

A DISAPPOINTED FATHER.

WHEN the Flying Scud discharged her cargo and passengers at the London Dock, there landed among them a gentleman who had been absent from England nine years. All that while he had passed under the burning suns of India. He had suffered as soldiers do. He had fought as soldiers fight. He had met the soldier's fate of scars and wounds and one of them had invalidated him home to England.

It was the first time he had trod her shores for nine years, as we have said, and for the first time in any year he was going to see his son, the little boy born after he left home, and whose birth had been his mother's death.

Captain Penryn had only been married a year when he was ordered abroad with his regiment. Six months from that day a letter had reached him, telling him his wife was dead. The letter was written by an old nurse, the only friend who had been with her. It ended thus:

"The baby, as fine a child as I ever saw, is thriving. I've done my best for it. Its mother's last wish was I should keep it, and perhaps, sir, as some one must, you'd as leave I as any other. I shan't be unreasonable in my charges, and I'm very fond of him already. With my duty to you in this dreadful trouble, Your servant, ANN GOLDEN."

The poor, broken-hearted man almost sank under the awful news. He had loved his wife passionately; and when the baby was old enough to travel, she would have come to him in India, braving its terrible climate and the life of a soldier's wife abroad, because they could not live apart. Now he did not want a little baby on his hands, and he wrote to Ann as soon as he could command himself to do so, appointing her his nurse.

Every quarter since that time he had sent money to her for the child's board and clothes. A receipt was always returned with "her duty, and the young gentleman was doing well;" and this was all he knew of his Ellen's boy—the child of a love that had been as strong as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon England's shores again, and the meeting was very near, Capt. Penryn felt new thrills of father-love through his soldier's heart, and longed for his boy's presence.

"He would then take him to himself," he said. "They would live together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. He would make a man of the boy—not a soldier, for he knew the trial of a soldier's life too well; but something very honorable and creditable. He should be proud of him, and he hoped—ah, how he hoped!—that Ellen's child would have Ellen's face.

"My beautiful girl," he said to himself, with the tears standing in his eyes, "how little I thought of this hour when I kissed her good-bye!"

And then his heart grew even warmer to the pledge of their mutual love.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden had given him in his pocket. He glanced at it now to refresh his memory as to the number. A plain, respectable street in one of London's suburbs; he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things, now that I am here," he said to himself. "I am not rich, but I can deny myself many things to make him happy. Will he love me, I wonder?"

Then he thought how his own heart had been won by toys and sweetmeats, and coming to a shop where the former were sold, paused before the gay window and began to make a mental choice between a red and gilt stage-coach and horses and a train of bright blue carriages. He had discarded both for a box of scarlet-coated soldiers, when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat tail, and turning round, he found a grimy little hand half in, half out, of his pocket. He caught it at once, with his handkerchief in it, and gripped it tight.

He was a soldier, and to a soldier the keeping of law and rule is a great thing. To give the little thief to a policeman, and appear against him next day, was his first thought; but as the creature stood there, shaking and whining, the fact of his diminutive size struck the Captain forcibly. He perceived his youth, which was extreme; and he saw that, besides being young and small, and wan, and dirty, and ragged, he was deformed. His queer little shoulders were heaped up to his ears, and his hands were like talons, so long and bony were they. The Captain held the wrist of this mannikin firmly still, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?" he growled, slowly, stooping down to look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to hook it," said the boy, with perfect candor. "Oh, please let me be! Oh, please let me go! Oh, please, sir, I won't do it no more—never, oh, please!"

"I've a mind to have you sent to goal," said the Captain.

"No, please, sir!" said the wail. "Please, sir!"

"Who taught you to steal?" asked the Captain.

The boy made no answer. Grimy tears were pouring from his eyes.

"Answer me," said the Captain.

"If I don't steal I don't get no victuals," said the boy, "and my stomach is as holler—feel it, mister—it's as holler as a drum! She's been a beggin' to-day and we'll have stew. I won't have none, if I don't fetch nothin'. Oh—"

"Who is she?" asked the Captain.

"My mother," said the boy.

"I've been hungry myself," said the Captain, thinking of a certain Indian prison experience. "It isn't pleasant."

Then he thought of his own boy.

"God knows I ought to be tender to the little ones, for the sake of Nellie's child," he said softly; then aloud—

"Ladle, I'll not send you to prison."

"Thankee, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said the Captain.

The dirty elf executed a sort of joyous war-dance.

"Do you know why I forgive you?" said the Captain.

The child shook his head.

"I have a little boy," said the Captain. "He's very different from you, poor child! He would not steal anything. He washes himself. My lad, you must wash yourself as soon as you find water. But I couldn't think of his being hungry; and for his sake I can't bear to see other little fellows hungry. It's for his sake that I don't call a constable and tell him all about it. Remember that, and try to be like—like my little fellow, poor lad, clean and good. Don't steal; try to get work. Will you promise?"

"The wail said "yes sir," of course.

Then the Captain led him into a cheap eating house, and watched him eat until his little stomach was no longer "holler."

"You little wretch!" he thought as he looked at him! "If I could see my boy and him together now, what a contrast!"

And he fancied his boy round and white and pink, and fair of hair, like his poor lost Ellen, and I know he said that he would pity this poor fellow and be kind to him.

The meal was over. The Captain paid for it, and then drew the boy between his knees and lectured him. To be good was to be happy. Honesty was the best policy. Cleanliness came next to godliness. These were the heads of his discourse.

Then he gave him half a crown, and bade him go and be good and clean.

And the boy was off like a flash.

"Thousands just such as he in this great city," sighed the good Captain, and he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily found as he had hoped. There was a little shop in the house he had been directed to, and the keeper thereof said that she had bought it of Ann Golden; "but I haven't seen her since" she said; "only there's a bit of card with her number on it—that is, I can find it."

After a search, she did find it; and the Captain, thanking her, hurried away; but another disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this second place for years. She had moved into Clumber Row, but what number no one could remember.

At Clumber Row, whither the Captain drove in a cab, a woman owned to having had her for a lodger.

"She had a child staying with her, too," she said. "Little Ned she called him; but, to tell the truth, she drank so that I turned her out. I couldn't abide such doings. She went to Fossil Lane, No. 9."

To Fossil Lane the Captain went. It was a filthy place, and there was a drunken woman at No. 9, who was not Ann Golden, and who threw a piece of wood at him for asking for that lady. And now every clue was lost, and the Captain, nearly beside himself for anxiety applied to the authorities for help; and after many days of great unhappiness, he heard of an Ann Golden who lived in a quarter so low and dangerous that all decent people shunned it.

"No wonder," the Captain thought, "if she lived there, that she should have had his remittances sent to the post-office, and left him to believe that his child was still in the decent home to which she had at first taken him."

Almost ill with excitement, the poor Captain drove, with a policeman as protector, into the maze of hideous lanes and courts that led to Ann Golden's dwelling, and, following his conductor, dropped into a filthy cellar, where, amid the horrible leakage of drain pipes, and almost in utter darkness, sat an old woman with a bottle beside her, who started up when the Captain and his guard entered, and cried: "What now? What's the perlice here for? Is it one of the boys again?"

And, altered as she was with years and drink, the Captain knew his wife's old nurse, Ann Golden. He gave a cry of rage, and darted towards her.

"My boy!" he cried.

And she screamed, "It's the Captain!"

"Is my boy living?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, shaking all over; "he's alive and well."

"How dare you keep him here?" cried the Captain.

"How can I help being poor?" whined the woman. "I couldn't give up the bit you pay for him. I'm very old; I'm very ill. Don't be hard on me."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Captain. "My Ellen's baby in a place like this!"

He dropped his head on his hands; then he lifted it and clasped them.

"I'll have him away from herenow!" he gasped. "It's over and he's young and will forget it. Where is he? Have you lied? Is he dead?"

"No, no," said the woman. "He'll be here soon. I hear him now. That's him. He'll be here in a minute. Don't kill a poor old body, Captain—don't."

"I could do it," cried the Captain.

"Listen! There is some one coming. My child! my child!"

The door opened softly, a head peeped in low down, then drew back.

"Come in," piped the old woman.

"The perlice arn't arter you—lenstways for harm. Captain, that's him—your boy Ned."

And as the Captain stood with outstretched arms there crept in at the door—who?—what? The wan, deformed and dirty creature who had picked his pocket—whom he had fed for the sake of his beautiful dream-child—the wretched wail, forgotten utterly in the last few days of anxiety.

"That's him," croaked the old crone again. "That's your boy—That's Ned."

The Captain gave a cry, he sank down on an old box close at hand, and hid his face and wept. His sobs shook him terribly; they almost shook the crazy building. They frightened the old woman, and set the policeman to rubbing his eyes with his cuffs. The boy stood and stared for a moment, and then vanished.

And what was the wretched father thinking? So many thoughts, that there are no words for them; but, first of all, this horrible one—that vile little object, that wretched child of the streets, was the darling for whom he had searched so long.

"Better I had never found him!" moaned the Captain, "or found him dead!"

And just then a little hand crept over his knee. The thrill of hair against his hand, and a piping voice said meekly, "Please, I'm clean now. I've washed myself."

The Captain's swollen eyes unclosed. They turned upon the child.

Some queer knowledge of his father's feelings had crept into his mind, and he had tried to clean his face. A round white spot appeared amidst the grime, and out of it shone two beautiful blue eyes, that looked wistfully up into the Captain's.

All of a sudden, a flood of such pitiful tenderness as he had never felt before swept over Captain Penryn's heart. All the grief, and shame, and wounded pride left it, to come back no more.

"Ellen's eyes," he sobbed; "Ellen's boy!" and took his son to his heart.

"For his sake," he said, softly as though he stood by the grave of the beautiful dream-child he had just buried—"for his sake and Ellen's!"

And then he led the child away with him.

A Sudden Rise in Life.

The law Courts of London, England, have recently brought to light a romantic story, somewhat like that of the Amnesteu peerage case—which Charles Reade seized upon in his story of the "Wandering Heir"—though in this case the heir is an heiress. Some years ago Mr. Gardner, a well to do farmer at Melrose, in Scotland, married a young lady of the neighborhood, and in a very few weeks after the marriage his wife presented him with a daughter. Mr. Gardner was an elder of his presbytery, and being well aware that a fierce light beats upon that office, and being anxious to save his reputation and his wife's, he hired a discreet nurse to take charge of the child. The scandal was thus averted, and years went by without the girl herself or any one else discovering the secret. Meanwhile the daughter, Margaret Gardner, had become a mill hand in a factory and at the age of twenty-one discovered by some means the story of her birth and parentage.—She at once sought out her parents and demanded recognition, but Mr. Gardner disputed her legitimacy, declaring that her father was a shepherd named Laidlaw, and that he (Gardner) had married her mother, whom he loved, to save her reputation. The girl however, like immortal VIII., thought this was "too thin and bare to hide offenses," and declining an offer of a thousand pounds to hold her tongue, brought an action in Scotch courts to compel her recognition as a legitimate daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. The case was decided against her by the judge ordinary, whereupon she appealed to the full court of sessions, who gave judgment in her favor. Against

this her parents appealed, and the case found its way to the house of lords. The court of ultimate appeal decided as the lower court had done—in her favor—holding that when a child is born after marriage the presumption of its legitimacy, in accordance with the old legal maxim, "Pater est quem nuptia demonstrant," is prima facie so strong that the onus of disproof rests with those who deny it. The romantic generosity claimed by the father in marrying his wife to save her reputation did not quite jump with the offer of £1,000 after the wife's reputation had been irreparably damaged, and looked, so their lordships thought, more like a desire to screen himself. At any rate, the fact remained that the court acknowledged the legitimacy of the girl, and she becomes the natural heiress of her father's wealth, which is considerable.

New Use for Electricity.

An elegantly scientific mode of compelling a man to swallow food, who otherwise would have starved himself to death, had been devised and put into practice in a French lunatic asylum.—One of the patients who had persistently refused food was becoming quite emaciated. The physician in charge, Dr. Ritti, was experimenting upon the patient to ascertain whether any of the functions of the palate, throat, etc., were impaired. On applying the terminals of a Ruhmkorff coil, so as to pass a current from the pharynx to the upper side of the neck just below the angle of the lower jaw, all the muscles of that region contracted, and the pharynx made an upward movement. A bright thought struck the doctor. He had some food prepared in portions, each of which represented a small mouthful. One of these boluses was put into the patient's mouth, and the mouth was kept closed by an assistant. Then an electric current was passed, as before described, and instantly the patient swallowed the bolus. The upward movement which the pharynx made under the stimulus of electricity was precisely the same of that which is naturally made by that organ in the act of swallowing. The process was repeated with the remaining boluses until a square meal had been administered to the patient. When the next meal-time came around the patient resisted, and gave a great deal of trouble to the doctor and his assistants; but the ingenuity which had so far triumphed was not to be easily foiled, and the treatment is pronounced successful.

An Iowa Fish Story.

The Dubuque Times tells the following story about two young of men Dunleith, Iowa: The young gentlemen who took a fishing excursion down the river having fallen short of bait, commenced using the eye of the dead fish already caught. One of the fish caught on this bait struggled so hard that the hook accidentally fastened in one of its eyes and tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident made the fish struggle still more, and at last it slipped from the fisherman's grasp and escaped to its native element. The disgusted fisherman retained the eye of the fugitive, applied it to his hook, and again launched his line into the water. Only a short time elapsed and he had "a bite," and jerking his line out of the water he was surprised to find the identical fish which had eluded his grasp a few minutes before and which perished by swallowing its own eye.

Do You Believe It?

A boy living near Elliott's mill, while fishing at the head of Osceola dam, felt a gentle nibble, and drawing his hook towards the shore, observed a half gallon fruit-can trailing on the bottom.—Having secured the vessel, he was greatly surprised to find that a large cat-fish had taken up its abode there in and remained until his increased dimensions did not admit of egress. He had evidently flopped around in his tin parlor until a hole was made in the rust-eaten bottom, through which his trail protruded. In this condition, the cat-fish had power to navigate from one place to another, and must have been regarded by his aquarium neighbors as a kind of iron-clad monitor. So says the Osceola Revielle, but you need not believe more of it than you want to.

Recently John W. Bell, of Mercer, sold the half interest of a mill to Mr. Guthrie, of Greenville. He went to the residence of the man with whom he had the bargain for a settlement a few days ago. Frank Guthrie, a son of the purchaser, finding out that Bell had the article of agreement, the elder Guthrie's notes to Mr. Bell for several hundred dollars and other important papers, demanded them and not having his request granted, seized Bell by the throat and pointed a cocked revolver at him. The papers were surrendered and since then Bell has brought suit against the Guthries for robbery. The son has disavowed and the father disclaims any connection with the assault or robbery.

DR. SCHECK'S PULMONIC SYRUP. SEA WEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public. They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution. Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption, probably contain opium, which is a somewhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients, it must do great injury; for its tendency is to condense the morbid matter in the system, which, of course, must make a cure impossible. Schneck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contain a particle of opium; it is composed of powerful but harmless herbs, which act on the lungs, liver, stomach and blood, and thus correct all morbid secretions, and expel all the diseased matter from the body. These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schneck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way, it is obvious they are the only genuine cure for Pulmonic Consumption. Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions. Dr. Schneck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

VEGETINE IS MY FAMILY MEDICINE; I WISH NO OTHER.

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1876. MR. H. B. STEVENS:—Dear Sir:—When I was about 8 years of age a humor broke out upon me, which my mother tried to cure by giving me herb teas and all other such remedies as she knew of, but it continued to grow worse, until finally she consulted a physician and he said it was the salt rheum, and doctored me for that complaint. He relieved me some, but said I could not be permanently cured as the disease originated in the blood, and remained a great sufferer for several years, until I heard of and consulted a physician, who said I had the scrofulous humor and if I would allow him to doctor me he would cure me. I did so, and he commenced leaching up my sores and succeeded in effecting an external cure, but in a short time the disease appeared again in a worse form than ever, as cancerous humor upon my lungs, throat and head. I suffered the most terrible pain, and there seemed to be no remedy, and my friends thought I must soon die, when my attention was called, while reading a newspaper, to a VEGETINE testimonial of Mrs. Waterhouse, No. 364 Athens St., South Boston, and I formerly residing in South Boston and being personally acquainted with her and knowing her former condition, I concluded I would try the Vegetine.—After I had taken a few bottles it seemed to force the sores out of my system. I had running sores in my ears which for some time were very painful, but I continued to take the Vegetine until I had taken about twenty-five bottles, my health improving all the time from the commencement of the first bottle, and the sores to heal. I commenced taking the Vegetine in 1873, and continued its constant use for 6 months, and from that present time my health is better than it has been since I was a child. The Vegetine is what helped me, and I most cordially recommend it to all sufferers, especially my dear American women, and which carry annually thousands of them to premature graves: Dyspepsia, that universal curse of American manhood, Heartburn, Piles, Constipation, Nervousness, Inability to sleep, and impure blood. This is a formidable list of human ailments for any single medicine to successfully attack, and it is not probable that any one article before the public has the power to cure the quarter of them except Vegetine. It lays the axe at the root of the tree of disease by first eliminating every impurity from the blood, promoting the secretions, opening the pores—the great escape valves of the system—invigorating the liver to its full and natural action, cleansing the stomach and strengthening digestion. This is accomplished, the speedy and the permanent cure of not only the diseases we have enumerated, but likewise the whole train of chronic and constitutional disorders, at all ages, in both sexes, and precisely what Vegetine does, and it does it so quickly, and so easily, that it is an accomplished fact almost before the patient is aware of it himself.

Mrs. B. C. COOPER, No. 1 Joy Street, Providence, R. I.

VEGETINE.

The range of disorders which yield to the influence of this medicine, and the number of defined diseases which it never fails to cure, are greater than any other single medicine has hitherto been even recommended for by any other than the proprietors of some quack nostrum. These diseases are Scrofula and all its varieties, Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Spinal Complaints and all inflammatory symptoms; Ulcers, all Syphilitic diseases, Kidney and bladder diseases, Dropsy, the whole train of painful disorders which so generally afflict American women, and which carry annually thousands of them to premature graves: Dyspepsia, that universal curse of American manhood, Heartburn, Piles, Constipation, Nervousness, Inability to sleep, and impure blood. This is a formidable list of human ailments for any single medicine to successfully attack, and it is not probable that any one article before the public has the power to cure the quarter of them except Vegetine. It lays the axe at the root of the tree of disease by first eliminating every impurity from the blood, promoting the secretions, opening the pores—the great escape valves of the system—invigorating the liver to its full and natural action, cleansing the stomach and strengthening digestion. This is accomplished, the speedy and the permanent cure of not only the diseases we have enumerated, but likewise the whole train of chronic and constitutional disorders, at all ages, in both sexes, and precisely what Vegetine does, and it does it so quickly, and so easily, that it is an accomplished fact almost before the patient is aware of it himself.

Best Remedy in the Land.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1876. MR. H. B. STEVENS:—Dear Sir:—I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a breaking out of blotches and pimples on my face and neck for several years. I have tried many remedies, but none cured the humor on my face and neck. After using two or three bottles of your Vegetine the humor was entirely cured. I do certainly believe it is the best medicine for all impurities of the blood that there is in the land, and should highly recommend it to the afflicted public. Truly yours, P. FERRINE, Architect. Mr. Ferrine is a well-known architect and builder at Little Falls, N. Y., having lived there and in the vicinity for the last 33 years. 25 Im

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

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