

In a dozen words, that he who found himself alone on the Carricks half an hour before the tide turned would be a dead man in half an hour, for there was no point among the network of currents which the strongest swimmer could hope to gain.

"Who is it?" I asked. "Could you tell?"

"I couldn't see for sure; but it looked to me like Lucy Green that keeps company with master Brooks."

"A woman—good God!" In this peril, at least, something might possibly be done. As fast as I could cover the ground I was at the coastguard station, only to find a single old sailor on what was by courtesy called duty, a strong fellow enough, with any quantity of rope on hand; but what could two men do?

Nothing, certainly, without trying. We could carry to the edge of the cliff rope enough to reach the Carricks twice over. But that was little. How could a woman, even if she had the courage, fasten herself safely to it, and keep herself from being dashed to pieces against the face of the cliff on her giddy upward journey? And how could one man reach her, with one of hands to hold to the rope above him?

Happily, the sea was tolerably calm; otherwise, considering the shortness of the time at our disposal, nothing could have been done. It was only too certain that somebody was there. The letter carrier was positive that he had twice seen a woman on the rocks; the second time, while I was on my way to the coastguard station, he had seen her trying to clamber further out seaward, as if she had become fully aware of her danger, and was trying to place herself where she might have a chance of being seen from the shore. I looked at my watch, and the sailor looked out to sea. There was no boat to be signaled, and not nearly time to obtain one for ourselves and to row round.

The question of the boat was settled in a single look from one to the other. But the same look set the sailor's wits working.

"Run to the station," he said to the letter carrier, "and get all the oars you can lay your hands on, and bring them here, and look alive."

He craned over the edge of the path, and so did I, though more cautiously; but there were no means of seeing anything more in that way. The sea had already risen in a surge of white foam and dark green cascades over nearly the whole length of the rocks below, so that any prisoner upon them must have been driven for respite from death under the bulging part of the cliff, where she would be altogether out of sight of all but the sea-gulls. Then the old sailor looked out westward, where a broken patch of white and gray cloud seemed to be rising from the sea into the sky in the shape of a spire.

"The wind won't be here till after the turn, Sir," said he. "There won't be so much swing on as there might be." He put his hands to his mouth and shouted downward, but no answer returned. "Where's that young slug with the oars?"

I could only hope that he had some plan. I certainly could think of none. Perhaps, though as anxious as any human creature must be when a man or woman is drowning under his eyes, and when he can do nothing but wait above and listen for the dead heave of full tide against the cliff to tell him all was over, I may not have been so absorbed in the emergency as I should have been two or three hours before. What was a moment's struggle with the sea compared with that worse than death against which I was trying to put out my hands no less in vain? I was not, I feel sure, at that moment consciously thinking of the greater peril in the immediate face of the less; but that it was the greater which had well-nigh paralyzed me I know.

At last the lad hurried back with four long oars. The old sailor laid them all together, fagot-wise and bar-wise, over a cleft in the edge of the path, so that the bundle of oars might serve for one strong beam, and that the rope might run through the cleft for a groove before swinging from the projecting rim of the cliff out into the air.

Of course our idea was to fasten whomever I might find below to the loose end of the rope, in hope that the sailor, with whatever help the letter carrier could give him, would be able to draw her up, and then let down the rope again, so that I might follow. With a view to the first part of the work, I carried down with me a second rope to fasten to the noose and to act as guide from below, so that she might not swing against the face of the cliff on her upward journey. As to my return, I might manage a good deal by climbing, or I might, at any rate, be pulled up far enough to swing above the tide until further help should come.

At last I stood upon the last slab of slippery rock which the sea had not wholly covered. There was just room

enough upon it for two. And I stood face to face with Adrienne Lavalle—nay, I must call her so—Lady Gervase.

At last I could do all things for Reginald Gervase. Was I to flinch, so that my weakness should let loose upon him all from which I could save him, and that in such a way that he would never even guess the peril in which he had been? I swear that I felt as if for this very purpose she had, as if by Providence, been delivered into my hands. If only that wretched lad had never caught sight of her! But was I to let such a miserable chance as that destroy Reginald Gervase? What was I there for but to counteract chance, and to do all things for him? Suppose I did murder her, what but good would have been done? I did not shrink from thinking of the thing by its name. I had completely cooled my blood by now.

What she read in my face I know not. But something she must have read, for it was very far from the birth of a hope of rescue that I saw in hers. She seemed looking through my eyes into my heart, as if she feared it more than the sea. Neither of us spoke a word; but, meanwhile, the sea itself rose and rose, and the wind began to rise too.

I was absolutely making plans. I leave her there—it would not be my fault if she were found drowned. The body could be recovered at low water, and buried, and nobody would be the wiser. I must give up Lottie, of course; it was one thing to commit a murder, but quite another to make her the wife of a murderer, even though of one who had right on his side. I could take it into my head to leave England, and should soon be forgotten.

"Can you save me?" she said at last. "What are you going to do with me?" "I? with you?" I asked. "God knows. What are you doing with Reginald Gervase? Look, the tide will be waist-high soon. I am his friend. Are your rights or is your life the dearer to you? But I can't trust you."

I turned faint and sick at heart. How could I nerve myself, even for his sake, to be strong enough to let this weak woman die? Suddenly a heavy wave swept over the rock, brought her to her knees, and would have carried her into deep water at once had I not instinctively thrown the noose round her and held her so. It must be done, though; it was some weaker self that had saved her for a minute more.

"You can save me, and you bid me sell my rights for my life!" she said, with real scorn, and with a courage that startled me. "Yes, you say truly; you are his friend. Like master, like man."

Should I have held her there till she was drowned? Should I have been able to face the unspeakable shame of returning to the cliff alone, or should I have waited there until the tide had covered me also? I say to myself, and I say to you, what I said to myself. God knows I trust not; but I have never very confidently believed in the goodness of the good, or the badness of the bad, or the weakness of the weak or the strength of the strong, since that day.

"Ahoy, there! Hold on!" I heard a shout, and the grind of wood on the rock, and the unshipping of oars. I think we were both in the boat before we knew where we were. She was saved without my help, and I—I scarce know from what, if from anything, I had been saved.

Sir Reginald himself was at the helm. What could I do now? Absolutely nothing, at last, except give up everything to despair. I waited for the storm to burst even there and then.

It was simply to my amazement that no look or sign of recognition passed between the husband and the wife whom he—he, not I—had saved to destroy him. I waited in vain.

"Thank God I saw you from the yacht in time!" said he. "It was like you old fellow, to try to break your neck for nothing, but I don't think both of you could have got up without damage. May I ask the name of the lady whom I have been lucky enough to—allow me to introduce myself."

"I am Lady Gervase!" she said with a scornful look at me. "I thank you, Sir, for saving my life—"

"Lady Gervase!" "You seem surprised? I am the wife of Sir Reginald Gervase, of St. Moor's. May I know whom I have to thank for—"

"I really must ask you to pardon me," said he, courteously bewildered. "But Lady Gervase happens to be on board that yacht yonder. I am Sir Reginald Gervase."

What could it all mean? If you reader, cannot guess, you must be as blind as I have been. You must have forgotten my telling you that Sir Reginald had inherited St. Moor's from a cousin of his own age, and that Reginald was the family name. It that cousin had chosen to die suddenly before he had time to communicate with his wife or his friends, or to make a will,

his wife was perfectly entitled to call herself Lady Gervase if she pleased; but it could not possibly affect his heir beyond compelling him to pay a certain part of the personal estate to the widow, which he was able enough to do. What a worse than a fool I had been!

When I have heard people talk lightly of their temptations to do this or that, I have said: "The greatest and strongest temptation I ever felt was to murder, in cold blood, a woman who had never done me a shadow of wrong." People think me jesting; but it is true.

A Thick Headed Witness.

"DO YOU know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the—"

"I have, judge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten—"

"Your Honor—"

"It's a fact, judge; I'm under my oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case—his name's Smith."

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, judge hain't I bin doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away. I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly replied the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends—he's an old line Baptist without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up."

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering, "Well, if he ain't the thickest headed chap I ever laid eyes on."

Some of the Advantages of a Free Press.

THE beautiful idea of getting something for nothing is nowhere more readily traceable than in a newspaper office.

So much has been spoken, written and sung about a "free press" that people have come to accept the term in a sense entirely too liberal.

If a man has a scheme of any kind germinating, he just steps into the editorial room and details it with the remark, "I'm not quite ready to advertise yet, but a few words will help me along." He gets the few words but never gets ready to advertise.

Two tickets admitting a lady and gentleman to the "G. R. X. M. T.'s Grand Ball," are expected to produce a six-line local and a quarter column description of the ladies' toilets after the ball is over.

Church fairs and the like are worse than balls. They never leave tickets, but demand more space, because "it's a matter of news, and a help to the cause."

Should a boy saw off his finger, "Dr. C. O. Plaster dressed the wound with great skill," would be a graceful way of saying it, and besides it is "unprofessional" to advertise.

The patent rat-trap man brings in one of his combinations of wire and mouldy cheese bait, sticks it under the editor's nose, and explains how they catch 'em every time the springs work. "It's something of interest to the community and if you put in a piece save me a dozen papers," which he quietly walks off with, as though he had bestowed a favor in allowing editorial eyes to gaze on such a marvel of intricacy.

An invitation to "come down and

write up our establishment" is a good deal more common than a two square "ad." from the same firm. Newspapers must be filled up with something or other, you know.

The lawyer, with strong prejudices against advertising, is fond of seeing his case reported in full in the newspapers, with an occasional reference to his exceedingly able manner of conducting the same. It is cheaper than advertising.

In fact everybody, from a tizzard, who has an axe to grind, asks the newspaper to turn the crank, and forgets to even say thank you, but will kindly take a free copy of the paper as part pay for furnishing news.

The press being "free," all hands seem bound to get aboard and ride it to death. That is why newspapers are so rich that they can afford to pay double price for white paper and never ask Congress to aid them by removing the duty on wood pulp.—New Haven Register.

Betting on a Certainty.

A NEW industry has been started in this land of freedom and the inventors, if they have been as successful throughout their peregrinations as they were in the instance below, they must have reaped considerable profit, so legitimate does the thing appear. A young Baltimorean was introduced to a couple of well-dressed men in a leading hotel of Washington, and the three had occasion to go in the cafe and take a smile.

While in there one of the Washingtonians took off his hat, and wiped his brow, exclaimed: "How hot it is," adding, "I'm transpiring like a horse."

A smile went around among the three and his friend ventured to suggest good-naturedly that he probably meant perspiring.

"No, I don't," said he, "I mean what I say—transpiring."

"Then you are wrong," said our Baltimorean, for transpire means to take place, to occur, and in the sense in which you use it it is wrong.

"I am right," says the first man, apparently nettled into sticking up to his opinion, "and I'll bet you \$50 I am."

"I don't want to bet on a certainty," said young Baltimore, "I know I am right."

"No," said the other, "you daren't bet."

"Well," said the other taunted into action, "I'll bet you; what shall it be, \$50?"

"Yes," returned the fellow, and they accordingly repaired to the hotel, when a Webster's Unabridged was produced, the young Baltimorean read with great surprise and sorrow.

"Transpire,—To be emitted through the skin; to exhale; to pass off in insensible perspiration, &c., &c."

Next morning he met with two more men who had been led into a bet by the same parties and the same word, and it is reasonable to suppose that they are still gulling the ignorant citizens of other cities.

Wouldn't it create a lively sensation in a gossipy little Pennsylvania or Jersey village for a preacher who had just married a couple to address them as follows, as did a French priest a recently married couple: "It is from the bottom of my heart, Joseph, that I congratulate you upon the great step you are taking. It was, indeed, sad to see you wasting your youth in a life of drunkenness. However, all is well that ends well, and it pleases me to think that you have said good-by forever to the wine shop.—As to you, my poor Catherine, thank Heaven heartily that you have been able, ugly as you are, to find a husband; never forget that you ought, by an unchangeable sweetness and devotion without bounds, to try to obtain pardon for your physical imperfection, for I repeat, you are a real blunder of nature. And now, my dear children, I join you in matrimony." If it had been that bridegroom, only the priest's sacred office would have prevented us from putting a highly swelled head on him. We are not informed how Joseph took it.

A Short Sermon.

The ascent of Jack and Jill to fetch the water from its fountain head leads us to consider: 1. The attraction of the height. 2. The upward impulse of the sense of want. 3. Misdirected efforts.—

4. The profit of pursuit. 5. By this memorable catastrophe we are led to consider—the penalty of overloading.—In conclusion, this authentic history indicates that no man rises or falls in the world by himself. When Jack fell down Jill came tumbling after. Momentous issues hang on every step we take in life. The false step by which we fall is certain to involve some one else in our disaster. Therefore we ought to be ever mindful of our goings, that our footsteps may not slip, like those of Jack and Jill.

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