

once without giving offence to the other.

"But I must go now," the doctor said. "I've got some sick people to see to. If you should be sick, Charlie will come after me. Will you be a good girl and let me go?"—To be Continued.

PETER AND THE WOLVES.

ABOUT thirty years ago a Norwegian, named Jan Jansen, came to this country and settled in the backwoods of what was then old Virginia, clearing a farm in the mountain wilderness near the Cheat river.

These mountain fastnesses were then, as, indeed, they are still, tenanted by the bear, the great gray wolf (not the comparatively harmless coyote of the West), and even the panther.

The Jensens were genial, kind-hearted folk, and counted everybody a neighbor and a friend who lived within a circuit of thirty miles.

If Jan or his wife were needed in time of sickness or other emergency, they took Peter and Greta and set out, leaving the cabin locked, and the key hung outside, according to the custom of the country.

"Some Christian soul," they said, "might need shelter or a meal, and the beasts could not unlock the door."

Fear of the wild beasts prevented their leaving the children at home, though, in fact, neither bear nor panther were ever known to approach a house, and wolves only in case of extreme hunger.

After living in the mountains for a few years, the Jensens became convinced that there was no danger, and grew more careless. They frequently were absent in the field all day, leaving Peter and Greta alone in the house. But they took care never to let the night fall before their return.

The summer of 1850 was a hard one in that desolate region for man and beast. Crops of all kinds, even mast, failed.

As the fall passed and winter approached, the deer actually came near the cabin in midday, driven by hunger. Rumors came from the far-off farms that the wolves, gaunt and hunger-bitten, had attacked the cattle in the barns.

In early December, Jan was sent for to John Supplee, a farmer living about ten miles down the range. Supplee had fallen and broken his leg, and Jan, who had a good deal of medical skill, was the only person who could bandage it properly.

"You will come with me, Maria," he said to his wife, "so that, in case I cannot come back before night, you can bring the cart and ox home."

Maria kissed the children good-by. "I will be back before sundown," she said. You can have the supper ready, Greta and Peter may milk the cow."

The children spent the day quietly at work in building a house for their hens.

The sun was going down before they thought it was noon. Peter went to milk the cow, and Greta to put the bacon to fry, and the corn-cake in the covered skillet among the hot ashes.

"Quiet, quiet, good Spry!" cried Peter, patting the white spot in her forehead. "Mother is coming, and I have not done my work."

Spry stood still. The milk was strained and put away in the brown crocks. The cake was baked, and waited, smoking by the fire, but mother had not come.

"What is that, Peter?" Greta grew white as she caught his arm. It was a rushing, roaring, hissing noise, which filled the whole air; then followed by a deafening, prolonged crash, like thunder. Then there was silence.

The sky was blue, the setting sun warm. The birds were twittering their last good-nights before the darkness fell. The two children stood trembling in the doorway.

"It is an evil spirit," said Peter, promptly, for the Jensens had brought all their native superstitions with them. "We have made him angry in some way. Come in and shut the door."

The crash had brought more trouble to the children than could any angry spirit. It was a tornado which had crossed the mountains five miles to the south, tearing up great oaks by the roots, heaping the ravines with rocks and fallen trees. It had crossed the road on which their mother on the cart was slowly driving the ox.

Peter was 15, and a stout boy of his age. He sat now shivering and whimpering in the corner like a scared baby. "Mother is dead. He has killed her!" he cried.

"Who would kill mother? I'll go and find her. Come. Do something, Peter!" said plucky little Greta, tugging at the latch with her shaking fingers.

"Do! What can anybody do when the spirits are out?"

He crouched on the floor and hid his eyes—then started up. "I know what I'll do. They are hungry. In Norway he always set out a meal for them in

winter nights. My father never has done it here."

There was a haunch of venison hanging to the rafter, but half-dried. The boy laid it in front of the fire until it began to crackle and burn. Greta knelt on the hearth watching it. She knew that this was the way in which the angry spirits that filled the mountains of Norway were appeased; but she thought they had left all these terrible creatures behind them.

Peter took up the smoking meat, carried it to the edge of the woods, threw it down and ran back, his teeth chattering with terror.

"Come away from the window," he cried to Greta. "It is death if you look at them."

He threw himself flat upon the bed.

But presently the little girl crept to the window. "Surely mother is coming. And they can't see me, anyhow, through this chink," she thought.

The moon had risen, and threw a spectral light over the open space and the dark woods beyond.

Little did the poor boy think that, while appeasing the anger of imaginary spirits, he was whetting the appetite of creatures far more formidable.

What were these black, shadowy shapes tearing at the meat? The child's blood grew cold in her veins. The spirits were indeed there! They left the meat. They crept stealthily to the house.

"Wolves! wolves!" she shrieked. "They are climbing in at the windows!"

"Wolves!"

Peter, with one leap, reached the gun. He gave quick, convulsive shouts, as a boy is apt to do with great excitement. Wolves! He could kill a hundred wolves! A different thing from spirits! He had just time to close the heavy shutter as the fierce beasts reached the window. The door was already shut. Greta drew the great bar across it. The kitchen was full of the smoke of the roasting meat, and the smell maddened the famished beasts, who each had tasted but a morsel of his flesh.

There was a window in the wash-shed, for which there was no shelter.

"They will not find it," whispered Greta. "The bushes cover it."

The children crept noiselessly into the shed, carrying the guns with them, their eyes fixed on the square, open hole, for which they had no defense. The barking and yelps of the wolves were at the other side of the house.

But suddenly a crash was heard among the bushes, and one, two, a dozen heads appeared at the open window.

Peter fired. There was a yelp from two that were hit, and the pack retreated for a moment. The next moment the whole pack, discovering the opening, rushed to that side of the house. The window was full of gleaming eyes, and fierce, open jaws. Again and again the boy fired, his sister loading the guns for him. But they were too slow. One great, gaunt wolf leaped through the opening. The others tore at each other in their fury to pass. Without was a dark, howling mass.

"To the left! To the left!" shouted Peter, retreating, still firing, toward the ladder. But Greta, gone mad with terror, as he thought, rushed past the wolf, seizing a box, in which she kept her wax doll, her Sunday ribbons, all her most sacred treasures. It was a heavy box, but she lifted it and carried it to the ladder. The wolf sprang at the boy, but Peter had the strength of two men that night. He dealt him a stunning blow on the skull with the butt end of his gun, and had reached the ladder before he recovered.

By the time the children gained the loft the kitchen was filled with a furious, snarling pack.

"If I could cut away the ladder! If I had a hatchet or a knife!" cried Peter. "There is no way to keep them down!" He stood in the trap-door, dealing blow after blow with his gun. They had left the powder and shot below. The boy's strength was going; the open-mouthed beasts were endeavoring, by means of the ladder, to leap into the loft. He looked at Greta, who was kneeling before her box, taking out her gilt-clasped Bible.

No wonder the child had gone mad. She sprang to her feet at last. Peter, seeing what she held in her hand, gave a wild yell.

The fireworks—the precious crackers and candle, and torpedos, which their father had bought from the peddler, to fire off on Christmas day!

"A match! Ach, mein Gott; if we have no match!"

But there was one in the depths of Peter's pocket, and the next minute a small, red mass was lowered into the midst of the pack. They stopped to sniff at it. Then there was an explosion. The crackers hissed and sputtered. A dazzling glare of red and blue lights filled the room. Poy! Bang! Bang! Yelps of terror from the wolves, shrieks of triumph from Peter. In less than a minute, the burned and frightened pack had cleared the window and halted in the

yard. Peter ran down the ladder, flung another box of blazing crackers among them, and followed it up by more bullets.

The children at last found means to barricade the window, and did not dare to open it until the sun was up.

Their father and mother returned soon after dawn. Maria, finding the road blocked by the fallen trees, had been forced to go back to Supplee's. Jan and she had walked home across the hills in the night, full of anxious forebodings about the children.

Peter Jansen is now a middle-aged man, who went through all the battles in Virginia; but he is never tired of telling of the night when he and Greta fought the evil spirits with fire-crackers.

A Model Letter.

The following letter was picked up in Liberty valley this county, and is certainly a curiosity:

MIDDELTOWN, Frederick Co., Va., July 9, 1878.

Dear friend and lover— I seat myself this present day to rite you a few lines to let you know how I am ageting along in this troblisome world hard enuf far I nearly world mi life out this Sumor the harwest I lito I worked mi self to death then I ouften that iff you onely would A binn hear to had Werked in mi plase the famelea is all Well at this present time tay send their louv to you and som moar that is to com I want you to Com hoam fill the first Saturday and Sunday in September the Camellits menting be gines the middell off augost the Camp menting is in augost it comenesh th 18 com hoam Now I want to no what iss the mater wieth you the reason that I doant get eny anser from you far the lator that I sent you to reckeley after that even that I got from you I want Wether you ar mad at me or not I cant rest day ner night untill I hear from you you Stated in yoare lator that you Could rite every week iff I read so and I want you to right and tell me the reason why that you doant you sed the promises that you made me you would fulfill well but you doant som how and nother O I want you to rite to me as soon as this comes to hand you no the last evening that you was hear I toald you that I neaver would far sak you obut I am afraid that you have me but I hope not O I want to sea you wonst moar O I aint far got you but I am afraid that you have me O I want you to rite to me and let me now all A bout it and then I would be beter satisfied and rite and leave mi now you ar Coming hoam far serten if you cant com up tell September I want you to be hear the tim off all off them meatings iff you can I will full fill Well if you doant I doant now what to do far it will brake mi hart I must pretty soon cloas far this tim rite as soon as this Comes to hand I must cloas so good by from youre louver and friend to her friend and louver I doant now wether you love me as well as I do you or not round is the ring that has no end so is the louv to you mi friend

the rose is red
the violet is blew
shugar is sweet and
so ar you sow tri
and when this you
see remember me
That I am your
louver and friend
mi pen is bad
mi ink is pall
mi louv to you
will never fall
to you Mi Dear

rite soon and when this you sea remember me that I am your friend from Mary C. B. R———r to her Darling John W. R

rite soon so good by but not far evr
I the read sea I me
love is down will will
but that and you have you
one and up and you iff
read this up and down
M. C. B. R. B. To J. W. R.
rite soon as this comes to han.
Mary R.

Prison Life in France.

There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cell system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day, but in the central prisons as many as 100 sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in ateliers, fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrellafurules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured, and such light work as glossing paper, sewing copy books and making hair ornaments is done. The work is let to contractors by tariff fixed by the local Chamber of Commerce, to prevent any undue competition with free labor. Half of the profits of the prisoner's work goes to the State; he is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from \$100 to \$300 cash capital. A large proportion of the prisoners use this in setting themselves up in trade or in procuring passage to other lands. These rewards of industrial training itself, constitute together the main and tolerable counterbalance to the otherwise grave evils of association. The element of hope is always prominent in French prisons, and it is the sheet-anchor of

their administration. A visitor to La Sante, at Paris, observed in the first cell he inspected a table on which lay a pipe of tobacco, a half bottle of wine and a novel.

Who Are the Ones that Get Rich.

It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind to remain. It takes a certain amount of virtue, of self-denial, of morality, to lay up and keep money. In the lives of nearly all rich men there have been periods of heroic self-denial, of patient industry, of Christian prudence. Circumstances did not make these men rich. The highest moral prudence made them rich. While their companions were dancing away their youth, or drinking away their middle age, these men were devoted to small economies—putting self-indulgence entirely aside. If our correspondent or our readers will recall their companions, we think the first fact they will be impressed with is the measure of equality with which they started in the race for competence or wealth. The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquisition into the causes of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in those results. Circumstances? Why, the rich man's son who had all the "circumstances" of the town has become a beggar. The poor, quiet lad, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, who could only earn money enough to procure for her boy the commonest education, is a man of wealth and has become a patron of his native village. The man who possesses and practices virtue makes his own circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge—provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production, or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.

Humors of the Law.

Persons who are unfamiliar with court proceedings are often surprised and perplexed at the number of objections that are made to questions asked witnesses. Quite an amusing incident in this connection once occurred in the Seventh District Court in this State. A trial for murder was progressing. A witness was testifying that on the morning after the murder he met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter "called the waiter and said"—"Hold on!" exclaimed the attorney for the defense, "I object to what he said." Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said—"Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the district attorney, flushed with his legal victory. "Well, replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a rare beefsteak and a couple of soft-boiled egg.'"

In one of our courts a little while ago an old lady was being examined as a witness. To almost every question asked, the counsel on the opposite side would jump up and say, "I object as irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent." This appeared to annoy the old lady, who seemed inclined to make a personal matter of it. Finally the interterogatory was put, "Did you see those men in that field on that day?" "Maybe what I saw wouldn't be evidence," was her answer, "because I saw them through glasses. I am old and wear spectacles."

He Wouldn't read a Monday Paper.

There was one exemplary man among the directors and officers of the City of Glasgow Bank who squandered seven millions of money confided to their charge. This was Lewis Potter. Five years ago he built the Burbank Free Church, and became responsible for the greater portion of the cost of the fabric, and in consequence of this liberality enjoyed great fame for pious zeal and benevolence. During all the years when, according to the inspector's report, he actively assisted in falsifying the accounts, in making away with the cash reserve, and in deceiving the shareholders and the public, he steadily refused to take in or read Monday's newspaper, because they were printed on the first day of the week. Of William Taylor, also, another director, it is remarked that he occupied a prominent position as President of the Glasgow Young Men's Christian Association, and as a representative on several occasions of St. Enoch's Church in the General Assembly.

Good for Babies.

We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength. The Parents, University ave., Rochester, N. Y. See another column. 50 2t

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