

things in a sadly mixed-up state. Her father, usually a jovial, genial old fellow, was sad and haggard, as though some great trouble was weighing him out. The servants took advantage of his abstraction, and held high carnival. He had said nothing about his daughter's intended return. Her arrival felt like a bombshell on the festive household. The chambermaid was caught pounding vigorously on the piano. She was entertaining her "young man."—That individual, a great gawky son of Erin, was stretched out on the sofa, with his feet, encased in dirty cowhide boots, resting upon one of the easy-chairs. He was also smoking a pipe. The cook and coachman, both in a state of intoxication, in the kitchen below, were swearing eternal fidelity to each other in maudlin tones. The waitress had gone to Tony Pastor's, arrayed in one of her mistress' silk dresses.

To say the least, Cathie was angry.—She frightened the musical lover of the chambermaid so that he made two vows; one was, never to have anything more to do with his deceitful sweetheart, the other, to keep well out of the parlors of wealthy people. She sat up until the waitress came back, and then gave her such a talking to that the young woman didn't sleep any that night.—When at last her father came in, she told him of what had been going on, but, seeing the sad dejected look on his face, forebode all reproaches. He, in his turn, became angry, and for a short time that respectable residence was the scene of considerable passion. Next morning the whole retinue of servants were packed off. Cathie had her hands full. So occupied was she with household duties that Carruthers formed but a small part of her thoughts. Finally the chaos became settled.

Then Cathie began to think about her winter outfit. She went to her father for money to purchase it with.—He, with a pale face and broken voice, told her he could not give it to her, for he was on the verge of ruin.

The news rather startled her, but recovering herself she put forth every effort to cheer up her downcast parent. She partially succeeded, and sent him off feeling stronger, and better able to cope with adverse fates than he had felt for a long time. Cathie spent the rest of the day in looking up, and sorting out, her dresses and jewels, calculating how much they would bring, finding out what amount was owing in small floating debts, and building castles in the air, in which she, as the simple country maiden, dressed in plain calico, recapitulated the heart of Frank Carruthers. Such mental excitement was rather enervating, so that when night came Cathie felt quite wearied in mind and body.—Her low spirits disappeared, however, as soon as her father returned. He, too, strange to say, appeared as jovial as ever and all through dinner kept up a running fire of jokes. She wondered, but said nothing.

"Why don't you ask what makes me feel so good humored?" he queried. "I have been waiting for that question all the evening."

"I thought you were trying to forget your trouble, and was afraid that if I said anything it would make you unhappy again."

"No, indeed, not a bit of it. My good spirits are the real genuine stuff."

"What makes you so happy?" she asked.

"Listen, it's like a fairy story. Once upon a time there was a merchant. He did a large business and made a great deal of money. At last there came a crisis. Several houses that owed him large sums of money failed, and could not meet their payments. One of his confidential clerks absconded with thousands of dollars. Bills began to pour in, for money was so tight that everybody and everything was pinched. Trade was dull. In fine, ruin stared him in the face. His daughter wanted to buy some dresses, and he had to refuse her, and tell her all about his circumstances. She bore it like a trump. That same day, while he was sitting in his office, trying to think of some means to escape from his dilemma, he heard a voice. It insisted upon seeing him. The clerk, according to orders, refused to admit any one. There was a scuffle, and a tall, handsome, well-dressed young fellow came into the room. The clerk, considerably damaged, followed Bidding the merchant good-morning, he turned upon the employee, and ordered him to leave the room. The faithful fellow wouldn't budge. He would have been wiser if he had gone at once. The tall young man caught him by the collar, and shoved him ignominiously out of the office. Then, in an abrupt jerky way of speaking, he told the merchant that he had heard that his business was about to succumb under the financial pressure, and asked him how much money would put him in right shape again. He was told. Giving a long whistle, and saying it was 'pretty steep,' he asked the merchant to come to the bank with him. The merchant com-

plied, and when they reached there, the young man wrote out a check, and handed it to the cashier. That gentleman stared with wide-open mouth, but said never a word. He handed it to the teller, who stared also. In fact, the check went the rounds of all the bank officials, and was stared at by every one. Then it was paid. The merchant felt happier than he had for months before. He was sure of deliverance. They went back to the office, and then, after arranging the security, during which proceedings, for the first time, the merchant learned the benefactor's name. He received the money. The merchant asked what the young man's motives were. At first he hesitated, and then acknowledged that it was because he loved the merchant's daughter, who had rejected him, and he didn't want to see her suffer.—He also said, that though he should never ask her hand again, he should always watch over her. He told the merchant to keep mum, but the merchant didn't; he told his daughter. Now, what do you think the name was, on the security papers?"

"Was it Frank Carruthers?" Cathie queried, hiding her blushing face on her father's shoulder.

"By Jove, you are right. But, say, what the deuce do all these blushes mean? Crying, too, I declare. Tell me, child, what's the matter?"

And then Cathie confessed the whole truth. Her father was a little vexed, but more amused.

"Well, well, my little girl," he said, "don't feel down-hearted. But this is a queer state of things. Let me think: O, have it! you know you've teased me for a year past to let you have a masquerade ball. You shall have it now. Unless I'm mistaken, your Cousin Will knows our reeferent knight. I don't doubt, that the wonderful Carruthers he is always talking about, and your eccentric lover are one and the same person. We'll joke him about it, and tell him we want to see his remarkably friend, give him an invitation for Carruthers, and then you must wheedle both of their disguises out of him. As for the rest I leave it to your womanly instinct to accomplish it."

"O you dear good papa. One would think you had made love all your life, you manage things so nicely."

"O, it is not difficult to comprehend lovers. They are the most transparent creatures in the world. They're easily satisfied too. If I dared, I would add also, that they are also the biggest fools in Christendom, but I'm afraid of you."

He got a pair of boxed ears for his pains, and than a shower of kisses.—After that latter interesting operation, Cathie hastened up stairs to her room. The house was a busy place for the next few weeks. A ball isn't gotten up in a day, no more than Rome was built in the same length of time.

Affairs went smoothly. Cousin Will was most artistically pumped by wily Cathie, and by the expression of knowing amusement, and look of incredulity which the deceitful little mix wore, he was goaded into a resolve to let those fine folks see what sort of stuff his friend was made of. He invited him.—It took considerable persuasion to bring him around. But Will was a persistent creature, however, and after a somewhat lengthy siege Carruthers yielded. Will kindly helped him to select his dress, promising eternal secrecy the while, and then went right straight to Cathie and told her. The wretch! Here is a case of the demoralizing effect of society clearing demonstrated. A few weeks before Will was a man who could be trusted. Now, what is he? The tool of a scheming young woman in search of a husband, the betrayer of the inviolable secret of his friend's disguise. It is deplorable.

Finally the night came. The merry maskers thronged the house. Cathie paid no attention to them, however. She flitted hither and thither, looking for the one, of all the assemblage, most dear to her. Will had said he would wear a Fra Diavolo dress. She searched for a long time in vain. At last she came across it. The wearer, instead of joining in the merry throng of dancers, was stretched out at full length on a settee, in an obscure part of the room. She tapped him on the shoulder.

"Come and dance with me?" she said, in an imperious sort of way.

"All right. Leap year, and you've a right to take the lead. Don't abuse your privilege though, and ask me to marry you."

Cathie felt her cheeks tingle. Did he suspect who she was, and what her intentions were? No, she told herself, he could not.

She made no reply; so off they glided in the bewildering evolutions of the "Dip."

"When they had finished, he made a movement as though to lead her to a seat.

"Let's walk; take me into the conservatory."

"Don't you know, Frank?"

"Cath—Miss Kent, is it you?"

"Yes, Frank, and I want to speak to you."

"Certainly, show me the way," he said, wondering what was going to happen.

"Shall we follow too? It seems hardly worth the while. If you are a maiden of uncertain age, or a bachelor, you will swear, if a married man or woman, you will think how much better you did it than they; if young and sentimental, you will feel disappointed, for there was wonderful little gush in Cathie's straight-forward way of acknowledging her mistake, or Frank's happy acceptance of the peculiar circumstances."

Just as they were in an interesting part of the conversation, Frank's arm was around Cathie's waist and her hand rested upon his shoulder in a most confiding manner—they heard a laugh. It sounded like a poor imitation of some stage-flea. They looked up, leering with a satanic grin, over a clump of ferns a short distance from them, appeared the face of Mephistopheles. They parted. Their demonic intruder laughed again.

"Will, drop that dodge and come here!" cried Carruthers.

Now there is a new name added to Mr. Kent's firm, and merry little grandchildren around the old gentleman's knee. Frank and Cathie are still the same lovers they were before their marriage, and every year they visit Compton Shools and have a hearty laugh over their spiley courtship.

Concerning Trousers-Legs.

Of what use are the legs of a pair of trousers below the knee? They have a sort of easy-going, respectable look, says the *World*, seeming to suggest that the wearer intends to take life in a decent, decorous, leisurely way, but beyond that they are worse than worthless. They are not graceful, since they hide the leg in a mere narrow bag. They are not warm, since they flap about loosely, letting the wind in. They are false, inasmuch as they conceal nature's handiwork. They are imperfect in structure, since they let the boot telescope into the trousers, instead of joining it. They are ugly and vicious in a hundred ways. They take up valuable cloth in making of them, and then hasten the wearing out of the breeches by coming in contact with the ground and getting frayed at the edges. They are apt to be spattered with mud by a rapid walker, and a careless walker wears them away on the inside as a horse that interferes in trotting or cuts his legs. They make a trousers—or should we rather say a trouser?—that is made of heavy cloth and worn long, bend at the knee and stay bagged in the most uncomfortable fashion. All men of action despise and repudiate them. The farmer tramping through the wet grass in the early morning tucks them into his boots; the cavalryman making ready for a long ride stuffs them out of the way in the same style. The ball-player discards them altogether, as does the hunter, for both have need of activity and endurance and no need of trousers-legs. If the men who love strength and agility condemn them, certainly they have never found favor with the men who studied only beauty. In the ages when gentlemen vied with ladies in the richness and grace of their attire there were no such things as trousers-legs. The breeches ended at the knee in some handsome form of buckle or ribbon, and the leg was encased in a tight-fitting stocking that made its fine curves stand out in a fashion that was good to look at. When the leg had no fine curves it owner at least had the satisfaction of knowing that it was clothed in the lightest and best device for use that any leg could desire. We certainly have no wish to see the men of our time give themselves over to the vanity and love of display which prevailed in the Court of Charles II. or Louis XIV., and we would rather see them in the striped suit common at Sing Sing, or in the tall hat and swallow-tail coat prevalent elsewhere, than have them return to the perfumed wigs, high-heeled shoes with diamond buckles, sloughed hats and feathers, gorgeous doublet and hose and ruffles of the Merry Monarch's era, for men dressed too exquisitely are disposed to slide into luxury and immorality. But there is a medium in all things, and we would draw the line at the knee, carrying reform no higher in that quarter, but skipping thence to the head.

Have you known how to compose your manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed books. Have you known how to take repose? You have done more than he who has taken cities and empires.

The Soldiers of Montenegro.

In recently-published accounts of the Montenegrin army, some details are given of extraordinary marches which have been made by its soldiers during the present war with Turkey. Before the battle of Butschidol the force engaged had marched for 14 hours across country, over hill and dale, having moreover, been previously under arms for six hours. On this occasion the men had not a mouthful of food from daybreak until midnight; the day was intensely hot, the country traversed was mountainous and difficult, and yet not a man was left behind. When marching from place to place the Montenegrins never follow the roads, but move straight across country. Although heavily laden, the men easily climb the steepest rocks or descend the most precipitous slopes. Besides their weapons they carry invariably a "torba" and a "struka." Their arms consist usually of a rifle, a cutlass, and a revolver or brace of pistols. The "torba," or bread bag, contains generally an enormous loaf of bread, biscuit, a flask, and a reserve of cartridges. The ammunition for immediate use, as well as money and any other small articles, are carried in the belt. The "struka" is a large, heavy plaid, which serves as a cloak, a rug, or a covering. When it rains and the Army is halted the soldier wraps up his head in his "struka," rolls it round his body, puts his gun in its leather case, and lies down and sleeps, heedless of the weather.

Why They Often Fail.

Young men often fail to get on in this world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to the charge of greater things.

A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully.

The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit a person of only ordinary abilities would outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters.

But after all, the mere adoption by a young man of this great essential rule of success, shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

Little Things.

Little villages are nearer to being atoms of shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled.

Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little; pearls, little diamonds, little dew.

"Everybody (says a writer,) calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed two hundred and ten pounds; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart."

Providence has an Enoch Arden case. Thirty-one years ago John Thatcher, and Ellen Walley were married in that city. Two years later the gold fever broke out in Australia, and leaving his wife and one child, Thatcher departed for the far-off country. For several years letters passed between them, but the husband did not meet with the anticipated success, and could not or would not send money for the support of his wife and child. Finally the letters ceased, and for many years no tidings were received of him. In the meantime Mrs. Thatcher married Mr. Corbett Stowell, who died eight months after. After a brief widowhood she married Mr. James Conwell, who died at the end of seven years. After an absence of nearly thirty-years Thatcher returned to this country and went to work at a mill in Saco, Me., and thither his wife, having heard of his whereabouts, went and found him. On the last Sunday in December, Thatcher returned to Providence, and is now living with the wife of his youth.

The man who said he had just got out of a tight place had been seen a few minutes before wiping his mouth in a drinking saloon.

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 couldn't 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 I had used one bottle, the pains 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 thank yourself; and wishing every sufferer may pay attention to it.—It is a blessing for health.  
Mrs. C. KRABK, 538 West Baltimore St.

VEGETINE.

SAFE AND SURE.

Mr. H. R. Stevens.  
In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me and yielding to the persuasion of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, and induced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strength-giving and purifying 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 unqualified 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,  
W. H. BLARK,  
120 Monterey St., Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE.

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

Mr. H. R. Stevens.  
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 I know of no other 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.  
Mrs. A. A. DISMORE, 19 Russell St.

VEGETINE.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

Boston, Feb. 13, 1871.  
Mr. H. R. Stevens.  
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. Pettengill & Co.,  
No. 10, State St., Boston.

VEGETINE.

ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.

South Berwick, Me., Jan. 17, 1872.  
Mr. H. R. Stevens.  
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 digests 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

Prepares

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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February, 6, 1878.

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