were satisfied with her choice. When they returned to the city, congratulations, presents, and preparations filled every hour. Kitty's importance gave her back a great deal of her old dictatorial way. In the matter of toilets she would not suffer even Max to interfere. "Results were all men had to do with," she said; "everything was inartistic to them but a few yards of linen and a straight petticoat."

Max sighed over the flounces and fluting and lace and ribbons, and talked about "unadorned beauty," and then when Kitty exhibited results, went into rhapsodies of wonder and admiration .-Kitty was very triumphant in those days, but a little drop of mortification was in store for her. She was exhibiting all her pretty things one day to a friend, whose congratulations found their climax in the following statement:

"Really, Kitty, a most beautiful wardrobe! such an extraordinary piece of luck for such a little scatter-brain as you! Why, they do say that Mr. Raymond's last book is just wonderful."

"Mr. Raymond's last book!" And Kitty let the satin-lined morocco case, with all its ruby treasures, fall from her

"Why, haven't you read it, dear? So clever, and all that, dear."

Kitty had tact enough to turn conversation; but just as soon as her visitor had gone, she faced her mother, with blazing eyes and cheeks, and said, "What is Max's business-a lawyer?"

"Gracious Kitty! What's the matter? He is a scientist, a professor, and a great-"

** Writer ?" " Yes."

" Writes books and magazine articles and things ?" 15 Yes. '5

Kitty thought profoundly for a few moments, and then said, " I thought so. I wish Jack Warner was at home."

"Only a little matter I should like to have out with him; but it will keep."

Jack, however, went South without visiting New York, and when he returned, pretty Kitty Duffin had been Mrs. Max Raymond for two years. His first visit was to Tom Duffan's parlor-studio. He was painting and singing and chatting to his wife as usual. It was so like old times that Jack's eyes filled at the memory when he asked where and how was Mrs. Raymond.

"Oh, the professor had bought a beautiful place eight miles from the city. Kitty and he preferred the country. Would he go and see them ?"

Certainly Jack would go. To tell the truth, he was curious to see what other miracles matrimony had wrought upon Kitty. So he went, and came back wondering.

" Really, dear," says Mrs. Jack Warner, the next day, "how does the professor get along with that foolish, ignorant little wife of his?"

"Get along with her? Why he could not live without her. She sorts his papers, makes his notes and quotations, answers his letters, copies his manuscripts, swears by all he thinks, and says and does, through thick and thin, by day and night. It's wonderful, by Jove! I felt spiteful enough to remind her that she had once vowed that nothing on earth should ever induce her to marry a writer."

" What did she say ?"

"She turned round in her old saucy manner, and answered, 'Jack Warner, you are as dark as ever. I did not marry the writer, I married the man.' Then I said, 'I suppose all this study and reading and writing is your offering toward the advancement of science and social regeneration ?"

"What then ?"

"She laughed in a very provoking way, and said, 'Dark again, Jack; it is a labor of love!"

" Well, I never!" " Nor I either."

A Novel Way to Collect.

THE Auvergnat is the Paddy of France; but like the Irish paddy he sometimes redeems his character for native supidity and belies his reputation.-A water-carrier, born and bred in Auverene, but established in the French capital for the last year or two, reckoned among his customers whom he supplied with their daily water a young married couple, whom neither by threats nor entreaties could be succeed in inducing to settle a long standing account. The invariable excuse with which the young wife, who was her own servant, put him off, was, " her lord was out."

The Auvergnat, a patient fellow, accepted the excuse for a time, but at length patience being exhausted, and his faith in the lady's diurnal assertion diminished, he determined to try a little pian of his own for bringing confusion upon the heads of his debtors. A few mornings ago, after replenishing his domestic fountain, he asked Madam if Monsieur was within. Most annoyingly, "Monsieur has just gone out to the coiffeur's," replied the lady calmly; but the very next moment the report of a formidable kiss brought the soldisant absentee before the water-carrier, his

cheeks crimson with jealousy.
"Wretch!" ejaculated the outraged

spouse. "I'm not a wretch. "Twas only a sly trick," objected the Auvergnat, who speedily pacified the tempest he had raised in the marital breast by explaining that the kiss had been bestowed upon his own horny hand, and not on the lady's ruby lips. The result of the ruse was that the little account which had necessitated it was promptly settled.

A Scheming Maiden.

IN CLINTON, Illinois, there was a lovely maiden, say of thirty-five, who fell desperately in love with a rich young man, and to prove the disinterested rapture she felt for him and the ardent nature of her gush, she hinted, as only a lady of thirty-five, anxious to marry, can, that he was the very finest man she had ever came across, and could make any woman happy by the simple means of a preacher and a license. But the rich young man didn't see it; he didn't nibble and in fact he stayed away from there in a most unproposing manner. But she was an enterprising maiden and so she went through some five hundred novels in search of a good way to eatch a rich young man with a matrimonial lasso; for as the couple in a novel always marry, it is safe to conclude that the courting must be good which results always in success.

Well, at last the fair reader came to "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," wherein the point is that the P. Y. M., being locked in a moonlight tower with a lady, jumps off the tower at the risk of his life, sooner than stay up there and thus compromise the lady.

"I have it," said the fair reader, closing the book and going to the sexton of a lonely Presbyterian church which stood some miles in the country.

Diplomatically besieging that sexton, she managed to wheedle him out of the key to the steeple, which was high, had a spiral stairway inside, and only one window. Then the rich but cool young man and the designing lady were seen one afternoon riding along the road, and, stopping at the lonely church, to go up in the steeple to view a fine article of sunset. The couple climbed the stairs and stood at the single window admiring the lovely scene until the sun went down behind the west and the twilight crept o'er moorland and lea-see any novel or poem for minute description .-Then the rich young man began to get skittish and wish he was home, so he imparted a gentle hint to his companion that they had better go, etc.

Now, the lady had locked the door of the steeple, assuring the young man that it was the sexton's imperative command. Down the steep, narrow stairs they came and at the bottom the lady felt for the key in her pocket, but no key was there.

"Gracious me," says she, in a most histrionic manner, "if I haven't gone and dropped the key out of the window. It's fifty feet to the ground. What will become of us? To stay in this steeple all night with a man and show myself afterwards unmarried would kill me," etc., and she fell on the young man's breast in a paroxysm of weeping.

That young man was cool and businesslike; he waited until she turned off the water, then kindly seated her on the lowest step, and started up stairs.

"Heavens, Joseph, dear Joe, you ain't going to jump ?"

"Not if I know it ; you just wait." Presently he returned with a bright smile on his face and the bell rope under his arm; gently, but firmly, he took that thirty-five-year-old young maiden up stairs to the window, and, in spite of her entreaties and cries, tied the rope about her waist and lowered away .-Presently she reached the ground, and then down came number two, and shortly afterward a passing plowman discovered a lady and gentleman quarreling, and the lady calling the gentleman a " horrid wretch." No cards.

Seeking Insult.

MANY young girls like nothing so much as what they call "an adventure"-or, in other words, attracting the attention of some male specimen of the baser sort, whose expressed admiration is an insult. The repression of this spirit in young girls is important, for it is almost disreputable for a woman to be insulted; sober people are inclined to feel that there must have been some imprudence perhaps unconsciously, on the lady's part which encouraged the bold step on the part of the insulter. If a lady is quiet, modest, and not inclined to make herself conspicuous in public conveyance or elsewhere by loud talking or laughing, we do not think she need fear any rude familiarity at all approaching an insult. She might travel alone with safety from one end of the continent to the other, as free from molesta tion or annoyance as if in her father's house. But we have noticed with pain, very often, the boisterous, unlady-like manner which young girls, or young ladies as we suppose they term themselves, indulge in when traveling. If they take occasion to entertain each other with jest and recitals quite too near to coarseness in public places, is it strange that persons of the baser sort should feel that they were safe in taking liberties of speech or look that they would not dream of were their deportment quiet and lady-like? Insults can be guarded against, if not entirely avoided. Let mothers warn their daughters against courting rudeness by bold, noisy and unlady-like behavior, both at home and abroad, but most particularly when going to school, shopping, riding or going to places of public amusement. Thus watched over by mothers, if they have secured their daughters' love and reverence, they will escape all molestation. When a woman forgets her native delicacy and modesty of deportment, she challenges insult.

How to be Beautiful.

ff TTOW can I be beautiful ?" Every D boy and girl, man and woman, wants to know that. Here is Mr. Emerson's beauty recipe: "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us." Do you suppose that recipe will work? Think of the most beautiful people you know. Ah, I knew some one would say, " Mother." Do you not think these people are those who try very hard to make others happy? I know very many beautiful people who would have remained very plain had they thought only to please themselves.

We want to try Emerson's rule for becoming beautiful, so it will not do to forget that "there is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. "

But we would like to have him tell us what things last longest.

He is all ready to tell whoever wants to know: Beauty is the quality which makes to endure. In a house that I know, I have noticed a block of spermaceti lying about closets and mantelpieces for twenty years, simply because the tallow-man gave it the form of a rabbit; and I suppose it may continue to be lugged about unchanged for a century. Let an artist draw a few lines or figures on the back of a letter, and that scrap of paper is rescued from danger, is put in a port-folio, or framed and glazed, and, in proportion to the beauties of the lines drawn, will be kept for centuries." And there are beauties of heart, mind, and character that do not meet the eye, but are none the less powerful in "making to endure."

A Surviving Heroine of 1812.

THERE is an interesting story connected with Cedar Point, Scituate Harbor, Mass. The heroine is Miss Rebecca Bates, now a bright, genial old lady of eighty-four, whose memory continues remarkably clear. The story, taken from her own lips, can be depended upon as being thoroughly reliable .-Her father was Captain Simeon Bates; he was light-keeper at the time, and was first who lit the light, in April, 1811. In the spring of the following year English cruisers were numerous in Massachusetts Bay, and on one occasion the launches of an English frigate were sent to Scituate Harbor. They set fire to vessels at the wharves, and towed out two. at the same time threatening to destroy the town if any resistance was offered. At this event a home guard was formed, and detachments were stationed at Cedar and Crow points, and in front of the village with a brass piece. When there was no sail in sight, the guard were allowed to go off to their farms.

Nothing to occasion alarmed occurred again until the following September .-Rebecca, at that time eighteen years of age, and her sister Abigail, fourteen years old, and still living, were sitting toward evening sewing with their mother .-Captain Bates and the rest of his large family and the guards were all away .-Mrs. Bates told Rebecca it was time to put on the kettle. As Rebecca went into the kitchen she for the first time perceived an English ship of war close at hand and lowering her boats.

"I knew the ship at a glance," she said. "It was the La Hogue. 'O Lord!' says I to my sister, 'the old La Hogue is off here again! What shall we do? Here are their barges coming again, and they'll burn up our vessels just as they did afore.' You see, there were two vessels at the wharf with flour, and we could not afford to lose that in those times, when the embargo made it so hard to live we had to bile pumpkins all day to get sweetening for sugar. There were the muskets of the guards. I was a good mind to take those out beyond the light-house and fire them at the barges; I might have killed one or two, but it would have done no good, for they would have turned round and fired at the village.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said I

to my sister; "look here," says I, "you take the drum, I'll take the fife." I was fond of military music, and could play four tunes on the fife. "Yankee Doodle" was my master-piece. I learned on the fife which the soldiers had at the light-house. They had a drum there, too; so I said to her, "You take the drum, and I'll take the fife." "What good'll that do ?" says she.

"Scare them," says I. "All you've got to do is to call the roll, and I'll scream the fife, and we must keep out of sight; if they see us, they'll laugh us to scorn." I showed her how to handle the sticks, and we ran down behind the cedar wood. So we put in, as the boys say, and pretty soon I looked, and I could see the men in the barges resting on their oars and listening. When I looked again I saw a flag flying from the mast-head of the ship. My sister began to make a speech, and I said, "Don't make a noise; you make me laugh, and I can't pucker my mouth. When I looked again I saw they had seen the flag, and turned so quick a man fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of the neck and hauled him in. When they went off, I played 'Yankee Doodle.' 'Is not this heroine whe saved two ships laden with flour, and perhaps other valuables, from de-struction, entitled to a pension? She has five brothers and sisters still living the eldest eighty-five, and the youngest seventy-one. Her grandfather was one hundred years and one month old at the time of his death.

A Hundred Dollar Rat.

A man by the name of Schive, residing in Brush Valley, has a very valuable though defunct rodent. It appears the gentleman is a lard dealer, and was so successful in business as to accumulate a hundred dollar greenback. Unfortunately by much handling it became thoroughly impregnated with lard, and its savory odor tempted a rat to burglarize the sleeping apartment of the said Schive and make a luxurious and costly meal; after which, with portions of the bill in its teeth, it retired to a bran box for dessert, and was caught in the jaws of a steel trap, which the prudent Schive had set. Fortunately the owner of the money has the number and description of the bill, and as an enthusiastic greenback club purpose forwarding the careass to the Secretary of the Treasury for dissection and redemption of the wealth contained therein.-Miltonian.

New Sleeping Cars.

A Detroit exchange says: The Detroit and Milwaukee officials have come to the conclusion that Pullman cars on their line "cost more than it comes to," and have made arrangements for dispensing with them altogether. On July lst they will introduce a cheap substitute in the shape of cars of their own, each remodeled into three compartments and each compartment containing a certain number of Dr. Horton's revolving, reclining chairs.

These chairs are wonders of flexibility and mechanical contrivance. They can be used in upright and reclining posisitions, and at night, in connection with adjustable head and foot rests, make admirable couches. They are all joints, hinges and articulations. The price for using these chairs at night is not yet fixed, but will probably be 75 cents.

It is high time that some reduction was made in sleeping car charges.

Is He a Woman? Tuscarors, in the State of Nevada,

has lately been the scene of a most re-

markable occurrence. A person known as Samuel M. Pollard courted and married a young woman of good family and reputation named Marancy Hughes. Marancy, after living with Pollard for six months, went back to her parents. She stated that Pollard was a woman, who, from motives connected with her previous career, had assumed male attire, and had married her partly as a cruef jest, and partly to better maintain her assumed character. Marancy also said that Pollard had deterred her by threats from previously making known the facts; and when some doubt was expressed as to the truth of her astonishing story, Marancy went before a Justice of the Peace and made affidavit to it. She also urged the authorities to prosecute Pollard .-Meanwhile Pollard stoutly asserted that he (or she) belonged to the male sex, and averred that his wife had left him for other reasons than those put forward by her. The public, at first incredulous, gradually became convinced that Marancy's statement was correct. In order to settle the question, Pollard was arrested on a charge of perjury in having sworn falsely when the marriage license was obtained .-Tuscarora was in a fever of excitement, as women are scarce in that mining town, and the prospect of an addition to the ranks of the favored sex was anticipated with auxiety. But whatever hopes existed were dashed by the reconciliation of Marancy and her husband. They met in court, they smbraced, Marancy wept, and they walked off arm in arm without a word of explanation to the wondering officers. But still the Tuscarorans believe that Pollard is a

VEGETINE

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS.

Valley Stream, Queens Co., Long Island, N. Y. Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir,—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 physicians could not 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. FORRES, M. D., for

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 blook, carry on the putrid humors, cleans a 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.

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

best women. DR. S. H. FLOWERS.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purifiy, 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 cured? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Furifier. 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. I regard it as a Valuable FAMILY MEDICINE.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—I take pleasure in saying, that I have used Vegetine in my family with good results, and I have known of several cases of remarkable cure effected by it. I regard it as a valuable family medicine. Truly yours, REV. WM. M DONALD.

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 Vege-tine for a long time, and find it gives most excel-lent satisfaction.
S. D. DE PRIEST, M. D., Druggist, Hazleton, Ind.

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