

ing her about the neck, wept joyfully upon her shoulder.

"My dear!" said the lady, gratified, yet surprised.

"Oh! you thought me a little top dignified," said Rose, half laughing. "But I was afraid that, if I yielded at all, I should make a scene. And I recollected what I heard an English lady say,— 'Never unbend before your servants. It is better to be too stately than too free with them.' You see, dear sister Meeta, I am growing fearfully worldly; just now when I should be more than ever desirous to be good, more than ever thankful to God for all the sunshine he has poured over my path. Do you know I am so happy that I don't know what to do?"

Mrs. Coolidge looked with eager, half-anxious questioning into the speaker's face.

"My dear, don't keep me in suspense!" she said.

But Rose no longer saw her. Her eyes were looking through the window, and down the avenue, fixed on a figure that came leisurely up toward the house; and she certainly was not a white rose then, for her cheeks were glowing red.

"Have you seen him?" asked Mrs. Coolidge eagerly.

"Yes," answered Rose, intent on watching the advancing figure, and only smilingly submitting to her friend's joyful embrace.

Doctor Thayer did not seem in the least haste. He walked very moderately, and even stopped a moment on the terrace outside to admire the view. But Rose was not hurt nor impatient. She knew well the feeling which, sure of pleasure, postpones its enjoyment, thereby multiplying it, or escaping the oppression of a too great and sudden happiness. She was willing that he should stand there an hour, if he liked, for she could see him, and he would be near her.

"Has Miss Stanley arrived?" she heard him ask a servant.

A moment after he came in. The proud, fond look in his eyes would have repaid her a thousand-fold had she been disposed to consider herself in any way slighted.

"By the way," he said, after a while, "I forgot that I am old enough to be your father. Did you know that I am twice your age? I have gray hairs."

She glanced gravely at his curling locks, in which, sure enough, there were faintly visible threads of silver.

"They show that you have had trouble and hard work," she said, with tender earnestness. "I hope that I shall never make your hair turn white any faster.— But I wish you would not work quite so hard."

He only smiled, waiting for her to speak again. Her artless, earnest tenderness captivated his fancy, while it touched him to the heart.

"I have been thinking," she said, "that if you still have any pride about the matter, and don't like to be any richer than you are, I could give my money all away, and we could live at the Cottage. I want to give the sisters something; and there is Meeta, and many others. What do you say to it?"

"Would you give up all, and make yourself poor my sake?" he asked, with emotion.

"Certainly I would!" she replied, seeming surprised that he should think the question necessary.

"I will then lay down all my pride rather than lose you," he said fervently. "Nothing shall ever again separate us. You are mine, raised from the grave itself for me, and I claim to hold you. I blush that I should ever have thought of money in connection with you, my darling. If I dare to take one so rich in youth and beauty, in goodness and in love, I may well forget the meaner riches of houses and lands."

"I forgot to ask about Charles," said Rose presently.

"Charles? Oh, he and Lily are soon to be married."

Doctor Thayer and Rose were married in September. There was no show or parade at their wedding, and they started immediately on a short visit to England. In two months they returned and took possession of the Hall. There is nowhere a happier couple, or one more respected and beloved. Indeed, Mrs. Thayer is the idol, not only of the poor and sorrowful, whom she relieves and comforts, but of the larger social circle of which she is so brilliant an ornament. This beautiful young matron proves what has often been doubted,— that a woman may have an ardent piety in her heart, and yet be a fascinating and elegant member of society; and that there is no necessary connection between a long face and nasal voice and the love of God. It is only vice and meanness that find her forbidding, and even the mean and vicious blush for themselves in her presence, and are better for that unwanted feeling of shame.

A Tie vote— when both parties vote yes, and the preacher ties the knot.

Insane Visitors at the White House.

EVERY now and then an item is published giving an account of the antics of some crazy person who finds his or her way to the White House.— Not half the calls of people of this class at the Executive Mansion are recorded. The visits are almost the daily rule rather than the exception.

Among these is an old gentleman who lives a short distance out in the country, near Bladensburg. He wears a large soft hat, salt and pepper pants, and a short black coat. His eyes are blue and mild, with nothing wild about them, and his hair is gray. He calls regularly once in every two months.— Being asked what he wants he replies:

"I have come to take my seat." He then tells how he was regularly elected President, and would have come to enter upon his duties sooner, but work on his farm prevented him leaving home. The ushers talk to him seriously about the matter, and as a general thing he soon leaves perfectly satisfied.

A man comes down here from Pennsylvania about five times a year. He is about thirty-five years old and dresses neatly and comfortably. He demands to see the President. The Treasury and White House have been deeded to him. The last time he called he wore a pair of badly used up shoes, and got slightly noisy. When put outside the door he said:

"I will submit this time, as I do not wish to make Hayes homeless; but the next time I come I want no foolishness. I want him to move out promptly. I hate to be so harsh, but my shoes are wearing out, and I must have my rights. Just tell him how the case stands."

A woman from Maine walked in one day, in a dress like that of a Quaker.— She stalked into the East room, and spreading a large Bible—which she carried under her arm—on one of the window seats announced her text and began in a loud voice to hold forth on the necessity of being born again.

A man from Ohio called a few days ago. He had a theory that the world was coming to an end in a few days, if he was not made superintendent of the Naval Observatory, in view that he might, by his knowledge of astronomy, avert the impending collision of the earth with all the other planets. He was promised the position and left satisfied.

A raw-boned fellow from Maine is seen no more at the White House. He used to be a regular visitor. He would walk in every morning, walk up to one of the ushers and hand him a letter. The letters were addressed to "R. B. Hayes, from Ohio, President of the United States, U. S. of America, Western Continent, White House, District of Columbia." These letters were always opened, but such scrawls that no one could read them. This probably suited the man exactly, as all he seemed to want was to deliver the letters promptly at nine every morning.

The "goddess of liberty just stepped down from the dome of the Capitol" has already been introduced to the readers of the "Star." She came back the other week and being refused admittance to the President's room, threatened to bring down her "reserves." These consisted, she said, of all the statues in the old Hall of Representatives and that of Columbus in the east front of the Capitol and of the group of the backwoodsman and Indian fighting.

A hard looking male customer—he was about forty years old—came in one morning.

"I am the man," he said in a roar, "who closed the Rebellion. It is a matter of necessity that I should see the President."

He was told the President did not receive visitors at the White House. He saw every one who called at 414 Tenth street. This is the number of the police station on that street. The man went promptly to No. 414 Tenth street and took a seat.

After sitting there a while the keeper asked him what he wanted.

"Oh!" he said, "I have just called to see the President."

The keeper took in the situation at a glance, and, saying, "step this way," conducted the visitor into one of the cells. As he turned the key in the lock the man inside said:

"If the President comes just show him right in, will you?"

"Certainly," said the keeper, and went back to his desk.— Washington Star.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physician or medicine did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effects that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, Providence, R. I.

A Banker's Story.

A BANKER at Paris gave an elegant feast to his friends, and after the feast gave a brief account of his early life, suggested by a large ugly pin in his napkin. He was a poor boy, and one day found a large pin used by girls to fasten ribbons at the neck. Soon he met a girl who was in trouble, because she had lost just such a pin. The sequel follows:

"There is another for you," said the boy, good naturedly, giving her the one he had found. She seized it hastily, and with great delight.

"Now I shall not be beaten," she exclaimed.

She now remarked how the boy was gnawing at his crust, and said, "I have got an apple in my pocket, will you have it?" It is a very good one, I have bitten it already.

Instead of making any reply, the beggar-boy soon put his teeth into the apple which she handed to him, and went his way. A few weeks after he returned to that village, as it was then fair-time. He met the little girl again, who at once recognized her benefactor. She perceived directly how hungry he was; she put her hand into her pocket, but to-day there were no apples there, and she wanted very much to give him something.

Fortunately she had received a few packets of needles and pins as a present from her grandmother, who kept a little stall at the fair. She gave the boy one of these packets, and said, "Sell these needles; you can buy apples and cakes for the money."

A bright idea came now into the boy's head; he returned with the needles to his own village, and sold them there to the peasant women. But he did not go and spend foolishly the money which he received, but went and bought some fresh needles, and soon set up as a regular hawker, carrying about a little tin box on his back, in which were buckles, thimbles, buttons, thread and needles of all kinds.

Through wind and weather, through shower and heat, he wandered from village to village, journeying thus through the whole of France and when he was twenty, he opened a little shop in one of the suburbs of Paris. He traded in everything which could bring him any profit, and his speculative head always hit upon the right sort of article.

At thirty years of age he possessed one hundred thousand francs; the half of this he invested at the Exchange. He was fortunate in his calculations, and in a few years' time he became very rich.

Now he thought of the pin which he had found when he was a little vagabond, and of the little black-eyed girl whom, by means of this pin, he had saved from a beating. He traveled to the village where he then had begged; he was curious to know what had become of the girl who by her gift of the packet of needles, had first aroused in him the spirit of commerce.

She had grown into a good, fine-looking woman—not very young, perhaps—for she already reckoned thirty summers. But as yet she had no suitor, because she was poor. The Parisian banker sought for her, and said, in a short manner,—

"Young woman, I have a million of francs property; will you marry me?"

The girl turned pale and red, and stuttered out at last, "Sir, I think you have come to make fun of me."

But he now said, seriously, "Do you not remember the beggar boy with the pin?"

"O certainly," she said, eagerly, "I see him before me now; how ravenously he bit the apple which I had already bitten, with his white teeth."

The stranger replied, smilingly, "I was that beggar-boy; out of the heart of that apple grew up my good fortune. Will you share it, and be my wife?"

The answer was a joyful "Yes." The wedding took place in the village.

The banker was silent and looked affectionately at his wife, who blushed very deeply. "Yes, gentleman," he exclaimed, "the beggar-boy not only became rich, but happy. God has rewarded him greatly for that one little kind action. And, gentlemen, I am the former vagabond, and my good wife opposite is the little girl I found weeping; and this is the pin I found upon the ground."

It Wasn't Her Hair at All.

YESTERDAY afternoon a couple of gentlemen were walking down Main street, and a lady with one of those pitch-forward hats was walking ahead of them a few feet.

Said one of the gents, "Did you see hair put up that way before?"

"Upon my word I never did. It's enough to spoil the best hair in the trade."

"And then the color—why, it's entirely off style."

"Went out of fashion two years ago."

The lady ahead looked mad enough to eat a fire plug.

"And just think of charging \$7 for a lot of hair like that."

"If I had it in my store I wouldn't get rid of it in five years unless some lunatic came along."

It can't cost less than three hours' work each day to keep the miserable touse in order. The woman's husband that—

And then that lady in front turned around with fire and fury in her eyes:

"You miserable puppies I'd just thank you to let my hair alone. If you dare to say another word I'll scream 'Police,' and have you arrested."

As soon as the gentleman recovered breath the Pittston man exclaimed:

"Your hair, madam! your hair!"

"Yes, my hair. You just keep your impudent tongue off it."

"I positively declare neither of us saw you or your hair."

"Then what were you talking about it for?"

"Talking about it! We were not even thinking about it."

"Then what were you talking about in that contemptible style?"

"Why madam, I do business in this town, and this gentleman deals in hair in Scranton, and we were conversing about a lot of hair we saw together in Philadelphia yesterday, and on which the dealer tried to cheat him."

"And is that all?"

"Upon my honor that is all?"

The lady looked a little mollified, but remarked with a rather scornful accent:

"It may be so, but I don't believe one word of it."

And she sailed off with her nose well up in the air, while the two greatly startled gentlemen stepped into the National House for something to steady their astonished nerves.

Was it a Retail Store?

HE HAD on a coat of remarkably open countenance behind, with a comfortable absence of sleeve as far up as the elbow, pants of somewhat scattered texture, and a chip-hat with a syphon-like look trailing from a crack in the crown. He was from away back. He walked hesitatingly into one of the Union street bazars that flung a million or two yards of fabrics to the dusty breeze in front.

"What can I do for you?" asked a polite clerk, disengaging himself from a bevy of shopping ladies.

"O nothin' pertikler. Just go on waiting on them gals," and he shyly fumbled a bundle under his arm.

"The ladies are through purchasing, and I am ready to attend to your wants."

The gentleman from afar glanced all around the glittering emporium in a dazed sort of way, but took his time about speaking. Finally he inquired:

"Is this here a retail store?"

"It is," answered the clerk.

"And you retail all sorts of things here, do you?"

"Why, yes; we keep a general stock of goods here, and sell them lower than the lowest."

"You ain't foolin' me, are you?— This here is a sure enough place where they retail things?"

"Certainly, my friend," answered the clerk, losing patience. "What do you want to get?"

"Well, ef this yere's a retail store," said the man of the flowing lock, looking decidedly awkward as a number of ladies drifted up close to him—"ef this yere is a retail store, I jes lowed I'd fetch this old shirt o' mine and get you to retail it. That thar bosom's a rare stunner to last; it's done wore three sets o' tails no, and I jest thought ef this yere was a retail store I'd just get you to retail her agin."

Scattered ladies and a red-faced clerk.

Bribed by a Kiss.

A temperance lecturer who has been at work in the towns up the Hudson has been giving the reporter of the Kingston Courier a page from his early experience in Michigan. Previous to his arrival in a small town where he intended to do some work, the boys agreed among themselves to go up to the meeting, but not to sign the pledge. He appealed in vain for recruits in the temperance cause. Not a man would move. At this stage of the proceedings the belle of the town sprang to her feet and cried out: "Boys, this is too bad. Won't you sign the pledge?" Not a soul moved from his feet. Again the fair belle appealed to the men's better nature, but it was of no avail; they had promised they wouldn't sign. Finally the lady said, "Boys, I'll kiss the first man who signs the pledge." At this juncture up jumped a tall backwoodsman and drawingly exclaimed:

"Siss, I'm your huckleberry. What's yer pledge?" The brave girl kissed the fellow, and the cheering which followed made the building rattle. This incident broke the ice, and before the reformer had left the town nearly every one had donned the ribbons.

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