

weeks a great conflict had been going on in her soul.

Hate cannot last forever; though love can.

A strange, new, intense feeling was growing in the heart of Alice Marlay.—It was not hate. Was it love? Birney Graham seemed to be asleep when Alice Marlay stepped noiselessly to his bedside. He seemed not to hear or see her. But he was not asleep. He was trying to gather strength to open his eyes and come face to face with Alice. After that, when she came in, simply a nod of recognition passed, nothing more.—He was too weak to either thank her or to quarrel with her. A week later, he was able to be dressed, and lie on a sofa.—Then he sent for Miss Marlay. He thought now he had strength to look into her face, and while he looked thank her for all her great kindness to him.—She came in softly, a little pale, and trembling a little. This man, Birney Graham, lying there helpless as a baby, so weak even then that Brown could easily have frightened him to death, had nevertheless come to have a strange, sweet power over her. She sat down upon a little rocking-chair, beside his sofa. He looked at her steadily with his intense black eyes.

"I had thought—" he began. Then he stopped. This beautiful face, now pale with emotion, this was the face of his old, lost love, his first and only love, whom he had worshipped—ah! God knows how wildly! He turned him away from her, and buried his face in the cushions, and broke into passionate sobs. He was so weak, so very weak yet!

The heart of Alice Marlay gave a mighty throb, till it ached in her bosom, then it lay deathly still. She hesitated a moment, a little short moment, then she took Birney Graham's thin face between her hands and turned it back towards her again, and kissed him on the mouth.

"Birney, dear Birney!" she whispered, in a voice ineffably sweet and tender.

He laid one wasted arm about her, and they both wept together a little. It's very sweet to mingle happy tears.

Just because these two were so strong, and proud, and unforgetful, for that very reason they will love each other with a mighty love, which shall endure when common loves are all forgotten, love which shall hold them together till death parts them, and after that day has come, no other mortal can ever fill the place left vacant by either.

"The man I marry must be a strong man," Alice Marlay had said. The man she married had barely strength to step from the sidewalk to the carriage, on his wedding-day. But he was a strong man for all that, and his name was Birney Graham.

Alice Marlay's father was a practical old gentleman with no nonsense about him, and best of all, no snobbery about him. He cared precious little for Highland blood and that rubbish, and thought the world was wide enough for everybody, and one person was as good as another, as long as he behaved himself. When his daughter's choice was announced to him, he received the news peculiar to himself.

"Why couldn't she have taken him five years ago?" he said. "I'm not always asleep when my eyes are shut, and I thought then she couldn't do better.—Birney Graham is one of the few men I've known in my time who had a head on 'em. If she had married him five years ago, she'd have saved a sight of nonsense, and I'd have had a son to help me all this time."

So you will understand the "hidden meaning" of the remark father Marlay made when his approval was asked for the match.

"Yes, yes! It's the strangest thing in nature that people can't learn any sense."

Too Much Curiosity.

MR. BROWN knew the genealogy of every man and woman in the town, and precisely why they married or refrained from marrying. Just as fast as he learned a new fact about any person he hastened to mention it to him. Thus, he would remark to Esquire Wilson, on meeting him at a social party: "Squire, I just found out that your uncle Benjamin was hanged for murder in 1839. Perhaps you don't know the story."

Or he would greet Mrs. Scott with the assurance that he had found out all about her divorce from Mr. Rodgers, her hither-to-unnamed first husband, and would like to talk it over with her.

When it was proposed to raise the the minister's salary and a meeting of the congregation was called for that purpose, Mr. Brown made an earnest speech in favor of the measure, mentioning among other arguments that to his knowledge the minister had to support two drunken sons and a sister who was in the lunatic asylum and that he was so poor that his wife was actually compelled to go without several of the

most necessary articles of clothing, the names of which he specified with conscientious care.

Mr. Brown, in company with his wife, visited Chicago for the first time just prior to last Christmas. Of the ways and customs of the city he was profoundly ignorant, but this was a source of pleasure to him, inasmuch as it opened new fields for the indulgence of his favorite passion. The shops especially filled him with wonder. The absence of the familiar stove, of the convenient and well-whittled wooden chairs, and accessible bin of crackers—features which constitute the very life of a country store—surprised him, and in their stead, he found strange furnace registers and rotary stools, upon which no man could talk politics in any comfort. The "dummies" used by dealers in ladies' dress goods for the display of their patterns, struck him with awe and amazement, and it was some time before he would believe that they were not living ladies of extreme spinal rigidity.

To be exact as to dates, it was on the 23rd of December that Mr. Brown accompanied his wife to one of the principal Chicago shops for the sale of millinery. The place was crowded with busy purchasers of the shopping sex, and there was hardly room enough for the elaborately dressed and life-like "dummies" which were placed near the door. The composition of these "dummies" was a subject of so absorbing interest to Mr. Brown, that he could not return home unless he had fully investigated the matter. Outwardly they were obviously composed of clothes, but what was the skeleton or core which the clothing surrounded? To satisfy his curiosity was very easy. All that he had to do was to carefully lift up the hem of the "dummy's" garments and the mystery would be solved. It was in order to make this experiment that he approached one of the most imposing "dummies," taking care not to attract too much attention.

Mr. Brown has since said, during the period of his painful convalescence, that the clerk who leaped over the counter and cruelly beat him, was too hasty, and that the policeman ought to have listened to his explanation. He cheerfully conceded that, under the circumstances, it was, perhaps, natural that the lady should pull his hair and pound him with her parasol, but he insists that a little reflection would have convinced her that he meant no harm. As for the general chorus of Chicago people which stigmatized his explanations as "too thin," and proclaimed that to pretend that any man could mistake a Chicago lady for a "dummy" was a brutal insult. Mr. Brown feels that it was unreasonable and outrageous. Since that eventful day, however, he has earnestly tried to repress the promptings of curiosity, and his more sanguine friends think that he is content to let the question of the composition of "dummies" remain forever a mystery.

Chicago's Defaulting Bankers.

WHERE are the ex-President's of the broken savings banks? is a question frequently asked. Spencer, of the State Savings, is over in Belgium.—That is certain. He is living in humble quarters, on scanty fare, shattered in health and broken down in spirit as he ought to be. He has enough money to keep him and his family for about two years, if the most rigid economy is practiced. Judge Otis knows this to be a fact, for he was told it about a month ago by a man who had been told it in New York by Spencer's own son, who had only then returned from his father in Europe. The man, of course, refused to disclose his father's immediate whereabouts. No efforts are being made to apprehend the absconder, because nobody has the money to spend, and, any way, it would do no good to capture him, for nothing would be made by it save satisfaction to justice and the depositors.

Endicott, of the Central, has completely foiled every endeavor to capture him. Not a soul interested in his capture has the slightest clew to his whereabouts. It is thought, however, that he is in Europe. There is no doubt whatever that he is in correspondence with persons in Chicago, but the utmost circumspection is used in getting the letters from him to their recipients. The envelopes are not addressed by Endicott, nor are they mailed from where he is, but are taken to some other place, then sent to some point in the United States, whence they are mailed to some one in Chicago, by whom they are delivered to the persons for whom they are intended. A gentleman who writes in five different languages has written over 100 letters, some inclosing photographs of the absconder, to different cities in Europe, but from each he received the disheartening reply that no clew could be obtained. Erhardt, a New York detective, said six months ago, that all he wanted was a photograph, and if Endicott was on top of the earth he should be found; but Erhardt was too sanguine. It is probably not true the defaulting

banker went at first to Boston or Cincinnati, but that he got over into Canada, and thence got aboard. Receiver Glover has personally received assurances from prominent detectives that, if he would advance the necessary money, they would wing the bird, but Mr. Glover was not "on the advance," and always held such assurances to be rather vague—as they are. He does not think that it devolves upon him as a duty to squander money in searching for the fugitive, for, as he says, if he had responded to all the offers he had received of having Endicott returned to him "sure," he wouldn't have any spondulix in the till now.

Substantial Gratitude of a Tramp.

The La Crosse, Wis., Democrat says: In 1853 Miss Myra Kellogg, eldest daughter of the late Simeon Kellogg, and sister of Mark H. Kellogg, who fell beside General Custer on the Little Big Horn, was married in this city to Mr. Thurman J. Safford, who had represented Green county in our Legislature in 1852, and, who, in the year above named, had removed to the promising village of La Crosse. The next spring, however, the young couple moved down into Iowa, and, we believe, settled on a farm, and several years since went into Dakota. He was an honest, hard-working man, but never succeeded in accumulating much of this world's riches.

Four years since, just after the evening meal had been eaten, a dirty, ragged, foot-sore tramp called at his house and begged for something to eat, saying that he was on his way to California, but had had hard luck, having been taken sick after starting. Mr. Safford made him welcome, and his wife went to work and cooked supper for the stranger.

After partaking of the meal prepared they allowed the tramp to remain over night, and, becoming interested in the stranger, he was entertained for a week, during which time he recuperated his health, and, bidding them good bye, started on for California.

Two months since the stranger, who during his four years' absence in California had "struck it rich," came back to Dakota and inquired out his old entertainers, and, in disguise, again spent the night under Mr. Safford's roof.

The tramp was particular to inquire into the circumstances of Mr. Safford, and was told by that gentleman that he had "plenty of hard work to do, but very little money." The next morning the tramp departed without making himself known.

The conversation and incident had been forgotten, when Mr. and Mrs. Safford received through the post office a sealed package, which contained the deed of one of the finest farms in their neighborhood, having a good house, barn, stock, horses, wagons, agricultural implements and everything complete, which was accompanied by an explanatory letter, stating that he wished them to accept the deed of the farm, which he had purchased especially for those who divided with him when in need, and treated him kindly when footsore and poor, and assured them that he was the tramp they entertained years before.—Volumes could not say more, and Mr. and Mrs. Safford are now enjoying the gift made them by a stranger.

A Hoggish Joke.

Nat. Ramsey tells his tale on an Antis township farmer and hog. The farmer built a worm-fence around one of his fields. In one of the panels he took for a bottom rail a hollow log, which had a large crook in the middle. The farmer had a hog which annoyed him no little, by getting into fields where he was not wanted, and was no less at a loss to know how that original of lard got into that field. So he instituted a careful watch to find out the shrewdness that was in this particular porker. What was his astonishment to find the animal entering at one end of his hollow log and emerging into the field at the other end. Then the farmer set his wits at work to astonish that hog as much as the hog had annoyed him. So he gets to work and turns the log over, making the bend toward the inside of the field, thus throwing both ends on the outside, and awaited developments. Presently along came his hogship, and darted in it one end of the log, but the astonishment of the animal was great when he found he was not in the field, and back nearly where he started from. He looked a sort of obfuscated, thought there was some mistake about the matter, and tried it over again and again, first in at one end then at the other, still with the same result—not in the field. He was the picture of bewilderment, so amusing that the farmer came near losing his life by the operation. He had seated himself on the stump of a tree, reaching some ten feet above the ground to watch the movements of the hog, and in a fit of laughter over the joke he had played on the animal fell off, but was caught by a stub of the stump in the seat of his unmentionables, and would probably

have died in that position, had not Mr. Ramsey very fortunately come along at that moment and relieved him from his unpleasant predicament.

More Leprosy Cases.

Two cases of leprosy among the Chinese in San Francisco have given rise to considerable apprehension. One of the lepers was found lying abandoned in the Chinese quarter of the city, and his countrymen passed by in throngs, refusing to give him relief in any form or to touch him. He was placed by white men in a fruit wagon from which a load of oranges had just been sold, and was taken to the Chinese hospital, but was there denied admission. He was then taken to the city prison. The other leper was discovered in the jail, and was utilized as a lecture specimen by the Academy of Sciences. These cases will show whether the fear of contagion displayed by the countrymen of the sufferers is well founded, for the two wretches were freely handled by white men.

The introduction of leprosy into the Hawaiian Islands has been a great calamity to them, and the possibility of a similar curse to California is now viewed with alarm. To what extent the disease now exists there among the Chinese is not known, and there is no way of discovering. The mortality returns report nearly all the deaths that occur among them to result from "causes unknown," and a large proportion of them may be owing to this disease. Now that it is known to exist in the city, it becomes important to learn under what conditions it is infectious.

A Curious Fish.

Mr. Frank Buckland, the well-known English naturalist, describes in *Land and Water* his good fortune in seeing, under favorable conditions, a cuttlefish casting its ink. Three or four specimens of cuttles live in the Westminster Aquarium. One of them in passing the window of his tank evidently mistook the naturalist for a foe. "So," writes Mr. Buckland, "as he swam along he ejected from his ink-bag a jet of what looked like a cloud of the most intensely black smoke that ever came out of a factory chimney. Instantly the water lost all transparency. Mr. Cuttlefish then went into the middle of the water he had so artfully made opaque. When there he ejected more ink, and in less than half a minute the water round him became blacker than the blackest thunder-cloud ever beheld. The ink gradually dispersed itself through the water, forming clouds of the most delicate shadings, fading off from the very black place under which the beast was concealed. Not even Turner, the great artist, ever imagined such a cloud. This ink is used in the arts, sepia being the very substance taken from the cuttlefish and dried. Without doubt this power of shooting ink is a most wonderful means of protection to preserve the animal from being eaten by its enemies, and it may not be impossible that the idea of gods and goddess appearing from the clouds and disappearing into clouds, so often described by Vigil might have taken its origin from the power of a cuttlefish to surround itself with a cloud of ink. May we not also compare this cuttlefish to a voluminous author, who conceals his identity in clouds of ink?"

A Rather Mixed Text.

A poor man and wife who lived in the North of Ireland on a bit of a farm, so small that it did not afford them a living, and they ran behind on the rent.—They were very uneasy and despondent about the debt. One Sabbath morning the wife declared her intentions of going to meeting. Perhaps the minister would have a word of comfort for her. But she came home more cast down than ever.

"What's the matter? Had the minister no good word for ye the day?" inquired the husband.

"Ah, no," replied she. "He held me up to shame before the whole congregation. What do ye think he took for his text, man? Why this: 'If ye don't pay the rent, ye shall all leave the parish.'"

"There's no such text in the Bible," said the husband.

"Deed then, there is! I saw him read it out of the book with my own eyes."

The husband was incredulous and took the first opportunity to ask one of his neighbors, who had been at the service, about the matter.

"Will ye tell me what the minister took for his text the Sabbath morn'?" said he.

"The text? I mind it well!" said the neighbor. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"If a man 'doesn't care' for the respect of his fellow creatures he will very soon lose respect for himself, and when self-respect is once gone Satan has a good lien on everything else."

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

DELAWARE, O., Feb. 16, 1878.
Mr. H. R. 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 my family, 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.

IMPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt-rheum, ring-worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the Vegetine, and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

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 one of the greatest wonders 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 your 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.

HENDERSON, KY., Dec. 1877.
I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken.
THOS. LYNE.

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

VEGETINE
Recommended by
M. D.'s.

H. R. STEVENS.—Dear Sir—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.
A. B. DE FREST, M. D.,
Hazleton, Ind.

VEGETINE

Prepared
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

MUSSER & ALLEN
CENTRAL STORE
NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season.

BLACK ALPACCAS
AND
Mourning Goods

A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of

SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS.

And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE,
Newport, Perry County, Pa.

J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GIRVIN.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON,
FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,

No. 64 South Gay St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

MEN'S WEAR. Don't you want some cheap goods for Pants and Suits? If you do, don't fail to examine the splendid assortment for sale by P. MORTIMER. You can suit yourself in style and price.