

Marrying to Please Himself.

MRS. ROSS BURLINGTON sat dignified, haughty, self-possessed. Mrs. Ross Ruslington was indignant, and took no pains to hide that fact, and all because her son had rebelled—all because her one darling had seen fit to consult his own heart in falling in love.

Ernest Ruslington was one of those handsome, tenderly-worshipful fellows—tall, strong, affectionate-hearted, with a devoted way that goes so surely to a woman's heart, that made his mother idolize him as he deserved, that made little Mamie Morgan fairly thrill with rapturous love for him, that made even stately Miss Genevieve Wallace admire him and feel in no ways averse to the plan Mrs. Ruslington had arranged that her handsome son should present Miss Genevieve as his wife.

But in this special instance Ernest Ruslington was proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that while he and Mamie Morgan and Cupid had proposed their future way of happiness, his mother was very determined to dispose of them all—except her boy—very summarily. And to this end was the interview tending when Mrs. Ruslington sat in her blue silken-cushioned chair, with her fair blonde face as stern as her well-bred indignation could make it.

Mr. Ruslington stood at one end of the low mantelpiece, his elbow resting upon it, his head leaning lightly on his hand, listening courteously to his mother's low spoken, yet none the less passionate words.

"But you are so entirely mistaken, mother. If you would only permit me to bring Mamie to see you, if you would only give her an opportunity to let you see her, I am positive you would change your mind. She is a dainty, refined, high-bred little lady, with a face so sweet that it would appeal to you instantly.—You would love her, mother, if you would only lay aside your pride, your unjustness."

Mrs. Ruslington only smiled faintly. "I am so sorry you look upon me as prejudiced, my dear boy. I have always studied your interests, I think and now, when I recommend you so strongly to marry Genevieve Wallace, you surely must understand I regard it for your great good. Genevieve is very pretty, undeniably a lady in birth, manners, education and position. She is very rich and would make a suitable partner for you."

"If I loved her—which I do not or cannot. Mother, it seems to me you should not seek to bias my judgment in this, the most important event in my life. All my life I have tried to please you, all my life has been governed very much by your wishes and advice; but in this case you must permit me to know my own heart. You must remember that where one has carefully hoarded all their wealth of affection, and not frittered it away on every pretty face, when one has never loved until they have brought their judgment and their disciplined maturity to concur as I do, that such love is a resistless passion, not to be trifled with by anyone."

Mrs. Ruslington looked at his very quiet, determined face and knew he would stand by what he said, and the realization that Mamie Morgan would be the wife of Ernest Ruslington came to her with such abhorrent force that she rose from her chair, flashing-eyed, frosty-voiced.

"I remember nothing but that my son intends to disgrace his family and himself. I shall never mention the matter again, but, rest assured, that if you marry that obscure, ordinary girl, whose pretty face is her only commendation—hush if you please—if you do it, all further communication with me and this house, and your income will be ended."

"And you are sure, perfectly sure, it was right, Ernest? I am so afraid that I have been doing wrong in permitting myself to stand between you and your mother. Oh, Ernest, it is the only unhappiness that comes to me as your wife—this knowledge that I am the cause of you and her being enemies."

Mamie Ruslington, the year-old wife, was leaning her lovely head on her husband's shoulder, and together they were looking interestingly down on a little golden-floxed head nestled among blankets and lawn, from which it will be deduced that Ernest Ruslington had not been intimidated by his mother's threats, but had bravely foresworn luxury and elegance for the sake of the girl he loved and who loved him and married her, conscious that he was in the right.

Mamie Morgan had never been accustomed to surroundings that were more than plainly comfortable, so that to her the pleasant little home her husband took her to, and which he was enabled to make for them in consideration of a snug little sum in the bank, saved from his income, was a very paradise to her, where she was as happy

as the day was long, after Ernest had reasoned her into believing it was not her fault that his mother refused to countenance them.

He had not been long in obtaining a good position, and on the salary he received he and his young wife lived well, even elegantly.

Then a little baby-girl had come to them, and over the nestling's cradle, over this child, Mamie's conscience condemned her afresh, and she cried over baby's flossy golden hair.

"I wish as heartily as you do, darling, that my mother would be friends with us, and she shall know your delicate compliment in naming the baby Helen Berwyn, after her own maiden name.—Who knows but that this pet of ours will prove a peacemaker?"

True to his word Ernest wrote to his mother, telling her of the birth of his child, her granddaughter, and renewing his invitation—in his frank, eager way, that was yet perfectly free from fawning—to come to his home and be convinced that Mamie had made, not marred, his happiness.

Mrs. Ruslington was conquered by the letter, by the sweet news that always touches a true woman's heart.

Almost all those long months, since her darling had gone from her house to be the delight of another loving woman's life, she had been wearying for him, and daily, hourly regretting that she had said such cruel things to him.

Within an hour she was with her son at his office, the first time she had seen him since the day he told her Mamie Morgan was his wife, and this proud woman sobbed out her true heart fullness on her son's breast.

"It was wrong in me, Ernest, I'll admit it. I will endeavor to atone by going at once to your wife. But, my boy, if I can't love her as I would like to do, you mustn't blame me, will you? I will try for your own and your baby's sake."

Ernest smiled confidently. "You won't have to try, mother. You will find the dearest little woman in the world glad to receive you, and waiting to love you as a dear child should. Go to her at once."

She did go, and was shown into the parlor by the maid, without giving her name, merely requesting the girl to tell her mistress a lady desired to see her.

There came into the room a slight, graceful, girlish creature, with beautiful violet-blue eyes, and hair of soft, lustrous brown, that was crimped slightly from the parting, and gathered into a thick Grecian knot at the back of the classic little head.

She wore a wrapper of gray serge, with pockets, collar and buttons of brown silk.

There was a dainty linen collar and a bright blue ribbon bow at the neck, and linen cuffs at the small round wrists.

There were no earrings or jewelry of any kind, and Mrs. Ruslington's judgment gave a thrill of approval—even under a protest from pride—as this girlishly-womanly creature came forward with an ease and graciousness that never could have been acquired.

"I am glad you have come. Lay off your cloak and hat, please, and we will go into the nursery. I have all my dressmaking done there now, so that I can keep an eye to baby, you know."

Mrs. Ruslington liked the voice very much, but hardly the peculiarity of address.

"In the nursery, Mrs. Ruslington. I certainly would be glad to see the baby."

"You will see plenty of her," Mrs. Ernest laughed, "before I am done with you. Oh, did you bring the polonaise pattern, Mrs.—there! I told my husband I never could remember the dressmaker's name he said he would send—Mrs.—oh, yes, Abercrombie!—You did bring the polonaise pattern?"

Mrs. Ruslington, Senior, understood it all in a flash.

Her daughter-in-law, whom she had finally condescended to visit, mistook her for the dressmaker.

Mrs. Ruslington, Junior, was only astonished to see such a dignified, well-dressed lady come to help her make up her black silk, and while Mamie was absent a moment in response to a little nestling cry from baby Helen, grand-mamma Helen suddenly began to enjoy the situation, and when Mamie came back, said:

"I have forgotten the pattern, Mrs. Ruslington, but I think we can make the skirt first, and leave the polonaise until to-morrow."

And Mrs. Helen Berwyn Ruslington, or Mrs. Ross Ruslington, as her cards read, actually cut out and basted the breadths in her despised daughter-in-law's black silk.

She contrived the trimming, and made such stylish suggestions that Mamie congratulated herself on her acquisition.

And the while, there was not a look, a word, a gesture of the young wife's that escaped the eyes of the deft-handed masquerader. She watched the tender, womanly way she cared for her little one;

the sensible, economical mode of her housekeeping arrangements; the plain, palatable lunch; the dignity of the young mistress to her one servant; her intelligent industriousness and her sewing while the baby slept; her patience, her amiability, and her beautiful unconscious adoration of her husband that betrayed itself at every turn.

It was not yet three o'clock of that memorable day before Mrs. Ross Ruslington had thoroughly made up her mind that her son's wife was far superior to Genevieve Wallace, and that Ernest had shown his accustomed foresight, judgment and taste in choosing between the two.

"If I only can get her to talk about me," she thought, as she made side-plaiting, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the occasion.

A while later she purposely introduced the subject.

"Your baby has an uncommon name, Helen. Is it a fancy name?"

"Oh, no—it is for my husband's mother. Isn't it a beautiful name?"

Mamie then stroked the soft little hand lying doubled up on her bosom while the child slept.

"Very pretty. So old Mrs. Ruslington's name is Helen, is it? Do you know I never had much of an opinion of her? They say she is haughty, unforgiving and obstinate."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Abercrombie. My mother-in-law is one of the most perfect ladies you can imagine. She may be haughty—rich people are apt to be, and she—may be—is unforgiving where she feels she has been ill-used. Any one would be—would they not? But obstinate—no, I am quite sure not."

"You are well acquainted with her; you should know."

Mamie's fair cheeks flushed.

"I am not acquainted with her, at all. I have never seen her, for she was so disappointed when her son married me that she refuses to know me. If she only would, I am sure I would make her love me. I would give baby into her arms, and let her see she is Ernest all over again. I would tell her how I had called her after her, hoping my child would make as noble a woman as reared my husband. I—"

And just as Mrs. Ruslington dashed down the plaiting her trembling hands could no longer hold, just as she was going to snatch Mamie to her well-won heart, the door opened and her son, handsome, cheery, gay, came in.

"This is splendid! Mother, dear, this is all my home needed—to see you here! Mamie, how natural and cozy it all is! Why—what—"

For Mamie had risen from her chair, bewildered, pale; and Mrs. "Abercrombie" stood laughing and crying by turns.

"I've been here taking advantage of a mistake Mamie made, and I've discovered what a jewel she is, Ernest. She shall never again want my love or care. Children, it's the best day I ever saw!"

And when Ernest put one arm around his wife and child, and the other around his mother, with tears in their eyes, and smiles on their lips, they all endorsed her opinion.

Getting the First Blow.

WHEN I applied for the position of city editor of the *Daily Scalper*, a frontier paper of some pretense, the man at the helm simply asked my name, age, and weight, and what I knew about the business, and he employed me.

"The proprietor is not hard to suit," I said to the foreman that evening as I began business.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he engaged me at once," I replied.

The foreman laughed.

"That's because he thinks you won't last more than a day or two. They never do."

"Who?"

"The editors—get cleaned out you know; knocked in the head, shot to pieces—busted. Some of them leave the first day, others hang on a week or more, and then we carry them to that hill you see over there and plant them. There's a row of local editors over there half a mile long, and all died with their boots on."

Truly this was not very encouraging, but I did not half believe it.

"It's a fact, though," declared the foreman. "This town ain't like other places, and then this is a high-pressure newspaper. If you wish to be popular you must pitch into people like blazes. Those fellows on the hill were very popular."

"And that's why they got killed, I suppose?" said I.

"I reckon so; at any rate they are dead. Joe Hodges killed them."

"Joe Hodges?"

"Yes."

"Who is he pray?"

"The town bully; the masher of the village, a genuine double-back-action rough. Better not say anything about Joe, or he'll waltz in here and mash you into a jelly in no time. Very particular 's Joe about newspaper notices."

"Then he shall have none in this paper," I said determinedly.

"Oh, but that won't do," exclaimed the foreman, "Joe is that sort of a fellow that won't be slighted—nothing he hates so as neglect; and then he's mixed up in every row, so you'll have to mention him. In fact, Joe Hodges is on the fight worse than any man I ever knew."

"Copy!" yelled one of the compositors.

The foreman cleaned the hook and rushed into the composing room.

"I'll fix Joe Hodges," I said to myself, when the man was gone. "The first blow is the best, so here it goes."

I seized my pencil and wrote a little notice, comparing Joe Hodges with a mule, and saying that, according to all accounts, he was a drunken rascal, unfit for human association.

The notice was put in type at once, and appeared in the paper next morning, along with the other locals, and that afternoon Joe Hodges called.

I was busy writing when he came in, but I looked up, and a hurried glance told me who he was.

A short, heavy-set, swarthy, low-browed rascal, with black hair and eyes, and red shirt—that was Joe Hodges.

"Take a seat," I said and went on writing.

In a half-drunken way he floundered into a chair.

"What is your name?" I said glancing at him.

"Joe Hodges."

I dashed it down on a broad piece of blank paper on the table.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two," with a surprised look.

I dashed that down in the same way.

"Your birth place?"

"Missouri," with still more surprise.

I put it down and then reached for a heavy revolver, which I cocked and laid on the table.

"Are you married?" I asked with a quiet look at the astonished man.

"No," he replied staring wildly.

I put the answer down.

"What is your business?"

"A blacksmith."

I made a record of the fact, and looked up to ask another question, when I saw that the bully had risen and stood glaring at me, with his hand on the door.

"What in thunder are you writing?" he yelled, his face almost purple.

"An obituary."

"Whose?"

"Yours."

He may have had urgent business down on the street; I do not know; at any rate he suddenly withdrew from my presence and never appeared again.

Fools Not all Dead.

Verily the fools are not all dead. A New York dancing master has won public admiration in Boston by waltzing continuously for fourteen hours. Another individual boasts that he is the greatest cigar smoker in the Union, his performances in that line having reached 100 cigars in twenty-four hours. He offers a wager of \$500 that he can smoke more cigars than any man living, not even excepting Gen. Grant.

Of what earthly benefit are such accomplishments? The dancing master's endurance may win notoriety for him, and the smoker may to some extent, benefit the national revenues and cigar-makers, but beyond that his example is simply pernicious. A fellow in ancient Greece, who stood for twenty-four hours on one foot, taunted a philosopher by asserting that he could not do as much. The philosopher retorted, "No, but any goose can."

A young woman got on a railroad train at Morrison, Ill., at midnight. It was observed that, while most of the other passengers were napping or sleeping soundly, she sat upright and open-eyed. At De Kalb the Rev. G. W. Carr, a Methodist pastor, entered the same car, greeted the young woman cordially, and took a seat by her side. The conductor says that they conversed awhile vivaciously, that they soon crowded closer to each other than the width of the seat necessitated, that she rested her head on his shoulder, and his arm encircled her, and that he kissed her eleven times before the train arrived in Chicago. The first two kisses were on her forehead, the third and fourth on her cheek, and the rest on her lips. An account of this ride reached the Rev. Mr. Carr's congregation, and caused a great deal of comment; but it seems that on that occasion he popped the matrimonial question, and that the kissing only followed the young woman's "Yes." So there was nothing wicked in his conduct, although the time and place were not well chosen.

Insult not misery, neither deride infirmity, nor ridicule deformity; the first is inhuman, the second shows folly, and the third pride.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

VEGETINE

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS.

Valley Stream, Queens Co., Long Island, N. Y. Mr. H. R. Stevens:—I take the pleasure of writing you a small certificate concerning Vegetine prepared by you. I have been a sufferer with the Dyspepsia for over 40 years, and have had the Chronic Diarrhea for over 6 months, and have tried most everything; was given up to die, and did not expect to live from day to day, and no physician could touch my case. I saw your Vegetine recommended to cure Dyspepsia. I commenced using it, and I continued doing so, and am now a well woman and restored to perfect health. All who are afflicted with this terrible disease, I would kindly recommend to try it for the benefit of their health, and it is excellent as a blood purifier. By T. B. FOWLER, M. D., for MRS. WM. H. FORBES.

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 CANCERS AND CANCEROUS HUMORS.

The Doctor's Certificate.

READ IT.

Ashley, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878. Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: This is to certify that I had been suffering from Rose Cancer on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine, recommended for Cancer and Cancerous Humors. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself growing better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and in a few months from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetine, the Cancer came out almost bodily. CARRIE DEFORREST.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Defforst, and consider her one of our very best women. DR. S. H. FLOWERS.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restore the patient to health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE.

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January 1, 1878.

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The Rev. Wm. McDonald is well known through the U. S. as a minister in the M. E. Church.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

VEGETINE.

THE M. D'S HAVE IT.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction. S. D. DEPRIEST, M. D., Druggist, Hazleton, Ind. June

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