

LOOK UP.

THERE is an old proverb, that "misfortunes never come singly," and it was certainly fully verified in the family of William Blakely. Up to a certain period of his life, the world had gone prosperously with him; but after this, there was a change. Speculations which had promised the most favorable results, failed entirely, and his affairs became involved to an alarming extent. Still there was a chance that firmness and energy would enable him to recover his former position; but a dreadful fire broke out in the part of the city where his business was located, and his own store was among the first which fell a prey to the devouring element. Unfortunately the insurance had expired the day before, and had not yet been renewed. The flames spread so rapidly that the efforts of the firemen to save the valuable property were in vain; almost everything was consumed, and in a few short hours, from comfortable and somewhat affluent circumstances, Mr. Blakely and his large family were reduced to absolute poverty. But the tide did not turn here. The anxiety of mind which he had for some weeks undergone, and the exposure to which he was subjected on the night of the fire, brought on a fever, and for many weeks his wife and daughters hung over him, losing sight of all other afflictions in the one absorbing fear for the life of the husband and father. But they were spared this trial; the fever at length abated, and though the strong man was left weak and helpless as an infant, reason had returned, and the physician had declared that nothing was now necessary for restoration to health but good nursing and freedom from mental anxiety.

Careful and affectionate nursing was not wanting; but it was impossible to prevent mental uneasiness. The very presence of the dear ones around him increased the depression of his spirits, for it was no longer in his power to maintain them in their present position in society. They must share with him the poverty, and perhaps the disgrace, which had come upon him; for William Blakely knew that the investigation into his affairs which his creditors would require, would show that they had been deeply involved even previous to the fire, and that many would heap upon him unmerited reproach—unmerited, for he had in reality taken the course which would have enabled him to be just to all had not the last dispensation of Providence frustrated his intentions. There remained but one way by which his fair name could be entirely retained, and on this course he at once resolved. The house in which they lived was valuable, and from its situation would command a ready and favorable sale.

It was hard to part with the home which he had endeavored to render in every aspect a desirable one for himself and his family, but there was no alternative; it was the only way in which he could satisfy the claims against him; and as soon as his returning strength would permit, the necessary steps were taken, the house was offered for sale and a purchaser soon found.

We will pass over the sad farewell to a place endeared by many fond remembrances, for our story is more of after years when these trials were among the things gone by.

It is sufficient to say that every just claim was satisfied, and the family removed to a distant part of the country, for Mr. Blakely felt anxious to quit the scene of his misfortunes. Here in a small but neat dwelling they found themselves in possession of many comforts; and in their affection for each other, which seemed strengthened by their afflictions, the mother and children soon found contentment and happiness.

But the father's heart was still sad. The once cheerful buoyancy of his spirits had given place to a morbid sensitiveness—a want of confidence in himself, and a distrust of his fellow-beings. His whole appearance had changed. There was no longer the bright animated smile and the quick step which marks the energetic and prosperous man. His countenance was downcast and sad; his step lingering and irresolute; in short, no one would have recognized the once busy merchant in the ill-dressed and unhappy looking man who now busied himself in the cultivation of the few acres which surrounded his little dwelling.

His wife sought by every means in her power to arouse his dormant energies. She represented that the few hundreds which they had saved from the wreck of their property would soon be exhausted. He was yet in the prime of life; his health was fully restored. Why not again go forward, and endeavor to regain, at least, a part of what they had lost? Surely it was a duty which he owed to himself and his children. But her husband shrunk from again mingling with what he deemed "a cold and unfeeling world."

"It will be all in vain, Mary," he replied. "I shall lose the little which we

have left. Your knowledge of men is limited. You can hardly imagine the unfeeling manner in which the unfortunate are treated. The very fact that a man looks as if he were going down hill is sufficient to induce every one to give him a push. You will find many who will help those who seem likely to rise themselves, but very few who will extend a hand to save those who are apparently sinking."

"That is partly true," returned his more hopeful wife; "but, I trust, not to the extent which you seem to believe. Place more confidence in your fellow-men, and above all, have more reliance on your heavenly Father, and you will succeed. If you are unwilling to invest the little capital which you have remaining, begin at the bottom of the ladder, and seek for a situation as clerk. Our present home is near enough to the city to accommodate you in such an employment, and under my direction the children can continue the cultivation of the land, the produce of which will moderate our expenses. You are certainly well qualified either for salesman or accountant, and will no doubt obtain a good salary."

Mr. Blakely sighed deeply. "My health will not permit me to lead the sedentary life of an accountant," he replied; "and as salesman, I fear I should stand little chance of success."

"Not with that sad countenance, indeed; but strive to recover your former cheerful temperament, and all will go well. You were once an excellent salesman."

"Times have changed, Mary. I am not what I once was. For your sake and that of my children, I will make the attempt, but I feel sure that I shall fail."

Advertisements were accordingly put in the papers, stating his capabilities and want of a situation; and these failing to call forth any applications, the once prosperous merchant resolved to go himself and seek for employment.

But, although he was willing to do this as an act of duty which he owed to his family, it was without the least confidence of success; and he left home for the city with the same sad countenance, downcast look, and slow, measured step.

His wife watched him anxiously until he was out of sight, and then turning sorrowfully from the window, said to her eldest daughter, who, with ready sympathy, had drawn to her side and thrown her arm around her.

"It is all in vain, Grace. Your poor father will never succeed until he can learn to look up, not only naturally but spiritually. That downcast look is a true index of the present state of his spirit. His thoughts are fixed on the dark shadows of earth, and he raises them not to the source of light and strength."

The mind of Grace was mature beyond her years, which did not yet exceed fourteen. She understood and felt the truth of her mother's words, and her reply was well calculated to console and encourage her.

"We will pray to our heavenly Father for him, dear mother, and the dark shadows will yet pass away, and the light of heaven will reach his darkened soul. Our misfortunes and his long illness prey heavily upon him, but his wonted cheerfulness will yet return."

"I trust so, Grace; but in the meantime what shall we do for our support? The small sum we have remaining ought to be reserved for an hour of need. While we have our health and strength, it should remain untouched. My time is almost wholly occupied with domestic cares, and if it were not, I hardly know what employment I should seek."

"But I can do something, mother," returned Grace, with animation. "I am very young, but you and father have kindly given me every advantage of education, and I feel sure that even now I could undertake the charge of a small school, if the parents could only feel confidence in me."

"We might commence a school together," replied Mrs. Blakely, thoughtfully. "Your extreme youth would be an obstacle to your success, but my name would obviate this objection, and the parents of our pupils would gradually learn to place confidence in your ability as a teacher. For the modern accomplishments I should be obliged to depend wholly upon you; but in some of the more solid branches, I could assist, and the government of the school could at first devolve upon me. But we will await your father's return. He may be more successful than we anticipate."

As William Blakely approached the crowded city, the busy metropolis of one of our Western States, he felt more and more oppressed by the doubts and fears which he had urged in the conversation with his wife; and it must be confessed that there were rational grounds for his fears.

He who appears to be ascending the hill of fortune, finds many to aid him in reaching the summit; but the unfortunate who, having toiled to a certain height, and are now evidently descending, find few to arrest their progress. Too

many seem ready to accelerate their downward course.

The first place at which he called was the office of a commission merchant, who had advertised for a "middle aged man, well acquainted with business, &c., &c.," qualifications which Mr. Blakely felt an undoubted assurance that he possessed. On stating his business, a clerk requested him to be seated, his employer would be in directly, at the same time surveying the applicant with a supercilious and somewhat contemptuous air, which plainly expressed the opinion which he had formed of his claims to their consideration.

Half an hour passed, and the employer entered. Mr. Blakely's name and application was laid before him by the clerk. He stood for a moment quietly observing him, and without waiting to hear the qualifications he was about to urge, said quietly:

"You will not answer my purpose, sir."

The applicant turned away without remonstrance, and left the store. "Just as I expected," he said, to himself. "I have every qualification which his advertisement stated as requisite, but he will not give me even time to state them. My appearance does not suit him, and that is enough."

The next trial was at a large wholesale dry goods establishment which had advertised for a competent person in their line; but no better success attended him. The refusal was equally decisive with the other; and as he turned to leave the store, he heard the employer remark to the head clerk:

"I make it a rule never to employ a person who looks as if he were unfortunate. Everything about that man shows that he is going down hill."

"And therefore, you will give him a push," mentally added Mr. Blakely, and half resolved not to try again, he walked quickly through the busy street without any definite object.

But the thought of those dependent upon him again urged another trial; and with desperate determination, he resolved to make application at every store in the street through which he was passing.

But still he was unsuccessful; and with every failure, he became more and more depressed, until his anxious countenance could not fail to excite the observation of those around him.

As he turned from the last shop, he was accosted by a benevolent-looking old gentleman in the garb of a Quaker, who exclaimed in a friendly tone of inquiry:

"Looking for a situation, my friend?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Can you aid me in my search?"

"Not directly. But I can give thee a little advice, which, if acted rightly upon, will finally help thee to obtain what thou desirest."

"Well, sir, I shall be grateful for your advice."

"It is this.—Look up!" At these words, Blakely raised his eyes from the ground, supposing it to be a command to look at his adviser; but to his surprise, the old gentleman had already turned, and was walking rapidly away in an opposite direction.

"Some insane person," he muttered. "I am in no humor for his folly;" and sorrowfully he turned toward his own home, quite convinced of the uselessness of farther search.

His wife, not much surprised at his failure, still endeavored to cheer him, and proposed the plan suggested by Grace. With some difficulty they obtained his sanction, to what he considered as almost an absurd undertaking.

Circulars were immediately printed and distributed, and Grace and her mother called upon many families in the neighborhood, and made known their intentions. Their lady-like and pleasing appearance excited much interest, and they found little difficulty in securing a sufficient number of pupils to encourage them in a beginning. The school rapidly increased, and before the end of the first term, they had more applicants than they could admit. Many families in the city, attracted by the airy pleasant situation, and the interest manifested by both teachers and pupils in the school, were anxious that Mrs. Blakely should receive their daughters as boarders, the distance being too great to permit their daily attendance. This occasioned an extension of their plan. A larger and more convenient house was taken, and arrangements made for the accommodation of a larger number of day scholars.

Mr. Blakely viewed with wonder the success of his wife and daughter. Why was it that he alone should be rejected because he was unfortunate? Surely his family were involved in his misfortunes, and yet their exertions had prospered, and kind friends were around them, eager and willing to assist them?

In what did the difference consist? The words of the Quaker often came to his mind, and though he had at first regarded them as mere expressions of insanity, he now began to suspect that

they in reality contained the advice which the eccentric old gentleman had said, if rightly followed, would ensure him success.

Look up! Surely man formed in the image of his Maker, should not, like the beast that perisheth, cast his eyes upon the earth. Even when bowed down by misfortune, he should strive to look upward to the light which may yet illumine his path.

These thoughts had crowded forcibly upon his mind, and they were confirmed by a conversation with Grace, who, released from the confinement of the school bounded joyously into the garden, where her father was busied with some vines and throwing her arms around his neck, told him that he must smile on her cheerfully as he used to do, for she had good news for him.

"You deserve to be smiled upon, indeed, my sweet child," he replied, gazing fondly upon her animated countenance; "but what good news have you for me?"

"One of the young ladies who attend our school asked me to-day if my father was in want of a situation as clerk, and when I replied in the affirmative, she said that her uncle requested him to call at his office to-morrow morning. Here is the number, 183 Water street," she continued, handing her father a slip of paper containing the street and number.

"There may be something yet in store for me, Grace."

"Indeed there may dear father. Only think how well our school is succeeding. The income from that alone could afford as a comfortable support. Our heavenly Father is always near to help us in the hour of need."

"Hail, my daughter, and blessed are those who look up to Him for help."

The heart of the strong man was bowed, and his voice trembled with emotion. Tears of ready sympathy stood in the eyes of Grace as she whispered:

"Your heart will no longer be sad, dear father. You will smile upon us once more."

"Pray for me, my child. The dark shadow has long been upon me; but, with the help of God, I will no longer be cast down. Even if this new opening proves delusive, I will not be discouraged, I will look up."

With a cheerful countenance, and a step which fell musically upon the ear of his wife, bringing to her remembrance the days gone by, he descended to breakfast the following morning, and at an early hour, was on his way to the city.

As he entered the office, answering to the number upon the paper given him by Grace, he was met by the same benevolent old Quaker who had proffered his advice on a former occasion.

"Well, my friend," he exclaimed, extending his hand. "I am glad to see that thou hast followed my advice and learned to look up. I have a situation now at my command where thee can obtain a good salary, and without working harder than is fitting for a man at thy time of life. The best remedy for a man who is going down hill is, to look up. When earthly hopes fall, there is still hope in heaven."

Raw Taste of Tobacco.

"J. W. F., of New Cumberland writes to the *Scientific American*:"

"I have been a slave of tobacco for so long that I have given up the idea of ever stopping the use of it. There is so much of the plug tobacco that causes the mouth to become raw, besides containing hair, feathers, and other little dainties too numerous to mention, that I have determined to use none but leaf tobacco hereafter. Will you be kind enough to tell me, through your valuable paper, how to remove the raw taste from the natural leaf, and oblige a subscriber who fully appreciates the value of the *Scientific American*?"

[Answer.—We believe that the common method of removing the raw taste that our correspondent complains of, is to soak the tobacco in urine. Tobacco thus treated and then sweetened with molasses dirt, is considered "lovely," the "solace" of mankind, "honey dew," etc.]

Declensions and Conjugations.

Miss S.—, an American heiress and quite beautiful, has been exciting much admiration in London during the present season, and is about to marry, it is said, the son of a nobleman connected with the royal household. American heiresses are by no means shunned abroad; quite the contrary, for they are generally as well educated and in every way as presentable as their foreign sisters, and do not accept the first impetuous scion of nobility that has a coronet about him. Some years ago the daughter of an American minister in London, was much sought after by patrician youngsters. She was one day discovered writing letters, and observed, "I am writing my declensions. This London is a good enough place for flirtations, but I mean to conjugate at home."

MANY WHO ARE SUFFERING

from the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whisky two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks" and in time become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and life-supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well-known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. From debility arising from sickness, over-exertion or from any cause whatever, a wine-glass full of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's reasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all Druggists. [31 1m

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