

JOE'S CHANCE.

THE little, shabby railway, called "Western North Carolina," carried us to within three miles of the top of Blue Ridge, and stopped abruptly in a deep cut in the hills, where stood "Henry's," a hotel, loosely built of plank according to the fashion of the region.

Before daylight the stage coach, a bulky vehicle of most ancient shape, mounted on leather springs, and glaring in a new coat of red paint, appeared at the door. It was drawn by six stout gray horses. The driver, a mountaineer in butternut home-spun, a well known whip through all that country, clambered to his seat, placing about half a peck of stones at his feet, to throw at his leaders.

Inside the coach were packed two or three women in linen dusters, an old man with crutches, and numberless boys, babies, colored nurses, and lunch-baskets.

On top, behind the driver, seats were arranged, where sat a pretty young girl and an artist, each intent on "effects" of different kinds.

I found a place behind them on top of trunks. At the back lay a bloated, ragged fellow, sleeping off the effects of last night's whisky.

Burt cracked his long whip, and we made a triumphant start, the six grays tossing their heads, the negroes staring from their cabin doors, the landlord bowing, the driver winding his horn loud and long. The meekest of men must have been inflated with the dignity of his position if he had been an "outside" beside Burt.

The narrow road rose steadily, winding through the heights until it reached the summit of the Blue Ridge.

As the morning wore on, Burt stopped now and then to water his horses in a cool mountain spring or to let them rest, panting, in the shade of the thick hemlocks.

Sometimes he halted at a lonely log-house, to take in or let off a passenger, there were always a torrent of questions, which invariably ended with—

"Doc going with you to-day, Burt?—Has he heered?"

"He's going down, but he knows nothin'."

"Good again!"

"All right!"

Sometimes a farmer, bolder than the rest, supplemented these hearty approvals with an explanation.

"Seems as if us was afeared Doc to be out of sight. He's such a powerful one for fevers and pneumony."

Or, "Seems as ef the backbone was tuk out of things when Doc goes away from us."

"Who is this here?" I asked. "The rich man of the district, I suppose?"

"Rich! No, indeed; though he'd be comfortable ef he didn't help his poor neighbors. He's purse carrier as well as sense carrier for the deestric."

"Your leading politician, eh?"

"No; Doc don't meddle in politics.—He's just—well—Doc—nobody ain't like him. Hyar he is! Hoy d'ye ye Doc?"

A gray-haired, round shouldered old man stood waiting, valise in hand in front of a farm house gate. Half a dozen children crowded behind him, and a swarm of blacks.

"Good-bye, father!"

"Good-bye, massa!"

"How d'ye do, Doc?"

When he looked up, and we saw the keen, kindly, blue eyes, and benignant smile, we understood why the movements of the old country physician should be attended with as much interest as if he were the most weighty of public men.

Doc sat down by me on the top of the stage. The whole atmosphere brightened. Burt's jokes flew fast and furious, even the drunken passenger raised himself on one elbow to look at the newcomer, hot insiders vainly thrust their heads out to hear the talk overhead.

The stage stopped frequently at houses as we passed. Now a woman ran out with eager face for a word of consultation with Dr. Evans about her baby.—Now a man wanted to know "ef he'd thought over that little matter, and what he would advise?"

Nobody made any objections to these frequent halts; nobody in that tranquil mountain country was in a hurry. It was a recognized fact that Dr. Evans was, as Burt called him, "the sense-carrier" of the district, and that they had a right to draw on him for such supplies as they needed.

Once, when he was busy with some farmers, the artist said, "That man has never left his neighborhood; yet his simple, homely wisdom and goodness have made him one of the most influential men in the State."

"Never left his own neighborhood!" our drunken passenger gave a triumphant chuckle. "Why, I've been in every State in the Union."

"Whar did ye get the best whisky, eh?" said Burt.

"That's enough, Burt," he replied, suddenly sobered. "I had a chance

once as good as Doc Evans; if I let it slip, you needn't throw it in my teeth?"

"I throw nothing in your teeth, an' I don't know how you come by my name, either," looking suspiciously down at the ragged heap behind.

Before sunset the other passengers had gone, and nobody was left on the coach but Dr. Evans, the stranger, who was asleep, and myself. The old doctor and I fell into talk, which presently grew free and friendly.

"It is thirty years since I passed through this gap," he said, looking up at the wooded crags on either side. "I remember an incident which happened once to two boys here—little thing, but it may interest you."

"They were sons of mountaineers, and close neighbors. Like other mountain boys, they knew nothing outside of the poor farms on which they lived."

"They plowed, drove the wagon and steers to Waynesville twice a year with poultry and corn to barter for salt and coffee; wore the cloth spun at home—as I do now."

"My way of life in many respects is not different from theirs. But they heard of the world outside, and were wild with anxiety to break loose to seek their fortunes."

"Why, I—I mean one of those boys—used to look at this wall of mountains that shut him in, as if it were a prison cell. He wanted books, companions, and something outside of this log hut and dally plowing and pig-feeding. The other boy, I don't think he cared for the education he could gain there, though I may wrong him."

"No, I'll bet you don't, squire," said the fellow behind us. "Ten to one, he wanted money—to make his pile by fair means or foul. Go on, I'm listenin'."

"There was a man from New York making a scientific tour in the mountains that summer," continued the old doctor, "a professor in one of the large colleges. He liked these boys, made companions of them both. When he went away, they went with him to this place, one carrying his valise, the other his case of plants."

"Just as they came to that tree, the poplar yonder, where the gap opened before them, he said, 'Boys I have an offer to make you. If you accept it, I will make it all right with your parents. In our college there is a provision for the free education of a certain number of young men. I will secure two of these scholarships for you. It will make men of you. There is no opportunity which other boys have which you will not have. Will you come with me?'"

"He said much more to the same purport, and then gave them half an hour to think it over."

"Well," cried Burt, eagerly, "they went? They weren't such 'tarnal fools as to stay a-plowing and tendin' cattle—"

The doctor took off his hat and wiped his forehead slowly.

"One of the boys, Joe went. I think he was mainly anxious to make money, and no doubt he made it. The other?—At first he was so overjoyed that the very rocks seemed to grow hazy and dim before him. You see every chance lay outside of the gap, as his friend said, and inside only hard work and poverty."

"Well, boys, will you go?" said his friend. "Whoever passes through the gap with me has decided his fate; and he walked through."

Joe hurried alongside and the other boy was following, when he found on his sleeve a long gray hair. It was his mother's. "It will break her heart," he thought; and he turned and went back. He ran, so that he might not hear the others calling. And he never saw them again."

"What became of him?"

"Well," said the doctor, indifferently. "He did the best he could afterwards, in his narrow place. But doubtless the sight of the gap reminds him of the chance he has lost. Aha! who comes here?"

"Now, now, you'll hear!" cried Burt, ecstatically cracking his whip. "Now, you'll know why he was sent for to town. Here's the committee to tell that you are nominated for Governor! And the next Governor you'll be, please God!"

The committee took possession of the old man, who was bewildered by his sudden triumph, but not elated. He looked back, smiling to us as they drove away.

"Well, I wish he'd finished the story," said Burt. "I understand part of it well enough. That boy who had no chance will be our next Governor. But what became of Joe?"

"Tian't the chance, its' the way you use it," came, with a drunken hicough, from among the trunks. "I'm Joe."

A Woman's Conscientiousness.

Most persons will think the woman referred to in this story was too conscientious.—The Haverhill, (Mass.) Gazette has a correspondent who tells the following story: "Perhaps the

reader has noticed, while journeying upon the Boston and Lowell railroad, at Willow Bridge, Somerville, a plain, but substantial neat brick house upon the hill, only a moment's walk from the station. Its doors have not been opened for twelve years. Twelve years ago one of the brightest and smartest mechanics to be found in our bustling city— young and handsome, whose only apparent fortune was his daily wages, of which he was very careful, saving all he could for the one bright object of his life, which was to marry her whom he had won, as soon as they could get money enough to commence housekeeping. She was conscientious to a fault, brought up in the most puritanical of Puritan families, good, pure and beautiful.

One bright morning in spring he invited her to take a drive in the suburbs.— They halted after about an hour's drive in front of this house. He asked her how she liked it. Of course she wished it was theirs; they could be so happy if they only had a home like that. He invited her in. The house was just completed, and very nicely furnished. Judge of her surprise when he very informed her that the property was his, that he owned it.

Why, she was completely dumfounded, and, of course, wanted an explanation. How, when did he come in possession of such property?

He tried to avoid the question, but she was firm. He finally told her that he drew \$20,000 in some lottery scheme, and with its funds built and furnished his home for her. She turned upon him as though he was the vilest gambler, vowing then and there that she would never be his wife until he gave back the property which he had gained by what she termed unlawful means. She scorned all efforts of his to occupy the house.

They separated; parted at the door; which has not been opened since. The furniture remains the same to-day as when they left it twelve years ago, except what age has done. Both are wanderers upon the face of the earth, both lives blasted.

Physiological Effects of Thirst.

LAST summer a company of the 10th U. S. Cavalry nearly perished of thirst during a four days' march without water, among the arid sand hills of the Staked Plain of Texas. They set out in pursuit of a band of marauding Indians, and toward sunset of the first day the trail they had followed broke up into a multitude of ill-defined tracks, making further pursuit useless. By this time their canteens were dry, and the men were so exhausted by the intense sun heat that many fell from their saddles. All the afternoon their guide had searched in vain for water among the hills, and now the horses were suffering from thirst scarcely less than their riders. The captain's private horse, the toughest of the party, was given to the guide, who set out in search of water, but was never seen again.

The next day an attempt was made to fall back upon "Double Lakes" where water was expected, but having no guide they lost their way, and wandered for three days among the hills before water was found. During this time their suffering from heat and thirst was terrible. The salivary and mucous secretions were dried up, and the sensibility of the mucous membranes of the mouth was so much impaired that they could neither swallow nor even perceive when anything was in the mouth. Brown sugar remained like dry sand in the mouth. Their voices became weak and strange; all were deaf, and appeared stupid to each other, questions having to be repeated several times before they could be understood. Vertigo and dimness of vision affected all. Many were delirious, and all tottered on with feeble and stumbling gait. What little sleep they could get was disturbed by dreams of banqueting, with visions of every imaginable dainty to eat and drink.

At this stage all would probably have perished had they not resorted to horses' blood. As the animals gave out the men cut them open and drank their blood, almost fighting for the little moisture contained in their viscera. Later the horses' blood became so thick from lack of drink that it could not be swallowed. It coagulated instantly, and had to be broken up between the teeth and slowly forced down the parched throats. And when swallowed it gave no relief, quickly passing through the bowels, developing diarrhea. Their own scanty urine was sweetened with sugar and thickly drunk, and a few drank horses' urine. Usually, however, it was caught in cups and given to the suffering animals.

To avoid the terrible mid-day heat they traveled as much as they could by night. As they toiled on they suffered severely from tightness of breath and a sense of suffocation. It seemed as though the sides of the trachea were adhering. To mitigate the consequent distress they breathed through the nose with closed mouth, prolonging the time between the breaths as much as possible. At this stage the lips were covered with a

whitish dry froth, and presented a ghastly aspect. The fingers and palms were shriveled and pale; and some who had removed their boots suffered from swollen feet and legs.

As the situation became more desperate, mental tortures were added to the purely physical. The feeling of despair was made worse by suspicion and loss of confidence in each other. Toward the end persistent wakefulness aggravated the mental anguish, though they tried to sleep at every halt. At last, on the morning of July 30th, a part of the command succeeded in reaching Double Lakes, and a supply of water was sent back to those along the road. The fortunate arrival of a detachment of Yonkaway scouts at this moment helped to save many. On reaching water the desire to drink was irresistible. They could not refrain from pouring down water, though it was immediately rejected by the stomach. Warm coffee was the only thing that revived them at all.

Assistant Surgeon King, from whose report this account has been condensed, remarks that the failure of water to assuage the thirst, though drunk again and again to repletion, seems to show that the sense of thirst, like that of hunger, resides not in the stomach, but in the general system, and could not be relieved until the remote tissues were supplied. And the activity of the regenerating process was prevented by the deficiency of water in the absorbent vessels themselves. The same condition explains the overpowering dyspnea which threatened the existence of the company. Their lungs were filled with the purest air, yet the living membranes were so dry that the free passage of the oxygen to the blood was prevented.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that while the horses suffered as much as the men did, and many gave out completely, the mules suffered little, and were able to graze at every halt. The total loss on this disastrous scout was two men dead and two missing, probably dead, out of twenty-six privates and two commissioned officers.

The Early Home of Andrew Jackson's Bride.

A letter to *Every Evening*, from the Eastern shore of Virginia, says:

There is an old mill some distance North of Drummondtown, decayed and in ruins. It is rather a romantic looking spot, and there is something of a peculiar interest attached to the place, for there, a century and more ago, was born Rachel Donaldson, who afterwards became the wife of Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Miss Donaldson at an early age married Lewis Robards, who appears to have been an exacting and jealous fellow.— Jackson met her while boarding at the house of Robard's mother, in Mercer county, Kentucky, where it appears the family of her husband lived. Robards, pretending to be jealous of the intimacy between Jackson and his wife, deserted her. The matter led to a divorce of the married couple, when Jackson and Mrs. Robards were married.

There never really was any cause for the desertion, and Jackson always resented the slightest aspersion upon his wife's character, and is said to have carried a pair of loaded pistols for years to avenge any reference of a light character to her. It was something of this kind which led to the famous duel with Dickerson, in which the latter was killed. There were no children born as the fruits of the union, but Andrew Jackson, of Louisiana, who inherited the estate and name of the President was a son of Severn Donaldson, Miss Donaldson's brother, who was also a native of Accomac county.

Discovery of Salt.

The workmen engaged in boring an oil well at Wyoming, Wyoming county, recently, ran the drill through seventy feet of pure white salt. The excitement is intense, and a stock company is forming to utilize the find. President Evarts, of the Rochester Vacuum Oil company, is at the head of the new company. The prospect is that all the land in the valley will be immediately leased. The salt was struck at the depth of 1072 feet. At a depth of 950 feet the drill passed through a salt vein of three feet in thickness, the water of which being subjected to analysis showed the presence of fluorine, chlorine, bromine, iodine, aluminum and sixty per cent. of chloride of sodium. The boring of this well has knocked the bottom out of the old State geologists who have made reports of the lay of the land, as their predictions in every instance have proved erroneous.—Syracuse (N. Y.) "Standard."

In consequence of a notification received by Gov. Gear, of Iowa, that tramps are infesting Marshalltown and other points in the State and have taken possession of railroad trains in some cases, he has issued a proclamation urging upon mayors and sheriffs to be prompt and diligent in preserving the peace and calling attention to that section of the revised statutes authorizing them to call out the militia or other citizens when deemed expedient.

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 help me in and 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 the second dose 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 it 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 I have cured an aunt of my wife's of Neurasthenia, who had suffered for more than 20 years. She says she 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 a child. I will 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. NOTTAGE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restore the system to health, and 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, it circulates through it. 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 20, 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 fractured 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 either 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 15 days, and it has cured me when the doctors failed to do so.
Yours truly,
ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St., Place of business, 573 Cent. Ave.

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