

WASHING A LOVER.

**A** RAINY day in the country! Drip, drip! sounded the water in the barrel under the eaves; patter, patter trickled down the rain drops upon the leaves of the scryngas and lilac bushes; and Lucy Darl, sitting at the window, her round chin resting in her hands, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the woods, half hidden in vapory mists, began to feel the least bit in the world bored.

An open letter lay in her lap—a letter to which she referred every now and then, with a pretty, half-puzzled contraction of her brows.

"Wash and wear!" she repeated to herself. "I wonder what Aunt Judith means? She hopes that whichever of my suitors I may elect to prefer will wash and wear." Upon my word, that is likening the lords of creation to a pattern of calico, or a gingham sun-bonnet!

And Lucy laughed a little—a very becoming process, which brought out the dimples around her cherry lips, and the dewy sparkles under her long auburn lashes.

"I'm sure they are both models of amiability and good temper," said she to herself—"that is as far as I know."

And then all of a sudden it occurred to her how little a woman could really know of the actual *bona fide* habits and character of a man until she is married to him, past all escape.

"Ah, if one could peep behind the scenes!" said Lucy. "If one could only put a lover on trial for a month, as Aunt Judith takes a servant girl, and discharge him if he don't give satisfaction! And then the wash-and-wear question, which gives Aunt Judith so much tribulation, could be easily settled. Helgho! I believe I shall have to draw lots which I will marry, Eugene Follott, or George Haven. But there's no use wrinkling up my forehead about it now; time will decide. In the meantime I shall be hopelessly wearied if I sit here staring at the rain. I'll put on my things and run over to Nell Follott's. Eugene will have started for the city long ago."

It was a pretty, shaded road, delicious in the freshness of a morning, but rather drippy and dragly, just at present, that led to the old Follott mansion—a sturdy erection of gray stone, with half a dozen honey locusts keeping guard over it like a band of sentinels.

Lucy Darl, a privileged visitor, did not ring at the front door bell, but slipped quietly in at the back door and ran up to Miss Follott's room.

"At home, Nell?" she cried, tapping softly on the panels of the door.

"Of course I'm at home," said Nell, brightly, opening it. "You dear little rosebud, you've come just in time to help me about the pattern for my new cashmere polonaise. Isn't it a wretched day?"

And the two girls were presently deep in the mysteries of "bias folds," "knife pleating," and "side gores," until, all of a sudden a surly, masculine voice down the hall cried:

"Where's my breakfast, I say? I want my breakfast! Confound all you women folks, why don't you bring me my breakfast? Am I to starve to death! Nell! Mother! Come, wide awake there! Bring my slippers! Fetch the newspapers, somebody! And look sharp do you hear?"

And the door was banged shut again with considerable emphasis.

Nell looked at Lucy with a crimsoning brow. Lucy opened wide her inquiring eyes.

"It's Eugene," said Nell, in rather an embarrassed manner. "He was out late last night, and he overslept himself this morning."

"Oh!" said Lucy, beginning to be conscious that a flaw existed in this patent masculine diamond—that this pattern of goods "washed" but indifferently.

At this moment footsteps hurried by. It was the patient and much enduring Mrs. Follott, bringing up the tray of toast and tea.

"I wouldn't wait on a man so," said Lucy, indignantly.

Presently poor Mrs. Follott returned, with the tray scarcely touched, and stopped in Nell's room to relieve her mind.

"He won't touch a mouthful, because it isn't smoking hot," said she with a sigh. "He's crosser than one would think possible, and—"

But here she checked herself abruptly at the sight of Miss Darl.

"I beg your pardon my dear!" said she. "I did not see you."

"Oh! don't mind me," said Lucy, coloring. "I'm going over to Mrs. Haven's a few minutes to see about a fern she promised to get me from the Hartford woods."

For it had occurred to Miss Lucy that this was an excellent opportunity to test the "washing and wearing" qualities of the second of her lovers. Follott had been weighed in the balance and found

wanting. Now let George Haven take his chance. The Haven cottage stood about an eighth of a mile further down the road—a pretty little honey-suckle garlanded affair—and Lucy Darl, feeling rather like a spy, crept up the stairs (nobody chanced to be in the hall,) and took refuge in Mrs. Haven's own neat little boudoir.

Mrs. Haven had three or four unruly ill-disciplined children staying with her that summer—the children of an invalid sister—and Mrs. Haven was not rich in this world's goods like the Follotts.

As Lucy sat there wondering whether a lucky chance was about to befriend her, as it had befriended her before, a cheery voice sounded below. George had just come in, dripping but cheerful, from the post-office.

"Hello, mother! what's the matter? Crying and discouraged! Why this will never do in the world! Come, little folks, run off to the barn, every one of you, and play. The fire smokes, does it? Well, never mind; I'll have things all straight in a minute, with a few kindlings. The fact is, mother, you sit at home too much. You get nervous. I must contrive some way of taking you out to drive every day."

A sly, dimpled smile came into Lucy Darl's face as she heard the strange, caressing voice of her lover, bringing hope and courage with it, and reflected that he was certainly of a different stamp from Eugene Follott, whose dashing manners and city airs and graces had so nearly captivated her.

It was quite evident that he would "wash and wear," according to Aunt Judith's theory.

"I suppose I am a little nervous at times, George," Mrs. Haven answered, "but I never feel it when you are here. I don't know what I should do without a son like you. But if you ever get married—"

But Lucy Darl could not stand this—she felt like a little, innocent eaves-dropper, as she was, and hurried down stairs.

"You here, Lucy," cried Mrs. Haven who was busy at her stocking-darning. "You here, Miss Darl!" exclaimed George, who had just brought in an armful of fresh kindlings.

"I couldn't find any one up stairs," said Lucy, blushing and looking painfully conscious. "I looked all over. I've just come to ask you if you got the root of Hartford fern you promised me, Mrs. Haven."

"It's set out in a flower pot under the back kitchen window," said Mrs. Haven. "But you'll stay here all day, Lucy, dear, now that you are here."

Miss Lucy did not refuse.

Mr. Eugene Follott lay in bed until eleven, and read novels. At noon he came down stairs.

"Confounded dull here, without a soul to speak to," said he.

Of course his mother and sister were outside the pale of civilized humanity. And at sunset, when the crimson beams of the declining orb of day broke radiantly out through parting clouds, he tied on his best necktie, and pinned a pink carnation in his button-hole.

"I think I'll go over to Mrs. Darl's for a little while," said he.

"You needn't," said astute Nell.

"Why not?"

"Because Lucy was here this morning, and heard you scolding at poor mamma, and because I saw her go by just now with George Haven, and they are engaged."

"How do you know?"

"By instinct."

Mr. Follott made a grimace, unpinned the carnation and stayed at home.

The engagement became a public affair the next day, and Lucy Darl wrote back to her Aunt Judith that she had accepted a lover whom she could warrant as an article that would "wash and wear."

GETTING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN.

**H**AND in hand they passed timidly up the stairs and went into the gallery and told the artist they had come to have their pictures taken.

"In a group or singly?"

"Well," said Zeke, removing his hat, and wiping his face with a red cotton handkerchief taken from the crown. "I don't know edactly. Which comes the cheapest?"

It was explained to him that the price would depend more upon the size and style of the picture than it would whether they sat separate or together, and so, after a whispered consultation they concluded as they had joined hands for life it would be better to put them in one frame.

As the artist was placing them in position Zeke looked sweetly upon his companion, and said:

"Now Polly, I want you to look your prettiest. Think o' that picture o' the Sleeping Beauty on the panel o' your father's wagon box, and try your smartest to walk around it. You kin do it if you try—you've got the feathers that kin lay it in the shade if you'll only compose 'em an' bring out the right sort o' expression. You don't want to look

brassy, nuther too timid; but just a kind o' betwixt and between. You don't want to git that sanktimonious, solemn-cholly look about you that Sister Pensey puts on whenever she gets up in class meetin' and goes to tellin' about how fast we're all sliding down hill to perdition. That won't do at all; you've got it every bit jest as she has, and not a fringe missin'. Tone it down some with a little twitch of smiles. Hold on—too much, that is—there you go ag'in, and now you've got that wild bloodthirsty stare your sister Susan has whenever the old muley steps into the milk bucket. Stiddy there—hold easy—now you're edging 'round to it—that is better. Look where the man p'int, and don't move a muscle till I git my face in trim. Don't wink or blink, Polly—there—give me your hand, and don't git skeered—I'm with you. All ready, Mr. Man. As soon as I tap my foot crack away. Mum—mum, Polly."

Away went the cloth and the poor creature before the camera sat as rigid as bean poles during the intervening seconds, which seemed an age; just at the last moment as bad luck would have it, Polly had to sneeze.

"There!" exclaimed Zeke. "You have blowed the whole head off'en that pieter, now, I'll bet a bag o' potatoes, an' mine, too, may be. Why didn't you muzzle in a minute or two longer?"

Polly had tried and said she couldn't save her life—the smell of the paint had filled her head and something had to break.

The artist had been quick to see the emergency and threw the cloth over the camera and said he guessed no great damage had been done. In a few minutes the picture was ready for their inspection.

"Well, I swan to goodness, Polly, if you don't look sweeter than a cake of maple sugar, and just as natural as a rail fence; but I don't have quite as searchin' a look about me as I would like to take home. My hair might o' had a little more roach to it, and it seems to me if my left ear was set round a little too far, but the finger-ring you'll notice, shines out beautifully, and the breastpin is all there. I was too anxious about you to get as composed as I or't to have been, but I don't know as it could have been bettered much. It's a better lookin' couple than any I see hangin' 'round here, and so I guess we won't bother the man to take aim at us again. It's ahead of anything I've ever seen in Thompson township, and so I guess we'll take it along. It's a good pieter—the more I look at it the better I like it. If I'd only had a little more roach on my hair I could not have been suited better."

Leaders of Society.

Years ago Lord Lyons, then the English Minister, imported a coachman, and it was not long before he was well-known. Soon afterwards he began trading horses, and made a great deal of money. Following that he went into the grocery business in what is known as the "old First Ward" of Washington, and accumulated more money. He married, and a son came to his family. When the father died he left plenty of money, which his son inherited, succeeding him in the grocery business.—The son was so proud, however to stick to it, and he gave it up, and invested his money in other ways. About the time the English coachman came here a French cook direct from France, arrived here, and secured employment with the French Minister. He also was married, and had three or four daughters. Like the coachman, he amassed a great deal of money, and increased it by fortunate real estate speculations. He owned several squares of property in the neighborhood, since bought up by Hallet Kilbourne's real estate pool. The son of the coachman married the daughter of the cook, and they are to-day the leaders of Washington society.

Too Sharp for the Landlord.

**I** WAS more common years ago than recently for landlords and stage-drivers to have an understanding with each other, whereby, for a consideration paid the driver, hungry travelers were scarcely allowed time to comfortably seat themselves at the table, when the driver would announce the immediate departure of the stage, thus cheating people out of a meal who paid for one.

I remember being one of a stage load of hungry travelers crossing the Sierra Nevada before railroads had spanned it, when a noted judge, still on the bench, and an equally noted professor of an eastern college, were of the party.

Our arrival at a dinner station was hailed with delight by all the party, and we fled into the dining-room to attack the savory viands, the landlord, however, first taking care to collect the fee for the meal from each of us. We had certainly not been five minutes at the table, and some of us, in waiting to be helped to coffee, had not tasted a mouthful of food, when our driver shouted:

"All aboard; I'm behind time and can't wait a minute longer."

A look of mingled consternation and disgust spread from face to face, as we sprang from the table, but the judge remained cool, as he touched the professor on the arm.

"Will you see to the bread supply, if I take care of the meat?" he queried.

The professor caught at his purpose and promptly assented. In another instant the judge had conveyed a large turkey and a couple of spring chickens, ready carved, from their platters to two napkins, while the professor emptied the contents of the bread plates into another, and, led by the judge, they marched triumphantly to the coach.

Their example was contagious; each of the passengers hastily confiscated some articles of food—meats, vegetables even pastry—until the dining-room was pretty thoroughly stripped of everything that went to make up the concomitants of a good meal, and the interior of the coach bore the appearance, I imagine, of Sherman's raid, while the bewildered and amazed look of the face of the speechless landlord, as we drove off, would have proven a prize-study to an artist. The roars of laughter it caused us proved a good condiment to our strangely improvised meal.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

A young stranger called on Dr. M'C— one evening, while he was a pastor in New York city, to engage his services in the performance of a nuptial ceremony.

"I wish to make a bargain with you doctor," said the young man. "I think the girl I am to marry will make a first-rate wife. If you will wait for your fee, and she turns out as I think she will, I'll then give you fifty dollars."

They agreed, the young couple were married, and the incident passed from the doctor's mind. At the end of the year, at the same time in the evening, the young man called again. The doctor did not recognize him at first.

"Do you not remember the bargain we made when you married me a year ago?"

"Oh yes," replied the doctor.

"Well, said the young man, "she is twice as good as I thought she was. There's one hundred dollars for you."

Exactly the opposite of this is the following:

A clergyman in one of the Hudson River towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said, "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von little pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterward he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed.

"Dominie," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von little pig?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you unmarry me, I will give you two little pigs."

Rhetorical Gems.

The St. Louis "Republican" says:—A few rhetorical gems, culled from a speech by a Four Courts lawyer the other day, are here given:

"I tell you, gentlemen, that the defendant is as innocent as the child that never was born."

"Gentlemen, I think I am guiltless of whatever I here assert, because I think I speak the truth."

"The prosecuting witness, gentlemen, is a man that carries weepins, and that is guilty of a man who came near being murdered by being shot at two weeks ago."

"The more younger the child is the more truth there is in it, and the ignorant the man is the more like a child he is. The police can't give him riddles, because he can't answer them, and so he has to speak the truth and don't lie. So, you see, that witness of mine told the truth."

"I tell you, gentlemen, their police are simply damnable, and I'm after them like a leech."

The creator of the foregoing combination was the same gentleman who, while the case was in progress, demanded to know of a witness, "Where was you on the—day of—, and if so, state whether you were there or not?" Then he frowned and grew angry because the witness wouldn't answer yes or no.

A skeptical and conceited young fellow once told an old Quaker, that he did not believe in the Divine origin of the bible, as there was no proof of it.

The Quaker replied: "Do you believe there is such a country as Africa?"

"Yes for though I have never seen it other people have."

"Then thee does not believe in anything that thee or some one else has not seen?"

"No, of course not."

"Did thee ever see your brains?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see any person who had?"

"No."

"Then according to thy belief thee can not have any, and perhaps in this case thy doctrine is right."

VEGETINE

FOR CHILLS, SHAKES, FEVER & AGUE. Tarboro, N. C., 1878.

Dr. H. H. Stevens:—Dear Sir,—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, Vegetine, has done in my family. I wish to express my thanks by informing you of the wonderful cure of my son; also, to let you know that Vegetine is the best medicine I ever saw for Chills, Shakes, Fever and Ague. My son was sick with miasmas in 1874, which left him with Hip-joint disease. My son suffered a great deal of pain, all of the time; the pain was so great he did nothing but cry. The doctors did not help him a particle, he could not lift his foot from the floor, he could not move without crutches. I read your advertisement in the "Louisville Courier-Journal," that Vegetine was a great Blood Purifier and Blood Food. I tried one bottle, which was a great benefit. He kept on with the medicine, gradually gaining. He has taken eighteen bottles in all, and he is completely restored to health, walks without crutches or cane. He is 20 years of age. I have a younger son, 13 of age, who is subject to Chills. Whenever he feels one coming on, he comes in, takes a dose of Vegetine and that is the last of the Chill. Vegetine leaves no bad effect upon the system like most of the medicines recommended for Chills. It cheerfully recommends Vegetine for such complaints. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world. Respectfully, Mrs. J. W. LLOYD.

Vegetine.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of situation, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood carry of the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

Barnardston, Mass., 1878. We, the undersigned, having used Vegetine, take pleasure in recommending it to all those troubled with Humors of any kind, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, or General Debility. It cures the Great Blood Purifier. Sold by R. L. Crowell & Sons, who sell more of it than all other patent medicines put together.

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Vegetine is the great health restorer—composed exclusively of barks, roots, and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

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FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE AND RHEUMATISM.

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FRED. A. GOOD, 108 Mill St., Cinn.

Vegetine has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

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BRUGGISTS' TESTIMONY.

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