

For The Bloomfield Times.

A SINGULAR FRAUD.

CONCLUDED.

"WE were married much against her father's inclination. From the first he guessed my motives, and distrusted me to the last. He made his will in such a manner that I could never obtain possession of his daughter's property, if such had been my desire—though it never was. I was satisfied to have control of the income, which amply supplied our wants; besides, the business in which he established me, began to prosper and pay me well. Indeed, by prudent speculation, I now possess enough to buy the Farrell estate twice over. But I was still a poor man when he died. Lillian and I lived in perfect union. She was not without her faults, the trivial ones of a spoiled child, but I was patient, never exacting, for her heart was kind and good and she loved me tenderly. The birth of our child cemented our union with endearing bonds. Then came the clouds of sorrow after all this sunshine of happiness. My wife was stricken down by the destroyer's hand and taken from me. I cannot describe to you the crushing weight with which this blow fell upon me. Had it not been for my darling little one I should have gone mad, and given up all. I rallied my senses for her sake. She too sickened, and then indeed the world looked blank. Lured by the news of her illness, as vultures scent carrion from afar, relatives I had never heard of, harpies who knew the tenor of Judge Farrell's will, began to gather, offering their condolence in public, but secretly gloating in anticipation of their division of the property. My fortune hung upon my child's life, for my business had not when assumed a lucrative form—her death would be ruin to me. I should be hurled from my proud position and see strangers in the home which the memory of my lost wife made a hallowed spot to me. I wish you to fully understand the motive that led me to the strange crime I then committed.

"But I do not see what this has to do with my child," said Nance, timidly.

"I am coming to that now. Our family physician having given up the child, as a last hope and despairing effort to save her I determined to consult the best medical skill New York afforded. I called upon several eminent physicians, but found them too much engaged to go with me, though they all promised to attend in the morning. It was quite dark when I left the coach, and walked to the ferry, wrapping my cloak around me for the night was chilly. Under a lamp-post I saw a little girl, hardly three years of age crying bitterly—not loudly, but in a suppressed terrified kind of way. I surmised at once that she was lost. The thought of my poor stricken one at home made my heart warm towards her. I stooped down and raised her in my arms, with the intention of taking her home, if I could ascertain where it was, as I raised her up the rays of the gas lamp fell upon her face, and I fancied that I could detect a resemblance in it to my own darling. In an instant one of those sudden inspirations which sway the human mind, flashed through my brain. What if I should find my child dead on my return, could not I substitute this this one in her place? It was an insane project, with an hundred chances to one against its successful accomplishment; but it was a last hope to save the Farrell estate from rapacious relatives who had less right to it than I. This little one was coarsely clad but she was robust and healthy; one, doubtless, out of some poor man's brood, who had a dozen beside, who would scarcely miss her, and be very thankful to have one mouth less to feed.

"Come, darling, and I'll take you home," I said.

"She nestled confidently to my breast, and I wrapped my cloak about her in such a way as to hide her completely from view. In this manner I took her on board of the ferry boat. By the time I reached Green Point she was sound asleep—sleeping the heavy sleep of infancy. I walked hurriedly home, fearful that she might awake; but there was little danger of that—her ramble in the streets had completely wearied her. I let myself into the house with the latch-key, paused in the dimly lighted hall to adjust my burden in such a manner that none might suspect its presence, should I meet any of the servants on the stairs, I knew they would think nothing of my wearing my cloak and hat into the sick-room, as my natural anxiety would prevent me from stopping to remove them until I saw my child.

"I found the nurse alone by the bedside; the doctor, she told me, had just left, telling her the child could not live till morning. He had done all he could—but while there was life there was hope. He would call around early in the morning. The little sufferer lay gasping out her life. I was in time. I sent my nurse to bed, my usual custom on returning, to keep a weary vigil by

the death couch. Worn out by long watching, she gladly availed herself of my permission to retire. I locked the door after her, placed the sleeping child beside the dying one, and carefully dropped the window curtains. So far my scheme had succeeded; but if my child should linger until morning, and the presence of the other be detected, what then? Cold drops of perspiration oozed slowly from my forehead as I stood beside the bed and watched and waited.

"An hour passed away in this dreadful suspense. A neighboring church bell tolled the hour of ten, and with the last stroke a convulsive sigh broke from the pale lips, the little frame quivered, there was a sound like the rushing of wings in the room, and then all grew ghastly still again; no sound but the regular breathing of the sleeping child, which my acute ears could hear distinctly, whilst mine lay dead beside her. I sank upon my knees by the bedside, and my grief went over me like a flood, raining a torrent of tears from my eyes. But these tears did me good; they blunted the edge of my sorrow, and prepared me for what was yet to be done.

"I knew the servants had all retired, to rest, and I was the only one stirring in the house; yet I had better use dispatch. With trembling fingers, I changed the clothes of the dead and living child, wrapped the body in a little blanket, placed the stranger where my own had laid, stole silently out of the house by the back stairs, out to the river's bank, and there, by the moon's rays, buried my precious one beneath an elm—the tallest in the grove—a ghastly funeral. A year after, I reclaimed the poor hidden remains in the same manner, and placed them in her mother's tomb. The world thinks that carved box contains but waxen flowers; it could not see the little skeleton hidden beneath them.

"In the morning they found me by the bedside prepared for the final failure or accomplishment of my scheme. The child awoke early and called for food. I sought for milk and bread leaving the nurse bewildered at this unlooked for recovery. The doctor, when he came pronounced it miraculous—but he had seen such cases before, I could have laughed at his oracular manner, but there was too much at stake. Though the child prattled names, and spoke of things my child had never heard of, yet none suspected the cheat. Why should they? No one would ever have dreamed of such a thing. The doctor pronounced her 'light-headed' and that settled it."

"It all seems like a dream to me," said Nance, "and all these years you have passed my daughter off as yours?"

"As I have told you. She has filled a daughter's place in my heart. I love her as dearly as I would my own child if she had lived. She seems to belong more to me than to you. I wish to restore her to you; yet at the same time you must never claim her as your daughter."

"Not claim her as my daughter? Not clasp her to my heart after all these weary years?"

"You mourned her dead—you never expected to see her more?"

"True, I did."

"As my daughter and the heiress of the Farrell estate, she holds a proud position in the world, and will marry well. To acknowledge her as your daughter were to put a blight upon her young life and prospects, which no amount of wealth I can bestow upon her—and she shall have it all—can ever efface. You can live in the same house with her, be ever near, a constant witness to her happiness—can you desire more? Would it be a large increase of joy to hear her call you 'mother,' knowing the penalty she must pay for that one word?"

"Let me live in the same house with her; watch over her constantly—I am content, my lips shall never disclose the secret," answered Nance, with true motherly abnegation.

John Waldron smiled benignly. This man had the faculty of moulding others to suit his own purposes.

"You are a sensible woman," he said, pleasantly. Now there is one other beside ourselves who knows this secret—one Nobbles; that's the name."

"Bob Nobbles—I know him."

"He discovered Lillian's strong resemblance to yourself, and is in possession of some other facts of the story, but he can prove nothing without your help. If you should be called upon, which is hardly likely, you must never acknowledge that Lillian is your child."

"I never will."

He glanced keenly in her clear blue eyes for a moment. They met his look unwaveringly. He was satisfied.

"Come, let us go home—your home for all time to come," he said. "You shall pass for my cousin, and we will call you Mrs. Fitzgerald—we must have an Irish name, you know, and we may as well have a good one."

Perhaps you think John Waldron should not thus have so successful triumphed in his fraud, keeping a stranger in the Farrell estate while the poor rela-

tives eyed it from a distance with covetous eyes. Perhaps not; but this is a narration of events as they were, not as they should be. How many frauds prosper in our midst that we never dream of until our morning's paper bewilders us with the fact that the next door neighbor, a cashier in the First National, has been a defaulter for years; but for the one discovered, how many escape unsuspected. Who can tell?

Nance had never seen such happy days as she passed beneath John Waldron's roof; and when in time, Lillian became the wife of Sydney Gray, and she nursed their first baby her bliss was complete. So they lived on with the secret unspoken amongst them; for Bob Nobbles, wandering in foreign countries or perhaps buried beneath the waters of the ocean, never returned to disturb their serenity.

No Pay, No Board.

A TALL, fine-looking man, of military bearing and address, and attired in a stylish-fitting suit of broadcloth, entered one of Philadelphia's leading hotels last night, and, in a scrawling chirography, entered the name of "F. W. Fawcett, Topeka, Kan.," upon the register. When the clerk had glanced at the signature he retreated behind the cashier's desk and scanned a sheet of paper which he took from a pile, glancing once or twice toward the stranger.

"Has your baggage arrived?" the clerk inquired.

"No; it has not."

"In that case," said the clerk, "we shall require payment in advance."

The stranger flushed up and with some asperity wanted to know whether this was the general custom of the house. The clerk replied that it was, and thereupon the stranger, with a muttered ejaculation in an undertone, turned on his heel and abruptly left the hotel.

"That man is one of the most accomplished hotel dead beats in the country," remarked the clerk as he gazed after the retreating form. "See here," and he handed over to the scribe the sheet of paper which he held in his hand. It was headed: "Hotel-keepers Association of Chicago. Dead beats." At the head of the various columns were "report from," "name registered," "amount of baggage," "age, size and complexion," "remarks." The spaces were filled in with a complete description of the retreating individual.

"This association is the best thing out for us," the clerk continued, "and although it only came into existence with the new year, nearly every hotel-keeper in the United States is numbered among its members. When a proprietor is victimized he fills one of these blanks out in full and forwards it to the central offices in Chicago, whence it is in turn telegraphed all over the country. Then when the beat or beats, for their name is legion, puts in an appearance at another place where he is sanguine of obtaining a day or week's good living on the cheap, the proprietor is on his guard and can demand cash in advance or no accommodation. By this system we expect to shortly consign the beat to oblivion. At any rate, depend upon it, there will be fewer victimized seaside hotel-keepers this season than has ever been known before.—*Philada. Record.*

The Marvellous Jug.

IN THE years ago, when the old Marine Barracks were over the hillside, outside of the Navy Yard, in Brooklyn, N. Y., some of the soldiers, one cold, stormy day, thought what a grand thing it would be to brew a punch, hot and strong, in honor of squad who had been detached, and were upon the following day to go on board ship for the Brazilian station.

There was money enough to pay for the liquor—to pay for a barrel of it—but how to get it into the barracks, that was the question. Never a man came in from liberty without being overhauled by the sergeant of the guard from top to toe. Not a vial as large as a finger could be hidden from those sharp eyes and sharper fingers. At length up spoke Tim Murphy. Said he:

"Make up the money, boys, and I'll go out and bring in the liquor. I'm down for liberty to-day."

Tim was not a man to boast empty, and when he had seriously declared that he was in earnest, the money was made up—enough to purchase two quarts and a jug—and in due time he went out. It was in the edge of the evening, or just at dusk, that Tim came back, openly swinging a large jug in his hand. Arrived in the guard-house, both the sergeant of the guard and sergeant Moore took him in hand for examination.

"What have you got in that jug?"

"Molasses, sir."

"Let's see."

They took the jug, pulled out the cork and smelled. It certainly smelled like molasses. Then they procured a stick and poked it down into the big-bellied croet, and upon pulling it out something like molasses dripped off the end.

They both tasted and were satisfied, and Tim was told to pass on; he did pass on jug in hand.

Arrived in the barrack-room, those in the secret gathered around. He led them into the rear apartment where the bedding was stored, and closed the door. Then he called for a tin dipper. Taking the cork from the nozzle, Tim tipped up the jug over the tin dipper, and presently, in the midst of slowly-dripping treacle, out dropped a leaden bullet with a strong cord attached. By means of this line he drew up the neck of a bladder, and, when the molasses had been emptied out, perhaps a pint of it, he slipped the cord from the neck of the bladder, and poured out considerable more than two quarts of fine old Monongahela whiskey.

Monster Steam Ships.

THE largest merchant steamships at present running are the English steamers Great Eastern, Farraday, and Hooper. There are some very large steamships running regularly to New York from Liverpool, but none are so large as those mentioned above. The leviathan of ships, the Great Eastern, is one of the wonders of our progressive age, and a mighty proof of the energy, perseverance, and skill of man. No other ship is worthy to be mentioned with her. She stands alone, a proud monument to her designers and builders. She was built at London about twenty years ago, and cost a fabulous sum of money. She is nearly 700 feet long, 83 feet wide, and can carry 20,000 tons of freight. The next largest vessel's capacity is not over 6,000 tons.

Although of such immense size her lines are beautiful, and she sits upon the water as gracefully as a yacht. She has seven masts. Her engines, of the combined power of 10,000 horses, are a wonder to contemplate. Involuntarily the beholder exclaims, as he gazes upon the ponderous moving mass, "How could man ever fabricate them?" They are without doubt the largest engines ever constructed. Her paddle-wheels are fifty feet in diameter. Her saloon is lofty, of great size, and most luxurious in its appointments.

Although built for a passenger and freight steamer, and intended for the Australian trade, she has been used almost altogether in laying submarine telegraphs. Proving altogether too large for profitable use as a merchant steamer. There is no doubt, in the event of Great Britain's going to war, she would be used as a transport steamer, being able to accommodate 10,000 soldiers with their baggage.

American Girl's Adventure.

An American girl went over to Paris with her brother, the other day, and the instant she was left alone with their companion in the carriage, a middle-aged Frenchman, he insulted her. She told her brother when he returned, and there was a fearful outburst. The Frenchman gave his card, and said he was deeply sorry, and would abide by the decision of the other as to the consequences to ensue for his mistake, but certainly he never suspected Mademoiselle was a lady, as she was painted. The brother appealed to the best authorities in Paris in these matters, to learn what the code was under these circumstances, and all the men of the Jockey Club told him that if his sister's eyelashes were blackened and her cheeks rouged he could have no redress, and these practices were never followed by *une demoiselle de monde*.

There is another practice I wish our women would abandon, and one which is far more general than painting the face, and that is loading themselves with jewelry when traveling. In Europe you can tell American women as far as you can see them on the boats and railways by the quantity of jingling bracelets, flashing ear rings, uncountable finger rings and loud neck-chains, lockets and chatelaines, which proclaim their lack of keenness of perception in regard to the fitness of things. Highbred women in Europe never wear jewelry, except when in full dress. That was one thing I so admired in Mrs. Hicks. Her diamonds were gorgeous, magnificent, yet she seldom wore all at once, even in the evening. If she wore her splendid diamond and pearl necklace she left off her diamond stomacher and her high diamond comb. For carriage wear and calling I never saw her wear anything more showy than a small diamond arrow, earrings and brooch, scarcely bigger than this pen-tip I am writing with.

Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," told a story of a girl who had been brought up for the purpose of being eaten on the day her master's son was married or attained a certain age. She was proud of being the plat for occasion, for when she was accosted by a missionary who wanted to convert her to Christianity and withdraw her from her fate, she said she had no objection to be a Christian, but she must stay to be eaten, that she had been fattened for the purpose and must fulfill her destiny.

VEGETINE

FOR DROPSY.

Central Falls, N. J., Oct. 19, 1877.

Dr. H. R. Stevens—It is a pleasure to give my testimony for your valuable medicine. I was sick a long time with Dropsy, under the doctors care. He said it was Water between the heart and liver. I received no benefit until I commenced taking Vegetine; in fact, I was growing worse. I have tried many remedies; they did not help me. Vegetine is the medicine for Dropsy. I began to feel better after taking a few bottles. I have taken thirty bottles in all. I am perfectly well, never felt better. No one can feel more thankful than I do.

I am, dear sir, gratefully yours,
A. D. WHEELER.

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, carry on the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE.

For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.

Isleboro, Me., Dec. 28, 1877.

Mr. Stevens—Dear Sir,—I had had a cough, for eighteen years, when I commenced taking the Vegetine. I was very low; my system was debilitated by disease. I had the Kidney Complaint, and was very nervous—cough bad, lungs sore. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; it was helping me; it has helped my cough, and it strengthens me. I am now able to do my work. Never have found anything like the Vegetine. I know it is everything it is recommended to be.

MRS. A. J. FENDLETON.

VEGETINE is nourishing and strengthening; purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions; and arouses the whole system to action.

VEGETINE.

FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Evansville, Ind., Jan. 1, 1878.

Mr. Stevens—Dear Sir,—I have used your Vegetine for Sick Headache, and have been greatly benefited thereby. I have every reason to believe it to be a good medicine.

Yours very respectfully,
MRS. JAMES CONNER.

411 Third St.

HEADACHE—There are various causes for headache, as derangement of the circulating system, of the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. Vegetine can be said to be a sure remedy for the many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon the various causes of this complaint, Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Biliousness, &c. Try the Vegetine. You will never regret it.

VEGETINE.

DOCTOR'S REPORT.

Dr. Chas. M. Duddenhausen, Apothecary, Evansville, Ind.

The doctor writes: I have a large number of good customers who take Vegetine. They all speak well of it. I know it is a good medicine for the complaints for which it is recommended.

Dec. 27, 1877.

VEGETINE is a good panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

VEGETINE.

DOCTOR'S REPORT.

H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir,—We have been selling your valuable Vegetine for 3 years, and we find that it gives perfect satisfaction. We believe it to be the best blood purifier now sold. Very respectfully,
Dr. J. E. BROWN & CO., Druggists,
Uniontown, Ky.

Vegetine has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.
May

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H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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