

ished old lady, jumping up. "She shall marry, and I will fix things so that I shall have somebody to depend on.—That Lawton isn't so bad a fellow after all, and she shall have him. Kate, you shall have Rick Lawton. I will see if we are to be jeered at and shunned by this town on account of that fellow's stupidity."

The guests had begun to retreat from the melee. Either the old lady's mind was breaking up, or she had a monomania on that one subject—ghosts. For hours she walked the floor, cried and threatened.

"You hear what I say, Kate? You shall marry Rick Lawton and live here."

"Yes, aunt."

It was nearly daylight. I still lingered, fearing some catastrophe from the excitement. Besides, Bessie seemed to have grown composed, and her blue eyes shone with something very much like happiness. She looked so deeply fascinating, and Kate looked so mirthful behind her pocket-handkerchief, that I was bewildered.

But I got a whisper of the truth before I left. It was Rick Lawton taking off his wig in the garden that had frightened Peter, and Kate, taking advantage of the situation, provided her lover with a sheet, whereby he personified a walking ghost for the benefit of the poor darkey.

I went home for breakfast and in two hours was recalled to arrange legal documents concerning a wedding dower.—Kate and Lawton were married then and there. They made a tour, but settled down in the old mansion immediately. Privately, I think that it was fortunate that the old lady immediately took her bed, or matrimonial bliss might have been a myth for the newly wedded pair.

She was confined to her room for several years before her death, but made no trouble. Sometimes when the bell would peal half a dozen times in a hour, summoning the doctor to his numerous patients of the surrounding country, she would smile shrewdly and say:

"Folks don't seem to be afraid to come here."

I was sorry to take her little nurse away, but Bessie attended her a whole year, after she had promised to be my wife, and I could do without her no longer.

A year after Kate's marriage, we heard from the red-haired young man who had so befriended us. He had married a Creole heiress in New Orleans, and he wished us joy of our haunted old castle. It is haunted with the laughter of merry children—that's all.

**HETTY'S MISTAKE.**

"DEAR, dear, how it rains!" said Hetty Wallis.

She had opened the door the least little bit in the world, to see if there was any prospect of its clearing up, but the rush of the wind and rain that swept in at the crevice compelled her to close it again almost instantaneously.

It was a little brown house, on the edge of the lonely Western forest—a brown house, with sloping eaves and a bay-window, and a dooryard full of roses, whose crimson clusters gleamed faintly in the late autumn twilight.

Doctor Wallis lived here—Doctor Wallis, who had come West, with his two daughters, scarcely six months ago, and who was the only physician within a radius of thirty good miles around.

Hetty stood by the fire, one foot on the fender, her dark, dreamy eyes fixed on the red glow of the burning logs.—Sibyl, the other sister, lay luxuriously back in a cushioned chair, waiting for the lamps to be lighted before she went on with the bit of Berlin wool-work in her lap.

Sibyl Wallis was a rose-cheeked, scarlet-lipped beauty, one of these fair human flowers which, like the lillies of Solomon, are destined neither to toll nor to spin.

Doctor Wallis was a poor man, and kept no servants; but no one ever expected Sibyl to do any of the rough and disagreeable offices consequent upon housekeeping.

Sibyl dusted the parlors, kept the vases full of flowers, washed the tea china, and "did up" her own pretty faces and pocket-handkerchief; and Hetty, the second daughter—a brown little elf, with jetty hair growing low on her forehead, and a colorless olive skin—cheerfully undertook the prosaic part of life, as if it were her natural inheritance.

"To think of poor papa out in all this tempest!" said Hetty mournfully. "Gentlemen don't mind such things," said Sibyl, serenely. "And of course, it's just what a doctor must expect."

"Hush!" said Hetty, suddenly turning her head in a quick, bird-like fashion. "Some one is knocking at the back door."

"Perhaps you'd better go and see who it is," remarked Sibyl.

It was a man all wrapped up in oil-

skin, until nothing more than the tip of a very red nose was visible.

"Oh, I say, miss," said the dripping visitant, "where's the doctor?"

"He isn't in," said Hetty.

"Where's Doctor Wallis," reiterated the man.

"He's out!" answered Hetty, speaking loud and distinctly, under the impression that the inquirer was deaf.

"It's Dakin's boy," said the man, "he's chokin' to death."

"Oh!" said Hetty. "Croup, I suppose?"

"Don't know what it is," said the messenger. "Ain't no doctor myself. All I know is that I must bring back Dr. Wallis," with a nod at his lumber wagon at the gate.

"But you can not, if he is out," said Hetty.

The man stood a moment, shifting from one foot to the other, evidently in a quandary.

"I'm blamed if I know what to do," said he. "Well I'll tell ye what, Miss. You just send the doctor on to Dakin's just as quick as he comes back. If Dakin's boy chokes to death, it ain't no fault of mine!"

And away rumbled the wagon into mist and twilight.

It had hardly disappeared when a little lad arrived with a note for Hetty.

"It's from papa," said Hetty, hurriedly opening it and reading aloud the following brief message:

DEAR GIRLS: Old Eldwood is very bad, and I shall probably be detained all night. Lock up the house as usual, and don't expect me until I come. Affectionately,  
H. W.

"Oh, dear," said Hetty, blankly; "and what is to become of Dakin's child?"

"I never saw such a girl as you, Hetty," said lovely Sibyl, with a pettish contraction of the brows. "You are always shouldering other people's troubles. What is Dakin's child to us, I'd like to know?"

"But only think of it, Sibyl," said Hetty, clasping her hands, "a dear little baby suffocating to death all for the want of the simplest remedies."

"We can not help it," said Sibyl setting back composedly among her cushions.

"But I'm not so sure of that," said Hetty, briskly. "I know the remedies papa uses for a case of croup, and how to use them. I'll go myself."

"Hetty!" cried the elder sister, "are you crazy?"

"Crazy?" said Hetty. "No, I'm only ordinarily human. The child shan't die if I can help it."

She went to her father's drug closet, opened it, and took out several small vials.

"Syrup ipecac," said Hetty, with a little nod of her head to each. "Asa-fetida," "hive syrup." Simple remedies, but very effectual if taken in time."

"But, Hetty," pleaded Sibyl, "you're never going to walk, nobody knows how far, in all the rain?"

"Yes, I am," said Hetty, buttoning on a capacious water proof cloak, and pulling the hood over her head.

"And you don't even know where these Dakins live."

"Yes, I do. It's a big brick house just beyond the woods by the church. Papa showed it to me the other day."

"Full two miles away."

"I can't help that," said Hetty. "And me all alone!"

Sibyl's voice grew plaintive.

"I can't help that either," returned Hetty, a little impatiently. "But don't fret, Sib—I'll not be long."

And out the brave little girl walked into the tempestuous twilight, with her pockets full of medicine and the water proof cloak buttoned snug around her.

Not until she had left the friendly lights of home far behind and was lost in the black, rustling depths of the forest, where the dark boughs met over head, and ghostly, whispering sounds went through the dry leaves, did Hetty's valliant heart begin to quail.

Even then she would not admit to herself that she was in the least timid, but resolutely fixed her thoughts upon "Dakin's boy," suffocating to death with croup, and quickened her footsteps as she did so.

Darker and darker it grew—lonelier and lonelier; but Hetty pressed resolutely until drenched with rain and ready to drop with fatigue of making her way through muddy roads against the winds, she knocked at the door of Squire Dakin's red brick house.

An elderly woman opened it.

"It is the doctor!" said she eagerly.

"No," said Hetty, "but it's the doctor's daughter."

"Lord sakes alive!" said the woman, despairingly; "what good can you do, and him so mortal bad?"

"A great deal," said Hetty. "Let me come in, if you please. I understand my father's treatment, and I have some medicine here."

At this the woman stood back, motioning toward the stairway, and Hetty ran up and entered the sick room with a confidence born of her womanly courage and kindness.

"But it was no cradled babe or plump four-year-old who lay there. "Dakin's boy" was one-and-twenty at the very least, pale and handsome, with closed eyes, and a face set as if in mortal pain, as it lay on the pillow.

Hetty involuntarily recoiled.

"It—it isn't the croup then," said she clasping one of the little bottles in her hand.

"It's quinsy," said one of the attendants, "and it is a fatal case, I'm thinking."

And little Hetty, all her bravery oozing out, like Bob Acre's courage, at her fingers' ends, sat down behind the door, and began to cry.

The sick man opened his eyes—large and soft, and dark they were, with long lashes—and asked faintly:

"Who's that?"

Hetty rose and came forward.

"It's me, the doctor's daughter," said she. "I—thought it was a little boy with the croup, and—"

"Don't cry," said he gently, "it will soon be over."

And he closed his eyes again, while poor Hetty cried harder than ever. An incipient case of croup she thought she could manage, but "quinsy" was entirely beyond the range of her capacities. She had never been in a death-chamber before, and the hour and solemnity of the scene impressed her with a sense of vague terror.

Just then a brisk, heavy footstep sprang up the stairs, two at a time. There was a stir and commotion in the room.

"Oh, thank heaven!" cried Hetty, "it's papa."

Doctor Wallis it was. Released earlier than he expected from the other sick bed, he returned home, and learned from his eldest daughter Hetty's errand, and here he was, flushed and breathless from the haste he had made.

An hour later he came down to where Hetty sat on the lowest stair, pale and anxious.

"Papa," said she, "how is the young man?"

"Better, my dear. Doing well. But it was an even chance between death and life for one while. Come, dear, I'm going home now. Dobbin is at the door."

Hetty climbed silently into the buggy and nestled down by her father's side.

"Papa," said she, presently, "was I very silly to come here?"

"No, my dear, you were very kind-hearted. But as you see there is some difference between a simple case of croup and malignant quinsy."

"Dakin's boy" recovered with marvelous celerity, and the first place he visited in his convalescence was Doctor Wallis' house, to thank the doctor's black-eyed daughter for coming to see him on that stormy night.

"I wish I was a little chap with the croup," said he laughingly, "to put myself under your professional care."

"What nonsense!" said Hetty, turning very red.

"But indeed, I shall never forget the pitying look in your kind eyes," said Hector Dakin, gently. "It seemed somehow to draw me back to life."

And by the time that "Dakin's boy" was quite recovered, he had gotten into a way of spending his time at Doctor Wallis' that seemed decidedly chronic; when he became engaged to the doctor's daughter.

"It's very strange, though," said Sibyl, fretfully, "that the only eligible and decent looking man within ten miles should fall in love with our brown little Hetty."

"I don't think it strange at all," said Dr. Wallis, dryly.

**Furious Sharks.**

The New Haven Journal of the 31st ult., says: As the large seine of the East Haven fishing company was being drawn to shore yesterday afternoon, and when the catch was close in to the sand beach and the heads and tails of thousands of white fish constantly appeared and disappeared, thickly filling the surface of the water in the net enclosure, an unusual and violent commotion told of the presence of more sharks in the net.

On Wednesday one monster man eater, eleven feet long, was taken, and on Thursday, with 25,000 white fish, brought to shore, there were five of the rapacious monsters captured, one seven feet in length, one six feet and the rest smaller.

The capture of these had whetted expectations of seeing more, although the company are not at all anxious for their appearance owing to the danger of their tearing and thrashing the net to pieces. When the sharks were seen yesterday they had not become aware that they were prisoners and were rushing about gorging themselves on the white fish at a great rate.

It wasn't long before they found out that there was trouble in the camp, and they lashed the white-fish-filled water with their tails and swam around in circles, lathering the place with foam. Not to give the sharks too much lee way, Mr. Meadham stepped out among the thousands of white fish, axe in hand, and dealt two of the largest sharks each a powerful blow, which seemed to stun them a little. Then, with a large heavy iron hook in hand, with a long rope attached reaching to shore, he watched his chances, and at the right moment struck the hook into the nearest shark, and the hook taking a strong hold, the shark, with ten or a dozen sturdy men at the rope, soon found himself on the sand.

The operation was repeated until five of the ugly, thrashing intruders were making the sand fly on the beach and snapping their saw teeth in the most savage fashion. A bean pole inserted in the mouth of one of them was held as if in a vise, and pieces were bitten in two.

The three largest sharks were measured with a foot rule when lying comparatively quiet. The largest one was eight feet long, the next seven and the third six feet. The other two were three or four feet long, but were active and saucy enough.

As soon as some of the sharks found themselves on land they discharged from their capacious jaws a shower of white fish. One of the smaller sharks had his head bitten clean off in a trice when inserted in the open jaws of the eight-footer.

A number of years ago the fishing company's seines brought sixteen sharks to shore in one season, and the catch this season is the largest since then.—The unusual number of sharks in the harbor and along the shore this summer is partially accounted for by the hot weather and the swarms of white fish in to feed. It might be added that it behooves the small boy to select his bathing ground with some show of discretion in view of the shark family preference this season for the shore.

**Lockjaw by a Lightning Stroke.**

A Kalamazoo paper says: The case of Benjamin O. Bush, of this place, who has been expected to die every day for the past week with the lockjaw, but who is now believed to be slowly recovering, has been a very singular one. Some time ago he run a rusty nail into his foot, but the foot was poulticed and healed over without any apparent result. Some two weeks ago he was witnessing a game of base ball between the Jackson and Kalamazoo clubs, when the lightning struck a tree on the track and Bush immediately felt a pain between the shoulders as though a knife had been run into him. He went home and his symptoms continued to grow worse in spite of medical assistance, until it proved to be a very bad case of lockjaw. He had to be fed through a tube for several days, and the cramping and contortions of the body were frightful to behold.

**A Fashionable Call and all They Said.**

How do you do, my dear? Purty well, thank you. (They kiss.) How have you been this age? Purty well—how have you been? Very well, thank you. Pleasant to-day. Yes, very bright—but we had a shower yesterday. Are all your people well? Quite well, thank you, how are yours? Very well, I'm obliged to you—have you seen Mary B. lately? No, but I've seen Susan C. You don't say. Is she well? Do call again soon. Thank you—but you don't call upon me once in an age. Oh, you should not say that; I am sure I am very good. Good day. Must you go? Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make. Good day.

**A Lonesome Watch.**

William McMurtrie, a Paterson school teacher, and his son, while walking through the woods, near Southfield on Saturday evening, lost their way and were unable to find their way out in the darkness. While they were discussing what to do Mr. McMurtrie fell forward on his face dead, it is supposed of heart disease. The son was compelled to sit by the corpse all night, not knowing which way to go. In the morning he found his way out and summoned assistance.

At Bombay a lady and gentleman who were taking a stroll sauntered into a church, and finding the marriage register on a table, the gentleman for fun wrote in it the names of four people (two couples), well known in their circle of friends. The names may not be erased, because any one tampering with the signatures in the registry is liable to seven years penal servitude. The offender has absconded, the gentlemen are in pursuit, and the ladies in dismay. The governor has been appealed to, but no decision has been arrived at as to what can be done.

**VEGETINE**  
Purifies the Blood & Gives Strength.

Dr. QUINN, Ill., Jan. 21, 1878.  
Mr. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir—Your Vegetine has been doing wonders for me. I have been having the Chills and Fever, contracted in the swamps of the South, nothing giving me relief until I began to use your Vegetine, it giving me immediate relief, toning up my system, purifying my blood, giving strength, whereas all other medicines weakened me, and filled my system with poison; and I am satisfied that if all families that live in the malarial districts of the South and West, would take Vegetine two or three times a week, they would not be troubled with the Chills or the malignant Fevers that prevail at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills, and live to a good old age.  
Respectfully yours,  
J. E. MITCHELL.  
Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect 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 and just claim upon public attention.

**VEGETINE**

**Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo.**

CATRO, Ill., Jan. 23, 1878.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir—I have used several bottles of Vegetine; it has entirely cured me of Vertigo. I have also used it for Kidney Complaint. It is the best medicine for Kidney Complaint. I would recommend N. YOCUM blood purifier.

PAIN AND DISHASE. Can you expect to enjoy good health when bad or corrupt humors circulate with the blood, causing pain and disease; and these humors, being deposited through the entire body, produce pimples, eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, costiveness, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and numerous other complaints? Remove the cause by taking Vegetine, the most reliable remedy for cleansing and purifying blood.

**VEGETINE.**

**I Believe it to be a Good Medicine.**

XENIA, O., March 1, 1877.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir—I wish to inform you what your Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted with Neuralgia, and after using three bottles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I also found my general health much improved. I believe it to be a good medicine.  
Yours truly,  
FRED. HARVEY-STICK.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

**VEGETINE.**

**Druggist's Report.**

H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir—We have been selling your Vegetine for its past eighteen months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, to your knowledge, it has given great satisfaction.  
Respectfully,  
BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists,  
Hickman, Ky.

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IS THE BEST  
**SPRING MEDICINE.**

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ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Lydia A. Mader, late of Penn Twp., Perry County, Pa., dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in same township.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to  
I. J. HOLLAND, Executor.  
July 16, 1878—61p.d.