

play us false, this is ready," and he held up his weapon.

Hebe took a small kitchen-lamp in her hand and ascended the stairs before them; there was no light in the lobby or passages. When she reached the head of the stairs she opened the door and went in, and stood till they followed her.

"This is a very dark passage," she said: "but it is not narrow: we just go right to the end of it, and then—" At that instant the light disappeared from her hand, she slipped back, and before the men had time to think or move she had the door shut and locked upon them. It was a strong door and a strong lock.

"They can't break it open in less than ten minutes," she thought. She flew down the stairs like a bird; the front door was locked and barred and chained, but her fingers served her well. In instant she was out. The gate of the shrubbery was fastened too; she tore it open, and away down through the darkness and the mud she ran like a hare to the hind's houses, losing her slippers by the way. Bursting in at the front door, she had only breath enough to grasp:

"There are robbers in the house; they may kill Mr. Elliot."

It being Sunday night and supper-time, the men were all in their own houses; they did not stop to think or think, but snatched up a pitchfork or a poker, whichever came first, and rushed in a body to the house.

John and Nelly sat looking at each other from the chairs which they could in nowise leave. The house-doors were both wide open, and a cold draught swept through the house.

"Some one went out," said John.

"The doors are all open at least," said Nelly.

"I hear nothing," said John: "what can they be doing, the rascals?"

"Be glad you are not shot," said his wife philosophically.

"There would have been some satisfaction in being shot, but to be tied like a sheep in my own house!" groaned John.

The robbers were not tied, but they were trapped, and had the satisfaction of cursing their own simplicity and stupidity. They struck a match, and found there was no outlet from their prison but the door; it was a bath-room and lighted from the roof, which was high, and to try to climb the walls was hopeless; from top to bottom there was nothing that either a hand or foot could lay hold of. The only chance was to break open the door, which they could have managed in time, but they had not time; many feet were on the stairs, and voices discussing what had better be done. Some consideration was needed before opening a door upon two desperate men armed with a revolver.

A minute or two after the farm servants Hebe came on the scene again with a coil of ropes in her hand.

"I noticed them in the barn yesterday," she said, "and brought them in to tie the men. Maybe you should just watch the door, and let them be where they are till the police come."

This suggestion was approved of and adopted; half a dozen men planted selves on the stairs; one was sent off on horseback for the police, and another for Mr. Elliot's brother, both spreading the news as they went; and people being all at home and unemployed, the population of the district set in for Stonylea, and in a short time a congregation was gathered not much inferior in numbers to those drawn by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were well known and respected, and, besides, such an outrage had not been heard of in the district within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Having posted her sentinel, Hebe hastened to the relief of her master and mistress; her face was bright from exercise and excitement, and the danger being over, only a very strong sense of propriety enabled her to suppress a hearty laugh, the situation was novel and, as it struck her, comic. She cut the cords that bound Mr. Elliot, and he stood up a free man.

"You have done well the night, last night," he said.

"Have?" she said a little surprised: she did not know that she had displayed the valuable qualities of resource, presence of mind and quick and deft execution. Even Nelly, when she looked at her own wrists showing the marks of the cord that had bound them, felt that Hebe was of use for something more than flirting and dressing herself, but she did not say so: in actual life people who fully and frankly confess their mistakes and make amends for them are fewer than in print or on the stage.

Mr. Elliot and his two daughters, Lizzie and Sibyl, with Mr. King, arrived at Stonylea at the same moment as the police, and Mr. King had the pleasure of assisting to capture and secure the burglars and divesting them of their crape and veils; he must have seen on that occasion some heads and some expression of face and posture of limb that

could not fail to be useful to him in his art. The two men were carted off by the police to the nearest county jail, there to await their trial.

By nine o'clock Stonylea was left to its usual quiet again, and John and Nelly had quite recovered their customary tranquil state of mind. Hebe went about her business of attending to the unexpected guests who were to remain over night. She had got everything done and was speaking to Miss Elliot, when suddenly she said:

"Oh!" drew her hand across her eyes, the color went out of her face, and she fell back in a dead faint. Lizzie caught her, and in a minute or two she was able to get to a sofa. Properly speaking, Jock ought to have been at hand at this crisis, but he was not, being from home at the time. Poor little Hebe! Though she did not belong to the working classes, she was not quite made of iron, but she treated her weakness lightly, and said she would be all right in the morning.— And in the morning she scrambled up to her work, although Lizzie arrived very early on the scene to do it; and even Mr. King, who had been out with the dawn, came in by the back door and said that as a small return for the capital milk and scones she had given him, he would light the kitchen-fire, having, according to his own account, a special gift in lighting fires. She looked at him and said:

"I was as sure as anything that you were the tea-man, but I did not like to say it."

"Set off to your bed again, Hebe," said Miss Elliot: "with the tea-man and Sibyl to help me I will surely get through your work. Come, run away, Hebe."

Feeling weak and queer, the girl obeyed orders.

"Now," said Lizzie as she covered her up comfortably, "just lie there and divert yourself till you are really able to rise."

"Miss Elliot," she said, "what way do you sometimes call me Hebe and sometimes Maud?"

"Ask Jock," said Lizzie. "I have nothing more to do with your education; besides, it's the Scripture rule, what women don't know they are to ask their own husbands at home."

"But he'll maybe not know, either."

"Have you really the impudence to think there is anything Jock doesn't know? Saint Paul couldn't have believed it, and he made his arrangement for a case of the kind;" and she bent over her and kissed her cheek. Hebe turned round with dewy eyes and a sense of complete rest, such as she had not had since she had wakened out of childhood; the womanly caress gave her a feeling of sisterhood and home that Jock might have been jealous of.

"How my brother determined to marry that girl is to me the oddest thing I could imagine," Miss Elliot said to Mr. King when she went back to the kitchen.

"Well," said Mr. King, who was busy breaking sticks, "I don't see that all; if I had not been previously pre-engaged to the former lady the day before, I think I should have fallen in love with her too."

"I can fancy that part of it, for I fell in love with her myself, and I can suppose you would have carried it out; you have the artistic temperament. I am quite prepared for you doing a daftlike thing. But Jock! It is so unlike him: he is so intensely practical."

"Well, why shouldn't a practical man marry a practical woman? It is most appropriate."

"If you had been all your life under bondage to Jock's good sense, as I have been, you would enjoy it more—oh, you would enjoy it!" and she laughed merrily. "Why, it's little more than six months since Hebe was dancing on the road to the sound of a fiddle with people she had never seen before; and he knew it."

Hebe's illness was of brief duration.— The Elliots felt under obligation to her, but it was an obligation they would very willingly have paid off with a twenty-pound note, that being a sum suitable to the position in life of the girl; but with all her managing talents, Nelly, couldn't manage this; her servant would not allow that she was under any obligation, far less accept a reward.

"I did nothing," she said: "I only turned the key of the bath-room door: anybody could have done that."

Neither had Mrs. Elliot ever been able even to get her nephew to listen to her at all on the subject of his misplaced fancy; so, there being nothing else for it, she gave in to her husband's proposal that they should let the marriage take place in their house. Jock did not accept the offer as a favor, nor with the gratitude his aunt expected; he merely said:

"Very well: it is a matter of perfect indifference to me where I am married."

And at Stonylea it was. Hebe's bearing on the occasion would have been

characterized as dignified if she had been a Howard, although it was merely the result of feeling herself among people who thought her an intruder into their family; Jock and Lizzie were her only loving friends among the Elliots.

When Jock bade his sister good-bye as they went away, he said:

"When we come back you'll find she knows the name of the capital of England, and of some other capitals too; there's nothing like practical geography."

"Be careful, Jock; don't break her heart driving in pegs."

Had Hebe overheard these remarks? With all her calmness and self-possession, she was no sooner in the carriage than she fairly broke down. "I am so ignorant!" she sobbed.

"So am I, but we can learn together," said Jock.

And ever after he always bracketed her and himself together, nor ever attempted direct teaching; but having excellent material to work on, the scholar made rapid progress unconsciously. She had much good sense and very good natural dispositions—things which Jock always believed he had discerned in her before he made up his mind to fall in love; and very possibly it might have been so, for was it not his business to inspect mines?

When they returned, Mr. and Mrs. King presented Jock with a picture of his wife in a Rob Roy shawl.

A Dutch Quarrel.

"NOW, Mrs. Rosemyer," said his Honor, "what do you want a warrant for?"

"For my hoosband, so much I know."

"What's he been doing?"

"I licked him."

"You licked him!"

"I licked him. Und I got right py dose."

"How do you make that out?"

"Ven I told you then you find out.— I fix his dinner so he go py his work. Then he catch his hand behind und say he got a pain in his pack. So he lie down on the lounge and groan like he was very pad. Ven he feel better it was too late to go py his work, so he says he go mit the greek und catch some fish.— He don't goome pack before it was night, und all the fish vot he got vas a meersable leedle pull head what you couldn't gound; put he smells like some beer parrels more ash dwendy dimes. Und den he say:

"What for supper and ready?"

"I tell him 'you schplit some of dose firewood und I talk mit you.'— Then he catch py his right arm und scream:

"Oh! I got the roomatieks!"

"So you can't split some wood?" I say.

"Nein; oh! dose roomatieks! dose roomatieks!" he kept on crying.

"Then I vas madder ash you dink.— Und I say;

"Ven you dold me you got a pain in your pack, I say noting. Und ouf you got dooble up on account you got some of dose roomatieks, I say dot it vas all right. But, py golly, ouf you got dose roomatieks vat don't goome only ven you got some work to do, then I lick you on sighd!"

"Very well, if you licked him what do you want a warrant for?"

"On account he shall be locked up oud the vay so I put smearcase on my own brod, py shimmeny! Vot you dinks."

A Giant's Grave.

A London letter says: There are only four streets, I am told, in all London whence verdure is not to be seen; that is to say, all the streets of London command a view of some growing green trees or shrubs. This is rather startling when you come to think of the hundreds of acres of houses and narrow streets this great city of cities presents to the view of the visitor. Take "the Old Lady of Threadneedle street," as the citizens disrespectfully term the venerable and mighty bank of England. Within its strong walls is a garden, even a delicate fountain, and a big tree, indeed two trees and some numerous plants. Fresh and attractive they stand out in charming contrast, smiling at busy business and listening to the ever tantalizing clink of gold. This garden is more beautiful and attractive than any I have seen in many towns in America—a land of trees! You survey this emerald spot, studded with floral rubies and adorned with petalled turquoise, and you look around at the topaz fringe of guinea gold, and exclaim, "no garden in the world is so richly environed." Millions of money per month pass around this garden. Beneath that tallest tree there is a story. It is brief. Allow me to tell it for the first time in print. Some years ago the bank had a clerk whose height measured nearly seven feet two inches. He was a marvel in more ways than one. He could add up I don't know how many columns of figures at one time without an error;

do subtraction and multiplication simultaneously, and look upon "vulgar fractions" disdainfully. In a word, he was a big figure. Nature has given to big men gentle dispositions.

This figurative giant was most amiable and a general favorite. The clerks in the bank of England are all gentlemen by birth and education, not a few of them being by blood ties allied to the oldest families in the kingdom. Indeed, I am told one is the lineal descendant of a king, and as the monarch through this descendant proclaims Ireland as their domain, I will not for a moment stop to dispute the pedigree of "the pretender." In good company the giant labored and lived and died, for giants cannot carry their lengthened sweetness long drawn out beyond the period allotted to man generally any more than a dwarf. When the giant of the bank of England added up his last figures and balanced his accounts with this world his clerky companions sought to shroud him in the leaves of the ledger of their esteem and bury him beneath the tree I mentioned in the precincts of the bank he loved so well. There, in this verdant oasis of the commercial desert, his financial spirit is continually rejoiced by the tinkle of gold and the evermoving millions, not a farthing of which he can not reckon on.

His Theory.

FOUR or five City Hall officials were sitting on the steps on the Woodward avenue side Saturday afternoon, discussing politics and the weather, when a smallish man, seeming to be in considerable mental distress approached them and inquired:

"Gentlemen, is there a scientific man among you?"

"Certainly there is," they replied in chorus.

"And you must be familiar with the laws governing storms?"

"We are," was the prompt answer.

"Well, then," continued the stranger, "I wish to relate what may seem like a singular occurrence. I live on Division street, and though it began raining at midnight the other night and continued for twenty-four hours, not a single drop of water fell upon my garden."

"Is that possible!" grasped one after the other.

"It is the solemn truth, gentlemen, and I'd like to know by what law of nature you can account for it. It was a long-continued drenching storm, yet not one drop fell upon my garden."

There wasn't even room for a suggestion. The crowd was astonished and silent. After a long minute one of the gentlemen turned to the stranger and asked:

"You must have a theory, haven't you?"

"I have."

"And what is it?"

"My theory, gentlemen, is that I rent rooms on the third floor, and had no garden for the rain to fall on."

Five men rose up in chorus, brushed off their coat-tails, and followed each other into the hall in Indian style.

Very Fastidious.

A Boston man and his æsthetic daughter are spending the summer in Rockland. They there were sitting on the front piazza, when the father requested his daughter to read him the evening paper.

"What shall I read about?" queried the Boston girl, as she opened out the paper.

"Read the European news," replied the father.

The Boston girl began:

"Is it rumored that Beaconsfield will not accept the decoration of the"—and then she blushed a deep red, and stopped.

"Proceed," said the father, after a pause.

"I cannot," returned the Boston girl, blushing still deeper.

"Why not?" queried the father, in some surprise.

"Because I do not like to," replied the Boston girl, painfully.

"Nonsense," exclaimed the father, sternly; "read the item, I tell you."

The Boston girl caught up the paper in desperation, stared at it in a stony manner, attempted to speak, and fainted dead away.

When she had been restored and the excitement had subsided, the father took the paper out behind the house, turned to the dreadful item and read:

"It is rumored that Beaconsfield will not accept the decoration of the garter."

A young man in Paris lit a match by scratching it with his thumb-nail.— A particle of burning phosphorous lodged under the nail, and though instantly quenched, communicated poison which soon extended to the arm. Amputation was advised, but delayed until it was useless, and the young man died in great agony twenty-seven hours after the burn.

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 swampy districts 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 poisons, and I am satisfied that if all families that live in the acute 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 its 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 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. YOCUM.

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.

KENT, 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 your knowledge, it has given great satisfaction.

Respectfully,
BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists,
Hickman, Ky.

VEGETINE

IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE.

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.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Lydia A. Mader, late of Penn. 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—6tpd.