#### A NIGHT OF SURPRISES.

ONE DAY Frank came home, with look of triumph.

"I have a 'perfect treasure' for you," he said, "in the way of a nurse. Gerald Temple is going to take his family to Europe, and when he heard what you wanted, offered to let us have their nurse whom they will not want."

I heard a low sigh. Virginia, Frank's only sister, had been sitting in a corner of the drawing-room. She rose now and slipped out.

" How could you, Frank ?" I said, following her with sad eyes. "I have never heard your sister speak of the Temples since she has lived with us; the very mention of their name brings back the memory of Gerald's brother, and all that sad tragedy."

"I am sorry," said Frank, "but I did not know that she was in the room. Poor Virginia.'

"Yes! Poor Virginia!" I said to myself. But once the blithest, loveliest little creature I ever knew. It is something of a story, but 'tis an "ower true tale," and I will tell it in the shortest way I

Virginia and Frank were orphans, and old Mrs. Chichester, their grandmother, had adopted Virginia, almost from her infancy. The old lady had very ambitious hopes of making a splendid match for her beautiful grandchild. But Virginia thought otherwise; and when she was just seventeen, at the time of my wedding, she and Langley Temple were insane enough to fall desperately in love with each other. Langley was Frank's most intimate friend, and the pair met continually at our house until grandma Chichester found it out. After a while Langley was ordered to his ship, (he was in the navy.) but Frank waged battle with grandma until he obtained a viperish consent that the lovers might correspond. Grandma took pains not to let Frank know how Virginia was tormented and tyrannized over, until the poor child consented to go out into society again; and there she met, and made a ready conquest of the very man whom grandma had intended for her beauty-Horace Kent. Virginia refused him; but grandmasaid, scornfully, "that made no difference. She would come to her senses soon," and to my utter amazement, the trousseau went on, and byand-by we were bidden to the weddinga quiet, elegant affair, where Virginia talked and walked as if she were frozen. Frank and I confessed to each other that night, that the business passed our comprehension, for we had no idea then of feul play.

Kent and Virginia were to sail for Europe within a fortnight of their marriage and went to Washington and Baltimore to pass that time. Left alone, one evening in Baltimore, with a severe headache, Virginia remembered to have seen some aromatic vinegar in her husband's dressing-case. Kent was peculiar in his careful way of locking up his belongings and she took her own bunch of keys to open the box, when, rather to her surprise, she found the key left in the box. Some listless, vague impulse, which she could not afterwards account for, prompted her to lift the upper tray, although she had found the vinegar already. Underneath, to her surprise, she found paper, and was about returning the tray to its place, without further examination, when her eye was caught by the words-" My own Virginia," in a dear, a too well-known handwriting.

When Kent came back that night he found his beautiful young wife senseless upon the bed, with two letters crumpled between her cold fingers. One, the last letter that Langley had actually written her; and the other, the base forgery, in which he asked to be released from his engagement. Kent was not at all bad. He loved her madly, and you may be sure that his sore punishment began, when, after the physicians had brought her out of that death like swoon, the first words that came to Virginia's lips, in that strange, passionless tone, which is far worse than anger, were, "Remember! I will never forgive you-never!"

They came back to New York for a single day; but Virginia saw no one but her grand-mother. The old lady, upon her death bed, raved of that interview, and vainly implored Virginia's forgiveness for urging Kent on to the treachery. The newly wedded pair sailed in the illfated ship which took fire off the coast of Nova Scotia, and whose name still carries terror to many a heart. Virginia was one of the handful of survivors; her unhappy husband sought for her a place in the boat, and remaining behind himself perished with the ship. The agony of terror, the long night which she spent at the mercy of the waves, proved too much strain upon poor Virginia's already over-burdened frame, and Frank and I were summoned by telegraph to her at Halifax, where she lay for days, unconscious, with a brain fever, And then to add to her misery, when recovering, she was thrown into a nearly fatal relapse by seeing, accidentally, that the Tecumseh had gone down, in

the attack with all on board. The Te-

cumseh was Langley's ship.
Virginia came to live with us about
two years before the commencement of my story. She seemed to feel a sort of sorrowful remorse about her husband, which was not grief, and yet it cast a shadow over her life. "He was treacherous and false," she said to me one day, and he broke my heart-but what right have I to judge him? Harrie, I told him I would never forgive him; and he died thinking himself unforgiven." Of Langley, as I told you, she never spoke,

Well, the "perfect treasure' made her appearance. She was a rather young woman, with a pleasant, low voice, and very good manners, for one of her station, I was charmed. Certainly this girl seemed determined to please me; she did her work in a faultlessly neat way; she amused and played with the twins; and baby had more quiet nights than I have known him to have for weeks. So, after a month's trial, I began to sing Alice's praises, and allowed her full control in her own department, with a good many privileges. Virginia, alone, did not seem to like her. Virginia had a queer way of looking at new faces a searching, penetrating glance, that I always thought had a sort of mesmerism in it, all the stronger because her eyes were so gentle and soft. Alice never met the look fairly, as I remembered afterward.

It was the spring of '65. The closing scenes of the war were crowding thick and fast upon each other. Virginia kept her room a great deal. The warm April weather seemed to enervate her and she shrank away from the joy and enthusiasm we all exhibited. Poor child! It was hard for her to hear the soldiers and sailors who would be coming home now, and to feel that, for her sore heart, Peace would bring no balm.

One night Frank had taken a box at the Italian Opera in New York. We lived in Brooklyn, and, as Kellogg was to sing, I begged Virginia to go with us, But she stendily declined. She would stay at home and keep house, she said. Now, two of my servants were going to a fireman's ball the same night, leaving only Alice and the cook at home; so I must say I felt rather more easy about the children when I found that Virginia would not go. Going from New York to Brooklyn at night, however, is a long journey, and it was close upon one o'clock when we drove up to our door.

In the meantime, Virginia, after our departure, had sat for some time writing letters in her own room. The twins were having a noisy romp in the nursery; and when she looked in to say good night, Fred fastened himself upon her neck and begged to come and stay with auntie; she yielded, and then Fred began building card houses on the sofa, until he got tired, when he curled himself in a corner, and in two seconds was fast asleep. Being very much interested in her book, Virginia let the little fellow sleep on, thinking that by-and-by she would take him up to her own room and put him to bed there, as she frequently did. At last she fell asleep herself.

She never knew how long she slept, but she had a painful sensation, as if somebody was trying to smother her and after struggling with the feeling for some time, she slowly, and with a great effort, opened her eyes. Why! what had happened to the room? The gas must have gone out-it was totally dark save a flickering gleam from the dying fire on the hearth, and what a sickening deadly smell there was. With lightning rapidity, which is more like instinct than thought, it suddenly flashed upon her that the strange scent was-chloroform! Then as she caught her frightened breath, and sank back into her chair, a low sound of voices from the diningroom reached her ear. The door between the rooms was ajar, and she saw a thread of light from it; the voice she first heard was a man's.

"Yer didn't give the young 'oman too much, did yer?" it asked rather anxiously.

"I wish I had," returned Alice's low and stealthy voice. "I hate her. She suspects me."

"Ha! ha!" gurgled the man. "She must ha' been purty oncivil to yer; yer usually gets on the right side of 'em. Is that 'ere pitcher silver or plate ?"

"Plate. The silver is upstairs." Virginia shook as she heard the venom of that low voice. "She was Mr. Langley's lady-love till her old grandma stop-

" And what was Mr. Langley to yer,

my girl ?" asked the man. "Hush! you'll wake the child, and I don't want to do him any harm. Mr. Langley .--- " The woman's voice softened.

"He never said a dozen words to me in his life; but look you, Vincent, I worshipped him." "That's right. Tell me all, as I'm

yer husband that is to be," said the other

with a coarse laugh. "Mrs. Kent has splendid jewels, too. I picked the lock to look at them. You can take as many of them as you like. Come!"

As soon as the sound of their footsteps died away, Virginia anatched the deadly handkerchief off her head, and stagger ed to her feet, though dizzily. She was a very spirited girl and determined that the pair should not escape. But what could she do? It was vain to think of getting the cook to alarm their neighbors at the corner, for the next lot was vacant, and she must cross the hall, and go past the stairs to find her. There would be no use in throwing up the window and screaming; the house was on Clinton Avenue, far out, and the policemen did not come past very often.

Virginia wrung her hands, when a sleepy murmur of "Auntie!" startled her. In a second her resolve was taken, and she was on her knees by Fred, kissing him and saying: "Fred, my darling, Auntie is going to do something funny. You remember how papa jumped you down from the balcony on Christmas day to run after the monkey? Don't speak a word. Act like a man. There!

Fred was just four years old, but a great boy for his age, and he always obeyed Virginia implicitly; so he rubbed his eyes wide open and was carried to the window. The balcony outside, was not far from the ground. As Virginia looked out, carefully, she saw under the corner gaslight, a tall figure with a gleam of brass buttons.

" Fred," she whispered rapidly, "run fast to that policeman, and tell him he must come right here to auntie; then go to Mr. Motley's, at the corner, and ring the bell with all your might, it is low, and you can reach it-and tell George and Harry Motley that aunt Virginia says there is a thief in the house. Don't be afraid, Fred; be a man like papa!"

Over; softly, gently, over the low railing; and then, with a good shake of his small person, Fred's fat little legs trotted swiftly off towards the policeman.

Directly, under the balcony, a voice said, softly :

"What's wanted, ma'am? Can you open the front door for me!"

"I cannot," she panted; "there are burglars in the house, and I should be heard. Couldn't you get up here somehow? Has the little boy gone to the neighbors ?"

There was no answer to her question but the policeman easily followed her suggestion, and climbed over the bal-

"Wait!" whispered Virginia, laying her cold hand on the policeman's arm, as he made a motion to go forward. "They are upstairs, in my room, looking for my jewels. If you will stand just behind that door, I will creep up the back stairs and reconnoitre; if the woman comes down to answer the bell, seize her. There is only one man; if I want help I will call, and then you must rush up the front stairs."

"Are you not afraid ?" asked the policeman, with some surprise; but Virginia was gone before he had finished his remark.

When she reached the stairs she found by the sounds that the man had evidently gone into the silver closet, which stood on the other side of the back stairs and that now she was between the twofor she could hear Alice walking about in her room. Quick as a flash the little figure glided up the stairs, slipping off her boots on the lowest step; there was no light in the hall, except that afforded by the burglar's lantern, for the gas was turned down low, and the lantern set inside the closet door. The door opened outward, and the key was in it; a spring a sudden bang, and then the click of the key in Virginia's nervous fingers, as she turned it in the lock. A tremendous curse came from the captured thief as she leaned breathlessly against the door. The same moment the gaslight behind her was suddenly turned on, and Alice confronted Virginia.

"You here, madam? Well, you and I are quits, anyhow. Open that door,or I'll send a bullet through your head! You didn't think of my having the revolver did you ?"

"No," said Virginia, looking in the girl's furious eye with her peculiar calm smile. "Help! Police!"

"You may split your pretty throat calling," said Alice, seizing her savagely by the arm. "No one will come, the cook's drugged, and you're at our mercy. Give me the key !"

"I'll trouble you for that pistol !" said a stern voice behind Virginia, as a quick strong arm jerked the weapon away from Alice.

Alice, with a shrick, fell on the floor, for she realized all at once. But Virginia, gasping, "Ah, my God!" gazed as if turned to stone, for it was Langley Temple that she saw.

"Virginia! don't be terrifled," he said, "it is my very self, no ghost. Take my hand love; see it is flesh and blood, like your own." He had her in his arms. The door bell was ringing furiously, but he would have let the neighbors pull the wire till it broke, before he would have left her in that dumb, shocked state. As he touched her, she trembled violently; then the light came back to her eyes, and with a sob of joy, Vir- are worthless?

ginia flung herself on the breast of him whom she had mourned as dead.

The Motleys had time to think that Virginis was murdered before the pair opened the door. Very much surprised were they, to see, instead of the policeman they expected to find, a very tall, handsome man, a stranger, in undress navy uniform. Fred, now that his part of the fun was over, began to roar, and Virginia took him up in her arms, while the gentlemen, (assisted by the real Simon pure policeman, a brawny son of Erin,) opened the closet, and secured the prisoner. Within the next fifteen minutes, the other servants had returned, (for the burglary took place before eleven o'clock,) and Alice, having recovered from her swoon was carried to the station house.

I don't know how Langley and Virginia were occupied till my return, but when Frank thrust his latch-key into the door Virginia flew out of the library, and tried, with a few incoherent sentences, to prepare me for seeing something. The consequence was, that when I pushed the door open in a very bewildered frame of mind, and saw Langley smiling at me, I was terrified almost out of my senses, and came near fainting.

To the best of my recollection, the household sat up nearly all night, though finally, after I had heard the whole story, been speechless over Virginia's bravery, and hugged Fred, now fast asleep in the arm chair, Frank dragged me off to bed.

I don't know that Langley and Virginia sat there till morning, but certainly, the first persons I saw upon coming down to breakfast, were themselves, on the identical sofa where I had left them.

Langley's story is too long a one to be told here; suffice it to say that, being on deck when the Tecumseh sunk, he had been able to strike out from the smoke and war of battle to swim ashore. There however, he was taken prisoner, and kept in close confinement for months, finally making his escape. Coming direct to Frank to gain intelligence before presenting himself to his family, he had stopped to light a cigar under the gas light, where Virginia had mistaken him for a policeman. He had known her instantly; and probably, only her fright and agitation prevented her from recognizing his voice, which, as he mischievously told her he did not disguise in the least.

Alice and her accomplice were indentified by the police as old offenders. The woman had carried on a systematic pilfering at the Temples, and was an accomplished hypocrite. To my intense gratification, the pair were sentenced to the full term in Sing Sing.

Langley and Virginia were married very quietly soon after. Frank gave away the lovely little bride, whose fair girlish bloom had come back to her, and who under the influence of love, seemed a different woman from the pale, sad creature who had moved so quietly about my house.

They idolize each other, and, I thing, have quite forgiven grandma Chichester and poor Horace Kent. Fred has always been a great pet with his aunt for his bravery on the night of the attempted burglary.

Between Fred's boasting and my sly teazing, poor Frank will never be allowed to forget his instrumentality in introducing me to such "a perfect treasure."

### How Money Circulates.

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocketbook a ten dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown saying :

"Here,my dear, are ten dollars toward the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner saying: "That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note: "That will pay for the work on my

counter." Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, re-

questing credit on his lumber bill. Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying :

"That pays ten dollars on my board

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that makes the twenty dollars he had promised. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill; he again returning it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's

"never thought a ten dollar bill would go so far." Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks

board. Whereupon Brown put it back

into his pocket-book, exclaiming that he

TO ALL PARTICULARLY INVALIDS.

abould at once be attended to. Fatal diseases may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constituted and the system to remain its a discrete condition, until the disorder has time to develop itself. An onose of prevention is worth a pium of cure, has old and truthfulsaying. Therefore, we advise all who are troubled with the complaints now prevalent—bendache, indigestion disordered liver, want of appetite, nausea, of feverish skin, 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 artising 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 surrounding bile, and will effectually prevent a billious attack. They are sold by all druggists.

## VEGETINE

He Says it is True.

He Says it is True.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 9, 1876:

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir.—As you are an entire atranger 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 received no relief; I was a great sufferer; finally I became entirely helpless. The last doctor fold me there was no help: he said he might possibly save my life by ejecting morphine in 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. Aftertaking 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 said there was no help for me. I have had no doctor since. If I feel unwell 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 vours.

#### VEGETINE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases restoring the matient 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? 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 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.

WILLCURE

CANKER HUMOR.

ROCKPORT, March 31, 1876.

Bir-Last fall my husband got two bottles of your Vegetine to take for the Canker Humor, which I have had in my 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. ROCKPORT, March 31, 1876.

### VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Sorofula,
Canker and Liver Complaint for three years.—
Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced
using VEGETINE. I am now g ting along firstrate, and still using the Vegetine. I consider there
is nothing equal to it for such complaints.. Gan
heartily recommend it to everybody.
Yours truly. Mrs. Lizzie M. PACKASD. Yours truly, Mrs. Lizzie M. Packand, No. 16 Lagrange St., Sotuh 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. Vegetine is sold by All Druggists.

EATHER &C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at

LOW PRICES,

Good Sole Leather.

Kip of Superior Quality, Country Calf Skins,

LININGS, ROANS, &c.

French Calf.

F. Mortimer.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA. NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT.

IT PAYS

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

IT DON'T PAY To plant poor, dried-out stock, brought from long distance and sold by an irresponsible agen whose only interest is to buy as cheap as he ca-regardiess of quality or condition. You can

GET THE BEST GUARANTEED STOCK, at bottom prices, fresh and vigorous, by sending or coming direct to

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