

bewitching scene! It is like fairy-land."

"Yes, thanks to Clement's gold.—Money is the only thing worth having, isn't it?" sighed Alarie.

"No!" said Bessie, emphatically, half frightened at her own temerity. "It will not always buy happiness—nor love."

"Not always, perhaps. But suppose, for instance, I had Clem's wealth, and were to say to you, 'Miss Bessie'—"

"I never suppose!"

"Then let me say it without Clem's advantages! If you tried, Bessie, dear, could you love me a little? I have wanted to ask you this many a time, but you always avoided me, and I feared that you saw how I loved you, and wanted to discourage me. Is it so? Am I?"

"You think I am Jenny Burston, and—"

"Hang Jenny Burston!" exclaimed Alarie, pressing Bessie's hand in his, and stealing his arm around her supple waist. "You know better! Bessie, darling, can you love?"

"I—I don't know. Aunt Anna!"

"Never mind Aunt Anna. Look up and tell me."

Bessie glanced up in her lover's face, and he read his answer in her happy eyes. Bending down, he kissed her tenderly, and whispered—But a lover's words are sacred.

"Al! Al!" cried Clement. "Where are you?"

So the delightful *tete a tete* was interrupted.

In a few moments Alarie found himself at liberty to seek Mrs. Relling.—Finding her in the midst of a bevy of girls, he offered her his arm, and asked her to go with him and get an ice.—Startled by an undefinable something in his tone, she did so, and as soon as they were out of hearing of the rest, he said:

"Mrs. Relling, Clement and I owe you a thousand apologies; we have been deceiving you. But I am the only one to blame; Clem is honor itself!"

"What do you mean? Pray explain," she said.

"Why, the truth is that Clement and I are here under false colors. The wealth for which he is worshipped is mine, and he is the poor doctor," answered Alarie, explaining how and why he pretended to be poor. "This would not be so bad, but that Clement has lost his heart—as true and honest a one as ever beat!—to your daughter. Of course, under the circumstances, he will go away at once."

"Why?" said Mrs. Relling, coolly.—"Is he married or betrothed?"

"No, indeed! But he has nothing but his practice, and Miss Camilla!"

"Now Dr. Warrington!" said Mrs. Relling, laughing. "I think if I were Clement I would consult Camilla herself before I went away in such a great hurry."

"Do you really mean it? May I tell him so?"

"If you choose. If Clement had fancied poor Bessie now, who has nothing!"

"But who, with your permission, dear madam, will have all that I possess. No, no! I can't resign her to Clement."

Supper was served in a roomy tent that gave every one an opportunity to sit comfortably down by the table. The viands were rich, rare, and abundant, and both young and old did justice to them. Presently Alarie rose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I propose a toast to our host. May his future life be richer in true happiness than his past or present has been in gold or silver."

The toast was drunk, though more than one fair guest wondered not a little thereat. Finding that no explanation was volunteered, Lizzie Carroll exclaimed—

"Either I am very stupid, Dr. Warrington, or your words have a hidden meaning. Which is it?"

"The latter, the latter, Miss Carroll. How can you suggest that are stupid?"

"Pray explain the mystery."

"I will do so—by proxy. Miss Burston, will you be good enough to do so for me?"

Jenny Burston started at these words. Turning first red, then pale, to the secret astonishment of all present, she stammered:

"I—I—really I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do. Pray tell our friends who is the poor doctor and who the wealthy young eligible. Both Clement and I are bashful, and as you and your aunt are the only ones here in the secret, I must insist that you come to my aid."

Both Jenny and Mrs. Burston were ghastly pale. Clement divined from their looks that Alarie had a good reason for his request, so he added:

"Yes, Mrs. Burston, pray oblige me too."

"There is no mystery," said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"No mystery? Am I a poverty-

stricken physician? Is Clem rolling in riches? Come, you are unkind."

"How did you know that?—What do you mean?" said Jenny.

"Well, if Miss Burston will not tell, I must," said Alarie, proceeding to explain to the assembled guests.

Clement said nothing. He looked uneasily at Mrs. Relling, but she gave him a knowing, re-assuring nod that spoke volumes. He glanced at Camilla; she looked surprised, but not in the least displeased, so he concluded that it was not so bad, after all.

This disclosure caused a great deal of talk at Oak Grove, of course. Some people blamed Clement severely, but the majority laughed pleasantly, and considered the affair a very good joke. Mrs. Relling was congratulated upon the good fortune that awaited her penniless niece, and also (by the truly honest) upon her prospective son-in-law; for Camilla and Clement, sitting side by side in the boat on their way home from Emerald Island that night, had thus settled their own future.

The Burstons left Oak Grove early the next day. For a long time it was a mystery to Alarie and Clement how these two perfect strangers had heard of their intended visit to Oak Grove under false pretences, but at last it was explained. Alarie's lawyers, Messrs. Juris and Legis, had a young clerk named Brown, whose only sister Jenny, a handsome girl, was determined to marry money; the young clerk learned all the particulars of Alarie's wealth and romantic plan for the summer, and, of course, gave his sister a hint of the matter. Jenny, who had about three thousand dollars, took an old friend into her confidence, and the two, laying in a good supply of flattery, went to Oak Grove as Mrs. and Miss Burston, with the intention of conquering young Warrington, and his money, cost what it might to either purse or conscience.—But though very mortifying to the young woman we are glad to be able to state that the doctor was not the victim of "Jenny's Plot."

Why the Neighbors Don't Speak.

AS WE entered the edge of the town (Hamilton, Bermuda Islands) that Sunday afternoon, we stopped at a cottage to get a drink of water. The proprietor, a middle aged man with a good face, asked us to sit down and rest. His dame brought chairs, and we grouped ourselves in the shade of the trees by the door. Mr. Smith, that was not his name, but it will answer, questioned us about ourselves and our country, and we answered him truthfully, as a general thing, and questioned him in return. It was all very simple and pleasing, and sociable. Rural, too; for there was a pig and a small donkey and a hen anchored out, close at hand, by cords to their legs, on a spot that purported to be grassy. Presently a woman passed along, and although she coldly said nothing she changed the drift of our talk. Said Smith:

"She didn't look this way, you noticed? Well, she is our neighbor on one side, and there's another family that's our next neighbor on the other side; but there's a general coolness around now, and we don't speak. Yet these three families, one generation and other, have lived there side by side and been as friendly as weavers for a hundred and fifty years, till about a year ago."

"Why, what calamity could have been powerful enough to break up so old a friendship?"

"Well, it was too bad, but it couldn't be helped. It happened like this: About a year or more ago the rats got to pestering my place a good deal, and I set up a steel trap in the back yard. Both of these neighbors run considerable to cats, and so I warned them about the trap, because their cats were pretty sociable around here nights, and they might get into trouble without my intending it. Well, they shut up their cats for awhile, but you know how it is with people; they got careless, and sure enough the trap took Mrs. Jones' principal tomat into camp, and finished him up. In the morning Mrs. Jones come here with the corpse in her arms, and cries and takes on the same as if it was a child. It was a cat by the name of Yelverton—Hector G. Yelverton—a troublesome old rip, with no more principle than an Injun, though you couldn't make her believe it. I said all a man could to comfort her, but, no, nothing would do but I must pay for him. Finally, I said I wasn't investing in cats now as much as I was, and with that she walked off in a huff, carrying the remains with her. That closed our intercourse with the Joneses. Mrs. Jones joined another church and took her tribe with her. She said she would not hold fellowship with assassins."

"Well, and by comes Mrs. Brown's turn—she went by here a minute ago. She had a disgraceful old yellow cat that she thought as much of as if he was twins, and one night he tried that trap upon his neck, and it fitted him so, and was sort of satisfactory, that he laid

down and curled up, and stayed with it. Such was the end of Sir John Baldwin."

"Was that the name of the cat?"

"The same. There's cats around here with names that would surprise you.—Maria," to his wife, "what was that cat's name that got a keg of ratsbane by mistake over at Hooper's, and struck by lightning and took the blind stagers and fell in the well and was most drowned before they could fish him out?"

"That was that colored Deacon Jackson's cat. I only remember that the last end of its name, which was, To-Be-Or-Not-To-Be That Is The Question-Jackson."

"Sho! that ain't the one. That's the one that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then hadn't any more judgment than to go and take a drink. He was considered to be a great loss, but I never could see it. Well, no matter about the names. Mrs. Brown wanted to let her. She put her up to going to law for damages. So to law she went and had the face to claim seven shillings and sixpence. It made a great stir. All the neighbors went to court. Everybody took sides. I got hotter and broke up all the friendships for five hundred yards around—friendships that had lasted for generations and generations."

"Well, I proved by eleven witnesses that the cat was of a low character and very ornery, and wasn't worth a cancelled postage stamp taking the average of cats here; but I lost the case. What could I expect? The system is all wrong here, and is bound to revolution and bloodshed some day. You see, they give the magistrate a poor little starvation salary, and then turn him loose on the public to gouge for fees and costs to live on. What is the natural result? Why, he never looks into the justice of a case—never once. All he looks at is which client has got the money. So this one piled the fees and cost and everything on to me. I could pay speeche don't you see? And he knew mighty well he put in the verdict on Mrs. Brown, where it belonged, he'd have to give his swag in currency."

"Currency? Why, has Bermuda a currency?"

"Yes, onions. And they were forty per cent. discount, too, then, because the season had been over as much as three months. So I lost my case. I had to pay for that cat. But the general trouble the case made was the worst thing about it. Broke up so much good feeling. The neighbors don't speak to each other now."

French Justice.

A French deserter, Thomerel, aged 19, went to a restaurant, dined quietly in a private room, finishing with coffee and brandy. Then, getting behind the door, he awaited the entrance of the waiter, and, springing on him, stabbed him. The waiter, who was so slightly wounded, rushed for aid, and Thomerel was arrested. At his trial he said that he had no grudge against the waiter, whom he had never seen before in his life, but he was so dreadfully bored with his existence that he determined to kill somebody so as to get killed in return. He had a good record in the regiment, but it came out that he had passed two years and a half in prison for attempted assassination. The plea of insanity was put forward, but rejected by the court, it being shown that there had been too much method—such as the purchase of a particular kind of knife—in Thomerel's madness, and the judge being clearly of opinion that this kind of *ennui* must be severely repressed, sent him to hard labor for 20 years.

Laughter.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreligiously bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man. Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only snuff and titter and snigger from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffling, huffy cackinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

A Weigh They Had.

Two hunters shot a deer in a Western forest. Having no means at hand of weighing it, they devised a novel plan. A. knew his weight to be 140 lbs.; E. knew his to be 180 lbs. A horizontal pole was placed across a strong support and balanced. A. was then suspended from one end, and E. from the other, and the pole gradually drawn along towards A. until both men exactly balanced each other. They then changed ends, and when A. added the weight of the deer to his own, both men again balanced. Query—what was the weight of the deer?

FOR THE TIMES.

A SONG BY JAMES HUMES.

Respectfully dedicated to the Murphy cause at Sandy Hill, Perry county, Pa.

Get out of the way, ye toppers now,
Here comes the Murphy band,
By fair and honest means to try
And save our happy land.

Then come with us, ye ladies fair,
And help us all you can
To drive the monster run away
From out "Columbia's" land.

For well we know without your aid,
We in our cause must fall,
But joined with your omniscient power,
We must and will prevail.

So now good-by old barrels and kegs,
And flasks and bottles too,
We all have joined the Murphy Pledge,
And have no need for you.

No more you'll need to spice your breath,
To hide the Whiskey smell,
Or stay away from heated stores
That on the drunkard tell.

And you that vend this liquid fire,
Be mindful what ye do,
Since you have cursed your country so,
You must knock under too.

And now "three cheers" for the temperance cause,
And "three cheers" for all who join,
And three for Columbia's daughter fair,
That help our cause along.

Ludicrous.

An English lady, who lived in the country and was about to have a large dinner-party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment—a tolerably large one—could furnish. So that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been only employed on farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor to do anything, unless she directed him—the lady well knowing that although no footman could make a better appearance in still life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas, having been thus duly drilled and enjoined, took his post at the head of the table, behind his mistress, and for awhile found sufficient amusements in looking at the grand "set-out" and staring at the guests. When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eye began to pry about among nearer objects. It was at a time when the ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the nape of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate or with old English notions. This lady was in the height, or lowness, of that fashion, and, between her shoulder blades, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied something. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing—the transfiguration produced in Thomas' countenance by delight when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her great horror heard him exclaim with exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party: "A vlea! vlea, my lady! Echod! I've caught 'em!"

Astonishing Effect of the Imagination.

A strange case is that of Henry C. Erskman, living in Berks county, who is the owner of considerable property. Up to within several weeks ago he was hale and hearty. Notwithstanding his abundance of this world's goods he generally wore one suit of clothes during the week and on Sunday. Several weeks ago he was startled because he imagined that a very offensive odor came from his ears or mouth or the pores of the skin. He was greatly alarmed, and imagined he was sinking into galloping consumption, and was gradually decaying. He was unable to sleep, became haggard and emaciated, and even his friends began to imagine that his end was near at hand. He dressed himself regularly, and was determined to keep on his feet. He went into the fields and in the woods determined to fight down his disease, but wherever he went the same dreadful stench and feeling came over him. Finally, an old wood-chopper met him in the woods one day. The woodman had a long talk with him, and he stood quite close to examine him. Then the woodman asked the sick man for his coat. It was examined. The woodman carried it away twenty yards, and it was discovered that the stench followed. The coat was thoroughly examined, and a dead mouse was found in the lining. The mouse had by some means gotten in the lining of his coat and died there, and its decaying body caused the unpleasant effluvia. When this was known the sufferer gained courage, and as he slowly realized what imagination had done, he rallied and was soon on the road to health.

VEGETINE

HER OWN WORDS.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 13, 1877.

Mr. H. H. Stevens,

Dear Sir—Some several years since I have got a sore and very painful foot, and 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 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 sure some 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.

SAFE AND SURE.

Mr. H. H. Stevens,

In 1873 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 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.

Charlestown.

Mr. H. H. 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 Cankerous Humors or Rheumatic affections it cannot be exceeded, 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. DISMOKE, 19 Russell St.

VEGETINE.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

Boston, Feb. 13, 1871.

Mr. H. H. 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. S. FETTINGILL,
Firm of S. M. Fettingill & Co.,
No. 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE.

ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.

South Berwick, Me., Jan. 17, 1872.

Mr. H. H. 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 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

Prepare

H. H. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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

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JOS. M. HAWLEY,
Duncannon, July 19, 1878.—H

DOE-SKINS.

Our Stock of NEW GOODS for Men's Wear is complete.—Prices from 12½ cents up.

F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.