

ing do now? You have more land than any man in the county; but you bought it with mother's comfort and mine."

Of course Julia Asher would never have spoken so to her father; she was too loyal to him for that; but the farmer's conscience, still taking the dying girl's face and voice, continued to reproach him.

"You hadn't time to bring me home, father," it continued; "you had the threshers to attend to. But God had time, though he had the universe to attend to."

Nearly fifty persons were brought out, but not one of the agonized faces was familiar to either of the farmers. At last the smoke and heat drove all the workers back.

"We can't do any thing more for 'em if there is any more inside," said a man who was singed and bleeding from his reckless exertions. "They're dead 'fore this time. They dispatched for a relief train to Norwalk; it'll be on hand in a minute. I wonder how many passengers there were!"

"I was looking out of a window," explained a passenger who had one of his eyes bound up and half his whiskers burned away, "when I noticed the air became literally filled with chips. I knew it was a broken axle cutting the ties, and scarcely a minute afterward we were precipitated down that gulch."

Pettibone and Asher turned away from this talk, and walked up and down, the fat man wiping his white face, and the lean man clenching his hands.

"They're dead," said Pettibone. "No power on earth could save 'em. My son that I was so proud of."

"My girl—all I had," muttered Job. Mrs. Asher sat on the ground, her desolate head on her knees.

"We're nigh together in affliction," said Pettibone to his enemy. "God have mercy on us both!" uttered Asher.

"O God, our hearts are broke!" exclaimed the more impulsive man, stretching out his empty arms under the burning sky. "This punishment is more than our weak flesh can bear!"

The two men got hold of each other's hands and held on, their natural antagonism banished for the time by a common woe.

"You have more grace than I have, brother Pettibone. I'm a hard sinner. I've never made no progress, and now I can't lean on the Almighty in this affliction."

"No, brother Asher, I'm a heady, self-willed creature. I ain't ready to give my son up."

"Well, father," said a sweet, deep basso voice near by, "were you frightened about us?"

Mrs. Asher lifted her head and saw Julia standing there holding to a young man's arm. The farmers were too astonished to speak.

"Were you frightened, father?" repeated Charley Pettibone. "How do you do, Mr. Asher? Mrs. Asher, I've brought Julia back safe and sound."

"Where did you come from?" asked Job Asher, shaking his daughter's hand in a limp way, and kissing her as if ashamed of the act. But Pettibone embraced his son like a woman, and thumped him on the back and wiped his own nose, and praised the Lord as fervently as did Mrs. Asher, who held her child until a conveyance could be gotten which would take them all back together.

"Where have you been to escape this disaster, you lively rascal!" cried Pettibone, affectionately, to Charley, while brother Asher, with startling disregard for expense, was seeing about the conveyance.

"Well, I persuaded Julia to run off and marry me; but she repented being so persuaded, and declared we would come home and marry properly, or not at all. But while we were deciding and repenting we missed the train and had to take the next."

"And so saved each other," laughed Pettibone. "I heard of your behavior, young man. Now, don't you think you'd better step up to the young lady's father, and ask for her like a gentleman? She's proved herself to be worth some pains, sir."

"Well, I don't know, I don't know," said Job Asher, pliant and gentle as a willow, as he drove the team home; and his wife, Pettibone and Julia rejoiced and talked happily behind him, and Charley on the seat beside him propounded the important question.

"The mornin's been full of mercy. The Lord's finger's in many things that we can't see. If you and her hadn't fancied to marry and cut that freak, we'd a lost ye both today. She's young, but you're a likely boy. Yes, I'm willin' if your father is. Your father is a man with grace in his heart more'n I ever got. Brother Pettibone," said Job, turning to his neighbor, "I've been thinkin' of buildin' some of these new kinds of pens for my sheep. Do you think I'll find 'em worth the expense?"

"Well, yes, brother Asher, I think they'll prove perfectly satisfactory. I

like mine first rate. I haven't suffered any from the dogs since I've used that pound."

"O, I didn't think any of your dogs ever hurt my stock," said Job. "There's always ill-favored stray curs hanging round to pester sheep. Well, brother Pettibone, I'd like your advice about getting them pounds made. Seems like we had a common interest now, the way these young folks is talking."

"That's so," replied brother Pettibone, smilingly.

And the young folks knew that the old family feud had been burned up in the fires at the railroad wreck, and that their cause was won.

"How things have changed between Asher's folks and Pettibone's folks," said Abijah Pence to the threshers, as those heavy Arabs struck their noisy tent to glide into the next neighborhood. "Ever since I took that news of the railroad mishap to Asher's, they can't be good enough to each other. Miss Pettibone and Miss Asher runnin' across the field to see each other, and consultin'; and Pettibone down at Asher's bossin' sheep pens; and Julia over at Pettibone's walkin' with Charley, and Job Asher sendin' to town for dress goods and furniture, and takin' kindly to Pettibone's notions of a wing to his old house—why, it does beat all. Well, 'let brotherly love continue.'"

And brotherly love did continue. A little yielding to established prejudices, a little graceful acknowledgement of another's good judgment, a less obstinate putting forward of "I" and "mine," and a common faith in and brotherhood under God, bridged over the old quarrel between these men, and made hearty helpers and appreciators of one another.

An American's Fight for Life.

THE *Santiago El Ferrocarril* in a recent issue says: Joseph Brower, an American citizen, resided for several years with his family on the productive island of La Mocha (at the mouth of the Tirual river), which he had rented from the Chilean government. This island is situated in lat. 38° 22', lon. 8° 22', and Mr. Brower was rapidly transforming it into a valuable and productive farm. Several varieties of wood, oils and fish were abundant, and were exported and sold not only in Chili, but throughout the South American countries. Two or three vessels were employed constantly by Mr. Brower to carry on his business. He had already imported from the United States steam engines, saw mills, agricultural implements and numerous other elements of industry to cultivate the land.

The island of La Mocha, which before Mr. Brower's arrival was a wild forest and filled with wild beasts, was converted, through Mr. Brower's energy, into an attractive garden. Mr. Brower was married to a very handsome and accomplished American lady and was the father of five children.

Several months ago he went to Chiloe and engaged over one hundred natives to work as laborers on his hacienda. The article of diet given to laborers throughout the republic of Chili is a species of beans which is very nutritious and is grown in abundance in the country.

This was the diet offered by Mr. B. to his men, but the latter were not pleased with it and demanded potatoes instead. Mr. Brower told them he had none, and was of course unable to accommodate them.

The mob of native barbarians then became violent and began a furious attack upon Mr. Brower and his defenceless family. He bravely fought for some time, defending the lives of his dear ones, but at last, after killing thirteen of his assailants, he fell a victim, with his family, to the unjust rage of his assassins. They then plundered the house and carried off every valuable article they found on the island. Seizing one of Mr. Brower's vessels, they embarked and sailed for parts unknown.

The history of Mr. Brower fully shows that he was a man of energy and enterprise. He was universally loved and respected in Chili, and many were indebted to him for his generosity and good heart. Mr. Brower had accumulated a fortune of \$100,000, when he returned to his native country, the United States, but there he soon lost every dollar he had earned in Chili. But this failure did not discourage him, and, after marrying, he concluded to return to Chili, the home of his former happiness and success and went to work as an engineer on the railroad between Chillan and Talcahuano, when Mr. John Slater, the American railway builder, was at the time constructing in Chili. Mr. Brower succeeded well, and having accumulated another fortune, entered into partnership with Mr. Alempeter and rented the island of La Mocha from the Chilean government. Here, again, he was increasing his fortune, but in the midst of his happiness and success has been murdered in cold blood, together with a lovely wife and innocent children.

For The Bloomfield Times.
A CALIFORNIA LETTER.

California Farms—A Description of Harvesting 35000 Acres of Wheat—Chemical Springs, &c., &c.

BARTLETT SPRINGS, Sept. 8th, 1878.

I arrived here in poor condition as you may know, a perfectly well man would be after traveling so far, 45 miles of which was over the roughest imaginable mountain road. Sometimes our stage would be winding its way up side of a mountain, and suddenly run out on a point some hundreds of feet above a great gorge which seemed to long to rock our stage in the soft fleecy tops of its pines.

I will tell you some things about the country, I passed through, and that which surrounds. After leaving Sacramento we traveled something near one hundred miles up the Sacramento river on the left hand side, ranging from 8 to 25 miles back from the river, which is bordered with from two to eight miles of low swamp land. As this is covered with "Tule Grass" this swamp land is known as "tule land." These "tules" are very dense. They are about as thick as your little finger, perfectly round and about fifteen feet high, dark green in color, and at a distance of five miles looks like a vast level field of waving grain just about heading out. The State is making an effort to reclaim the lands by a system of drainage. The grain land is a sort of bench or table-land which rises suddenly about 20 feet above the tules and extends back about 30 to 35 miles on a dead level until very near the foot hills, where it rises and rolls in long, graceful, wavy stretches blending into them. On these lands there was great activity among the farmers; it was harvest time and they were heading and threshing the grain, and the smoke of steam engines was seen rising far and near all over the plain. The manner of gathering and threshing the crops in this country differs very greatly from that of the East. There are no small farms here or if any, they are very rare. I think I did hear of a few poor men who were farming from 600 to 1,500 acres a piece. But nearly all the farmers farm from 3,000 to 60,000 acres (which is the largest wheat farm in the world, owned by a Dr. Glenn. Glenn has 45,000 acres of wheat this year. I was told that this poor farmer lost nearly 100,000 dollars by selling his grain five days too soon last year), and consequently requiring great force to gather and thresh the crop. They have what are known as "headers," which cut a 12, 16, or 24 foot swath, according to size of machine. They are drawn by four or six horses and cut nothing but the heads, which they elevate into a wagon which is drawn alongside the header. This wagon or "tender" is then driven to the "separator," or great threshing machine, where it is unloaded on a pile, or stack, as you would call it. I should say the stack, are made first and then after several days the "separator" is taken from one to another of these piles and the heads are threshed. The headers in general use cut 12 feet wide and clear 26 acres per day. The separators are run by steam. They require twelve men, and thresh from 800 to 2,400 sacks of grain a day, according to size of machine. The largest separator is on Dr. Glenn's ranch; it has threshed 2,400 sacks in a day, 130 pounds to the sack, as you would measure it 25,00 bushels. The machine threshes, cleans and sacks the grain ready for market.

They have lately invented another machine which is drawn by 8 horses. It heads, threshes and sacks the grain. But they are not in general use as yet. I did not see any of them, but I am told they cut six feet wide and leave the sacks of grain strewn over the fields like the old reaper leaves the sheaves. At Williams they had a ware-house with 4000 tons of grain already in it, and it will have 7000 tons when full. I saw five of these large ware-houses on the plain. They have a watchman and each farmer pays 30 to 40 cents per ton storage. These are the farmers bins and barns. They store it in these company houses and can sell any day by telegraph at a moment's notice. When stored it is just the same as so much mining stock, and the farmer watches the market just as eagerly as the stock operator, and tries to get out at top figures. After leaving the plain the rest of my journey lay through mountain country, which was, like all new mountain scenery, very interesting. But I shall not attempt to describe, as I am already wearying you, I know. I must tell you some thing about this place.

Bartlett Spring, the object of my journey, 12 miles out on the road to this place are the first mineral springs and from there in all along the road are many springs containing waters all of which are mineral and differ in their composition. Some are soda and iron, some are arsenic, some are for the dyspepsia, and some are for the complexion, and all have their admirers and patrons. I tasted of nearly all of them, after I saw my fellow passengers do so without any evil results, but I have always been a little careful of forming new chemical combinations in the stomach. I always stood back while the rest tasted and poured new water on that taken from the previous spring, expecting to see a big explosion and be the only one left to take care of their jewelry &c., and hold an inquest on what was left of them. But I was always surprised to see that the waters took kindly to each other, and after waiting a reasonable time, I went up and took a drink myself. The Bartlett Spring, owned by an old hunter of that name who is also the discoverer, is the main attraction. It is a splendid water, mild and delicious, cool and clear as crystal, it contains various carbonates and chlorates, as magnesia, lime, iron, borax, sulphur, &c. The town (little board cabins) is situated around the spring in amphitheatrical form, the houses surrounding the spring horse-shoe shape, and rising one above the other on the surrounding hills like the rows of seats in a theatre, the spring being in the pit or auditorium. It is covered with asphaltum and capped with a fountain surmounted with three

lions in bronze, from whose mouths issued the water. Near by this place there is a creek (known as "Soap creek") of soapy, salty borax water, in which the people bathe, and various other curiosities of which I will know more before I leave if health and strength permit.—The vegetation around here is very small, mostly chapparral, among which are some spice woods, such as nutmeg and pepper, also, manzanitto, a peculiar hard wood, which is used for canes, and is very beautiful. All these bushes range from 4 to 5 feet high. The tops of the largest mountains are covered with tall, straight pines; game is very abundant. Our market is always supplied with bear and deer and quail. The bear subsist on the manzanitto berry, choke cherry, &c.

JOHN W. MAGER.

Costly Experience in Traveling.

The Indianapolis *News* says: A prominent wholesale merchant in this city was made the victim of a most daring robbery while returning from a recent trip to New York City. One day as he was standing in the hotel office he was approached by a well-dressed gentleman, who addressed him by name and introduced himself as recently of Indianapolis.

He led the gentleman to suppose that he was a member of his church, and had frequently met him, although he had never before had the honor of his acquaintance. Glad to meet anybody from home under any circumstances, he was quite ready to acknowledge that he had often seen the gentleman and the pleasure was mutual.

Over an hour was spent in chatting about Indianapolis, after which the remainder of the evening was passed in a fashionable theatre. During the conversation he inadvertently stated that he would take about \$10,000 in drafts to Indianapolis, and that he would start on the next Friday evening. Between that night and the next Friday he saw no more of his new acquaintance and had almost forgotten the affair. On Friday, evening, however, he was met at the depot by Mr. Johnson and a handsome, elegantly dressed lady whom he introduced as Mrs. Johnson.

"He would be delighted and proud if his friend would take charge of his wife until they arrived in Cleveland, where she would visit some relatives." The merchant was simply charmed with the prospect, and after a short adieu Mrs. Johnson was left in his company. The lady proved equally as entertaining as her husband, and before they retired she had so improved her time as to receive the confidence of the Indiana traveler, and he reiterated to her the statement made to her husband regarding the wealth he was carrying home.

During the evening she asked him if he was a sound sleeper, and whether he thought he would wake up if any accident were to happen the train. He thought he would be able to sleep until morning, no matter what happened.—They had adjoining berths, both lower ones. After retiring he took the precaution to place his watch and money under his pillow, where, in the innocence of his heart, he fondly imagined that it would be safe. He awoke in Buffalo the next morning, at 8 o'clock, to find his pocketbook and the fair female both gone.

She got off at Rochester in answer to a telegram from her husband, and not wishing to disturb her quiet companion she kindly let him sleep on: so the conductor told him in the morning. The authorities at Rochester were put on the track of the lady, and she was arrested in a low house, with all the money in her possession. Her pseudo-husband was not in the city with her, and a thorough search in New York failed to discover his whereabouts. Not courting that peculiar kind of fame that he would necessarily receive in a prosecution, the female was allowed to depart, and the gentleman returned to his store a wiser and more cautious man.

Rich Men's Sons.

The president of one of our largest banks said, a day or two since, that a rich man's son had just left his place, and he was the last man of the kind he should ever employ. The man was faithful, honest and filled intelligently and well all the duties required of him; but just as he had become accustomed to his work he found out it was too confining, and a raw clerk had to be put in his place. A bad outlook for rich young men, but it is the old story repeated for a thousandth time. If rich men's sons will not endure the drudgery by which nearly all their fathers secured money and position, they must take a secondary place in the next generation, and oftener they drop out of sight amid the idle, worthless herd, if, indeed, they escape an association with loafers and criminals. What say the labor reformers to facts like these, for facts they are, without question? Nearly every man in any leading position in the community began life poor. Let the sons of rich men take warning, and go to work honestly and faithfully every day, if they hope to fill the positions held by their fathers.—*Troy Budget*.

VEGETINE.

REV. J. F. LUDLOW, WRITES:
178 Baltic Street Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1878.
H. H. Stevens, Esq.
Dear Sir—Personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby seemed almost miraculous. I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Church,
Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1878.

Mr. H. H. Stevens,
Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.—
Yours respectfully,
MRS. ALBERT RICKER,
Witness of the above.
MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHAN,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

Boston Home, 11 Tyler Street,
Boston, April, 1876.

H. H. Stevens,
Dear Sir—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula.
With respect,
MRS. N. WORMELL, Mistress

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER, SAYS:

Providence, R. I., 164 Transit Street.
H. H. Stevens, Esq.
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.
O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

South Salem, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.

Mr. H. H. Stevens,
Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years.—Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly,
MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange Street, South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

South Boston.

Mr. Stevens,
Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from that complaint.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER.

VEGETINE.

Prepared

H. H. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
413
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IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

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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'w. 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 15, 1878—6tpd.

LADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of F. Mortimer.