

your grandfather was generous enough to befriend me, which he will not do. You can't use anything of your own, and so it disgraces you without affording me a particle of assistance."

Frances Stanhope freed herself from the clasp in which there was so little affection. She thrust down the pang that threatened to strangle her, and staid her voice.

"Two months ago I thought you loved me," she began, with a calmness that surprised even herself. "I would have given my life to serve you; I did give what was of more value. I believed in you implicitly. And now—"

"We may as well tell each other the truth," he began, suddenly, averting his face. "It was a foolish step, and I'm sorry I persuaded you to take it. Love looked fair enough at Woodlea, when we had nothing else to do. And if we had either of us been rich, it would have proved smooth sailing, but I couldn't do anything with a wife here in the city. Maybe if you had been patient, the affair might have come around right some time, but as it stands, it's a crazy piece of work. You'll be able to get a divorce, and that's best, as your friends will tell you. I'm sorry enough about it, Frances."

This careless voice had once been persuasive and impatient, and depicted for her visions of happiness; this moody face had been radiant and tender until it had inspired her with the fullest faith. Why had she been so blind, for now she could see. Ross Stanhope had veiled his selfish motives for the time, but having failed, he no longer cared to disguise them, yet he would gladly have given Frances her freedom if it had been to his power. The marriage had been of no benefit to him, and he could scarcely hope it would be, now.

The miserable interview came to an end at length. Frances was glad to leave him, though she felt unutterably wretched. Mrs. Stanhope remained with him nearly an hour, and coming back, took the poor girl in her arms.

"You are mine," she said, with a tender kiss "and we must comfort each other. Will you go home with me?"

Frances was only too glad to comply. Three rooms in an unpretentious house on a quiet street, that if poor, wore an air of cheerfulness and comfort. Afterward, when she learned how the mother had sacrificed all to her child, in the hope of one day seeing him take a high place among his fellow-men, she honored as well as loved. It was the old story of a handsome, selfish youth, with some talent, perverting all his good gifts.

The trial came on speedily. The case was so clear that hardly any effort was made for defence. Ross Stanhope was found guilty, and sentenced to a term of five years' labor in the State Prison. And Frances shuddered when she found herself a convict's wife. Once she had been proud of his love.

When she was missed at Woodlea, Mr. Vaughan would have no search instituted for her. He was implacable in his resentment. He forbade Edith to mention her name, and the real cause of her departure was not even explained to the servants. At first it was impossible for Mr. Murray to leave his old friend, but his secret heart longed for some tidings of the wanderer, so he wrote to his lawyer, and through him learned that Frances Stanhope was with her husband's mother.

Left alone with a fair field, Edith Vaughan labored skillfully to remove the impression her cousin had made. Fair and gracious, she brought herself into strong contrast with the impulsive, misguided girl, who had chosen to follow her first fancy. But Evan Murray was clear-eyed, and he understood the cold craftiness of Edith. Woodlea would be no temptation to him.

It was not until after the trial that he sought Frances. No brother could have been kinder, and by degrees he won from her the old story of her ill-fated marriage.

"You could procure a divorce," he said, slowly. "You are still young, and there is so much of life before you."

"I cannot forget that I married Ross Stanhope of my own free will, and I shall accept the punishment. No one upon earth needs me besides his mother, and she is broken in health as well as heart. I shall devote my life to her. If, at the expiration of five years, he shall have repented," and her voice trembled, "I think I shall know my duty. God will give me strength to do it. My summer has ended."

It was a chilly autumn day, and the wind swept cheerlessly up the street as she said this. It seemed like a prediction.

"You have been most kind," she went on. "It is good to know there is one person who can be merciful, and not condemn me utterly. I shall always remember it with a thanksgiving."

He knew that she was putting him out of her life. Could any one have taken up a cross more bravely? His old fancies about her had been true.

"It was better that they should part.

He accepted the fiat, but she never knew all the watchful care he exercised. Devoting herself to a life of toil, she was more to Mrs. Stanhope than her own child had ever been. Mr. Vaughan died suddenly, and Woodlea, with its large income, was bestowed upon Edith, who still remained Miss Vaughan.

Frances lived through the dreary years until she was of age, when she came into possession of her own small fortune. Henceforth the days were brightened by a little more ease and comfort. And her husband seemed after a while to evince a sort of interest in her that appeared akin to tenderness. She had said that God would give her strength to do her duty, but she shrank from the issue with a terrible dread. She had learned so much more of herself as well as him, and coming to a higher standard, understood love at its best estate.

She was mercifully spared the trial of a decision. Ross Stanhope died after a few days' illness, so brief, indeed, that his mother was not summoned until it was too late. And so Frances received back her freedom.

Months after this, Evan Murray sat in her little parlor, using all his efforts to convince her that it was not too late to begin life under happier auspices. It was summer again—five years since she had dared fate, and lost.

"I am not worthy," she said, again.

"My darling, are all these years of patient self-denial to go for nothing? To-day you are better and nobler than when I first loved you; the very woman that I saw in the child's soul so long ago. I think she belongs to me by virtue of patient waiting."

And glancing up, the eyes of Frances Stanhope said what the lips could never unsay, that there had been but one love to her life, and the old troubled dream was laid away in its grave.

Moss Skinner's Story.

WHEN I married my second wife, she was dreadful set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her she'd better wait six months or a year, and I'd try to go with her, but she said she would rather go alone—when a woman was traveling, a man was an out-and-out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents, and told her to go off and have a good time. I never begrudge money where my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife never could complain of not going anywhere, for I'm dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I don't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the engine squirt, and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say:

"It does beat all how the Skinners do go!"

When Signor Plitz was in Skunkville, with his wonderful canaries, he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but I gave her half the money. I don't boast of it, though; I only mention it to show much I thought of my wife's happiness.

I don't think a man ought to get married until he can consider his wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine did thusly, and when I got married I concluded to do likewise.

But the plan didn't work in the case of my second wife. No, I should say not. I broached the matter kindly:

"Matilda," I said, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master."

"Not much you ain't."

"Mrs. Skinner," I replied, "you are fearfully demoralized; you need re-organizing at once. You are cranky."

And I branished my new sixty-two cent umbrella wildly around her. She took the umbrella away from me and looked me in the clothes press.

I am quick to draw an inference and the inference I drew was that I was not a success as a re-organizer of female women.

After this I changed my tactics, and I let her have her own way, and the plan worked to a charm from the very first. It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of. Of course this is between you and me.

So when my wife said she was bound to go off on a bridal tour, I cordially consented.

"Go Matilda," said I, "and stay as long as you want to, then, if you feel as though you wanted to stay a little longer stay, my dear, stay."

She told me to stop talking and go up stairs and get her red flannel night-cap, and that bag of pennyroyal for her Aunt Abigail.

My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxter's are a very smart family indeed. Her mother who is going on eighty can fry more slap-jacks now than those primed-up city girls who rattle on the piano or else walk the streets with their furbelow fixings, pretending to get mad if a

youth looks at 'em pretty hard, but getting mad in earnest if you don't notice them at all.

"Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying till after ten o'clock, and only went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in a week, and cry because there ain't eight. Then they write touching notes to each other during the day:

"Dear George, do you love me as much now as you did at a quarter past twelve last night? Say you do dear, and it will give me courage to go down to dinner and tackle them cold beans left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts are a little callous by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like it—and I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a cricket at her feet and let her smooth my hair as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife is a very smart woman, but she could not be any thing else and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on woman's rights, and in one place where she lectured a big college conferred the title L. L. D. on her. But she would not take it.

"No, Gentlemen," she said, "give it to the poor."

She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go barefoot all winter, and insisted it so much in her kind way that they couldn't refuse.

She fairly dotes on my children, and I've seen her many a time go to their trousers pockets and take out pennies, after they had got to sleep, and put them in the bureau drawer for fear they might lose them.

I started out to tell you about my wife's bridal tour, but the fact is I never could find out much about it myself. I believe she had a good time. She came back improved in health, and I found out before she had been in the house twenty-four hours, that she gained in strength also. I don't say how I found it out—I simply say I found it out. In conclusion I would say to all young men: Marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it.

Useful and Interesting.

THERE are 2,750 languages.

Two persons die every second.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Slow rivers flow four miles per hour.

Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.

Sound moves 743 miles per hour.

Light moves 192,000 miles per hour.

Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first horse railroad was built in 1838.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1825.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

The first almanac was printed by Geo. Von Purbach in 1460.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre, within an inch.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath-day's Journey is 1,155 yards (this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile.)

A day's Journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles.

A cubit is two feet.

A great cubit is eleven feet.

A hand—horse measure—is four inches.

A palm is three inches.

A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.

A pace is three feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 106 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs 84 pounds.

A tub of butter weighs 60 pounds.

The following are sold by weight per bushel.

Corn, Rye and flax-seed, 56 pounds per bushel.

Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.

Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.

Oats, 32 pounds per bushel.

Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.

Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.

Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.

A Barefoot Wedding.

ABOUT twenty years ago a smart young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have two hands. A man was given two hands—one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said. On the day of the wedding, Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes I will wear them. Not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not the money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber-land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased, as time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in South-down and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson, having once found out that sheep raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way and that dogged persistence in following it which are the elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the eastern market found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail. The end of which course is that the man who married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for hordes of stout, able bodied men.

Drudge-Mothers And Fine-Lady Daughters.

EVERY one blames the fine-lady daughter and pities the poor drudge-mother.

The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes and elegantly arranged hair, dawdling over a novel, or chatting with companions or friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen, or fretting her soul in the vain attempt to reduce her pile of "mending," and at the same time look after a tumbling baby.

The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has pulled her hair askew. She still wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning, when baby woke her from a weary sleep.

She is tired! She is always tired. She is tired on Saturday, and she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening; she goes to bed and gets up tired.

It is hard to be angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look up in her exhausted mother's face, and know how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth a hand to help her. Nay, she is going out to tea this evening, and will come to her mother to have her dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength.

In all our modern world there is not an uglier sight than this, no, not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances.

She is to be pitied, rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to herself, "She shall not be the drudge I was. She shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. She shall have a good time while she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterward."

And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her; all difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years and years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if only her mother's daughter had a good time.

She learned that lesson thoroughly, and a frightful selfishness was developed in her.

Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say, "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes for her mother's indulgent and generous care."—*Youth's Companion.*

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ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of David Gelb, late of Marysville, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same place.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement without delay.

SAMUEL G. GERB, Administrator.
March 16, 1880. CHAS. H. SMILEY, ATT'Y

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