

as Mr. Landersdale and a party of friends hastened to Verne's side.

Verne raised his pale face and tried to appear natural, but the effort was too great. He made some laughing reply to a young lady's sally, then the forced smile left his face, and he sank insensible into his adopted mother's arms.

Five years later the same moon shone down upon "Flirtation Walk," but only a solitary man wended his lonely way along the path. Where was the woman he had loved so dearly and who had walked the familiar way with him so many times with her small hand upon his arm and her perfumed hair brushing his shoulders.

John Fielding asked himself the question with a wild yearning for her presence that night. He had come back to these familiar scenes for the first time since those old times of long ago, and Maud's voice seemed to be sighing in the breeze and Maud's presence pervaded the air.

"One would think the place were haunted," he muttered, with clenched teeth. "But it is with memories sweet as they are bitter. Then it was summer. The leaves have come and gone five times since, and are falling and dying now with the dying year. O Maud, Maud!"

"Mr. Fielding?"

It came in a sweet, tender voice, and a woman's tread among the red maple-leaves broke the silence.

He looked up, and met the gaze of her of whom he had been dreaming. Maud stood before him, with tears in her eyes and a subdued, womanly joy in her manner.

"Maud, have you come back to mock a miserable man?"

"Mr. Fielding, I am a woman now. I govern my own actions, and do not allow others to rule my destiny as I did when a girl. Five years have taught me self-reliance."

"They should have taught me to conquer a hopeless love, but they have not. I was dreaming of you just now."

Then in a changed voice:

"Are your relatives with you?"

"If you mean Mrs. Landersdale and Fred, I have not seen them since that happy, miserable summer we spent together here so many years ago. They are still in Europe, I believe; but Maud Pelham, spinster, has been alone all these five years."

She didn't mean there should be, but there was a melancholy cadence in the tones of her voice.

John's face had grown radiant, and he began to comprehend slowly the blessed truth.

"But I have always pictured you as married and happy. You have been waiting for me all these years?"

"Yes."

"Maud! my dearest! my wife!"

He had her in his arms now; and those few happy moments more than repaid them for their weary years of waiting.

Verne Landersdale returned from Europe, and stood in one of our Boston halls with the supercilious, condescending air that is sometimes affected by young gentlemen lately arrived from abroad. He had cultivated a set of English side-whiskers, and stared about him through a pair of eyeglasses.

As two ladies, accompanied by a gentleman, walked up the aisle, and seated themselves directly in front of him, he started with a pleasant surprise, bent forward, and touched the gentleman's arm. He still loved Maud Pelham, and hoped for her forgiveness now that he had returned from abroad.

"Mr. Van Ruyter, I believe?" he said eagerly. "Have you forgotten the wanderer?"

"Why, Landersdale, how are you?—Welcome home. I suppose you still remember my sister, Mrs. Ford; and of course Maud and you have not forgotten old times."

He shook hands with Flo, then turned to Maud with a deprecating, and embarrassed greeting. She met his mute appeal for forgiveness with a frank, friendly smile.

"Truly happy to welcome you home, Verne. Have your wanderings been pleasant? and how is Aunt Landersdale? I should have been notified of your arrival, I think."

"We just arrived in New York yesterday, Maud," he hastened to explain; and mother was speaking of you to-day. We haven't heard a word of your whereabouts for six months past. We expected to receive your wedding-cards ere this."

He added this with a forced laugh; but he never dreamed that she could be married.

Her next words were a death-blow to all his hopes.

"My wedding was private, and there were no cards, Verne. I wrote your mother about it; but the foreign mails are not very reliable."

She noted his deathly pallor, and with womanly pity turned to greet a party of friends who had just entered, at the same time attracting Flo's attention away from Verne.

"Oh, by the way, Landersdale," Van Ruyter said, "my old friend lectures to-night. Colonel Fielding has won an enviable reputation as an orator, and Maud is of course exceedingly proud of her lord and master."

Verne made some rather wandering reply, and sat gazing absently before him. He had strolled into the hall to while away a leisure hour, and had not the remotest idea of who the lecturer was, or what was the subject of his discourse.

The band struck up "See! the Conquering Hero Comes;" and John Fielding, sterner and graver than of old, came upon the platform with a party of gentlemen. He was introduced to his audience, heartily cheered, and then stepped forward to the reading-desk.

Enough to say, that it was entertaining, witty and eloquent, with here and there a touch of almost sublime power, and drew down enthusiastic applause from his critical Boston audience.

At last it was over; and, making his way through a crowd of admirers, John Fielding passed Verne rather roughly in endeavoring to reach Maud and her party. He turned to apologize, with a courtly bow; and Verne, seeing he was recognized, impulsively held out his hand.

"John, can the past ever be forgotten between us? I have just returned from abroad, and wish to see mother, and make up old scores."

He tried to laugh; but his voice choked. John Fielding's face grew stern and sorrowful; but he did not reject the proffered hand.

"I forgive you, Verne," he said, "because you are my brother, and I must remember that the same mother bore us. But you can never make your peace with her on this earth. She died of those last cruel words you gave her, and went to her long home in Greenwood, more than four years ago."

John Fielding passed down the aisle, and Verne saw him leave the hall with a host of friends and admirers following and congratulating him, and Maud, happy and smiling, leaning upon his arm.

Verne stood alone where his brother had left him. Rich in this world's goods, yet utterly forsaken and alone.—The one bright hope of his life had that night been rudely destroyed. Mocking memories of a lost love haunted him; and a tardy remorse was gnawing at his heart-string, nevermore to cease until he, too, should follow his heart-broken mother to her last rest.

Why I am a Bachelor.

ONE day on my way to a neighboring city I was sitting in a car yawning most terribly, and mentally cursing the whole Railroad Company for the slowness of the speed, and the frequent stoppage of the train; when, as if to rebuke me for my impatience, there entered the car a girl of about eighteen, and took a seat just across the aisle.

Of course it was not long before I had taken a thorough look—and as the operation was continued some time, it is unnecessary to say she was beautiful. Description cannot show forth her charms, but, as you never saw any one half so lovely, it must be used to convey an idea, though a faint one, of her beauty. Her figure perfect and plump, face more exquisitely lovely than that of Venus—eyes deep enough and liquid enough to draw water, and the prettiest little foot and ankle ever made. In fact, Don Quixote's description of his sweetheart might with more propriety be applied to her.

Her hair night, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory and her whiteness snow."

You cannot and will not blame me for staring at her. After sitting some time silent, she attempted to raise the window, and though she appeared quite strong she failed. As in *gallantry* bound I offered my services, raised the window and retook my seat like a bashful boy. But I continued to look, and soon commenced to "blink" and bat my eyes at her as if going to sleep. At one of the "blinks" I caught her eyes and she "blinked" responsive. If an old foggy had been near, it is altogether probable that he would have accused me of winking.

Ay this time I thought she ought to be cold, and she consented for me to pull down the window. Exhausted by my labor I sank trembling into the seat began gasping out parts and parcels of a conversation, in which she assisted. After the usual introduction I led the way up to a calm, dignified discussion of the question, "What is love?" How she understood it! Love, she said, was glorious—it was fine, it was fun, the mutual attraction of opposite, though congenial heart, etc., etc. She said she had been in love a dozen times a month, and enjoyed it every time; frequently fell in love at first sight—could love anybody at times—(question by subscriber), Am I "anybody," and is this one of the "at times." She blushed, hung her

head, and then turning up her eyes with the sweetest smile in the world, said "Yes." Oh! how I grew, I felt I was somebody, that I was a foot taller, a yard broader; to think that this beauty would love me (or to say so which was the same to me) made me too happy to sit still. I should have fallen off the seat had I not grasped her hand for support—as I did so such an electric shot went up my arm that as suddenly I dropped it, and caught her round the waist, and then my voice trembled. Why it did I know not. This only I do know. I did not let go and we talked and prattled on until she said at the next station her husband would meet her. I go up—After she left and the car moved off I started to take out my watch to see how time had sped. The watch had sped as fast as time. It was gone, likewise my purse. Too late! Too late! I had been taken in, even as husbands are sometimes taken in, but not too late to teach me the lesson to remain as I am, an old BACHELOR.

That Good Dog, Jack.

SOME dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, having at times equaled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvelous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting. Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm could come to them." The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go further than they ought, however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it. "All the same I'm afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two; "there have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw some very odd looking men pass our door to-day; besides I am wearing my new watch, which papa gave me on my birthday."

"Oh, nonsense!" her sister replied. "It is nearly six o'clock now; and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us." "I wish I was as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?" Just as she had said this Jack advanced toward them, and planted himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined. "That is odd," said Dora. "I never remember him doing that before." The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying. "Well, well, you stupid little brute," she said angrily, "I suppose we must go that long way round." So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed, it was conjectured by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning. Thus Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound toward their little four-footed protector, who, we are glad to hear, lived to a good old age.—*Chambers' Journal.*

He Found Him.

WHEN I boarded the train at New York recently, a man said to me:

"Big thing this telegraph."

"Yes," I said, "was as big as a grapevine."

"No joking," he said. "I came here to New York yesterday, 100 miles out of my way to see a man. When I got here, went to the St. Nicholas, and when I was ready to see my man, by jokes, stranger, I had lost his address, and by George, I couldn't think of his first name even. And his last name was only Johnson. Easy name to hunt, eh? I was left. You know what it is to find anybody in New York when you don't know their address. It was worse than finding an honest man. Well, this man was a new-comer here; name wasn't in

the directory. I asked questions until I made a fool of myself.

"Then I said to the telegraph operator at the St. Nicholas:

"It'll keep me here a week. I've got to write to St. Louis and get that man's address."

"Telegraph," the operator said.

"Well, I never thought of that before, I wrote a dispatch right away:

"To Gattit & Keapit, brokers, St. Louis—What is our man Johnson's first name, and What's his address?"

"And in due course the answer came back:

"James P., St. Nicholas Hotel."

"What do you think of that stranger? I went back to the clerk and said:

"Is Mr. James P. Johnson, in his room?"

"That is Mr. James P. Johnson," said the clerk.

"The man, stranger, was standing beside me, waiting for me to move so that he could speak to the clerk. And I had just sent one thousand and sixty-four miles to find out where he was. Funny, stranger, wasn't it?"

Friday a Lucky Day for America.

FRIDAY is regarded by the vulgar as an unlucky day, whereas,—for America, at least—it has proved itself to be the most fortunate of the seven. It was on Friday, the 3rd day of August, 1492, that Columbus sailed from the port of Palos for the New World. It was on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, that he first saw the land, after sixty days of navigation. It was on Friday, the 4th day of January, 1493, that he started on his return to Spain to announce to their Catholic majesties the glorious result of his expedition, and on Friday, the 15th of March, 1493, that he disembarked in Andalusia. It was on Friday, the 13th of June, 1494, that he discovered the American continent. On Friday, March 5, 1497, Henry VII of England gave John Cabot his dispatch for the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the continent of North America. On Friday, September 6th, 1565, Menz founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the Mayflower first disembarked a few emigrants on American soil at Provincetown, and on Friday, December 22nd, 1620, her passengers finally landed at Plymouth Rock. It was on Friday, February 22nd, 1732, that George Washington was born. It was on Friday, June 16, 1775, that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and on Friday, October 7th, 1771, that the surrender of Saratogo took place, which event decided France to give her aid to the Americans. The treason of Arnold was discovered on Friday. Yorktown surrendered on Friday, and on Friday, June 7th, 1776, Richard Henry Lee read the Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress.

The New Coachman.

"Isabella, my dear," said a rich gentleman on the South Side to his eldest daughter and housekeeper—her mother sleeps at Rosehill, unless there has been a special interposition of grave robbers in behalf of her corpse—"Isabella, my dear, I have engaged a new coachman." "Have you, pa?" replied the mature, but beautiful girl, "what is his name?" "Herbert Montgomery," said her father. And all evening the lady went scribbling, "Isabella Montgomery," and so on over her blotting pad, and she went to sleep to dream that Cupid, with a pair of blinkers over his eyes, smiled upon her,—nay, burst into a horse-laugh—while marriage bells chimed in the distance, and Herbert Montgomery underwent a transformation scene into a Lord with \$400,000 a year. And her wily father smiled, too, as he sought his couch, for Herbert Montgomery is 58 years old and has a wife and seven children.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wisdom for Girls.

It seems now-a-days as though young girls are anxious to hurry through their girlhood and get to be women. To such as these the good Bishop Morris gives the following kind, sensible and Christian advice:

"Wait patiently, my children. Go not after your womanhood, let it come to you. Keep out of the public view.—Cultivate refinement and modesty. The care and responsibilities of life will be soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as a true woman should. But oh! be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."

Women Never Think!

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of woman in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.

DR. WHITTIER, No. 303 Penn Street, Pittsburg, Pa. Continues to afford reliable special treatment of Private and Urinary Diseases. Perfect cure guaranteed. Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness resulting from self-abuse or sexual excess, producing nervous debility, night emissions, despondency, diarrhoea, dimness of sight, trembles of the face, weakness of mind and body, and finally impotency, loss of sexual power, sterility, etc., inflicting the victim for marriage or business and rendering life miserable, are permanently cured in shortest possible time. Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, all Urinary Diseases and Syphilis, (all forms, consisting of Skin Eruptions, Ulcers in the mouth, throat, or on other parts of the body, are perfectly cured, and the blood poison thoroughly eradicated from the system. DR. WHITTIER is a regular graduate of medicine, as his diploma at office shows; his life long special experience in all private diseases, with purest medicine prepared by himself, enables him to cure difficult cases after others fail—it is self-evident that a physician treating thousands of cases every year acquires great skill. The establishment is central and retired, and so arranged that patients see the doctor only. Consultation and correspondence private and free. Pamphlets sent sealed for stamp. Medicines sent everywhere.—Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 P. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Everybody should read the

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE, 144 pages, fine illustrations, price 20 cents. A book for private, careful reading by both sexes, married or single, explaining wonders and mysteries of sexual system reproduction, marriage impediments, etc., causes, consequences and cure. Sold at office or by mail, sent securely sealed, on receipt of price in money or postage stamps. Address DR. WHITTIER, No. 303 Penn St., Pittsburg, Pa. W 46 1y

NEW WAGON SHOP. THE undersigned having opened a WHEELWRIGHT SHOP, IN NEW BLOOMFIELD, are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted. STOUFFER & CRIST. New Bloomfield, April 23, 1874.

J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GIRVIN. J. M. GIRVIN & SON., FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE Commission Merchants, No. 64 South Gay, St., BALTIMORE, MD. We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly. 45 1/2 yr. J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

MUSSER & ALLEN CENTRAL STORE NEWPORT, PENN'A. Now offer the public A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF DRESS GOODS Consisting of all shades suitable for the season. BLACK ALPACCAS AND Mourning Goods A SPECIALITY. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, AT VARIOUS PRICES. AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS! We sell and do keep a good quality of SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS And everything under the head of GROCERIES! Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines. To be convinced that our goods are CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the CENTRAL STORE, Newport, Perry County, Pa.

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION WOMAN AND MARRIAGE. A large, new and complete Guide to Wedlock, containing, with many others, the following chapters: A competent Womanhood, Selection of a Wife, Science of Marriage, Zoroastrianism, Contraception, Marriage, Divorce, Advice to Bridegrooms, Advice to Brides, Advice to Wives, Prostitution, its causes, Celebrity and Marriage compared, Domestic Violence, Conception, Confinement, Love and Courtship, Impediments to Marriage, in male and female, Science of Reproduction, Single life considered, Law of Marriage, Law of Divorce, Legal Rights of married women, etc., including Diseases peculiar to Women, their causes and treatment. A book for parents and considerate friends. 200 pages, 50 cents. Sent by mail, sealed for 50 cents. The Private Medical Adviser. On Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Ac, also on Spermatorrhea, Sexual Debility, and Impotency, from Self-abuse and Excess, causing Seminal Emissions, Nervousness, Aversion to Society, Confusion of Ideas, Physical Decay, Dimness of Sight, Defective Memory, Loss of Sexual Power, etc., making marriage impossible or unhappy, giving treatment, and a great many valuable receipts for the cure of all private diseases; same size, over 50 pages, 50 cents. Medical Advice. A lecture on Manhood and Womanhood, 35 cents; or all three in one nicely bound volume, \$1. They contain 600 pages and over 100 illustrations, embracing everything on the generative system that is worth knowing, and much that is not published in any other work. The combined volume is positively the best Popular Medical Book published, and those interested after getting it can have their money refunded. The Author is an experienced Physician of many years practice, (as is well known,) and the advice given, and Rules for treatment, had down, will be found of great value to those suffering from impurities of the system, either above, just vigor, or any of the numerous troubles coming under the head of "Private" or "Chronic" disease.—Sent in single volume, or complete set, for the price named, and letters are promptly and truthfully answered without charge. Address: Dr. Butler Dispensary, 24 N. 5th St., Phila., Pa. (Established 1847.) For sale by News Dealers. AGENTS warranted. DR. BUTLER invites all persons suffering from any of the above named diseases, to send their names and address, and have them sent them free of charge, and receive something to their advantage.—Not a Truism.