

DANIEL'S MOTTO.

DANIEL AKIN had become a confirmed drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of the bottle, that he was perfectly miserable when he could not obtain the means of gratifying his thirst.

He had neglected his family till his wife's father had taken her and the children to the paternal roof. He had spent all his substance in drink was kept from the poor house only by performing menial services for his food, and by the kindness of Thomas Edgerton, a member of the Society of Friends, who had known him from his youth, and who had a strong hope that, in the course of time, he would see his folly, and turn again into the right path.

Hoskins, the leading liquor dealer of the place, had let him have drink so long as his money lasted, but would trust him no longer.

He was lounging about the saloon one bright moonlight evening, pleading with the keeper to trust him for a drink. His reply was sharp and unfeeling:

"Not a drop more, Daniel!"

He remained a while longer and then left. As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he, all at once, gave utterance to his feelings in the following strain:

"Not a drop more, Daniel." Am I drunk, or am I sober? I am sober.—"Not a drop more, Daniel." Did Hoskins think a drop would hurt me? No, but my money was gone. He has got all—got everything I had—even the Bible my mother gave me! He has got the boots which my wife, with her own earnings, bought for Jennie. "Not a drop more, Daniel," Daniel, what say you to that? I say so too. I once had good clothes, but now I have nothing but rags. "Not a drop more, Daniel," till I have clothes as good as when Mary and I were married. I once had a good watch, but that too is gone! "Not a drop more, Daniel," till I have another as good as the one I pawned to Hoskins for drink. I have seen the day when I had a good horse and buggy, and could ride into town in as good style as any man in the place. "Not a drop more, Daniel," till I have another horse and buggy as good as I once had. I once had cows that furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Hoskins has got them. "Not a drop more, Daniel," till those cows, or others as good, are mine again. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now not a cent have I got.—"Not a drop more, Daniel," till this wallet is well filled again.

By this time he had reached the place where he formerly resided, and leaning up against the fence, he mused a long time in silence. He viewed the desolate place by the light of the moon, and his eyes ranged over the house and farm once his own. He then said to himself:

"Once I owned this house and barn. Here I was born. Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts; but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! Here I began my married life; and all that heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort together, till Hoskins came and opened his rum-shop, and now he calls it his.

"In that south room my children were born, and there my Jennie died.—Oh! how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take her boots and start for the store to pawn them for rum, while she lay sick upon the bed. And then how she begged of me never to strike her mother again! I can see her now—her pale face, her wasted form—but she can not come to me again. And, oh! my wife, how shamefully I abused her! It was not you, Daniel that did it. No, it was Hoskins' accursed rum! No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you, and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They won't let me live with you.

"Not a drop more, Daniel," till the house is mine again. "Not a drop more, Daniel," till these broad acres are again in my possession, and the wife and children that are living, in yonder room and are a happy family once more. "Not a drop more, Daniel!" Help me, my God, till all these things are accomplished! I thank you, Hoskins, for these words. I shall not forget them."

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoken in a tone so loud, that he had not noticed the wagon, which by this time had reached the road, in which was seated the kind-hearted Quaker before mentioned. He stopped his horse, and heard distinctly the language he'd used. As he closed his soliloquy he turned and saw Thos. Edgerton who said:

"Daniel, does thee mean to keep thy vow?"

"Yes, friend Edgerton, I do."

"Thee has promised a great many times thee'd think no more. What makes thee think thee will keep thy vow this time?"

"I know, friend Edgerton, I have

often vowed I would drink no more; but now I feel different from what I have felt before; my heart is almost broken, and I feel my weakness; and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant that it may be so! Daniel, get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way; the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written, and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go New York and work his way round the Cape. He decided to do so. The Quaker kindly promised to furnish him with suitable clothing.

"Thee would like to see thy wife and children before thee goes?"

"I should, but they have become so estranged from me; if I went, perhaps they would not believe me. I think it will be better they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them; and hope to do so, by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place who shall know where I am or what I am doing."

Thus, while riding toward the quiet farm-house of the Quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they reached the farm, the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house. As they seated themselves beside the fire, the Quaker said to his wife:

"Amy, thee can put on another plate; Daniel will stay with us a few days, and then he is going to California."

The good Quaker felt confident Daniel would keep his word this time. At the end of a few days everything was in readiness. The old horse was harnessed and before daylight, Daniel Akin was on his way to the railway station. He had not been in the village since the night when these words, "Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts; but it was supposed he was on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. No inquiries were made, for all were glad that he was missing, and cared not for his return.

He had been gone somewhat more than a year, when the Quaker was in the store of Hoskins, and wished to hire a pasture for the coming season.

"I have one I will let you have free if you will put up the fences on the place," said Hoskins.

"Where is it?" asked the Quaker.

"It's on the Akin's farm," was the reply.

"If thee will let it at that rate, thee must have let it get sadly out of repair."

"It is, indeed; I can not leave the store to look after it. The house is very poor, and the family that lived there last were too shiftless to buy wood, so they burnt up all the fences; in fact, I would rather sell it than rent it."

"What will thee take for it?" asked the Quaker.

"It cost me sixteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, but thee paid in goods, and charged thine own price for them."

"To be sure I did. Akin could not get trusted any place else, and I felt that I was running a great risk in letting him have goods, so I charged accordingly; just as any body else would have done under the circumstances."

"But thee has not told me what thee will take for the place. I will give thee eight hundred dollars for it, if that is any object to thee."

Hoskins thought long enough over the matter to conclude that the interest of eight hundred dollars was far better for him than a farm for the use of which he realized scarcely anything, and at last said:

"You can have it."

"Very well, Hoskins; thee can make out the deed to-morrow, and thee shall have the money. By the by, does thee know what has become of Daniel Akin?"

"No; he has not been in the village for more than a year; at any rate I have not seen him."

We may here tell the reader something Hoskins did not know.

The Quaker had that day received a letter from Daniel Akin, stating that he was at the mines hard at work and sticking to his motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel," till he had laid up a few hundred dollars, and desired him to inquire what the place he once owned could be bought for.

Mr. Edgerton had taken the method above mentioned to find out the views of Hoskins respecting the place; so confident was he that Daniel Akin would come home a sober man, with money in his pocket, that he had ventured to purchase the place, to keep for him till his return.

He wrote to Akin, informing him what he had done, and about two or three months after that he received a letter from him stating that he had sent by express five hundred dollars in gold to a banker in New York, with orders to sell it, and remit the proceeds to him to go towards the money for the farm.

Gold at that time commanded a high premium, and the five hundred dollars became eight hundred dollars before they reached the hands of friend Edgerton.—Akin requested him to draw up a deed giving the whole property to his wife, Mary, and to have it duly recorded, and left with the register of deeds.

In his letter he said: "If, perchance, I should ever break my resolution, I shall have secured a home for my wife and children. I prefer, however, that they should not know anything of this for the present. If I live to come home, I will give Mary the deeds with my own hands; if not, you can do it. Now that the farm is bought, you had better stock it, for I will stick to my motto."

Another year passed away. By this time friend Edgerton had stocked the farm with young cattle and sheep, the fences were put in repair, and everything but the house wore a tidy appearance.

Another remittance came which paid for all the stock, and left on overplus with which to repair the house. Carpenters were busy, and villagers who happened to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans.

These repairs completed, furniture found its way into the house. A yoke of oxen was seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse, and riding in a new buggy. He received this short note one day:

"I have arrived all safe and sound.—Please go and get Mary and the children."

Friend Edgerton rode over to the next town and called on Mary's father, and invited her and the children to go home with him and make a visit.

The invitation was accepted, and they returned with the Quaker to his home. On the afternoon of the next, day he said:

"Mary, I want to go the railway station. Thee and the children can stay with Amy."

He went down to the station and fetched Daniel, and left him at his own house, where he had previously conveyed some provisions, and where he was to pass the night.

It was dark when friend Edgerton arrived home.

Next morning friend Edgerton said to Mary:

"Mary, I suppose thee has heard I have bought the old place? I have got it fitted up, and thee and the children shall ride over with me after breakfast to see it. I think thee will like it."

They rode over, and Mary was surprised to see the changes that had taken place.

They looked over the lower room first and over the mantel-piece in the sitting-room was a frame, and under the glass, in large gold letters, were these words:

"NOT A DROP MORE, DANIEL."

Mary, on reading these words, said:

"O, friend Edgerton, if Daniel could have said these words, and stuck to them, this beautiful home might have still been his."

"Then thee don't know where Daniel is?"

"No; I have not heard anything of him for more than three years."

"Thee would like to see him, would thee not?"

"Oh, yes! I should."

"Let us walk up stairs."

As they went up the front stairs, Daniel slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the front room.

When they returned, Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room with his back to the door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said:

"It is a friend, Mary."

Daniel turned round; but in the man with the heavy beard and mustache, Mary did not recognize her husband.—Daniel advanced to the spot where Mary was standing, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed:

"Don't you know me, Mary?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said that he must go and see Amy, and, addressing himself to Mary, said:

"Mary, this house and farm are thine. Daniel has got the papers and will give them to thee. Thee can stay here as long as thee likes; thee will live happily once more, for that (pointing to the frame over the mantel-piece, 'Not a drop more, Daniel,') is his motto now, and will be as long as he lives."

Daniel and his wife fell on their knees before the Lord. Their prayers were mingled with many tears, but in their future lives those prayers were found to be answered.

Several years have passed away since the above events occurred, and Daniel Akin, now an earnest Christian man, sticks to his motto:

Fulfilling Her Marriage Vow.

A TOUCHING story is narrated in connection with the recent execution of Walter Watson at Highland, Indiana, for the murder of Ezra Compton.

The parties had quarreled about the charge of a quarter dollar for some soap made by Compton, who was a store-keeper. The wife of Watson, to whom he had been but a year married, endeavored to restrain him from the quarrel, but her entreaties failed.

A week before the execution Mrs. Watson visited the governor, with her babe in her arms, and made a strong appeal for mercy, but that official declined to interfere because the sentence had been confirmed by the supreme court.

The faithful wife was a daily visitor to her husband's cell, and joined him in fervent prayers for forgiveness. During the last night most of the time she sat upon his knee, breathing words of love and encouragement, or at his feet, caressing his hands. He was truly a penitent, and expressed himself as having made peace with God.

As the time approached for the execution she was for a moment overcome, and fell on her husband's neck in uncontrollable anguish, but suddenly she raised her flaxen head and assisted in arraying him for his doom. She had contributed a necktie and a pair of slippers and put them on him with a fierce determination that overmastered her agony. She combed his hair, and seeing all was ready, she said she would go with him.

All present remonstrated with her, in which the minister joined. Her reply was a rubric few women would have ventured:

"I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or for worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me."

On reaching the gallows the pair soon to be sundered mounted the steps hand in hand. They were seated side by side over the fatal trap. She again took his hand and sobbed with her little head resting upon his breast, while the minister made the closing prayer.

Meanwhile the culprit sat in his chair, unmoved. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom, strong men sobbing, but the man about to be hanged seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scene of which he was the central figure.

For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in this composure; it was rather the calmness of resignation.

At the close of the religious exercises the two stood up, and for the last time she embraced her husband, kissed him passionately, and with "Good-bye, Walter," stepped back and fell into the arms of the good Christian ladies who were there to receive her.

The last words of the unhappy man were a prayer for mercy and for heavenly aid to his poor wife. At the sheriff's house she saw the remains of her husband in a coffin, and kissing his lips and arranging his hair, turned away with a look of woe, and said:

"I can cry no more—I have no more tears. God have mercy on me and my child!"

An hour later the coffin was in an east-bound train, accompanied by the wife. At Richland, a bleak station seven miles from Highland, it was deposited on the barren ground, and as the train moved on only one other beside the widow was in charge. The face that broken-hearted woman turned up to the occupants of the passing train, most of whom had seen the hanging, will haunt many in their dreams.

A Blank in Creation.

A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world, and when he dies he has not finished his work that was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation.—Some are born with riches and honor upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. Don't live like a hermit and die unregretted.

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that is more important that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill-health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—Ed.

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