

The Deacon's Indian Summer.

DEACON JAHIEL BRADEN WAS a solemn, industrious, upright man, but was as kind as one well could be who had lived so far apart from his fellows as he had.

In his youth he had been one of the rural dandies of the region and the chief beau of his native town, driving the fastest horses and leading off at the village sports: whether balls, quiltings, weddings or sleigh-rides.

When about twenty-five years old, however, a sudden blight had fallen on his spirits for which no one could account.

He had danced half the night in wild glee at a wedding, played games of all sorts, helped serve the guests from bountifully-laden tables, kissed the bride gave her as a wedding present his best cow, with a white heart shaped spot on her forehead, and then went home full of glee. Next morning he looked as if fifty years had been added to his age.

He now put himself to work earnestly laying out cranberry meadows and raising live stock. He withdrew from his old companions as if the sight of them burnt his eyes, unless he could help one of them; then he came out of his shell, but returned to it as soon as the emergency was over.

Some of the neighbors thought his mind affected; some said he had repented giving Matilda Day the cow he was so proud of, and others decided that he meant to turn over a new leaf, having sown all his wild oats, and become a sober, settled man. Still more were the towns-people surprised when, some months, after, he joined the church, and "took up," as he said, "an orderly walk."

If the saintly old Motherly Braden knew the spring of these actions she kept it to herself. When questioned she only replied in her quiet way:

"Rejoice with me that this my son who was lost is found; who was dead is alive again."

Thus Jahiel moved on, cherishing and blessing his mother, and clearing and cultivating the hitherto useless lands on the farm, till death left him and Ketury Perkins, his mother's life-long helper, alone in the great, broad farm-house.

His brother had married, gone West, made a great flourish in some patent business and failed. He came back after this and set up a store, and failed again. Then he went back to honest farming, twenty miles away. Here he wavered for lack of the excitement of "falling," and died, leaving a very helpless family.

Jahiel Braden was a man of very few words, and was slow in uttering those few, but when action was needed he was as prompt as any one. He went to the funeral in the blue swallow-tailed coat, with gilt buttons, and the same buff vest he had on at his last dance. They were still his best.

As soon as the funeral was over, he said to his sister-in-law:

"I fear you have nothing to live on; come to the homestead as if it were your own, and bring up your girls to be useful women. I'll send Timothy over next week with Star and Buck for your goods. I'll come in the covered wagon for you all, and if there are any bills at the store I'll pay them. I'll see to the doctor and funeral; so drop all cares from your mind and try to be happy."

Jahiel Braden had grown to be a very careless man, in a certain sense of the word. Although neat and orderly in his person, in his house and on the farm, he had laid aside all the restraints of society. He came to the table in his shirt-sleeves, and sometimes in his stocking feet. He went up-town and even to church with his pants tucked in his cowhide boots.

Once he so far forgot himself as to put on a clean farm-frock on Sunday instead of Monday, laid a good coat of mutton-tallow on his boots, tucked his butter-nut-colored pants into them, and in this plight took up the collection, for by this time he was a deacon. This was to no small delight of the boys in the gallery, who were always glad for some orthodox subject for laughter during the time of service.

Ketura Perkins was just as independent of the world's opinion as was her master, and did as many odd things by way of shocking its sense of propriety as he did through absent-mindedness. She more than once presented herself at church in a clean sun-bonnet and calico sack, and enjoyed the staring of the people, because she had a black silk gown, a cashmere shawl, a straw bonnet and black lace veil at home, "as good as Miss Deacon Jones', any day."

You may be sure she did not particularly like the idea of a lady coming to take her place, "with three cliffed girls full of airs." However, she was not consulted in the matter, and had too much good sense to throw herself out of a house, so she made the best of the invasion.

Deacon Jahiel had a great respect for good women, and from the hour that his brother's family came under his

roof he doffed his coat before coming to the table, and even went so far as to buy himself a pair of slippers. He threw open the long unused parlor, and said to the girls, "Make yourselves at home here."

He soon found there was a great lack in his establishment, by overhearing his niece lament the piano they had out West. He never spoke of it, but engaged the minister's wife to go to town and select one for him. The first the music-hungry children knew, it was brought into the house; and still he never spoke of it. Indeed, he rarely spoke of anything at all.

The family lived on thus very happily for several years, when all at once they noticed a great change in Deacon Jahiel. He began to whistle at his work, and to sing with the girls; he bought a new carriage—Ketury described it as a "carriage like folks' carriages," he even got a violin and checker-board from the garret, and for the first time in twenty years played on them both with zeal and interest.

Passing down the main street of the village, one day, he saw a buxom girl at the window, and leaning over the fence, he called out:

"Martha, I hear there is a quilting coming off before long at your house."

"Yes, sir; the quilt is my own work—a rising sun, with a square and compass in the heart of it. Mother said if I ever got it done I should have a quilting just like those she used to have when she was young," replied the girl.

"Ain't you going to invite me, Martha?" was the question that startled the village girl.

"Why deacon?" she cried, looking at the hitherto grave man, to discern if he had taken leave of his senses. "You go to a young folks' quilting?"

"Certainly I will, if I'm asked," said the deacon, smiling. "Your mother can tell you how expert I used to be at chalking the line, snuffing the candles, and throwing the apple-paring, in old times."

Of course he got an invitation, and before many hours had elapsed it was noised abroad that Deacon Braden was going to dance at Nattie Borland's quilting party, and that the folks thought him crazy.

For the first time in a quarter of a century the deacon set off for a trip to Boston, and, as Ketury said, "made all over new!" From the crown of his steeple-topped hat to the sole of his talow-soaked cowhide, he was renewed in the outer man. He had gone so far as to exchange his ponderous silver watch for a gold one. In place of the porcelain shirt-buttons with which Ketury had always adorned his cotton shirt the deacon appeared with gold studs in nicely polished linen shirt bosom, gold sleeve buttons, and divers other worldly vanities such as made a great stir in the Cedar Creek meeting-house; but it was only because he wore such clothes; others there had dressed as well. You may be sure that the young folks stared at him as he sat thus, with Mr. and Mrs. Borland, looking on at the spots of quilting; and the question was whispered from one to another:

"What on earth has come over Deacon Jahiel?" They soon found that the autumn sun had come out in a brighter radiance than its earlier glory, and that life's Indian summer had come for him, with bright skies, with flowers, and with the singing of birds in the heart.

One morning, soon after this, the deacon called his sister-in-law and her daughters into the parlor, and said:

"I have a plan to lay before you; I shall need this house for myself now. You may live beside me in the stone cottage, or I will build you a little house in a village."

"We will stay as near you as we can; but who is to take my place?" asked the widow in amazement.

"You remember Matilda Day, the girl to whom I gave my pet cow, Dilly, on her wedding day? A few weeks ago I heard of her for the first time in many long years. Her husband was never worthy of her. He ran through her property and then took her into the wilderness to live, away from all privileges of schools, churches, and society. She buried her oldest children and was left alone and very poor, with three young boys."

"From boyhood up I had always expected to marry Matilda, but I was too slow in telling her so. The rich farmer from the next town stepped in and married the only woman I ever loved. I choked down my grief, held up my head gave her my best cow, danced at her wedding, kissed her, wished her much joy, and then went home with a broken heart. It was a long time before I could see the sun shine after that. Life and all around me was changed but just my mother. But God came and brought peace and life, and then I sought to do all for others for His sake. As time went on the wound healed, but the scar remained. I knew I was a stupid, awkward man in the esteem of others, and

so I kept out of the way, except when duty called me forward. I had forgotten that the world, in itself, had any charms until you came here and brought the fresh air and sunshine to these dark, dull rooms. When you brought the rose geranium in full bloom it took me back twenty-five years, when one just like it stood in Matilda's window. The songs which the girls sing are the same she sung, newly arranged and with new names."

"Not many weeks ago, I had, as you know, some dealings with Carver, the Western man, who stayed over night with us. In talking with him I said:

"I suppose you never happened to meet with a man in your State named Watterson Blake?"

"Certainly I have, a thousand times. Did you know him?" he asked.

"When I told him he was almost a townsman of mine, he said:

"Poor fellow! he made a sad wreck of bright prospects. He died poor, three years ago, and left his wife and three boys in a sad condition; but she is a jewel of a woman. Every body loves her and all would have been glad to help her, but she had some idea of independence, which she wished to instill into the hearts of her boys. So she gave the encumbered farm over to Blake's creditors, moved into the next town and set up a school for little girls."

"Before he went away the next morning, I drew a check for a hundred dollars, and sent it to the boys from an old school-mate of their mother's, and resolved to devise some plan by which to start them in life."

"The more I thought of it the more I resolved that Matilda Day would make the world new yet; and I wrote and told her so."

"Next month I am going West to bring her and the boys home. I want you to stay with us till you get a home of your own. I can never be thankful enough for your coming to me. It has broken the spell that bound me, and brought me back to live among others; before I only worked for them at arm's length. Now that I love the world more, my life will henceforth be of more service."

The old stone cottage was repaired and furnished before Deacon Jahiel set off on his momentous journey; and the widow and her daughters, now nearly grown up, were rejoicing in the prospects of a new neighbor and friend.

Matilda Blake, although a mature woman almost forty-four years, brought back more sunshine than she had taken away from her native place a quarter of a century before. Her anxieties and sorrows had softened and brightened the natural loveliness of her character, and made her a blessing, not only to the farm, but also to the church and town.

Indian Summer had indeed come to the deacon's hitherto clouded life, and his heart and his house were open afresh to the whole world. He looked henceforth more leniently on the follies of the young and more charitably on the errors of those who wandered from the right way. His voice, his features, his gait—indeed the whole man—were changed from a solemn, unsympathizing bachelor, as he used to be regarded, to a genial husband, father and friend.

There is nothing like a solitary life to fix a perpetual winter in the heart. There is nothing like a companionship with the good and true, who need aid and sympathy, to bring back summer—though it may be an Indian Summer—to the heart.

How The Lehigh Zinc Mines were Discovered by a Rare Plant.

ABOUT three miles to the westward of Hellertown station is situated the little village of Friedensville, known far and near from its connection with the Lehigh zinc mines. These mines have been worked for this valuable metal for a number of years, and with regard to their original discovery an interesting story is told by the *Easton Free Press* which shows the advantage of a scientific education.

On a bright summer's day in the year 1845, a savor skilled in the living science of botany, as well as the dead one of geology, was making an excursion across these fields intent upon adding some of their products to the contents of his herbarium when he recognized a rare plant which he knew grew only in connection with some ore of zinc, or where this metal was abundantly found, and was commonly situated in close proximity to the outcrop of the vein itself. Reasoning upon this discovery, he surmised, the existence of a zinc deposit, and, as the surroundings were favorable he had search made, and was rewarded with the discovery of this valuable mine.

Not long afterward a company was formed for the working of the deposit, and furnaces and smelting works were erected at Bethlehem for the purpose of reducing the ores.

These veins of zinc ore are situated in limestone rock, the exact epoch of which is not known, but is supposed to be Trenton. The strike of the rock is

northeast and southwest, or following the general range of the South Mountain, while the veins have a nearly uniform east and west direction. The district, like the one on the other side of the mountain, is very much broken up by anticlinals and synclinals, contortions, bendings, and probably faults.

Numerous varieties of the ores of zinc have been found at this mine, and some very fine specimens are shown in the company's cabinet at Bethlehem. The ore from which a large quantity of the metal is derived is zinc blende or sulphuret of zinc, which is one of the most Protean metals known, assuming numerous forms. Occasionally it will have the lustre and color of beeswax; again it will possess a certain degree of translucency, combined with a yellowish brown color, and a peculiarly fracture, when, save by its specific gravity, it is very difficult to distinguish from rosin.

Another variety of the same ore exactly resembles the ordinary gray limestone of the region, and sometimes it appears like the yellow sulphur of commerce.

An Expensive Fire.

"JONES, you have heard of the fire that burned up that man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune. Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity. How did it take fire?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say that the lot was burned, too?"

"Yes, lot and all. All gone slick and clean."

"That's singular. It must have been a terrible fire—and then I don't well see how it could burn the lot."

"No, it was not a large fire, not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years—and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about \$150 worth every year, until it was all gone."

"I can't understand you yet. Tell me all about it."

"Well, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars a month, or \$150 a year; and that, in twenty-one years, would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now the whole sum wouldn't be far from \$10,000. That would buy a fine house and lot. It would pay for a large farm in the country."

"Whew! I guess now you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years; but I didn't know it cost as much as that. And I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys had better never set a fire which costs so much, and which, though it might be so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.

O'Conor's Wooing.

Charles O'Conor has very direct ways about him. The story of his wooing is thus told: The young and beautiful widow of Commodore M'Cracken, of our navy, returned from abroad after her husband's death, and finding her financial affairs in a complicated state went to Mr. O'Conor to get his legal advice in disentangling them. Mr. O'Conor, upon examination, discovered that the commodore had died insolvent, and the beautiful widow was left to the cold mercies of a selfish world without a penny to call her own. This fact he was obliged to break to her, whereupon she held up her hands in piteous dismay, crying, "Oh, Mr. O'Conor, what shall I do? I who have lived in luxury all my life?" "Madam," said the great lawyer, "the best advice I can give you is to marry me." Whereupon they were married.

The Latest Waists.

Ladies' waists, says a fashion writer, are now made to appear, by the dress bodices as extending behind lower than the spine. To produce the required length with as little breadth and thickness as possible is the modiste's aim. In this she is assisted, of course, by her patrons, who not only wear their stays—whose whalebones fail to cease where anatomy suggests—laced over their skirts, but the new skirts are devoid of starch or stiffening of any kind. In fact, many ladies, in order to obviate all chance of bunchedness at the hips, have discarded muslin petticoats and wear instead a long flannel one trimmed about the bottom with an embroidered flounce, with costumes, and a short flannel petticoat with a long, narrow white sash one over it, for evening toilets.

DR. SCHECK'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; a nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when 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 pulmonary system 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 tonic 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 colds.

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 Ulcers and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scald-head and Ring-worm, VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and general Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretory organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Constiveness, 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 exercises 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, Natiek, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians. Also, those suffering from the same diseases that he was 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.

NATIEK, Mass., Jan. 1, 1874. MR. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir,—We have 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 necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give 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 your 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 strong.

Though 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, that 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, 1879. 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. Yours respectfully, MRS. MONROE PARKER.

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