RUTH'S CHOICE.

VERY pleasant little group gathered about Mrs. Dermot's cosy breakfast table that bright spring morning. First, Mrs. Dermot herself, fair, fat and -well no matter about the age-ten years a widow with not over plenty of means, and the mother of three girls, Miss Laura the eldest and the beauty, Miss Isabel, a beauty also, and a musiclan besides, and little Ruth who was regarded by the family as neither very brilliant nor very beautiful, but very useful to help mother and the sole servant with the household affairs.

This morning there was one more in the group, Mrs. Dermot's brother Edward, an improvident youth who had run away to California years ago and just come back, not much the better, as Mrs. Dermot could discover, for his long wanderings.

"We never need have expected poor uncle Ed. to make anything," she remarked to her daughters the night after his sudden return. "He says he has saved enough to buy himself a little home somewhere, but I suppose that is all. I'm sorry, for I did hope he would have been able to do something for you girls. But I suppose we must make the best of it, and treat him as well as we ean. I do hope he won't try to buy a house in the city, for it won't help you any to have shabby relations close. I shall advise him as his means are small, to buy over on the Jersey shore.

Uncle Ed. received this advice and consented to adopt it, with a sly twinkle in his gray eyes, which Mrs. Dermot did not notice.

She rather expected to be asked to assist in the selection of the little place, but as uncle Ed. did not invite her to accompany him, she did not offer her

At the table this morning, uncle Ed. announced that the little house was ready for occupancy and that he was going to take possession in two or three

"And now I want a housekeeper," he said in his slow way. Won't you lend me one of your girls, Mary?"

Everybody looked up as uncle Ed. made this amazing request, Laura blushed with vexation; Isabel shrugged her pretty shoulders and smiled, and even Ruth looked astonished.

" Of course she needn't do the rough work," continued uncle Ed. "Ill hire a kitchen girl for that; but I thought I'd rather have one of my own relations to look after things. You see I'll not have many more years to live, and I'd like to be among my own kin."

Nobody answered so poor uncle Ed. went on, slowly: "I'll tell you what I'll do. If one of you girls go over to my new home and live there with me I'll give her her board and clothing while she stays and whenever she marries I'll give her what I can for a setting out. Now, I'll leave you to think over it. I'm going over to-day and when I come back this evening, you can have your choice made."

After uncle Ed. left the room there was a chorus of exclamations.

Isabel leaned back in her chair and laughed till she was tired.

Wouldn't I look pretty playing the piano in uncle Ed's six by nine parlor, with an ingrain carpet and wooden chairs?" she exclaimed.

"And wouldn't I feel like asking Colonel Richardson to call on me in some little muffy, stuffy, Jersey place!" cried Laura indignantly.

"It's a pity, I know," said Mrs. Dermot but I don't see but what some of you ought to go. It would relieve usand you know uncle Ed. would dress you, he said so."

"Dress!" cried Laura indignantly. "Yes, calico gowns and cotton shawls and may be a cheap alpacea for Sunday. Thank you; not for me; let Ruth go! they'll suit her."

"If ma is willing, I will go," said Ruth, speaking for the first time. "If uncle Ed. feels lonely and wants one of us we ought to go and stay with him, and I am willing to go.

"Well, I do suppose you would be best for him," said Mrs. Dermot, thoughtfully. "It would leave me more, too, for the other girls, and then when they marry they can help you."

"You forgot uncle Ed. has promised her a 'setting-out," said Isabel with a scornful laugh.

And Laura added, "a pretty 'settingout' no doubt. I don't suppose after his house is furnished, uncle Ed. will have fifty dollars left in the world. Go along Ruth; I wish you joy in the bargain."

"Laura, Isabel, hush," said Mrs. Dermot, reprovingly. "If Ruth has a mind to go you ought not to put obstacles in her way. Let her do as she likes."

When uncle Ed. came back it was announced to him that Ruth had decided to go with him.

Thank you, dear," he said, laying his hand on her head. "I'll try to make you as comfortable as I can. Will | the act.

you be ready to go, over day after tomorrow y

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth. The girls had a great deal of sport about her going next day, but little Ruth, whose heart was warm with pity for her lonely uncle, held firm, and was

ready to go early the next morning. Uncle Ed. invited the rest to go over and see her installed in her new home. Miss Laura haughtily declined, but Mrs. Dermot and Isabel resolved to go, Isabel enjoying the anticipation of turning up her pretty nose at Ruth's humble quarters.

They crossed the river and uncle Ed. told the ladies to wait at the office a few moments till he found some sort of a carriage.

"He hired a very handsome one, I must confess," was Isabel's mental comment as they were seated a little later in the stylish carriage with its splendid horses; "I didn't know they kept such elegant ones outside the city.'

Seated in her corner, Miss Isabel enjoyed the ride very much, commenting on all the handsome residences they passed.

"What an elegant place," she cried, as they drew near a fine old mansion in the midst of stately grounds, with a gleam of marble statuary among the trees, and a sparkling fountain flinging its bright drops in the air upon a wellkept lawn.

"We will stop here," said uncle Ed., as the coachman drew up his horses.

"Here! Why, do you know these people? Who owns this place?" asked Isabel.

"I do," returned uncle Ed. quietly, as he assisted her to alight.

"You!!!!" cried Isabel, with at least three exclamation points after the

While Mrs. Dermot stopped short on the carriage step to say, " Edward! My good father's alive!"

"Yes, I!" returned uncle Ed. smiling. "Come, Ruthie dear, this is the home I have brought you to; let us go in and see how you like it."

The surprised party followed him through the grounds to the door, where they were admitted by a neat colored

"Good morning, John," said uncle Ed. "Here is your new mistress," presenting Ruth, as John bowed low, after the manner of a polite darkey, to welcome his young mistress.

"The rooms are all in order, John?" asked uncle Ed.

"Yes, sah," replied John. "Very well, we will look at them.

Come ladies." He led them through lofty rooms, most elegantly appointed, pausing at last in Ruth's own chamber, a lovely room, all soft drab, blue and silver, and fit for a queen or a lady.

"And here," he said, opening another door into a room furnished with rose color, "is a room for your sisters, when they may choose to come and stay with you. I know you don't like to climb

"But-but - Edward -" said Mrs. Dermot, who was the first to recover her voice, "we are astonished beyond measure. I thought you said you had only made a 'little out yonder.' "

Uncle Edward smiled.

"Well, I did make a little, Maryand I never was given much to bragging, you know. Besides, I had a fancy to see whether Uncle Edward poor and Uncle Edward rich were to be considered the same. You have all been kind" -Mrs. Dermot winced a little, for she knew it had only been a pitying sort of kindness-" and my little Ruthie here, most of all, for she had come to make my home bright. I'll take good care of her, and give her a hundred dollars a month for pocket money, and when she marries I intend to settle twenty thousand dollars on her for a wedding present."

Isabella sank down in a chair speechless with astonishment, while Mrs. Dermot exclaimed, "Well, I never! Goodness gracious, my good fathers! I can't hardly believe it yet, Edward."

Uncle Edward only smiled. "You'll get used to it, Mary. Now, Ruthie, dear, take your sister to your room and take off her things. Mary, you and Belle must stay all day, and I will send you home in the carriage."

"Was it your carriage?" asked Belle.

"Yes; and I hope you will enjoy a great many rides in it, Belle."
"What will Laura say?" was Bell's first question when she found herself alone with Ruth. "It don't make any difference, though, we had the same chance as you had. Ruth you are a lucky little soul."
And Ruth, as she moves happily about "poor Edward's" magnificent home, thinks so, too. But the truth is, she was kind, generous and honest, and now she has her reward.

spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spendit in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in

SAVED BY A BIRD.

THE old coal pit of Bottsford had proved a failure after fifteen thousand dollars had been expended on it. The forsaken shaft, two hundred feet deep, and a long tunnel in the mountains of Bottsford, were the only remaining traces of work having been

Newman Highborn, while roving through these mountains became separated from his companions. He had reached the forsaken shaft, and was precipitated into the fearful abyss. His walking stick which struck the rough side walls here and there, broke the swiftness of the fall. But down, down he went to the bottom, where, it is true, he reached very much mangled, but alive.

Although agonizing with pain, he experienced a feeling of thankfulness for the preservation of his life. Still he felt there was no help for him two hundred feet below the surface. He was only saved here to famish. Throughout the whole dreary night he planned how to escape, but nothing occurred to him. He must stay here to perish.

The next morning he consumed the bread which fortunately he found in his pocket. The space he occupied was but a few feet square, and with the help of matches he soon explored it most thoroughly.

Highborn, under ordinary circumstances, was not easily discouraged, but now the terrible situation in which he found himself, gradually began to oppress his spirits. The more he reflected on it, the more he became discouraged.

He began to be tortured by thirst, and there was no water there, not even a drop, which usually tickles down so abundantly in places of that kind.

The day passed, night came. He cowered down weary and hungry, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed of a woolen stocking.

It was an old story which he had often read in his boyhood of a workman in England, who was left on a high chimney after the scaffold had been removed. He unraveled his stockings and let down the thin yarn to the ground. With it he pulled up a cord, with the cord a string, and with the string a rope strong enough on which to descend. So ended the story, and so, also, ended his dream.

He awoke.

What was the cause of his dream? He had known this narrative for many years. He did not find himself on the top of a chimney, but deep down in the earth. His situation was quite different. As he was thinking over the dream a swallow fluttered down the shaft and fell by his side to the ground. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon the mind of Newman Highborn, and he thrust his hand over the swallow. It was but a weak ray of hope. He took off his shoes and stockings, and carefully unraveled the latter. 'The threads he laid over each other in a circular manner so as not to become entangled.

He labored industriously and patiently until the two stockings formed one long string. This he fastened securely to the tail of the bird, and again placed it under the hat. Then he took a lead pencil and aided by the light of a match. he wrote on a piece of paper.

"I am at the bottom of the shaft of Bottsford mountains—I beg you send help! NEWMAN HIGHBORN."

After he had folded this and tied it securely to the other end of the thread, he set the bird free. It fluttered for a moment around Highborn's head, then slowly ascended.

Now rose a glad though only a weak hope in his breast; it grew stronger the higher the bird ascended. Bravo! little swallow. The thread at every glance became shorter! A life depended on it. The bird at last disappeared at the entrance of the pit.

But what prospect had he after all? He shuddered at the thought of the slight hope. Should the bird after reaching the open air, turn to the right or left, how easily might the thread by rubbing against the edge of the shaft break.

But the bird discovered upon reaching the top, that it was more difficult to turn to one side, and consequently, flew right up in the air.

The three companions that had started out with Highborn missed him for a long time and sought diligently and carefully for him. They repeatedly came upon the shaft without for a moment thinking that he might have fallen in. Once they glanced down out of mere curiosity and found nothing but darkness. They consulted with each other as to what first was to be done when one of them said :

"What is that near you, Potts?"

"Where ?"

"There, not three steps from you, to your right, is a piece of thread or something similar. Why, it stretches quite a distance over the weeds !"

" Pull it," said Sam Highborn, Newman's brother.

Potts pulled, and about thirty steps

from them fluttered a bird to and fro. "Why this poor creature is fastened to it; what heartless scoundrel could have done such a thing?"

"It is a swallow," thought Potts, " Let us see where it is fastened." "Perhaps it belongs to some one."

"Whether it belongs to any one or not, I am going to give this poor thing its freedom," said Sam, cutting the

The little bird understood this and arose in a moment and ascended toward the skies. Sam followed this thread; suddenly he called to his com-

" Come here, Potts, at the end of this thread there is a piece of paper!" he unfolded it and read the following:

"I am at the bottom of the shaft of Bottsford mountains—I beg you send help! NEWMAN HIGHBORN." "Great God, Potts! Down in the pit

alive! Not fifty steps from here! It cannot be, and yet he says so. Both hastened to the shaft.

The bird had flown away an hour ago. Newman Highborn walted with trembling anxiety. His eyes watched the mouth of the pit till he sank down exhausted, resting his head on his hands.

It was not long till he was aroused by the falling of bits of wood around him. At the same time indistinct voices

sounded down from above. He looked up and recognized two persons bending over the edge.

Oh how he exulted, when, after several anxious seconds there fell a noteat his feet. He again struck a match and read:

"We are here and will bring help as soon as possible, SAM HIGHBORN AND POTTS,"

He returned an exulting "burrah!" but before reching the open air the sound died away to a low hollow murmur. One long anxious hour passed, two,

three. Night broke in. Then something came down. He noticed a light at the top. Then a heavy rope touched his head.

Oh! how eagerly he grasped it and made a strong loop and put it around him. Then he gave the rope a powerful jerk and exclaimed : " pull !"

Up, slowly, cautiously, ever higher, now stopping, now gliding back several feet. His heart throbbed loudly. He sees the stars overhead. Another moment, and he is on the surface-exhausted but living-saved.

Newman Highborn owes the preservation of his life to a little bird, and this had flown away.

A Cunning Advocate.

At an assize town in the West of England, some time since, an action was brought by two graziers against the landlady of an inn, to recover the sum of £200 under the following circumstances: The two plaintiffs and another grazier called on the defendant, and deposited with her the sum of £100 each, upon the conditions that she was not to deliver it to either of them unless all three were together. It so happened that, shortly after, one of them repaired to the defendant in great haste, and requested her to let him have the money, as it was wanted immediately to pay for cattle. The landlady, knowing him to be one of the party, and not suspecting that fraud was intended, handed over the money. Having gained possession of the £300 he started for America, and the plaintiffs brought their action. The jury seemed inclined towards the plain-tiffs; but the defendant's counsel started up, and addressed the court in these words: "My Lord and gentlemen of the Jury — My client (the defendant,) acknowledged having received the money; and the fact, as stated by the plaintiffs' counsel, is correct—that my client was not to deliver it up unless all three were not to deliver it up unless all three were together. Now, my Lord and gentlemen of the Jury, here is the money; and when the plaintiffs bring forward the third, they may receive it." The plaintiffs, unable to produce their companion, were obliged to submit to a nonsuit, to the great joy of the poor landlady, the satisfaction of the audience, and the credit of the crafty counsel.

Be a Lady. Wildness is a thing that girls cannot

afford. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling. It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Rude manners in a woman is next to immorality. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a shame that they need it. Women are the um-pires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a princess. Carry yourself so perfectly that men should look up to you for a reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man to woman is reverence. He loses a large amount of respect when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom. But if in grace, gentleness, sentiment and delicacy she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

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