who cling to the old theories. That old theory can never answer it. In the first place Cain could not have married his sister when he departed to the land of Nod, because he had no sister. When Seth was born Adam was only one hundred and thirty years old, a very young man for those days, and Seth was his third child.—There is no mention of daughters. In the second place, Cain departed to a country where there were people, and he feared these people would slay him because of his crime, and the Lord recognized the reality of this danger and set a mark on him that he might be saved.—The Bible nowhere states that there were only two people originally created. Adam was the generic name for human race, and male and female created he them. Do you believe that negroes and Chinese are the descendants of the same progenitors with ourselves? I don't.—Cain went over to the land of Nod, and there became the chief of a race which he found there. He built a city. He couldn't have done this alone. This, then, must be my answer to the question; there were races of people upon the earth at the time Cain was driven out a vagabond, and from this race Cain took his wife."

The preacher dwelt at considerable length on the lessons to be drawn from the life of Cain, and exhorted all to avoid the little sins, for even Cain did not become a murderer all at once, but was led up to that great crime by envy and jealous feelings.

Strange Fish.

IF IN this country one met a troop of fish walking along a dusty road, he would perhaps be justified in thinking that the age of fairy tales had come again, when frogs wooed kings' daughters, and the birds held sage conversations on every tree. In some foreign lands, however, walking-fish are common enough. There is a fish found in the seas around Ceylon, of so grotesque an appearance that a picture of it would look more like a wild dream of the artist than a representation of a living object. This singular creature is one of a group in which the carpus forms arms that support the pectoral fins, and thus enable the fish to walk along the ground almost like a quadruped. On the rocks of Ceylon, washed by the surf, there are other little walking-fish which run up the wet stones with the utmost ease and rapidity, and climb up the smooth face of the rocks in search of flies.

Many of the fresh-water fish of the same island possess the power of leaving their native element, and returning to it again after long pilgrimages on dry land. When the pools they inhabit get low in the summer season, they start off, and, led by an as yet unexplained instinct, shape their course through the grass to the nearest considerable body of water. The fish most often seen on these excursions is a species of perch. It grows to about six inches in length, the head is round and covered with scales.—The expedition is made generally at night or early in the morning, whilst the grass is wet with dew. In its distress, however, it is sometimes compelled to move by day, and Mr. L. Leyard

records that on one occasion he met a number of them travelling along a dusty road under a broiling sun.

Anecdote of a Newfoundland Dog.

A GENTLEMAN acquainted with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning.

"Give him the end of a rope," he said; "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned around, and made for shore where a few minutes afterward boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end, or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?

Keeping Down His Temper.

WHEN M. DE PERSIGNY was a French Minister of the Interior, he received a visit, one day, from a friend who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered and handed the Minister a note. On opening it, he at once changed his tone, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner. Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the Minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it!

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave, and proceeded to interrogate the usher.

"You have," said he, "just handed to the Minister a note, folded up, which had the most extraordinary effect upon him. Now it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very warm, and very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the ante-room, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself."

Tidings of the Paper Canoe Man.

A Savannah letter says: Mr. N. H. Bishop will be remembered as the young man who visited Savannah in the winter of 1874-75 in a frail paper canoe, in which he was making his way from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico. After Mr. Bishop left our harbor only incidental tidings were heard of his whereabouts, and nothing certain as to whether he ever completed his long and perilous water journey.

Everything is cleared up now by a letter from Mr. Bishop to Mr. J. W. Chadwick, of Charleston, in which he says he made the entire voyage in safety, and that he is engaged in writing an account of the trip, which will doubtless be as entertaining as his history of his journey in South America.

Mr. Bishop is not only a traveler, but a man of enterprise and industry. Although fond of adventure, he has serious objects in life, and is the president of a company for packing fruit at Manahawken, Ocean county, New Jersey.

Don't Do It.

Don't ask the Lord to keep your "garments unspotted." He isn't renovating old clothes.

Don't linger where your "love lies dreaming." Wake her up and tell her to get breakfast.

Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation.

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember that your tailor is suffering.

DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES

The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic, and Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for which the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal. To enable the pulmonic syrup to do this, Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food and prevents souring. It assists the digestion by turning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent fresh cold.

All who wish to consult Dr. Schenck, either personally or by letter, can do so at his principal office, corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists throughout the country. (mch & apr.)

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For Catarrh of the Lungs, Coughs, Croup, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

The following letter from Rev. E. S. Best, Pastor of M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many. Also, those suffering from the same diseases as afflicted the son of the Rev. E. S. Best. No person can doubt this testimony, as there is no doubt about the curative powers of VEGETINE.

NATICK, MASS., JAN. 1, 1874.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS, Dear Sir—We have a good reason for regarding your Vegetine a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last 2 years he has suffered from nervous debility, caused by scrophulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians concluded us but the slightest hope of his ever rallying, two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine and from that day to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed his studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strongly. Although there is still some discharge from the opening where the limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured. He has taken about three dozen bottles of Vegetine, but lately uses but little, as he declares that he is too well to be taking medicine.

Respectfully yours, E. S. BEST.  
MRS. L. C. F. BEST.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. The great source of diseases originates in the blood, and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1876.  
MR. STEVENS, Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and general debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints. I am respectfully,  
MRS. MONROE PARKER.  
261m 386 Athens Street.

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