

stumble over that cursed stand in the other room!"

"But what did you hide for?" asked John, sharply.

Bob just touched his bald head and replied:

"I heard the ladies up."

John pitched the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said with a sardonic smile:

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what we have done with the burglar."

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitter humiliations.

John thought a few minutes longer, and then he said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make."

They sat down.

"You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and I have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?"

And John rose.

"For God's sake don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic.

John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering:

"Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way out to call her down?" Then, with a saving reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, re-seating himself opposite Bob, said, with a sardonic smile: "So you don't like my suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole, I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave her at once, and relinquish your engagement and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily.

Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half-dressed, with that queer, white, bulbous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and defeat, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. It did stir compunctions in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in a silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was directly audible.

"You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at an end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke.

"It won't be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lips trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess.

Bob started up from his abject attitude and stood facing her with the look of a man waiting his doom from the firing-squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention.

"You mean, cowardly fellows!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men were so mean! And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for your beauty? I don't care if you wear forty wigs, or none. You are absurdly vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anyhow, John," she added, turning to him, as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine physique, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder-pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining-room, in a moment re-appearing, to say:

"Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I'm by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake."

There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said:

"I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you needn't expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed."

Anecdotes of Cats.

IT IS not often that we hear any credit rendered to the cat for either intelligence or affection; and it is, therefore, pleasing to be able to record two instances in which one, if not both of these qualities, is shown in a remarkable manner in this animal. A gentleman writing from India to a friend in England, a few months ago, says of a pet Persian cat:

"I was lolling on the sofa, drowsily perusing the newspaper a few mornings ago, when Tom came and stood near me, mewing in a plaintive way, as if to attract attention. Not wishing to be disturbed, I waved him off. He, however, returned in a minute or so, and this time jumped on to the sofa, and looking me in the face, renewed his noise more vigorously. Losing patience, I roughly drove him away. He then went to the door of an adjoining room, and stood there mewing most piteously. Fully aroused, I got up and went toward him. As I approached he made for the further corner of the room, and began to show fight, bristling up and flourishing his tail. It at once struck me that there was an unwelcome visitor in the room which Tom wished to get rid of; and, sure enough, in looking towards the corner, I discovered a cobra coiled up behind a boot-shelf under a dressing-table. The noise made by my approach aroused the snake, and he attempted to make off, but I dispatched him with my gun, which was ready close by. You should have seen Tom's satisfaction. He ran between my legs, rubbing himself against them carelessly, as if to say 'Well done, master!' The snake measured five feet seven inches in length."

The friend to whom the incident is related, after reading it to me, went on to say that some years ago, when in India with her father, the family were gathered after tea, one rainy evening, listening to one of their number who was reading an interesting story. While thus engaged, a cat of which her father was very fond jumped on to his knee, and, moving about in a restless manner, began to mew in a louder key than usual. The old gentleman, as was his wont, commenced to caress the cat, expecting thereby to quiet it; but to no purpose.—It showed signs of impatience by jumping down and up again, mewing vigorously the whole time. Not wishing to be interrupted in what was going on, he called for a servant to put the cat out of the room; but Puss would not tamely submit to an indignant turn out, and commenced clawing at the old man's feet. This he thought was going too far; he rose to chastise the cat; but ere he had time to do so, he discovered that it was nothing less than a timely warning which Puss had given him; for not far from where he sat there was, under the table, a small venomous snake, which probably would have bitten him had he molested or trampled on it. The reptile was immediately killed, and Puss ceased her mewing.

An Alphabet of Good Counsel.

- Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure your trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not in the society of the vicious.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe the Sabbath day.
Pay your honest debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of sin.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragements.
Zealously labor for the right,
And success is certain.

A Secret Worth Knowing.

An able writer gives utterance to this valuable secret:—

"This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night. The way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God give them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy, while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

A Joke on Gen. Spinner.

MANY curious things happened to Gen. Spinner, late United States Treasurer, during the many years he held that responsible position; but the bluff old watch-dog of the Treasury had a practical way of managing which seldom failed to win against all odds. He got caught one day, however, in the most unexpected manner. His signature, so well known where greenbacks have ramified, got in time to be so much in demand that people all over the country used to write asking him for his autograph. He fell into the habit of complying by returning a brief response, in which, after the formal beginning, he would say: "The request made in your note of — date is herewith complied with," to which he would would affix his grotesque signature.

One day a tall man, a very tall slim man, with store clothes on, in a plug hat and new boots, from one of the southwestern counties in Virginia, stalked into the office and stated that he had come up to be sworn in.

Spinner looked up. "What did you say?" said he.

"I came to take the oath of office."

"Go to—Chicago," said he. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the tall Virginian very slowly and solemnly, "that I have come up to take the oath and be inducted into your office to which you have appointed me."

The valiant old financier began to boil over.

"How dare you, sir! How dare you come in here with so monstrous a proposition. I never promised you an office. You are crazy. I never heard of you; who are you and what the d—nunciation do you mean by coming in here with such a story? Go home! Go home, sir, and don't bother me!"

"I beg your pardon," said the tall man, glancing complacently at his new clothes. "I have a note from you in reply to my application, in which you offer me a clerkship in your office," and taking from his pocket a folded paper he spread it before the astonished Treasurer, who read:

"Sir: The request contained in yours of — date is herewith complied with. Sincerely yours, F. E. SPINNER."

"Holy Moses," said; "you asked me for my autograph, and this is my reply. Do you think I'm a — idiot?"

"Not at all," said the tall stranger, "only you have made a mistake. I wrote you some time ago asking for an office, and this is your reply to my application. I have spent all my money in purchasing these garments and paying my fare to Washington, and I want my place, which you have promised me."

The old man jumped up, rushed to his letter file and discovered that on the day named he had received two applications for his autograph and one for an office. He had mailed the same answer to all three. He sat down, turned and gazed sadly at the expectant Virginian for about two minutes, and then going down into his pockets he raked up all his loose greenbacks and fractional currency, and handing them over said:

"There, take that and pay' your fare back to your home, in the country, and thank God that you have escaped a public office."

Curious London Story.

Many years ago one Beck was tried in London for robbery from the person, then a capital crime. A woman, who represented herself as an officer's widow, swore that he had robbed her of a purse, which she accurately described, containing money, and sure enough, a purse answering her description was found on his person. More than this, a perfectly disinterested witness proved that she had arrested Beck on the cry of "Stop, thief!" Beck's defence was that he took out his purse to give a woman a shilling, when she minutely observed it, and that he ran away from sheer terror of having to meet and confute such a charge. This was all "too thin," and Beck would have been hung but that fortunately the case attracted the notice of other victims of this terrible woman, who came forward and amply confirmed poor Beck's account.

Eating Philopena.

In Germany they manage this little pastime in a very pleasant way. When a couple meet after eating philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady. She invites him to walk in and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in, he is lost until she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat he must absolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts she wins the forfeit. During all this

time he endeavors to take her by surprise, for the acceptance of any offer from the other wins the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present and says, "Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by the smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued to the second, and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing. It is "diamond cut diamond" in very truth.

Death Rate in Various Occupations.

Nobody doubts that the occupation of an individual has much to do with his general health, and with his chances of death. Statistics prove that the death rate is lowest among scientists and professional men—not physicians; then follow Protestant clergymen, engineers, farmers and laborers; next carpenters, machinists, and workers in iron; then come schoolmasters, tobacconists, physicians, and finally the clergy of the Roman Catholic church, among whom the mortality is much greater than among the Protestant clergy and the other professions above named. Next we have druggists and butchers, then miners and glass manufacturers, plumbers and coppersmiths, railway employees and dock laborers, and last of all carmen, cabmen, horse-keepers, and inn-keepers, among whom the mortality is greatest, and much more than double that of the first mentioned occupation.

The deduction which may be drawn from these facts are very instructive and practically useful; they prove that the quiet pursuits of science tend to prolong life as well as out-door labor, provided it is not on railways or among shipping or horses; that to work in iron is more wholesome than in lead or copper, as might be expected, while the confined labor of a schoolmaster is as injurious as the state of celibacy of the Roman Catholic priest; lastly, the inn-keepers, being most exposed to the temptation of intemperance, have the least chance for a long life, as well as those with whom they habitually keep company.—Manufacturer and Builder.

Lawyer Not Wanted.

Chancellor Kent once related to Mr. W. W. Campbell a curious story of his start in the legal profession. He hung out his sign in a small village, in his native county of Putman, but business failed to crowd his office. But after a time, several men of the village came one evening into his office. Then said the Chancellor (rubbing his hands, with a slight chuckle of delight as he recalled the incident): "I thought there was important business to come, when, after some conversation on common topics, the self constituted chairman or spokesman said:

"Mr. Kent, we have been talking over the question of your settlement with us, and have concluded that we do not want any lawyer here;" and then added by way of salve, "If we were to have one, we had rather have you than any one else."

Never use a young lady's name in an improper place, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think to be untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear.—Where you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them. They are the worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor; every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating so foul and bragging report.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Fifteen years ago a workman of Marseilles, France, lost his only child, a baby boy, and to have some relic of the little one cut off the hand of the little corpse which he preserved in alcohol. Now at last he has again been made a father, and the infant is a bouncing boy, but lacks the left hand.

VEGETINE

HER OWN WORDS.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 13, 1877. Mr. H. R. Stevens, Dear Sir,—Since several years since I have got a sore and very painful foot, I had some physicians, but they could not cure me. Now I have heard of your Vegetine from a lady who was sick for a long time, and became all well from your Vegetine, and I went and bought me one bottle of your Vegetine; and after using one bottle, the pain left me, and it began to heal, and then I bought one other bottle, and so I take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and you; and wishing every sufferer may pay attention to it.—It is a blessing for health. MRS. C. KRABE, 638 West Baltimore St.

VEGETINE.

SAFE AND SURE.

Mr. H. R. Stevens, In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unequalled endorsement, as being a safe, sure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better. Yours truly H. CLARK, 120 Monterey St., Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE.

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

H. H. Stevens, Charlestown. Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for Scrofula or Cancerous humors or Rheumatic affections it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing that I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine. Yours respectfully, MRS. A. A. DINSMORE, 19 Russell St.

VEGETINE.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

H. R. Stevens, Boston, Feb. 13, 1871. Dear Sir,—About one year ago I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. Vegetine was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours, U. L. PETTINGILL, Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE.

ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.

H. H. Stevens, South Berwick, Me., Jan. 17, 1872. Dear Sir,—I have had dyspepsia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines without obtaining any relief. In Sept. last I commenced taking Vegetine. My food digested well, and I have gained fifteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking Vegetine, and all have obtained relief. Yours truly, THOMAS E. MOORE, Overseer of Card Room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills.

VEGETINE

Prepared

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists. February, 5, 1878.

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REMOVAL. The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a., Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at REDUCED PRICES, Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in care for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty. JOS. M. HAWLEY, Doneannon, July 12, 1876—17

Our Stock of NEW GOODS for the season is complete.— Prices from 12 1/2 cents up. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.