

MRS. SPEERS' SEAMSTRESS.

"JUST like Betsy Blake," said Mrs. Speers. "All ready for her and she don't come. Now I know the story she'll tell. Couldn't finish Mrs. Jessup's cloak in time, and found the founces took longer to trim than she thought they would. I wish there was another dress-maker in this place; I'd not put up with Betsy, that I know. Well, young woman, what do you want?"

She uttered these last words with a sort of a start, for as she looked up from the pile of goods spread upon the sitting-room table she saw a girl standing by the door—a girl she had never seen before—wrapped in that leveler of womanhood, a water-proof cloak, with the hood over her head, and wearing a pair of rough shoes, cut and torn by the stones and white with the dust of the road.

She was young and pretty; but it was a dry, warm day—the cloak was quite unsuitable. How old the wrap was, how torn the shoes!

"Well?" she repeated again, for there was no answer. "Well?"

"I stopped because I saw the door open. I am very tired, hungry and thirsty," said the girl. "I thought perhaps you could give me a piece of bread and a cup of tea, and let me do some work to pay for it. I can do any kind of housework, and I can sew."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Speers, cautiously.—She was not one to let her heart go out at once to a dusty stranger. "Well, of course, if it is civilly asked for I don't think it's Christian duty to refuse any one a little food. I never give money; but I generally find that beggars don't want work."

"If you mean beggars," said the girl, "I suppose they don't—I do, though. What is the use of being proud and saying I'm not a beggar when I've just asked for food? Only it's not my usual—I haven't been in the habit of it—that is what I'm trying to say."

"You don't look like it, young woman," said Mrs. Speers. "Trouble will come to good people, I know. What has happened?"

"My parents are dead," said the girl. "Didn't they leave you anything?" asked Mrs. Speers.

"I haven't a penny in the world," said the girl. "I am going to walk to London, if I can, to get dress-making to do."

"Can you cut and fit?" asked Mrs. Speers.

"Anything," replied the girl. "Oh, do you want to try me?"

Mrs. Speers looked at her sharply.

"I will," said she. "I suppose it's a risk; that's a good dress, but—"

"I can fit you as no country dress-maker ever did," cried the girl. "I can make you look like a fashion plate. You can give me what you like, you know."

"I'll try you," said Mrs. Speers. "You can have your breakfast first, and then begin. You'd better take off your cloak."

"Please let me keep it on," said the girl. "Wait—I can't keep it on and sew, can I? I suppose I must take it off, but—"

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Speers, more grimly than before.

"I haven't no dress on underneath," said the girl.

"No dress on! I never heard of such a thing!" cried the old lady.

"I hope not," said the girl. "You see, I've been robbed."

Mrs. Speers considered.

"I'll lend you an old wrapper," said she. "Why, what has been happening to you?"

But the girl said nothing. She went into the little back bed-room, donned the wrapper and, having been fed, set to work. Soon Mrs. Speers found herself obliged to acknowledge that Betsy Blake was outdone; but the girl would not talk—would tell nothing of her story; "that," Mrs. Speers said to herself, "she did not like much."

At noon-time father and son came in—the father a grave, slow-speaking, slow-thinking farmer; the son college-bred, and spending his vacation with his parents.

"Who is that pretty girl at the sewing-machine, mother?" the youth asked in a whisper. "I thought you expected old Betsy Blake to make your dress?"

"That's a girl that came for work," said the mother. "Pretty! I don't see how you find anything so dreadfully pretty about her, in my old worn-out wrapper, too!"

After Mrs. Speers' dress was done that lady thought that so cheap a seamstress would never come to hand again. Shirts were to be made, counterpanes pieced and quilted, work of all kinds to be done, and the girl was handy in many ways. It was Rose here and Rose there, up stairs and down stairs, in the kitchen and in the lady's chamber.

Out of her tiny wages neat calico

dresses had been bought. She was trim, tidy and comfortable.

On Sunday she went to church in a bonnet made out of Mrs. Speers' old one, that looked prettier than anything in the milliner's shop-windows.

Frank used to walk with her sometimes, and it seemed to him that 'Squire Peters' daughters, and even rich Mrs. Hubbington looked vulgar beside his mother's seamstress, Rose.

One day he said so to his mother.—After that, somehow she contrived that he should see less of Rose until his vacation came to an end and he went back to college.

But the old folks knew nothing of what passed in the lane between the meadows where the brier-rose grew over the low fences, and the grass was long and wild.

He had been sitting on the fence waiting for her to come.

"I am going away to-morrow, Rose," said Frank.

"They will miss you, Mr. Speers," said the girl.

"Will you miss me?" asked Frank. "Don't call me Mr. Speers; I call you Rose. I don't know your other name. Call me Frank and say you will miss me. But next year I am going home to marry the girl I love, if she will have me. Do you think she will, Rose?"

"How do I know?" she asked.

"No one else knows, Rose," said he.

"Rose, you know I love you."

"Without even knowing my whole name?" said she. "I came to your mother's door and asked for work. That is all of my story that you know, and you would marry me?"

"If you can love me," he said.

She gave him her hand.

"You have a great deal of faith in me," she said. "Well, I have faith in you. Only we will say no more about it just now. Fancy your mother's feelings!"

She laughed softly.

"I know you are the sweetest thing that ever lived," he answered. Then he kissed her.

"Neither of them knew that the mother was hard by. She saw them as they crossed the stile.

"I do not like to see it she said to herself. "It must not go on."

Late that night Frank Speers heard the window of a room near him open softly. He hastily dressed himself and hurried down to the door and out upon the garden path. A figure was letting itself carefully down. It was dressed in hat and shawl and had a little bundle in its hand.

"Rose!" he cried.

"Frank!" she answered. Then they stood looking at each other.

"Where are you going?" Frank asked.

"Where they will let me be at peace," she said. "I am hunted like some wild animal. Come away further from the house, where our voices cannot be heard. To-night, after all the work was done, I sat alone in the little sewing-room. I was not listening, but I heard your mother say to your father:

"Listen to this. We are in search of a young woman with light hair and black eyes. She will give an assumed name, and is a fine seamstress. Any one harboring her will be dealt with according to law. The peculiarity of her attire when she escaped was she wore no gown," said your mother, 'it is Rose. I shall write to these people. Meanwhile, she shall not see this paper. She has evidently been in prison. It is our duty to give her up. Besides, Frank admires her too much.'

"Frank, it is I whom they seek. You will not prevent my escape?" said the girl, in a low voice.

"I will help you," said Frank. "But, darling, the time has come when you need me. Marry me; I am of age, and no one can take a wife from her husband."

"You do not doubt me, even now?" asked Rose.

"Doubt you!" he answered; "I love you. Doubt and love cannot exist together."

"It is time you should know the truth," said the girl, and she whispered something in her lover's ear.

"Now," she said, "I will marry you if you want me."

Rose went back into her little upper room. Frank sought his; no one knew either had left the house.

A letter went slyly to the post a few days after, and Mrs. Speers watched her seamstress with argus eyes. One evening, about a month after Rose's descent from the window, a carriage drove along the road, and from it stepped a lady and two men. Mrs. Speers hurried out to meet them.

"I received a note from some one in this house," said the lady. "You described the person of whom we are in search correctly. Can I see her?"

"Rose!" called Mrs. Speers.

The seamstress descended from the sewing-room.

"It is she!" cried the lady. "These men are officers of the law. Rose, you can come quietly, or resist, as you please,

but you see you must come all the same."

"Not without her husband!" exclaimed a voice, and Frank stepped forward to the girl's side.

"You married to that girl!" said the mother.

But the lady, with a look of fury, turned away.

"Come away. We will go," she said, firmly. "I can do nothing now."

She entered the carriage and was driven down the road.

Rose turned to Mrs. Speers.

"You have heard of the Norman property?" she said. "I was Miss Norman, its heiress. The lady who has driven away is my step-mother, whom my father married late in life. He made her my legal guardian until I came of age or married. At either of these periods her power over me ceased. She has a son by a former marriage to whom she desired to give me and my fortune. While I was still only a child I promised to marry him, but as I grew older I found him to be bad, coarse and mercenary. I did not love him nor did he love me. I refused to fulfill my engagement. From that moment she believed in a way that terrified. At last, finding me determined to leave her house, she locked me in the garret, without my ordinary articles of clothing. At night I found means to escape; fortunately, I had upon my finger a ring of some little value. This I gave to an old woman for the cloak and shoes which I wore on my arrival at your door. I intended to conceal myself until my next birthday gave me the right to be own guardian.—Your son desired to marry me that I might have a protector; but by the act he also made me a rich woman; for the fortune my father left me is now mine, and I am indeed happy to share it with one who loved me when he thought me a poor girl. Now, you know my motive; will you forgive me, mother?"

Mrs. Speers thought that it was better to take upon herself the role thus offered, especially as her daughter brought into the family that wonderful Norman property which she held in such respect.

The Troubles of Mr. Donald.

MR. DAVID DONALD, of West Liberty, has had some experience in a crim. con. case that, though not pleasant to him, was humorous to the public.

David has or had a family—Mrs. David Donald and four or five little Davids. The little Davids resemble their father, in possessing enormous appetites, which fiddling at frolics and a slow sort of jobbing failed to satisfy. It is said that under stress of an inefficient commissary, Mrs. Donald became too intimate with David's landlord, one Thomas, an elderly gentleman of some real estate and amatory propensities, who looked and courted his neighbor's wife through a pair of old-fashioned, steel-rimmed spectacles.

The visits of the proprietor of the real estate and magnifying glasses became so frequent—he went, he said, to collect his rents—that the village gossips took cognizance of the same, and noted that the rents were always demanded in the absence of David, as good a sort of King David as his better half was a Mrs. Uriah. And all these facts coming to the ear of the King—come to think of it, we are getting these scriptural references somewhat mixed—well, to sum up, David threw up his matrimonial rights and hauled off. He employed learned counsel to procure him a divorce and—as he wanted alimony also—to enter suit for damages against the said Thomas aforesaid, proprietor of real estate and old-fashioned steel-rimmed spectacles, for crim. con.

David was aggravated by the slow approaches of the law, and furthermore by Mrs. Donald serving notice publicly that she would not be responsible for David's pecuniary obligations. The poet of the village put this last in rhyme, and David was vexed in soul, being himself a musician, to hear bad little boys singing about the streets—

"Dave Donald's left my bed and board,
These few days, these few days;
He went away of his own accord,
And ain't a-coming home."

I warn the town from trusting Dave,
These few days, these few days;
His little bills they'll have to shave,
For he ain't a-coming home."

This was but a sample of many verses, and to create diversion David went to all the stores and volunteered to sort over the old eggs, taking therefrom the spoiled ones, claiming to know these through a dexterous shake that betrayed their inner quality. In this way he collected quite a basketful of "decayed hen fruit," as it is called in the village. Thus armed and equipped David stationed himself on the picket line, as it were, hid by a picket fence, in sight of his late happy home, now blighted and forever lost to him, through an unfaithful wife and a proprietor of real estate and steel-rimmed spectacles.

His watch was well rewarded in the appearance of the proprietor of land and

spectacles emerging from his blighted home. The troubadour permitted the perfidious proprietor to draw within short range, and then fired a hen product that took the amorous old gentleman between the eyes, knocking his steel-rimmed spectacle off, and so blinding him that he could not see his assailant. He opened his mouth to protest in some profanity, when another of the fixed ammunition entered that orifice to his mental edifice, exploded and rendered him hors du combat.

The betrayed and blighted being continued his assault before a gathering crowd, until the aged deceiver was covered with the spoiled product of the hen-house.

The projectiles being exhausted, King David retired, amid cheers from the populace. His accuracy of aim was greatly admired, for only one projectile missed its mark and hit the town constable in the commissary, while hurrying up to quiet the disturbance.

The proprietor of real estate and late steel-rimmed spectacles "skipped" the town, as they say out West, and King David has many honors conferred upon him. He is the hero of the hour and the hen-yard.

An Educational Revolt.

THE reign of cram in primary schooling is seriously threatened, and Boston leads the revolt. Henceforth, if success attends the effort, the Boston public school teacher will teach, not simply hear recitations as heretofore; and the pupils will acquire knowledge after the normal method of childhood, by being taught, by seeing and thinking, instead of by the memorizing of words from books. Language will be taught by talking-lessons with and about pictures, plants, animals, everyday life and experience. Oral instruction will also be given upon form, color, measures, animals grouped by habits, vegetables, minerals, hygiene and the human body. The metric system will be taught from the metric apparatus. No spelling books will be used, the reading books taking their place. In the grammar grade, grammar, as generally studied, has been abolished with the spelling book. In the stead of parsing and other technical work, lessons will be given in composition, in the use of capitals, in letter writing and in the arrangement of sentences. Much of the time formerly devoted to geography will be given to natural philosophy and physiology.—Oral instruction will be an important feature of all the classes, and in the lowest two it will predominate. In the lower classes the subject for oral instruction will be natural history, plants from May to November, animals from November to May, trades, occupations, common phenomena, stories, anecdotes, mythology, metals and minerals. In the upper classes, physiology, life in the middle ages, biographical and historical sketches, and experiments in physics.

This method labors under one serious, we fear fatal, difficulty—the teachers will have to know something. Their knowledge will have to be real "live" knowledge, not dead verbiage; and they will need to know a good deal about the natural, social and industrial life that the children come in contact with out of doors and at home. Such knowledge is not to be gained from books; and it is hard to turn a book student into a practical observer. We sincerely hope, however, that the teachers of Boston will succeed in their difficult task, and demonstrate to the rest of the world the feasibility of this promising and long needed reform.

A Strange Scene.

A well dressed man walked into one of the saloons the other day leading a little boy by the hand, and called for a drink of whiskey. The little fellow burst into tears and begged his father not to drink, and the saloon keeper, to his credit be it said, refused him, whereupon the man jumped behind the bar and seized a bottle of the article in question. The bar-keeper attempted to take the bottle from him, and a scuffle ensued, during which the liquor was spilled, and the stranger ejected. A man of family who was present was so struck by the conduct of the boy, that he left the saloon and made an oath that he would never drink another drop.

What a scene for an artist's pencil!—A wonderful battle, in which a little boy conquers the bar-keeper and the man of family present, but cannot prevail over his own beloved but besotted father.

A little five-year-old boy at Hartford was asked by a lady a few days ago for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked, "Ah, but you are rubbing it off."

"No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder, "I'm rubbing it in!"

DR. WHITTIER,

No. 302 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Continues to afford reliable special treatment of Private and Urinary Diseases. Perfect cure guaranteed. Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness resulting from self-abuse or sexual excess, producing nervous debility, night emissions, despondency, dizziness, dimness of sight, pimples of the face, weakness of mind and body, and finally impotency, loss of sexual power, sterility, etc., uniting the victim for marriage or business and rendering life miserable, are permanently cured in shortest possible time. Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, all Urinary diseases and Syphilis, (all forms, consisting of Skin Eruptions, Ulcers in the mouth, throat, or on other parts of the body, are perfectly cured, and the blood poison thoroughly eradicated from the system. DR. WHITTIER is a regular graduate of medicine, as his diploma at office shows; his life long special experience in all private diseases, with purest medicine prepared by himself, enables him to cure difficult cases after others fail—it is self-evident that a physician treating thousands of cases every year acquires great skill. The establishment is central and retired, and so arranged that patients see the doctor only. Consultation and correspondence private and free. Pamphlets sent sealed for stamp. Medicines sent everywhere.—Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 P. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. Everybody should read the

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE,

144 pages, fine illustrations, price 20 cents. A book for private, careful reading by both sexes, married or single, explaining wonders and mysteries of sexual system, reproduction, marriage impediments, etc., causes, consequence and cure. Sold at office or by mail, sent securely sealed, on receipt of price in money or postage stamps. Address DR. WHITTIER, No. 302 Penn St., Pittsburgh, Pa. W 46 ly

J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GIRVIN.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON.,
FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,

No. 64 South Gay, St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly. 45 1/2 yr.
J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

E. WARRING'S
(1876 Uniform Copyrighted 1877)
LAW BLANKS,

The Latest and Best. A Great Improvement—a want supplied. We furnish low and whatever you need.

Law and Commercial Supplies of all Kinds.

Send for samples and price lists of what you want. Catalogues of Blanks furnished at THIS OFFICE, or direct from the publisher, E. WARRING, Tyrone, Pa.

NEW WAGON SHOP.

THE undersigned having opened a
WHEELWRIGHT SHOP,
18
NEW BLOOMFIELD,

are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted.
STOFFER & CRIST.
New Bloomfield, April 23, 1874.

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 seedles 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.

To Magazine Club-Getters.

3-BUTTON KID GLOVES.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CASHMERE AND ELEGANT SILK DRESS PATTERNS.

GIVEN IN PREMIUMS

for Subscribers, at CLUB RATES, to

Arthur's Home Magazine!

TERMS: \$2 25 a Year, with a large reduction for Clubs. Specimen Number, 10 cents.

Send for Club-Getter's Special Circular, containing full particulars of this splendid offer.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 237 S. Sixth St., Phil'a