

DUSENBERRY'S COURTSHIP.

MR. JOB DUSENBERRY stepped on board the train bound for Boston one morning, feeling a kind of queer sensation at the pit of his stomach. He concluded, at the time he first became aware of it, that it was occasioned by eating too hearty a breakfast in too short a time. Later, he came to a different conclusion.

He was going "down to Boston" to visit his brother Joseph, and stay "till after the Fourth."

The car was pretty full, but he succeeded in finding an unoccupied seat at last and sat down to look about him. He had hardly begun to look when another traveler entered the car in search of a seat. She was an old maid, Job knew, the moment he saw her. There are certain signs which can never be mistaken in the class of single damsels to which she belonged, that class being the primely-perpendicular one, nearly all angles and very little curves, and Job had seen too many of them to be mistaken. He couldn't say that he liked old maids, and yet, being an old bachelor, he felt a sympathy for their single condition which made his heart tender toward them.

She looked sharply about her in search of a seat. As it happened, Job's was the only one in which there were not two.

"I'd like the privilege of settin' with you," said she, fixing her eagle eye on Job's, in a way that seemed to dare him to refuse.

"Shall be delighted to have you," replied Job with alacrity, jumping up that she might have the place next to the window. "A beautiful day, ma'am."

"Lovely," answered his companion, in a low voice that seemed to come from down cellar, as she proceeded to arrange her baskets and bundles about her feet. "Yes, sir, a lovely day. I told Almiry—she's my brother John's wife—I told her it was goin' to be jest a splendid day for trav'lin'."

A light broke in upon Job's mind.—John and Almiry, he felt sure, were Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins. He had heard that Mr. Stebbins had a sister from Vermont visiting him.

"I conclude you're Mr. Stebbins's sister, ma'am," said Job, anxious to find out if he were right. He had been advised to go over and see the lady, but somehow he could never make up his mind to.

"I be," she answered; "my name is Susan Stebbins. What's yours, if I may be so inquisitive?"

"Dusenberry—Job Dusenberry," he replied, with a bow. He was very genteel in his instincts.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Miss Stebbins, catching a side-long glance at Job, and trying her best to blush. "Almiry's been heeterin' me about you ever since I've been there."

"I want to know!" cried Job. He couldn't think of anything else to say, and it seemed as if she must expect him to say something.

"Yes, an' John, too," went on Miss Stebbins. "But, you know folks will joke, an' they're allus a talkin' to me about the men, but I don't mind it enny. I'm glad to get acquainted with you, for I ain't much used to trav'lin', an' I like to hev some one I can look to for pertection, if it's needed."

Job mentally concluded that she was more capable of protecting herself than he was of protecting her. But he said he should be happy to do what he could for her.

"Air you any relation to the Dusenberry fam'ly livin' near Putney?" asked Miss Stebbins.

"No, I don't think I be," answered Job; "never heard I had any relation there."

"Mr. Dusenberry's deacon in the Baptist church, an' a real nice man, I allus thought," went on Miss Stebbins. "He favors you in complexion, seems to me. He's a smart lookin' man, an' I should ha' said you was a connexion. Air you goin' to Boston?"

"I be," said Job; "thought I'd go down and stay till after the Fourth."

"So be I," answered Miss Stebbins. "I've got some tradin' to do, and it pays to go where you can look about and choose. Solomon Green keeps store up to Putney, an' he does charge the most onaccountable prices, now this alpac—how much should you s'pose I'd ought to have give a yard for it, Mr. Dusenberry?"

Job acknowledged his ignorance of such matters.

"Wall, sir," said Miss Stebbins, in a tone which seemed to imply that she did not suppose he'd believe her, but it was as true as gospel, nevertheless; "wall, sir, he charged me forty-two cents an' a ha'f a yard, an' I couldn't get it a cent less. He asked forty-five, but I beat him down two cents an' a ha'f, and Miss Pringle—she's the minister's wife—she got one jest like it to Albany for thirty-seven cents! If that ain't outrageous, I'd like to know what is?"

"It's scand'lous, ma'am," said Job, who began to admire her evident busi-

ness tact; "simply scand'lous, ma'am!" "You're right," said Miss Stebbins, an' I told Almiry, bein' I'd never been to Boston, I was goin' down, an' I'd see if Solomon Green'd got rich out o' cheatin' me."

But now Job was in love with her—that is, he felt that she would make a good housekeeper, which stood for the same thing in his mind as wife, and he wondered if he couldn't secure her. He had been wanting a wife for twenty-two years. He had chances, but, like the foolish man he was, he had let them all slip. Now he considered that the curious feeling he had experienced that morning was a presentiment of—he did not exactly know what, but it evidently had something to do with Miss Stebbins.

He got out at a small station and got some fried chicken and apple pie, and brought them in as a votive offering, sentimentally speaking, to the lady of his bosom's affection. She accepted them with a smile that made him happy every time he remembered. Once he dreamed about that smile, and thought it sunrise, and got up and dressed himself before he fairly waked up. When he did come to his senses he found it was half-past one, and went back to bed wondering if all men feel as he did when they're in love.

The train started, and just as Miss Stebbins was trying to swallow a small chicken-bone, and making a very dry face over it, the cars gave an awful leap, and then—none of them knew very much about what had happened for the next few minutes. When Job came to himself he was sitting in a shallow puddle of water, and the first thought came to him was that he had turned into a big bull-frog. But, looking about him, in a bewildered way, for a solution of the mystery, he saw Miss Stebbins sitting on a floating portion of a wrecked car farther out in the pond, dripping like Undine, if not as agreeable to look at.

"Be you hurt, Mr. Dusenberry?" she asked, as she discovered him.

"No, I don't think I be," answered Job. "Had a smash up, hain't we?" Miss Stebbins.

"Seems so," answered Miss Stebbins. I guess there hain't nobody killed, an' that's lucky. I'm glad you ain't hurt. I was afeared you was."

Her solicitude touched Job's heart as nothing else ever had.

"You ain't damaged any, be you?" he asked anxiously.

"Not any to speak of," answered Miss Stebbins, "but my clo'es is jest completely spilt. There's my bunnet sailin' about over there. I wish you'd git it fer me."

Job secured a pole, and, after angling unsuccessfully for a while, got a bite and landed this new kind of fish on the bank, where it lay in a very limp and dejected condition, having but little resemblance to the showy bonnet Miss Stebbins had worn.

"I'm comin' ashore," announced Miss Stebbins.

"Let me come and git you," proposed Job, not without some trepidation, it must be confessed.

"No, I can get along 'thout putting you to any trouble," answered Miss Stebbins.

"What a self-reliant woman she is," Job thought admiringly. "She'd take care of a man, now."

She gathered the ruined "alpac" about her, stepped off the extemporized raft, and waded ashore without screaming snakes! or any thing of the kind.—Job concluded that she was one woman in a hundred. So she was.

"You're all mud and scum," said she after inspecting Job closely. "I'll git a stick an' some grass an' kinder clean you up." And for the next ten minutes Job experienced new and novel bliss in being "cleaned up" by this energetic woman, who had now obtained complete possession of his heart. She's a manager," concluded Job. "If she had charge of my place, now, she'd make things fetch in suthin'. I wish she had."

The conductor announced that it would be two or three hours before they could proceed.

"Don't you feel as if you'd like to have somethin' to eat?" asked Job. "I guess you didn't feed that chicken."

"I would like somethin'," answered Miss Stebbins, and Job proposed that they should visit a farm-house near by and procure some.

"I'll set out here on this stone in the sun, an' dry myself till it is ready," said Miss Stebbins, and took a position on a rock by the roadside. Job sat down by her.

"I'm thankful we ain't killed," said she. "How lucky I got acquainted with you, ain't it? Friends is always so pleasant in such times. The glance which accompanied this sentiment finished Job."

"Oh, Miss Stebbins, let me be your friend for life!" cried he, with an awful pallor on his face, the effort he made in

saying it was so intense. "I know it is sudden, but then!"—and there stuck fast.

"Do you mean—marriage?" asked Miss Stebbins, with such warmth at heart that her clothes dried rapidly from the diffused heat.

"Yes, I do," answered Job; "I do." "I don't know what John an' Almiry would say, but I ain't no objections to speak on," answered Miss Stebbins, with downcast eyes and beaming face.

"Then it's a bargain!" exclaimed Job. "Glory! This is better'n the Fourth! I'm going to kiss you, Miss Stebbins."

"You may if you want to, an' call me Susan," she said.

The boy who was looking out of the window reported to his mother, busy over the dinner, that the man was kissing the woman, an' he should think he'd be ashamed of himself.

But Job never thought of such a thing! Wasn't he engaged to be married? And didn't a man have a right to kiss a woman when she had promised to marry him?

I can't say what wonderful bargains Miss Stebbins made in the dry-goods line, but she went home with a man, and has been happy ever since. So has Job.

A Ludicrous Mistake.

JUST before noon yesterday Mr. Jones sat down on an empty barrel standing in front of a liquor store on Michigan street, and remarked that it was cheaper to lose two dollars' worth of time waiting for the car than to foot it nine blocks.

Mr. Jones is long and lean, and does not weigh over one hundred and thirty pounds. The barrel ought to have held up two like him, but as he wiggled about to secure an easy position the head fell in. Mr. Jones fell in after the head. It wasn't the best he could do, but no time was given him to plan and ponder. The first thing he knew after the crash was finding his feet and ankles over one side and his shoulders and head wedged against the opposite. His head was bent forward until his neck was nearly broken, his legs seemed to have been driven up, and he was right where the boys wanted him. He yelled out in smothered tones, and an aged lady who keeps an intelligence office near the scene of accident, looked down from her window and called out:

"Bub, we don't want any such fooling around here."

"Bub be blowed—lemme out—help! help!" hoarsely roared Jones.

"Oh! young man, you are on your way to the gallows!" said the lady, as she drew back from the window.

Few people walk the streets at noon, and Mr. Jones yelled out many times before the grocer came out. He saw the feet sticking up, and giving them a rap with a potato smasher, exclaimed: "You boys deserve killing!"

"I am a dying in here—help me out!" roared Jones.

"I'll die you, you old vagrant!" replied the grocer, seeing that the feet belonged to a man, and he gave the barrel a spiteful kick.

Four or five boys came around the corner and when they discovered what was up one of them recognized Jones' voice. Looking into the barrel he asked:

"Is that you, Jones?"

"Yes—yes," grasped Jones.

"Are you doing well down there, Mr. Jones?"

"Oh! Heavens—lemme up!" cried the prisoner.

"Aren't you easy in your mind, Mr. Jones?" inquired another boy.

"I tell you I am dying!" shouted Mr. Jones, as he tried to struggle around.

"I believe you are a liar," replied the grocer, giving the barrel a shake.

When he was convinced that the man in the barrel was not a vagrant or a beggar, he set about helping him out.—He tried to lift him up, but Jones yelled for mercy, and the boys put in their talk and decided that the barrel should be tipped over. This was done, and while the grocer went after the hatchet to knock the hoop off, the boys rolled Mr. Jones up and down the walk "to cool him off."

"Do you fell better now, Mr. Jones?" inquired one.

"Have you cramps in the stomach, Mr. Jones?" asked a second.

"Do you really and truly want to get out of that palace car, Mr. Jones?" inquired a third.

And Jones growled and took on, and tried to kick as the boys rolled him along he was heard making a solemn vow that he would kill every boy in Detroit if he ever got out of that barrel.—The grocer finally came with his hatchet and as he knocked at the hoops he said it was a pity to go and destroy a nice barrel like that in order to save a human life.

The staves finally fell in and Jones fell out, gave a yell and scrambled to his feet.

"Ah! he's the man to play circus tricks!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"You bet he's the boss performer!" yelled another.

Mr. Jones clawed around and tried to get them, and as he limped away the old lady in the intelligent office looked out of the window and said:

"If that man doesn't go around robbing clothes-lines then I'm no judge of human nature."

Ethan Allen's Dream.

A GOOD STORY is told of the brave old patriot, Colonel Ethan Allen, whose services to his country in the "time that tried men's souls" were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion on theological matters.

A well known close communion Baptist divine, pastor of the village church, to which his wife belonged, called one evening on the Colonel, and while engaged in his true New England hospitality at the supper table the conversation naturally turned upon church matters.

Quoth the minister, "Colonel, how does it happen that a man of your extensive influence and information has never seen it his duty to join our society? You know we want laborers in the vineyard, especially such laborers as you, and your now scattered contributions would be much more effective, if concentrated in our church, with your personal efforts to direct them. Your example would tend greatly to strengthen our hands and fortify our hearts against the dire assaults of the Evil One."

"Well, brother," replied Allen, "I've often thought as you say about this business, and one day I had almost made up my mind to fall into the ranks, but that night I had a dream, which caused me to give it up."

"And," exclaimed the minister, "what did you dream?"

"Well, I thought I was standing at the entrance of Paradise, and saw a man go up and knock."

"Who's that?" asked a voice from within.

"A friend wishing admittance," was the reply."

"The door opened and the keeper stepped out."

"Well, sir, what denomination did you belong to down yonder?"

"I was an Episcopalian," replied the candidate for admittance."

"Go, then, and take a seat near the door on the east side."

"Just then another stepped up," he was a Presbyterian, and the guardian directed him to a seat. A large number were admitted, and received directions where to seat themselves. I then stepped to the entrance.

"Well, sir, who are you?" asked the guardian."

"I am neither High Churchman, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic nor Jew, but I am the same old Ethan Allen that you have probably heard of from down below, as a liberal man and benefactor of his race."

"What, the same man who took Ticonderoga, in the name of the commander here?"

"The same," I replied."

"All right, Mr. Allen," said he; "just you step in, and sit down wherever you please. And if you want to see your old close friend, the Rev. Amindab Robinson, you will find him in the northeast corner."

Went off Like a Lamb.

There was a time when it was considered justifiable and humane to hurry a little the departure of afflicted friends, suffering from utterly hopeless maladies, like hydrophobia, consumption and black jaundice. Now-a-days a morbid philanthropy has decided against the practice once adopted by the best people, from the best of motives; but I can for one no more doubt the benevolence than the resolution and energy of a certain Yankee dame, who was one of the last to act on the old principle.

Her husband had a wonderful "gift" of endurance, but really his end, a troubled end, seemed very near. The minister came and prayed with him—the doctor had made his last visit, and left no "stuff," and the dog howled in the back yard. In the morning the good minister called again to find the looking glass and the picture of the Washington family veiled in white muslin, the village dress-maker cutting on bombazine, and the good wife weeping. Then ensued a conversation like unto this:

"Has our beloved brother departed this life?"

"Yes, husband's dead and laid out."

"Ah! he is then at rest! Did he suffer much, sister, toward the last?"

"Awful! he went out of his head, and moaned and gasped, and tossed about, and as you had administered spiritual consolation, and he was prepared to die, and the doctor said there wasn't no more hope for him to git well than fur a last year's mornin' glory to blow out agin, I jist took pity on him, and he did thrash round so, and couldn't no way enjoy life any longer, and so I got a big piller and put it over his face, and sot down on it, and then he went off like a lamb."

VEGETINE

I Will Try Vegetine. He Did, AND WAS CURED.

DELAWARE, O., Feb. 16, 1878.
Mr. H. H. Stevens—Dear Sir—I wish to give you this testimony, that you may know, and let others know, what Vegetine has done for me. About two years ago a small sore came on my leg; it soon became a large Ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief, growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night; I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover; I consulted a doctor at Columbus, I followed his advice; it did no good. I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; I saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing Humors, Ulcers, &c. I said to myself, I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could not sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The Ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine and doctors before I bought Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine.
Very respectfully yours,
F. ANTHONI.

Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware, O. He settled here in 1834. He is a wealthy gentleman, of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons, Mr. Anthoni is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all.

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VEGETINE Cured Her.

DORCHESTER, MASS., June 11.
DR. STEVENS—Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of the greatest wonder of the world; it is your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and you, Vegetine, for the relief I have got. The Rheumatism has pained me to such an extent, that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your blood purifier, Vegetine.
MARGERY WELLS.

VEGETINE.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

VEGETINE Is better than any MEDICINE.

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THOS. LYNE.

VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs. It is pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE Recommended by M. D.'s.

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