

Uncle Dan's Advice.

EDWARD STONE stood impatiently upon the top step of Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the faintest sign of life anywhere around—the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rung several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of the upper windows.

"Young man, go round to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on the round white arms and uncovered head.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium sized, plainly furnished room, which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "yes, sir," the girl vanished.

A few minutes later, an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strongly-marked features, and a shrewd look in the eyes, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at a glance.

"Well, sir, and what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew, Edward Stone."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I want your assistance."

"Yes, but what do you want me to do for you?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong able bodied young man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this unceremonious language; but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative he gave no other indication of it.

"I've been in a store since I left school, two years ago."

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No, it's only five hundred—not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on five hundred dollars a year; and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not fit to go into business on your own account. When I was at your age, my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you wish to engage in?"

"Stationary and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only to lend it; I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars; and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that. I can give you some advice, though, which if you'll follow will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative.

"I'd like to hear it, anyway."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, and save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do; learning in the meantime, all you possibly can in regard to the business you intend to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather have my money than my advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward rose to go; "but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew; the train you will have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to this summons, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat pink dress had been ex-

changed for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train; and I want you to make his short stay with us as pleasant as possible."

"Polly is my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew; "I hire a woman for the rough work, and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry a poor man, as her mother did before her. 'Eh! my girl?'"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made; but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him comparatively at his ease.

At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin; and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five dollar note tendered to him by his uncle at parting for his traveling expenses.

The old man smiled, as he returned the note to his pocket-book.

"He's a sensible young chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after his guest. "It's in him, if it only can be brought out. We shall see, we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later, Mr. Stone and his daughter passed in front of a small but neat and pleasant looking shop, on the plate-glass door of which were the words: "Edward Stone, Stationer and Bookseller."

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you the little lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it, though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I have done, though. I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I'm proud of you! you're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen I'd buy her a house in the city; that she should furnish it to suit herself and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come round and see us whenever you can. You'll always find the latchstring out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered until he began to think of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:

"I musn't delay any longer the 'little lift' I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserved, but—"

"But what, lad? Speak out! Would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand that he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you to worthy keeping; and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother made mine during the few, short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blest indeed."

The State of Franklin.

EVERYBODY knows that there are thirty-eight States, and that originally there were thirteen colonies, and most people can repeat the names of these States and colonies as glibly as their alphabet; but we venture to say that very few have ever heard of the State of Franklin. And yet history recognizes the existence of such a State, and one that, in its day, enjoyed no small degree of celebrity.

It is well known that, after the Revolution, most of the original thirteen States claimed jurisdiction among themselves over the territory stretching indefinitely to the westward. The separate jurisdiction of each State was ill defined, and, to avoid all trouble, to give the general government what seemed its due, and to assist it in throwing off the debt incurred by the war of independence, the Congress of the Confederation requested the various States to cede their claims to the General Government. The matter was not definitely settled until after the adoption of the constitution; but the State of North Carolina attempted to cede, in compliance with the request of Congress, its Western lands, which now form the State of Tennessee; and this attempt at cession which brought about the complications that shortly afterward resulted in the brief existence of the State of Franklin.

North Carolina ceded, but Congress, vacillating and vigorous, hesitated about accepting the cession. Having made the cession, North Carolina gave up all interest in her border settlements, and Congress refused to accept the charge which North Carolina had thrown off. The consequences were serious for the fortunes and happiness of the Tennessee settlers. Their borders were overrun with criminals and fugitives from justice, such as always infest a pioneer community, and yet the action of the mother State left them without courts to assert justice and inflict punishment. They had at all times to be on their guard against marauding bands of Indians, and yet they were without a regularly-constituted militia for their defense. They were, in fact, cast offs, and did what one would naturally expect them to do under the circumstances. The three northeastern counties of the Territory—Washington, Sullivan and Greene—lying in the northern part of what is now Eastern Tennessee, then the only well-settled portion of the State, met in convention at Jonesboro, Washington county, in August, 1784, and after a long discussion in which the Declaration of Independence was read and cited as a fit example for them to follow, they declared themselves independent of North Carolina. After a variety of fortunes the little State was organized, and, in honor of Benjamin Franklin, was called the State of Franklin.

The chief interest which the State of Franklin has for us to-day comes from two or three striking characters which its history brought into prominence. The principal of these, John Sevier, a Virginian by birth, but a Huguenot by descent, is one of the noteworthy characters in the annals of Tennessee.

Sevier was the foremost man in all the councils and enterprises of the man who afterward formed the State of Franklin. He was commander of the Tennessee Riflemen at King's Mountain and was chosen as the first Governor, and continued to be the only Governor of the State of Franklin.

Sevier fought hard for the State, but after the first year of its existence the fight was a losing one, for North Carolina, after the first abandonment of her offspring, suddenly turned about and re-asserted her jurisdiction. She had all the power, and had the communication between the States been easy, and had she asserted her rights with vigor and promptness, the revolt of the western counties would have been crushed in its incipency; but the fact that these two conditions were entirely wanting necessarily made the policy of North Carolina a "waiting" one, and this policy, assisted by feuds and divisions in the State of Franklin, made a peaceful and bloodless settlement of the difficulty possible.

Maj. John Tipton seems to have been as unlike Sevier as it is possible for two men to be. He had none of Sevier's savnity of manner; he was brusque and uncompromising—a man to whom it was impossible to endure a rival, who aspired to leadership, and who was jealous of all who contended for it with him. This man had supported the State of Franklin in its early days, but afterward, probably because he saw that Sevier's influence was likely to overshadow his own, threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of a return to the jurisdiction of North Carolina.

So rapidly did the fabric of the new State perish that, three years after its establishment, in the words of a recent writer upon the subject, "No Legislature at all could be assembled, and it was one of the duties of the Legislature to elect the Council, and as the Legislature, at its last session, had failed

to do this, the Council was soon a thing of the past. To complete this catalogue of misfortune, Judge Campbell, the head of the judiciary, accepted office under the Government of North Carolina. Gov. Sevier was left alone in his official dignity. Even this sole relic of the Franklin Government would not, in the natural course of events, remain long exempt from the general wreck, for the Governor's term expired on March 1, 1788, and it being a constitutional function of the Legislature to elect the Governor, and there being no Legislature to perform this duty, it followed inevitably that after March 1, 1788, there would be no Governor of the State of Franklin."

Such were the facts, and the State of Franklin thus ended.

Sevier finally became Governor of Tennessee, and for many years served in the House of Representatives in Washington.

The Painted Belt.

THERE was a widow lady of comparative youth and many personal attractions residing in Canton who had, for some time, unsuccessfully endeavored to induce the local dentist to accept the rank and emoluments of her late husband. The dentist, however, was a cautious man, and, although he greatly admired the widow, declined to commit himself. About a month ago Esquire Medly, of Canton, gave a party, which was altogether the most brilliant affair of the kind within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The parlor of the Medley mansion was crowded with guests, who overflowed into the hall, and rose gradually to the top of the staircase. In the course of the evening the widow became somewhat faint, in consequence of the heat, and requested the dentist to conduct her into the garden, where the fresh air might revive her. It did revive her to an immense extent, and the dentist found the garden such a pleasant place that he decided to remain with his companion and smoke a cigar.

When the pair returned to the parlor a curious phenomenon attracted unusual attention. The widow wore a wide belt beautifully ornamented with a painted vine of some undetermined botanical species. The dentist wore a black coat, and to the amazement of the public, one side of his right sleeve was seen to be decorated with the green stem and leaves and the brilliant white and yellow flowers of the vine that ornamented the widow's belt. The conclusion drawn by wicked and heartless people was inevitable. There was no possible defense to be made. The widow wisely slipped out and went home, and the dentist followed her example, burning with rage and wishing that all Canton had but one back tooth, that he might draw it with an old-fashioned turnkey and without the use of anesthetics. Of course the widow lost no time in pointing out to him that there was but one way in which he could repair his indiscretion and undo the injury which he had done her, and accordingly he was within a week brought to the altar, where he expiated his fault with much fortitude, and furnished an awful example of the wickedness of painted belts.

A Joke on the Judge.

A good judicial anecdote is told by "Fay," in the Louisville Courier-Journal. In one of the Western states a case was tried, and at its termination the judge charged the jury, and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry he learned that one obstinate jurymen was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that, in his charge to them, he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified ever again to act in the capacity of jurymen. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jurymen. He said: "Judge, will your honor allow me to say a word?" Permission being given, he added: "May it please your honor, I'm the only man on your side."

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