

How I Courted Jane Summerfield.

NUBBLESTOWN was in a state of excitement when I arrived in that old village; and well might it be in a state of excitement, for I flatter myself that such a young man, with such a distinguished air, hadn't set foot in her streets for over a dozen years.

I was exactly twenty-five the morning I arrived in Nubblestown. I had studied law, and had been admitted to practice in the several courts of the county of B—. I had studied hard, and I felt that I needed rest and relaxation, and I went to Nubblestown to find it. I had one hundred dollars in my pocket, and I intended to spend myself on that one hundred dollars, and show the Nubblestown, and the rest of mankind also, that I was somebody, and that I knew I was somebody.

There are some great men in the world, but they don't show their greatness. I have always set such folks down as geese of the purest and truest kind. They should do as I do. I know I am considerable above the common level, and I am sharp enough to let the world see it. I never thought it right to hide my light under a bushel.

My name is William Bugglebones. I registered my name at the Nubblestown hotel, and the people stared. They knew a great man had arrived; and when I passed along the streets, pretty female faces peeped from behind blinds, and men stopped on their winding way to the sea and turned around and gazed. I knew I was a lion before I had been in the town twenty-four hours. I came to the town with the intention of being lionized, and I felt that I was going to be satisfied.

I had only been in town three days when I was invited to a party at the Hon. Hobson's. I might remark, that Hobson had been to the State Legislature three times, and had made a princely fortune in oil stocks. Hobson was a big gun, and I believe, until this day, that he made that party for the sole purpose of having his daughter introduced to me. Hobson's head was level, and he knew at a glance that I was a great man, and that I was destined to make a noise in the world.

I went to the party, of course, but I didn't like Miss Hobson. I could not abide her. She was uncultivated,—she was even rude. I could see, at half a glance, that she had never moved in good society, and was not fit to associate with me. I could never love her. I couldn't even like her. I felt obliged to the Hon. gentleman for his high opinion of me, but at the same time I felt that it would be utterly useless for him to attempt to make a match between his uncultivated daughter and myself, I felt that forebly.

I have always said that when I married I would marry a woman who was accomplished and had plenty of money. I knew I could do it, for I was good looking; more than that—I was handsome, and then I was smart. In all my range of acquaintances, I don't know a young man who is as intelligent as I am myself. My father always thought I was exceedingly sharp, and my mother always agreed with him. Dozens of young ladies had been in love with me. Allie Lane and Susie Dean and Jennie Fitzroy had been almost wild about me, but I didn't care a fig about them. I was determined that I wouldn't marry until I found one who was both wealthy and accomplished. Thus far I had never met one who possessed both the requirements. If I found one who was wealthy, she wasn't accomplished; and if I found one who was accomplished, she wasn't wealthy; and so I had gone on until my twenty-fifth year. I didn't despair.

Annie Hobson was an only child, and her father was worth a hundred and fifty thousand, but the idea of marrying her—horror! I couldn't think of it. At the Hobson party there was another lady—a cousin of Annie's. Oh, how shall I describe her? In the language of the poet, "she was as beautiful as a butterfly." As soon as I saw her I felt a goneness. I bowed at the shrine—I knelt—I went up! I felt that I must marry this woman. I felt that I had met my destiny, and that I would have her even if she hadn't five thousand dollars to her name. I knew I loved her as I would never, no never—no, never—not muchly, love again!

We were introduced at the party, I exerted myself to fascinate, and before the ball broke and before the fiddles were unstrung, and the mazy windings had stopped their winding. I felt that I had fascinated. The conquest was sure. The lady's name was Jane Summerfield. I made some inquiries the next day, and I ascertained that the lady was worth half a million. My cup of joy seemed full, and about to jibbe over. Annie Hobson had only a paltry hundred and fifty thousand, whilst Jane Summerfield was worth half a million. From morning until night, and from night until morning I kept telling myself to think of that.

Mr. Summerfield had never been to the State Legislature, but he was a sharper man than the Honorable Hobson. He could drive a sharper bargain than the H. H., and he had been more successful in oil speculations. Everything was beautiful, and I set sails, fully determined to go into the matrimonial sea. One day I sat on the porch of the Nubblestown hotel, and dreamed a day dream. I thought of Jane—of her soft brown eyes and her mellow curls. I thought of the good time coming, when the half million should be in my hands and the angelic Jane in my arms. I loved to sit thus, and dream all day about Jane—and then I loved to go to bed and dream all night about Jane. I dreamed often of the crested head resting on my bosom and the mellow curls rippling o'er my arm. As I said before, I sat one day and dreamed about Jane, when Jake Chambers came along and laid a sounding slap on my shoulder. I had set Jake down as a jolly good fellow. He was the leading young man in Nubblestown, and all at once he seemed to take a fancy to me. I supposed he had seen that I was above the common level, and wanted to lionize me; but alas! I was deceived! How desperately deceitful is the heart of man, when it takes a notion to be that way!

Jake came up to me; he slapped me on the shoulder, and then he spoke: "Hello, Bill; not asleep, are you?" "Not quite," said I; "sit down, I want to talk to you."

Jake sat down as I requested, and then I went on: "Jake," said I, "you're a good fellow, and I want to make a confidante of you."

"Go ahead," briefly responded Jake. "I'm in love."

"The deuce you are," said Jake; "I am in the same box."

"Ah, indeed! Well, I love Jane Summerfield."

"The dickens!" exclaimed Jake, springing into the upper air of the porch. "You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do; why not? Are you in there?"

"Why—no—yes—that is— Well, Billy, I'll give all up to you. You are a city chap, and win her. She's half-dead about you already. You can hang up your hat at old Summerfield's, and no mistake. I have been rather soft out that way, but I'll step out of the road, and give you a clean sweep."

"Why, Jake," exclaimed I, grasping his hand, "you're a glorious fellow. Of course you couldn't succeed when I'm around, but I like you for giving up so quietly. I'll have you for my second best; see if I don't!"

"All right," said Jake, and he went down the porch-steps, looking, as I thought, sort of sorrowful. I have reason now to believe that he was only sneaking in his sleeve.

I courted Jane dreadfully for two months, and, at the end of that time, I came to the conclusion that I might as well go for her, and tell her how sweepingly I loved her, and take her to my heart, and keep her there and call her by the sweetish name of wife.

I called one evening. That evening Jane was all one broad smile. She knew that on this evening I was going to pitch the important interrogation at her, and she smiled and looked pleased as I thought, in happy anticipation. I little imagined that the smiles arose from the anticipation of some rascally fun at my expense. The women are a mean, wicked, deceitful, cowardly, black-hearted set, and I hate them, every one; but, particularly do I hate the Nubblestown woman.

As I said before, Jane knew that on this evening I would propose the important question. The reader may wonder at this, and I will just explain that, like the members of Congress, I gave notice beforehand when I intended to perform some important act. Two days previous I had called on Jane, and gave her to understand that, when next I walked her father's marble halls, and sat beside her on her father's sofa, I'd ask her to be my wife and get knotted with me in the tie which somebody denominates silken. Had I known what was in store for me, I would have given no notice whatever, and then perhaps, I would have avoided the dreadful calamity.

I might as well tell it here as anywhere else, that the Summerfields had a servant girl, who rejoices in the name of Ann Hayes, and who had taken a dreadful dislike to me. She said that I was nothing but a stuck-up city dandy, who didn't know B from a cow's foot, and that I ought to be tarred and feathered, and rode on a sharp rail through the main street of the town. The girl disliked me simply because I didn't notice her on the street, and because on two or three occasions, when visiting at Summerfield's I had turned up my olfactory organ at her, and uttered a single "Phew!"

I called according to arrangement, and our last evening's courting commenced. Of course, the lamp which flamed on

the table in the earlier part of the evening was turned down, and of course it was turned down by me. I wondered some at this, for on previous occasions Jane had only allowed the lamp to be turned very low, so as to make a soft, darkish sort of a light in the room. I commenced to speak, but I had uttered only a few words when Jane asked to be excused, telling me she would be back in a few moments. She went out. The room was pitch dark. I heard the door open and shut, and heard her glide along the hall. I sat with my thoughts, and looked forward to the time when I should be the happy possessor of Jane and her half million. But I did not sit long. A step sounded in the hall, and, as I believed, Jane came in.

I might as well let the cat out of the bag here, and tell the reader that, instead of Jane coming in again, she sent the servant girl, Ann Hayes, to receive my caresses and my proposal. My blood boils even to this day when I think how awfully I have been made the dupe of a few unsophisticated country girls.

The room was dark, and how should I know whether Ann Hayes of Jane Summerfield received my embraces. I commenced my proposal. I made a poetical speech. I had spent a great deal of time on it, for I was determined it should be a stunner; and then to think it was all delivered in the ears of a hireling. Isn't it agonizing?

When I look back now I can remember that the Jane who came in seemed somewhat more robust than the Jane who went out; but how could I be expected to suspect that there was anything wrong, or that there was a deep, black, damnable plot laid to ruin me forever and ever in the eyes of the Nubblestown people?

I can remember, too, that Jane's voice seemed to have slightly changed, but I attributed it all to agitation. Of course any woman would be agitated on such an occasion, and, when I prepared my proposal speech, I believed Jane would be particularly and peculiarly agitated at the time when I should pour it in soft whispers into her listening ears. When I closed, and when the sweet, soft "yes" fell from her sweet, soft lips, I attributed the strangeness of voice solely to agitation.

When the low-bred hireling uttered the word "Yes," I, for once, was a happy man. I told her she should never lift a hand to do a stroke of work—no never! She should be the angel of my brown stone front, and the reigning belle of the city. She should be the Roe of Sharon—the North Star of my existence—the North Pole of the universe!

If the earth had opened her mouth and yawned as if she intended to swallow me, I could not have been more astonished than I was when the hireling jumped up, clapped her hands and shouted, in her natural voice: "Bully for you!"

I was thunderstruck and was lightningstruck, and was crushed to the shape of a small sized atom. What did it mean? Who was it? Where was I? Who had a match? These were the questions that, for the moment, bowled and howled through my soul. But I wasn't long in suspense. The door opened, and Jane appeared with a blazing lamp in her hand. The situation could be viewed, and the strategy was apparent. Behind Jane stood Annie Hobson and Jake Chambers. I took it all in as one wild, pealing laugh came from the four throats, and then I wilted and expired. I rushed hatless from the house, and walked the streets and raved until daybreak, and then I went to bed. I rose at noon, and, on going out, I found a broad grin on the whole town. It was all out then. I shut my eyes and ears, and rushed away. It would have killed me if I had staid an hour.

Two years have passed. I have put hundreds of miles between me and Nubblestown, and I have, in a measure, recovered from the awful shock.

I will just add that Jane Summerfield and Jake Chambers planned the cowardly affair. They are married now. May they always be miserable.

THE TWO BILLS—A FABLE.

TWO bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill—only one dollar; the other was a big bill—a thousand-dollar bill. While lying there side by side they fell a-talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out:

"Ah, if I were as big as you, what good I would do. I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go. Everybody would admire and want to take me home with them, but small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me; I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes, that is so," said the thousand-dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well trimmed edges that were lying next to the little bill in conscious superiority.

"That is so," it repeated. "If you

were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled into a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill. Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmuring bill and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries as with a smiling face she receives it. "My dear hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered:

"I may do some good, if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of the fatherless children it was very glad it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker for bread; then to the miller; then to the farmer; then to the doctor; then to the minister; and wherever it went, it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened by its daily use. Seeing the thousand-dollar bill lying there with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, and what has been your mission of usefulness?"

The big bill sadly replied: "I have been from safe to safe among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I be lost. Few indeed are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

The little dollar bill said: "It is better to be small and go among multitudes doing good than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few."

And it rested satisfied with its lot. Moral:—The doing of little every-day duties makes one the most useful and happy.

Bread Crusts in Paris.

"What becomes of the old moons?" What becomes of the old crusts of bread in Paris?" asks the *Figaro*, and then tells of their transformation. The *boulangier en vieux*, freely translated, "baker of the old," utilizes the dry, damaged and abandoned bread. He gathers the crusts in boarding-houses, convents and hotels. These morsels, covered with sand, stained with ink, and often picked from heaps of refuse, are sold by servants to the "Baker of Old," who turns them into new preparations. The merchandise is first sorted out. The fragments which are judged to be still in a presentable condition, are dried in an oven and form *croûtes au pot*, which are used up in soup at low-class restaurants. Almost all the lozenge shaped crusts served in dishes of vegetables have this origin. The crumbs and defective crusts are pounded in a mortar until they become a white paste which butchers use to adorn outlets. All the material that appears absolutely incapable of further service is then roasted reduced to charcoal, ground into powder and, by the addition of a few drops of essence of mint, is converted into a tooth paste. Such is one of the metamorphoses of Parisian industry.

Starting Home.

In many schools there is a great eagerness to get on, and little care about the first elements of study. But so learned a scholar as Edward Everett, declares that first principles are the important ones. He says:

"To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question in figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and other ologies and ophies, are ostentatious rubbish."

A good old farmer found himself one day with his hired boy at the farther end of the row, when the dinner horn sounded. Anxious to make every step count, he commenced to hoe his way back, saying to the boy as he did so:

"Thomas, do you ever think about dying?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I think I shall die pretty soon, if I don't have some dinner!"

"Well! well!" said the old man, dropping his hoe, "I think we'll go now."

A widow in New York, while perusing the family Bible the other day, came upon a note given in favor of her husband some two years previous. She sued the maker of the note, and was awarded over \$400 for obeying the injunction: "Search the Scriptures."

VEGETINE.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES: 178 BALTIC STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOV. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq. Dear Sir:—From personal benefits received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure. JAMES F. LUDLOW, Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS. Dear Sir:—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless at night, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well, and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully Mrs. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above. Mr. GEORGE M. VAUGHMAN, Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN. BOSTON HOME, 14 TELLER STREET, BOSTON, APRIL, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS. Dear Sir:—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula. With respect, Mrs. N. WORMELL, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER SAYS. Providence, R. I., 164 Transit Street.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq. I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER, Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT. South Salem, Mass., Nov. 11, 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 the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. I can heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly, Mrs. LIZZIE M. PACKARD, No. 16 Lagrange St., South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY. South Boston.

Mr. Stevens. Dear Sir:—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the System. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints. Yours respectfully, Mrs. MUNROE PARKER.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists. October 15, 1877. im.

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TRESPASS NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all persons not to trespass on the grounds of the undersigned, situate in Madison and Jackson townships, by picking berries, fishing, hunting, or otherwise trespassing, as they will be dealt with according to law.

ISAAC HOLLENBAUGH; MRS. MARY B. SMITH; MISS SARAH STANDAUGH; JAMES A. ANDERSON; JEREMIAH HENCH; JAMES WOODS; D. STANDAUGH; S. G. SMITH; June 19, 1877. pd

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Ephraim A. McLaughlin and wife of Tobyone township, Perry county, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, dated the 15th of July, 1877, have conveyed all their real and personal property for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned, residing in Blain, Jackson township.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said assignors will please make immediate payment. Those having claims will present them to the undersigned for settlement. GEO. H. MARTIN, Assignee. August 1, 1877.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of John Neidigh, late of Jackson township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Mifflin township, Cumberland county, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to THOMAS H. MOFFITT, Executor, P. O. Address, Newville, Camb. co., Pa. W. A. & W. H. SPONSLER, Attys for estate. August 21, 1877.—3t

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths marked out by that plainest of all books—"Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense,"—nearly 1000 pages, 200 illustrations. Dr. E. B. FORTÉ, of 120 Lexington Ave., N. Y.—Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult its author in person or by mail free. Price by mail \$3.25 for the Standard edition, or \$1.50 for the Popular edition, which contains all the same matter and illustrations. Contents tables free.—Agents wanted. MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO., 129 East 28th St., N. Y. 4t—13t.

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