

DICK JONES' CONVERSION.

"WHICH WAY, STRANGER?" said a rough looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect. The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes on the speaker. "Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones. "Who lives there?" said the stranger pointing to the house just in view from the road. "Dick Jones," was answered. "What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger. "Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O sir, I wish you would go away." But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones' account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible. "How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible, and commenced turning over the leaves. "Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered. "How long is it since you lost the Testament?" "Most eleven years."

bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt. "Let us pray." How strange these words sounded! They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard. Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the "amen" was said, and the plous colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place! The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child. Once more the colporteur read from the holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces. "Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length; and making a motion to retire. "If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones. "It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which he speaks to his erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer the Saviour taught his disciples,—the prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children,—'Our Father who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

About midnight Mrs. Cooley was awakened by piercing screams from the girl's room. A minute later, she heard Mary Jane, the girl, coming down stairs four steps at a time, and screaming for Mrs. Cooley to let her come into her apartment. When she was admitted, Mrs. Cooley locked the door quickly, and Mary Jane informed her that there was something in her room making the most awful noise she had ever heard, and she was positively certain it was either a tiger from the zoological garden or a lunatic that had escaped from the asylum. Mrs. Cooley went to the door and listened, and she heard it distinctly. Then she was scared, and she put up the window and sprang the rattle. That brought out Judge Brown with his shot gun and Peter Lamb with a revolver. When the situation was explained to them they broke open a back shutter and entered the house, the Judge bringing his dog with him. They sent the dog on ahead up stairs, and the two men followed. When they got near to the room the Judge proposed that Peter should go in with the light so that he could see where to shoot, but Peter said that it seemed to him it would be better for the Judge to go in and stir the thing up in the dark, and he would stand outside and shoot as the intruder ran out and tried to escape. This view didn't strike the Judge, and while they were arguing about it the dog ran in unperceived by either of them. They finally concluded that both of them had better remain where they were, and fire three or four volleys into the room at random. Just as they resolved on this policy Peter caught a glimpse of some thing moving about in the room, and he fired two barrels of his revolver at it. This excited the Judge so much that he emptied his gun wildly in the same direction. They heard something moan and they knew then that they had wounded the intruder anyhow, so they pushed cautiously into the apartment where they saw the dog lying in the agonies of death, while the alarm clock gave out a few final and scarcely audible clicks. Then the Judge became angry. "You confounded idiot! What did you shoot at my dog for?" he said. "Who shot at your dog?" demanded Peter, with newly acquired courage. "You did," said the Judge. "The mischief I did! Didn't you fire at him too?" "But I thought you saw something else, and I fired because you did," said the Judge. "I believe you killed him and not me," said Peter. "I know well enough," remarked the Judge, sarcastically, "that you'd never have hit him but by accident. You must have been aiming at something else when you struck him. But you've got to pay for him anyhow!" "If I do you may shoot me," replied Peter. They were in the midst of the controversy when Mrs. Cooley came up with the girl and children. "What is it?" she demanded. "Madam," said the Judge bringing his gun to a "parade rest"; "madam, I have no idea what it was that caused all this disturbance, but I do know that this lunatic here has killed my dog."

DR. SCHEENCK'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. To enable the pulmonary system to do this, Dr. Schenck's 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; it is composed of the best vegetable and mineral ingredients, it assists the digestion by toning up the stomach, it restores healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs are healthy and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent a relapse. 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.

VEGETINE

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

SHLE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1876. Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above. Mr. Geo. M. Vaughn, Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

Thousands will bear testimony (and do it voluntarily) that Vegetine is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, and removing all poisonous secretions from the system. It invigorates and strengthens the system debilitated by disease; in fact, it is, as many have called it, "The Great Health Restorer."

Safe and Sure.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasion of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, and my system was in an irregular and unhealthy state. Its wonderful strength and curative powers seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose, and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified indorsement as being a safe, sure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better. Yours truly, W. H. CLARK, 120 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition. The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads this letter of the wonderful curative powers of Vegetine as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood: Hyde Park, Mass., Feb. 15, 1876. Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed through the debilitating effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form, it settled in my back and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was different from any I had had. I had two surgical operations, by the best skill in the state but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times. Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office and talk with you of the virtues of Vegetine. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients etc., by which your remedy is produced. By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine. I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired, till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured, and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health. I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now. During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body. I took Vegetine faithfully and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects. Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease, understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases, and if they will patiently take Vegetine, it will, in due time, cure them. With great obligations I am, Yours very truly, G. W. MANSFIELD, Pastor of the M. E. Church, 14—1m.] Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

LEATHER & C.

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