

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

A SWEET-FACED woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery...

She is inquiring of the dock men, of the stevedores, and of loungers about the wharves, whether the brig "Good Luck" has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, and that reply is—that the brig "Good Luck" has not come in; but that this same brig "Good Luck" has been lost a month ago...

Then she goes across the street and winds her way among the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig's owners have their offices. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another as much as to say, "poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad! Yes, she is as mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Selter, master of the brig "Good Luck"—to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of this child. God of Heaven, why does he stay away from her so long?

"Is the 'Good Luck' in yet?" she asks of a clerk. "Not yet, ma'am." "She's expected, of course, to-day?" "Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the sight. "Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am," says the clerk relaxing into his calculations, and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face and a moan that is so heart-rending says: "No, Ellie, no! That is not the 'Good Luck.' I see the figurehead; the figure-head of the 'Good Luck' is an angel—a white and gold angel. No! no! that isn't it."

"But papa will come home soon, won't he, mamma?" whispers the child. "Yes, yes, yes! To-day, my darling, to-day."

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk and approaching the woman, says in a kindly tone: "Mrs. Selter, sit down; make yourself comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here; give me a kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Selter."

instrument, repeating its dot and dash message. "Hear that?" says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

"It's a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not tell her." He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face flushed with emotion—some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes. "There Mrs. Selter, now go home. Take a car at the door."

"Oh! I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much." "Here little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's something for you to buy candies." He puts into her tiny outstretched palm a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

"I'll keep this for my papa." Poor little thing she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant. "Now, Mrs. Selter, you've had no dinner," says Tawman. "Oh, yes sir."

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean today. Go down with Mr. Pelton here, our young man, and get something to eat. You see, we have arrangements here for the comfort of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody there now. Everybody's dined. Go down there and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, "to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that."

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Selter partakes of it, and does not think proper to waken the weary child, that she may eat also. Then Mr. Tawman says: "Now you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me to-night."

"No, no!" exclaims the mother. "I must have my Ellie with me always, sir! You are so very good, though, sir—so very good! And there is no news of the 'Good Luck'?"

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say." "It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day." "I'm sure I hope so, with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Selter."

"It is! It is!" She darts from the office dragging the child after her, runs across the crowded street, across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water.

Mr. Tawman rushes to the window, opens it and calls to her. To no purpose however. All the clerks cluster about the window to watch her. "The woman is mad," says one. "She's going to drown herself."

Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator: "It's the 'Mary!'" The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Selter is standing in the midst of the crowd of excited people, waving her handkerchief and the little girl is waving hers.

"Look! look there! There's a man overboard!" cries one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf. "Thunder!" exclaims Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that mean?"

"He's swimming like a fish," says a clerk. "He has landed. Hark at the cheers." "God of Mercy, look, look!" shouted the operator. "She is hugging him—so is the little girl. It's Captain Selter!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, "and pray Heaven that she may not sink under the shock! Poor woman. How she clings to the drenched man. Dear, dear!" Then he puts on his hat and runs down stairs like a boy and darts over to where husband, wife and child are, united and happy.

"The 'Good Luck's' come in!" yells Tawman lustily. "Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the Captain by the hand and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him, "this is 'good luck' my boy, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram?"

When the man can speak he answers: "Yes." "I planned it all," chatters old Tawman. "You see, I got a dispatch, yesterday, from the Breakwater, saying that Captain Selter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner 'Mary,' bound in, and that you were coming up by rail from Lewes. I telegraphed back word for you to come up in the schooner for a certain purpose. The shock would have been worse to her, if I hadn't. I told her when I put her in the car yesterday, that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes Cap, we'll have a talk about business. Come on."

And then the wife learned that the day previous the firm had heard of the shipwreck of their vessel, and that the captain and crew were some of them saved and were even then at the lower bay. Mr. Tawney fearing the effect on the poor wife, had her husband arrived in any manner except by vessel, had telegraphed him to come up in the manner he did. A happier woman or a more gratified little girl could not be found than were Mrs. Selter and her little Mary, as they sat at the dinner table with the loved husband and father beside them.

roustabout. His body has not yet been discovered, and it may be lying along the shore near where he was lost. I will furnish you with transportation to the locality."

The female with six children dried her tears immediately, and said that she wouldn't go on such an expedition on any account; that she had no time, and had enough to attend to at home. The female with the eight children said that she would go gladly, and that she would stay until she found the body of her dear husband; that she would have gone before only that she had no money and no way of going. The commissioner was satisfied that he had found the true rellet of the roustabout, and without further hesitation he handed the estate over to the female who represented the most responsibilities.

Selling a Wife for Drinks.

Thomas Gilligan, a jovial young canal boatman, familiarly known in Jersey City as "Tommy Dodd," some years ago became attached to a comely young woman near Phillipsburg. She liked to drink, and one day Gilligan plied her with liquor, and on the next morning showed her a marriage certificate signed by a Rockaway Justice of the Peace, wherein their marriage was duly set forth.

"I don't remember anything about it," she said; "I was drunk, I confess, but if you say so, Tommy, it is all right." They lived together four years, during which time two children were born, but Gilligan's acts of cruelty compelled her to seek advice and sympathy elsewhere. In the heart of Jacob Meyers, a fellow canal boatman, Mrs. Gilligan found a responsive chord, and she conceived a strong attachment for him. Gilligan noticed it, and said: "A treat for all hands around, Jake, and she is yours."

He jumped at the proposition, and after spending \$1.00 for drinks Jacob claimed Mrs. Gilligan as his own. Ever since Gilligan seems to have repented of his bargain, and has made overtures to regain his wife, but failed.

On Monday last Gilligan went to the boat on which Jacob is at work, and demanded his wife. Jacob knocked him down, and laid open his scalp with a piece of coal. Gilligan had Meyers arrested and when arraigned before Police Justice Davis in Jersey City last week, the story was developed.

Justice Davis fined Meyers \$10, and sent him to jail for thirty days. Mrs. Gilligan says that she is happy with Meyers, and will not desert him.

The Blacksmith was Capable of True Love.

Away back half a century ago there lived in Lanesboro a rich old farmer. Then as now rich old farmers were the possessors of daughters and sons, and the daughters somehow would have beaux. In the same town lived an industrious young blacksmith, who sought the hand of the only daughter of the rich old farmer, who, by the way, held higher hopes and aspirations for her, and plainly told the young man that he "did not think an anvil and a piano would sound well together."

Meanwhile the daughter had an unobjectionable suitor whom she was allowed to marry. Ten years or more she lived happily, when her husband died. Then came years of widowhood and all the sorrows and trials the word implies. A consoling and consolable widower, however, happening along, she was again married. Another decade of happy wedded life, and she was again left a widow. It was then she returned to the paternal roof; and after a few years her father followed the two husbands. Within the present year, the young blacksmith, having nearly reached the age of three-score and ten, while on a visit to Eastern friends, learned the situation, renewed his suit and was accepted. And now there is only perfect harmony in the "Anvil Chorus," in which they both join.

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP. SHE WERE TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILL. These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public.

VEGETINE IS MY FAMILY MEDICINE; I WISH NO OTHER. PROVIDENCE, APRIL 7, 1876. MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: When I was about 5 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...

VEGETINE. The range of disorders which yield to the influence of this medicine, and the number of defunct 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.

Best Remedy in the Land. LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1876. MR. H. R. 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.

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 sure than ordinary crops, and pay for themselves the first year they bear.