

may be. It is disgrace sufficient to have been arrested. But I have here"—and she suddenly drew from the folds of her dress a thin packet of papers—"that she gave me to-night, saying that were he punished I might keep them forever, were he not I might deliver them to the Count de Rochambeau. They are of great importance, sir, for they not only tell who Francois Duplan is, but certain other hints of value."

"Let me see them, child," said the Count, starting forward.

"Not till you promise, and I will tell you, furthermore, that on your written order for his release, I will kiss you as I might my father."

"Verily," said the Count, "those are but other words, the meaning of which is the affirmative answer to the question I put to you. Then you do love the soldier?"

"That is impudence, sir. I have not said so. Mayhap in your country women can do nothing unless the motive of love is imputed. It is not so here, as Mr. Trumbull well knows."

"You are a brave maid," said the Count de Rochambeau, "and you shall have your wish. Now let me have the papers."

With this Mistress Prudence rushed from the room, the Governor and Count staring at each other in amazement.—Presently she returned, looking, dejected, sly and wondrous pretty.

"I have put the papers where they are safe, sir. To-morrow when I see Mr. Duplan and he tells me that he is relieved from duress and disgrace, I will place them in your hands."

The Count flushed. He bit his lips, and at length said: "Then Mistress Prudence dare not trust to my honor?"

"Yes, yes," she said going to him prettily, "but methinks I will punish you for your impertinence, sir. You seek the papers greatly, and you must restrain your curiosity over night as a punishment for the question you put to me. Nevertheless I will partially requite you," and with that she put her face up to his, so that when he bent over she kissed him on his forehead. Then the Count sat at the Governor's desk and wrote an order pardoning Francois Duplan, or rather dismissing the charge of desertion as unfounded, thereby quieting his conscience regarding the peremptory order of death to deserters and gratifying his wishes. "Give this," he said, "to your escort, and charge him to deliver it to the sergeant on his return to the camp."

When she went away neither the Governor nor the Count proposed to make any search for the papers. The despatch bearers, in response to the Governor's inquiry, said that the maiden went up among the rafters.

Comrade Jacques showed Mistress Prudence to her father's door by the light of his lantern, and, nothing loth, went in.

The Mistress herself mixed him a punch of tremendous strength, which he drank in her honor. Then 'Squire Strong insisted on another, and the minister suggested that they drink to the cause, so that by the time Comrade Jacques was ready to go back to the camp he must have had more than a pint of Medford rum to warm him. The cold night air from without and the heated rum from within sent his brain at once into a whirl, and an hour after the sentinel took him to his tent in a state of the wildest intoxication, in which he constantly sang the praises of Mistress Prudence. They found on him at noon the next day the Count de Rochambeau's remission of the sentence of death.

At sunrise the sergeant and six weeping comrades, drawn by lot, led Duplan through the snow across the highway, nearly opposite the old mill. He knelt in the snow on the bank, and begged them to stand not more than five paces away.

He calmly repeated a prayer, and then turning to his comrades said in a clear voice, "Aim for my heart," and dropped the handkerchief. He fell over in the snow dead, and by noon was buried where he fell. His comrades took from a stone wall a dozen or more boulders and placed them in a pile over the grave. [The little heap may be seen to this day.]

At noon, as the sun came out, Mistress Prudence appeared at the oven on the green. She asked for Duplan, and the Frenchman smiled, and pointed to the earth. Even then she did not understand. Looking across the common she saw the Count de Rochambeau entering the War Office, and to him she at once went.

"Where is Mr. Duplan?"
"In his grave, Mistress Prudence."
She paled, but did not faint. She stood like rock. She saw that the Count de Rochambeau was not jesting. The Count himself looked sadly at her, and was about to tell her of the drunken Jacques, made drunk by the mistress's own attentions, but she stopped him.
"You are a murderer," she said.

"You have killed a brave and innocent man without cause. You have killed me. You trifled with me last night.—You care for women only to play with their feelings. He was a good man and a noble man. Oh! you are all servants of Satan. War, is this war? Then I hate it. Better had there been no war. Yes, better have been slaves of the throne. But I tell you, sir, you will never know whom you murdered. If the constant thought that you may have killed one equally gentle with yourself may be a nourishment I hope that it will ever rankle in your breast. I have concealed the papers. He asked me to keep them forever in case he was not released. They are safely hidden. You will not find them unless you pull the Governor's office down. Perhaps not then, and it will not come down while you are alive."

Then she fainted, and an hour after they carried her home in a delirium. In the spring when the snow was gone, they found a flower or two planted around the boulders over Duplan's grave. No one ever saw any person plant them, but every one knew that Mistress Prudence had been there. Before the next spring she was laid away in the old cemetery, near the Trumbull tomb (you may see the slab over the grave this day,) and she never revealed the mystery. Search was often made for the papers without success, but there is no one who has heard the story who does not believe they are hidden in the War Office.

It is said that the Count de Rochambeau subsequently learned who Francois Duplan was, and that he was of gentle blood.

How to Win the Young Ladies' Favor.

IT'S VERY easy to make yourself popular among the ladies. Don't stand back and tremble, and think, because you haven't the figure of Adonis, or the face of Apollo, you can stand no chance at all. It is not mustaches and straight noses that do the business; women, bless you, don't care a fig for such things, only remember, a few preliminaries and you can make them like you, even if your hair is red and your mouth wide. When you go to make an evening call, don't start too early; ladies are not well pleased to be caught before their curls are arranged; be particularly careful not to sit down on the cat nor kick the dog across the floor—the girls are sure to appreciate any one who knows how to be polite to their pets; if there is a piece of worsted work, admire it, don't forget to mistake the artificial flowers in vases for real; if the young lady is doing crochet work, ask her if she can't teach you; beyond everything don't tip back in your chair, for every crack in the fragile furniture there'll be a worse fracture in your friendship. When she begins to yawn behind her handkerchief, take up your hat and go. "Short and sweet, long and bitter," is a good motto for evening visits.

When you are out walking with a lady, don't go striding along until she is forced to run to keep up with you—the first you know she will run off. Notice just how she walks, and moderate your pace accordingly. If she meets a feminine acquaintance and stops for a nice little chat, it is essential that you should not manifest impatience by balancing first on one heel and then on the other. If she wants to look into a shop window stop and admire too, though you may not know a ribbon from a railway station. When you come to a crossing give her the whole of it, and go meekly in the mud. Tell her how becoming her new hat is, and implore her to wear it the next time she goes to church with you. If you meet a rival at her house, don't be rude to him—it is the worst policy in the world, be as polite as possible to him, crush him if you can with courtesy. Never laugh loud in a parlor, and remember to speak accordingly; be blind and deaf to whatever she chooses to keep from your sight and hearing.

A Powerful Lesson.

IN THE cemetery at New Haven we used to be shown a tomb of enormously heavy stones—the grave of a man who planned it for himself in defiance of the Angel of Resurrection. Whether his impious challenge has ever been met by such a silent rebuke as the one here recorded, we cannot say: A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed, "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done, but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side stone

and the upper slab and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn assunder, and the granite lid was raised, and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard, it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.

Can't Afford to Marry.

Girls, do you hear this? Many good men are crying, "Can't afford to marry!" Why? "Expense of supporting a wife!" Why support a wife? "Might not wives be made self-supporting, or partly so? Isn't there something wrong in this system which makes matrimony dependent on a man's ability to pay all the wife's expenses? Is it not filling the land with old maids? Has it not done so for the last half century? Who marry most? The people who care nothing for keeping up style. The foreign-born, whose women turn to and tend the shop. The cultivated American is not the marrying man. He likes the goods on exhibition, but they're too costly for his every-day wear. Hence, oft they remain on the counter until shop worn. This is a crying evil. Our best men are not marrying. Because so many of our girls are saying, "You must take me for better, for worse, to feed me, to house me, to warm me, to keep me clad in the fashion, to give me a house proportionate to my style, to keep me in pin money; and I will condescend to live with you, and take care your money, and do nothing to earn more, and to lament, if things go wrong, that I didn't marry better, and you must regard it as a favor on my part."

The man wants you pretty badly, but it's too heavy a contract. Things must be re-arranged so that you can carry more of your end of the bag.

Cheerfulness.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance is to me like the shining sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their time if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning from day to day, they have so little, and constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in the road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein in great comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free!
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Why He Buys Mules.

Sheriff Pressly has some idea of horses and mules. For farm work he purchases the latter. The other day one of the hands, a likely young fellow, asked:
"Why don't you buy horses? I'd a good deal rather drive them."
"I've no doubt of it," responded the genial sheriff, "so had I, when I was a boy. I'd plow a horse all day, and then spruce up at night and ride six or eight miles to see a girl. I noticed, though, when a fellow rode a mule he was generally laughed out of a second visit. I guess I'll keep buying mules. You boys won't be so tired when you go to bed."

The world was never intended for a house of mourning. The flowers are not painted black, nor is every bird a crow.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, etc., and pulled up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Exchange. See another column. 38

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

July 28th, 1879.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 2.30 and 4.30 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 2.00 and 7.00 p. m.
For Pottsville at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.40 p. m.
For Auburn via S. & S. R. at 5.30 a. m.
For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, and 4.00 p. m.
The 8.15, and 8.10 a. m., have through trains cars for New York.
The 8.15, a. m., train has through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.15 a. m.
For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.15 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 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 6.00, and 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 7.40, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, at 5.50, 9.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.
Anavia Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via S. & S. R. at 11.50 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 5.40, 9.05 a. m., 12.10 and 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 9.05 p. m.
J. E. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager.
C. O. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
(Does not run on Mondays.)

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April 9, 1875. 11

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New Bloomfield, April 23, 1878.

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