

ed spot to me. I wish you to fully understand the motive that led me to this strange crime I then committed."

"But I do not see what this has to do with my daughter," said Nance, timidly.

"I am coming to that now. Our family physician having given up the child, as a last hope and despairing effort to save her I determined to consult the best medical skill New York afforded. I called upon several eminent physicians, but found them too much engaged to go with me, though they all promised to attend in the morning. It was quite dark when I left the coach, and walked to the ferry, wrapping my cloak close around me for the night was quite chilly. Under a lamp-post I saw a little girl, hardly three years of age crying bitterly—not loudly, but in a suppressed, terrified kind of way. I surmised at once that she was lost. The thought of my poor stricken one at home made my heart warm towards her. I stooped down and raised her in my arms, with the intention of taking her home, if I could find where it was—as I raised her up to the rays of gas light fell full upon her face, and I fancied that I could detect a resemblance in it to my own little darling. In an instant one of those sudden inspirations which sway the human mind, flashed through my brain. What if I should find my child dead on my return, could I not substitute this one in her place? It was an insane project, with an hundred chances to one against its successful accomplishment; but it was a last hope to save the Farrell estate from rapacious relatives who had less right to it than I. This little one was coarsely clad, but she was robust and healthy: one, doubtless, of some poor man's brood, who had a dozen beside, who would scarcely miss her, and be very thankful for one less to feed.

"Come, darling, and I will take you home," I said.

"She nestled confidently to my breast and I wrapped my cloak about her in such a manner as to hide her completely from view. In this manner I took her on board of the ferry boat. By the time I reached Green Point she was sound asleep—sleeping the heavy sleep of infancy. I walked hurriedly home, fearful that she might awake; but there was little danger of that—her ramble in the streets had completely wearied her. I let myself into the house with the latch-key, paused in the dimly lighted hall to adjust my burden in such a manner that none might suspect its presence, should I meet any of the servants on the stairs. I knew they would not think anything of my wearing my cloak and hat into the sick-room, as my natural anxiety would prevent me from stopping to remove them until I saw my child.

"I found the nurse alone by the bedside, the doctor, she told me, had just left, telling her the child could not live till morning. He had done all he could—but while there was life there was hope. He would call around early in the morning. The little sufferer lay gasping out her life. I was in time. I sent my nurse to bed, my usual custom on returning, to keep a weary vigil to the death cough. Worn out by long watching, she gladly availed herself of my permission to retire. I locked the door after her, placed the sleeping child beside the dying one, and carefully dropped the window curtains. So far my scheme had succeeded; but if my child should linger until morning, and the presence of the other be detected, and then? Cold drops of perspiration oozed slowly from my forehead as I stood beside the bed and watched and waited.

"An hour passed away in this dreadful suspense. A neighboring church bell tolled the hour of ten, and with the last stroke, a convulsive sigh broke from the pale lips, the little frame quivered, there was a sound like the rushing of wings in the room, and then all was ghastly still again; no sound but the regular breathing of the sleeping child, which my acute ears could hear distinctly, whilst mine lay dead beside her—I sank upon my knees by the bedside, and my grief went over me like a flood, raining a torrent of tears from my eyes. But these tears did me good; they blunted the edge of my sorrow, and prepared me for what was yet to be done.

"I knew the servants had all retired to rest, and I was the only one stirring in the house; yet I had better use dispatch. With trembling fingers I changed the clothes of the dead and living child, wrapped the body in a little blanket, placed the stranger where my own had laid, silently stole out of the house by the back stairs, out to the river's bank, and there by the moon's rays buried my little one beneath an elm—the tallest in the grove—a ghastly funeral. A year after, I reclaimed the poor hidden remains in the same manner, and placed them in her mother's tomb. The world thinks that carved box contains but waxen flowers; it could not see the skeleton hidden beneath them.

"In the morning they found me by the

bedside prepared for the final failure or accomplishment of my scheme. The child woke early and called for food. I sought for milk and bread, leaving the nurse bewildered at this unlooked-for recovery, when he came, pronounced it miraculous—but he had seen such cases before. I could have laughed at his oracular manner, but there was too much at stake. Though the child prattled names, and spoke of things my child had never heard of, yet none suspected the cheat. Why should they? No one would ever have dreamed of such a thing. The doctor pronounced her 'light-headed' and that settled it."

"It all seems like a dream to me," said Nance, "and all these years you have passed my daughter off for yours?"

"As I have told you. She has filled a daughter's place in my heart. I love her as dearly as I would my own child if she had lived. She seems to belong more to me than to you; yet at the same time you must never claim her as your daughter."

"Not claim her as my daughter?—Not clasp her to my heart after all these weary years?"

"You mourned her dead—you never expected to see her more?"

"True, I did."

"As my daughter and the heiress of the Farrell estate, she holds a proud position in the world and will marry well. To acknowledge her as your daughter were but to put a blight upon her young life and prospects, which no amount of wealth I can bestow upon her—and she shall have it all—can ever efface. You can live in the same house with her, be ever near, a constant witness to her happiness—what more can you desire? Would it be a large increase of joy to her heart to call you 'mother,' knowing the penalty she must pay for that one word?"

"Let me live in the same house with her; watch over her constantly—I am content, my lips shall never utter the secret," answered Nance, with a true motherly abnegation.

John Waldron smiled benignly. The man had the faculty of moulding others to suit his own purposes.

"You are a sensible woman," he said pleasantly. "Now there is one other beside ourselves who knows this secret—one Nobbles; that's the name."

"Bob Nobbles—I know him."

"He discovered Lillian's strong resemblance to yourself, and is in possession of some other facts of the story, but he can prove nothing without your help. If you should be called upon, which is hardly likely, you must never acknowledge that Lillian is your child."

"I never will."

He glanced keenly in her clear blue eyes for a moment. They met his look unswervingly. He was satisfied.

"Come, let us go home—your home for all time to come," he said. "You shall pass for my cousin, and will call you Mrs. Fitzgerald; we must have an Irish name, you know, and we may as well have a good one."

Perhaps you think John Waldron should not thus have so successfully triumphed in his fraud, keeping a stranger in the Farrell estate while the poor relatives eyed it from a distance with covetous eyes. Perhaps not; but this is a narrative of events as they were, not as they should be. How many frauds prosper in our midst that we never dream of until our morning's paper bewilders us with the fact that our next door neighbor, a cashier in the First National Bank, has been a defaulter for years; but for the one discovered, how many escape unsuspected. Who can tell?

Nance had never seen as happy days as she passed beneath John Waldron's roof; and when in time, Lillian became the wife of Sidney Gray, and she nursed their first baby their bliss was complete. So they lived on with the secret unspoken amongst them; for Bob Nobbles, wandering in foreign lands, or perhaps buried beneath the waters of the ocean, never returned to disturb their serenity.

The Recipe for Prosperity.

Let every youth be taught some useful art and trained to industry and thrift. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain portion of his earnings. Let every one set out in life with a fixed determination to engage in business for himself, and let him put his determination in practice as early in life as possible. Begin in a small way, and extend your business as experience will teach you is advantageous. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerably certain income—sufficient to live on comfortably. Let every man who is able buy a farm on which to bring up his sons. It is from the farm the best men are turned out, morally and intellectually. Bear in mind that your business cannot be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers.

A Faceless Judge.

A MIRTH-LOVING Judge, Justice Powell, could be as thoroughly humorous in private life as he was fearless and just upon the bench. Swift describes him as a surpassingly merry old gentleman, laughing heartily at all comic things, and at his own droll stories more than aught else. In court he could not always refrain from jocularity. For instance, when he tried Jane Wenhams for witchcraft, and she assured him that she could fly, his eye twinkled as he answered: "Well, then, you may; there is no law against flying." When Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester—a thorough believer in what is now-a-days called Spiritualism—was persecuting his acquaintance with silly stories about ghosts, Powell gave him a telling reproof for his credulity by describing a horrible apparition which was represented as having disturbed the narrator's rest on a previous night. At the hour of midnight, as the clocks were striking twelve, the Judge was roused from his first slumber by a hideous sound. Starting up, he saw at the foot of his unaccompanied bed a figure—dark, gloomy, terrible, holding before its grim and repulsive visage a lamp that shed an uncertain light. "May heaven have mercy on us!" tremulously ejaculated the bishop at this part of the story. The Judge continued his story: "Be calm, my Lord Bishop; be calm. The awful part of this mysterious interview has still to be told. Nerving myself to fashion the words of inquiry, I addressed the nocturnal visitor thus—'Strange being, why hast thou come at this still hour to perturb a sinful mortal?' You understand, my Lord, I said this in hollow tones—in what I may almost term a sepulchral voice." "Ay, ay," said the Bishop, "I implore you to go on. What did it answer?" "It answered, in a voice not greatly different from the voice of a human creature, 'Please, sir, I am the watchman on beat, and your street door is open.'"

A Letter for Murphy.

A little freckle-faced ten-year old schoolboy stopped at the postoffice in Columbia, the other day, and yelled out: "Anything for any Murphy?" "No, there is not." "Anything for Jane Murphy?" "Nothing." "Anything for Ann Murphy?" "No." "Anything for Tom Murphy?" "No, sir, not a bit." "Anything for Terry Murphy?" "No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor Bridget Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, sir, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly or severally, now and forever, one and inseparable." The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please to look if there is anything for my teacher, Clarence Murphy?"

Anecdote of Tecumseh and Gov. Harrison.

At the interview on the 27th of July 1811, held at Vincennes. After Tecumseh had made a long and animated speech, he found himself unprovided with a seat. Observing the neglect Gov. Harrison directed a chair to be placed, and the aid, said to Tecumseh, "your Father requests you to be seated." "My Father!" replied Tecumseh. "The Sun is my Father, and the earth is my mother, and on her lap will I repose, and set down on the earth."

A New Method of Planting Telegraph Poles.

A new method of planting telegraph poles has been introduced in Pennsylvania. The ground is staked off at distances of 200 feet apart; a man starts off with cartridges of electric powder, and with a crowbar in his hand. The bar is driven four or five feet into the ground a cartridge with lighted fuse is dropped into the hole, and the man proceeds to the next stake, but before he reaches it the cartridge has exploded, making a cavity as big as a flour barrel in the ground, and a gang of men who follow, plant a telegraph pole in the spot. In this way four men will set up 100 to 150 poles per day, and at cost two-thirds less than by the old way.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

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Nov. 10th, 1878.

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SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m. 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.40, 11.50 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30 p. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. K. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

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All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

JNO. G. SHEARER, Administrator.

CHAS. H. SMILEY, Attorney. December 24, 1878.

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