

Capt. Baker's Servant Girl.

ALL was bustle and confusion among the fashionables of a quite little town in one of the western counties in our State lately on the day preceding the evening of a select ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot for four hours together, while husbands and fathers were at home waiting in awful suspense for the respective shop-keeper's bill. The shop-keepers were more polite than usual, inasmuch as gauze, lace and ribbons were the only articles in demand, were bought without the irritating enquiry "can't you take less?" and not a milliner could complain that night for want of custom and a full purse. Evening advanced and the bustle increased. Beaux just from the bannock might be seen with a glove on one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the doors of the wealthy, and tipping and bowing as if made of vibratory material, with as much cash in their pockets as brains in their noddles, and more brass in their faces than either.

One of these mushroom gentry, who had the faculty of talking nonsense, had captivated the charming Mehitable Clarrissa Adella Bacon, third daughter of Captain Jacobus Bacon, of the invincible volunteer heroes, vulgarly called "barefoots," who, with remarkable valor, during the late war, made a bloodless (not a mudless) retreat through a swamp two miles, with the enemy at their heels. At the appointed hour, and according to promise, this sprig of the beau monde alluded to, pulled the bell at the door of the redoubtable captain, which was answered by their female servant, who, among the rest, was preparing for the ball, and in her best "bib and tucker" made a polite bow, and invited the young coxcomb in. Twilight deceived his already defective vision; for it is sometimes said, that love, like wine, will make men see double, especially if they run against a lamp post; and he mistook the servant for Miss Mehitable. Doffing his hat, describing with his body all figures of Euclid, such as circles, squares and triangles, he at last completed his bow *a la mode*, and hisped the fact that he had the "onnow of being in readiness to ethoort her to the assembly room."

"I am engaged, sir," said the kitchen belle.

"Engaged?" exclaimed the youth, chopfallen, "Miss Bacon engaged?"

"Oh, it is Miss Bacon you wish to see then?" replied the girl.

"Why, yeth—I am mistaken! faith! the death! bowing and scraping to a servant girl. Wherth your mistress?"

"Walk into the parlor, sir," said the inaudible girl. "I will call her."

Reader, wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be, of whom we have been talking? Well, listea, and I'll tell thee. Didst thou ever hear of William L., once a wealthy shipping merchant of New York, who, through multiplied losses, was called from the dominion of the wealthy and fashionable, and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village, with the only remnant of a large family—a charming daughter. This was the very child. At the age of ten, she became an orphan—but not friendless. The gentlemanly conduct of her father, even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes, found a home and a friend with a wealthy country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood, beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by all the family, as a sister and child. But death claimed the adopted sister as his, and her prospects changed. The woman who supplied her place afterwards, was her antipodes, and Amanda K. stepped into the wide world dependant upon physical strength alone for subsistence. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her, and a situation in the family of Capt. Bacon was secured to her in which place the reader found her. But to resume.

At an early hour the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage. There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature, others by art; bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence others with nervous excitement, and among the rougher sex, many with wine. Mirth and hilarity bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery considered by that assemblage as of equal importance with Herschel's lunar observations. The dance was suspended, notwithstanding Sambo still saw his catgut, and a whisper ran through the crowd. The purse-proud, vinegar-faced Mrs. Z., had the honor of making the discovery, in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact that Amanda K., the servant girl of Capt. Bacon had impertinently intruded herself into the company of her betters—actually dancing two cotillions with them before the degrading truth was known.

"Did you ever see such impertinence?" says one.

"What brazen thing!" said another.

"Why, see how she's dressed?" said a third.

"Such a character!" whisper a fourth—but never mind now."

"A pot-slew in our company! the wench! chimed in Mrs. Z.—, with that glance of expression which characterized her; and turning up her nose, advised the ladies to leave the room, and no longer be insulted by her presence. This advice was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor, but infinitely superior girl, was left alone, abashed, confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was the son of her adopted father, who united with intelligence a gentlemanly and graceful deportment, and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our state. He was absent when the revolution in the ball room took place; but returned as soon as it was evacuated by the ladies. Astonished at the change and perceiving Amanda standing with her face suffused with blushes, hastily inquired the cause. A friend drew him aside and communicated the facts as they have been stated. The young man was enraged and with an emphasis adequate to his just excitement exclaimed: "What's that purse-proud fool, that ignorant parrot of fashion worth, who scorns virtue because it is coupled with poverty?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.

"Ten thousand dollars, eh?" Well Amanda is worth that sum and the heavy fool into the bargain. Ten thousand dollars! And that forsooth, against respectability. Here, Amanda my girl," said he, taking her hand and bowing respectfully to the gentlemen present, "let us leave this place, where haughty pride pampered and fed with the crumbs of wealth, exercises an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, when virtue is endangered."

So saying they left the place and returned home.

The morning after the ball, Amanda, the poor, slighted and abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society, because she wore the russet gown of poverty, received from the indignant young man an instrument of writing, securing to her possession the full amount of ten thousand dollars. The gift, and the motives which prompted it were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z.—, and revenge more painful than disdain took the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solicitude of a designing mother she laid traps to ensnare the young man in question, as a husband for her own grey-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his urbanity gave evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall. Ere two months had elapsed the humble Amanda became the wife of the wealthy Edgar N.

Time rolled on its silent course, bearing on its bosom sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every ingredient of happiness for the youthful pair, and those who turned their backs upon Capt. Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mrs. N. who in her new station, was no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost have gathered upon the temples of her fond husband, yet love, pure and holy, still warms the domestic circle, wherein the altar of true benevolence is reared.

The simple tale I have told is not the flagrant work of fancy, wrought up from the tinsel material of fiction—it is based upon facts. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intelligent wealth.

Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth—the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the mouldering ruins of genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostration and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, while she distributes with a prodigal hand, their blessings among the children of cheerless poverty, and it may be truly said, that her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her.

Some Forfeits for Fun.

1. Put a newspaper on the floor in such a way that two persons can stand on it and not be able to touch each other with their hands.—This forfeit has the honor of being old, but it was not our good fortune to meet it until a short time ago, and was forced to "give it up." By putting the paper in a doorway one-half inside and the other outside of the room, and closing the door over it, the two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

2. To go out of the room with two legs, and come in with six.—Not difficult if one thinks to bring a chair along on the return.

3. To act the Dumb Servant.—The person who has the forfeit to pay must act out the answers to the questions put by the master of ceremonies; as, How do you make bread? How do you eat soup? etc. This forfeit will cause much merriment if proper questions are put.

4. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it.—One can get out of this difficulty by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

5. Place a pencil on the floor so that one cannot jump over it.—May be done by putting it close to the wall of the room.

6. Put a question that no one can answer with a no!—This is not hard if one thinks to ask, What does Y-E-S spell?

7. Push a chair through a finger-ring.—This forfeit is made by putting the ring on the finger and pushing the chair—any other object will do as well—with the finger. This last much resembles the next.

8. Put yourself through a key hole.—This was a great puzzle to us for a while but when a piece of paper was taken with the word "yourself" written upon it, and pushed through the hole, it was all clear.

There are many other of these amusing little tricks, but these given will suggest others, and help to make the social winter gatherings all that they should be.

How Congressmen are Made.

EX-MAYOR ELY, of New York city, a confirmed bachelor, is a gentleman of wealth, and a shrewd politician. There are few men who, like himself, have represented the city in the Senate, in Congress, and in the Mayoralty, who know better about what an election to any office should cost from any political organization. He thus tells how he came to go to Congress: "One day I met John Kelly, and he said, 'Ely, how would you like to go to Congress?' I said, 'Oh, I don't know. I never thought about it.' 'Well, think about it, and let me know what you conclude.' I thought about it for a week or so, and met Kelly again. He said, 'What conclusion did you come to about that matter?' 'Why, I guess I would rather like to go, if it won't cost me too much,' I said. 'Well, how much do you want to give?' said Kelly. 'I thought I would get off with about \$5,000,' I said. 'Oh no, that won't do. You must give us \$10,000. Think it over again, and see if you want to go \$10,000 worth.' Well, I thought another week, and told Kelly I would give \$7,000, but I didn't want any trouble about it. He agreed to it, and I handed him my check for \$7,000, and then went up the river. When the time for the Convention came around, I was nominated, and was elected." A brother Congressman once saw him put his hand in his pocket and take out a handful of diamonds. He said to him, "Ely, what are you doing with so many diamonds in your pockets?" They were mostly small ones, but there were some fine ones among them. He smiled and said: "I have had \$100,000 in diamonds. It was during the war. I had saved up a right comfortable little stake, and when greenbacks began going down, down, down, I began to get scared, and I wanted my money in something handy and safe that I could carry about my person. So I bought diamonds, and intended, when the government went under, to skip across the ocean, and live quietly in some pleasant place over there. These are a few I had left, and have never cared to sell."

Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself. As our habits and luxuries domineer over us the moment we are in a situation to indulge them, few people are so dependent as the independent. Poverty and subjection debar us from many vices, by the impossibility of giving way to things. When we are rich, and free from the domination of others, we are corrupted and oppressed by ourselves.

Answer This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill, without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure. Ask your neighbor this same question. 42

Contentment produces in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone, and if it does not bring riches it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them.

Religion gives to virtue the sweetest hopes, to unrepenting vice, just alarms, to true repentance, the most powerful consolations; but she endeavors above all things to inspire in men love, meekness and pity for men.

SUNDAY READING.

Woman's Attractiveness.

Personal attractions most girls possess—at any rate, to a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody, for although there are standards of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears different to beholders. Probably the philosophical explanation of this is that what is hidden from all others becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love. How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant, illiterate woman, even if she attracts attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She must do this by reading, by study, by reflection and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly-educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me a softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh, trifles like these have suddenly spoiled many a favorable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be real, not feigned. A woman that studies to appear rather than to be good and generous seldom succeeds in deceiving the other sex in these respects. She, who in truth, seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her is very apt to obtain admirers among men. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regards of any man whose love is worth having.

"Pay John Williams."

At a church prayer meeting a man whose credit was not the best, and who was somewhat noted for habitual failure to meet his obligations, arose to speak.—The subject for the evening was, "What shall I do to be saved?" Commencing in measured tones, he quoted the passage: "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, and again more emphatically asked the question: "What shall I do to be saved?" Again, with increased solemnity and impressiveness of manner, he repeated the momentous inquiry, when a voice from the assembly, in clear and distinct tones, answered: "Go and pay John Williams for the yoke of oxen that you bought of him." The remainder of the gentleman's address was not reported. All who heard it, appreciated the fitness of the unexpected word in season, and were saved from hearing a lengthy exhortation from a defaulter's lips. The incident suggests that there are a good many people, before they make much progress in walking in the way of salvation themselves, or guiding others therein, will have to "Go and pay John Williams," or John somebody else, the money that they honestly owe them. There is no man shrewd enough to pursue a course of dishonesty and trickery, and still retain the favor of God in this world, or a good hope of glory for the world to come. It is best to settle up, square up, and pay up, and then it will be in order to talk in the prayer meeting.

A Brief but Telling Sermon.

A little shoeblack called at the residence of a clergyman of Boston, and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and shifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer, he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaimed between his sobs:

"You say that your father is my father: aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"

The beginning of hardships is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy your hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in a hurry to get at its contents.

Good thoughts, like the leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

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