

pier with Sam? Be honest, and say just what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! that is what I wanted to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Cobb looked scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, and say to her: 'Maria—' What makes you start so?"

"Nothing," only you speak so like one I used to know."

"Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that is, when he heard she was free he began to work hard at making a fortune; he has got it and he is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By and by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and, leaning on the mantel-piece, stroked the yellow hair of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say, but—come?"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't, don't!" she cried out. "I'm Sam's Maria."

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers; there smiled the dear old face she had not forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or head. The widow gave one little scream and then she—

But stop! Quiet people like you and me, dear me, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add, two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after a while that all was right, and so laid down again and that one week after there was a wedding at the house that made the neighboring farmers stare.—The widow had married her "first love."

### A SCARED BEAR.

"TELL you what, Roxie, I wish father and Jake had some of these hot nutcakes for their dinner; they did not carry much of anything, and these are proper nice."

Mrs. Beamish set her left hand upon her hip, leaned against the corner of the dresser, and meditatively selected another nutcake, doughnut or cruller, as you may call them, from the great brown pan piled up with these dainties, and Roxie, who was curled up in a little heap on the corner of the settee, knitting a blue woolen stocking, looked brightly up and said:

"Let me go and carry them some, ma. It's just as warm and nice as can be out-of-doors, real springy, and I know the way to the wood lot, I'd just love to go."

"Let's see—ten o'clock," said Mrs. Beamish, putting the last bit of cake into her mouth and wiping her fingers upon her apron. "It's a matter of four miles there by the bridge, Jake says, though if you cross the ford it takes off a mile or more. You'd better go around by the bridge anyway."

"Oh no, ma; that isn't worth while, for pa said only last night that the ice was strong enough yet to sled over all the wood he'd been cutting," said Roxie earnestly, for the additional mile rather terrified her.

"Did he? Well, if that's so, it is all right," replied her mother, in a tone of relief, and then she filled a tin pail with nutcakes, laid a clean, brown napkin over them, and then shut in the cover and set it on the dresser, saying:

"There, they've got cheese with them, and you'll reach camp before they eat their noon lunch. Now, get on your leggings and thick shoes, and your coat and cap and mittens, and eat some cakes before you start, so as not to take their's when you get there."

"I wouldn't do that, neither; not if I never had any," replied Roxie, a little resentfully, and then she pulled her squirrel cap well over her ears, tied her pretty scarlet tippet around her neck, and held up her face for a good bye kiss. The mother gave it with unusual fervor and said kindly:

"Good-bye to you, little girl. Take good care of yourself, and come safe home to mother."

"Yes, ma. But I may wait and come with them, mayn't I? They'll let me ride on old Bob, you know."

"Why, yes, you might as well, I suppose, though I'll be lonesome without

you all day, baby. But it would be better for you to ride home—so stay."

It was a lovely day in the latter part of March, and although the ground was covered with snow, and the brooks and rivers were still fast bound in ice, there was something in the air that told of spring—something that set the sap in the maple trees mounting through its million little channels toward the buds, already beginning to redden for their blooming, and sent the blood in little Roxie's veins dancing upward too, until it blossomed in her cheeks and lips fairer than in any maple tree.

"How pleasant it is to be alive!" said the little girl aloud, while a squirrel running up the oak-tree overhead stopped, and curling his bushy tail a little higher upon his back, chattered the same idea in his own language. Roxie stopped to listen, and laugh aloud, at which sound the squirrel frisked away to his hole, and the little girl, singing merrily, went on her way, crossed the river on the ice, and on the other bank stopped and looked wistfully down a side path leading into the dense forest away from her direct road.

"I really believe the checkerberries must have started, it's so springy," she thought; "I've a mind to go down and look in what Jake calls 'Bearberry pasture,' though I told him they were not bear-berries, but real checker-berries." So saying to herself, Roxie ran a few steps down the little path, stopped, stood still for a moment, then slowly turned back, saying:

"No, I won't either, for maybe I would not get to the camp with the nutcakes before noon, and then they would have eaten all their cheese. No, I'll go right on, and not stay there any time at all, but come back and get the checker-berries; besides mother said she'd be lonesome without me, so I'd better not stay anyway."

So Roxie, flattering herself like many older persons with the fancy that she was giving up her selfish pleasure for that of another, while really she was carrying out her own fancy, went singing on her way, and reached the camp just as her father struck his ax deep into the log where he meant to leave it for an hour, and Jake, her handsome brother, took off his cap, pushed the curls back from his heated brow, and shook out the hay and grain before old Bob, whose whinny had already proclaimed dinner-time.

"Why, if here isn't sis with a tin kettle and I'll be bound some of ma'am's nut-cakes in it!" exclaimed Jake, who had rather mourned at the said cakes not being ready before he left home, and then he caught the little girl up in his arms, kissed her heartily, and put her on Bob's back, when she slid down, saying gravely:

"Jake, ma says I'm getting too old for rough play. I'll be twelve years old next June."

"All right, old lady; I'll get you a pair of specs and a new cap or two for a birthday present," laughed Jake, uncovering the tin kettle, while his father said:

"We won't have you an old woman before you are a young one, will we Tib? Come, sit down by me and have some dinner. You're good to bring us the nut-cakes in such good season."

The three were very happy and merry over their dinner, although Roxie declined to eat anything except out of her own pocket and the time passed swiftly until Mr. Beamish glanced up at the sun, rose, took his axe out of the cleft in the log, and swinging it over his head, said:

"Come, Jake, nooning is over. Get to work."

"All right, sir. You can sit still as long as you like, sis, and by and by I'll take you home on Bob."

"I'm going now, Jake," said Roxie, hesitating a little, and finally concluding not to mention the checkerberries lest her father and brother should object to her going alone into the wider part of the forest. "Ma said she'd be lonesome," added she hurriedly, and then her cheeks began to burn as if she had really told a lie instead of suggesting one.

"Well, you're a right down good girl to come so far and then to think of ma instead of yourself, and next day we're working about home I'll give you a good ride to pay for it."

And Jake kissed his little sister tenderly, her father nodded good-bye with some pleasant word of thanks, and Roxie with the empty tin pail in her hand set out upon her homeward journey, a little excitement in her heart as she thought of her contemplated excursion, a little sting in her conscience as she reflected that she had not been quite honest about any part of it.

Did you ever notice when a little agitated and troubled, how quickly you seem to pass over the ground and how speedily you arrive at the point whither you had not fairly decided to go?

It was so with Roxie and while she was still considering whether after all she would go straight home she was already at the entrance of the sunny,

southern glade where lay the patch of bright red berries whose faint, wholesome perfume told of their vicinity even before they could be seen. Throwing herself upon her knees, the little girl pushed aside the glossy green leaves, and with a low cry of delight stooped down and kissed the clusters and fragrant berries as they lay fresh and bright before her.

"O you dear, darling little things!" cried she, "how I love to see you again, and know that the rest of the pretty things are coming right along!"

The she began to pluck, and put them sometimes in her mouth, some in her pail and so long did she linger over her pleasant task that the sun was already in the tops of the pine trees, when returning from a little excursion in the woods to get a sprig from a 'shad bush,' Roxie halted just within the border of the little glade, and stood a moment transfixed with horror.

Beside the pail she had left brimful of berries, sat a bear cub, scooping out the treasures with his paw, and greedily devouring them, apparently quite delighted that some one had saved him the trouble of gathering his favorite berries for himself.

One moment of dumb terror, and then a feeling of anger and reckless courage filled the heart of the woodsman's child, and darting forward, she made a snatch at her pail, at the same time dealing the bear a sharp blow over the face and eyes with a branch of the shad-bush in her hand, and exclaiming:

"You great horrid thing! Every single berry is gone now, for I won't eat them after you. So now!"

But, so far from being penitent or frightened, the bear took this interference and especially the blow, in very bad part and after a moment of blinking astonishment, he sat up on his haunches, growled a little, showed his teeth, and then intimated very plainly that unless that pail of berries was restored at once, there would be trouble for some one.—But this was not the first bear cub that Roxie had seen, and her temper was up as well as the bear's. So, firmly grasping the pail, she began to retreat backward, at first slowly, but as the bear dropped on his feet and seemed inclined to follow her, or rather the pail of berries, she lost courage, and turning, began to run, not caring or noting in what direction and still mechanically grasping the pail of berries.

Suddenly, through the close crowding pines which had so nearly shut out the daylight, appeared an open space, and Roxie halted in it with delight, for it was the river, and once across the river she felt as if she would be safe. Even in the brief glance she threw around as she burst from the edge of the wood, she saw that here was neither the bridge nor the ford which she had crossed in the morning; a point altogether strange and new to her, and, as she judged, further down the river, since the space from shore to shore was considerably wider.—But the bear was close behind, and neither time nor courage for deliberation was at hand, and Roxie, after her moment's pause, sprang forward upon the ice, closely followed by the clumsy little bear.

At that very moment, a mile farther up the stream, Mr. Beamish and his son Jake were cautiously driving Bob across the frozen ford and the old man was saying:

"I'm afraid we'll have to go round by the bridge after this, Jake. I shouldn't wonder if the river broke up this very night."

"It wouldn't do for Roxie to come over here again alone," said Jake, probing a crack in the ice with his stick.

And Roxie—poor little Roxie—whom Jake was so glad to think of as safe at home, was at that very moment stepping over a wide crack between two great masses of ice and staring forlornly about her, for a little way in advance appeared another great gap, and the bear close behind was whimpering with terror as he clung to the edge of the floating mass upon which Roxie had only just leaped, and which he had failed to jump upon. Shaking with cold and fright, the little girl staggered forward across the ice until at its farther edge she came upon a narrow, swiftly rolling tide, increasing in width at every moment—the current of the river suddenly set free from its winter bondage, and rapidly dashing away its chains.

Roxie turned back; but the crack she had stepped over was already too wide for her to attempt to re-pass, and a gentle shaking movement under her feet told that the block on which she stood was already in motion and that no escape was possible without more strength and courage than a little girl could be expected to possess.

The bear had climbed up, and now crouched timidly to the edge of the ice, moaning with fear, and seeming to take so little notice of Roxie that she forgot all her fear of him, and these two crouching upon the rocking and slippery floor of their strange prison, went floating down the turbulent stream.

The twilight deepened into dark, the

stars came out bright and cold, and so far away from human need and woe!—Little Roxie ceased her useless tears, and kneeling upon the ice put her hands together and prayed, adding to the petition she had learned at her mother's knee some simple words of her own great need.

A yet more piteous whine from the bear showed his terror as the iceblock gave a sickening whirl, and crawling upon his stomach he crept close up to the little girl, his whole air saying as plain as words could have been spoken:

"Oh, I am so scared, little girl, aren't you? Let us protect each other somehow or at least, you protect me."

And Roxie, with a strange, light-hearted sense of security and peace replacing her terror and doubt, let the shaggy creature creep close to her side, and nestling down into his thick fur, warmed her freezing fingers against his skin, and with a smile upon her lips went peacefully to sleep.

She was awakened by a tremendous shock, and a struggle, and a fall into the water, and before she could see or know what had happened to her, two strong arms were round her, and she was drawn again upon the ice cake, and her brother was bending close above her, and he was saying:

"Oh, Roxie! are you hurt?"

"No, Jake, I—I believe not. Why, why, what is it all?" Where is this, and—oh, I know. Oh, Jake, Jake, I was so frightened!" And turning suddenly, she hid her face in her brother's coat and burst into a passion of tears. But Jake, with one hurried embrace and kiss, put her away, saying:

"Wait just a moment, sis, till we finish the bear; father will shoot him."

"No, no, no!" screamed Roxie, her tears dried as if by magic. "Don't kill the bear, father! Jake, don't you touch the bear; he's my friend, and we were both so scared last night, and then I prayed that he wouldn't hurt him."

"Well, I'm beat now!" remarked Mr. Beamish, as with both hands buried in the coarse hair by which he dragged the bear to the surface, for it had gone under when the icecake had been broken against the jam of logs which had stopped it, he looked at his little daughter's pale face.

"You and the bear made friends, and said your prayers together, and he can't be hurt, you say?"

"Yes, father. Oh, please don't hurt him!"

"We might take him home and keep him chained up for a sort of a pet, if he will behave decent," suggested Jake, a little doubtfully.

"Well—I suppose we could," replied the father, very slowly and reluctantly.

"And see how good he is to me," said Roxie, eagerly, as she patted the head of her strange new friend, who blinked amicably in reply. "Oh, Jake, do go and get Bob and the sled, and carry him home, won't you?"

"Why, yes, if father says so, and the critter will let me tie his legs."

The ox sled was close at hand, for the father and brother had brought it to the river before they began their weary search up and down its banks not knowing what mournful burden they might have to carry home to the almost frantic mother.

And Bruin, a most intelligent beast, seemed to understand so well that the handling, and ride, were all for his own good, that he bore the humiliation of having his legs tied with considerable equanimity, and in a short time developed so gentle and gentlemanly a character as to become a valued and honored member of the family, remaining with it for about a year, when, wishing, probably to set up housekeeping on his own account, he quietly snapped his chain one day and walked off into the woods, where he was occasionally seen for several years, generally near the checker-berry patch.

### The Rightful King of England.

It is a curious fact, and one that is not generally known, that King Victor Emanuel was, by the strict law of succession, the rightful king of England.—He was descended in a direct line from Charles I. The youngest daughter of that unhappy monarch, the Princess Henrietta Maria, married Gaston d'Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. She died leaving two daughters. The eldest became queen of Spain, and died childless. The younger married the heir to the house of Savoy, and was the ancestress of the late King of Italy. After the revolution of 1688, when the right to succession to the British throne was settled by act of parliament, the house of Savoy was excluded on account of the Catholic religion professed by its members. The house of Hanover, of which Queen Victoria is the representative, was several removes farther from the direct succession, deriving, as it did, its claims from James I., through Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and her daughter, the Electress Sophia. A striking commentary on the consequences of human actions is afforded by the story of a royal inheritance. When King Charles I. espoused a Catholic princess he could scarcely have imagined that by this act

he was excluding his direct descendants from the throne of their fathers; and still less could his queen have foreseen that any descendant of her favorite child so gracefully trained by her in the tenets of her own religion, should ever overthrow the temporal power of the pope, and be himself installed upon the throne.

## VEGETINE

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

Dr. H. R. 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 sons; 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 measles in 1873, 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 30 years of age. I have a younger son, 15 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. I cheerfully recommend Vegetine for such complaints. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world. Respectfully,  
Miss J. W. LLOYD.

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

## VEGETINE.

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 being the Great Blood Purifier. Sold by F. L. Crowell & Sons, who sell more of it than all other patent medicines put together.

MRS. L. F. FURKINS.  
MRS. E. W. SCOTT.  
J. SEPHUS SLATE, L.

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

## VEGETINE.

FOR  
NERVOUS HEADACHE  
AND RHEUMATISM.

Cincinnati, O., April 9, 1877.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.—Dear Sir.—I have used your Vegetine for Nervous Headache, and also for Rheumatism, and have found entire relief from both, and take great pleasure in recommending it to all who may be like afflicted.  
FRED. A. GOOD,  
108 Mill St., Cin.

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

## VEGETINE.

DRUGGISTS' TESTIMONY.

Mr. E. H. Stevens.—Dear Sir.—We have been selling your remedy, the Vegetine, for about 3 years, and take great pleasure in recommending it to our customers, and in no instance when a blood purifier would reach the case, has it ever failed to effect a cure, to our knowledge. It certainly is the ne plus ultra of renovators.

E. M. SHEPHERD & CO., Druggists, Ill.

Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.  
April.

## VEGETINE

Prepared

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

## 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.