

What had she been thinking of all summer?

"I must go away as soon as possible," she thought. "It will not do to stay here another week. I will go to town."

Miss Stanley did not go to town the next day. She went to her old home, the convent, and stayed all day and all night. The next morning she went to the Cottage, and told Mrs. Coolidge and Lily that she had concluded to remain at the convent until the Hall should be ready for her reception.

"But you will wait and see Eugene?" Mrs. Coolidge said. "He has been out since early this morning. He will soon be in."

"I promised to return immediately," said Rose. "But you will say good-by to him for me. Stay—I will write it."

She drew an escritoire toward her, and wrote:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—After so much gaiety, it seems to me that I need a little quiet; and so I have concluded to stay at the convent awhile. If you want anything of me, you can send you know. Don't think me capricious in leaving you so abruptly. I only to-day realized that this is my last chance for some time to make a retreat. Good-by till you call on me at the Hall."

Both Mrs. Coolidge and Lily thought that they understood the meaning of this sudden move, and that it referred to Charles Wilson. Lily was not sorry. It gave her the opportunity she desired to comfort the young man undisturbed by the presence of the one for whom he would be every moment forgetting her. Charles had said that he could not again come to the Cottage while Rose was there; but he had pressed Lily's hand at parting, and called her his "sweet friend." Now he could come.

As her carriage turned the corner of the street, in going away, Rose saw the doctor approaching in his buggy from an opposite direction. She leaned forward, and gave him a smiling bow, thinking again:

"He must not believe that I am angry."

He bowed but slightly in return, and there was no smile in answer to hers.—But he looked at her, with an eager, questioning look leaping into his keen eyes. Her carriage turned, and hid him from her; but in a moment after she heard his swift wheels behind them, and in another moment he was alongside, and had stopped her driver. He was looking very pale, and his expression was at once piercing and anxious.

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly.

She told him, and added that she had written good-by to him. She knew that he was almost beside himself for having spoken the words that had driven her from him, and strove to act as though she had forgotten them. But he felt the indifference. There was an air of constraint, in spite of her, and a touch of pride and embarrassment in her manner. She was no longer the timid yet confiding child, but the proud yet friendly lady. His words had struck more deeply than she had dreamed they would.

"You go because you are angry with me," he said quickly; "because I have insulted you!"

"I do not," she replied, tears rising to her eyes. "If you think that, then I shall turn directly back to your house; but I want very much to make a retreat."

He held out his hand to her.

"Go, then, child, if you wish to; but do not for an instant suffer an unkind thought of me to rest in your heart. I do not deserve it."

"I know that you do not," she said earnestly.

He smiled faintly, touched his hat, and, turning his horse's head, drove back home.

In a few weeks Mrs. Burkhardt and her son had left the Hall, and under Mrs. Coolidge's direction it was being prepared for its new mistress. In one thing Rose had been willful, almost hard. The room in which her mother had died so long ago, a little room adjoining Miss Fairfield's suite, was left unchanged; but not another stick nor rag of furniture would she retain.

"It seems to me unwholesome," she said.

Moreover, she had resolved on sending away all the servants, and having new. Doctor Thayer had expressed surprise and some disapprobation at this.

"I am sorry to do or wish anything which you do not approve," Rose had said to him; "but I am quite in earnest about this. If my mother had not died, then it would have been different."

She spoke almost in a whisper, and the eyes she lifted to him as she ceased were full of a strange terror. He said no more. He saw that she had a suspicious fear of every one in the house.

Mrs. Coolidge was nothing loth to take these arrangements on herself.—She was capable, energetic, and liked to have large means at her command. Besides, she had no duties to prevent her. Her husband was absent in Europe on business, and would be gone six months longer. Their means were moderate,

and it certainly was no disadvantage to her to have a beautiful home free for herself, her two children, and a servant, instead of having to pay board for them. Then she loved Rose fondly, and found the task of advertising, chaperoning, and petting her a fascinating one.

By the middle of November the Hall was newly fitted up, thanks to *carte blanche* as to money, and almost inexhaustible energy in the lady directress. A part of the furniture had previously been ordered from Paris, and was already awaiting their pleasure.

But just as the crowd of visitors began to besiege the Hall, and sue for the notice of the beautiful young mistress, Rose astonished her friends by making a new move as sudden as it was unexpected. She was going immediately to Europe, in company with Mrs. Burkhardt and her son.

For the first time, Doctor Thayer volunteered advice unasked; and for the first time Rose disregarded his advice.

"I thought that you did not entirely trust Mrs. Burkhardt," he said.

The two were sitting alone in one of the great parlors of the Hall, when Rose announced her intention to the doctor. She had, as yet, told no one else. He was looking very pale, and had paused a moment after hearing her intention before venturing to speak.

"Mrs. Burkhardt has told me all about my poor mother's death," said Rose sadly.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"How dared she?"

"I feel better for knowing it," Rose went on quietly. "I would not dare to define the strange feelings I had before she told me. She is to be pitied, for she has suffered very much in consequence; but she could not be content without telling me. I am glad that she kept the matter quiet. It would not have brought my poor mother back, and it would have punished the apothecary very severely. In a world where so much crime goes unpunished, it is a pity that people should suffer too much for mistakes.—Mrs. Burkhardt sent me away chiefly because the sight of me reminded her of that trouble, but she meant to help me afterward."

"She sent you to grow up without training or education, to become fitted only for a servant, when your mother met her death here under Mrs. Burkhardt's roof, and partly, at least, through her fault. Moreover, Mrs. Burkhardt must have known your mother."

"She says she did not," the girl replied, "and I am bound to believe, having no proof to the contrary. But my mother must have known who she was. I don't pretend to say that Mrs. Burkhardt did no wrong; she accuses herself, indeed; but we must forgive something, and I forgive her. She is sorry. What more can I ask?"

Doctor Thayer sat, with knitted brows, wondering over the consummate art of that woman. Seeing all other ways of conciliating the girl fail, Mrs. Burkhardt had appealed to her religion. Rose could treat with gentle reserve the proud and worldly woman who sought to influence her only through her pride or her vanity, but the heart-broken penitent her pity and affection went out to; and if a trace of distrust yet lingered, she accused herself of it as a sin, and strove to atone for it by showing a still greater kindness to her relative.

"I strongly advise you not to go," said Doctor Thayer, presently, speaking with an emphasis quite unusual with him.

"But I have promised," she said.—And, gentle as her voice and manner were, he felt that her resolution was taken. "Aunt Barbara has lost a great deal by me. She really is not as rich as people suppose, and it is only by being with her that I can persuade her to take anything from me. I told her," Rose said, growing pale and looking down, "that if she should marry any friend of mine, I would give her the Hall back for a wedding present."

Doctor Thayer blushed scarlet. What did the girl mean? Had Mrs. Burkhardt been playing any tricks on credulity? or had Rose heard of such a possibility from some one else?

"What friend of yours do you expect her to marry?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, glancing up, and immediately blushing deeply at sight of his confusion.

"Rose," he exclaimed, half-laughing, yet angrily, "do you mean me?"

She looked down again, and was unable to reply.

The doctor started up, and walked impatiently to a window, gave the curtain a pull aside, only to let it drop again, and came back to lean on the back of his chair, looking embarrassed and distressed, yet angry.

"I suppose I must forgive you," said he; "but it is very provoking, as well as very absurd. I am no longer a boy, but it does seem a rather premature putting me among the gray heads to assign as my choice for a wife a woman of fifty years old. I am but forty-one, and would be likely to want my wife to be a few years younger."

"I didn't make the story up," Rose

said, blushing; "and I'm glad that you forgive me,"—with a faint little sparkle of mischief.

"You will not go?"

"I must go. I have made up my mind."

"You have also made up your mind to marry Clarence?" her friend asked, watching her closely.—To be Continued.

Rev. Plato Johnson on the Prophetic Conference.

BELETTED BRUDDRIN:—Some Bob you is aware dat fur de last free months I has been a laborin' so hard dat I sprained de liggerments ob my front. I knowed dat I couldn't take up no collection unless I had de voice to ask fur it, an' it takes more voice to get a good collection in dis meetin' house dan you's 'ware ob, so I 'cluded to turn de key in de door and jine de convention in New York wat says dat de Lord am a comin' nex' week, sooner or later, more or less. I boarded roun' permissious fur free days an' nites an' heered ebbery word dat de prophets said. Now I'se back agin 'mongst your honest culled hearts, an' wid my own people, who is juss ignorant nuff not to beleb ebberytting dey hears. My pore ole hed has ben most upst. I did my best to understand 'wat it was all about, and sat all day in de front seat ob de gallery, wid my pencil an' paper, ready to put down de date ob de millenarium; but somehow de speaker missed it, or sed it so low I didn't catch it. An' now, I'se sorry to say dat I don't know no more 'bout it dan I did 'fore I went, an' p'raps I don't know so much. I'se got a little more mixed dan I ebber was, an' dat's all I fetched away. De speakers was all sartin ob dere own 'lection, and tried to tell us wat dey was goin' to do wen he was leff behin'. Ebbery one ob 'em had his own way ob fixin' up de matter, till at lass I began to tink dat dere wouldn't be much ob a percession after all, an' dat wat little dere was would be berry peculiar. Dey 'greed, howebber, dat nobody knowed anything about it, an' dat, derefore, it was goin' to form right off. Dey 'greed also dat dere wouldn't be many New York men in it, 'cept de folks wat got up de Convention.

I didn't lose my faith in de Bible, spite ob all dey sed.

One time wen dey was provin' for ded shore dat nobody knowed anything 'bout de Bible but deyselves, an' den wen on to 'scribe wat ain't in it, an' showed dat it wasn't in it by tex' on tex', I hugged de ole book and sed I to mysel', in spite ob all you say, brudders, dere muss be sum parts ob de Bible dat has common sense. Now, belebbed, one werd more. If dat conference is correct, your pastor may be called to a bigger church an' a bigger salary. Brudder Tyng sed dat wen he is caught up in de air his congregation will be left behin' to get 'long de bess way dey can. He's ben preachin' wid all his mite, haint took no vacation, an' neber strained de liggerments ob his front, but still he haint done no good. His congregation is goin' to stay whar dey be an' read de lethargy ebbery Sunday same as usual. De wite man's failure is de culled man's opportunity. I made a good impression on de sexton an' talked kindly to two ob de ushers, an, wen Brudder Tyng gibs it up as a bad job I specks to git de call.

De day am a comin' wen de culled man will be called to de front, eos his hed am so thick dat none of dese 'terpretations ob Scripser can get froo. Far's I can judge from dat Convention de culled man is de only one dat can be 'pended on, de only man wat can't find in de Bible wat aint dere. Good bye, brudderin, eos I leave you nex' week.—Take up a big collection an' gib your pastor a good send off.

Woman's Sharp Wit.

A witty woman, if she is also pretty, seems to be licensed to say what she will to friend or foe. During the war for independence, the ladies of the South freely exercised the sex's privilege.

After the surrender of Charleston, the British arms were, for a time, triumphant in that section. Many of the leading men, through fear of imprisonment and of losing their estates, renewed their allegiance to the King. Most of the women, however, adhered to their Whig principles, and were not reticent in expressing their sentiments.

Mrs. Daniel Hall, a noted Whig, obtained permission to visit her mother on John's Island. As she was getting into the small boat that was to carry her to the island, an English officer, in an authoritative style, demanded the keys of her trunk.

"What do you expect to find there?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"I seek for treason," replied the officer.

"You may save yourself the trouble of searching my trunk," said the lady, "for you can find plenty at my tongue's end."

Another lady once rebuked the haughty Col. Tarlton in a way that made him

wince. This cruel but efficient leader of the English cavalry was defeated at the battle of Cowpens by Colonel Washington, who also wounded the Englishman in the hand. Some time after the battle, Tarlton remarked to a lady, who was extolling the merits of his former antagonist.—"You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington; but I have been told that he is so ignorant as to be hardly able to write his own name."—"It may be the case," quickly replied the lady, "but no one knows better than yourself, Colonel, that he can make his mark."

A Faithful Dog.

CHARLEY DYKEMAN, a handsome Auburn-haired youth, was the son of an East Rockaway farmer. Three years ago he bought a puppy, half Newfoundland and half hunting breed, for which he cherished extraordinary regard. He fed him with his own hand, attended to his wants, and would allow no one to molest him nor to interfere with his comfort. The dog in turn evinced, it seemed, the utmost affection and gratitude for this kind treatment. He followed his master everywhere, and would eat from no other hand than his. He capered and barked with extravagant joy whenever Charley appeared.

In the middle of last December young Dykeman died, and being very popular, had a large funeral. The procession had scarcely moved before a large black dog with a rope around his neck and a piece of broken rope dangling from it, jumped from the roadside and dashed by the rear carriages stationed himself, panting, under the hearse. His shaggy coat covered with mud and torn with briars.

"It's Charley's dog!" exclaimed a dozen persons who had seen the animal in his master's lifetime, and who knew him well.

How he had managed to get loose no one could tell. Every effort to coax him from under the hearse failed, and he was allowed to remain there. During the whole of the seven miles' journey the dog toiled wearily on through the mud and slush, never parting company with the hearse until it reached the little cemetery in the rear of the Presbyterian church in Hempstead. After the earth had been smoothed over the grave, and the last mourner had quitted the cemetery, the dog sprang from behind a bush, and, with a long howl, sank down on the newly-made mound. He lay over the head of the grave in a crouching attitude, with his fore paws extended and his head buried between them. Darkness came on, but he did not stir. The cold increased, yet he lay stretched out upon the damp earth, and refused to move. All night he remained there. When, early the next morning, a wandering lad from a house across the street crept into the little churchyard, he found the dog, cold and half frozen, at his post.

Ever since, day and night in cold and rain, the poor dog has remained faithful at his post. He has been repeatedly taken away only to return. During the intense cold on Friday, Jan. 3, when the thermometer fell to 4 degrees below zero, and icy blasts swept over the Hempstead plains, the dog lay for ten hours on his master's grave. When the dog is absent from the grave in search of food, no one seems to know where he goes.

Woman and the Home.

Dangers to society thicken in these days. Life even is threatened. Property at times is imperiled by the torch of the Communist. Trade has lost its ancient integrity, and patriotism and statesmanship have parted with much of their former purity and spirit of self-sacrifice. Crime abounds, and justice has soiled its ermine. Widely we feel the throes of upheaval.

Where shall we look for permanent cure? Some would find it in military force. But the sword only represses the evil; it does not heal it. It only delays the trouble; it cannot remove it. The character of society must be reached and changed by moral influences at the center. Ignorance, perversity, error, theories, wrong motives, and corrupt habits of life, all these things which bring forth bitter fruit, must be destroyed in the seed. The gospel alone has this silent, gentle, leaving power. Wrongs may be best righted and souls made better by the light of Christian love, and through the exercise of righteousness and justice and truth, in the fountain head of society—the Christian home. It is, in a large sense, the work of woman.

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