

plaza, she drew a little package from a pocket in the carriage, and presented it, without a word, to the gentleman, bowed to him, and was driven away.

Doctor Thayer felt as though his silence on the subject of Mrs. Paulier's death was bought.

"She is certainly very adroit," he said with a smile, as the three seated themselves in the parlor again, Charles having gone up-stairs to see his pet prisoner.

"You, can't of course, refuse to go," his wife said, more pleased than she would have owned at the graciousness of their visitor, and that her husband should be a physician at the Hall.

"I have no desire to refuse," he said. "It is my vocation to go; and it is a good place. I haven't tried to oust Dr. Marston, and need have no hesitation in taking his place, as he would have none in taking mine if the situation were reversed. Besides, the doctor is getting old, and has a large property, while I am young and have an extravagant wife to provide for," laughingly patting his wife on the shoulder.

"Besides, again, I am glad that Mrs. Burkhardt is not likely to get a new physician here and try to put him in my shoes. She might do me great injury.—And now, let us see what we have got here for our little Rose."—To be continued.

A Young Man Badly Sold.

AUTUMN foliage floated broadly and beautifully over the land, and cool evenings crowned dusky days with stars and a crescent. The morning showed white and glittering under the late-risen sun, across whose smile the breath of winter crept coldly.

A time when eager youth sets forth into the world, careless of experience that so easily "conceals every thorn," as its beckons into the future.

Allan Aytoun was no exception to the generality of youth in the estimate of his own wisdom in meeting life, and his knowledge of it.

He stood before the little garden-gate of his country home, smiling grandly, nevertheless lovingly, upon his mother and his sister, who showered kisses and advice upon him in return. He was waiting for the omnibus which was to start him on his journey to the great city, with which a winter or two had already made him familiar, but whence he had ever returned to his proud mother noble and respected, however much he might have gained in a certain pomposity of manner—the result of a varied experience.

Henry, his young brother, romping with the great, black Newfoundland, Pluto, gazed with jealous awe upon his senior,—taking heart, however, at the thought that he, too, should some day step from the threshold of home into the great, busy world.

The rumbling coach bore off its precious burden. The mother wipes a tear from her eye as she enters the house; the sister leans on the gate, and gazes pensively down the road; Pluto and Henry are running a race after the fast receding coach.

As the weeks go by, pleasant letters come from Allan, and the little home-circle look for them as their dearest entertainment; so that when they cease to come as often as at first the want of them throws a shadow across the genial faces that bend so eagerly over them.

"No letter!"

It was Allan's sister who spoke, with a rueful countenance, as the coach rattled by, dropping no precious missive.

"What can it mean, Grace?" asked the mother anxiously. "We have never waited as long as this. Had you not better write? I fear he may be sick?"

"Wait one more day," said Grace, "and then if we do not hear we will telegraph to the careless reprobate. To judge from his last letters, I should suspect an *affaire de coeur*. He had talked of nothing but Ma'm'selle Lascours, the French danseuse, for weeks and weeks. I presume if we are fortunate enough to receive a letter to-morrow it will only prove an elaborate catalogue of her beauty and her graces."

But the letter, when it came, did not mention the lovely actress. It was a brief demand for money; a request, rather, that a roll of bills that had been amassing in a private drawer of Allan's for some dear, home purpose should be sent to him.

The money was sent, with the usual home gossip, and, although Grace wondered, and her mother pondered, they neither of them questioned Allan's purpose, relying on him as trustfully to manage his own as their affairs—in all of which they were accustomed to appeal to him. But when, from time to time, more urgent letters for money were received, and permission sent to sell Pluto to some gentleman who had long desired in vain to obtain him, then, indeed, there was consternation.

Sell Pluto! Who ever heard of anything so preposterous!

Mrs. Aytoun sent money of her own, with an earnest entreaty that her son would confide in her, and lessen her anxiety, caused by his constant demand for funds, and lack of interest in home events.

Not receiving an immediate reply to her letter, she determined to go to him. Grace willfully declared that she should not go alone, so Henry found himself, with Pluto, an occupant of a neighboring relative's hospitable mansion.

Mrs. Peter Prynny was full of righteous sympathy, and was also just a trifle censorious.

"This comes of Cousin Sophy's certainty of Allan's perfection. She never seemed to think him human; but now!"

She shook her head, and waited to continue her soliloquy until Henry and her youngest son lay planning under the bed-clothes schemes of glory when they, too, should become peculiarly involved—and even going to such extents as parting with a faithful Pluto.

Hetty Prynny listened demurely, and said she thought it ridiculous for Allan's mother to go to him as if he were a little boy. Why shouldn't he flirt with a French danseuse, and spend money? It was just like him. She didn't care. And breaking the eye to her needle, she saved snapping her thread, which she must otherwise have done.

But the thought of ridicule never occurred to Allan's mother, nor to Grace, nor to the reprobate himself. He was filled with delight on receiving them, and, after a series of warm embraces, sat down, looking as fresh and untroubled as on the autumn morning he had left them; so that, at first, the change that care and excitement had rendered visible in his face was imperceptible. But when alone with him that night, before he left her for his lodgings, his mother with her searching gaze fathomed trouble and doubt and feverish expectation.

"Unburden your heart to me, Allan: it is for that that I have undertaken this long journey."

Allan blushed, and looked irresolute.

"I am about to confess myself an idiot," he said.

"Remember who your confessor is, and what have you to fear," she said, stroking his head, which he had leaned against her shoulder.

"I am a victim," said Allan, "of an infatuation of which I am half ashamed and for which I fear you will condemn me. Perhaps you remember all the absurdities my letters contained about the pretty little danseuse, Ma'm'selle Desiree Lascours. When I utter that name, my story is told. She bewitches me.—Mother, you and Grace must see her.—To-morrow she performs. I have purchased a set of silver ornaments, and sent them to her, and I am impatient to know if she will wear them."

"My son!"

A grieved astonishment betrayed itself in Mrs. Aytoun's voice.

"I know you think me extravagant, mother," said Allan fretfully; "and so it would have seemed to me once. But if one lives in Rome, you know!"

Mrs. Aytoun was silent. She saw Allan was completely mastered by what he termed an infatuation. She resolved to go with him the following evening, and judge for herself of the merits of Ma'm'selle Lascours.

Grace, who wisely asked no questions, gladly attended the performance, and agreed with her mother that the fair enchantress was in truth capable of attracting feminine admiration even. No wonder Allan's heart had softened under the repeated, radiant smile. And when, on this evening of all others, she turned toward him, and, with a graceful motion, touched the silver japonica resting in her hair, his own rivaled hers in sweetness.

"Well, mother?" he asked, with triumphant interrogation, when they found themselves together alone—Grace having exhausted all her encomiums, and left them.

"Not ill," said Mrs. Aytoun. "But after all, Allan, what is this ma'm'selle to you but a passing object of admiration? What more can she, or could she possibly become?"

"You speak of her slightly, mother, but I—I feel sure if I could know her, if my poor attentions will only succeed in gaining her acquaintance, that—that—perhaps she would like me,—knowing me."

Mrs. Aytoun regarded her son with a slight touch of scornful sadness hovering in the indulgent smile about her lips.

"I think, Allan," she said, speaking seriously and kindly, "that a nearer acquaintance with Ma'm'selle Lascours would give you that command of yourself which you seem to lack. Remember, you have only seen her on the stage."

Allan himself now grew scornful. "It could not alter her angelic smile—it shines through all the tinsel and the

show. O, mother! I am sure there could be no disappointment."

To prove Allan's statement, Mrs. Aytoun determined, if possible, to gain the acquaintance of Ma'm'selle Lascours. Accordingly, the next day, Allan dispatched, with an exquisite bouquet of flowers, entreating the acquaintance of Ma'm'selle Lascours, who had deigned to wear his ornaments, and begging an introduction for his mother, his sister, and himself. The answer to this note he awaited with all due impatience.

This answer would probably never have met any eye but his own, not even his mother's, had not the letter fallen into Grace's hands.

She went to his lodgings for a book which she had left there, and finding the letter waiting, took it in her pocket to give it to him, supposing they should meet at dinner, before he returned to his rooms. In this supposition she was right; but, alas! the letter lay forgotten in her pocket, and, as Allan forebore to speak of it—although it was the chief object of his thoughts—it was not forthcoming until night, when, paying his evening visit to his mother and sister, Allan complained dejectedly that his offering and advances had received a slight. Then Grace bethought herself of the letter in pocket, and hastily brought it to the light. The writing was in a free masculine hand, but the envelope bore the mark of the theatre whence it had been sent.

"From the lovely Lascours," Grace said, "thanking you for your gift. Some other lover wrote the address, probably. Either he is confident of his position, or devoid of jealousy."

Allan held the letter in his hand, regarding the writing with dismay. His impulse had been to rush away with the missive to his lodgings, and devour the contents there in solitude, but the suspicion of another lover, confirmed by the address, decided him to open it where he stood: by the mantel, in the full blaze of the gaslight.

Suddenly he flung the letter from him, after crushing it in his hand, and trod it under his foot.

"Allan, my son," exclaimed Mrs. Aytoun, rising from her seat, and approaching him with a distressed and compassionate countenance, "Allan!"

He groaned, hiding his face in his hands, while Grace, terrified and wondering, regarded him with dilating eyes.

"The low-born creature!" she exclaimed; "what has she dared to say to you?"

"Is it from Ma'm'selle Lascours?" asked Mrs. Aytoun, stooping and picking up the trampled note. "May I read it?"

Allan only bowed his head a little lower, in misery of wounded pride. His mother read the motion as assent, and her eyes glanced carefully over the following:

"DEAR MADAM:—for your fine riting betrays you are a woman as I am a man. You have discovered the trick and had of course a rite to trick me in turn, for I spose you are the mighty pretty girl that sat with you and the other lady the other evening when I wore your silver and acknowledged the same. I should like the pleasure of your acquaintance very much only I'm going away soon and nothing might come of it after all. I've bin playing make believe the other sex so long I mightn't know what to say fancy, of I had the chance. Ef you regret partin' with the silver you ken have it back again as I have quantities of trinkets, and aint going to be M'amselle Lascours or anybody else after some few weeks longer, and am glad as it makes most of my lovers awful mad when they git wind of the joke. Adoringly,

"JACK JERRIMAN, alias

"M'AMSELLE DESIREE LASCOURS."

Allan's mother's fairly stared after perusing this singular epistle.

"Somebody wrote it," she said.

"Of course they did!" said Allan.—

"It's the"—And Allan shook his head, incapable of further utterance.

"Hush-sh!" and his mother's hand closed over his mouth. "Depend upon it, Allan, this is the work of some idle wag. You will hear from Ma'm'selle Lascours to-morrow."

"Tomorrow!" said Allan, starting up fiercely.

And, despite his mother's caution, and Grace's entreaties, he departed in search of the scoundrel who had cheated him, or the woman whose neglect had proved so sore a trial to his pride and patience.

While he was gone, Grace read the letter, and, though full of indignation and chagrin for Allan's sake, nevertheless found in it a fund of amusement that would last her many a day. It was late when Allan returned, and her laughing blue eyes sobered at once on beholding him.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "The hateful creature! What did she say to you, Allan?"

"She!" exclaimed Allan, in a voice of thunder. "It's true, I tell you, I saw him, the rascal! I'll sue him, or the theatre, or somebody. Ugh!"

And Allan ground his teeth, poor fellow, suffering a thousand torments in the bitterness of his wounded pride. A year later, perhaps he would laugh with

Grace at the comicality of his situation; but now, the thing desirable was a secrecy profound and silent, and on this they all agreed.

And Mrs. Peter Prynny?

She believed Allen saved by his mother's intrepidity from falling a prey to some low-born dancing-girl—believed him saved for his own and Hetty's future happiness. For Hetty was grow- prettier every day, and charmed Allen with her prettiness and piquancy when once again he returned to the enjoyment of his home, a wiser man and humbler; humble enough to beg Pluto's pardon, if the unsuspecting dog could have granted it, knowing the wrong that had been done him.

A Lovers Mistake.

IT matters somewhat whether a young lady's uncle is a millionaire or a missionary if her lover's constancy is in question. A German officer, who was suffering from wounds received during the war with France, was recently sent to a village in the Swiss Canton of Vaud to recruit his strength. There he made the acquaintance of a young lady, whose parents resided in the same village, and the couple became engaged. Owing to the mildness of the climate, the hero soon regained his health, and before long an order arrived from headquarters desiring him to report himself within a week at Berlin. At first his letters were filled with protestations of the enduring nature of his love, but gradually, as time wore on, they became less frequent and much colder in tone. Six weeks had elapsed since he had last written, when, instead of a letter full of reproaches, the Lieutenant received a telegram from his dear Marie, in the following words:

"Dear Fritz—I have just received a letter informing me that my uncle, who was a millionaire, at Frankbar, in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress." The Lieutenant lost no time. Hesel out for the village. The young lady was overwhelmed with joy on seeing her lover once more, but reproached him for his long silence.

"Don't let us talk of it, dear Marie," he replied: "there is now no obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent to us, has removed the objections of my parents to our marriage, for a fortune so great, so colossal.—" At these words Marie, taking his hand, said: "Fritz, do not make fun of me." The lover drew out of his pocket the telegram, asked her whether she had not written the words, "My uncle has just died a millionaire at Frankbar." Utterly astounded, Marie dropped his hand, and, her eyes filled with tears, exclaimed, "Dear Fritz, there is a mistake in the telegram. What I wrote was—'My uncle has just died a missionary in East Indies, and the amount he has left me is 196 francs 45 centimes.'"

Too Sharp for the Old Man.

James Maples residing near Norwich, Conn., had a daughter who married a man named Chase, against her father's will. The old man was very angry, and in his will which bequeathed the large estate to the heirs, was a proviso that forbade Mary entering into possession of or controlling in any way her share while she lived with Chase, and also stating that Chase should never be benefited thereby. Everything has been done to thwart the father's purposes in this regard by the Chases, but without success. Edward and Mary, not having any control of the legacy, were slowly but surely being brought down to poverty. People refused him credit, and even the roof over their heads was sold.

Such was the history and condition of the Chases when a petition was sent into the November term of the Superior Court by Mary Chase praying for divorce from her husband Edward on grounds of "intolerable cruelty." No one probably in this section ever anticipated such a thing, knowing they lived in perfect harmony and felicity.

The divorce was granted and Mary Maples then presented her claim for the property, asserting that she was no longer the wife of Chase, which was corroborated by her presenting her divorce papers to the trustees, who immediately gave the control of the property, which consists of houses, bank stock and bonds worth thousands of dollars into her hands.

Edward and Mary again met as lovers and at the end of two days, the sequel shows, they were once more united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The wedding tour No. 2 was not as extended as the first, and the ceremony throughout was conducted on a strictly private scale, without ostentation.

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