

The Governess' Mistake.

"WHAT a pretty pencil-case!"

"Yes. That's what Charley gave me when he was home at Christmas. Soon he'll be home to stay all the summer, and then we'll have fun. Didn't I have a gay time, though, at the holidays! He took me out sleigh-riding and everything else."

"He must be a good brother to you. I suppose, though, if he were home all the time, you would quarrel once a day, at least."

"O no! I never got mad at Charley in my life. He's too splendid for that."

"Have you and your brother always lived here with your grandma?"

"Ever since I can remember. You see, we ain't got no father nor mother—"

"You should say, 'We haven't any father or mother,' my dear."

"All right, then. We haven't got any father nor no mother, and grandma lived all alone in this big house, so we came to live with her. But, goodness! grandma's my mother, and Charley's 'most like a father; only he's away at school most of the time."

"When will he come home for his summer vacation?"

"On my birthday. You see, my birthday is on the twenty-first of June, and Charley says it's the longest day in the year. And so his school breaks up two or three days before and he always gets here on my birthday. He always brings me something, too. Last time he brought me a musical box that one of the boys gave him."

"How long has Charley been at that school?"

"Nearly two years. He wanted to go before, but they wouldn't take him because he wasn't old enough. But he knew enough, though."

"It was my little pupil, Eva Wade, who was so eloquent in praise of her absent brother. I had been her governess for the space of three weeks, and had become sincerely attached to the child."

Old Mrs. Wade, her grandmother, had given a home to the brother and sister upon the death of their parents, and petted them till Eva was spoiled completely; and I wondered if Charley, whom I had not seen, was ruined in like manner. I had every reason to believe so, for the good old lady spoke of him with an affectionate pride that justified my fears.

"Now a pampered school boy is often a great nuisance in a house, and I partly dreaded his return. But if he was so kind to his little sister he could not be so very disagreeable to others, and after all, I thought, perhaps he would not give me a great deal of trouble."

"I must make a good impression upon him when he first sees me," thought I. "If he likes me at the beginning, he will not be troublesome afterwards."

So I stood before the glass and practiced the smile with which I was to receive him, and when the day of his expected return arrived, I debated in my mind which of my dresses would be most likely to captivate his young fancy.

"Wear your white striped wrapper with the Spanish flounce," suggested little Eva, who was very anxious for me to appear before "Charley" to the best advantage. "That's the prettiest dress you've got, and I like to see you in it."

"What pleases Eva would probably please her brother as well; so I donned the white wrapper, which really was more becoming than some of my company dresses, and went down-stairs, hand in hand with the prattling Eva, to the room where grandma was awaiting the coming of the absent hero."

"When Charley comes home" had been the constant theme of discussion during my residence with Mrs. Wade, and I was heartily tired of hearing his name. Why such a fuss should be made over him I could not conceive. Nevertheless, if I valued my peace of mind, I must conciliate the young lion at the outset.

When I entered the front parlor the old lady looked up in an expectant way. Then her countenance fell, and she said in a slightly hurt tone:

"Why, you didn't dress up a bit, I thought perhaps you would dress up for Charley."

"Better take Charley?" I thought; but I said very sweetly:

"I thought he would like this wrapper. Eva likes it, and told me to wear it."

"Well, yes, I suppose he will," said Mrs. Wade, brightening up. "You certainly look well in it."

"I think it's just the prettiest dress she's got," said Eva. "And that's just the reason I said for her to wear it. 'Ta'n't as if she was going out."

"Here he comes!" cried her grandmother, springing up with all the agility of youth, and rushing to the door. Eva was after and before her, quick as

thought, while I followed with more dignity, as became the governess.

It was raining, and that was the reason we had not met him at the depot. The carriage had been sent for him, however, and was now at the gate, while coming up the pathway, with elastic tread and joyous countenance, was a young man of perhaps twenty-five.

"But where's Charley?" I asked.

"Why, that's Charley," replied Mrs. Wade.

"But I thought he was a little school boy."

"Little boy! Guess he ain't!" cried Eva, bending upon me a look of unutterable scorn. The next moment she had bounced into his arms.

The "pampered school boy" proceeded to embrace his little sister and his old grandmother with becoming vehemence, and then turned for an introduction to me.

I suppose the look of astonishment had not yet died out of my face, for his eyes met mine with an expression of intense amusement.

Charley's eyes are brown and mine are blue, and I have heard it said that between such eyes when they meet is a current of magnetism. Be that as it may, there was that in his glance which brought the blood to my cheek; and, if I may believe what he says now, there was that in mine which planted a new feeling in his heart of hearts.

I gave him my hand in a confused way as we were named to each other, and then Mrs. Wade and I went back to the parlor, while Eva went up with her brother to see him safely to his room.

"And what do you think, Charley?" I heard her say on the stairs. "Miss Canon thought you was a little boy."

The old lady looked at me, and smiled.

"I cannot imagine," said she, "how you came to think so. We have talked so much about him, I supposed you would know."

"It was the fact of his being at school that led to my mistake," I answered.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" she inquired. "He is there as professor of chemistry."

I felt uneasy, and wished I had put on another dress. I would not change it now, however, and show him that his age made a difference.

At the dinner table, however, the feeling passed off, and I joined in the conversation with unusual ease and credit to myself.

"We must go somewhere to-night, Toddlekins, to celebrate your birthday. Where shall it be?" said Charley to Eva.

"I wonder if Eva would like to see Dundreary," said grandma. Have you ever seen 'Our American Cousin' played, Miss Canon?"

I replied in the negative.

"Oh, yes! let's all go and see it," cried Toddlekins. "That's the piece with the English lord in, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied her brother. "The foolish fellow who talks so much about nothing. If Miss Canon has no objections, then, we'll all go and see the play to-night."

I hardly knew how to answer.

I had been made one of the family from the first of my residence with Mrs. Wade, and had the proposed party for the theatre consisted of her, Eva and myself only, I should have accepted the invitation at once.

But whether to do so at her grandson's expense, was another question—one which I could not decide in a moment.

However, the spirit in which it was tendered would make a refusal seem ungracious; so I concluded to go.

While I hesitated, Mrs. Wade took matters in her own hands.

"Miss Canon hasn't a word to say about it. She isn't of age yet. If you want any information please ask it of me, for I believe I manage the affairs of this house. Of course she has no objections. If she had I'd shut her up in a dark closet till they vanished."

I laughingly took the position assigned to me, while Eva looked on in astonishment, to see her grandmother carrying things with such a high hand.

"Miss Canon, then, I am to suppose, shares with me the pleasure of being your grandchild?" said Charley with a smile.

"That is just exactly what you are to suppose," replied Mrs. Wade. "And to-night you will oblige me by taking your two sisters and your old grandmother to the theatre."

"That's right," laughed my new brother. "It is always best to begin with a good understanding. So, Miss Canon, you will have to accept me as a brother. I see no escape for you."

I said something about letting it be as the lady of the mansion ruled it.

"Then you'll by my sister, won't you, Miss Canon?" said Eva. "If that's so, I'm going to call you May after this."

"No, no," laughed grandma. "If you claim the right Charley will claim it too, and to that Miss Canon would never consent."

"Wouldn't you, Miss Canon?" asked Eva, appealing to me.

What there was to blush at has always been to me as "one of those things no fellow can ever find out." His eyes were upon me with that amused light which was in them when we shook hands in greeting, and I felt my color rising as I replied:

"I have no idea that your brother will trouble me to decide such a question."

"That was the beginning—you could never guess the end. Oh, no!"

We went to see Dundreary, and we went to see other plays. After the pampered school boy had been home a week we started for Mrs. Wade's country-seat, where the months of July and August were spent.

Eva did not require much attention. "It was vacation, now," she said, and she wasn't going to be bothered with any old lessons." Her brother claimed most of my time, and gave me most of his.

Innumerable races on horseback, and boat-rides by moonlight, were aided and abetted by grandma, who took unaccountable pains to keep Eva interested elsewhere. Of course the subject of conversation most frequently discussed was Chemistry. If you don't believe me, you can ask Charley.

During one of our evening boat-rides, however, just before we came away, we discussed another subject, and I gave him permission to call me May for life.

I am now Eva's sister in earnest, and she calls me May, too.

Grandma often complains of having lost a good governess when I changed my name; but I do not see why she should, for I still teach Eva to the best of my ability.

Mohammedan Justice.

A CERTAIN Captain Baucard left Marseilles for China; but, being buffeted by the winds, he landed at the harbor of Tunis to wait fair weather. The collector of the port came on board. Captain Baucard represented that he was freighted for Canton, that he had nothing to do with Tunis, and that he only put in from stress of weather. But the collector presented the manifest that he must fork over. Captain Baucard did fork over, in rage; but instantly repaired to the residence of the Bey, demanded justice.

"Good Frank," said the Bey, "I am your friend, God is great. What the plague do you want with me?"

"Highness," answered Captain Baucard, "your custom-house has robbed me. I have forked over; fork back."

"Excellent individual," answered the Bey, "in this country, when we have the dust, we keep it. The original acquisition is a thing of difficulty. To fork back is a thing unknown in Africa."

"But shall I not have justice?"

"Certainly, every one has justice in Tunis. Will you have it in French or Tunisian fashion?"

"Highness, I have had a law suit or two in France. Justice in the French fashion, God forbid?"

"But I don't press it on you," observed the Bey. "If you choose the French, after all, speak to your consul. He loves justice, good man. Three of my subjects applied to him three years ago for immunity, and they may, possibly, get it next year, for he loves justice."

"French justice? Never! Give me Tunisian; I am in a great hurry."

"Be it so then. God is great. What is your cargo?"

"Marseilles soap and twenty thousand cotton caps."

"It is well. Go away and be tranquil."

The Bey summoned the Vizier.

"Vizier," said he, "there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. We love justice. We love the Franks. Proclaim that every Jew who appears to-morrow, out of doors, without a cotton cap will have a little transaction to settle with me."

There were twenty thousand Jews in Tunis, and not a single cotton cap in the place. They all made their wills—when they learned through the officer of the customs, that Captain Baucard had lots of the desired article. There was enough said. Captain Baucard sold his invoice at two dollars the cap. He hastened to the palace and poured out his thanks.

"Not so fast," said the Bey, "I am not done yet. Call my Vizier."

The Vizier appeared.

"Proclaim," said the Bey, "that every Jew who keeps a cap another hour, will have trouble with me. God is great, and I am a lineal descendant of Mohammed."

The Vizier made a grand salute, placing his leg on the back of his neck, according to the custom of the court, and retired. When Captain Baucard returned to the deck, he found the twenty thousand Jews already awaiting him, caps in hand. He might have

had the caps for nothing, but, desirous to leave behind him a name for generosity and greatness of soul, he bought them at two cents a piece.

A Clever Parrot.

A Cleveland lady is the owner of a small, frisky dog and a very talkative parrot. Occasionally Polly gets demoralized, and instead of behaving herself like a good lady-bird should, she gives vent to some terrible shrieks and endeavors to be as bad as she possibly can. When she takes these spells the dog, knowing that a reprimand is needed, goes to the cage and administers several severe rebukes in the shape of savage little barks. The other day Polly sat upon her perch with all the dignity possible. The dog was taking a nap in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, Polly let loose two or three unearthly screeches. The dog was awakened of course and immediately started toward the cage at a full run, barking as he went. After he had scolded as he thought enough he adjourned to the other room and snuggled himself for another snooze. He had no more than closed his eyes before Polly shrieked again, louder and longer than before. Up jumped the dog, and out he went barking furiously. When he reached the cage, Polly, who had stopped her noise to give the dog a chance, began to bark just as loud as her four legged associate. Penny choked himself off and gazed on in holy horror. He stood looking at the cage for several minutes. Finally his tail dropped between his legs and turned around and left the spot. Just as he was going out of the room Polly stopped barking, a sort of pleased expression crept down her jagged beak, and as the dog faded from view she yelled after him, "Good-by, Penny," and without further ado resumed her meditation upon her perch.

A Dusky Beauty.

A spruce-looking young negro entered a store in Nashville, and thus addressed one of the clerks:

"Say, boss, I wants to get a nice bright dress fur a good-lookin' yaller gal, bout eighteen years or old."

"Something like this?" pointing to a bright scarlet dress pattern.

"Yes, boss, dat de ticket, shuah."

"How much do you want?"

"Well, I don't zackly know. I guess you know moah bout it than I do."

"What kind of a figure has she?"

"Well, I won't say for shuah, but I heard her sister say she was right smart on—I reckon she is plump into frashuns. I know for shuah she's a right smart beyond mathematings."

"I mean what's her form?"

"She's on the form wid de rest ob de big girls ob course."

"You don't understand me. What's her size?"

"Well, I clar, I don't zackly know. I think she take number ten or eleven shoe, doe."

"Confound your thick skull! How high is she?"

"High? she am just de highest gal round Corrolton, you bet! Just you pick de banjo onet—oh! lord a massy! only onet! Whew! Rattlesnakes, melons and ginger beer! And she'll kick kingdom comin through a two-inch pine floah quleker ner ye can skin a Yazoo eel."

He Meant Business.

One of those timid young men who can never work up sufficient courage to even hint at marriage to a girl, had for months paid his addresses to a beautiful damsel in the suburbs of Quincy. The object of his adoration expected the momentous proposal at each visit, and had thoroughly rehearsed her part, but visit after visit went by and the proposal came not. As the two sat in sparkable proximity last Saturday night, the aide door opened and the girl's father marched in, clad just as he was when he slid out of bed a moment before. The girl hid her face in her hands and said:

"Why, father!" and the lover turned pale and began to twang for his hat. Giving his hair a twang the old man said:

"Tom, do you want to marry her?"

"Why, sir, I—indeed, sir—"

"None o' that, confound you—yes or no!" roared the parent.

"Well, sir—ye-se-yes, I do!"

Turning to the girl, the old man said:

"Martha, do you want him?"

"Yes, pa!"

"Thar, now! I've done in just half a minute w'at it'd took you silly fools a month to git at! Now snuggle up agin, an' go to talkin' about house-keepin'!"

And the old man went back to bed, and was soon dreaming of a future son-in-law.

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ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Nesbit, of Madison township, Perry county, Pa., executed a deed of voluntary assignment in trust for the benefit of creditors of all his estate real and personal and mixed, to the undersigned, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1880.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said Assignor will make payment and those having claims will present them for settlement on or before the 15th day of April, 1880.

ANDREW ADAIR, Assignee.
March 25, 1880. Chas. H. Smiley, Att'y.