

seeing the girl's almost fainting condition. "Come in-doors, Susy."

Her aunt led her into the kitchen, and Ben, though as curious as a kitten, knew enough about horses to see that the one he held must not be allowed to stand with his flanks reeking from recent exercise; so he led him off to the stable, and having fastened and covered him well up, he returned to the house as quickly as his legs could carry him.

At this moment all were startled, as old Jerry came bungling into the yard with a clattering, ungainly gallop, stripped of his usual accoutrements. He made his own way to the stable; and Ben, entering the kitchen, found Susan sitting by his grandfather in the chimney corner, while she recounted the adventure she had met with.

"Ben was right, you see, and I did meet a highwayman," she said, as her spirits began to return. "But I am so grieved to have lost your money."

"What does it matter, so long as you are safe, my dear?" said old Mr. Dale, putting her head.

"Why, the horse you were riding is worth more than what you've lost, I'll be bound," cried Ben. "It's a beauty, grandfather! What a brave clever trick you played in riding off on him, Susy! But why was he so vexed about the saddle? Why, of course, he thought there was money in it. That's where robbers hide their plunder. I'll be bound there's something in his saddle. I'll go and fetch it. Hurry!"

"Off ran the lad, and calling one of the men, desired him to unsaddle the animal, and groom him down immediately."

The saddle, when removed, proved too heavy for Ben to carry into the house, and old Mr. Dale, who had followed him to see the horse, aided him to bring it in. They laid it on the kitchen table, and commencing searching it all over.

In the padding they found bank-notes amounting to two hundred pounds, and from an artfully concealed leather lining under the saddle-flaps golden guineas poured out in incredible numbers on to the table.

"Oh, my eye!" cried Ben. "Why, Susy, you're the robber, after all!"

"Oh, don't, Ben!" said Susan, beginning to cry.

The astonishment of the old people was unbounded. They went on counting and counting till they arrived at the sum of one thousand pounds, and they looked from one to the other, scarcely crediting their senses.

"Well!" exclaimed old Mr. Dale, "the first thing to be done is to give this up to the proper owners. Susan's nothing to do with it, nor have we. But I think it's our duty to inform the patrol where they are likely to find yonder ruffian.—Deprived of his horse he cannot proceed far from the spot, and Susan may as well have any reward that the government may be ready to give; and this fellow is very likely to be the man who robbed the Yorkshire coach t'other day."

They offer a hundred pounds to those that find him."

"Oh, pray, don't grandfather—pray don't let me be the cause of his being taken!" cried Susan, imploringly.

"Nonsense, my dear," replied the old man; "when the path of duty is straight and clear before you, you must walk up it, though it's hard and unpleasant. You don't wish yonder thief to take more money, do you, from those perhaps that can ill spare it?"

Without delay Mr. Dale dispatched a man with a full description of the robber and instructions to the patrol as to the likelihood of his being in the neighborhood, and early the next morning a search was set on foot in all directions by the officials at Hazleton.

Within three days the notorious thief, Bob Reeve (for such was his name, and that by which he was known on the road), was taken. The patrol had been on his track since his attack on the Yorkshire coach, and had no difficulty in securing the villain when furnished by Mr. Dale with the particulars of Susan's rencontre with him, and her description of his person.

He was lodged in jail, and was shortly after convicted and executed. The money found in the saddle was duly handed over to the government, who offered half the reward set on the man's head to Susan. She, however, could not bring herself up to accept it, but entreated that she might keep the robber's horse, Wildfire. This, after much correspondence and deliberation, she was permitted to do, to her great satisfaction, as she regarded the beautiful animal as the cause of her escape from danger and, perchance, death. The money found on the highwayman was restored to Mr. Dale, and poor Susan's mind was therefore relieved on this point.

She married before long a farmer in the neighborhood, and never ventured to market again.

Ben was in due time invested with the longed-for dignity of selling the farm produce. He failed to encounter any gentlemen of the road, and, as his grandfather often told him, it was too much to expect two out of the same family to meet and outwit a highwayman.

A Bashful Man's Trouble.

HIS NAME was Jacobus; we used to call him Jackass, for short.—Heaven help me if he should see this story.

Among many of his misfortunes, for he was cock-eyed, red-haired and knock-kneed, he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness. Nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth when he could help it, and when he did, used both hands to help him; in fact, he was a man of "great actions."

Jacobus, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man; and it was manly to have a penchant.

So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hoydenish girl in the town, but how to tell his love! There was the rub. He had heard a good deal of "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the opposite side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eyes. He has despised eyes ever since then.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interval only increased his ardor, he determined on going it alone.

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, (sadd pants being a little tighter than the skin), and a spotless vest.

The journals of the day state, as an item of intelligence, that the thermometer ranged from seventy-five to eighty degrees. Jack swears it was over a hundred.

As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found courage and perspiration oozing out together and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, that he would take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the mansion, he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting his eyes toward the parlor window, and perceiving no signs, he thought it possible that no one was at home, and since he had proceeded so far, he would proceed further and leave his card. No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him in; Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

O, cracky! here was a fix. Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl alone!—It was too late to retreat; the girl had closed the front door, and was pointing to the parlor, where Miss Emily was.

Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or slid. All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice, "bidding him welcome and draw near."

To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed, but he little dreamed of the obstacles fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well that the stream of love had many ripples, but full-grown snags entered not into his head.

Judge, then, of his astonishment on being tripped up, almost at the fair one's feet, by a flat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on the road to happiness.

Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra tension of the muscles and sinews, he not only procured a tumble, but also a compound fracture of the black pants aforesaid, said fracture extending all across that point which comes in close contact with the chair.

Having picked himself up as careful as circumstances would permit, he at length succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would when requested to dance upon a pile of needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. But on this rock he split.

Just at that moment she observed that she had lost her pocket handkerchief.—What has become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in. It must certainly be somewhere about.

"Haven't you got it under, Mr. Jacobus?"

Jack was sure he had not, but poor Jack in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the

missing wiper he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so, the fracture opened and behold, there lay, as the lady supposed, her missing property. It was the work of a moment to catch the corner and exclaim:

"Here it is, sir, you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just raise a little, it's under you," at the same time giving it a hard pull. Alas, the tail was told, no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt. But what should he do? Another and another, a stronger pull evincing on the part of the lady a strong determination to obtain the lost dry goods, coupled with the request:

"Get up, sir; you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, and grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed:

"For pity sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

The young lady fainted.

Putting the Children to Bed.

WHATEVER may have been the day's offences, make it up, we beg you, before bed-time, and don't reserve that hour for reproof and correction. After "Now I lay me" by hissing tongues and "Our Father who art in Heaven" by those of larger growth, seal the sleepy lips by a good-night kiss, and let the little ones carry out into the shadowy realm of dreams the blessed consciousness of mother-love. The time must come—all too soon, alas! when these same faces, matured by care and sorrow may toss upon sleepless pillows seeking rest and finding none. Let them at least have a sweet memory of happy childhood to cherish in future years, which no bitterness of after life can rob them of.

Whatever you do, don't punish any sin of omission or commission by refusing the "good-night kiss." Take any other method of correction than that.

If you have once seen a little creature sighing and sobbing in its sleep for lack of the accustomed caress you sternly refused—which to the tender little heart was a grief your world-calloused nature could scarcely comprehend—you will never do it again. We know a mourning mother, whose once sunny hair is at thirty-five as white as three-score years and ten ought to make it, whose life is a perpetual sorrow, and who repeats with remorseful tears the story of her little boy's last night on earth; how in punishment for a series of mischievous pranks and small disobediences (which she now knows were born of the fretfulness and nervousness of incipient disease), she refused the good-night kiss and sent the little culprit supperless to bed, an hour before his time; how he begged and entreated for but one little kiss, and at last sobbed himself disconsolate to sleep—she steeling her heart against him, as she fancied, for his good; how, as the fever spot reddened and glowed upon his cheeks, he tossed upon his pillow, called continually in his dreams "Kiss me, mamma!" "Kiss me mamma!" "Just one!"

How, later in the night, when the physician pronounced the sudden disease diphtheria, in its most malignant form, she pressed a thousand frantic kisses upon unconscious lips that still raved ceaseless for "one little kiss!" And now, before the next bedtime came, the crib was tenanted, and a small corpse in the parlor below, like an avenging Nemesis, had banished happiness forever from that mother's heart. There are some brutes in human guise—but thank Heaven! they are few—who, having promised a child a whipping, will reserve it till the hour of retiring, that the victim, being undressed, may be doubly defenseless; as if its puny weakness in the power of manly strength were not enough. These magnanimous fathers have sometimes been known to find the culprits already in bed when it suited their convenience to administer the thrashing, when by cruel blows they have recalled the startled sleeper from the innocent dreams of childhood to the wretched realities of such a barbarous regime! We do not approve of capital punishment on general principles; but if there ever is a case wherein it may be righteous judgment, let it be visited upon such parents as these.

Did you ever meet a grown man or woman whose eyes have suddenly grown moist at seeing a little child creep trustingly to its mother's breast, and the quick, involuntary clasp, of responsive maternal love? Depend upon it, that man's or woman's childhood was passed in a cheerless atmosphere, where severity held sway instead of love, and dignity usurped the place of pity. Do you know the reason why grandparents are so prone to "spoil" children as we call it? It is simply because, from their superior years and wisdom, they realize, as we cannot, how soon the happy days of childhood are over, and of how little consequence the childish pranks really are which we deem deserve such severe correction. Having seen their own lit-

tle ones so quickly slip away from them and become self-reliant men and women, they look back with regret on all undue harshness they may have indulged in, and on unimproved opportunities for making the children happier, and with corresponding satisfaction on all sacrifices and efforts they make for the children's enjoyment.

Whatever you can or cannot give your children, bequeath them the best of all portions, a happy childhood and a rosy youth. It costs nothing, and will be to them a better inheritance than lands or gold. To do this, you need not involve "spoiling" them by over-indulgence.—Any judicious parent understands the difference between pernicious license and proper liberty.

Thousands of children have been ruined by too much severity, as well as by foolish indulgence, but never one by too much love.

Notes From a Lawyer's Diary.

A CORRESPONDENT relates the following: While in company a few days ago with a leading lawyer of New Brunswick, we were treated with a few reminiscences of his early professional life, one of which concerned a family once well known and highly esteemed in Woodbridge, whose names we refrain from giving to prevent general identification, yet we have no doubt that some of our readers by putting this and that together will unravel whatever mystery there may belong to this reminiscence.

About a mile, more or less, from where the old Liberty Pole once stood, there lived a farmer, who had reared an interesting and promising family, and for whom by his thrift and economy he had accumulated much of this world's goods. An only son upon merging into his manhood loved and married a beautiful city girl. The nuptials being entirely agreeable to all parties concerned, the occasion was celebrated with all the magnificence and *colat* of those early days, which money and a large attendance of relatives and friends could contribute.

On the morning of the second day after the marriage the young husband left the house of his bride, to indulge in the recreation of air and exercise, but never again returned to his wife, or was ever afterwards seen by her. Years rolled by until they were multiplied to many, and in the mean time the parents of both parties died, families separated, the young wife married again, and took high rank in city society, and a daughter of the first marriage grew up to womanhood. In all these many years, not a trace had been found which could throw a shadow of light upon the whereabouts of the young husband, nor a fact ascertained to account for his sudden disappearance and continued absence.

At this juncture of the story the daughter sued for his interest in his father's estate, which had been invested on bond and mortgage. Her lawyer and our informant had progressed with the suit without hindrance except to comply with the necessary legal forms, up to within a few days of obtaining the proper decree, which would transfer the interest sought after, to the possession of the daughter.

One day while seated in his office, our informant was surprised at being accosted by the brother-in-law of the long-absent and supposed-to-be-dead husband, who told him that he was neither absent nor dead, but alive and could be produced within twenty-four hours time. This information astounded the lawyer, and rather mixed the legal proceedings in the case, and a time and place was agreed upon, when the identification should be made, and the future course of events to be determined. At the appointed time and place, and while our informant and his opposing attorney were seated in the room the brother-in-law entered, pushing before him a man who was paralyzed in his lower limbs, and who otherwise bore all the marks of long sickness and severe afflictions. After a critical investigation of the whole case, there was no doubt left upon the minds of all present, that this poor paralytic and the long-lost husband was one and the same man. Of course this ended all legal proceedings, and the mother and daughter were duly informed of all the facts developed by this strange interview, which not only accounted for the sudden and continued absence of the husband, his whereabouts and all matters connected therewith, but justified him in the course which he had pursued in the past.

It is proper to say that his brother-in-law was in total ignorance concerning him until the day before he accosted our informant in his office, and from the date of the above interviews down to the present time no one but his brother-in-law has any knowledge concerning him.

One cannot be too careful this winter. A swell exchanged his heavy winter cane for a light bamboo, and the consequence was a severe cold.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE. **Reliable Evidence.**

Mr. H. R. Stevens.
Dear Sir,—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, Vegetine, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over forty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and Vegetine has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is such a good medicine as Vegetine, and I also think that it is one of the best medicines for coughs, and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the Vegetine, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

VEGETINE. Mrs. L. GORE,
Cor. Magazine & Walnut Sts.,
Cambridge, Mass.

VEGETINE. **GIVES HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND APPETITE.**

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of Vegetine. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all her friends. A few bottles of Vegetine restored her health, strength, and appetite.

VEGETINE. N. H. TILDEN,
Insurance and Real Estate A'gt.,
No. 49 Sears Building,
Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE. **CANNOT BE EXCELLED.**

Charlestown, Mass.
H. E. 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 and Catarrhus Humors and Rheumatic Affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier or spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have tried almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.

VEGETINE. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. A. A. DISMORE,
No. 19 Russell St.

VEGETINE. **IT IS A VALUABLE REMEDY.**

South Boston, Feb. 7, '76.
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.

VEGETINE. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints.

VEGETINE. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. M. Parker,
86 Athens Street.

VEGETINE. **VEGETINE**

Prepared
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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

MUSSER & ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE

NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public
A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season.
BLACK ALPACCAS

AND Mourning Goods

A SPECIALITY.
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.
AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of
SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS.

And everything under the head of GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.
To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.
No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the
CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.