

feet with a roar like a tiger. He made a movement as if to draw his knife, but Jack anticipated him.

"Be careful, sir," cried the latter, in a warning tone. "Dare but lay your hand on a weapon, and I'll blow your brains out!"

The threat was too deadly to be disregarded, and the outlaw's hands dropped at his side. He was astonished, dumb-founded, thunderstruck! He started at the slender, youthful figure, the handsome, boyish face, and the steady, fearless eye gazing into his own; then he glanced uneasily at the muzzles of two revolvers covering his chest.

"Who are you?" he demanded hoarsely.

"No matter," replied Jack, coolly.— "You are my prisoner for the present, and must do just as I tell you if you value your worthless life. Offer the slightest resistance, and you're a dead man. No doubt you think you have played us a nice trick, but I show you one worth two of that. I have twelve shots here; so have a care, my fine fellow, and obey my orders. I see you've unearthed the treasure we're in search of," and Jack glanced significantly at the jars on the table, which he now perceived were full of shining gold coins—Spanish doubloons. "Now, sir, up with those jars, and carry them down to the sea-shore."

Pedro turned deathly pale.

"You infernal young rogue—"

"Don't stop to call me pet names!" interrupted Jack, in his clear, steady voice. "If you refuse, I will shoot you down in your tracks! Up with those jars, I say, and carry them down to the water's edge!"

The man still stared, still hesitated, and began to tremble violently.

"Are you going to obey?" cried the youth.

"I—I can't carry them," gasped the outlaw.

"You can carry one at a time. We'll make two trips. No quibbling, sir.—These are half-triggers, and my fingers are touching them."

There was no help for it. The outlaw saw the deadly determination in those eyes, and dared not disobey.

With a curse of baffled rage, he turned to the table, lifted one of the huge vessels in his strong arms, and started toward the mouth of the cave, Jack's revolvers still covering him. As one weapon was quite sufficient for the purpose, however, the youth put up the other, and took a torch in his hand, to light the way down the rocky descent.

He followed close behind the robber, who never once glanced back as he toiled down the long flight of steps with his heavy burden. The moon was shining brightly on the water, and by its light Jack saw a dark, moving object some distance away, hugging the shore as it approached. He knew it was the boat, and that Harry was performing his part.

Pedro placed the jar on the ground, and strode back after the other one in sullen silence. His young captor followed close at his heels, with that threatening pistol pointed at the back of his head, ready to annihilate him at the first suggestion of mutiny.

When they came down to shore a second time, they found Harry there with the boat. He was wonderfully amazed at the thrilling spectacle of Jack playing the part of stern captor over the burly outlaw; but he knew that it was no time for comment.

"Here, Harry," said Jack, hastily; "relieve the fellow of his weapons.—Take every one of them. If he doesn't appear to relish it, I'll blow his brains out and see how he likes that."

Harry did as he was directed. Pedro knew better than to resist, and in a few seconds he was entirely unarmed, his weapons lying on the deck of the little vessel. Jack now lowered his revolver, but still kept a sharp eye on his prisoner.

"Bear a hand here, you lubber, and carry these jars aboard," was the next order, delivered in the same calm, stern voice.

The moonlight showed Pedro's face to be ghastly white, but he did not hesitate to obey. He knew it was certain death to do so, and though one of the boldest of robbers, he was still a coward when the chances were all against him.

Without a word he laid hold of the heavy jars, and lifted them one at a time into the boat. Then he drew back, and stood with folded arms, glaring like a wild beast at the fearless young men.

"There!" cried Jack, flinging away the now useless torch. "In with you, Harry! We've nothing to do but sail home with our booty."

They both leaped into the light craft and pushed her off.

"A spanking breeze, by Jove! Up with the jib, Harry. I'll have to keep an eye on that rascal for a little while longer."

The jib was set, the mainsail ran up, and as the canvass began to fill, Harry sprang to the helm. The jaunty craft leaped forward like a racer, and the next

minute was fairly skipping over the moonlit waves, her white sails filled by a splendid breeze.

Pedro stood watching them for some moments, and then he was seen to turn about and slowly ascend the steps leading to the cave. Jack now put up his revolver and gave vent to a loud "Hurrah!" in which Harry joined heartily.

"There is not much danger of pursuit," said Harry; "for it isn't likely that these fellows possess such a thing as a boat."

"And if they did," said Jack, "they would have to do some hard pulling to overtake this one."

But they finished their voyage unmolested, laid the treasure at the feet of the overjoyed miser, and married the twin sisters whom they had so nobly won.— And two years later Caspar Wolfe died, leaving his entire fortune to them and their wives.

The Preacher's Amusing Mistake.

RECENTLY our church has had a new minister.

He is a nice, good, sociable gentleman, but from a distant State, of course he was totally unacquainted with our people.

Therefore, it happened that during his pastoral calls he made several ludicrous blunders.

One of them as follows:

The other evening he called upon Mrs. Hadden. She had just lost her husband, and naturally supposed that his visit was relative to the sad occurrence.

So, after a few common-places had been exchanged, she was not at all surprised to hear him remark:

"It was a sad bereavement; was it not Mrs. Hadden?"

"Yes," faltered the widow.

"Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; I never dreamed of it."

"He died in the barn, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; in the house."

"Ah—well, I suppose you must have thought a great deal of him."

"Of course, sir,"—this with a vim.

The minister looked rather surprised, crossed his legs, and renewed the conversation.

"Blind staggers was the disease, I believe?" he said.

"No, sir," snapped the widow, "it was apoplexy."

"Indeed; you must have fed him too much."

"He was always capable of feeding himself, sir."

"Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard, didn't he?"

"He did."

"You had to hit him on the head with an axe to put him out of his misery, I was told."

Mrs. Hadden's eyes snapped fire.

"Whoever told you so did not speak the truth," she haughtily uttered.— "James died naturally."

"Yes," repeated the minister, in a slightly perplexed tone, "he kicked the side of the barn down in his last agonies, did he not?"

"No, sir, he didn't."

"Well, I have been misinformed, I suppose," said the minister. "How old was he?"

"Thirty-five."

"Then he did not do much active work. Perhaps you are better without him, for you can easily supply his place with another."

"Never, sir—never will I see one as good as he."

"Oh, yes, you will. He had the heavens bad."

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Why, I recollect I saw him one day, with you on his back, and I distinctly recollect that he had the heavens, and walked as if he had the spring-halt."

Mrs. Hadden stared at her reverend visitor as if she imagined that he was crazy.

"He could never have had the spring-halt, for he had a cork leg!" returned the widow.

"A cork leg!—remarkable. But really, now, didn't he have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking the wagon all to pieces?"

"Never; he was not a mad man, sir."

"Probably not. But there was some good points about him."

"I should think so!"

"The way in which he carried his ears, for example."

"Nobody else ever noticed that particular merit," said the widow, with much asperity; "he was warm hearted, generous and frank!"

"Good qualities," answered he, unconsciously, "How long did it take him to go a mile?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Not much of a goer. Wasn't his hair apt to fly?"

"He didn't have any hair. He was bald-headed."

"Quite a curiosity?"

"No, sir; no more of a curiosity than you are."

The minister shifted uneasily, and got red in the face.

"Did you use the whip much on him?"

"Never, sir."

"Went right along without it, eh?"

"Yes."

"He must have been a good sort of brute?"

Mrs. Hadden turned white and made no reply.

The minister did not know what to say, but finally blurted out:

"What I most admired about him was the beautiful way he carried his tail."

The widow just sat down and cried.

"The idea of your coming here and insulting me!" she sobbed. "If my husband had lived you wouldn't have done it. Your remarks in reference to that poor dead man have been a series of insults. I won't stand it."

He colored and looked dumbfounded.

"No, no."

"Ain't you Mrs. Blinkers?" he stammered. "And had not your old grey horse died?"

"I never owned a horse, but my husband died a week ago!"

Ten minutes later the minister came out of that house with the reddest face ever seen on mortal man.

"And to think," he groaned, as he strode home, "that I was talking horse to that woman all the time, and she was talking husband!"

The Dipper.

IN the constellation of the Great Bear is the "dipper," composed of seven bright stars two of which are called the pointers, for the reason that a line drawn through them would always intersect the pole star, which is about 28° north of the upper star (of the two called the pointers). A writer in the Hartford "Times" says:

There is something remarkable in the fact that a large group of stars in the northern heavens, bearing no resemblance whatever to a Bear, should yet be so called; and what is still more remarkable is, that this great region of stars should always have been known by that name by all nations of the northern hemisphere of the earth, however remotely situated from each other, or to whatever remote period we go back—back until we become lost, without record or tradition, and still wondering that the name and place of the constellation should yet be all aglow in that far, far, misty past.

Great physical changes on the earth's surface undoubtedly have occurred in the ages that have gone, thereby separating and isolating nations that once knew each other. Each nation after the cataclysm occurred probably kept its traditions, though it became lost to its once neighboring peoples, and thus we have a probable reason why the Asiatic, the Egyptian and the American Indian are all, at the same time, familiar with this northern constellation and its name.

The Great Bear is pictured on the old Egyptian hemispheres as stately marching westward around the pole of the heavens, and is placed in a very high latitude, and in fact directly over the home of the polar bears of the earth. Was it intended to typify the region? If so then the Egyptian was familiar with the home of the animal. Or was it some mirage, projecting a vast image of the animal upon those misty polar skies, that gave rise to the thought of so placing it?

This constellation can be seen on any clear night throughout the year, in this latitude, except the stars located in the bear's paws. Thousands of people have watched that part of it called the Dipper, and noticed its handle high above the pole star, then again sweeping around westwardly, and then seen low on the northern horizon, swinging around to the east, and again above the pole, and on the west—all accounted for by the earth's daily motion on its axis—causing an apparent movement of the constellation westwardly around the pole of the heavens.

You Needn't Believe 'Em.

"Speaking of shooting ducks," says Dr. F., "puts me in mind of the great storm that occurred when I lived on the island. As you are well aware, our island was near Casco Bay. An awful storm arose, and was so fierce that it drove all the ducks in the bay into the pond, covering about an acre, near my house. In fact, so many ducks crowded into the pond that I could not see a drop of water."

"Shoo," said Smith, "didn't ye shoot any of 'em?"

"That's what I am coming at. I went into the house and got my double-barreled shot gun, and discharged both barrels right into the midst of them, but to my astonishment they all rose into the air, leaving not a solitary duck on the pond!"

"Good gracious! You don't say so?" said Smith. "Didn't you have any shot in yer gun, or what in the thunder was the trouble?"

"Well, I was coming to that," said Dr. F. "It astonished me at first; but as soon as the ducks rose a few hundred

yards in the air, and commenced to separate a little, ducks began to drop, and whether you believe it or not, I picked up twenty-nine barrels of ducks, and it was a poor season for ducks, too. You see the ducks were weighed in so solid on the pond that when they arose they carried the dead ones in the air with them, and when they separated, down came the twenty-nine barrels of dead ducks."

"Oh," says Smith, "I'm not surprised at that at all, or at the big lot of ducks yet bagged, for it was an awful storm. I remember it well, doctor. I had at that time a corn-barn full of corn. On one side of the barn was an open window, and on the other side was a knot hole; and during the storm the wind blew so fiercely that it blew every ear of that corn right through the knot-hole, and the hole being just the size of the cob only, the result was that it shelled every ear, leaving the corn in the barn, and the next morning I found my barn half full of shelled corn and not a cob. I had a curiosity to know where the cobs had gone to. I went to the rear of the barn and followed the line of those cobs over eleven miles, and at the distance of five miles a large first-growth pine tree stood in the track, and darn me if the wind hadn't driv the cobs into that 'ere tree from the top to bottom. Oh, doctor, that was an awful storm."

"Yes," sighs the doctor, "awful!"

An Indian's Revenge.

THE Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Marshall's *Canada Dominion*, his civilized half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis, or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last instalment he received his quitance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few minutes later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing table, and leveled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke cleared away, and the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued, those who would have given him chase being stopped by the half-breed with: "Go back to your dinner, and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he made them wait and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to his wife and child, to the sunlight, to the gun, and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. The half breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueler revenge than if he had shot him dead.

Mr. E., a New England clergyman, was appointed nearly half a century ago to take charge of the spiritual welfare of the prisoners of the Wilmington jail. On his debut amongst the convicts, he introduced himself rather pompously to one of them.

"I know you," said the bad man, "and I'm glad you're here."

"How's that?" cried Mr. E., in astonishment; "I never saw you before."

"Nor I you; but I heard that the last two churches where you preached, you preached the buildings empty, and if you do as much here, may God bless you!"

Mr. E. came to the conclusion that the convicts were not suitably impressed with his merits.

An incident occurred in the Senate the other day, which shows that the grave Senators are not wholly given to the dry details of business. The end of the session being near at hand, it was proposed that the committee appointed to investigate the charge against Senator Matthews hold Sunday sessions. An exception was raised that it was a violation of the Sabbath, whereupon this passage of the Scripture was quoted: "Which of you shall have an ass fall into a pit, and will not go straightway and pull him out on the Sabbath day?" It was a little rough on the Senator, but it was good.

VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

I NEVER SHALL Forget the First Dose.

Providence, June 27th, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.—Dear Sir,—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of the time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men hold me in out of bed. I was swollen 19 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all a man could and live. I tried all remedies for Dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize its good effects from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. I began to gain now quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles, I could walk from one part of the room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I regained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures by using Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I will also say it has cured an aunt of my wife's of Neuralgia, who had suffered for months. I heard of a lady who has not had any neuralgia for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for Canker Humor. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give at all ages. I recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and he says there is nothing like it to give strength and life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am,

Very gratefully yours, JOHN S. TOTTAGE.

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

I OWE MY HEALTH To Your Valuable VEGETINE.

Newport, Ky., April 29, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.—Dear Sir,—Having suffered from a breaking out of Cankerous Sores for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore, and having used every thing I could think of and nothing helped me, until I had taken six bottles of your valuable medicine which Mr. Miller the apothecary recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I can say, is that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine. Your most obedient servant,

ALBERT VON ROEDER.

"It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the Vegetine should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be edictly expelled from the system by the use of the Vegetine. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease; healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured."

VEGETINE.

Cured me when the DOCTORS FAILED.

Cincinnati, O., April 10, 1877.

DR. H. R. STEVENS.—Dear Sir,—I was seriously troubled with Kidney Complaint for a long time. I have consulted the best doctors in this city. I have used your Vegetine for this disease, and it has cured me when the doctors failed to do so.

Yours truly, ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St. Place of business, 675 Cent. Ave.

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