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. His breath was almost spent when I stood by his bedside and listened attentively to catch the low sound of his voice as he whispered the sad tale of an erring son whom he had driven from his home in England. He had sent him from his home one dark night, twelve years before, because of his drunken habits, and he had never seen him since. He had heard of him but once in all these long years; then he was an officer aboard a ship plying between Liverpool and New York. Though he had searched the world over he could get no trace of his son, and finally, worn out by incessant grief and traveling, he lay down in the far West among strangers, to die without having accomplished the one great desire of his aching heart.

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, I should receive \$20,000 when he was found. Young and romantic, my sympathies were fully aroused; so with my hand clasped in the nervous grasp of the dying man, I promised never to give up the search until the lost one was

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 .tage coach bound for Hobler's ranche, fifteen miles to the north. As we were traveling along at a rate of speed for which Western stage coaches are renowed. I tried to shape some definite course to pursue, and had almost decided to retrace my journey to Lincoln and start for the Eastern States, when my thoughts were diverted from the subject by the sudden upsetting of the lumbering vehicle. We had been threading our way around the edge of a gulch, when the shying of one of the horses sent the coach and contents in a heap to the bottom. I was conscious of falling, and then all was blank.

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. At the same time she was sweetly humming a baby songand rocking an old-fashioned cradle with her foot. It was an interesting picture, and made me think of my own childhood, with my mother singing baby Nell to sleep. I tried to think how I came to be there, and wondered if I had died and was in Heaven.

As my thoughts turned to myself I tried to arise, when an acute pain in my side made me cry out in agony. Then the sweet face of the woman was over my pillow, and tender eyes looked pityingly into mine as she asked me if I felt much pain. Her voice, so low and sweet made me forget my suffering, and I asked where I was and how I came there.

"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. I was conscious of the presence of a young man at my bedside, and knew he was the "Marvin" who had brought me from the gulch.

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. My recovery was slow, and for many days I was compelled to keep my bed; but at last I was permitted to sit up, braced by pillows,in the big arm chair.

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 sallor, 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. I toiled all day and far into the night, but I could not earn bread enough for the little brothers and sisters and buy the medicine that sick mother must have. In our distress, my father's employer, Mr. Ennot, hearing of our need, sent the doctor for mother and food for the children. I was grateful for his kindness, but when heasked me to marry him, I fled from his presence. He sought me again, and said. "For the sake of your father and sick mother, Jenny,can you not be my wife?" I thought of Marvin away on the sea, and my heart made me say no. Then came news of a terrible storm at sea, and Marvin's ship was among those that had gone down. Again Mr. Ennot renewed his offer. My father argued and commanded, but I could not forget Marvin's love. My mother did not say a word, but when she looked into my face, I knew she wanted me to yield for the children's sake. Though my heart should break I could not refuse her mute appeal, so I gave over and promised to be his wife; but my heart was on the sea.

"The day appointed for the wedding came, and everything was ready; guests had been bidden, tables spread, musiclans 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. I was sitting mournfully at the window of my little room all dressed and ready to go, when I saw my Marvin approaching. I could hardly believe my eyes till he said, 'I have come back to save you, Jenny,' and as he took me from the window in his great strong arms, and pressed me to his breast, I forgot the sorrow of the past and laughed and cried for joy."

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 approacing 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. I was badly frightened, but Marvin thought it only an idle threat, and soon forgot it. My parents would have nothing to do with me, and so we went to work in a large factory in a neighboring city.

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. We commenced in another but with the same result. Mr. Ennot was rich, and followed us from place to place, using his money in circulating stories that deprived us of work, and made honest people turn from us. Oh, these were dark days for us!" she exclaimed and stopped to control her emotion.

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 boll 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 choaked 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 best "Yes, Marvin Gray, my husband's father," she replied, wondering at my growing excitement.

"Was it Marvin Gray of Higheliff Castle, Hempshire, 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.

PARTY of gentlemen in Tennessee, A 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 advanage of his national prejudice, with a view of getting rid of his company. Accordingly, one night, when he was "sound-a-snoring," perhaps dreaming of snakes, the mischievous gentleman (so the story runs), got his huntingknife, and, going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, cut off about seven feet of the intestines, and, securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, tied one end of them fast and tight to a corner of Paddy's linen, that had wandered through a hole in his pantaloons, coiling it all up smoothly by his side, snake-like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators lay down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage-horn snores, the same gentleman roared out at the top of his

"Hu-wee! Hu-wee! A big copperheaded 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 shines with his heels! Of course, all this noise and punishment awoke him quick and thoroughly; in his first movement he laid his hand on the cold coil at his side. Hissing out a "By Japers!" from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound, that earried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and make the snake's tail 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 jabletts! A wha! A wha! He's got me fast howld! och he has, an' he's mendin' his hoult! 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 steamboat. Jim A., the third gentleman of the party-"fat Jim"-stood with his legs about a yard apart, his hand on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake! SNAKE!! SNAKE!!!" 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 hiecough), "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 theother poked out ahead of him in a half defensive, half-exploring attitude. When he was hailed with, " Which way, Paddy ?" easting 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, 1876, 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 valuablediamond 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." In the "Scotsman" of 9th January, 1878, a correspondent gives this curious instance of the loss and recovery of a ring: "About three weeks ago, two gentlemen were out fishing on Loch Eriboli, northwest of Sutherlandshire, and one of them dropped a valuable ring into the water. Last week a fisherman on the same losch had among his haul a pretty large cod and inside it was found the identical ring safe and sound. The fisherman was handed a pound note on his returning the ring to the owner.

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 alto-gether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expres-sion 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 time. Mississippi and Tennessee are each spelled with only four different letters of the alphabet, although one contains eleven 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 eclumn.

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