

delicate yet spirited beauty. The play of expression in her changing face, the delicate grace of her manner, in which a naturally lively disposition, impassioned and full of enthusiasm, alternated with the results of her conventional training, the downcast modesty and silence, the humility and self-distrust of one who had looked forward to, and might yet lead, a life of self-denial and poverty and obscure toil. Nothing could be more odd or more charming than these fluctuations in her manner—never abrupt, but melting into each other with a bright and unconscious variety.

Mr. Clarence Burkhardt was enraptured by what he, hackneyed, in the world's ways, considered coquetry, by her friendliness to himself, by the willingness of the family to allow his cousinly claim—by everything, in short, but the presence of Charles Wilson.

Rose, on her part, was delighted with her two gallants, and puzzled herself, not only then, but afterward, to decide which was the handsomer and the more agreeable. They were strikingly alike, both tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and with features for which one description would do; but the manners and expressions were different. Wilson was proud, Burkhardt supercilious; the one, at twenty-four, still retained some of that boyish blush and roundness of cheeks which had helped make his earlier beauty; the other, at twenty-five, was thin, and of an alabaster whiteness; the eyes of the younger were frank, yet sometimes shy; those of the other were cool and impenetrable. In fine, Charles Wilson was romantic and high-hearted, and his friend and rival base and skeptical.

Mr. Burkhardt was so well pleased with his reception that, on taking leave, he proposed to come the next morning, and take Rose and Mrs. Coolidge to drive.

"Thank you," said Rose, who had not yet learned that the fashionable morning is from twelve to two or three; "but I am engaged every morning and all day to-morrow."

Nothing would have induced her to set aside her morning engagement. At five o'clock she rose, and at half-past five stepped into a close carriage which had been hired on purpose for her, and was driven to the convent. There she heard mass at seven o'clock, breakfasted with her old friends at half-past seven, wandered for a few minutes about her beloved retreat, then started for home at eight. Nothing but a decided storm prevented this drive, and then it was not for herself she cared, but for the driver and horses.

It was but natural that this programme should change after a while.—The heiress was young and full of life, and, whatever might be her future course, it was surely as well to see something of that society which eagerly desired to welcome her, and of those gayeties which no one could deny her right to participate in.

A drive of six miles and back in the early morning was rather an exhausting way to begin the day; so after a while it was omitted—though not without some self-reproaches—and the horses were brought around in the evening; and, instead of the silent and solitary prayer at dawn of day, she had the concert or play by gaslight.

Then the Saxon families began to call at the doctor's, and invitations poured in by scores. Moreover, Rose had found an old friend in O——, — Miss Lily Raymond, her first intimate in the convent, — and Doctor Thayer, ever thoughtful and indulgent, had invited the young lady to become Rose's companion at the cottage.

"You are so good," said Rose gratefully, when he suggested this invitation to her.

"Do not be too sure that I am not selfish in this," he answered, smiling. — "It is many years since my home has been so gay and pleasant as it has been during the last three months. I want to make the most of it while it lasts."

Rose had gone to the doctor's study to speak to him, and, though he seemed to have no more to say, she still lingered.— His time was so much occupied with his profession that it was seldom they met except at dinner, and then there was always company. She wished to see him oftener, to speak to him more freely. He was always kind, but that very kindness made her wish for more. She wanted to talk with him; to tell him all her thoughts—all her plans and wishes; to learn, also, something of him. She longed to hear him speak of that lost bride, whom she had last seen in the full glory of her morning loveliness and joy; to know if he was very lonely; to hear what he was doing, what he proposed or desired to do, what he thought, what he loved, what he hated. She could only guess it all, and his reserve both piqued and hurt her. Surely she might be trusted, if no other was. So, on this first time for weeks that she had seen him alone, she lingered, hoping that he would detain her. But the doctor, after pleasantly answering her, had returned to the book he was studying,

seeming to think that she had gone.— She waited a moment, then went quietly out.

As soon as she had gone, he pushed his book back.

"It is very pleasant while it lasts," said he, "but she will get over this fondness for me after she has been in the world a while, and it would be folly in me to allow myself to become attached to her. If she were poor, and I could keep her here as my child—perhaps marry her to Charles—then it would do very well; but I must not fancy that my lonely days are over."

He sighed, and leaned his head on his hand.

"I am afraid I have been very unwise," he resumed, after a while. "I was not conscious of my loneliness till I contrasted it with these gay comings and goings. What shall I do when they are all gone? I am afraid I shall have to get married,"—giving a little laugh—"but to whom?"

He made an impatient exclamation, and resumed his book, a frown and a blush and a half-laugh coming all together. The fact was that there were many ladies who were quite willing to cheer the doctor's loneliness, and he knew it perfectly well; and among them was one at thought of whom, in that connection, his face always reddened in that half angry, half-ashamed way. Mrs. Burkhardt was ten years older than Doctor Thayer, and it was too absurd to think of; yet he could not hide from himself that she took particular pains to be captivating to him, and kept him fully aware of her attractions. He did not believe she was in love with him, she never disgusted him with any silly sentimentalities; but she felt the force of his character, she respected and liked him, and she was fascinated by him.

"I dare say she would make a very good wife," he said, and put the subject from his mind.

It was arranged that Mrs. Burkhardt should leave the Hall in the autumn, and Rose persuaded Mrs. Coolidge to take up her abode there, and be castellan. But, before going, the lady of the manor proposed to give a party, at which her young cousin and supplanter should make her debut in fashionable life.

This party was a magnificent affair.— Mrs. Burkhardt meant to abdicate royally; and, besides, she had several ends which she hoped might be served that night. By displaying herself to this unsophisticated girl as a woman who knew perfectly well all the ways of the world of which Rose was so entirely ignorant, she could obtain an influence over her for the future; then she could further her scheme for Clarence by impressing Rose's imagination.— There were other ends which the lady did not think of aloud. And, after all, it would be a pleasant thing to present to the world a girl whom everybody was dying to see.

Parties are pretty much alike in their general features; every one has music, lights, and supper. But few have grounds so capable of being transformed into enchanted lands, with June suddenly come back in the middle of October—roses, or the scent of roses, everywhere. The trees were full of birds, and three different bands were stationed in the grounds. Mrs. Burkhardt had regard for the many pairs of lovers who were to be of the company, and did not illuminate everywhere. There were dim, fragrant walks and groves, and mossy seats far from the house, where only stars shone, and the sound of music came faintly, in thrilling, intermittent breath. The house itself was a beacon to the country far and wide. There were people in the city who sat upon their house-roofs, and watched through spy-glasses the blazing windows of Rose Hall, three miles and more away—saw the gay crowds pass up and down the steps, saw the dancers, saw scattered groups in the gardens, and on verandas and balconies. Where all the flowers could have come from was a wonder even to those who knew the extent of the hot-houses at the Hall. Every greenhouse for miles around had been rifled for the occasion. Doctor Thayer had gallantly offered his finest plants, and they had been graciously accepted.— When he went there, he found them in the place of honor, — not adorning the great crimson saloon in which madam received her visitors, but in the boudoir lined with rose-colored satin which Mr. Stanley had had fitted up when he made his last visit. After all, Mr. Stanley had good taste, his cousin had said, viewing this exquisite casket of a room, when it was completed.

Rose watched with bright, wondering eyes the glittering throng that passed and repassed her, and gave a smiling greeting to the new-comers, as Mrs. Burkhardt presented them, with her grandest air, to her "cousin, Miss Rose Stanley." Doctor Thayer and Mrs. Coolidge also stood by Rose, the lady whispering observations on the people they saw, the gentleman smilingly guarding the "little nun" from a too great press of admirers.

Not very far away, one might have seen a handsome young man standing persistently in the same place for an hour, and watching this group with unmoving eyes, only occasionally glancing to where Mr. Clarence Burkhardt stood smilingly receiving his mother's guests.

"Mr. Wilson," says a soft voice in the ear of this watchful gentleman, "who is that lady in garnet velvet and diamonds—the one who is just going into the music-room?"—To be Continued.

Four Days in a Snowbank.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., January 7.—The great snowstorm which has completely embargoed the Central Railroad since Thursday last week was the most terrific and long-continued known in the history of the road. The first passenger train which has reached Syracuse from Buffalo since Thursday arrived to-night, and will reach New York about noon Wednesday, bringing an unprecedented accumulation of Western mails. The amount of snow which fell was not only unprecedented, but the wind for days blew a perfect hurricane, making all attempts to open the road futile. The entire length of road runs through a wall of snow piled up from ten to twenty-five feet high. Hitherto the road has always fought snow storms and pushed ahead at all hazards, but the elements proved too powerful during the past week, and the authorities were compelled to retire from the contest and await the cessation of the storm. The last train to pass over the road from Buffalo till this evening was the St. Louis express, which left Rochester at 4.30 P. M. Thursday. When it left Rochester it consisted of a "snow plough," eight locomotives, ten passenger coaches and several baggage and express cars. It proceeded slowly east in the face of the tempest of wind and snow until Sand Cut, two miles from Fairport was reached. Here the snow plough struck a huge snow-bank so solid that the plough and all the eight engines were thrown from the track. Five engines plunged down the bank and were completely wrecked. In the cars were 600 passengers. That great loss of life did not accompany the accident was simply miraculous. Engine No. 478, the first to go down the bank, had on board Clark Brundage and Mr. Clough, the road-master, besides the fireman. The engineer was killed and Mr. Clough had a leg broken in two places. Conductor John Holmes was also seriously injured. The six engines were scattered about the tracks in every possible condition. Dr. J. B. Hamilton, Surgeon-General, U. S., was fortunately on hand, and he did good work dressing the wounds of the injured. The storm raged all night fiercer than ever, and the passengers in the wrecked train giving up all hopes of relief, passed the night without sleep. Superintendent Burrows started from Rochester for the wreck Friday with six engines, but all got off the track a few miles east of Rochester. The storm continued Friday, rendering all attempt to rescue the imprisoned passengers futile. In the meantime the farmers living in the vicinity forced their way to it Friday morning and supplied the passengers with coffee and baked beans. The conductor made his way to Fairport and succeeded in returning with a scant supply of provisions, which lasted until Friday night. On Saturday the conductor again went to Fairport and returned with a sleigh-load of provisions. The 600 passengers took matters good-naturedly and express the highest gratitude to the farmers who came to their relief even with a scanty supply of provisions. On board the trains were H. M. Twombly, son-in-law of W. H. Vanderbilt, and his wife, and J. H. Rutter, general freight agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. They had been to Rochester to attend the funeral of Geo. Whitney, a director of the Central road, and were on their way home. A number of friends in Rochester on Saturday determined to rescue them at all hazards, and started in a four-horse sleigh, but the roads were drifted so badly that they were compelled to strike out across lots, the farmers assisting them to cut away the drifts. After herculean efforts, the party succeeded in reaching the train. They found the passengers in pretty good shape, as help had already reached them from Fairport.

The dead body of Engineer Brundage was in the caboose, the lower parts of his body being crushed into a jelly. His fireman lay alongside of him, having suffered the amputation of one leg, besides having his arm broken. In one of the sleeping cars were lying Mr. Clough, both of whose legs were broken, Mr. Holmes, who was badly hurt about the head, and Engineer McCarthy, whose shoulder was put out of joint. All the women were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Having shaken hands all round, the relief party made preparations to return. Mrs. Twombly, wrapped in robes and straw, was placed in the bottom of one of the sleighs with her husband and Mr. Rut-

ter. The return journey was made in safety, the Osborn House being reached in time for dinner. Although the riding was somewhat rough, Mrs. Twombly said she enjoyed the drive immensely, it being the most adventurous sleigh-ride she had ever taken. The embargoed passengers stayed in the cars till Sunday, when relief came, and the rescued were brought back to Rochester.

Children Then and Now.

MANY parents in middle life or past, are given to contrasting the condition of children to-day and what it was when they were young, greatly to the disadvantage of the "good old times" in point of privileges, but rather to their credit as respects the quality of the children themselves. See how the children are dressed, they say,—what school advantages they have—what books and periodicals are provided for them, compared with the dearth of such matter even thirty years ago,—and how all the discipline and suppression of the old times has been relaxed or done away with.

It is all true. The contrast is very striking. We are living in an era of better times for children in many ways. But is it a matter for serious head-wagging or suggestive shoulder-shrugs alone? We think not. One of the most instructive incidents illustrating this change came under our observation a few years ago, in connection with a successful professional man. He had worked himself fairly haggard, after the American fashion, and from a humble beginning in life had secured a competence. His home was supplied with every comfort and luxury needed for the thorough enjoyment of his large family of handsome and happy children, and their sweet-faced mother. They were dressed with strict regard to health, but with an elegance that often caused remarks, as the father's care-worn face and careless habits were noticed. The home-table was always lavishly supplied. The best books, the brightest magazines, the newest toys and other ministers of childish happiness, were furnished without stint.

"How much more you do for your children than for yourself," said we to the father one day.

"Yes," he said, "and do you want to know the reason? When I was a boy, on the old hillside farm, I was worked like a slave. I was scantily fed on coarse food that I could not relish. I was poorly clad, though my father was a well-to-do farmer, and meant to do right by his children. He was not consciously unkind; but he saved money for us at the expense of our bodies and souls. I never knew but one happy day till I was sixteen years old, and ran away—and that was the day my mother let me go fishing, and got such a berating from my father for her hardness in doing the kindness, that I hated him from that hour until I was free, and old enough to know that he meant well. But as I lived that hard life I said to myself—and here the eyes of the stern-visaged lawyer filled with moisture—"that if ever I became a man and had children of my own, nothing should be too good for them—they should have the good times that I hungered for and missed."

Children are individuals. How often that is forgotten by parents or teachers who seek to mold them in mass, like so much clay. They have rights, even more than obligations. They are not to blame for being here. Having given themselves children, parents are under a natural and solemn obligation to give themselves to their children, for guidance, sympathy, companionship and love, as truly as for necessary care. All this is entirely compatible with firmness in family government, and consistent with that training in self-helpfulness and knowledge of useful work which is now too much neglected in so many homes.

Learning a Woman to Swim.

He had returned to New York with his wife from a summer vacation at the sea-side, and he stood in front of the house giving a friend a graphic account of the season's pleasures.

"Went in bathing every day," he exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Ah!" responded the friend. "Wife go in too?"

"Oh, yes, every day," said the returned vacationist.

"Can she swim?" queried the friend, with some interest.

"No-o-o, she can't," was the reply.— "She tried and tried to learn, but somehow she didn't get the hang of it. She said she couldn't get the right kick, and I let her think that was the reason, but the fact was—" and he looked up at the house, and sunk his voice into a low whisper—"she couldn't keep her mouth shut long enough to take four strokes before she'd have some silly remark to make, when kerwash! she'd swallow a whole wave and go plump to the bottom!"

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