

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

"Somebody's coming to marry me, somebody's coming to woo."

THE above words were trilled by a young and beautiful widow with a very sweet voice indeed.

"Happy fellow whoever he may be," said her pretty cousin. "How about Fred Wright, Nannie?"

"Nonsense, Zoe. Fred is cured of his love for me since—well, since I threw him over and married Tom Hastings for his money—there, it's all out now. I shall never marry, not but that there's plenty to take me as soon as they find out just what I'm worth in dollars and cents. Ginger! I wonder if it's anybody's business if I do live in style and wear diamonds. Father's business, forsooth! And I'm called shoddy on account of it. Pshaw! I am bored to death among this turned-up nose set of gossips."

"I have learned that Fred Wright has returned to New York, and is a bachelor still," replied her cousin.

"Moreover, he has heard of Mr. Hastings's death; and now that he knows you are a gay and saucy widow, I suppose he will be hunting you up."

Nannie laughed, much as a brown linnet sings.

"Come here, Zoe, and sit on this footstool at my feet," she said. Then when Zoe was ready to listen, she put her cherry lips close to her ear, and thus they whispered together for some time; then Zoe, jumping up, clapped her hands and laughed so that one might have heard her half a mile off.

"Now that I have showed you my trump card," said the widow, "can I depend upon your fidelity?"

"Do I look like a person who stands in shoes made of crocodile? You may trust Zoe."

A few weeks after this conversation took place, Mrs. Hastings and her cousin were living in an elegantly-furnished house in the upper part of the city of New York—her widow's weeds were cast aside, and she looked bewitching in fancy toilets.

Heart and soul she loved Fred Wright; but he was only a clerk, with a moderate salary, at Stewart's. Rich clothes and elegance seemed so desirable to Nannie, so that when the wealthy Tom Hastings, captivated by her hazel eyes and cherry lips, proposed, he was accepted.

In exchange for the loving heart of a true man, she accepted a little insignificant one for whom she did not care a fig, a fine mansion, a carriage with high-stepping bays, and plenty of money to support extravagant habits and tastes.

Now, that Tom Hastings was cold in his grave, would her former lover return to her? She hardly hoped for so much happiness—and if he should, would not her wealth be the chief attraction? So judging Fred by herself, she concluded that he would be like all the rest, "on the make."

Nevertheless, what a delicious bit of comfort it would be to find that he loved her after all.

Meantime, Fred learned that his old sweetheart was in the city. He had not forgotten her by any means, although five long years had passed, and now he yearned for a glimpse of the fair widow. Not that he would marry one who had proved herself so mercenary and heartless. Oh, no! but he would like to show her that he was cured of his folly.

So he searched everywhere, and at last his perseverance was rewarded, for one day he saw her sitting at an upper window.

Forgetting his previous resolutions, the very sight of his lady-love more beautiful than ever, caused his heart to beat violently; his feet no less nimble, carried him across the street; and up the broad stone steps, and in another moment he was sitting in the parlor, waiting to see Mrs. Hastings.

But when looking around, he saw the magnificence and elegance of the house, his heart sank like lead—he remembered that he was only a poor clerk. If Nannie had not loved him when she was a penniless girl, what could he expect now, that she was a rich widow?

While he was indulging in these gloomy reflections, she entered, and greeted him, all smiles and blushes.

"My old friend Nannie!" he exclaimed, joyfully; "but what is the meaning of this?" he said, pointing to the crutch upon which she was leaning.

"Oh! Mr. Wright haven't you heard of my misfortune? I was thrown from my carriage about three years ago, and injured one of my limbs."

"And you are lame still?"

"Now, I am obliged to wear a cork leg," she said, blushing deeply.

There was an awkward silence for a moment which Fred broke by exclaiming:

"Oh, I pity you, Nannie; you must have suffered terribly; but you are unchanged in fact more lovely than ever."

After this interview, they met almost every evening, and the widow soon found that it was all up with Fred, but she was as timid as a chipping bird, and

could not believe that his love was of the disinterested sort.

As for Fred, he couldn't keep away, he loved her so; but he thought that a lame wife was not as desirable as one who could dance and frolic; nevertheless he told her just how it was one day.

"Nannie," he said, "do you remember the afternoon I saw you at the window, and how frantically I ran up the steps? Well, you came down, I looked at you, and somehow it was done, all the old love revived; and now won't you love me just a little?"

"I will if you wish it."

"Oh, my darling, you know that I wish it; but do you indeed love me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then will you be mine?"

"Fred, remember how mortifying it would be for you to hear your friends say, 'there goes Fred Wright and his limping wife.' You are fond of amusement and balls too, and I can't dance now," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"So much the more need of some one to love and care for you," he said tenderly.

"And you can really put up with my crutch?" she inquired.

"Yes, for I love you, Nannie."

"There's another matter, I must speak of," she continued; "I am now, as you are aware, a rich woman, with means sufficient to gratify every reasonable wish; but my late husband was of a very jealous disposition, and when leaving me the bulk of his fortune, he added a singular condition. If I marry again, the whole property will revert to his own family, so then I shall come to you not lame only but penniless. How will you like that?"

"I asked you a question, Nannie, rich or poor, lame or not. I want an answer, for it is to you—the woman—I speak. Is it to be yes or no?"

"It is to be—yes," she replied.

"Then you love me well enough to give up all these luxuries?" he inquired, glancing around the elegant rooms.

"Yes. And do you, Fred, love me for myself alone?"

"Yes," was the loving reply.

"Then, oh, my darling, how happy I am," she exclaimed, crying for very joy.

It was a whim of the widow's that the wedding should take place at her own mansion in the country.

"I intend to have a grand 'let out,' and spend lots of money. The Hastings shall lose that much anyhow for calling me shoddy," she said, spitefully.

Of course Fred allowed her to have own way, as was her privilege for the last time.

When the bridegroom arrived at the splendid mansion, illuminated so brilliantly for the occasion, Cousin Zoe, who was to be bridesmaid, met him, saying that the fascinating widow was "just lovely," and that she wished to see him before the ceremony, and learn his opinion of her bridal costume.

Then, smiling, Fred followed her up the stairs, and there he found his bride, looking like a queen, in white satin and diamonds.

Could he believe his eyes—yes she was advancing to greet him without the crutch!

Fred was speechless with astonishment. He had seen her limping painfully for months, and now here she was as frisky as a kitten.

"You are surprised at my miraculous recovery, dearest Fred; but I suppose you will be glad to find that you are not to have a cripple for your wife."

"I can't understand it," he replied, in a bewildered way. "I thought—I understood that you had a cork leg."

"So I have," she replied, blushing scarlet, "two good, sound cork legs;" but seeing him look a little confused, she added: "I forgot to tell you that Cork was my native city. Won't you forgive me, dearest, for the fraud? Zoe and I concluded that you could not possibly love me for myself alone, after my heartless conduct in giving you the mitten, so I resolved to test your love."

It is needless to say that the young man was overjoyed at such a pleasant change of affairs, and wasn't a bit angry for being "sold;" in fact he felt so jolly that he caught his bride around the waist, and waltzed with her about the room, just to see how gracefully a Cork lady could do it; and if the guests gathered in the parlors below could have seen this merry pair just then, how they would have stared.

When they were both tired out, Nannie said, as soon as she recovered breath enough: "Now, Fred, we are acting like children; come, sit down; I have something of importance to tell you—listen. You remember I told you that if I married the second time, I should then be as poor as a church mouse, did not I? Well that was a big lie, 'made out of whole cloth.' I wanted to try what your love was made out of, and I think I have fully proved your foolish fondness for Nannie Hastings. As you were willing to marry a crippled beggar, and take care of her for life, on a small salary, I think you deserve to know that

when you return to New York it will be as a millionaire. My darling Fred," she added, smiling sweetly upon him, "I fear, however, that you will be obliged to give up your position at Stewart's.—What do you think about it?"

But "darling Fred" couldn't say one word, he was so surprised; but he had only presence of mind enough to put his arms around the charming widow and kiss her sweet, rosy lips, until interrupted by Cousin Zoe's exclaiming:

"Are you ready?" the parson's waiting.

A STRANGE DREAM.

IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, Dr. Drofer says: As illustrating the manner in which impressions of the past may emerge from the brain, I shall here furnish an instance bordering closely on the supernatural, and fairly representing the most marvelous of these psychological phenomena. It occurred to a physician, who related it, in my hearing, to a circle whose conversation had turned on the subject of personal fear.

"What you are saying," he remarked, "may be very true; but I can assure you that the sentiment of fear, in its utmost degree, is much less common than you suppose; and though you may be surprised to hear me say it, I know from personal experience that this is certainly so. When I was five or six years old, I dreamed that I was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place.—On the opposite side of it there stood a great tree that looked as if it had been struck by lightning, and in the pond at another part an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. On a sudden a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters I awoke, trembling with terror."

"About eight years subsequently, while recovering from a nearly fatal attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me, identical in all respects, again. Even to this time I think I had never seen a living tortoise or turtle, but I indistinctly remember that there was a picture of one in the first spelling-book that had been given me.—Perhaps on account of my critical condition, this second dream impressed me more dreadfully than the first."

"A dozen years more elapsed. I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the Southern States. It so fell out that one July afternoon I had to take a long and wearisome ride on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary, there was not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence so characteristic of this time of the day; all the wild animals and birds had gone to their retreats to be rid of the heat of the sun. Suddenly at one point of the road I came upon a great stagnant water pool, and casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine-tree blasted by lightning, and on a log that was nearly even with the surface a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me; the bridle fell from my hands, an unutterable fear overshadowed me, and I slunk away from the accursed place."

"Though business occasionally afterward would have drawn me that way, I could not summon resolution to go, and actually have taken roundabout paths. It seemed to me profoundly amazing that the dream that I had had should after twenty years be realized, without respect to difference of scene, or climate, or age. A good clergyman of my acquaintance took the opportunity of improving the circumstance to my spiritual advantage, and in his kind enthusiasm—for he knew that I had been more than once brought to the point of death by such fevers—interpreted my dream that I should die of marsh miasma."

"Most persons have doubtless observed that they suddenly encounter events of a trivial nature, in their course of life, of which they have an indistinct recollection that they have dreamed before. For a long time it seemed to me that this was a case of that kind, and that it might be set down among the mysterious and unaccountable. How wonderful it is that we so often fail to see this simple explanation of things, when that explanation is actually intruding itself before us! And so in this case; it was long before the truth gleamed in upon me, before my reasoning powers shook off the delusive impressions of my senses. But it occurred at last; for I said to myself, Is it more probable that such a mystery if true, or that I have dreamed for the third time that which I had already dreamed of twice before?—Have I really seen the blasted tree and the sunning turtle? Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noontide heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocation to the dream? I have ridden under such circumstances many a mile fast asleep, and have awoke and known it; and so I resolved that if ever circumstances carried me to those parts

again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter."

"Accordingly, after a few years, when an incident led me to travel there, I revisited the well-remembered scene.—There was still the stagnant pool, but the blasted pine-tree was gone; and after I had pushed my horse through the marshy thicket as far as I could force him, and then dismounted and pursued a close investigation on foot in every direction around the spot, I was clearly convinced that no pine-tree had ever grown there; not a stump nor any token of its remains could be seen; and so now I have concluded that at the glimpse of the water, with the readiness of those who are falling asleep, I had adopted an external fact into a dream; that it had aroused the trains of thought which in former years had occupied me, and that, in fine, the mystery was all a delusion, and that I have been frightened with less than a shadow."

The instructive story of this physician teaches us how readily and yet how impressively the remains of old ideas may be recalled; how they may, as it were, be projected into the space beyond us, and take a position among existing realities. For this all that is necessary is that there should be an equalization of old impressions with new sensations, and that may be accomplished either by diminishing the force of present sensations, or by increasing the activity of those parts of the brain in which the old impressions are stored up.

Thus, when we are falling asleep, the organs of sense no longer convey their special impressions with the clearness and force that they did in our waking hours, and this to the traces that are stored up in the brain the power of drawing upon themselves the attention of the mind.

A Snake in the Stomach.

On Wednesday a week the wife of a prominent citizen of Jackson discharged a snake that, for some time previous, had made its abode in her stomach. The reptile was ten inches long and as large around as the third finger of a man's hand of ordinary size. It was in a decaying condition when expelled, and appeared as if decomposition had been going on for some time. It was unquestionably a genuine snake, well defined as to head, eyes, mouth, in fact, a sure enough snake out and out.

The lady is fifty-seven years old, and for nearly half that period has been the victim of dyspepsia, the disease fluctuating, at times leaving her comparatively well, then again entirely prostrated. Since Christmas she has been confined to her room, most of the time in bed.

For six months previous to the expulsion of the reptile she contended with her physician and the members of her family that there was a snake in her stomach. She could feel it crawling about, could detect a spiral motion at times, as if coiling and uncoiling itself. The reptile was always more lively in its movements a short time after food had passed into the stomach, at these times changing its position rapidly, and causing the victim the most unpleasant sensation of both mind and body—producing nausea, heartburn, and a slight distension of the stomach.—Jackson (Tenn.) Sun.

The Frightened Pickpocket.

Pickpockets to avoid prosecution will compromise on almost any terms. Not long ago a lady in Philadelphia had her pocket picked of a portmanteau. She was able to describe the thief and he was arrested. She claimed to have lost a solitaire diamond ring in the stolen pocket-book, but on searching among her valuables a day or two afterwards discovered the diamond. The time for the examination of the thief in court was fixed, and the day previous the lady was astonished to receive her purse with its contents intact, including a diamond ring, which the newspapers had stated was in it, but which the thief supposed he must have lost in the hurry of the robbery. To receive as a present from a thief a diamond which she had never lost so pleased the lady that she refused to appear against him, and he was discharged.

Great excitement was created in Titusville on Sunday week by the attempt of a white girl aged 18 to have herself married to a colored man. A minister was found willing to tie the knot, and he did tie it. But the parents of the girl and the mob prevented him from writing the certificate and forced the girl back to her home. Here is actual sentiment as opposed to theoretical sentiment. The girl and her sable lover mistook what they heard people say for what they supposed people believed.

A Yankee, having patented a device for making the tops of fences impassable by cats, advertises as follows: "Practical tests of the invention have shown that it is discouraging to cats in a high degree. Tomcats of exceptional intelligence, who have long treated with contempt such trivial obstacles as spikes, and broken glass, have retreated baffled before the device."

TO ALL PARTICULARLY INVALIDS,

spring is a trying season. Indications of sickness should at once be attended to. Fatal diseases may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constipated, and the system to remain in a disordered condition, until the disorder has time to develop itself. As a cure of prevention is worth a pound of cure, I can only say, therefore, that I advise all who are troubled with the complaints now prevalent—headache, indigestion, disordered liver, want of appetite, nausea, or evening sickness, to take, without delay, Schenck's Mandrake Pills. We know of no remedy so harmless and decisive in its action. It at once strikes at the root of the disease and produces a healthy tone to the system. People never need suffer from any disease arising from a disordered condition of the liver if they would take this excellent medicine when they feel the first inclinations of the malady. Families leaving home for the summer months should take three or four boxes of these pills with them. They have an almost instantaneous effect. They will relieve the patient of headache in one or two hours, and will rapidly cleanse the liver of its surrounding bile, and will effectually prevent a bilious attack. They are sold by all druggists. May 1m

VEGETINE

He Says it is True.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 9, 1876.
Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—As you are an entire stranger to me, I want you to know what VEGETINE has done for me. Only those who have been raised from death's door can know the value of such a good medicine. I am 58 years of age. Three years ago I was taken sick with what the doctors called Lumbago. For weeks I was confined to my bed. I had three different physicians, without any help. I was a great sufferer; finally I became entirely helpless. The last doctor told me there was no help; he said he might possibly save my life by injecting morphia into my arms and legs. The encouragement for saving my life by having this done was so small a chance I could not consent to run the risk. About this time my son read your advertisement in our paper, a testimony of a person who had been very sick with about the same complaint, and was cured. My son went right away to the apothecary store and bought a bottle of VEGETINE. Before I had used the first bottle I found great relief; I could move myself in bed. After taking three bottles I was able to sit up and move about my room. I continued taking the Vegetine, and I was in a few weeks restored to my former health. The Vegetine saved my life after the physicians had said I was to die. I feel me. I have had no doctor since. If I feel well I take a dose of Vegetine, and I recommend it to my friends.
Your Vegetine ought to be in every family. My doctor was surprised to see me in good health. He says Vegetine is a good medicine. I tell him it cured me. He says, "It is true." I cannot feel too thankful. Very gratefully yours,
Mrs. CATHARINE COONS.
Seneca Falls, Seneca County, N. Y.

VEGETINE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases restoring the patient to perfect health, after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? What 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 disease 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.

VEGETINE.

WILL CURE

CANKER HUMOR.

ROCKPORT, March 31, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS:—Sir—Just fall my husband got two bottles of your Vegetine to take for the Canker Humor, which he had in his stomach for several years. I took it and the result was very satisfactory. I have taken a good many remedies for the Canker Humor, and none seemed to help me but Vegetine. There is no doubt in my mind that every one suffering with Canker Humor can be cured by taking Vegetine. It gave me a good appetite, and I felt better in every respect.
Yours, with respect,
Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can I heartily recommend it to every one.
Yours truly,
Mrs. LAZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange St., South Salem, Mass.
VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

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LININGS, ROANS, &c.

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To plant FRUIT TREES and GRAPE VINES. They will yield 50 per cent. more profit than ordinary crops, and pay for themselves the first year they bear.

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