

that I know he can put me out of the house at any time if I should happen to displease him. I tell you, Margaret, that man is capable of anything. He does not care a fig what any one says or thinks. He follows his own whims. I got so vexed that I started off with the very scantiest of leave-taking. And what do you think he is going to do?" the lady concluded, taking a seat by her cousin's sofa, and becoming a little more friendly, since she had the opportunity of venting her anger on some one else.

"He isn't coming here?" exclaimed Miss Fairfield.

"How could you know?" said the lady, pettishly, vexed at the other's penetration. "Yes, he is coming here, and what for the Lord's only knows. I believe him to be insane. He certainly doesn't care anything about me; and as to Clarence, he really seemed to take a dislike to him, though the boy took every pains to please him. He does like Mr. Burkhardt, but I don't imagine he is sufficiently in love with him to cross the ocean in order to see him. He has absolutely no other friend here. It is the greatest piece of folly."

"When will he come?" Miss Fairfield asked, rather wondering at the excessive annoyance which the proposed visit caused Mrs. Burkhardt.

"Oh, in a month or two; and perhaps sooner."

"He may be more amiable when he gets here," the cousin said, desiring to soothe. "I don't see how he can go away without giving you the house."

"He will be hateful!" exclaimed the lady, rising to pace the floor. "I almost wish some accident may prevent his coming." Glancing at the invalid as she spoke, and seeing the look of astonishment on her face, she added fretfully. "You don't understand at all, Margaret. Of course I do not want to displease him seriously, and every hour that I spend in his company I am in danger of doing so. He is opinionated, eccentric, and suspicious, and I have to hold myself in as I would hold a horse that wants to run away. I am sure he sees me fretting, and is delighted by it. How can I feel secure that I may not fling out something that will enrage him?"

"To be sure," was all the reply the other could think of.

Here Jeanette, Mrs. Burkhardt's maid, put her head in at the door to ask where the lady would have her supper.

"Why, we may as well have it here," she replied, glancing round the pleasant, airy sitting-room. "It is the only well-aired room in the house. The dining-room is like a vault. And, Jeanette, will you ask Mr. Burkhardt and Mr. Clarence to come here?"

The other two came in presently, the young man greeting his mother's cousin somewhat carelessly, then sitting down by a window and sulkily whistling out into the night while he waited for supper. Mr. Burkhardt was a fine looking man, blonde, and with a pleasant face. Looking at him, one perceived where the son got his fair hair, blue eyes, and fresh complexion. The gentleman, though like the others a little out of temper at the lack of preparation for their coming, gave the invalid a polite and friendly greeting, and did what neither of the others had done, asked for her health, and how she had got along during their absence. She, also, had for him a different welcome.

"I am glad to see you back," she said, with a smile of real pleasure.

"Well, I declare, I am complimented," exclaimed the wife, with a laugh which was not very mirthful. "Cousin Margaret is glad to see you back, but she only expressed herself astonished to see me."

Miss Fairfield colored, and was silent. She couldn't say that a pleasant greeting was likely to call forth a pleasant reply. Supper coming in created a diversion, and by the time it was over their rooms were ready for the travelers.

When the invalid was alone, Mrs. Connors came to her room again a minute. "It is my opinion she's got her labor for her pains," she whispered. "She's come home as cross as two sticks."

"Hush—sh—sh!" whispered Miss Fairfield, glancing fearfully toward the door. The reign of terror had begun again, and she was longer the grand lady.

There was another arrival in Saxon that evening, but the comers were expected, and came with smiles on their faces. When the sound of carriage wheels was heard at the gate of the Wilson cottage, Charles Wilson ran down the garden walk to give his brother and sister welcome, and Miss Meeta came out and met them on the piazza, giving each a hearty kiss.

"Where's mamma?" exclaimed the bride, in alarm, noting not only her mother's absence, but a certain quiet and lowness of speech in the two others.

"Mamma is not very well," Meeta said gently. "She has been in bed since yesterday. I think it is nothing but a cold."

"Come right up and see her, Eugene," cried the young wife, going hastily toward the stairs. But her sister stopped her.

"Not now, Anne. She was asleep when I came down, and it might give her a start. She had some headache this afternoon, and I want to keep her as quiet as possible."

While speaking, Meeta exchanged a quick glance with her brother-in-law. "Yes, Anne," he said immediately, "we will wait until after supper. You should never startle one who is sick with the headache."

The young wife looked from her sister to her husband, then turned to her brother who was standing by. "Charles, what is the matter with mamma?" she asked. The boy hesitated and looked to Meeta to answer.

"Come into the parlor, Anne, and I'll tell you all about it," her sister said cheerfully. "It is nothing to be frightened at. Only don't let mamma hear us talking in the entry."

Clinging to her husband's arm, Anne Thayer went into the parlor and sat down, pale and trembling, overcome by a terrible presentiment of trouble.

"Now see how foolish she is," Meeta said laughingly, patting, then kissing her sister's pale cheek. "Don't come home with such a face as that. Mamma has taken cold and is a little feverish; and, instead of letting her go about the house in a miserable manner, half sick and half well, I insisted upon her going to bed yesterday. I was in hopes that she would be able to be up when you came home, and so was she; but she is not. She is probably going to have a short run of fever; but that is nothing to make you look so frightened, Anne."

"Let us see her right away," urged the younger sister. "Go up and find out if she is awake. I can't be content till I see her."

"Well, since you are so silly," Meeta said, smiling. "But first let me take off your bonnet."

"No; Eugene will," said the bride.

"O Eugene, I feel dreadfully!" she exclaimed the moment her sister had left the room. "Something is going to happen." And she leaned against his bosom and burst into tears. The shock from her joyful coming home had been too sudden.

He soothed her as a loving young husband might, took off her bonnet and shawl, kissed, coaxed, and tried to reassure her.

"Mamma is awake," Meeta said, coming down. "But she won't allow you to come up till you have had your supper. She told me to bid you welcome home."

"I can't eat a mouthful till I have seen her," sobbed the bride.

"Now do be reasonable, dear," her husband urged tenderly. "If your mother has any fever, it is not prudent for you to go into the room both tired and fasting. She understands that perfectly. I will go if you wish it; but I won't allow you to go till you have eaten. See, now, I begin to play the tyrant." And he fondly smoothed the hair that was ruffled against his breast.

"Well, do you go," she said, "and tell mamma that I am glad to get home again, and that I won't be kept from her ten minutes longer. Go and see just how she is."—To be Continued.

What Was His Occupation?

"YES, sir," remarked Smartington, "I can tell a man's occupation in five minutes by talking to him. He's sure to let it out in some way—can't keep silent about business he's interested in."

"Don't say so," remarked his friend Crank, as they both settled themselves upon the top of a White Mountain stage coach. "Well, now, here's this new-comer, he in the straw hat and spectacles, that's going to ride beside us, suppose you try him."

"All right, my boy, he's an easy one by his looks."

When the stranger had settled himself in his seat, proffered a cigar, which was accepted, and lighted his own, Smartington began: "Mighty fine cigars, sir: got 'em in Boston?"

"Yes; some Judge Gray, of the Supreme Court, gave me just before I started."

Smartington winked at his companion. "You gentlemen of the legal profession, always use a good article of that kind."

"The article is a good one, but I am not in the legal profession," replied he of the straw hat.

"Oh, beg pardon. Splendid morning this for a stage coach ride, isn't it?"

"Yes, but much better for a tramp through the country."

"Then you like a good walk. And I suppose you are used to it—don't mind fatigue, eh?"

"Oh, no," said straw hat: "I've walked hundreds of miles; rode, too, on horseback, as well as on muleback."

"Where did you ever walk most?"

(Smart eyed him sharply; he couldn't be a tramp.)

"Down south during the war."

"Indeed! Did you ever see any of the Union generals?"

"Certainly," said the stranger, smiling; "knew Burnside well. He's a good pedestrian himself. Little Phil. Sheridan, too; he looks better on horseback than on foot. Sheridan's ride, you know. I was at Winchester. Fighting Joe Hooker's a splendid fellow; with him in two campaigns; rides well, walks well, talks well."

"Ah, then you're a soldier, I see," said Smart decidedly.

"Oh, no, sir! I wish I had been one, but I never shouldered a gun in my life."

Smart looked a little disappointed as his friend nudged him and gave a chuckle at his second failure, but he returned to the charge again.

"I suppose business and amusements will be lively this fall."

"Yes, there's every indication of heavy freights from West to East this fall. I think Vanderbilt will try to make some change in his lines that will require fresh combinations East. He is more reticent about his plans than Tom Scott; I'd rather talk with Scott ten minutes than Vanderbilt half an hour, as far as information's concerned."

"Well, which, on the whole, do you railroad men think is the ablest, Scott or Vanderbilt?"

"Well, I knew the old Commodore better than Scot, although I always found the latter very sound and practicable—but bless you, I'm not a railroad man," said the new-comer, laughing.

"Indeed! then I suppose you don't object to the stage as a traveling conveyance."

"No, not in this part of the country; nor the dramatic stage, as an amusement at home."

"Nor I; though I prefer a good Shaksperian play to the variety show and burlesque the present day—don't you?"

"Generally; though both may be enjoyed," said the straw hat wearer.

"But you certainly have seen Edwin Booth, Barrett, and McCullough, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes; know 'em well; and Forrest and the elder Booth, Charles Keen, elder Vandenhoff, Macready and others, such as Gus Brooke, Gustavus Vaughn Brooke, you know—and Jim Murdock, an excellent Hamlet, now a reader. Why, I've helped Brooke dress and make up for his part in the Corsican Brothers—poor fellow, lost at sea."

"Really," said Smart, "you appear well posted about actors."

"Yes, sir; knew them all before and behind the curtain."

"Not in the profession yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir; never spoke a line in that way, or faced the footlights."

"Think there will be much speculation in stocks this fall?"

"Well, there may be some in the silver stocks—in San Francisco; they'll steam up mining stocks well this fall, and Wall street is hungry for 'outsides' after its long fast. Goldspeculation's flattened out; money's easy; English consols 94, our bonds a shade firmer, say 73 for the 5's, and I see North West and St. Paul have advanced at the New York Exchange."

"Y-e-e-s. But if you have dealt in stocks I s'pose you would feel encouraged, eh?"

"Well, I don't know how I might feel, but I don't deal in them; I leave that to the brokers."

Another nudge and snicker from Crank, and Smart began to have a dim perception that the stranger might be quizzing him, but he rallied again:

"The currency question appears to be a pretty important one just now."

"Yes, so it is. I had a talk with Sherman before I left Washington. I think he is on the right track, and hope he will stick."

"Hope it won't offend you if I say some of our business men would like it if Congress would take six months' more vacation?"

"Not a bit; I wish they would—it would save me lots of work."

"How so? Are you a member or a Government officer?"

"Good gracious no, I hope not; I like my own business better."

"Well, now," said Smart, fairly run to earth, "I'm blessed if I shouldn't like to know what your business is. You seem to be familiar with every one, and yet not in any. A Supreme Court Judge gives you cigars; you walk and ride with Generals in the army; are posted on railroad freights, with free access to Vanderbilt and Tom Scott; know all the actors on the stage, and yet are not one; are posted on stocks, and don't deal in 'em; familiar with Congress, and not of it; will you excuse me if I ask you plump what you do for a living?"

"Certainly," said the stranger, "although I should have thought you would have surmised from my conversation—I am a reporter for a newspaper."

Afraid She'd be Kissed.

A man was once walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and man and woman, reaching the junction at the same time walked on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the legs a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a dark, deep ravine the woman said to the man:

"I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

"If you were afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overpower you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, oh, woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of such an expedient."

When they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulder, imprisoned the chicken under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

The Bereavements of a Little Boy.

LAST month a bright eyed, pretty fellow of four years of age was taken by the conductor of a train to the Palmer House. The child was quiet and obedient, but occasionally the tears would stream down his cheeks, and though he did not cry, aloud, the heavy sobs shook him, while the tiny hands tried vainly to hide the baby face. He was all alone in the world, and the love and kindness of strangers were all that comforted him. About his neck was a ribbon, to which was attached a card, with the following inscription: "To the Masonic fraternity—Forward the orphan to San Francisco; Howard Association, New Orleans." Very tenderly did the ladies at the hotel care for the child, petting and caressing him, until he forgot his sorrow. He was the last survivor of the family of Henry E. Wilcox, of New Orleans. In the past three weeks his father, mother four sisters and brothers had died of yellow fever. The Association, learning that he had relations in San Francisco, telegraphed as to the disposal of the child. The answer was prompt. He would be fondly loved by his friends in that city, and they wanted him at once.—There was but one way to send him, so the poor little fellow was committed to strangers for the long trip of nearly four thousand miles. Everywhere he had met with the greatest attention, passengers on the various cars taking entire charge of him and attending to all his wants. Ladies in Chicago took him to the west bound train, and after giving him a bountiful supply of toys and dainties, left him to the kindly care of the conductor.

Another Story of Lincoln.

Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky says: While I was in Congress, during four years, I had frequent interviews with President Lincoln, and never, during all that time, did I hear him utter an unkind sentiment. I was told by Secretary Stanton that at the first Cabinet meeting after the surrender, the question as to what should be done with the Confederate leaders was under discussion. Some of the Cabinet were for hanging, some for imprisonment, and so on. During the discussion the President sat at the end of the table with his legs twisted up, and said not a word. At last some one appealed to him for his views. The President's reply was: "Gentleman, there has been blood enough spilled; not another drop shall be shed, if I can help it." Said Mr. Stanton: "This reply was like a thunderbolt thrown into the Cabinet, and not a word of opposition was offered." A man who could use such language as that at such a time could truly subscribe himself: "With malice toward none and charity for all."

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It done it for me, as you observe."

A woman need not always recall her age, but she should never forget it.

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