

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA. Is called the Long Branch of the Pacific. It is a pretty place, with the quaint old town of Monterey lying off in the distance. One lovely moonlight night a party of people sat on the veranda of one of the principal hotels, discussing plans for making a pleasure trip the next day.

The lady who sat alone was the handsomest as well as the haughtiest of the group, and appeared to be vexed.

"I will not consent to it," she said, in an irritated tone. "Just because you know I dislike the man, you will seem determined to force his society upon me."

"But, Miss Winstanly," said Mr. Radcliffe, "there is no other gentleman who can be your cavalier."

"I see that," she interrupted, with a sneer, "but don't distress yourself about me. There's no necessity for my going, so I shall remain at the hotel."

"No, no," arose from the lips of eighteen people.

"We won't go without you," said Miss Stevens. "Do be amiable for this once. It's our last party, and don't break it up."

"Grandfather" Sanderson next took the word; he was called grandfather, because, although but twenty-six years old, a few gray hairs already appeared in his raven locks.

"I can't see for the life of me," he said, "why you so strongly object to George Blake. He is frank, upright, and open-handed."

"Also smells of the sawdust," replied Miss Winstanly, with a most provoking curl of the lips.

Exclamations of reprobation from every one, for the gentleman under discussion was a universal favorite.

"Come, now, Kate," said Emily Lytle, "that's ungenerous. I've understood that he was born—a—in that class of life, and of course cannot be blamed, as he availed himself of the first favorable opportunity to leave it. He merits respect and not contempt."

There was such a murmur of approbation at this little speech that even the fastidious Kate felt ashamed and hung her head.

"The only amends you can make for being so hard on him is to consent to be his partner for the day."

"No, no. Apart from his former disgraceful life, I detest the man," replied Kate.

"Then," said Sanderson, "you must be punished for showing such bad taste. We'll have a show of hands. Attention, ladies and gentlemen. All those in favor of Miss Winstanly being escorted by Mr. Blake to-morrow, will please raise their hands."

"Every soul did so with the exception of Kate herself, who rose instantly and hurried away, blushing with confusion and anger.

"She's dead in love with him," hisped little Nannie Peters.

"And so is he with her, and would be at her feet in a moment if she did not treat him so outrageously," remarked a young fellow who had not yet spoken.

Quoth Emily Lytle: "He's as good as she is, every bit, if he once did turn sommersaults in a circus for a living.—Everybody knows that Mr. Winstanly made his money by—" A loud buzz interrupted her revelation.

Sanderson loquiter: "One of the first rules of our society, Miss Lytle, is 'no slander allowed.' You are on the point of breaking it.

"I'm sure it's no slander, but the truth," pouted Emily. "There are plenty of girls as handsome as she is that he might have for the asking."

Chorus of ladies: "Plenty, plenty—shoals of them."

"It was pretty Bella David's turn to speak. "It seems to me that in a small, nineteenth century sort of a way, this is quite a Benedict and Beatrice case.—Two people affect to hate each other, and yet are longing to rush into each other's arms, and here are we all, friends of both parties, continually plotting and planning to throw them together. I wouldn't be surprised any time to hear him say, 'Against my will, I'm sent to bid you come to supper.'"

"Radcliffe rejoined: "According to the rules which we twenty men and women undertook to observe when we all met here for mutual amusement, she must ride with him to-morrow; but now how are we to get him to believe that she has consented willingly?"

"That's easy enough," replied Grandfather Sanderson. "I'll hatch up something for the occasion; but don't any of the rest of you say a word—for he's so sensitive that he half suspects why she treats him so uppishly, and the first word would make him fly the track."

"H—sh!" said every one. In the adjoining parlor Kate struck the first cord of a popular song, and as her rich voice rolled out on the balmy air, the ex-

lute strolled up to the merry party on the piazza, and like them, listened spell-bound to the tones he loved so well.

The song ceased, and after a moment's pause she began a duet, expecting no doubt, that Sam Williams, who usually sang with her, would take it up outside. Instead of which he nudged Blake, who immediately as if irresistibly, began in a round, rich voice, the like of which the disdainful maid had never heard before, but supposed it was Sanderson or one of the rest. How exquisitely their voices blended; only hers was untrained, while his had all the culture of an opera singer. Indeed, many of his hearers wondered if he had been a professional singer as well as athlete, and thought what a loss to the public was such a voice.

Every one enjoyed the stinging, and was especially amused at the thought that Kate was unconsciously pouring out her whole heart in united melody with the man she professed to despise.

Did she? Of all that group of young men, California's finest, freshest sons, George Blake was beyond cavil the Adonis. Although in reality thirty-years of age, his exceedingly fair complexion and light brown hair made him look years younger. There was not a line on the broad, white forehead, nor a crow-foot around the limpid violet eyes. "Where did such a low fellow get such heavenly eyes?" Kate asked herself the next morning, as she drew on her riding gloves.

He was over six feet tall, and might have been just a trifle heavy for the ring, but for everything else his proportions were splendid. All that the proud beauty and belle, Miss Winstanly, urged against him was true, except that he was "low." Nature made him a gentleman, though of low birth and iron fortune. Ten years prior to the opening of this story Blake had come to California with a circus troupe; he was Signor Francesco Seltzerino, the "strong man" of the company. He vaulted with the rest, but his specialty was firing a cannon on his breast, lifting a dozen men at once, and other immense weights.—He was of an old circus family, and never thought to leave the "profession," but having some money when he reached the Pacific slope, he was seized with the mania for dabbling in stocks, and to his joy and surprise, by one of those sudden rises in stocks, possible only to California, he made almost a fortune without as much trouble as turning a handspring would have given him.—This lucky stroke determined him to retire from the sawdust, and he developed a business talent, which, in a few years, made him a prominent and influential man in Frio, while his character as a man, and his exceedingly polished manners, won him the respect of everybody except the wayward beauty on whom he had set his heart. It remained for her to drag up and taunt him with the old trade, never alluded to by anybody now, except as a bit of personal history, and never to his discredit.

When, the morning after the conversation on the balcony, the party of twenty assembled, sunrise was tinging the red woods and the wild flowers.

They were soon in the saddle. As Kate glanced disdainfully at her companion, her heart fairly ached as she thought he was too handsome for a man, and if he had been anything but a low circus creature, even a respectable hod carrier—but she would die before she would marry such a fellow.

And he thought, she looks more like a goddess than a mere woman. I would lay my body down under her foot, and let her crush my life out, if she would but smile on me.

She had on previous occasions snubbed him so terribly, that they rode a long time in silence before he ventured to begin a conversation with her; but when they reached the crest of the hills overlooking Santa Cruz, and he glanced across the bay, and saw the fleecy, sainted clouds covering over the Monterey range, an exclamation of delight escaped him, and he said, with enthusiasm: "Look, look, Miss Winstanly! is not that a picture painted by God's own hand?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, in an ungracious and contemptuous tone; "but I never gush, it is not 'good form.'"

The insolence of the spoiled beauty stung him to the very heart's core, and the pangs of despised love and sudden anger caused him to forget himself, and he retorted with restrained passion: "Miss Winstanly, be pleased to remember that if I have by my presence again placed it in your power to insult me, it was at your request."

They had troited along until they reached the beautiful stream—in other countries it would be called a river—which begins at the Big Trees and flows down to the canyon to the sea. The precipice was sheer and steep.

"Insult you! how, sir? how can I insult you?" inquired the provoking girl, her anger rising at the sight of his.

"By presuming to dictate to me what 'good form' is. But for my former life you would not dare to do it."

"Dare, indeed!" she echoed, the red blood dyeing her cheeks, "how dare you say I requested your presence?"

"It was a lovers' quarrel and a hot one. In her excitement she dragged so at the reins that her horse reared.

Blake instantly seized the bridle, shouting and pulling the beast towards him: "Let go! let go!"

In rearing, her horse had turned so that she did not see the danger in which she stood. She was on the canyon's precipitous brink, and below ran the river. "Let go, you," she answered, cutting him across the hands; "how dare you touch my lines? You have lured me to leave the rest of the party behind, in order that you might get me alone in your power; but I am not afraid of you; take that!" and in her fury she struck him again. Between the two the restive animal was half-maddened, for Blake was dragging him forward and Kate backward, so that he was plunging and rearing. Blake was white with fear. He did not heed or seem to feel her blows, only to see her danger, for in spite of his herculean strength, the horse was backing, backing nearer and nearer to the precipice.—Another moment and she would be thrown over the yawning chasm. He sprang from his horse, seized both reins with the left hand, and with the right tore the stirrup from the saddle.

"Impertinent clown!" she shrieked, but he paid no heed to her screams; her foot free, he instantly let go the reins, grasped her around the waist, and with almost superhuman strength lifted her from the maddened beast and flung her into the road behind. He was not one moment too soon, for, as he did so, the horse backed over the cliff and disappeared.

When the rest of the party came galloping up, alarmed by the screams, they found the retired athlete in a dead faint on the edge of the canyon, and Miss Winstanly in a like plight lying some distance from him, but not within several feet of the frightful precipice. The young lady was soon restored and proved to be unhurt; not so Mr. Blake. The horse had trampled on his foot and the pain had caused him to lose consciousness. Being only a few miles from Santa Cruz aid was soon procured, and he was carried back to the hotel a very sick and badly bruised man.

Now the willful and high-tempered Miss Winstanly really loved Mr. Blake, but her pride had kept her from showing it or even owning it to herself.—When she realized the true cause of his grabbing the lines had been to save her from certain death, her heart was filled with conflicting emotions—thankfulness for her life, gratitude to him for preserving it, and shame and remorse at her unwomanly insolence and rage. She had actually beaten him as he was trying to drag her away from the chasm.—In her agony and penitence she opened her heart to Emily Lytle, and confessed that she had loved Blake all along, but now that he had saved her life, her passion overflooded all barriers, and she wanted to tell him so. Nearly all of the gay party left Santa Cruz a fortnight after George's accident, but Radcliffe, his bosom friend, remained to nurse him, and Miss Lytle staid to keep her betrothed company.

Blake's foot was crushed, and it would be a long time before he could be removed to San Francisco.

Kate resolved that she would not leave until she had an opportunity of asking George's forgiveness. At last, reports were brought to her that he was improving, was able to talk, and at length to sit in an arm-chair, but he never alluded to the accident, nor mentioned Miss Winstanly's name.

Day after day she plied Emily with questions, and a fierce despair seized upon her when she comprehended that she had lost him—and through her own pride. That was all swept away by her new born love and humility. She was so subject in her remorse and sorrow, that to obtain a smile from the despised "clown," as she had called him, she would gladly turn circus rider herself.

One day she crept to his door. It was closed against her, but she could hear Emily's voice, and Radcliffe's talking with Blake. She was shut out from Paradise, but she had deserved and must bear it. In a fit of silent tears she sunk down on her knees and offered up a prayer that she might yet obtain his forgiveness; suddenly the door opened and Emily came out shutting it quickly after her when she saw the crouching girl. "Why, what's this?" she inquired, astonished. "What do you mean, Kate, by crouching around on all fours, like this?"

"Oh, Emily," sobbed the wretched beauty, "I'm perfectly miserable! I must, and will go in and see him! It was all my own fault! Do you think he will ever forgive me?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Emily, dryly; "I wouldn't if I were in his place, I'd be revenged; but you can go in and see."

Kate sprang up overjoyed. Emily grasped her arm, saying: "But mind

you don't taunt him about his past any more. He's proved himself a gentleman, and above all remember it was only because he was an athlete that he was able to hold your horse until he could wrench you from the saddle and take you out of danger. No other than a strong man could have saved your life. So go in and humble yourself to him."

She opened the door and called Radcliffe out. They strolled off together, while Kate glided into the room and flung herself at the feet of the athlete.

He took his revenge, for when he got well he married her.

He Didn't Want the 'Scription.

He was an old man, and he had a bit of conductor's pasteboard stuck in his hat. He walked into the drug store, and inquired:

"Have you got any good whiskey?"

"Yes, sir," replied the gentlemanly druggist.

"Gimme half a pint."

"Have you got a doctor's prescription?"

"No."

"Can't sell it then, sir. Jury in session; must be strict."

"Where can I get a doctor?" sadly inquired the aged inebriate.

"I'm a physician, sir," winningly responded the druggist.

"Can't you give me that—what you call it—'scription?"

"Well, I might." And the doctor wrote out a prescription blank, calling for so many ounces of spiritus fermenti.

He filled a snug little bottle with the article, pasted a label on it, numbered it to correspond with the paper, and presented it to the venerable roysterer, remarked in the most business like way imaginable: "A dollar and a half, sir."

"A dollar and a half," gasped the astonished customer.

"Ain't that pretty high, mister?"

"It's our price—a dollar for the prescription and fifty cents for the medicine."

"Yes, well," sadly replied the wicked old buffer, as he slowly buttoned up the half pint in his overcoat pocket. "I guess, boss, that I don't want the 'scription. Here's your half a dollar," and he stuck his tongue in one side of his mouth, winked ironically at him of the mortar and pestal, and walked out.

How the Japanese Defy Fire.

The Japanese appear to have hit upon the expedient of providing fire-proof storehouses for the reception of furniture and other valuables. As a security against the vast conflagrations which during the winter months are so prevalent in Japan, the most perishable and valuable articles are kept in fire-proof storehouses known as "mud go-downs." These structures are built of mud, or, to speak more correctly, of clay. Some of them take as many as three years in building. A double framework of bamboo, or slight boarding, is run up, and the intervening space, about eighteen inches or two feet wide, is filled with mud, which is gradually packed and allowed to dry by the action of the atmosphere. At a great fire which occurred at Tokio on the 26th of November, and raged for eight hours, destroying nearly two thousand houses and an immense amount of property, not one of the "mud go-downs"—and there were several hundred of them—was injured throughout the entire area of from five to six miles in extent laid waste by the conflagration.

Path of Safety.

Some clear-headed fellow says that there is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and that is faithful persistence in the legitimate paths of business. The riches that come in an hour do more harm than good. Hence we call upon all good people to unite in an effort to stay the tide of wild excess. Let a man be frowned upon in society when he is living beyond his means. Let all noble and true women express their disgust at the extravagant and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the millstone that has dragged other republics to destruction; or shall our young men find a larger and a nobler devotion than that of money, and modesty and dignity shall not wholly desert American manhood.

Where's those Boots?

A well-dressed individual once walked into a shoe store and fitted on a handsome pair of new boots, his old ones being very much dilapidated. The customer walked to the door to admire the fit in the full light, while apparently feeling in his pocket for his money. A stranger in passing stumbled against the newly-booted man, and drawing back, hit him a blow in the face and ran away. "You villain!" shouted the customer, starting after his assailant.—"The ruffian! catch him! catch him!" exclaimed the indignant shoemaker, fol-

lowing up his customer. The shoemaker was fat. The customer and his assailant were both in good condition.—They outran the shoemaker—and the new boots have never to this day returned to their original proprietor.

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. A course of precaution is worth a pound of cure, is an old and truthful saying. Therefore, we advise all who are troubled with the complaints now prevalent—headache, indigestion, disordered liver, want of appetite, nausea or feverish skin, to take, without delay, Schenck's Maudrake 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 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 received no relief. 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 ejecting morphia 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 in my arms and legs.—I 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 said there was no help for me. I have had no doctor since. If I feel unwell 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. G. W. KIRKIN 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, it is 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.

WILL CURE CANKER HUMOR. ROCKFORD, March 21, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS: Sir—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.

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 heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly, Mrs. LIZZIE M. PACKARD, No. 15 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. Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

LEATHER & C.

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.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT.

IT PAYS 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.

IT DONT PAY To plant poor, dried-out stock, brought from a long distance and sold by an irresponsible agent, whose only interest is to buy as cheap as he can, regardless of quality or condition. You can

GET THE BEST GUARANTEED STOCK, at bottom prices, fresh and vigorous, by sending or coming direct to RIVERSIDE NURSERIES, HARRISBURG, PA.

Geo. F. McFarland, Proprietor. 14