

harmless and successful denouement of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said Jack, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Gorrigan, an Irish nurse, six years ago. It was the price of a deed of which you—"

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis in horror. "I see you know all. I swear I have had no peace since I was tempted so sorely, and so weakly fell. But, I am prepared to make all the restitution and reparation in my power, unless, unhappily, it be already too late."

Even while he was speaking his face turned ghastly pale, his lips were covered with a fine white foam, he made one or two convulsive attempts to steady himself, then with a wild, terrified look around, he fell heavily to the floor.

It was a paralytic seizure. They took him upstairs and tended him; but the case was desperate from the first. Only just before the end did he so far recover the power of speech as to be able to make a full confession of what had occurred.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son. The eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until the time showed whether the infant was a boy or girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the earliest intimation of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained from a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Gorrigan, who was bribed with one hundred pounds, half down in the shape of a half note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with her stolen child. Mrs. Gorrigan had an unquenchable thirst, and in her transit between London and Liverpool allowed her precious charge to slip out of her hands, with the consequences we know.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the strange crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto, "I strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockit picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. Jack rapidly drew his conclusions and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockit in after years had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

PRAIRIE ROMANCES.

AN EXPERIENCED guide and prairie traveler expressed the opinion to the writer that there was a much larger number of people annually lost upon the Western prairies than was generally supposed. "I mean by lost," said he, "people who wander away from well known landmarks and are never heard of again; who die of starvation and that dread insanity which, generally speaking, overtakes the lost person. Of course, we read now and then of such a case, but there are many which never meet the public prints. It is one of the easiest things in the world for an experienced traveler to stray away from camp, but a very different matter to find his way back again. Once out of sight of the wagons and tents, and the whole plain is alike to him. He stands always in a depression, with the ground rising slightly on all sides. It is an optical illusion, of course, but it is very like walking in the centre of an immense sheet with its four corners slightly raised. The earth meets the horizon on every side, and presents the same unvarying view of waving grass and grayish brown soil. There is not a mark by which one may be guided. To take the sun for a guide, even on a perfectly clear day, is with most persons only to intensify the difficulty. Unless one is expert in sun guidance, he may follow that luminary, and yet continually go round in a circle to the left. The truth of this is proven every year by the recovery of people who are found to have only traced a large circle in their efforts to escape, coming round and round again to the point from which they started. The possession of a compass, moreover, sel-

dom proves of an advantage to the person lost on the prairies. He probably never thinks of it until he discovers that he is lost, and then he has no landmark from which to take his bearings. I have known repeated instances where persons have been lost on the plains and afterwards found lying dead with a compass in their hands."

"The mental condition of a person lost on the plains is nearly always one of hopeless confusion. Not one man in a hundred retains sufficient control of his mental faculties to help himself out of his situation. And the suddenness and completeness, too, with which many minds give way, form one of the most curious phases of their condition. Some years ago I was guide to a hunting party on the Southern plains. Among the number was an Englishman, an intelligent young fellow of perhaps twenty-five years of age. He was an excellent shot, but unacquainted with the prairie, and I warned him repeatedly of straying away from the camp. For a while he observed the caution, and stuck close to the camp. But after a time he grew more venturesome, and seemed inclined to take his own course. One day, when we were running buffalo, he followed after the herd instead of returning to camp, as we supposed.

"Upon our return H— was missed, and a search instituted. In not more than two hours after he was missed I sighted his horse feeding alone on the prairie. A few minutes after H— was discovered sitting on the ground about half a mile away. As soon as we advanced toward him he started up and ran off at the top of his speed. I knew what was the matter with him as soon as he jumped, but the rest didn't. Riding alongside of him, I jumped to the ground and took after him on foot.—After a sharp run I caught him. He was clean daft. The discovery that he was lost, and possibly would not be found again, had upset his intellect completely. He struggled like a madman to free himself, but I held on to him. We took him back to camp and tied him fast. Toward night he began to recover and by morning was quite himself again. After that experience he kept close to camp.

"A man may easily become lost on a prairie trail, or even on a broad highway on the plains, if he has no other landmark to go by. In the old days of overland travel to California it frequently happened that parties who had camped a short distance from the road took the back track in the morning, under the firm belief that it was the right one.

"It is astonishing how quick men will get lost on a prairie. They seem hardly to have time to get out of sight. Sometimes, too, they are found again. Two young Canadians went up the Red river valley, a few summers since, bound for Fort Garry. They had joined in the purchase of a pony and a rickety old cart at Fargo, and journeyed together.—One evening about dusk they went into camp on the banks of Goose river. After supper one of them started off on the prairie to look after the pony, which had been hobbled and turned loose. He failed to return. The pony came in all right in the morning, but the man has not been seen to this day. It is probable that when he left the camp he went in a westerly direction. If he did so he might walk to the Rocky mountains without seeing a human being.

"As I said, people disappear suddenly on the prairies, and are never heard of more. But it occasionally happens that people are found also, or, rather, their remains are. The most singular find of this sort coming to my own knowledge was that of two half-breeds who had been hunting buffalo in the winter. They had wandered far out upon the plains in search of game, and, being laden heavily with meat and hides, night overtook them before they were able to regain the shelter of the timber. To protect themselves from the cold, they lay down on the snow side by side, and wrapped a fresh buffalo hide tightly about them with the green or fleshy side out. While they slept, the overlapping sides and ends of the hide froze fast, and imprisoned them like a vise. Tightly wrapped, as they were, they could not extricate themselves, and so died of starvation. When found, the two skeletons, shrouded in the stiffened and half decayed parchment showed the manner of their death."

Stuck in the Mud.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Dispatch says:—The Ordinary of Dooly County is in a ludicrous predicament. Some time since, becoming alarmed at the conflagration that destroyed the Court House of Worth county, together with the records, he purchased of a Northern firm a safe sufficient to accommodate the books and archives of his own county. The safe is about six feet deep, ten feet high, and ten feet long, resembling very much the one-half of a freight car, weighs some nine thousand pounds, and is entirely fire-proof.

It was delivered a month since in Montezuma, about twenty miles from Vienna, its destination. How to transport it over these remaining miles of hill and dale at once became the popular conundrum.

A contractor was found, however, who for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, agreed to undertake the job, and a week since, after infinite labor, it was gotten on four wheels and—drawn by 18 mules—moved out of Montezuma in good order.

Some two or three miles out the safe got tired of riding, and sat down to rest. Since that time it has remained in the public road, the vehicles passing having to take to the woods. In spite of repeated efforts, no human power has succeeded in budging it an inch. The concern still occupies the road, looking in the distance, like a dismounted photograph gallery.

Agreeable to the popular will, three Commissioners were appointed, it seems to take charge of the affair; these Commissioners have issued a circular, dated "Headquarters of the Dooly County Safe," in which a reward of one hundred dollars is offered for any plan suggested by which the concern can be moved to its destination at a small cost.

Your correspondent visited the scene a day or two since, and was received with much courtesy by the chairman of the committee, whom he found asleep inside. Was shown the various plans which had been so far submitted, together with the answers and objections which had been attached and filed preparatory to report. A copy of these answers is hereby submitted; perhaps some one else can come to the rescue:

M. LEVELHEAD, ESQ.—PLAN NO. 1.
"Build a railroad from the safe to Vienna."

This proposition, while practical, is not, we think, advisable; it would add about two hundred thousand dollars to the original cost, and make the safe worth more than the county; the safe is for the county, not the county for the safe.

S. C. WATERHOUSE — PLAN NO. 2.
"Dig a canal and float her out."

This idea is a good one, but nothing smaller than a river steamer will float her. Besides, it is uphill all the way, and it is about as easy to run the safe up as the water.

TRIP LIGHTLY, ESQ.—PLAN NO. 3.
"Make a summer resort of it, and apply the revenue derived towards the purchase of another safe."

The county don't want another one.

R. ROUNDTREE T. T. THOMAS — (SIMULTANEOUSLY RECEIVED)—PLANS NO. 4 AND 5.
"Move Vienna up to the safe."

The Commissioners thought of this plan, which would necessitate but a small outlay, but the fatal objection is that the Court House of Dooly would then be over in Macon county; this would be an unequal distribution of Court Houses, and might provoke criticism.

E. BRILLIANT, ESQ.—PLAN NO. 6.
"Rig up a balloon containing 30,000 square feet of silk, get Matt. Thornton, of Atlanta, to supply the gas, and with a block and tackle float it off."

The Commissioners never thought of this before and don't think much of it now; still the plan has some good points. The chief objection seems to be the lack of the amount of silk and how far up the safe will go when it starts.—There is also an uncertainty how far down it will come when it descends; if anything happens, it seems to us that a safe of this description falling a couple of miles would make a mountain of every valley in China, and shoot the islands of Polyposia into eternity. We are not of the narrow-minded class who believe that the "Chinese must go."—We don't think 6 a safe plan.

P. NOSEGAY, ESQ.—PLAN NO. 7.
"Fit up the concern with a boiler and smoke stack, and run it as a road wagon."

We don't think that the plan will work; the machine wouldn't hold steam enough to move it; besides, a burglar could at any time afterward come down the smoke-stack and steal the archives.

These are all the returns received up to date. In the meantime the Commissioners live in the safe and pass the time playing old sledge or going fishing in the neighboring creeks. It is now believed that an effort will be made at the next meeting of the Legislature to change the county line so as to include the safe in Dooly; in which case plans No. 4 and 5 will be adopted, and Vienna moved up to the safe.

Four Beaten Reporters.

At the opening of the electioneering campaign that resulted in Abraham Lincoln's elevation to the Presidency of the United States, the Hon. W. L. Laney, then on his way to the Baltimore convention, accepted an invitation to address the electors at an agricultural fair in a small town.

The Baltimore newspapers determined to furnish their readers with the verbatim of Mr. Laney's speech, and five reporters left that city by a morning train for a junction station, where they hoped to catch another train bound for

the fair ground. As they traveled along they entered into an agreement not to take any unfair advantage of one another, no matter what opportunity for doing so might present itself. They arrived at junction too late for the connecting train, and were in a difficulty as to getting over the intervening half dozen miles of country. They went prospecting, four thin scribes hurrying in advance of a veritable Falstaff. At last they espied an old-fashioned wagon drawn by a lean horse, and in a few minutes the treacherous four were enclosed in the vehicle, filling it completely. In vain did the man of fat remind them of the agreement; his expostulations were received with derision and the driver ordered to start.

The cheated reporter appealed to the countryman, offering to give five dollars for a seat on the dashboard. The offer was accepted, and the man slipped down to help him up.

"Stop!" whispered he; "I will buy your horse for twenty-five dollars, cash down."

"Now," said the new owner of the horse, "take him out of the traces, and help me on his back."

It was done; and the horse and rider were soon lost to view. Next day, only one Baltimore paper contained a full report of the speechifying at the fair; and four beleaguered journalists had a bad time of it with their respective editors.

Uses of Fiction.

Three functions of fiction I conceive to exist:—Instruction, rendered more palatable than it might otherwise be by a coating of figure and trope; the conveyance of moral teaching, by means of the oldest known form of illustration, the fable, by which the mind is attracted to the entertainment, or at least consideration, of truths arranged in pleasant garb, from the bare presentation of which it would turn away in indifference or disgust; and amusement, pure and simple. Let it be here remarked that people are apt to esteem this last the only or at least the most important function of fiction.

These are no arbitrary distinctions; the first two are founded on Biblical precedent and authority, for our blessed Lord made use of fiction in the conveyance both of instruction and moral teaching. Witness the parables of the talents, the virgins, the fig tree, the sower, Peter's vision of the sheet, the drag-net and the grain of mustard seed. The third function, while I would not esteem it the greatest, neither do I lessen its importance as compared with the others. The mind of man can no more keep up a strain of labor without cessation, than his feet and hands can be bound, Sisyphus-like, to unremittent tasks. So instructions must interchange with amusement, and to lead a healthy moral and intellectual life our reading should be chequered after this manner.

How It Is Done.

One of the objects of interest at the present moment to the loungers in the Strand, London, is a copy of an English newspaper displayed in the condition it reached a subscriber in Russia, after passing through the hands of the Russian authorities. An article on Russia is completely obliterated. The manner in which the Russian authorities manage these things is wonderfully simple and effectual. They take a printer's roller, covered with printer's ink, and run it up and down the objectionable columns till not a word can be deciphered.

Pleasing the Boy.

Some days since a Detroit father purchased a boy's tool-chest for his son, a lad of eight, who seemed to have considerable mechanical genius, and up to date the boy has sawed off but three table legs, eight knobs from the bureau, bored about one hundred holes through the doors, and three through the piano case, and by the aid of the glue pot he has stuck the family supply of napkins firmly to the parlor carpet.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow men. When he dies, people will say, what property has he left behind him. But the angels who examine him will ask, "What are thy good deeds that thou hast sent before thee?"

Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters.—Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?

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