

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

MISS JESSAMINE had just emerged, yawning, from her bed-room, although the sun was five hours high and its merry zigzag of gold were penciling the casements, after a pattern which no artist under heaven could hope to imitate.

And Kitty, the colored maid who had accompanied her mistress from Mobile, and regarded this Northern climate as a very Polar region, was attending her with chocolate, Vienna bread and a broiled chicken's wing.

George Jessamine was on a visit to her father's cousin, Mrs. Dartley. Maj. Joseph Jessamine, her father, had been a well-to-do planter in Alabama before the war, but he was neither more nor less, at present, than a genteel beggar, and Mrs. Dartley's invitation to Georgia had been hailed with delight.

"I only wish she had asked me, too," said the major.

So Georgia Jessamine was supplied with an elegant wardrobe (purchased mostly on credit) and went North, to seek her fortune.

Mrs. Dartley was a rich widow, who lived in a handsome house, scattered her money to and fro with liberal hand and dwelt in a perpetual whirl of balls, parties, soirees and receptions. And into this sort of life Miss Jessamine plunged, as you may have seen a bee dive joyously into the deep bill of a honeysuckle.

"If I can only make a good match here in New York, I never need go back to that tumble-down old house in Mobile," said Miss Jessamine to herself.

And, thus pondering, she devoted the entire energies of her nature to the attainment of the aforesaid 'good match.'

Claude Dartley, her cousin, came under that head. Claude was handsome, witty and wealthy. But Georgia was a little afraid of Claude. She never could quite understand whether he was laughing at her or not. But, in spite of all that, she smiled sweetly on Claude, as first and foremost among the "eligibles" on her list, and had built many castles in the air, whereof he formed the foundation.

Last night, at Mrs. Penfield's musicale he had been especially devoted, and Miss Jessamine's spirits were high, as she drank the foaming chocolate and nibbled at the Vienna twists.

In a minute, however, a blue-ribboned maid came to the door.

"Miss Jessamine," said she, with a little apologetic courtesy, "would you please come down to the parlor? There is a young lady there, asking for you."

"A young lady?" repeated Georgia, staring at the opposite clock, which recorded an hour too early for fashionable calls. "Where is her card, Fanny?"

"She didn't send up any card, miss," replied the maid.

"Did she ask for me by name?"

"Well, miss, she asked for my mistress first, and then, when I said she was gone to Signor Arditi's to sit for a portrait, but you was in, she said might she see you a minute."

Georgia Jessamine glanced down at the folds of her rose-colored cashmere morning wrapper, and then at the opposite mirror, to see if the braids of her rich black hair were in good order.

"I suppose I must go down," said she, slowly; "but if it should be one of those tiresome subscription collectors, or patent dress-supporter vendors—"

Katy made a grimace at Fanny as the door closed behind the rustling trails of Miss Jessamine's rose-colored dress.

"De young missee, she don't 'nk nobody hain't no business to lib but herself," said she. "She's dat selfish de good Lord ought to have created a little glass globe ober her, to keep off de rest of de world."

Meanwhile, Miss Jessamine, sweeping down the stairs into the drawing-room, found herself face to face with a pale, levely girl, in rather shabby mourning, who carried a morocco travelling-bag and held two or three volumes in her other hand.

"Did you ask for me?" she demanded, superciliously.

The young lady bowed.

"I have undertaken the agency of a new publication," said she, hurriedly, and not without embarrassment—"Lane's Life of Martha Washington"—and should be happy to put down your name as a subscriber. The price is—"

"Pray don't trouble yourself to go on," said Georgia, coldly. "I never subscribe to any such thing. And I think it the height of insolence for you to come here pushing yourself into the presence of your superiors on such a pretext as this! How do I know that you are not one of those sneak-thieves, who make your way into people's houses in order to carry off their valuable parlor ornaments?"

The young lady had colored scarlet at first, and then grew deadly pale.

"Miss Jessamine—" she said.

"That will do," tartly interposed the haughty Georgia. "I don't care about entering into any discussion with you.—At all events, it is highly unfeminine to

go about peddling things, like any common peanut woman! And I beg you'll not repeat it in this house."

She pointed imperiously to the open door, and poor Amy Horton, who, among all the slights and snubs incident to reduced means, had never yet received a verbal castigation equal to this, hurried from her presence with cheeks aflame and eyelids wet with unshed tears.

"There!" said Miss Jessamine to herself, as she went up stairs again; "I think I've paid her off for breaking me away from my half-finished breakfast.—As for you, Fanny"—to the damsel in the blue ribbons—"if ever you admit such a person as that again, I shall certainly request Mrs. Dartley to discharge you."

Fanny tossed her head and would have made a pert rejoinder, had she dared, for there was not a servant in the Dartley household that liked Miss Jessamine.

But it so chanced that Claude Dartley himself, looking over the morning papers, in the library, had heard the whole interview, through the parlor door that Georgia had neglected to close.

Involuntarily he rose and came forward, resolved to do what in him lay for the healing of the cruel wound inflicted by Miss Georgia Jessamine's unwomanly words.

"Pardon me," said he, "but may I look at the publication you have for sale? I am very deeply grieved that my cousin should have treated you so rudely, and—"

But as she glanced wistfully up in his face, he started back, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Amy Horton! Can it be possible?"

"I did not expect to see you here, Mr. Dartley," said the girl, hurriedly. "I asked for the lady of the house. I did not know who lived here."

"But, Amy, I don't understand this. You—General March's niece and adopted daughter—selling books for a livelihood?"

"It does seem strange, don't it?" said Amy with a faint smile. "But you don't know all. Uncle March is dead, and all his property has gone to his second wife. I was only a dependent, and I could not endure that sort of life; so I am striving to maintain myself. I came to New York, because I thought I could do better here than in a smaller city, but—but I am almost discouraged."

Claude Dartley took her hand and gazed reproachfully into her face.

"Amy," said he, "why did you not let me know when you were in trouble? Had you forgotten our old friendship?"

"I thought I had no right," she faltered.

"No right, Amy? Would you have let yourself drift away from me forever?"

And Amy Horton hung down her bright golden head and faintly murmured:

"I don't know!"

Mr. Dartley was in the inner office of the law chambers of Messrs. Falkland, Burgh & Co., that afternoon, when Miss Jessamine rustled in, with a strong smell of "Jockey Club," and a little tinkle of affected laughter.

Mr. Burgh, the only representative of the aristocratic young firm, rose and bowed low.

"Pray excuse our segar smoke, Miss Jessamine," said he.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Georgia, taking the leather-cover chair that he offered her. "I'm so glad that I found you in. I want to put your name down for some tickets for aunt Bella's charity charades. Very private and select.—Five dollars a ticket. And I shall expect you to take at least half a dozen."

"Consider my limited means, Miss Jessamine!" pleaded the young lawyer, with a comical screwing up of his eyebrows.

"Oh, you must!" insisted Georgia, relentlessly. "I've undertaken to sell fifty, and I never go back from my word. Who's that in the inner office? Mr. Falkland? Whoever it is must give me a round subscription."

She had just started up to go into the other room, when her purpose was anticipated by the appearance of her cousin Claude on the threshold.

"Oh, it's Claude!" cried she, radiantly. "Well, I can scarcely levy a tribute upon him, after he has given toward our costumes and scenery."

"Stop a minute, Georgia!" said the young man, quietly. "You are selling tickets now. Will you allow me to ask wherein consists the difference between you and the young lady whom you so grossly insulted in my mother's drawing-room this morning? Will you let me repeat your very words, that it is highly unfeminine to go about peddling things, like any common peanut woman?"

Georgia colored high.

"Claude," stammered she, "I—I'm very sorry. I didn't know you were within hearing; and it was only a book agent, after all."

"There you are mistaken," said Mr.

Dartley, with stinging coldness. "It was Miss Amy Horton, the young lady who is shortly to become my wife."

And Georgia Jessamine knew that she had committed a fatal mistake.

She went back to the tumble-down house in Mobile, and there she remains yet, too proud to work for a living; and although Amy has written her a kind invitation to visit her, Miss Jessamine has not the face to accept it.

Mad Stones—Some Facts About Them.

"THIS is the greatest curiosity in my whole collection," said Prof. Worth.

The place was Worth's Museum, on Woodward avenue, Detroit, and the person addressed was a News reporter. The professor held in his hand a flattened circle of stone, about three inches in diameter and an inch and a half thick, in shape resembling a good-sized biscuit with the top and bottom scooped out.—The color was a dirty red, and it weighed about three-quarters of a pound. The reporter took it in his hand, looked it all over intently, but could not see anything very curious about it.

"No idea what it is! Well, sir, that is the famous Virginia mad-stone. It has been applied in numerous cases of poisoning for dog and snake bites, and has invariably cured the victim. This one has a known record of 80 years. S. H. Aron, of Virginia, got it from the Indians, and when he died it came into the possession of his son, George Aron, who presented it to his family physician, Dr. L. L. Alexander, of Spring Hill, Henry county, Tenn., in 1875, in gratitude for past service. The doctor was attending lectures at the university, Louisville, Ky., when I learned that he had the mad-stone. After four interviews he finally consented to sell it to me, and it is now the leading curiosity of my museum."

"Did you ever cure any body with it?"

"Yes sir, two cases—a man and a boy in St. Louis, Missouri, last year, while exhibiting on Fifth street. They were both bitten by mad dogs. I first punctured the place they were bitten with these needles. (Here the professor held up a bunch of 18 needles stuck through a cork). Then, having previously put the stone in a bath of milk and water, I applied it to the wound. It adhered immediately, and stuck so fast that it hung to the flesh without any support. In a few minutes the milk on the surface of the stone turned green as verdigris, and emitted a repulsive odor. After being saturated with the virus it came off, when I put it in another bath of milk and water, and it discharged the poison. Then I put it on again, and repeated the process several times till the virus was all extracted and the patient removed from danger."

"Are there many more of the mad-stones?" asked the reporter.

"There are 18 known to be owned by different parties in the United States.—The most famous is the Turner Evans mad-stone, which is owned by a farmer of that name who lives near Aramosa, Iowa. It has been in his family for about 130 years, having been handed down from father to son for four generations. The stone has been applied over 700 times, and in every case was successful. It has been applied to horses, cattle and human beings. There is one owned by a man in Lincoln, Kansas, (I forget his name, but everybody about there has heard of it and knows the owner).—It is of irregular shape, broken in two, and held together with a metal band.

"The widow Taylor, of Terre Haute, Ind., has one also of irregular shape, also broken, and also held together the same way. On one occasion a locomotive was chartered especially to go to Terre Haute for this stone. There are two owned in Missouri, one at Carondelet and the other by Judge Griffin, who resides five miles from St. Charles. There is another owned in Virginia, between Lynchburg and Charlottesville. I can't remember the others. The Burlington "Hawkeye" published a list of the owners of mad-stones in August last, and I have got it, but can't find it among my papers.

"Do the owners make any charge for applying the stone?"

"Yes; they generally charge from \$50 to \$100, and none of them will let the stone go out of their possession. They always go with it when it has to be applied. The only persons who give gratuitous uses are Turner, Evans and myself. Judge Griffin and the man at Carondelet have each refused \$3,000 for their mad-stones. The modus operandi of using it is generally the same, but the Virginia man cleans the virus out of his stone by heating it on a hot shovel instead of bathing it in milk."

"How do you account for its wonderful power?"

"I don't know the true scientific reason, but it is evident that there are properties in them which have a chemical affinity for the virus, and a repulsion for water and milk. It is claimed by a

brother and sister who live in Logan county, Illinois, that their mad-stone will cure erysipelas, which I suppose is produced by tainted blood. Anyhow, they go on the no cure no pay principle.

The Cost of Meddling.

A laughable incident occurred at the lake on Sunday morning. There is a steam ferry-boat plying between the beach on the Charlotte side and the mouth of the river. Sunday morning, Ferryman Williams made a run across with some half a dozen passengers, and landed safely on the Summerville side. He also went ashore with them, having interested himself in conversation with one of the party, but suddenly, to his surprise, he saw his ship leaving him, and making rapid progress for the opposite shore.

It seems one of the passengers had been inspecting the engine in the engine room, and opened the steam valve, and set the machine running, but did not know how to stop it. Williams shouted to the fellow to turn the valve over this way, making the motion with his hands.

The fellow in attempting to obey orders, turned the valve, but sure enough, turned it the wrong way, and set the machine running faster. Then he turned it the other way; but as it did not stop immediately he again turned it the other way. Then he turned again and again, and finally he gave it up.

He came outside and said he couldn't stop the old machine. Williams was sufficient for the work, however, for he ran to the club house, obtained a pair of oars, jumped into one of the little boats which were pulled up on the pier, and made for his runaway boat, reaching it just in time to save it from striking heavily against the opposite pier.—Rochester Express.

Experiences of a Tramp.

The Indianapolis "News" says: A "News" reporter met a strange character lying upon the grass in Military park under the shade of a great oak tree. He was a man nearly or quite sixty years of age, and though ragged in his clothing, dirty in his person and uncouth in his conversation, showed that he was of more than usual intelligence. He said that he was a tramp, and had been in this country nearly ten years. "When I came," he said, "the tramp business here had not begun, and I found found rich pickings. Now it's overdone, and where we at that time received feed and good treatment at every farm house, in every village and in every city, we now find things quite different. In the country the dogs are set on us, in the village they often get the bully of the place to beat us.

"See that eye," said he, lifting his hat which had kept the left side of his face shadowed, and disclosing an eye in which the blood had settled in the white, and above and below which were black-and-blue bruises. Done by a blacksmith at Brazil. His wife told him I insulted her. Besides that, I tried to take one of his shirts, a calico one, off a line. We do better in cities. When we want a rest from padding the hoof in Greenland (tramping in the country) we come to the city, get set up for a couple of weeks or so and are rested. I've been in a good many work-houses in England. I've been a tramp all my life—but it's way behind this country.

We do better here than we do there. It's a little tough sometimes in winter, specially with the green ones, but I can do most anything. It runs in my family, I've got a brother in Bristol, England, a gonnoff, (retired thief), who has settled down to a good business. I used to be a "wire" (pickpocket) myself, but I'm getting old and clumsy. The best dodge I find in winter is the "shallow lay." You don't know what that is. Well, it's to sham starving. I've rubbed indigo on my face and hands to look blue-cold. With this I look my hungriest. It's a prime "do" and never fails to touch the charitable. You can get almost anything you want by that dodge.

A Snake that Likes Cream.

Mrs. Judge D. W. Rowe has been missing cream from a certain jug in her milk cellar. Its disappearance was a mystery that could not be unravelled. Various ways were suggested to account for its appropriation but none were satisfactory, until Mrs. Rowe on entering the cellar on last Wednesday evening discovered the thief. Mrs. R. saw a snake coiled around the jug from which the cream had been wont to disappear, and from the position the snake was then in, it was evident it was engaged in emptying the jug of its contents. Mrs. R., not liking her company, made a rather hasty exit, and when she returned with others, his snakeship had vacated. The cellar is closely cemented, and the snake must have found its way in and out through the open windows. It is supposed that the snake was a copperhead, and is still at large and enjoying good health.—Greencastle Press.

VEGETINE

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

DELAWARE, O., Feb. 16, 1878. Mr. H. B. 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 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.

HEMIDEN, KY., Dec. 1877. I have used H. B. 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, Barks and Herbs. It is pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE. Recommended by M. D.'s.

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

VEGETINE Prepared H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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