THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA. FEBRUARY 10, 1880.

A Timely Arrival.

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WAS left an orphan at the age of four, but was brought up by a kind aunt and uncle. My childhood passed merrily enough until I was about eight, when my uncle, hearing of the Australian gold fields, determined to seek a fortune abroad, instead of toiling for a mere pittance at home.

So I was transferred to a family by the name of Graham. They were middle class, plain, homely people-working goldsmiths, in fact-and lived in Northampton Square, Clerkenwell.

They had but one child, a daughter, named Lilly, who, being only three years younger than myself, we became great friends. It was natural also that as I grew up and went proudly out to carn my few shillings a week and drew nearer to manhood, I should learn to love my pretty playfellow.

Circumstances went on thus happily until I was twenty and Lilly seventeen years of age, and then a communication from my uncle in Australia informed me that they had a capital opening for me.

I was loth to leave Lilly ; yet as I was doing very indifferently and had heard of such rapid fortunes acquired in such short pace of time by energetic men, I summoned enough courage one day to tell the Grahams and poor little Lilly I was determined to go to Australia.

I shall never forget my parting at Blackwell Pier. I shall never forget my pretty little Lilly clinging to my neck, and sobbing aloud and imploring me not to go, and I, struggling between the influence of love and enterprise, trying not to be a coward, when I felt already that I was one.

It was in vain I tried to cheer her; I think I did not look so very comforting, though, if I remember rightly, I recollect saying :

"Never mind, Lilly darling, I shall return to make you happy !"

My tears, I knew, were threatening to break the feeble barriers that held them back, and when she said :

"Ah! but suppose you never do return I shall break my heart, Robert !"

Why, then I think I did shed a tear or so, only to keep her company.

At last the boat pushed off, and Mrs. Graham-good, kind, old soul !--still kept her arms around Lilly, as she waved her final adieu to her orphan protege.

I arrived at last at Melbourne. I went miles overland, and at last reached my uncle's settlement; but I had not long been there ere I found life in Australia less easy than I had anticipated. I stay-· ed with him for a little while, until I took a dislike to farming-for that was what my uncle had made most of his money at-and joined a party of young fellows starting for a new gold field farther up the country.

Three years passed slowly away, and I began to get along much better, and had sent many a nugget to Melbourne. I had only received one dear, cherished letter from Lilly, written on her eighteenth birthday, and sending me a lock of her pretty chestnut hair; yet I thought I had no cause to fear, as I knew

We received no answer, but thought we saw the figure move nearer the cabin. " Answer," continued Tom, waving the old fur hat, " answer, or I'll fire," But Tom had no time to do anything of the kind, for the rascal fired directly,

and I, looking through a chink in the rough and divided flooring, saw and recognized the thief as one to whom Tom and I had been the best of friends. It was Simon Rail, a man whose reputation had been of late far from satisfactory.

Tom and I were unhurt, and ere we could get down, for we had noticed the villian had removed the ladder, Simon Rail had escaped to cover.

All the settlement was alarmed, and search made ; but he was not found until afterward.

Well, three years more of hard work found me a rich man and Tom and I had reached Melbourne, and sailed with hope, love and joy for England's happy shores.

When I reached home no one would have known me with my beard and pecullar attire-half settler, half nautical. I need not tell you how eagerly I sought out No. --- Northampton Square. It all seemed the same. Beven years and a half had very little altered London, so far as I could see. Yes, it all seemed the same until I reached her house.

"How dirty and neglected," thought I, as I gazed up at the dingy, yet familiar old place. "I am certain Lilly cannot be here, or everything would look brighter and cleaner. Perhaps they have moved ; I will knock and see." So I gave the door a series of loud taps,

just to enhance its wakefulness. "Well, sir, what is it ?"

It was an old, dirty-looking woman that spoke, as she half opened the door.

" Do the Grahams live here, still ?" " Live here ! bless yer, no! They are rich folks now !"

" Rich ?" said I, and I believed I looked dreadfully angry, as though I thought they had no right to be rich.

"Yes, rich !" replied the dirty old gossip, drawing nearer, and opening the door wider when she found my business was so simple. "Yes, rich ! and all through some gentleman who started old Graham in business some months ago! 'The old 'ouse 'as bin to let ever since they left it-ten months ago. Live -why, let me see-somewhere near Reading, a little village called D-But that's not the shop. The shop's in town somewhere. A stationer's I've heard say, and-"

"Thank you, think that will do! Here's a trifle to drink success to my search.

I managed to get away at last, and was soon being conveyed over the lines of the Southwestern Railway to Reading.

It was a lovely afternoon when I entered the little village of D--. I soon espied the little cottage to which I had been directed, half hidden from the road by a row of poplar trees, and it was with very little hesitation I was soon walking up the little garden path and ringing the bell.

The Grahams were out, but I explained that I was a friend of the family, and had come a very long way expressly to see them.

ing still more confused and surprised at, this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Yes sir, from his grave," said Mr. Markham ; " yes, sir ; it is no use of your trying to pass yourself off as that young man. He has been dead these three years. I was present at his funeral myself."

"Indeed," said I, smiling, but almost chilling Mr. Markham to death with the scrutinizing glance I gave him. "Ah! I recollect seeing you in Australia, I think."

"You are an imposter, and I shall be forced to turn you out of the house if you do not instantly leave."

" Very fine words, Mr. Simon Rail, alias Markham. I shall turn you out instead-thief, would-be murderer, and double-dyed villain."

Amid the screams of the servant and Mrs. Graham, and not heeding the feeble expostulations of the old gentleman. we closed and struggled to the passage. Here, with a little muscular exertion, and a well-directed blow between the eyes, I soon threw Mr. Markham (as he called himself) senseless in the hall, just as Lilly, hearing my voice-she had not forgotten it; she did not care even if it was my ghost, or if I had come for a transitory stay from the other worldcame and threw herself into my arms, exclaiming : •

"Oh, my own Robert ! I did not believe it. But I walted two long, weary years, and then father said he was certain that it was true, and it would make him happy if I would-if-"

Her tears explained the rest. I knew what she meant, and I drew her fondly to my heart, and said :

"I knew you would not forget me, Lilly. I am rich, rich now, and very unlike dead, ch? But I will not stay longer at present, darling. I will hasten to prove to you what a thorough rascal you were near marrying. I shall send some one to look after your safety, and take that rascal away from you.

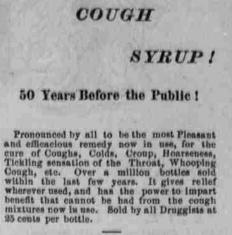
The rascal did not move. I had taken all the " Mr. Markham" out of him, so without much notice of the terror stricken Mr. and Mrs. Graham, but taking one long, fond kiss from the dear lips of Lilly, I departed hastily from the house.

I had determined to give this episode a fit denouement, and I think you will admit I did so, when I tell you I went to the authorities of the parish and told them not to let the marriage take place next day (as that was the date fixed for it) upon any account. After doing this I went to London, and there met Tom, and told him that I had found the robber of our nuggets nearly robbing me of my golden treasure in life. Tom and I next morning found out that Simon Rail had come to England after the robbery, found my friends, reported my death (which my failure to write corroborated.) obtained a place of trust upon false representations, and ultimately made the acquaintance of the Grahams, to complete his villainies by marrying my betrothed. We found out also that his employers had that morning discovered they were £1,000 short, and had dispatchwo detectives to find the faithful Mr. Markham. Well, after all, when I come to look back at it, and think how I went down next day; how they told me all about the deception of that rascal; how I paid back the £200 to Rail's employers that he had advanced to the Grahams; when I was once more recognized as the true, genuine Bob Phillips; when the villain was sent back to the scene of his first exploits for several years at her Majesty's expense; when Thompson came down with his long loved Alice, I said to Tom, "Ah, it is not our doing, Tom, it is God's ever-watchful care that tests us, loves us, and bring us always out of our trials just in time to be happy," and when Tom was married, he said, "Yes, Bob, and it was you who taught me to believe in woman's faith and constancy; and I cannot feel quite happy until I own a part of my happiness is due alone to you."

care to tackle 'em. That night, tell you, there wasn't much sleep. In the mornin' I could not find her. She'd gone. I guess the rats had frightened her; and to tell the plain truth, I didn't. wonder much. Night came again and the old cat hadn't come. Says Betsy Ann (that's my wife) to me, "Tim, leave this place ; the rats'll eat us up." Bays I, "just let the old cat be." I didn't be lieve she'd left us for good and all. Just as Betsy Ann was puttin' the children to bed we heerd a scratchin' and waulin' at the outside door. I went and opened it; and there stood our Maltee on the door-step, and behind her a whole army of cats, all paraded as regular as any soldiers ! I let our old cat in, and the rest followed her. She went right to the cellar door and scratched there. I began to understand. Old Maltee had been out for help. I opened the way to the cellar; she marched down, and the other cats tramped after her in regular order-and as they passed I counted fiftysix of 'em. Oh, my! if there wasn't a row and a rumpus in that 'ere cellar that night, then I'm mistaken! The next morning the old cat came up and caught hold of my trousers' leg, and pulled me toward the door. I went down to see the sight. Talk about your Bunker Hill and Boston massacres ! Mercy! I never saw such a sight before nor since. Betsy Ann and me with my boy Sammy were all day at work as hard as we could be clearing the dead rats out of that 'ere cellar. It's a fact-every word of it."

How Old is Glass.

The oldest specimeu of pure glass bearing anything like a date, is a little moulded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2000 years B. C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads, possibly of the first dynasty. Of the later glass there are numerous examples, such as a bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatasoo or Hashep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period, are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story preserved by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phoenicians, is so far true, that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycense, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half obliter-



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that writing letters does not give young ladies half the joy of receiving then, and I wrote often enough.

Well, time went on. I had found a true friend about my own age, and we were like brothers. We always worked together, and when we had been out four years and a half Tom Thompson, for that was the name of my faithful friend, and I were getting rich.

.I knew that I was nearer home and more likely to gain my dear little Lillie every month I worked; but I also was aware of the desperate crimes and terrible deeds that were being committed around us by the rangers and other villains. I knew that our reputation was as dangerous as gratifying.

One night Tom and I had retired to the bedroom we had built above the basement of our little house, and I was already dozing, while Tom having carefully seen to the revolvers (for I need not tell you how necessary they are in a country where justice is obtained in such a rough and ready manner) was also yielding to the drowsy god, when we fancied we heard something move in the room below.

Both were quickly, though silently on the alert; for we still had some gold that had not been dispatched to Melbourne. We knew that somebody, acquainted with its hiding place, had, escaping our notice, secreted himself in the cabin to gain possession of it.

When we heard him move again and, as we correctly thought he had gained our hidden nuggets, we crawled silently to the hole that gave entry to our little bedroom, and looked down.

All was dark, yet we could see the dim outlines of a man moving hither and thither as though he knew every inch of the ground he trod. Now, we knew he would be certain to carry arms and so we had to be exceedingly cautious.

Tom coolly placed an old fur hat on a stick he had beside him, and hung it over the hole, shouting as he did so: " Who's there ?"

This gained me the desired " open sesame," and I was soon ushered into the little parlor. Yes, this was Lilly's home. I gazed around me as though I was in the sacred precinct of some holy spot .--As my eyes wandered around the sweetly scented little parlor, they rested at last on some milliner's boxes that lay upon the table. I had seen such boxes in my youth, and knew them to contain the appurtenances of marriage garments.

Yes, I read her, my Lilly's name on them. I lifted the lids slightly, and, alas! my fears were too true ; they were the bridal decorations of Lillian Graham.

I could only just manage to recover myself as an open carriage drove up to the garden gate. I could not see them alight, but I soon saw an old lady and gentleman, whom I recognized as Mr. and Mrs. Graham, and then I saw the dear face of Lilly-saw it to notice it was pale, thin and sad-saw it to quickly tell that even prosperity, and perhaps the prospect of an advantageous marriage had not made her look better than the merry, laughing-eyed, little maiden of sweet seventeen.

And then I saw a gentleman, tall and well dressed, with his back toward me, giving some directions to the coachman. More than this I could not see for the old couple had entered the parlor.

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Graham," I said, eagerly, "do you not know me ?"

" I really haven't the honor," somewhat stiffly replied the old gentleman.

"What! not know Bob Phillips, that went to Australia eight years ago ?"

" Bob Phillips ! good God !" This last was uttered by the tall gentleman, in a tone of undisguised surprise, My name had seemed to create a varied impression upon them all. The little old gentleman looked petrified, while Mrs. Graham appeared frightened and presently broke out quite tragically :

"Robert Phillips! risen from the grave ?"

" Risen from his grave ?" said I.grow-

Something Like a Cat.

"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, a regular Yankee, "puts me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her: She was a Maltee, and what that cat didn't know wasn't worth knowin'. Here's one thing she did : In the spring of '64 I moved into the little house on the Crooked river. We put our provisions down in the cellar, and the first night we made our beds on the floor, But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it come dark than we heard a tearin' and a squeakin' in the cellar that was awful. I lit a candle and went down. Jerusalem! Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in my born day. Every inch of the cellar bottom was covered with them. They ran up on to me, and all over me. I jumped back into the room and called the cat. She came down and looked. I guess she sat there about ten minutes, looking at them rats. and I was waitin' to see what she would do. By-and-By she shook her head, and turned and went up stairs. She didn't

ated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thy, at Sakhara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologers, to give it date in years.

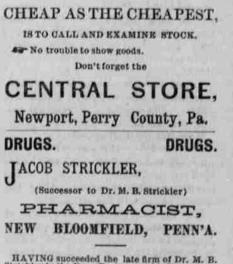
A Novel use for a Substitute.

Yesterday afternoon, says the Virginia City "Chronicle," a green looking couple, evidently newly married, called at the photographic gallery of Beals & Waterhous and wanted their pictures taken. Just as Mr. Beals had got his plate ready, the man called him aside, and said he wanted to ask a favor. "I was told in Carson you took the best pictures in the State. Now you see Sal and I got hitched down there last Monday; now, her folks go a good deal on style, and they live in the States. They never saw me, and if I send my mug back East they'll be agin me sure. I'm a darned sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they call me a brick. Now what I want to get is some good lookin' man to sit with Sal for a picture. Will you stand in ? She is willin'. Them big whiskers of yours 'ill catch 'em sure and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they would take me for a petty larceny thief.' Mr. Beals enjoyed the idea immensely, and sat with "Sal" for the picture, which will doubtless carry joy into the household of the eastern relatives in a week or so.

Mrs. Parington says.

Don't take any of the quack nos-trums, as they are regimental to the hu-man elstern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapi-dation, costive habits and all comic di-seases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ns plus unum* of medicines. 6 2t

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