

me the will and was about to go, when I said:

"There is just one difficulty. Suppose Charles determines to defend the case, he might say that it was a trumped up tale, this will a forgery; and as he has possession, I am not sure but that with a good lawyer he would beat us."

"Ah! I don't think he will attempt to stand when he knows that I have told you all. But in case he does then"—with sudden energy—"then will I attend and give evidence against him, ay, even if I have to stand in the dock beside him. No, no. He must and shall disgorge his wealth. Yes; that shall be my revenge."

Next morning Mr. Sparks and myself went over to Cottam, and were ushered into the presence of Charles. He was not too well pleased to see us, and his manner towards us was brusque and abrupt.

"May I ask why I am favored with a call so early in the morning?" he asked with an attempt at hauteur, although I thought that in reality he was not quite at his ease.

"We have called on a very serious matter, Mr. Charles Russel," I said gravely.

"State it then, please, as quickly as may be, or I cannot stay to hear you, as my time is precious."

"Not more precious than your liberty, I presume?"

"My liberty! What do you mean? What has your presence here to do with my liberty?"

"Simply this. If you refuse to hear us, we shall have you arrested at once."

"Arrested! are you mad? On what charge?"

"On the charge of forging your uncle's signature and changing the will."

"I—I—don't understand you." These were his words; but they were belied by the ashy, pale face and starting eyes.

"Oh, you don't understand. Perhaps you have forgotten. Then let me remind you of the night at the Red Lion, of the new will you made, and of the instructions you gave to Miss Leclere—instructions which she so well carried out."

"It is false! I know nothing of what you are talking about. You have evidently come here to insult me. If so, you have come to the wrong place, I can tell you; and the sooner you pack off to Kinton again, the better." All this with an attempt at bravado, which, however did not deceive either of us, as we saw in his face plenty of evidence of real terror behind.

"Ah well, perhaps you do not remember these things. Then I have only one other bit of information for you, and that is"—looking him straight in the face—"we have possession of the original will."

"It's a lie—an infamous lie! for I myself saw it bur!"

But here his courage failed him, and he could hold out no longer—he saw the fatal admission he had made—and after that we had very little trouble with him. He whined for mercy and prayed that he might not be sent to prison. As it was not our wish to proceed to extremes, we were as lenient as possible; and it was eventually arranged that the two hundred and fifty pounds paid to Ellen should be returned to him, and that he should emigrate to Australia. This he did, and I think that not the least bitter portion of his punishment was the knowledge that it all came through the instrumentality of the girl he first tempted and then so cruelly deserted.

Miss Leclere was paid another fifty pounds, and joined her friends in America. We were never troubled with either of them again.

All that the world knew of the matter was, that a new will had been discovered, leaving the property to Ellen. All the legal formalities were complied with and we took possession—happy at length that my wife's inheritance was regained. And this would not have happened if it had not been for a WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A Curious Robbery.

A DARING robbery has been perpetrated at Mazas prison. A theft in the very den of the law, and certainly quite as audacious as one as the crime of the woman who, about a year ago, was caught stealing gas globes from the Seventeenth Precinct Station-house store-room in New York.

It is the practice of the Prefect of Police to issue passes to would-be visitors to the prison every Monday. A gentleman appeared at the jail on the day in question and took out his pocket-book to find his pass. It was quite *en règle*, and he passed on.

Directly behind him two women appeared. They too, were in proper form and were admitted.

Shortly after the gentleman came back. He had left his pocket-book on the desk, he said, and as it contained 600 francs, he was not unnaturally anxious to recover it. This, however,

was easier said than done. The closest search failed to reveal it. An order was then given to search every one who passed out. The consequence was that quite a crowd collected at the entrance. But the wallet was not found, and the gentleman went away disappointed.

Next morning thirteen people complained to the police that they had their pockets picked while passing out of the prison, after having been searched. The gentleman of the wallet was really an ingenious member of the swell mob. The two women were his accomplices. They had turned up to be searched and passed out as soon as he made his complaint. Then they had stood outside and relieved the passers out of their valuables as they passed by, absorbed in a discussion of the mysterious robbery.

"That's John's Gun!"

At the battle of Blue Licks, in 1782, the Kentuckians were defeated in the great slaughter by the Indians. Among their captives was a citizen of Mercer county, a husband and father. He and eleven others were painted black, a sign that they were devoted to torture and death. Ranging them in a row on a log, the Indians slaughtered the eleven one by one. When they came to the husband, they paused, and, after a long pow-wow, spared his life.

For a year he remained a captive, mourned by his friends as dead. But his wife insisted that he was alive and would yet return to her. A lover wooed her. Her relatives aided his wooing.—She consented to marry him, but from time to time postponed the wedding-day. She could not see said, rid herself of the belief that her husband was living and would yet return. At last the pleadings of her lover and the expostulations of her friends won from her a reluctant consent to be married on a certain day. On its morning just before daylight, she heard the crack of a rifle. "That's John's gun!" she cried; and running from her cabin, she was clasped in the arms of her husband. But the romance did not end with the husband's return. Nine years after, he fell in "St. Clair's defeat." The disappointed lover renewed his suit and the widow at last became his wife.

Lawyers Under Peter.

Peter the Great, of Russia was a monarch of large views but invincible prejudices. He loved his country, and longed to see it take a higher place in European history. He saw clearly that progress could be made only by the introduction of new industries and by skillful training in mechanical labor.

To forward this end he visited in disguise the older nations of Europe, made himself thoroughly acquainted with their forms of industry, and worked as a common mechanic at various trades.

He sent, also, numerous young men of promise to great cities in other countries, to acquire skill in the mechanical arts, and to become teachers of their countrymen.

But, while honoring all well trained mechanics, he had a rooted contempt for lawyers. It puzzled him to understand how they occupied high positions in England and France. They multiplied quarrels, he said and fattened on the life blood of others. Vexed at the high esteem in which they were held elsewhere, he vented his wrath in the memorable threat:

"I am thankful I have only two lawyers in my empire. When I return I mean to execute one of them."

The Boss Miser.

AT Dunajewce, in Russia Poland, a man died lately at the age of fifty-nine in consequence of the cold, and of thorough lack of functional vitality; in plain English, therefore, of frost and hunger. He was a character of the district, when he was spoken of as leading a most original, not to say selected life. For many years he had lived in a room which was never heated, sleeping on a pallet of stolen stable straw on the floor. He subsisted almost exclusively on bread, which he went on foot several versts out of town to buy because he got it cheaper. He was, however, not a vegetarian. On Sundays he ate meat. The meat was liver, because, as he affirmed, his circumstances would not admit of his purchasing anything more costly. Yet he never asked alms, though he accepted them when offered. He cooked his liver in a broken iron mortar, over a fire in a foundry next to the house in which he lived. He never treated himself to a candle, wore no clothes except what were given to him, and never spoke to anybody save when absolutely forced to do so. Nothing more was known of him but that he was a Jew, with some relatives somewhere in the district. As he failed to leave his room for some days, the neighbors called the police in. They found the old man dead. And the squalor in which he had perished proved

to be the scurf covering a perfect mint of treasure. Hidden about the place were over half a million of rubles in gold and jewels, and as much more in paper. He had been an usurer of the most notorious character, under another name, in a town twenty miles away. It goes without saying that his relatives have shown up since his death.

An Awkward Affair.

An awkward affair which recently occurred to a straight-laced judge on the Western Circuit, in England, has been the subject of much mirth. It appears that, having finished his labors, and having cast off his forensic wig at his lodgings, he had retired into the next room to wait for his brother judge, whom he was to accompany to dinner at the house of one of the local aristocracy. The female servant of the house had entered the bed chamber by a side door, and not knowing that the judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in his wig. Just at the moment when the fair Sarah was admiring herself in the looking glass, the judge unexpectedly entered the room; and poor Sarah, catching a sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass, was so alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen to the ground if the learned judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her. At this critical moment his learned brother arrived, and opening the dressing-room door with a view to see if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. He quickly attempted to withdraw when the other vociferated, "For Heaven's sake stop and hear this matter explained!"—"Never mind, my dear brother—the matter explains itself." And he left his learned brother to restore the fainting maid as best he could.

Power of Imagination.

Out in Detroit there is another one of those fellows whom the imagination of the superstitious, gifts with miraculous powers in curing diseases. He got to talking to a reporter of the Post and Tribune the other day, and told the truth thus: "There's a good deal of humbug going on under the name of medicine; imagination cures more people than pills. Now I don't say I can cure chronic diseases, but I can knock the spots out of fever n'ger quicker than lightning, and I've done it too.—Why, there was an Irishman came in here one day who had heard that I could cure fever n'ger. He had more fever n'ger than I ever seed in a man. How did I cure him? Well, I took a little piece of paper and wrote on it: 'Fever n'ger go away; Mr. Muldooney is not at home.' I gave this to him and told him to put it over the head of his bedstead at night and believe that the nger would go away. He did it, and the next morning he was a well man. Of course there wasn't any virtue in the paper.—He only believed that I could cure him and I did."

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.

SUNDAY READING.

The Little Child's Faith—A Pleasant Story.

It was a queer, low cottage "down south" where Hugh and Bessie lived with their lonely mother. Lonely, for although Mr. Alford might still be lying for all they knew, yet in the cruelty of drunken fury he parted from them years ago.

Mrs. Alford had almost given up hopes of a reunion in this world—yes, and in the other, for full well she knew that the Bible declares that "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Almost given him up, and still not quite, for daily prayers had been offered for four long years, and would those yearning petitions find a listening ear in the "God of love?" Yes, she would "lean hard" and trust her guide.

Hugh and Bessie were ten-year old twins, and although their sweet voices had only been heard six summers when their father bade them a long good-by, they still remembered him and frequently asked about him in their eager, child-like way.

Mrs. Alford never forbade their questioning; so one morning as she was packing a hamper of oranges, which the children had just gathered from their own yard, and were intending to carry to the city, she was not surprised to hear Bessie inquire: "We can look on the way for Papa, can we not, mama dear?"

"O, Bessie, Bessie, are you not tired of asking that question so often and looking for nothing?"

"But, mama, I wan' to keep on look-

ing until I find him. That'll not be for nothing, will it, mama dear?" said earnest little Bessie, kissing her mother's pale cheeks.

"God bless you, darling!—aye, he will bless you. Keep on praying, and praying, child, and I believe, yes I verily believe He will help you find your father."

The children started cityward with their burden. After going about half-way, Hugh asked: "Bessie, do you really suppose you'll ever find papa?"

"Yes, Hugh, I do."

"Here, Bessie, let us sit down under this big palmetto and eat our lunch. Now, Bess, tell me what makes you think so. Papa's been gone for long years."

"I think so because I think so," and seeing Hugh smile somewhat scornfully, added, "I pray for him most all the time, Hugh, and what's four years to God!"

"O, Bessie Alford! what a queer girl you are; almost as queer as—that—great fat alligator basking away over by the bank in the sunshine; ain't he a whopper, though? Ugh!"

The children were a picture for an artist as they walked through the streets of the tropical city, carrying the basket of beautiful oranges, which they delivered first, afterwards entering the lovely park to admire the flowers and inhale their exquisite fragrance. All about the fine grounds were beautiful cypresses, decked with silver; Florida moss and air plants, suggesting a fatherly overlook of the lower trees and pretty flowering shrubs which they envied.

Just as the children shut the park gate behind them to take their homeward journey, two gentlemen over the way, chatting in a hanging balcony, spied them.

"How beautiful those children are!" said one. "Look, Hugh, they must be twins—almost the age of yours, I should judge from what you have told me."

The gentlemen addressed as Hugh looked, and seeing golden-haired Bess and the manly boy, whose brown hair and flashing eyes were very much like his own, said huskily, "Yes, yes, about the age, and I really believe they are mine. I'll not wait for dinner, Tom. I could not eat if I did, Tom; I'm so near home, almost home. Good-by, Tom."

"Little ones, which way?"

The children turned and saw a gentleman driving a span of handsome horses, which he reined up by the side of the road.

"We are going home, sir," answered Hugh.

"Where do you live?"

"Down the palm road about a mile and a half."

"I am going that way, would you like to ride?"

"Thank you, indeed we would. Bessie just said she was tired."

"Bessie—that's a pretty name. Bessie what?"

"Bessie Alford."

The gentleman jumped from the carriage and lifted the little girl tenderly in, Hugh following.

He seemed very fond of children, for he talked and listened to them continually until Bessie grew communicative, said gently, "You look like my papa, sir."

"Your papa, dear. Can I see him when I leave you safely at your door?"

"I wish you could sir," answered Bessie, tearfully, "but he's gone, I'm looking for him every day—dear papa."

"Hush, Bessie!" whispered Hugh reprovingly, but the gentleman taking off his hat and bending low, said tenderly, oh! so tenderly; "I have had a little girl looking for me, little Bessie, but I could not come to her until with God's help I could be a man once more. Bessie, my own darling; look up; you have found your papa at last, and he is not treading on sand now, but his feet stand firm on the Rock of Ages."

"O, papa! papa! what will mamma say?" and the loving, faithful child was folded in an embrace whose fervor she never forgot. Hugh was waiting meanwhile for his turn, which soon came equal in intensity of expression.

The meeting at home we cannot picture; it is too deep for human pen; you must imagine it, and you need not be fearful of getting it too beautiful and tender. The husband and father brought with him love, peace and plenty. Were he not richly laden? From a character laid low by the demon drink he had arisen a fair monument, a purified soul to whom God had promised a "white stone," for is not he one who has "overcome?"

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before My Father and before His Angels."

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ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of David Geib, 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.

NAMUEL G. GEIB, Administrator.

March 12, 1880. CHAS. H. SMILEY, Att'y

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