away. That was the end of it all. Mr. Floyd."

"You mean that Simms' murderer was never found ?"

"Never," said Beardsley, "though detectives were brought down from Hichmond and set on the track. Their theory- a plausible one enough toowas that Simms had been followed from New York by men who knew the large sum he carried from the races, and that they had robbed and murdered him, and readily escaped through the swamps."

"It never was my bellef," said Dr. Scheffer, " that he was murdered at all. It was hinted that he had stopped in a gambling house in New York, and there lost whatever sum he had won at the caces; and that rather than meet his family in debt, and penniless, he blew out his brains in the first lonely place to which he came. That explanation was plain enough."

What was the end of the story so far as Miss Waring is concerned?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, it never has had an end," said Mrs. Beardsley. " The mystery remains. She was ill afterward; andeed, it was years before she regained ober bodily strength as before. But her amind had never been unhinged, as Paul Merrick thought. He waited patiently, thinking that some day her reason would return, and she would come back to him. But Louisa Waring was perfeetly sane even in the midst of her agomy on that night. From that day until now she has never by word, or look given any clue by which the reason of ther refusal to marry him could be discovered. Of course the murder and her strange conduct produced a great excitement in this quiet neighborhood. But you can imagine all that. I simply have given you the facts which bear on "he case."

The first suspicion, I suppose, rested on Merrick ?" I said.

"Yes. The natural explanation of her conduct was that she had witnessed an encounter in the woods between Simms and her lover, in which the old man was killed. Fortunately, however, Paul Merrick had not left the house once during the afternoon until he went out with me to meet her."

" And then Miss Waring was selected as the guilty party ?"

No one answered for a moment. Young Scheffer lay with his arm over Dis face, which had grown so worn and haggard as the story was told that I doubted whether his affection for the girl had been the slight matter he chose

to represent it.

"No," said Beardsley; "she never was openly accused, nor even subjected to any public interrogation. She came to the house in the opposite direction from the spot where the murder took place. And there was no rational proof that she had any cognizance of it. But there were not wanting busy bodies to suggest that she had met Simms in the woods, and at some proffered insult from him had fired the fatal shot.'

His wife's fair old face flushed. " How can you repeat such absurdity. McCormack ?" she said. "Louisa Waring was as likely to go armed as-as I!" knitting vehemently at a woolen stocking she had beld idly until now.

"I know it was absurd, my dear. But you know as well as I that though it was but the mere breath of suspicion, it has always clung to the girl, and set her apart, as it were, from other women."

What effect did that report have on Merrick ?" I asked.

"The effect it would have on any man deserving the name," said Beardstey. "If he loved her passionately before, she has been, I believe, doubly dear to him since. But she has never allow-

ed him to meet her since that night." You think her feeling is unchanged

for him ?"

"I have no doubt of it," Mrs. Beardstey said. "There is nothing in Lou's oature out of which you could make a heroine of tragedy. After the first shock of that night was over she was just the commonplace little body she was before, and could not help showing how fond she was of her old lover. But she quietly refused to ever see him again."

"Merrick went abroad three years ago," interposed her husband. "I'll let you into a secret, Floyd. I've determined there shall be an end of this folly. I have heard from him that he will be at home next week, and is as firm as ever in his resolve to marry Miss Waring. I brought her here so that she could not avoid meeting him. Now if you, Floyd, could only manage-could took into this matter before the meeting and set it to rights, clear the poor child of this wretched suspicion that hangs about her. Well, now you know why I have told you the story.'

"You have certainly a sublime faith in Mr. Floyd's skill," said Scheffer with a disagreeable laugh. "I wish him success." He rose with difficulty, and wrapping his shawl about him, went

feebly out of the room. "William is soured through his long

illness," Beardsley hastened to say apologetically, "And he cared more for Lou than I supposed. We were wrong to bring him in this morning;" and he hurried out to help him up the stairs, Mrs. Beardsley laid down her knitting, and glanced cautiously about her. I saw that the vital point of her testimony had been omitted until now,

"I think it is but right to tell younobody has ever heard it before"-coming close to me, her old face quite pale,-When I undressed Louisa that night her shoes and stockings were stained and a long reddish hair clung to her sleeve. She had trodden over the bloody ground. and handled the murdered man,"-Concluded next week.

UNCLE ZEKE'S CONSCIENCE.

COME years ago there moved to the neighborhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The new-comer engaged vigorously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment soon gained the good-will of all the colored men around him. Uncle Zeke in particular was never weary of chanting his praise, and many a bushel of oysters did Ezekiel convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the good-will of his humble neighbors did not suffice to protect Mr. Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wing for parts unknown, and in particular the corn-crib would frequently show by unmistakable signs that its sanctity had been violated. To the story of these various losses would Uncle Zeke incline a sympathetic car, and his "Well, now, who ever hear de like o' dat? clar to goodness dese yere boys is gittin' wusser an' wasser," evidenced alike his detestation of the crime and his contempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted. and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cat hole in the corn-crib door, expecting that the unwary thief, plunging his hand recklessly through the hole into the heap, would be caught and held till some one came to set him free. But lo! next morning the trap was found sprung and the heap of corn diminished, but the thief had vanished and left no trace behind.

At last a good-sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix two brass handles to the corn-crib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith publicly explained, of steadying one's self while turning the other. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured on the inside, and was set in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who submitted them to critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in presence of all his colored employees, solemnly repeated, in front of the corn-crib, the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's Eneid, and announced that his corn was thenceforward secure. A box, stated to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the ensuing night the proprietor of Believue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated

Numerous and diverse were the speculations among the darkies. Jim Oakley "lowed Mis. Smith done 'witched dat ar corn-house, sho 'nuff. Tell you,gemmen, you touch dem 'ere handles, evil sperits carry you 'way. No such ting's evil sperit? How you know dere no such ting? Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say 'bout dem ting." Pete Lee "didn't b'lieve in no sperits; got a gun fix somewhere inside dat house; turn de handle an' de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up country, when I live in Goozleum." Another theorist averred that "while Mis' Smith sayin' dat ar Scripter ober dem handles, he seen a white pigeon come a sailin' roun' an' roun' an' roun' and done light on de peak o' de corn-house roof. High! tell you, Sar, sumpin up, sho,"

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but, unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation, but to seek his information direct from head-quarters. Prepared with half a bushel of oysters, as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with Mr. Smith, and boldly propounded his

questions. "Miss' Smith, what you been a-doin to dat ar crib o' yourn ?"

Why, Uncle Zeke, whatdo you want

to know for ?"

Oh, nuffin, Sar; sorter curus like, Hearn all de boys talkin 'bout it-neber see nuffln like dat afore."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well

explain it to you; but I just advise you-don't go near that crib after dark or you may see something you won't like." And Uncle Zeke departed, revolving many things in his mind.

It was midnight - the hour when church yards are said to yawn, not with exhaustion, but returning animation.-In front of the enchanted corn-house stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in his hand, and a capacious meal bag over his shoulder. In silent meditation he stood for some five minutes, deliberating on the best plan of attack. The great Newfoundland watch-dog bounded toward him, evidently in rejoicing welcome. / Forth from pocket the old man drew a savory bit of fried bacon, which the faithless Bos'en eagerly devoured. The reflection ended, the dog lay contentedly on the ground, and watched the subsequent proceedings with the air of a totally disinterested observer.

"Clar to goodness, now," muttered Uncle Zeke, "wish't I un'stood 'bout disting. Can't be no spring trap like a las' time, kase how he gwine to spring froo de do'? Ke! ke! Done bodder Mis' Smith sho' nuff when he find dat ole rat trap sprong and nuffin cotch.-High! Can' fool disser chile wid no traps. No, Sar! done see too much for

Uncle Zeze paused, scratched his head meditatively, and then resumed his sollloquy :

"Well, I declare', of disser don' beat preaching'! Mus' be a gun in dar. Ef ain' no gun, den dere ain,t nuffin dereall foo'shness. Anyway, I's gwine for try him."

Uncle Zeke threw his bag to the ground, stepped to one side of the house, and with his pole struck a sharp blow on the brass knob nearest him. Nothing followed. He pried against it with his stick, but still without effect. He went to the other side of the house, and repeated his experiments on the second knob, but still all remained quiet.

Uncle Zeke now drew from his pocket a skeleton key, mounted the ladder, and in a trice had opened the padlock which held the door.

"Dar now, jus' 's I t'ought. De boss done humbug dem fool nigger, make um tink disser house 'witched. Ain' nuffin dar, sho puff."

The old darky reached up and cautiously turned the handle. The door opened a little, and, casting away all fear, Uncle Zeke boldly reached for the other knob, to steady himself while he swung back the door.

Literally like a flash of lightning the electric discharge passed through him.-The muscles of his fingers contracted, and he could not release his hold of the enchanted handles. At last his feet slipped from the ladder, and the weight of his body tore his hands adrift. Like a log the old man dropped to the ground and lay groaning, praying, and generally bewildered.

"Oh, de lawsgoramity! Oh, my heabenly Marster! Who eber t'ought o' dat! My conse'ence done wake up! Heern 'bout it often, an' now I knows it. Oh, my heabenly Marster! ef you lets up on me dis time. Uncle Z neber touch nuffln no mo'. Clar to goodness I's a change' man f'om dis day. B-r-r-r-r-" And what with the shock, the fright, and the fall, Uncle Zeke's senses seemed leaving him.

"Ezekiel!" said a solemn voice. Instinctively Uncle Zeke answered, "Here me," and looked in the direction of the sound. Oh, horror! A figure clad in white was nearing him with slow and solemn steps. As the mysterious visitor approached, it seemed to rise until it towered to the height of at least ten feet. The wretched Ezekiel, on his hands and knees, his eyes protruding, and his jaw dropped, remained as if paralyzed.

Suddenly the phantom bowed itself, and its head descending with incredible swiftness, smote the unfortunate Uncle Zeke senseless to the earth.

Three days later, as poor Uncle Zeke lay, racked with rheumatism and tormented spiritual fear, upon his bed in the single room at his cabin, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Smith of Bellevue.

"Good-morning, Uncle Zeke. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?" "Oh, Mis' Smith! oh, Mis' Smith, I done had some turrible sperences lately. De angel ob de Lord done wrastle wid me, an' my consc'ence done woke, an', oh, my heabenly Marster, I's one sufferin' sinner. Mis' Smith, is you bin -is you done-is you m-miss any ting

wid dat ar e-corn-house o' yourn ?" "No, Indeed, Uncle Zeke; nobody been near it. Every thing all right now.

"An' nobody done touch de lock? Do' lock' ebery mornin'?"

Yes, indeed. Why, who do you think would touch it, old man?'

Uncle Zeke answered not, but his lips moved convulsively, as he muttered, Knock me down fus, an' den loek de do'an' took de key. Now I knows it wasde angel ob de Lord." - Harper's Magazine for April.

Paying for His Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason who was finishing the highest portion was in the habit of whistling to the laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of lime, and, as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's work. A joiner who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticing Pat answer dutifully to every whistle from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of lime when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with his load. This having occurred for the third time during one day, Pat thought lie would watch to hear where the whistle come from. He had not waited long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle directly underneath where he stood, and, leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptled the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass, and in the midst of his confusion, heard Paddy above shouting at the top of his voice: "Whistle when you want more mor-

A Well-Timed Joke.

BOUT a year ago a company of A eight or ten lumbermen went into a hotel in one of our Western cities and engaged a private patlor. They were jolly, well to-do fellows, hale and hearty and met to settle up a year's business over a social glass, having had a successful speculation together. Summoning the gentlemanly clerk of the house, they ordered him to "bring on the choicest liquor to be obtained. Nothing but the purest and finest article."

The table was spread, glasses brought out, and mirth prevalled. Presently in came the clerk with a silver pitcher of ice-water, and as he filled each goblet, with quiet dignity and not a smile on his countenance, he remarked: "Gentlemen, I've done the best I could to obey your order, and here is the purest article to be found in the United

All looked on in dumb amazement, so unexpected and so ludicrous was their position. But they were equal to the occasion. Not a word was said till each had his glass before him filled with the sparkling fluid. Almost simultaneous-ly all raised their glasses, and piedging each other's health, made the additional one of promising not to drink anything stronger for the year to come. Nearly twelve months have passed, and they have been loyal to their vow. May we not hope that the pledge will be renewed

"Night Walking."

Thomas Ryan with the spectre of an ignominious end before him, only a few hours before death wrote to his parents a letter which was found in his cell. In sentence:

" Tell my brothers, for God's sake, and for my sake, to lead different lives, or they will rue it in the future. Shun Night Walking and Bad Company .-That is the wish of their dying brother."

How many Joung men who have gone to the prison and the gallows wish they had avoided "night walking and bad company" ere it was too late,-" Night walking" is one of the most direct roads to the gallows and is the cause of a great many sleepless hours on the part of parents and guardians, who have lived long enough to see the bad effects arising therefrom in the downward courses of their sons, who laugh at and disregard the admonitions of the dearest friends they have in this world. There is no place so safe for young men at night as the homes of their parents or guardians, where virtue and wisdom is inculcated, and the foundations of healthy and useful lives are lead. Young men, heed the miserable murderer's advice, and avoid " night walking and bad company.

A Checkered Life.

Miss Cora Dickson, a young girl of twenty-two, arrived in Paris the other day from South America. Her life has thus far been a checkered one. At the age of fifteen, tired of the monotony of home, she ran away from her father's house with a large sum of money. She cut her hair short and donned a boy's garb. After becoming in succession a cabin boy, a clerk and a horse dealer, she turned up in Buenos Ayres, where she entered the army, still disguised. She distinguished herself in the service and became a colonel. Some months ago at a meeting of officers she quarreled with one of those present. A duel followed and she killed her adversary. On examining the dead man's papers she found that she had killed her oldest brother, who had left home when she was two years of age. Horrsr-stricken, she threw herself at the bishop's feet, who promised to intercede with her father.

DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES

The standard comedies for all diseases of the lungs are Schenck's Philmonic 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 surrivalled 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 when the philegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the impa 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 obstituctions, 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 as sists the digestion by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Byrup 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.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggiste throughout the country. [mch & apr.

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PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole

Its Medical Properties Are Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretie,

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For Ulcers and Eruptive Discasses of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Bolls, Tetter, Scaldhead and Ring-worm, VELETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

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For Catarria, Dyspensia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Hendache, Piles, Nervousness, and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has given such perfect actis faction as the VEGETINE. Be pirifies the blood, cleauses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous species and a pothecarles whom we know to prescribe and use it in their own families.

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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

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 physicians. 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.

this testimony, as there is no doubt about the curative powers of VEGETINE.

NATICK, Mass., Jan. 1, 1874.

Mr. H. R. STRVENS: Dear Sir.—We have good reason for regarding your vegetine a medecine of the greatest vaine. 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 his thought his recovery impossible. A council of ahle physicians could give us but the slightest hope of his ever rallying, two of the number deciaring 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 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, R. S. BEST.

MRS. L. C. F. BEST.

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If VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, puriy and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to
perfect health after trying physicians, many resedies, 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
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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, 1870.

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. MONKOE PARKER.

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THE subscriber has now on hand at LOW PRICES, Good Sole Leather,

Kip of Superior Quality, Country Calf Skins.

French Calf. LININGS, ROANS, &c.

F. Mortimer. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

NOTICE.—The public are bereby notified and warned not to inoless, or in any way tree pass on the rights and credits of Anthony Sughart in the following property-circhased by him at Sheriff's saie, at the residence of Levi Sughart, on the 7th day of February, 1877, said property being left in the care of Levi Sughart, viz:

Two Cows, 4 head of Young Cattle, I Mower combined, I two horse Wagon, I Metal Plow, Double and Single Trees, I Grain Cradle, Lot of Cow Chains, I pair of Breast chains, I pair of Surections of the Cow Chains, I hay Rake, I Corn Coverer, and I Spreader.

ANTHONY SUGHART, Yer Levi Sughart, Agent. Blain, Pa., February 13, 1877.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Lefters Testamentary on the estate of Frederick E. Dum. late of Tyrone township. Ferry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Elliottaburg, Perry county, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to WILLIAM B. DUM. Executor.

settlement to WILLIAM R. DUM. Executor.

A. M. Marker. Attorney for Executor.

January 30, 1877.