

and the lace work in the other, he dashed out of the house.

Meanwhile, at the court-room, the lawyer for the prosecution had summed up his case; and now the counsel for the defendant, after making a few remarks, in which he drew attention to Gus Antoine's statement as perhaps not so foreign to the case after all, added that he thought it sufficiently strong without it. They would soon see that Squire May could not have committed the murder, for he was about to prove an alibi, and would base it entirely upon the testimony of one witness, and so saying he led Hope to the stand. She had known she would be called upon to testify, but now her courage left her, and she felt as if she must fly through an open side door and escape from them all. But a glance from her father, and the thought that she might save him, restrained her. The little figure looked very piteous with its white face, black dress, and flowing flaxen hair. Already there was heard a murmur of sympathy in the room, beginning with the women. But the prosecuting attorney was equal to the occasion.

"I protest, your Honor," he said "against the testimony of such a mere child being admitted in court. I am willing to assert that she does not know the nature of an oath, and it is a well known fact that she has visited her father in prison, and been instructed by him as to what to say."

"The Court grants you permission to ask her any questions you choose," said the judge.

Hope held the back of a chair tightly as the lawyer turned upon her.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" he asked fiercely.

"O, yes, sir!" replied Hope. "It's swearing, and I've heard Colonel Antoine swear lots of times."

A subdued titter, which Hope did not hear, greeted the words, while the prosecuting attorney turned with a gesture of despair. "Your Honor sees—" he began, then suddenly turning to Hope, "One question more: what did your father teach you to say here?"

There was a murmur of indignation in the house of, "Why do they let him sass her so?" and the like. But Hope replied firmly, "He told me, whatever they asked me, to tell the truth."

"Yes, I understand, he told you to say that he had told you that. What else?"

"Nothing—oh yes! he told me not to be afraid if the lawyers were very impudent and tried to put me out, but just to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and God would help me."

"I think, your Honor," said the lawyer for the defence triumphantly, "that there is no longer any question as to the eligibility of the witness, and that she may now be permitted to give her testimony."

The judge bowed gravely, and the prosecuting attorney took his seat.

"And now my little girl," said the other lawyer kindly, "will you state briefly, but as clearly as you can; the events of the day, from the time the twelve o'clock whistle sounded until Gus Antoine left you?"

"We were all eating when the twelve o'clock whistle sounded," said Hope, timidly. "Father beckoned to me, and we left the others there and went around to the old cottonwood tree on the other side of the house. He had meant to fix a swing for the children, but he had been so busy about 'lection that he could not do it before, and he wanted me to help him. We finished it while they were eating, and then called them out and surprised them all. I heard the noise the pistol made. Father was up in the tree. He said, 'There, some of those boys are firing at a mark. I must put a stop to that. It's dangerous.'"

This was all of Hope's testimony, but the most rigid cross-examination did not impeach it. No other witness was called. The judge's address to the jury was brief. As they retired for consultation, Gus Antoine elbowed his way through the surging crowd, brandishing the confession in his hand. He made his way to the judge and handed it to him. He glanced it over, then rose and read it aloud. A cheer rang through the room, but the judge, with lifted hand, commanded silence. "This paper," said he, "comes too late to be used. The jury have retired, and we must await their verdict. If not in accordance with the present disclosure, the prisoner can petition for a new trial."

Their absence was brief, and upon their return a breathless silence reigned in the room; and the words, "Not guilty," were heard in the remotest part of the house. The cheering was now something overwhelming and not to be repressed. Nobody heard the judge's adjournment, though all acted upon it.

Squire May had been acquitted simply upon the evidence of his little daughter; but Gus Antoine's confirmation of the verdict has a tremendous effect. And while one enthusiastic youth was passing around his hat, "to buy that little gal a

present—an Injun pony or 'sometin'," all the women and girls in the room formed in file, and, marching around Gus, kissed him heartily, much to his disgust. Mrs. Antoine remained only to kiss Hope under the folds of her crape veil.

A few weeks later the widow Antoine and her family left for the South. Before they went Gus found opportunity to see Hope alone.

"I shall come back again for you when I am a man," he said. "I have brought you that piece of embroidery, but I want you to give me a little piece of it; I will keep it always."

"And did you never hear of him again?" I asked of Mrs. Rutherford.

"Yes. The family went to Virginia. That State had been Mrs. Antoine's home. Gus joined the Confederate army, under Stonewall Jackson; and shortly after the close of the war I received a letter from his mother saying that he had been killed at the battle of Antietam. I had been married for several years then, but I believe I cried heartily when I read it. I wore the embroidery with the Alencon stitch at my wedding. As we turned to come down the aisle, after the ceremony, these heads reminded me of the scene in the court-room long ago; and I seemed to see my first love hurrying forward triumphant, the confession that completed the vindication of my father in his hand."

Wisdom in Love-Making.

WE KNOW that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most desire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine year's possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have no idea of the kind of wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society, if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise.

Strange Boston Case.

There has been an interesting case of "married but no wife" before the supreme court at Boston last week.—Thomas J. Herring, a widower with five children fell in love with Miss Althea Butters in 1871, proposed and was refused some half-dozen times, and finally got her consent by threatening to blow his brains out. But Thomas indiscreetly boasted of his conquest, and Miss Butters broke the engagement. Then there was another long series of proposals and refusals, until the young woman refused even to see him. Then Herring wrote a long letter fixing the hour of his death, and told her to be at home to hear the news, but discreetly sent a friend to plead for an interview, which resulted in her marrying him secretly in April, 1872.

She repented of it as soon as it was done, and compromised by agreeing that they should not live together as man and wife for six months, nor tell anybody.—The result is that they have never lived together; the more she has seen of him the more she has early dislike for him grown, and she asked the court to annul the marriage. Judge Endicott says, however, that threats of suicide do not constitute duress, and as there was neither error nor fraud the petition could not be granted. The case will probably be taken to the full bench of exceptions.

MURDER WILL OUT.

NOBLE COUNTY, OHIO, is the roughest in the State. From end to end it is one constant succession of hills. There is nothing in the shape of wagon roads, as they are understood in the rest of the State, known. The hillside paths, stony, rutted out by the heavy rains of spring and fall, are almost impassable to wagons even in the best portions of the year. But here are magnificent views of wildness. From the tops of many of the hills one may obtain a view of the surrounding country extending many miles in every direction. Hon. John A. Bingham, who used to represent this district in Congress, called it the Switzerland of Ohio. The people are at least fifty years behind many other portions of the State. They still live in the rude log cabins, the sites for which have been dug out of the hillsides. The chief employment is tobacco raising, and has been for half a century past. They produce a very poor quality of the weed, and after a laborious process of curing it is sold for about \$3 per hundred weight and shipped to Baltimore, where it is exported to France and Germany to be used in manufacturing. On account of the insurmountable hills the people travel almost exclusively on horseback, and a journey of eighteen or twenty miles is considered a day's ride.

Some twenty years ago a drover and cattle buyer was known to have gone down into this country for the purpose of gathering up a drove of horses and cattle, for the Baltimore market. He was known to have had considerable money upon his person, and was last seen at dusk as he left a little town called Whigsville on his way to another called Sarahsville, about four miles distant. He said to his host at the former place that he would ride on and reach the latter place by bedtime. Nothing more was thought of the matter at Whigsville for several weeks, until some friends of the drover came there inquiring for him, and then it was discovered that he had never reached Sarahsville at all. It is remembered by the good people of Whigsville that the night on which the drover departed from their village it became very dark, and they say that murky clouds overhung the sky in every part and vivid flashes of lightning, followed by terrific peals of thunder, came in rapid succession. But it was not till late at night that the threatened rain began to descend.

The friends of the man who had thus suddenly disappeared made as careful an investigation of his disappearance as it was thought possible to make under the circumstances. He had no near relatives, having lived a life of celibacy, and thus the matter died out sooner than it otherwise might have done. But the people of that section remembered the mysterious disappearance and related during all the intervening time curious legends of the probable manner of his taking off. Old settlers have departed from the stage of existence and another generation has been born, and still on stormy nights and during certain seasons of the year the story is related by old wives, and children are made to shudder and draw closer around the cabin hearth.

But within the week the mystery has seemed to have a superstitious and wonderful partial solution as it had origin. A young lady, not yet eighteen years of age, and who was accordingly born some two years after the drover's disappearance and could have only heard the story as a tradition, had a dream, which was in short that the drover had been murdered and his body concealed in a certain spot. Hearing the circumstances of the case, your correspondent called upon the young lady. She was found at her parental house, an unpretentious farm residence situated upon the hillside. She is of light complexion, rather retiring in manner, not especially pretty but possessing remarkable eyes. They are large, and although bright, still possess an indescribable dreaminess that can not fail to attract attention. Upon being presented to a stranger she displayed the diffidence natural to one unused to the ways of the world. But upon my remarking that I had come to hear her relate her dream, she seemed to regain possession of herself, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the ground, spoke almost word for word, as follows:

"I had heard the story of the disappearance of the drover, twenty years ago, just as every one has in these parts, and I had dwelt upon it much in my thoughts. It seemed to me very strange and very unjust, and I could not rest within myself and have it all remain a mystery. So had I been thinking last Thursday night after I retired, and upon dropping asleep I think I immediately began to dream. It seemed to me that I was in a place familiar to me, though on account of the great darkness I could not certainly recognize landmarks. Presently the lightning began to flash and the thunder to roar, and between the flashes I began to see where I was. I

knew it was the portion of the road about a mile beyond Sarahsville toward Whigsville. I was walking along, but at length I sat down and something seemed to say, 'Wait and see what will happen.' I did so, and almost immediately I beheld a man, a stranger to me, riding up the hillside. He seemed in great haste, and I thought he was hurrying on to Sarahsville before the rain should come. So far as I was concerned I did not care to seek shelter, but something seemed to call all my attention to the stranger. Almost immediately I saw another man emerge from the darkness of a fence corner opposite, and with a heavy club or bludgeon in his hands he ran up behind the man on horseback and dealt him a terrible blow on the head. There was a fall, a groan, and then I seemed to awake; although, as I am now certain I did not. That was simply a part of the dream. When I next looked the murderer was concealing the body of the dead man in a huge hollow tree. I recognized this place also, and still awaited developments. The murderer next took the money from the saddle-bags and placed it in a large bag of his own, and taking the saddle from the horse, turned him loose. Then taking the money in his hands he started away. As he did so a flash of lightning shined full upon his face, revealed William Styles, my father! I then screamed in reality, and awoke. At first I thought nothing in particular of the peculiar revelation, deeming it only a nightmare, but the more I thought of the matter the more it impressed me, and I was absolutely led to go to the spot where it seemed to me the body was concealed."

"Did you find anything that resembled the spot pictured in your dream?"

"Certainly; I recognized the spot shown in the dream, and I could go directly to the spot. Upon arriving there and examining the ground, I found nothing remarkable; but I was not satisfied with a superficial examination. I got a shovel, and, digging among the rotten wood, I found what you have heard."

"A skeleton, which you are convinced is that of the dead drover?"

She bowed her head, but made no audible reply.

"What is the truth in regard to the finding of portions of a saddle supposed to be that of the lost drover?" I asked.

"Oh, I should have remarked as I proceeded with the story of my dream," she said, "that the murderer seemed to hide the saddle beneath a pile of leaves and brush not far away, first digging a hole in the ground."

"Did you search here?"

"No, I didn't, but after I had discovered the skeleton and had told about it to some of the people I told them where to dig for the saddle, and they did so, and found all that could have remained of it through the years—viz., the stirrups, the buckles, etc., much decayed with rust."

Thanking the young lady for her courtesy in relating her dream, and filled with wonder that her account should so closely have followed that of the neighbors, I went away to make further inquiries. I found that the bones, after lying in state for a day or two, had been interred in the graveyard; that the portions of the saddle found were still on exhibition, and I examined them. They consisted of one stirrup and two buckles all exceedingly old and eaten with rust. They are kept at the harness-maker's.

Upon inquiry among the people of the town, it was discovered that considerable suspicion, wholly on account of the dream, fastens upon Mr. Styles, the father of the girl, but as he is dead already, no criminal prosecution will probably be begun against him at present. It was remembered that he had for many years before his death been noted far and wide as the most consummate coward in the whole region. He could hardly be persuaded to go out at night, and during thunder storms his fear was painful to behold. He usually betook himself to his cellar and covered his face with his hands in an ecstasy of agony.

All in all the case is certainly one of the most peculiar and interesting on record. My account of it as given above reads more like an extravagant story than an adherence to facts, but never was there a more painstaking effort made to arrive at the truth, and what was obtained has been recorded.

A Miser Sold.

A noted miser who felt obliged to make a present to a lady, entered a crockery store for the purpose of making a purchase. Seeing a statuette broken into a dozen pieces, he asked the price. The salesman said it was worthless, but he could have it for the cost of packing it in a box. He sent it to the lady, with his card, congratulating himself that she would imagine that it became ruined on its way home. He dropped in to see the effect. The tradesman had carefully wrapped each piece in a separate bit of paper.

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