A Woman's Hens.

MISS GREY, if you don't keep them hens out of my master's grounds they'll all be shot, for such is his orders."

Jacob Hobbs, the gardener at Derrick Langholm's elegant country place, did not give expression to his master's wishes in as gentle a tone as he might have used had it been any one else whose hens were troublesome, but Eunice Grey - what matter how he spoke to ber?

The woman leaned against the fence which separated her miserable little grounds from the flourishing estate of the rich man, and listened quietly to the gardener's speech. Her face looked paler than usual this warm spring day. Was It the heat or some bitter recollection which had driven all color from cheek and lip? Her eyes were red and swollen,-perhaps from weeping, but more likely from too steady application to fine sewing by candlelight. She was not a pretty woman, as seen in the searching light of the early morning; she was far too thin, pale, and sad looking for beauty; but she had been a very pretty girl before trouble robbed her of her bloom and gay spirits. Even now there was a nobility in the face and a curve to the lips which saved her from absolute plainness. In the times long gone by, people had said there was no smile loveller than that of Eunice Grey. But she had almost forgotten how to smile,-her life had been so bitter and hard since her mother died.

The house she lived in had once been the property of her aunt, who, when dying, had willed it to her. It was a small, frame building, old and leaky, and greatly out of repair, but Eunice did not complain. She was only too thankful to own even this shelter, and she had learned to bear the ills of life with a matience born of despair. She took in sewing, and sometimes went out by the day to do dressmaking, and lived quite alone, her only companions the hens and a great black dog she had brought with her when she first came to Chilton to live.

"I am sorry, Jacob, that the hens have done damage to your master's fruit and flowers," she said, but she did not raise her eyes as she spoke.

"Then why don't you keep 'em at home ?" demanded Jacob crossly.

"I will try to after this; but they don't lay well when they are cooped

"They won't lay at all when their necks are wrung," said Jacob, turning away, "and that'll be the end of 'em if you let 'em run in these gardens of master's."

Eunice went into her dilapidated house, and took up her sewing again, which she had dropped to answer Jacob's call from the fence. But she had taken only a few stitches in the fine cambric, when her hands fell idly in her lap, and a strange look came on her pale face.

"Even now he will not let me alone," she muttered. "And yet he should be the one to suffer; not I, who did no

She went to the sink in the kitchen. and bathed her head, which ached with the painful thoughts which crowded on her brain. Then again she took up the cambrie, which was to be fashioned into a garment for Isabella Church's wedding trousseau.

That night the hens were all cooped up in a crazy affair of laths which Eunice herself had manufactured. The door was fastened with a stick run in the ground, and if it had not been for Bruno, there would have been no more worm hunting in Derrick Langholm's gardens. But the next morning the shaggy Newfoundland, in his migrations about the yard, pushed the stick away with his nose, and, the door flying open, the hens flew out, and in ten minutes' time were in their forbidden haunts.

Eunice, busily sewing on Isabella Church's trousceau, knew nothing of the escapade, until a shadow darkened her doorway, and a large, well-filled sack was thrown roughly on the floor.

"You'll have to buy your eggs after this," said Jacob Hobb's loud voice, "but then master's pistol has given you a chance to have chicken stew for many a day to come."

A quiver passed over Eunice's lips, and a dark red flush dyed her forehead and lost itself in the ripples of her abundant brown hair, but she did not speak or look up until the man had gone, wondering at her silence.

Then she threw down her sewing,

and opened the sack. One by one she drew out her twelve large, gray hens, and fine cock, all bearing bloody marks on their feathers. All had their necks wrung after being shot. Jacob did not believe in half-way

"He shot them," she muttered: "he could not even leave me my hens." For a few moments she sat looking at

the fowls in silence. Then sprang to

her feet with a fire in her eyes born of a sudden determination.

She hurried into her bedroom, and caught a faded shawl from a nail, wrap. ping it around her head and shoulders. She was shivering, but not with cold. A moment more and she was speeding up the broad oak avenue leading to the elegant residence of her enemy. She had vowed never to step on his grounds, never to look him in the face, but her wrong made her forget all else.

Half-way up the avenue she stopped suddenly, her face turning an ashy hue, her limbs trembling. Coming toward ber, whistling gaily, was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-seven years, the look of a born aristocrat stamped on his proud face.

For one moment Euples hesitated; she felt sick and weak, and would have turned aside and fled through the shrubbery, but for a sudden recollection of the past which stung her Into courage. And as Derrick Langholm came up, she sprang directly in his path, facing him with her haggard, white face and wild

He looked at her one instance in surprise, thinking he had encountered a mad woman; then the color faded from his face, too, leaving it as pale as the one on which he gazed, and he started back with a hoarse cry :--

" Eunice !"

"Yes, it is Eunice! Are you not glad to meet her after a lapse of thirteen venra ""

"Thirteen years!" he repeated in a dazed way.

"It is a long time, is it not? You can scarcely remember, probably, the cruel wrong you did me, and yet you are not content with that; you must haunt me here."

"Eunice, I never knew"-She interrupted him :-

"You could not let me live in peace in my little cottage even now,- you killed my hens."

"Your hens! were they yours, Eunice? I never knew who owned them. Jacob simply told me that he had given the woman to whom they belonged warnings without number. If I had known"-

"You want me to believe that you would have spared them for the sake of the past, Derrick Langholm, the past which has taught me how base and false men can be."

"Forgive me, Eunice," the man cried, a ring of true emotion and repentance in his voice. "I have long seen how cruel and wicked I was; but I believed you happily married long ago, and the whole thing forgotten."

" Married! Who would marry me!" she said bitterly. "The poorest laborer in Basildown would have thought himself too good for me. Forgotten! Could I easily forget what blasted my life and ruined my reputation! And yet I was innocent! innocent!"

"Eunice, I never knew it was as bad as that! I never imagined any one but your mother would know of it. Forgive me, Eunice, forgive me now !"

"Never!" she said, with trembling voice. "Women never forgive such wrongs,"

Then not daring to trust herself to say more, she turned from him and walked rapidly away through the shrub-

When she reached her cottage she sank on the floor exhausted, pressing her hand to her heart as if to stop its wild throbbing.

Sitting there, how vividly the past came back to her, its events as fresh in her mind as if thirteen hours instead of years had elapsed since their occurrence. Her widowed mother had idolized her, and strained every nerve to give her an education that would fit her for a teacher. They were poor, but respected by every one, and it was not a matter of wonder to Eunice that Derrick Langholm, the handsome son of a rich father, should express himself willing to marry her. She was only seventeen, and believed implicitly in his vows of love and spurious promises, heeding not her indulgent mother's warnings that it was not safe to trust a stranger so fully.

For Derrick had come to Basildown only for a summer's sport in hunting, and but little was known of him save that his parents were wealthy.

At last the infatuated girl consented to an elopement which her lover urged was necessary in order that they should marry, for their union would be violently opposed by his parents and her

But once away from Basildown, once in the great city in which she had never before been, Eunice found out that her lover was unworthy her trust, for while professing to love her devotedly, and promising to be true to her forever, he declared their marriage to be an impossibility. He was poor, he said, and his father would disinherit him if at twenty-four he committed such a grave offence as marrying a girl beneath him in station and without a penny.

After a long explanation the young man left the hotel parlor for an instant

on an errand, and when he returned the life to Eunice, and Derrick smiled bird had flown. He had not dreamed that she would attempt to leave him, but supposing that she had started to return home again, and that it would be useless to pursue her or try to win her back, he went to his father's house, and from that day until the one on which he met her in the oak avenue of his estate at Chilton, he had not met her or known whether she was alive or dead.

But, on leaving her lover, Eunice did not return at once to Basildown. Had she done so, she would have saved herself much misery, for her story, told after an absence of only twenty-four hours from the town, would have been believed. But she was ashamed to return, knowing well that her mother and friends were aware of her flight with Derrick Langholm; so she staid in the city, working in a dressmaker's establishment, until three months had passed. Then she wrote to her mother, and the answer she received was a summons from an attending physician to that indulgent mother's death-bed.

A week later she was alone, with the terrible consciousness that her folly had hastened the termination of the disease from which her mother had long suffered. And no one credited the story of the wrong done her by Derrick Langholm. They, her fellow-townspeople, believed the worst, and treated her accordingly. Her old friends shunned her, and even the children in the streets looked at her curiously as she passed by, as one over whom there hung a strange cloud. She lived thus for six years, but it was a great relief to her when her aunt died and left her the cottage at Chilton, to which she went at once with Bruno, her faithful dog friend.

She did not know, until she had taken possession of the place, that her nearest neighbor was the man whose selfishness had ruined her life. She thought she hated him, and despised herself for the strange thrill which passed through her heart whenever she caught a glimpse of him riding past her humble cottage.

She had often wondered that he had never married, but when a rumor reached her that Isabella Church, the daughter of a country magnate, was to be his bride in the autumn, she burst into a frenzy of tears and sobs. Love is hard to kill, and poor Eunice, though she knew it not, still, woman-like, loved the man who had been the cause of all her suffering.

The day following that strange meeting in the avenue, Jacob Hobbs brought to the cottage a dozen hens which his master had sent to make good the loss his pistol had caused. Sorely puzzled as Jacob had been to understand his master's changable conduct, he was still more mystified by the strange behavior of Eunice, who positively and very emphatically refused to receive the fowls, and bade him carry them back to his master without delay.

Then Mr. Langholm himself came, thinking it best to patch up a truce with this woman whom he now knew he had injured far more than he had imagined; but Eunice saw him coming, d shut and bolted her door in his

The spring drifted into summer, and in July, Derrick Langholm went to the city to visit a medical friend to whom he was much attached. He visited the hospitals, and through his own carelessness and imprudence, caught a disease which came near costing him his life, He was not aware of the infection until after his return to Chilton, when he was taken ill with that dread disease, the smallnox.

The servants left the infected house like rate a burning building, and not one of the rich man's boasted friends would venture near his bedside. Only the doctor was by him, and a nurse could not be found in all the town willing to risk her life or good looks by undertaking the case.

Dr. Hammond drove to a neighboring town, and made a thorough search for a nurse there, but without success. He returned to Chilton, thinking he would have to telegraph to the city for help, but when he entered the palatial residence of the sick man, he found his patient in cool, clean bed, his head bound up in ice cloths, and a sad-eyed woman fanning him gently.

"Eunice Grey! you are the only woman in Chilton who has a heart,' cried the enthusiastic little doctor.

"I am the only woman in Chilton who has nothing to lose by nursing a small-pox patient," she said quietly.

"You have your life," said the doc-

But she made no answer to this remark, only bent so low over the sick man that her face was not seen.

Derrick Langholm came very close to that river over which we all must pass sooner or later; but to the joy of his nurse he did not die, was not even pitted, thanks to her unwavering care

and vigilance. The doctor told him that he owed his

strangely in reply.

From that time he followed the movements of his quiet nurse with thoughtful eyes, and was fretful and impatient if she left him alone at all. She never made the slightest allusion to the past, and neither did he. In fact, she never spoke to him at all when it could be avoided.

When he was nearly well, and the house was thoroughly disinfected, some of the servants came back, and then Eunice prepared to go.

She put on her shawl and bonnet, and went to the library where Derrick sat in an easy chair.

"Are you going out, Eunice?" he asked, as she entered the room. "I can't bear to spare you even for half an hour.

"I am going to my own home," she answered. "I am needed here no longer. Good-by."

She was about to leave the room, when he called her back.

" Eunice, come here to me." "I want no thanks; I have only done my duty," she said, pausing at the

"I am not going to thank you." And he rose from his chair, and went close to her, taking her hand in his.

She turned ghastly pale, and bent her gaze on the carpet at her feet. What could he be about to say?

"Eunice, I once did you a cruel wrong; I never knew how great it was until a little while ago when you told me of your sufferings. Will you let me atone for it as far as I can ?"

"There can be no atonement," she sald bitterly.

"Not complete, perhaps," he answered sadly. "But let me do what I can to make you forget the past, Eunice." "How can I forget It? What can

you do to bury it?" she asked. "I can make you my wife, Eunice."
"Your wife!" she repeated hoursely.

"But Isabella Church is"-"Is to marry my friend, Dr. Blake of the city," he interrupted. "I visit her often on his account, and this rumor has connected our names; but you are the only woman I care to marry, Eunice."

"You-love-me!" she murmured brokenly.

"I love you as you deserve to be loved, Eunice. You have been an angel of goodness to me. Forget and forgive, dearest. Raise your eyes, that I may read in them that you will be my dear wife." For an instant she hesitated, then did

as he desired. In those large brown eyes there was now no sadness, no despair; they were as brilliant and joyous as of old.

And Derrick Langholm caught their owner to his heart in a burst of love and happiness. To her his atonement was complete.

A Puzzled Young Fellow.

A family living in Nashville has a parrot noted for its wonderful powers of imitating the human voice. The family also has a daughter whose especial duty is the care of the parrot. The young lady has a young man, a recent addition to Nashville society. The young man called at the house of his lady love one evening and pulled the door-bell. The parrot, sitting in an up-stairs window, heard the jingle of the bell and called out, "Go to the window!" The young man was startled. He looked at all the windows below and found them closed. He pulled the bell-knob again. "Next door!" shouted the parrot in a voice not unlike the young lady's. The young man looked up and down the street in a puzzled sort of way as if it had suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had made a mistake in the house. Concluding that he had not, he again rang the bell. "Go to the house!" cried Poll from his perch in the upper window. 'What house?" exclaimed the young man, angrily. "The workhouse!" shrieked the parrot. The young man left in rapid transit time.

His Indian Wife.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's Indian wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl, with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ili, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet mustang pony and traveled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, resting only for a few hours on the open prairie, flying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could get up her forces anew. She forded rivers, she scaled rocky passes, and waded through morasses, and finally arrived just alive, to find her husband better. But the exposure and exertion killed her. She was seized with pneumonia and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The shock killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner; he broke a blood vessel, and both are buried in one grave.

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