

A Daughter's Statagem.

JUDGE ROSE lived in Belleville, on the banks of the great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet, though he was called great he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, etc., and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in that city.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest, was his special pet. He thought more of her than of himself, and no wish of hers went ungratified. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to every one about her, that she was beloved by everybody.

Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were all members of a Christian Church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on promises of repentance, received again. His influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for them and elicited much patience.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self respect, and frequent the lowest whiskey shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaved, unwashed, ragged, and almost naked, and when drunk would sing some low song, which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer and laugh, and scold the once dignified and respected judge.

It is not to be supposed that Christian and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to save him. Earnest and persevering endeavors were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered, but all were alike useless and hopeless.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church, or go into society. When her father was sober, he had sense enough to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking shop. He was a terrible object, indecent to look at, as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him, at least, to put some decent clothing, but he would not yield.

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror struck.

"To the dram shop. What's good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle and sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back girl, you are crazy; mother take her in."

"But I am going, father, with you, to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use for me to be good, while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad, too. What do I care? My father is only a poor, old, despised drunkard; his daughter may as well get drunk and lay in the gutter, too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to the gate. He drew back; she still hung on and sung louder. A few boys began to run towards them, and then her father broke from her hold and went into the house; there he sat down, and putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary staid out.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Rose.

gave her husband cups of good strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he lay down to sleep. When he awoke up, Mary was still there in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes and asked his wife for a barber. Then after tea he said, "I am going out."

"Where?"

"To the temperance hall. Go with me, and see if I do not go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying, "I must follow, for I'm afraid he'll go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up the stairs and enter the meeting room, and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of their stratagem.

Surprise, joy, and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward, and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose and told the tale of the day, and added, "When I saw my angel daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed she would go everywhere I went, and do everything I did. Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained, her character ruined—she pure as an angel! No, sirs! If it kills me I will leave off and never touch, taste or handle more from this night, henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those manly hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh! there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and should there not be joy on earth?

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his family was happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save her father.

Winding Up a Horse.

THE REV. DR. CHAMBERLAIN, in a letter to the "American Missionary," from Mudnapilly, India, gives the following singular experience he had with a balky horse;

Nineteen years ago, says the venerable divine, I bought in Madras a peculiar kind of horse. He had to be wound up to make him go. It was not a machine, but a veritable live horse.

When breaking him to go in the carriage he had been injured. An accident occurred in starting him the first time, and he was thrown and hurt and frightened. It made him timid; afraid to start. After he had once started he would never balk, until taken out of the carriage. He would start and stop and go on as many times as you pleased, but it was very difficult to get him started at first each time he was harnessed to the carriage.

He was all right under the saddle, an excellent riding horse, and would carry me long distances in my district work, so that I did not wish to dispose of him; but I could not afford to keep two; whatever I had must go in carriage as well as ride, and I determined that I would conquer.

How I have worked over that horse! At first it sometimes took me an hour to get him started from my door. At last, after trying everything I had ever heard of, I hit upon an expedient that worked.

I took a strong bamboo stick two feet long and over an inch thick. A stout cord loop was passed through a hole two inches from its end. This loop we would slip over his left ear down to the roots, and turn the stick round and round and twist it up.

It is said that a horse can retain but one idea at a time in its small brain. Soon the twisting would begin to hurt. His attention would be abstracted to the pain in his ear. He would forget all about a carriage being hitched to him, bend down his head, and walk off as quiet as a lamb. When he had gone a rod the horse-boy would begin to untwist, soon off would come the cord, and the horse would be all right for the day. The remedy never failed.

After having it on two or three times he objected to the operation, and would spring about and rear and twitch and back, anything but start ahead, to keep it from being applied. We would have, two of us, to begin to pat and rub about his neck and head. He would not know which had the key. All at once it would be on his ear and winding up. The moment it began to tighten he would be quiet, stand and bear it as long as he could, and then off he would go. It never took thirty seconds to get him off with the key. It would take an hour without. After a little he ceased objecting to have it put on. He seemed to say to himself, "I have got to give in, and may as well do it at once," but he would not start without the key. In

a few months he got so that, as soon as we got into the carriage, he would bend down his head to have the key put on, and one or two turns of the key would be enough.

Then the key became unnecessary. He would bend down his head, tipping his left ear to the horse boy, who would take it in his hand and twist it, and off he would go.

My native neighbors said, "That horse must be wound up or he cannot run." And it did seem to be so.

When he got so that the "winding up" was nothing but a form, I tried to break him of that, but could not succeed. I would pat him and talk to him and give him a little salt or sugar or bread, and then step quietly into the carriage and tell him to go. "No," Coax him. "No," Whip him. "No," Legs braced, every muscle tense for resistance. A genuine balk. Stop and keep quiet for an instant, and he would hold down his head, bend over his ear, and look around for the horse boy appealingly, saying very earnestly by his actions, "Do please wind me up. I can't go without, but I'll go gladly if you will." The moment his ear was touched, and one twist given, off he would go as happy and contented as ever horse could be.

Many hearty laughs have we and our friends had over the winding up of the horse. If I were out on a tour for a month or two and he was not hitched to the carriage, or if he stood in the stable with no work for a week or two during the monsoon, a real winding up had to take place the first time he was put in. We kept him six years. The last week I owned him I had to wind him up. I sold the patent to the man that bought the horse, and learned from him that he had to use it as long as the horse lived.

A DISGUSTED CANDIDATE.

WHILE COLONEL ALLEN was discussing National finances on the hotel piazza Colonel Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circulated among the crowd. He wore a delicate white-duck suit blue necktie and patent-leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all female eyes on the premises. Colonel Tom, with an eye to business, began ogling the babies.

"O, you sweet little darling," said Colonel Tom, addressing a fussy, popy-eyed child that lolled lazily in its mother's arms under one of the trees; "how old is it, ma'am?"

"Four months, sir," said the fond mother.

"A little girl, eh?" said Colonel Tom.

"No, a boy," replied the mother.

"Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely I detect the strong manly features of a boy," the Colonel hastened to say. "Please, may I kiss the little cherub?"

Colonel Tom shut his eyes and exploded an oscillatory sound on the foxy face, and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry.

"He is such a beautiful child," murmured Colonel Tom, "such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, such a wealth of complexion, such a sweet, tranquil expression."

"La me, you don't really think so, do you?" simpered the flattered mother.

"I never saw a sweeter little cherub," said Colonel Tom; "I believe I'll have to kiss him again."

Having gone through a second oscillatory martyrdom, Colonel Tom assumed a sardonic look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart, and got right down to business.

"I'm a Candidate for Governor," said he, "and nothing would give me greater joy than to feel assured that I had the support of the father of the sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw!"

The flattered mother gave up the fussy boy with profuse apologies about its not being well-dressed, etc.; hoped it would not trouble the gentleman, etc.; glad to know he admired it so much, etc.

The fussy baby writhed and squirmed and grew red in the face, and wrinkled itself all up, and then lay calm and composed on Colonel Tom's strong right arm.

"The little precious!" cried Colonel Tom. "You'll tell his father how much I thought of his little cherub, won't you ma'am? And you tell him I'm a candidate for Governor, eh, ma'am?"

The poor woman's face dropped and big salt tears came into her eyes.

"O, sir," she said, "you don't know what you ask. My poor husband died two months ago."

There was a far-off look in Colonel Tom Crittenden's golden-glinted eyes as he gently but firmly dumped that fussy baby on the bereaved woman's lap and walked straight back to the platform and replaced himself on a bench. -St. Louis Times Journal.

A Missing Husband.

WITH a married couple who came out to Colorado to live some three years ago, says a Denver paper, came a young widow, who, without being at all beautiful, possessed that in her face and manner which made her more than attractive. Intelligent and a pleasing conversationalist, she soon became a favorite in Denver society, which admitted her into its midst without asking any questions. About a year ago she became the wife of a well-to-do merchant named Harris, and after her marriage her popularity increased rather than diminished. It now becomes necessary to go back five years to the time when this same lady became the wife of Captain Sargent. They were married at the young lady's home at Boston, and soon after the event her husband was obliged to take his vessel out to Calcutta. Not wishing to live alone during his long absence, Mrs. Sargent left Boston just before her husband's departure, and went to Chicago to live with a married sister. In due time she received a letter from the captain, dated at Calcutta, saying that he was soon to sail for Baltimore on the return voyage. Shortly after the receipt of this letter Mrs. Sargent received with her sister to Colorado, not, however, until she had written her husband telling him of her change of residence, and directing the letter to Baltimore to await his arrival. Months passed, and finally the young wife wrote to Baltimore, asking if her husband's vessel had ever arrived, and to this letter she received a reply that no such vessel had ever been in that port.

In the course of another year Mrs. Sargent came to accept her widowhood as a matter of course, and after a time yielded to the importunities of Mr. Harris and became his wife. Captain Sargent meanwhile had received orders from his owners to take on a cargo for another foreign port instead of returning to Baltimore; so it was fully two years before he returned to this country. He then heard to his dismay that his wife had removed from Chicago, leaving no trace behind her; and after brooding over his ill fortune for a few weeks, the discouraged captain again went to sea.

After another long absence he returned to Boston, and then it was that he called upon an old friend of his wife and ascertained that she had removed to Colorado. Sargent determined to quit the sea for good, and immediately started for Denver. The meeting between the honest captain and the woman whom he had once called his wife, the Denver paper assures its readers, was dramatic in the extreme. The terrible question which then presented itself was difficult of solution. Both men were honest men of the world, and the only way out of the dilemma seemed to be to leave the question wholly to the lady. It was tacitly understood that before another day either the lady would return to the East with Captain Sargent or that he would return alone and forever. There were no children to be taken into consideration or to turn the balance in either's favor. The conscientious lady is said to have shut herself up in her chamber all night to decide the question which so deeply affected three lives. In the morning she delivered her verdict, and then broke down, an attack of brain fever being the result. The following day Captain Sargent returned to the East never to return. The Denver paper's story should be entitled, "The Romance of a Misdirected Letter."

The King's Road in Florida.

A Jacksonville letter says: Occasionally I come across something quite old in Florida. Recently I traveled a portion of what is called the King's road. This was constructed by the Spaniards in 1565, when Philip the Second bore away, and connected St. Augustine with what is now St. Mary, Georgia. The road was cut on as straight a line as possible through timber, and in places causeways had to be made through swamps. In these places pine and cedar trees had been felled and their trunks used as a foundation for the road—the whole being covered with earth thrown up from either side. In the ditches thus made cypress trees of large size now grow, attesting the age of the work I am describing. Many of the swamps of Florida at one season of the year are dry, and this road was built when the ground was clear of water. It would have been impossible to have constructed it at any other time. Much of the pine and cedar used in making this road is in a good degree of preservation to-day, and proves the enduring qualities of these species of wood. On Rice creek the sluice gates, made of cedar by the English settlers some time between 1763 and 1783, when Great Britain possessed Florida are remarkable for their solidity and freedom from decay. Rice was extensively cultivated along this stream, and hence the name and existence of sluice gates for flooding the land at the proper time.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

DR. WHITTIER,

No. 302 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, 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, drowsiness, dizziness, dimness of sight, pimples of the face, weakness of mind and body, and finally impotency, loss of sexual power, sterility, etc., uniting 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 diseases where 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 gratis on request. Medicines sent everywhere—Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and 8 P. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Everybody should read this.

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. 302 Penn St., Pittsburgh, Pa. W 417.

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. J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

MUSSER & ALLEN CENTRAL STORE NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer to the public

A BARE 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.

DRUGS. DRUGS.

JACOB STRICKLER,

(Successor to Dr. M. E. Strickler)

PHARMACIST,

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PENN'A.

HAVING succeeded the late firm of Dr. M. E. Strickler in the Drug Business at his Store-room, on MAIN STREET, two doors East of the Big Spring, I will endeavor to make it in every way worthy the patronage of the public.

Personal and strict attention AT ALL TIMES given to the compounding and dispensing Physicians' prescriptions, so as to insure accuracy and guard against accidents.

BEAR IN MIND

that my stock has been recently selected and care taken to have everything of the BEST QUALITY.

The public may rest assured that ALL medicines that leave my store shall be as represented—PURE and UNADULTERATED.

I HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND

HAIR OIL and POMADES

HAIR, TOOTH and NAIL BRUSHES.

SURGONS, TOILET, and

CARRIAGE SPONGES.

PUFF BOXES, TOILET POWDERS,

CASTILE and FANCY SOAPS.

PERFUMERY OF ALL KINDS,

Together with Fresh and Genuine Patent Medicines of every description.

ALSO,

Segars, Tobacco, School Books, &c.

ORANGES, LEMONS & BANANAS,

In season.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Terms, Strictly Cash.

By strict attention to business, I hope to merit the confidence and favor of the public.

JACOB STRICKLER, Ph. G.

April 25, 1879.