

kind, after all, pussy: I wish I were in your quarters."

Hebe set a bowl of milk and some scones on the table, and the stranger partook heartily.

"I have not enjoyed any food so much for a long time," he said rising; "many thanks. Now, before I go will you just put that shawl over your shoulders and stand there a moment?" pointing to a spot where the light fell fully.

The shawl was a Rob Roy tartan, one of Hebe's, which she wore out of doors when it was cold, thereby unconsciously making herself a very telling object in the landscape. She wondered, but took up her shawl and stood as directed, while a smile and a blush gathered on her face.

"Thank you; that will do. I'll call again next week."

Hebe reported the visit and the message of the tea-man to her mistress. "It must have been him I noticed going up the road," said Miss Elliot; "he has quite the look of a gentleman. I wonder what brought him to this, or if he is doing it for a wager? I have heard of such a thing."

"But," said Hebe, "he would not be tired and hungry for a wager. I was sorry for him; he ate like a man who hadn't tasted meat for a week."

"Poor creature!" "He is coming back next week; he is determined to succeed. He says his tea is something extraordinary."

"Determination is all very well," Miss Elliot said, "if it were a thing worth doing, but he'll never make a business of selling tea from door to door; no one can put back the world's clock. I should like to see him," she said musingly; "let me know next time he comes. Perhaps I could get some sort of situation for him, and I might judge better what he is fit for if I saw him," she thought.

But the next time he came Lizzie was at her father's, and the time after she was also from home. Mrs. Elliot, however, happened to stray into the kitchen while he was eating his bread and milk.

"And who may you be?" she said, looking him over through her blue glasses.

He rose immediately and said, "I'm selling tea, ma'am, and I will be happy if I can supply you."

"Well, as you are here I dare say I will have to take a pound, but you need not come back. I doubt you have made a mistake in taking to that business, my man."

"So people tell me," he said quite briskly, "but a first-class article and minimum profits tell in time, and I have not a heavy shop-rent nor many shop-men to pay."

"That's true said the old lady. "Well, give me a pound of your best."

"Many thanks, ma'am. I happen just to be sold out of my prime quality to-day, but if you can wait till next week I'll bring it then."

"I can wait," said Nelly, "I could wait till next year," she said to Hebe as the man disappeared. "I took it as a charity merely."

Next week Miss Elliot was at home, and Hebe let her know when the tea-man came.

"Send him in here," she said. She was alone, John and Nelly having gone into town that day. She turned round from the window where she was looking out when she heard the man enter the room: he had his hat in one hand and the ordered pound of tea in the other, she observed. The tea he put down on the table near the door and stood there.

"I sent for you," she said, "to see and speak to you. It seems to me that you are wasting time in your present employment, and if I could— Good gracious, Mr. King!" she exclaimed as she came nearer and got a full view of him.

"Miss Elliot!" he said in humble tones.

She stood transfixed for an instant, then her impulse was to sweep past him as Dido swept past Æneas in the shades, but pity held her.

"How is it that you are reduced to this?" she said when she had recovered from her intense surprise, "or are you reduced?"

"I am reduced," he said almost in a whisper.

"But how is it? how is it? You have your profession;" and looking in his face she felt the truth flash on her. "Is it your eyes," she said. "You did not use to wear glasses; has your sight failed? Is it that?"

"My eyes are getting dim," he answered.

"Where is your wife?" she asked him.

"I don't know," he answered in a deep low tone.

"Oh, how sorry I am for you!—how sorry!" and almost unconsciously she took his hand and stroked it. "Blind and forsaken!" she murmured; "and I always pictured you as happy and prosperous; and that was a kind of happi-

ness to me when I had nothing else."

"Do you mean to say you have thought of me at all?"

"I have tried not to think of you, but I'll think of you now. You are not to go about the country weary and hungry. Something must be done. Is it cataract?" she said, looking into his eyes. "I don't see anything on them."

"No, it's not cataract," he said hastily. "I think I had better go."

"Oh," she said, "let your wife know; if she knew your circumstance she would come to you, be sure."

"She can't: she is not in existence," he said.

"Dead?"

"No; I never had a wife."

"Richard!"

"And I never asked a woman to be my wife but once; it was well for her that she backed out in time."

"Richard!"

"She would hardly have cared to travel the country with a blind man."

"I can't bear it," she said—"I can't bear it;" and she sat down as if exhausted.

"What can you not bear, Miss Elliot?"

"That you should be—should be— and she burst into tears.

"If," he said hesitatingly—"if I were to recover my sight and succeed in my profession, do you think it would be possible—do you think that we—that is, could you marry me yet?" Concluded next week.

STERRITT'S SPOONS.

MANY years ago when the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses.

In traveling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the court, to get "comfortable corned," by means of appliances common on such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating on his own hook, the gentlemen of the bar would generally turn to and help him.

It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles and reached the village where the "court" was to be opened the next day.

It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better-half," by whom the presence of the official dignity was considered a singular honor.

After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the old tavern, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were proper glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "it's quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a horn all round. Of course, Sterritt, (addressing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will answer our purpose to state that the Judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home.

About the time he was leaving, however, some of the young barristers, fond of a practical joke, and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was 8 o'clock on Monday morning when the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablation and abstinence, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," he said to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel over the frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly," what is the use talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled them out.—With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he said:

"My God, Polly!"

"What on earth is the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where did you get them?" asked his wife.

"Get them?" don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them toward her—"I stole them."

"Stole them?"

"Yes, stole them."

"My dear husband, it can't be possible—from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them."

"Good Heavens! How could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?" he asked.

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among these lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew I would come to that at last. I always thought something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge."

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do anything, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact," and the old Judge burst into tears.

"Don't be childish," said his wife, wiping away the tears; "go like a man over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a tolerable face.

Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played.

Judge Brown proceeded to court, and took his seat; but spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons, drunk, larceny, and the old Judge Brown was so mixed up in his "worship's," bewildered head, that he felt awful pale, if he did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self-possessed manner of disposing of business, his diction and decisions were not what Judge Brown had been noted for.

Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing to a close, when, one morning, a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on the charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What is the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny," said the clerk.

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but drunk,"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk. This is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty—I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, I adjourn the court."

The counsel for the prisoner was the young attorney who put the spoons in the Judge's pocket.

☞ A sour heart will never make a sweet life. Plant the crab-apple where you will, it will never bear pippins.

A Singular Case.

The correspondent of the "Tribune" at Williamsburg, "Galla," writes the following account of a shocking occurrence in that village under date of Wednesday:

A terrible calamity befell our esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. Paulhamus, and his lovely and accomplished daughter, Eleanor, last evening. It seems that a couple of weeks ago two tramps captured a pair of enormous reptiles which the doctor pronounced to be of that deadly species known as "blowing viper." The doctor, having a desire to contribute something that would commend itself from this district, purchased the reptiles, intending to forward them to the zoological gardens in Philadelphia. Bidding their transportation the snakes were placed in a large glass jar, the top being carefully secured by a covering of wire gauze. The jar was then placed on an elevated bracket in a remote corner of the doctor's office. Last evening the doctor and his daughter were returning from a visit to the country, and the doctor having occasion to make up a prescription, they both entered his office, the doctor lighting a lamp. A large owl swept in through the transom above the door, and flew with the speed of an arrow against the lamp, knocking it over and scattering the oil and broken glass in every direction. The bird seemed frantic, flying and dashing in every direction, while a general crash of bottles and glasses was heard on every side. Meantime the doctor had lit another match, but just in time to receive his daughter, who sprang with a wild cry to his arms. Speedily he groped his way, calling loudly for help, which, the hour being late, was slow to put in an appearance. They seemed slow, but scarcely five minutes elapsed until full a dozen ladies and brave men were on the spot. No living hand can indite the horrors of the next few minutes. Miss Eleanor, who had been insensible since she sprang to her father's arms, was now being cared for by the ladies, when one simultaneous shriek almost froze the blood and paralyzed each nerve—yet not all! It was Thomas Lutz's hand that seized the glittering reptile by the neck and choked its fearful fangs apart. It had bitten the lady midway between the ankle and the knee. She was now carried immediately to her home, where every known antidote for poison was administered by her now frantic father, but all to no avail. She died at 6:30 o'clock this morning. After taking the poor unfortunate young lady home some of the men, knowing there had been two snakes, returned to the office and soon despatched the other. An examination showed its two large fangs missing. This led to the conjecture that possibly the doctor had been bitten. A hasty return and close examination resulted in finding the fangs in the thick leather of the doctor's boots, who, being so alarmed for his daughter, had not the slightest knowledge of being struck.

The corpse of the young lady has swollen to enormous dimensions, while her general complexion is in harmony with the spots and general coloring of the snake. The largest of the snakes measured four and a half feet, the smallest four feet. They are pronounced by our old people the largest of the species. It was the shortest one of the two that bit the young lady. Our community is wild with excitement, and great sympathy is manifested for the doctor and his family, who have been here but a short time.—*Altoona Tribune.*

A Happy Dutch Woman.

Justice Simon Wolf was seated at a desk in his office, quietly writing, not long ago, when a seedy, squatty looking German wearing a faded, linen coat, upon the back of which a Turkish war map have been stamped by perspiration, entered and grunted out hoarsely:

"Ish de 'Squire Wolf in?"

"Yes, sir, he is," answered that gentleman.

"Beesh you de man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Vell, I wants to schwear, by Gott!"

"You are effectively doing it now."

"I wants one of dem dings."

"What?"

"One of dem leedle dings where you schwear dot you doud drink no more."

"Oh! a temperance pledge."

"What ish dot?"

"This is what you want," said the squire drawing up a pledge and reading it to the visitor.

"Vell, dots all right only I doud mean to schwear off only for two years." The pledge was so amended and read again.

"Dot doud do again," said the caller.

"I means I doud drink, me no drinks, but Weiss beer." Another amendment, and the pledge was read once more.

"Dot's it oxaactly," said the applicant delightedly. "How much ish dot?"

"It will cost you twenty-five cents."

"Vat twenty-five cents. Mine Gott, schwear me again, I thought it was a dollar! Mine frau will be the happiest woman in de land now," he exclaimed, and after paying costs and signing the paper, he went away flourishing the pledge over his head gleefully. This is a fact.

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. Have been having the Chills and Fever, contracted in the swamp 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, 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.

CAIRO, 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 it as a good blood purifier. N. YOUNG.

PAIN AND DISEASE. 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. A. 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. HARVEYSTICK.

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 the past eighteen months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, to our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction. Respectfully, BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists, Hickman, Ky.

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IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods.

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Newport, Perry County, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Lydia A. Mader, late of Penn'w. Perry county, Pa., dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned, reading 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.

L. J. HOLLAND, Executor. July 16, 1878—Ct.pd.