

## THE WRONG UMBRELLA.

IT IS lamentable that the moral sense of mankind takes so little account of the rights of property as regards books and umbrellas. Many people who are in most respects excellent members of society will borrow books without stint, and if they do not return minus the covers, will keep them without compunction, and when you hint that they have had them rather long, will mutter:

"Confound the fellow! does he think I want to steal his books?"

I have had differences with my best friends on that score, and have often been asked whether I had not better fine everybody who retained my valuable volumes beyond a fixed time, as if I were a village library. Such insults have been borne with meekness, because I have reveled in the thought of having made way with Johnson's umbrella.—The laxity of the public morals in the matter of umbrellas is truly awful, but retribution will sometimes overtake him who plots against his neighbor's parachute. Let me tell how it overtook me.

A long time ago I was madly enamored of Mary Jane Bowles. Mary Jane was what you would call a pocket Venus, and often have I been tempted to tuck her under my arm, like a packet of sugar, and fly to some desert island, for the girl was very fond of society—especially, the society of young men with whom I was not on terms of ardent friendship.

I did not blame her for this, and when she artlessly, invited me to tea, I found that Johnson had also been invited, my discerning eyes observed that this was not coquetry, but pure exuberance of spirits. Mr. Bowles, I noticed, was of the same opinion, and it was a great satisfaction to me to have my judgment confirmed by so experienced a parent. Mrs. Bowles, had she been alive, would no doubt have agreed with us.

I had known Mary Jane since she wore short frocks. Johnson had known her about a month. It was pleasant to hear her call me Sam and he Mr. Johnson, but somehow the familiarity in my case seemed to have bred, not contempt—oh, dear no! nothing of that kind—but, a sort of nonchalance of manner.—(How useful the French language is when one wants to express a very delicate meaning!) But that was her artlessness.

"Dear me, Sam," she observed at the tea-table, "what have you got such a long face for?" Mr. Johnson's attentions had made me a little pensive.

"Something must be long to make up for the prevailing shortness," I said.

Johnson was not much taller than Mary Jane. I made a note of that sarcasm afterwards. My impromptus are too often lost.

"Don't be impertinent, sir. Look into that spoon. Your face is exactly like the reflection you see there, isn't it, Mr. Johnson?"

He grinned. It was then I observed for the first time the singular breadth of his visage. His grin seemed to extend across the room.

"If Mr. Johnson will hold the spoon horizontally he may admire his own image," I remarked playfully.

Johnson grinned again. He was one of those insanely good-humored men whom it is quite impossible to annoy.

"Sam, you are outrageous," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Johnson and I are going to practice our duet. You stop here and talk to Pa!"

Mr. Bowles had to be aroused from the doze into which he usually dropped after tea. It was in that my penetration had detected his conviction that Mary Jane was an artless creature.

Pa woke up and asked me what were my views on tramways. His composition was a fine crusty conservatism and he disliked innovations. His port wine was fine and crusty, too; but that is by the way.

I was listening to the duet overhead, and had a very indistinct idea of what the old gentleman said, and of what I was saying myself. I cannot sing, but it was not for that reason that I objected to the preposterously operative way in which Johnson was conducting himself.

"Tramways, my dear sir, are, as you so justly observe, the scourge of mankind. From the earliest times they have been noted for their hostility to human virtue, and—"

I have lands and proud dwellings,  
And all shall be thine,

sang Johnson, upstairs.

"And it is, as you say, monstrous that lauded proprietors and bloated householders should override the popular protest in this matter, especially as we know that—that for purposes of drainage tramways are—"

"My dear boy, you are not well," interrupted Mr. Bowles, kindly. "Have a glass of wine."

When I left the house that evening I was thoughtful. It struck me that Johnson had Mary Jane in his mind's

eye. I could not damage that organ of vision, so I decided that nothing would be gained by hitting him. But something would have to be done. I wanted to marry Mary Jane. She was a charming girl, and her father had a little money.

My suspicions about Johnson were confirmed next day. I met a lively friend, who said:

"Oh, you know Johnson?"

"Well?"

"He's going in for little Bowles.—Told me he should propose to-morrow night when he takes her home from Twig's party."

"Perdition!"

"Eh? Slap-up girl, isn't she?—Thought you were sweet that way?"

"Perd— Oh, no, not at all! There's my omnibus. Good-bye."

Going to propose when he took her home from Twig's! By all the powers he should not take her home from Twig's!

It had been agreed that I should escort Mary Jane to the halls of Twig.—It was a fine night apparently, but I took my umbrella. It was a new one, surmounted by an alligator's head in German silver. Fervently I invoked Jupiter and Pluvius to befriend me, and hoped that Johnson would leave his umbrella at home.

It was less than ten minutes walk, but there was time enough to show a little preliminary tenderness, if not to put the grand question itself. With an artless girl like Mary Jane, it was best to approach such a subject by degrees.

"'Twas just such a night as this," I said softly, "when you and I, Mary Jane, trod the grassy turf beside that murmuring brook—"

"Oh, I remember!" she exclaimed, laughing in her guileless way. "I know what you are going to say. That was the time you fell over the stile, running away from the bull. And your nose was done up in a sticking plaster, you know; and you scratched my face with it, sir!"

I had forgotten that circumstance; but what did it matter?

"Yes, Mary Jane," I said passionately. "And why did my nose scratch your face? Because my lips were seeking that paradise which now—"

"Good evening, Miss Bowles," It was Johnson. I saw him grin in the moonlight, and—confusion!—he had brought his umbrella.

There was a little dancing at Twig's, but I had no pleasure in it. My mind was full of Johnson's umbrella. It came before my diseased vision like Macbeth's dagger. I clutched at it, and I had it not.

Time wore on. I stood at the window alone, and looked at the weather.—Heavy clouds obscured the moon.—Heavy drops began to fall. Then the temptation had me in its grip.

"His umbrella," I grasped. "I—I'll hide it."

"It's going to be a nasty night, after all," said a hated voice at my elbow.—"I believe only you and I have brought umbrellas. There'll be an awful scrimmage for cabs. Luckily we have not so very far to walk."

He was grinning more than ever, but he could not have heard me. A cab would not suit him, of course! He wanted to walk home with Mary Jane, slowly—very slowly, so that—frenzy!—I would do the deed. I would throw his umbrella—

"Oh, Sam, do take me down to refreshments. I asked Mr. Johnson, but he has forgotten me."

She looked up into my face so bewitching that my heart thumped as if it was a door-knocker in the grasp of a demon postman. He knew she was thirsting for the claret-cup, and yet he left her. Careless brute! What a husband he would make! Whereas in me—in me—she would find—

"Mary Jane," I whispered as we left the giddy crowd that stood around the liquids. "Mary Jane, may I see you home?"

"If you are a good boy, perhaps you may. But here is Mr. Johnson; and I owe him a dance."

He took her away, but she looked back at me with a smile. I really never saw such an artless girl in all my life.

And now, to make assurance doubly sure, I crept upstairs to the room where the umbrellas had been left. The gas was out and the window open. The melancholy voice of divers cats seemed to protest against the crime, but my nerves were firm. I could see nothing. No matter; I knew where my enemy had put his umbrella. I groped for it. I grasped it by the ferruled end. Just then a footstep startled me. I rushed to the window, and dropped the hateful thing into the black abyss below. There was a splash. I felt a sardonic joy. He had brought his umbrella for fear of rain.—Well, it might do its duty in the water butt.

I listened. All was quiet. The next room was in darkness. There could be no one there. I went down to the refreshment room, drank a glass of wine,

chatting awhile with Mr. Twig, and recovered my self-possession.

Then I sought Mary Jane. Johnson had just crossed the room to her when I entered. Suddenly she was seized with a fit of coughing. I ran for a glass of water. When I returned the coughing became worse than ever. Yet that unfeeling monster, grinned till I thought the corners of his mouth would meet in the nape of the neck.

When I asked if she felt better, Mary Jane went off again; and presently the cough was so bad that she had to leave the room. I remarked to Johnson that she must have caught cold. No doubt she had been out on the balcony with him to see whether the rain had ceased. But wait a little, my grinning friend!

Everybody was now going away.—With a fiendish delight I saw Johnson walk up stairs to get his hat and coat and his—Ha! ha! I waited till he came down. He was perfectly cool, and—did my eyes mock me?—he had in his hand an umbrella! I could not see the handle, but of course it was mine. The fellow's impudence staggered me. I tore up into the room above. There was no umbrella there! It was mine!

I went down resolved to make an example of Johnson. He stood in the hall leisurely putting on his glove.

"Excuse me," I said calmly, "but you have got my umbrella."

"I think not," he replied, with his everlasting grin.

"But you have, sir. There can be no mistake about it. Pray, is your umbrella handle an alligator's head in German silver?"

"I think not," said Johnson, coolly. He held up an umbrella. It was not mine.

"I am quite ready, Sam. What is the matter? You can't find your umbrella? Oh dear! And Mrs. Twig says she has lent every umbrella she has. Are you sure you brought it?—Oh, thank you, Mr. Johnson. Good night, Sam; Mr. Johnson will see me home. It isn't raining much, and you won't get wet if you run all the way."

I don't know whether I got wet or not. For that matter, I don't how I got home. I believe the Twig's thought I had been drinking too much. Perhaps I had, or how could I have thrown the wrong umbrella out of the window? It was brought to me in a pulpy condition by young Twig, who is the smallest of wags. He suggested that I should adopt a water butt and umbrella as a crest.—Johnson did propose to the "the little Bowles" during that walk home. They are married now. That umbrella business remains a mystery, but I am still convinced of the artlessness of Mary Jane.

## THE BUDD FAMILY SURPRISED.

MR. BUDD picked up the paper and began ruffling his over it, while his wife sat upon the opposite side of the table, sewing. Without knowing it Mr. Budd got to reading in the column headed "Grape Vine Culture," and presently he exclaimed:

"Why, hallo! What's this?"

"What's what?" asked Mrs. Budd.

"Why, just listen to this! This paper says that—wait, I'll read it to you:

"We regret to learn that our friend Mr. Simpson, had a great deal of trouble with his very fine Isabella."

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What kind of trouble?" asked Mrs. Budd.

"Why," said Budd, "the paper says further:

"Being in a very unhealthy condition, and seeming to lack vitality, Mr. Simpson made a very careful examination and discovered that his Isabella was literally covered with very small bugs."

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Bugs! Covered with bugs! Why, what on earth could have been the matter with the woman? I always thought Mrs. Simpson was a scrupulously nice person."

"So did I. But that's what the paper says. Hold on; suppose I see what else there is about it:

"Mr. Simpson was somewhat perplexed to know what to do about the matter, but he finally applied a wash of carbolic acid, with good results, and he is now looking every day for his Isabella to leave."

"I don't exactly understand that."

"Leave for where?" asked Mrs. Budd.

"It don't say. Going away for her health, I suppose," replied Mr. Budd.

"But there is some more still."

"Mr. Simpson tied the Isabella—why the Isabella?" asked Mr. Budd—

"Tied the Isabella up to a post and—"

"Tied her to a post!" exclaimed Mrs. Budd.

"Why, I thought you said he wanted her to leave?"

"That's what the paper says. It is very queer, isn't it?"

"Tied her to a post and cut off two of the largest limbs—"

"Halloo! how's that? cut off two of

her limbs. Incredible! Simpson must be going mad."

"It's the most horrible thing I ever heard of!" said Mrs. Budd. "They'll certainly arrest him, won't they?"

"I should think so of course. It's a wonder he didn't kill her. But the story is not done yet:

"He performed the operation a little too late, for his Isabella began to bleed, and he feared that he had done a permanent injury."

"I should think so. Both legs or arms off. Permanent injury! I can't imagine how it could be anything else than permanent."

"It is dreadful," said Mrs. Budd.

"And here's more yet:

"Mr. Simpson thought wood-ashes might do some good, so he put them all around and gave her all the soap-suds she could take. Upon the whole his treatment may be regarded as judicious."

"That's the editor's opinion. He must be insane too. They'll kill that woman, certain, if they feed her on wood-ashes and soap-suds."

"If I were you, I'd write to the mayor or about it," said Mrs. Budd.

"I think I will. But let's finish the article:

"Mr. Simpson declares that if he has much more bother with the matter he will chop his Isabella up and—"

"Chop her up! Did you ever hear such cold-blooded discussion of a possible murder? It is a disgrace to the newspaper!"

"There must certainly be something wrong about it," said Mrs. Budd.

"No, the paper says:

"He will chop his Isabella up and burn it."

"What does 'it' mean? Chop her up and burn it; hanged if I understand such nonsense."

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Budd.

"Pretty nearly."

"Well, read the rest."

"Why, it says, let me see. Oh, yes, it says:

"Take it for all in all, Mr. Simpson is convinced that the Isabella is not the best—best—not the best—"

"Why, pshaw, Hannah, we've been making a mistake!"

"Not the best what?"

"Not the best grape-vine to cultivate in this region."

"It was only Simpson's grape-vine after all!"

"Mr. Budd you're a fool, or you would have known that in the first place."

"Maybe I am! maybe I am!" said Budd, wearily, "but I'm not as big a fool as the man who gave such an idiotic name to the grape-vine."

And then there was a long flash of silence in the Budd family circle.

## A Lawyer's Love Story.

Here's the story of an unfortunate young lawyer. This unlucky young wight was head-over-heels in love with a beautiful girl, and was about to be married to her. On the eve of the wedding day he was called on to defend an awful miscreant—a man of 30, who had poisoned his father and mother. The case seemed a lost one, and when the prosecution had closed, the young lawyer was about giving up the struggle without an effort. Suddenly he perceived in the far extremity of the room his beloved and her parents, who had come to see what stuff he was made of.

The presence of the one he worships changes his train of thought. He feels that he must make a show of his talent, and commencing his argument, rises to highest flight of eloquence. In a word, he succeeded in showing that the criminal is an upright, virtuous and much abused man, obtains his acquittal.

In the evening, the lawyer, with triumphant air, calls at the house of his future father-in-law, expecting that his success will insure him a warm reception.

To his surprise he finds the young girl cold, and her parents much embarrassed. He asks what this sort of reception means.

"My friend," says he, whom the young man had already begun to call father-in-law "I must tell you—my daughter loves another."

"Another! Who is the man?"

"The good and virtuous man whom you, to-day, by your eloquence, restored to society," replied the father.

## A Boy's Advice.

A dear little boy was watching with his grandma one Sabbath the people returning from church. She pointed one and another out to him, saying, "This a Baptist lady, this a Methodist," etc., when Freddie, seven years old, said "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian Church?"

"No," was the reply.

"To the Baptist?"

"No."

"To the Methodist?"

"No."

"Well, grandma," said he in his quiet, earnest way, "if I was in your place I'd get in somewhere."

Freddie lived only a few months longer—a little mound tells the story—but his words live after him—'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

## VEGETINE.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW, WRITES:  
175 Baltic Street Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1878.  
H. H. Stevens, Esq.

Dear Sir,—From personal benefit received by me, 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,  
Lata Pastor Calvary Church,  
Sacramento, Cal.

## VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1875.

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 BICKER,  
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, refreshing tonic.  
O. T. WALKER,  
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston, Mass.

## VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

South Salem, Mass., Nov. 14 1875.

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. MUNRO PARKER.

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Prepared

H. H. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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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 township, Perry county, Pa., do c. 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.