

what you have risked so much to possess and follow me."

"I will follow you with pleasure," said I, "if it were the world over;" for the increasing light showed me as lovely a creature as ever the sun shone upon; "but as for the silver, you must excuse me there; I never stole anything before, and please Heaven I never will again."

"Surely you are an extraordinary person," said the young lady suddenly, for the light seemed to bring a revelation likewise; "you neither look nor talk like a robber."

"Nor am I. I am not even a robber—I am nothing and have not property in the world to the value of these articles of plate."

"Then, if you are not a robber, why are you here? Why creep in at the area window, appropriate other people's spoons, and get locked up all night in their house?"

"For no other reason than that I was in a hurry. I had come home from Barcelona, and was going to my guardian's next door, when your unfortunate area window caught my eye, with the plate on the table inside. In an instant I was over the rails and in through the window like a harlequin, with the intention of giving the family a pleasant surprise and my old mistress, Sister Laura, a great moral lesson on the impropriety of her leaving her plate about in so careless a manner."

"Then you are Gerald, my dear Laura's cousin, so longingly expected, so beloved by them all." Here the young lady blushed and cast down her eyes. What these two girls could have been saying to each other about me I never found out, but there was a secret. I will go to death upon it.

She let me out so quietly that neither her father nor the servants ever knew a syllable about the matter. I need not say how I was received next door. The Governor swept down another sob with another blessing and another kiss; and Laura was so rejoiced that she gave me another hearty cry and forgot to give me another lecture.

My next four years were spent to more purpose than the first. Being in less hurry I took time to build up a flourishing business in partnership with Laura's husband.

As for the baronet's daughter—for we must get all into the concluding tableau, why, there she is, that lady cutting bread and butter for the children with as matronly an air as Werter's Charlotte; she is my wife, and we laugh to this day at the oddity of that first interview which led to so happy a denouement.

How he was Caught.

A HARDWARE man on Main street, the Rochester *Sunday Herald* says, lately took an agency for a new kind of ice box for preserving cold victuals. It was a pretty good thing he thought, and it was only necessary to enlighten the public regarding its real merits and indisputable advantages over everything else of the kind to cause a tremendous rush of customers eager to purchase; so he counseled with himself and soliloquized thusly:

"That refrigerator must be brought before the people, and I am just the man to do it. Don't talk to me about your newspaper advertisements. I'll show folks how to advertise without cost. You don't catch me paying a paper for advertising, not I. I'm too old for that, and I'll show folks an idea. Expect I'll make a fortune yet with my genius," and he laughed a satisfied laugh, and at once set about making a practical test of his new method of diffusing information.

He mixed up a pot of black paint, procured several large sheets of cardboard, and after much experimenting and repeated attempts, finally succeeded in producing two signs that read as follows:

"Fifty dollars to the man who can prove that any two things put into this ice chest will taste one of the other."

He had a refrigerator run out to the curb-stone, hung a sign over each side, and retired indoors to wait the expected rush of customers. People passed up and down the street, jostled each other in their hurry, glanced at the ice box and its signs, and went on. After some hours of disappointed hopes and expectations the dealer saw a pedestrian halt, calmly peruse the wonderful announcement, and rather hesitatingly advanced to the door.

"Do you mean it?" he inquired in an anxious tone, pointing over his shoulder to the signs.

"Yes-sir-ee," emphatically responded the dealer.

"Put up your money?" insinuated the stranger.

"No, sir," replied the dealer in pompous style, "my word is as good as the cash."

"All right, I'll take you," responded the stranger as he departed. Some time after he returned with a box under each arm.

"Stick to your agreement?" he queried.

"Of course I will," answered the dealer, wondering what in the name of Christopher Columbus the man had in view.

The stranger set his box down on the sidewalk, and a crowd began to collect. He told the dealer that he was afraid that he (the dealer) would back out of the bargain, but the latter again asserted his readiness to put up the stamps if necessary. The stranger opened a box, lifted a cat out and placed her in the refrigerator; then he opened the other box and took therefrom a wire cage containing a large rat.

"Now, mister," said he, "you just shut that door in a hurry when I flop this rat inside, and I'll go you another fifty that one will taste of the other in less'n five seconds."

The crowd yelled, and the dealer slammed the refrigerator door and slid into the stove, with a remark in Russian about swindlers. He still refuses to recognize the stranger's claim to the fifty dollars, but he has taken his sign in.

Dried Apples.

A few days ago a young lady resolved to show some of her knowledge of cooking. Dried apples, or "snitz," came under her immediate attention—and there was a pound of them. These she emptied into a half gallon crock, poured water in upon them and placed them upon the stove. Not long after, while attending to other matters, her attention was drawn to the "snitz." They were trying to get out of the crock, and many of them did get out. This surprised her somewhat, but, concluding that there were too many in the crock for comfort she "dipped" a lot of them out. Not long thereafter she discovered that more of them wanted to get out of "hot water." Thinking it would be unwise to let so many escape, she clapped a lid over the top of the crock and covered it with a brick. She, of course, thought she had the "snitz" imprisoned beyond escape; but she deceived herself in giving credence to that thought. This, however, was not her fault, for she possessed no knowledge whatever, respecting the expansive qualities of "snitz." She thought she had things fixed, but the "snitz" thought otherwise, and a loud noise soon announced that something had happened. The cook's ear told her quite distinctly where the noise came from, and her eyes corroborated the fact. In brief, the "snitz" had kicked out the bottom of the crock and were crawling all over the stove in quest of dry weather. This was too much for the new cook's patience, although it was only her first effort at stewing dried apples. She didn't know what to do toward saving the lively, nutritious food and stood, hesitated too long, and by the time she was able to collect her senses the "snitz" were not only spread all over the stove, but occupied almost every square inch of floor, thereby illustrating the fact that one pound of dried apples, well watered, can go a great way in a house.

Scene in a Police Court.

"Take off your coat, Gibbs!"—(Before Judge Snell.)—"Where did you find this colored man, officer?" asked the Judge.

"I found him last night hanging around A. Saks & Co.'s clothing store," replied the officer. "A. Saks has had a good deal of clothing stolen lately, and I brought this man in on suspicion."

"What is your name, prisoner?" the Judge asked.

"Napoleon Bonaparte," answered the prisoner.

"What is your occupation?" asked the Judge.

"I'se traveling agent for de new patent whitewash brush, sah," said the prisoner.

"Take off your coat, Gibbs, demanded the Judge.

"I hope you 'scuse me, sah," said the prisoner. "I'se been troubled lately with the 'fluency in de head—de 'zootic, sah. I'se very bad."

"Take off your coat, Gibbs." (Gibbs takes off his coat slowly.)

"Ah! Another coat under that?" exclaimed the Judge. "Nothing like being well wrapped up, as they say in Alaska when they go a skating. Take off your coat, Gibbs."

"I isn't well, I isn't sah," De doctors say, Napoleon, you wear plenty of clothes. De 'fluency, sah." (Takes off his coat.)

"Ah! What have we here?" asked the Judge. "A swallow tail. Take off your coat, Gibbs."

"Dis yere won't do, Judge," said the prisoner. "I'se got a stiffness in the borax; I'se very bad." (Takes off his coat.)

"Ah! A double-breasted frock," exclaimed the Judge. "Take off your coat, Gibbs."

"Dars gwine to be a funeral here, dar is sah," said Gibbs; "I feels the stuffness rising in de borax." (Takes off his coat.)

the soul of Nimrod! Take off your coat, Gibbs."

"I'se gwine for a kerpus—I'se getting cold," said Gibbs. Dis yere is murder in the first duster." (Takes off his coat.)

"A linen duster, eh?" said the Judge. "I think I've you down to hard pan.—Your crime in any community deserves punishment. In this one, however, doubly so; for here is the house of that benefactor of the male race, Saks, by the very cheapness of his prices, has often induced us to send detectives to ascertain where he stole his cloth: whether the tailors who made them lived by their needle or not. A man who would steal of such a man deserves no mercy at our hands. Here officer, take him down.—Gently, officer, for he is a lily of the valley. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like him."

A Wonderful Lamp Chimney.

WHEN Grandfather Lickshingle heard it read from a newspaper that Mrs. Peter Ripley of Sherman, N. Y., had a lamp chimney which they had used for thirteen years, he rapped savagely on the floor with his cane and said: "Now, what the dickens is the use of puttin' such stuff as that in a newspaper? If they want some information about lamp chimneys, let them come to me and get it. When me and your grandmother broke up house-keepin' we had a lamp chimney that was a lamp chimney. But you can tell your aunt's folks that it wasn't made in these shoddy times. I paid three cents in gold for it the day after we were married. That was away back somewhere in 1700. We used it night and day for seventy-nine years and eight—"

"Why, grandpa, you didn't have to use it in daytime, did you?"

"Didn't have to—no! But we did. Used it at night on the lamp, and in the daytime we used it to drive nails with. Sometimes the girls cracked hickory nuts with it, and the Street Commissioner borrowed it several times to pound rocks on the street. One day he thought sure he had lost it. His workmen had left it on the track, and the street car ran over it seventeen times before it was found."

"This lamp chimney had been in a railroad collision, twenty-two lamps had exploded under it in its time, a mule kicked it through the side of a stable, and it came out of it all without so much as a crack. But it's broke now," said grandfather, with a heavy sigh.

"Then you were foolish enough to allow the hired girl to attempt to clean it, were you?" asked mother.

"No, but we might as well. When we quit keepin' house I gave it to a friend who lived in Ross county, Ohio. He was hard of hearin', an wanted it for an ear trumpet. One day William Allen tried to tell my friend that a greenback currency was the only thing that would save this country, and busted the chimney into a million pieces," and grandfather hammered the floor with his cane, and said it was a sad day for this country when old Bill Allen was born.

A Milk Man's Trouble.

When Thomas drove up to a house on Elizabeth street lately, to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, the close of the Eastern war, and the state of the roads and then asked:

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah—um," said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked, after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale, as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set seven quarts down under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight and none to carry. Now where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my customers, by leaving a darned big cavity in these figures to be filled with water."

Accommodation Paper.

An interesting case was recently tried in St. Louis, involving the responsibility of the maker and indorser of what is called accommodation paper. In the course of the decision the Court reiterated the following as the legal rule in such cases, which cannot be too well understood by all who have anything to do with notes or drafts for which not the maker but the endorser receives the proceeds:

"If the holder of the note is informed that the maker is only nominally such, but actually an accommodation maker

for the indorser, he must deal with the paper and the parties with reference to their true relationships to the obligation." In the present case the makers were really sureties, and an extension of time to the actual principal, who was the indorser of the original note—which, in this instance, was accomplished by discounting a new note, unindorsed, and retaining the original note—without the assent of the surety, was held to be a discharge of that surety."

Noblemen in Business.

COUTTS' bank may be taken as a conspicuous instance of the alliance between business and nobility. The daughter of the head of the firm, Miss Majoribanks, was lately married to the earl of Aberdeen, and one of the partners is Mr. Dudley Ryder, a son of the earl of Harrowby. At the time of great commercial crisis the aristocratic element has been singularly and sadly revealed. Such a crisis was that of the South Sea Bubble company, in which an immense number of noble families were involved. The same may be said of events of a very recent date—the bubble companies of 1825, the railway year of 1845, and the disastrous financial years of 1857 and 1866. In fact, our noble houses have never felt any repentance or compunction for being concerned in commerce.

It was perhaps something different with the old noblesse in France. Sterne has a pretty story in his *Sentimental Journey* of a baron or count who, intending to go into business, laid up his sword in the public archives until such time that he should make his fortune in trade and reclaim it. He reclaims it at last and drops upon it one of those happy tears which Sterne always had at his disposal. At the present day no nobleman would think sword or escutcheon dimmed by contact with gold earned in commerce. Indeed, as the estates of many of our great nobles have developed in value and connected with industrial pursuits, the nobleman who wishes thoroughly to understand his own possessions must have certain business and commercial qualities. Some nobles spend the best part of their lives in a business office, and work steadily, with a brief interlude for biscuit and sherry, from ten till four. They have to keep ledgers and day books; have stewards and secretaries; be bothered with lawyers and architects; and, on the whole, have rather a hard time of it. Some of them like it, and think that life would be very tolerable "if it were not for its amusement," but, upon the whole, the incessant contemplation even of one's intense solvency must be monotonous. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions.

Looking Down the Chimney.

It is said of a man who looked down his neighbor's chimney to see what the man was cooking for supper, not only did he not find out, but was nearly blinded by the smoke.

When you hear men say, "I have watched those who profess so much religion, and I don't see that they are any better than those who do not make so high a profession," depend upon it they have got smoke in their eyes, and those whose eyes are full of smoke cannot see very clearly.

Denominational smoke is about the most blinding smoke we know of, and prevents the Gospel from taking hold of the masses more than any other agency.

Were we to sit down by our neighbor's fire occasionally, instead of looking down his chimney, we would see many good points in his character that smoke will surely obscure.

Influence of Climate on Race.

Attention has been called to a curious instance of climate influence on race.—In 1816 several hundred Wurtemberg families emigrated to Trans-Caucasia, and took up their abode in the neighborhood of Tiflis. They were remarkable for a broad, square build, fair or red hair, and blue eyes. The next generation changed somewhat, and brown hair and black eyes were seen. In the third generation the type of the original colonists was hardly recognizable. Black eyes and hair were the rule, the round face lengthened, the form gained slenderness and elegance. Inasmuch as they never intermarried with another race, it is contended that climate alone must have effected the change.

An Anonymous Letter.

Perhaps of all the actions into which the evil passions of humanity are led, there is none more base than that of writing an anonymous letter. It is a moral assassination committed by a masked murderer, a lie without an author, the mean-spirited act of the disreputable coward, in whose heart gall has replaced the wholesome blood, and whose malice, jealousy, and revenge vent themselves in slander. I would as soon trust my purse with a thief, my friendship with the hangman, my name with a coquette, take a serpent in my hand or a liar to my heart, as hold communion of love, friendship or interest with the despicable writer of an anonymous letter.

VEGETINE

FOR DROPSY.

Central Falls, R. I., Oct. 19, 1877.

Dr. H. 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 ton 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—could not sleep. 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. FENDELTON.

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

VEGETINE

Prepared

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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AND

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J. M. GIRVIN & SON.,

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