

THE MISSING HEIR.

CLIENT of the law firm with which I was connected in Lincoln Nebraska, had died, leaving a very large property, worth nearly \$500,000, to be held in trust until the heirs could be discovered.

I was anxious to find the heirs, not only for pecuniary motives, but because I was made deeply interested in them by the recital of a story which the client, Marvin Gray, had told to me on the day of his death.

As the death dew was gathered on his brow, he finished his story, and, with an indescribable look of agony, asked me to swear to take up the work where he had left it, and devote my life, if need be, to finding of his son, if living.

Mr. Gray had made such disposition of his property that I could draw my traveling expenses; so I commenced the important task the day after his untimely death.

I took the cars at Lincoln and was soon seen in Crete, a small station in Nebraska. Here I changed to the stage coach bound for Hobler's ranche, fifteen miles to the north.

When I recovered my consciousness I was in a pleasant though plainly furnished room, through the door of which I could see a pale-faced woman sewing near a table.

As my thoughts turned to myself I tried to arise, when an acute pain in my side made me cry out in agony.

"Don't you remember you're falling into the gulch with the stage coach yesterday?" she asked.

"Oh, now I remember," I replied. "I was going to Hobler's ranche, when we were all tipped into that gulch and killed."

"No, not killed," she said, smiling at my serious tone; "but badly bruised; and Marvin brought you here for me to nurse back to life, for you were almost gone when he got you out of the wreck."

I was going to ask who Marvin was, but she said I must not talk any more until the fever had left me.

The following week was a period of great suffering to me, but my faithful nurse did all that could be done to make my surroundings pleasant for my rational moments.

Near the end of the second week after the accident the fever left me, and I began to recover. Up to that time I had been unable to converse except with great pain, but on this afternoon, when the fever was all out of my system, I could talk as well as usual.

One day, while sitting thus, watching Mrs. Warde, my nurse, at her work, I

asked how she and her husband came to settle in such a wild country. She replied that it was a long story, and might tire me too much; but I assured her that it would not, so she paused for a moment, and then said:

"When I promised to be Marvin's wife he was a sailor, on shore for a short vacation. He was not rich, but we loved each other, and were full of hope for the future. Marvin was to make one more trip to Liverpool, and then return and make me his wife. We parted, both vowing to remain true to our love vows. But he had not been away a week before mother was taken sick, our only horse was stolen, and father broke his leg, so he could not work."

"The day appointed for the wedding came, and everything was ready; guests had been bidden, tables spread, musicians engaged, and floors prepared for active feet. We were to be married at church, then go for the grand feast to Mr. Ennot's house."

Mrs. Warde stopped for a moment to brush away the tears that the memory of that meeting brought to her eyes, then continued:

"Marvin had heard in the village below of the reported loss of his ship, and of my approaching marriage, and had lost no time in coming to me. Once in his presence I could not resist him, so away we went to the church, and, just as Mr. Ennot and his friends came, we were pronounced man and wife."

"I cannot never forget the scene that followed. Mr. Ennot stamped and swore, and tore his hair in his awful anger; then turning to Marvin, as we were leaving the church, he raised his hand toward Heaven and swore a fearful vow of eternal hatred to us both."

"We were doing well till Mr. Ennot found us out and influenced our employer so that we were discharged. We then moved to a little town in a distant State, and had just got nicely settled when Mr. Ennot again found us out—so we lost that situation."

I had found the tears running down my own cheek while listening to her low tones when she spoke of moving, then again the blood would fairly boil within my veins while she was telling of the persecutions they received from Ennot. But was all attention when she continued:

"We tried different factories in all parts of the country, but it was no use. The undying hate of that man followed us like a shadow, and for four years we were constantly moving from one town to another. At last we left the East, changed our name and settled here in the wild West, so far away from my dear old home and friends."

At the mention of the old home, convulsive sobs choked her utterance, and it was some time before she resumed her interesting story.

"Under our new name we were safe from discovery, and would have done very well if Marvin had been experienced in ranche work, but he was not used to the country, and did not succeed as well as others have. Then baby was born, my health became poor, and I could not help longing for a look into my dear old mother's face. Marvin, too,

who was driven from his father's house twelve years ago for dissipated habits, wished to hear from home again. He wrote two letters last year, but as he received no answer, he now thinks his father is dead, for Mr. Gray was old."

"Gray?" I asked, interrupting her. "Yes, Marvin Gray, my husband's father," she replied, wondering at my growing excitement.

"Was it Marvin Gray of Highelliff Castle, Hampshire, England?" I questioned, hardly able to keep my seat.

"The very same." "Then I have been searching for your husband, Marvin Gray is dead, but long before he died he forgave his son, and was searching for him, that he might tell him he was forgiven and give him a father's blessing."

Marvin came in from his work just in time to hear this of his father, and dropping on his knees beside his wife, who had borne so much for his sake, he poured forth a fervent prayer to the One who had guided and watched over them through all the long dreary years of their wanderings.

But little more remains to be told. They easily proved their identity, and received the property which belonged to them. And had you, kind reader, gone with them to that Eastern State, you might have witnessed a joyful meeting when the daughter, so longed for, returned to her aged parents' home where they now reside, having no fears of molestation from Mr. Ennot, who choked to death during an encounter he had with the end of a rope in the hands of an infuriated people among whom he had been living, away on the Western border.

An Irishman's Trouble.

A PARTY of gentlemen in Tennessee, having gone upon a deer hunt, were greatly annoyed by a sort of Irish Jeremy Diddler, who quartered himself in their camp, and bored them by day with his idle vaunting, and, at night, drove sleep from their tent with the drone of his nasal pipe. Patrick entertained a moral dread of snakes, and one of the party determined to take advantage of his national prejudice, with a view of getting rid of his company.

"Hu-wee! Hu-wee! A big copper-headed black rattle-snake, eleven feet long, has crawled up my trowsers, and is tying himself into a double-bow-knot round my body!" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels!

"By Japers!" from between his clenched teeth, he made a sound, that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tall crack like a cart-whip! Casting one wild blaring look behind, he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of forty feet across, and, at every bound, shouting, or rather yelling, "Saze 'im! saze 'im by the tail! Oh, stop 'im! Och, Saint Patrick! tare him intil jablets! A wha! A wha! He's got me fast howld! och he has, an' he's mendin' his hoults! Och, murther! Gintlemen—take howld iv 'im! shoot 'im! shoot him in the tail end!"

During this scene, one of the party stood hugging a sappling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back, emitting scream after scream; another lay on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, uttering scream for scream with the Judge. All sounds at all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal fame of a dozen panthers, accompanied in their concert by the fog whistle of a steambot.

"At the same intonation, but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags, and "Snake! Snake!" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp.

After running round it many times, the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the medley sounds of "snake! murther! help! fire!" etc., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim (after stopping his laughing hiccough), "umph, I thought that snake would stop snoring in this camp at least! Umph." The next evening the Patlander was seen traveling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under his arm and a huge shillalah in the other poked out ahead of him in a half defensive, half-exploring attitude. When he was hailed with, "Which way, Paddy?" casting round at the speaker a sort of hang-dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, "Strate to Ireland, by Japers, where there's no snakes!"

Lost and Found.

The "Fife Herald" of May 25, 1870, told the story of a valuable find thus: "One morning last week, a workman at West Bridge flour mills, Cupar, while in the act of washing a quantity of Egyptian beans, had his attention directed to something sparkling at the bottom of the vessel. He at once lifted the article, which proved to be a valuable diamond ring of chaste workmanship in fine gold. There had originally been seven diamonds in the ring, but one had been lost out of the setting; otherwise the ring was uninjured. The mystery, however, is, how did it find its way there? The beans, we believe, came direct from Egypt; and of course, as some one must have lost the ring in that country, means were taken, and we believe with success, to discover the rightful owner. The far traveled ring has returned to the east."

A Dumb Dog.

Mr. Darwin might turn to some account a story which is told in the German papers about the manner in which an intelligent dog adapted himself to his condition. A deaf-and-dumb lady living in a German city had as a companion a younger woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into absolute disuse.

Words Containing the Five Regular Vowels.

There are a number of words in the English language each of which contains all the five regular vowels, but it would puzzle almost any one to think of more than one or two at short notice. The following may be given as examples:

Education, reputation, regulation, emulation, perturbation, mensuration, repudiation. Besides these there are several words, each containing all the vowels, including the "y." Of course we may mention revolutionary and unquestionably. The word invisibility may be noted as a peculiar word, for it contains the letter "i" five times. Mississippi and Tennessee are each spelled with only four different letters of the alphabet, although one contains eleven letters and the other nine. Schnapps, a word of one syllable and eight letters, contains, but one vowel. There are no words in the English language of more than eight syllables, and of those containing that number may be mentioned incomprehensibility.

A Remedy for Hard Times.

Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column.

DR. WHITTIER,

No. 505 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, depression, 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, Stricture, 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, and his diploma at office shows; his life long special experience in all private diseases, with purest in 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 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Everybody should read this.

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, consequences and cure. Sold at office or by mail, sent securely sealed, on receipt of price in money or postage stamps. Address DR. WHITTIER, No. 502 Penn St., Pittsburgh, Pa. W 46 1y

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. 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, IN 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 Bloomf d, April 23, 1878.

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 needles 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.

WHEN FEVER AND AGUE, MALARIA, AND ALL FEVERS CAN BE CURED

FOR 50 CENTS,

It is criminal to suffer. An absolute means of cure is found in

HOLL'S

INFALLIBLE AGUE PILLS.

THIS specific cures not only Chills and Fevers, but every form of Malarial taint from Aching bones to the Shakes. There is no mistake about it, if you get the right article. Remember the name—HOLL'S AGUE PILLS. Remember the price—FIFTY CENTS. If your druggist has none, I will send them by mail on receipt of 50 cents, or I will send a box free to any person unable to pay for them. Address JOSEPH HOLL, Burlington, New Jersey. J 46