A Mohawk Legend.

THE valley of the Mohawk is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the world. And, if it is attractive now, what must it have been before its acres were given to tillage and its mountain sides robbed of their forest covering?

At one point a high mountain ends on one side in a terrible precipice of at least two hundred feet, at the base of which the river rolls and tumbles over its rocky bed. Connected with this mountain is a legend which, although never before put in print, still lives in the traditions of the neighborhood. It runs as follows:

More than a hundred years ago Brave Bear was one of the youngest and handsomest warriors of a tribe of Indians which dwelt in the Mohawk Valley. Tall, straight and powerful, his physical prowess won for him wide fame among his people. Indeed, he and White Deer, the chief's pretty daughter, were the pride and boast of the tribe; and, as the chief had no son, the marriage of White Deer with Brave Bear was ultimately, by general consent, to elevate the latter to the rulership of the tribe.

The young people assented to this, for it chimed exactly with their desire. Time went on, and the day fixed for the performance of the marriage rites drew

At this time white settlers had invaded some portions of the Mohawk Valley; and within a few miles of the hunting grounds of Brave Bear's tribe lived a family named Batterson, consisting of a husband, wife and daughter. Mary Batterson, just past sixteen, was fresh, blooming, and healthy. Pure air and exercise kept her cheeks red, her limbs supple, her spirits buoyant; and the whole valley could not boast a prettier girl.

One day Brave Bear, wandering near the clearing, came upon Mary. Probably he had never seen a white girl before, or, if he had, not one so attractive as Mary. Although a little frightened by the encounter, for the place was solitary, the girl was reassured by the Indian's kindly demeanor. Indeed, he showed his admiration so plainly that Mary could not but see it. He paid her the broadest of compliments in terribly broken English, and followed her to her own door. Then he turned suddenly and was gone. The fact was, that the savage was thoroughly impressed by Mary's charms, so different from the dusky beauty of White Deer. The palefaced girl was in his dreams that night, in spite of the proximity of his marriage to the chief's daughter.

With an Indian, treacherous by nature, the evil wish is father to the deed. Brave Bear's sudden love for Mary blinded him to every other sentiment. All was swallowed up in a desire to possess the newly-found treasure, and his scheming brain readily concocted a plan for her abduction. Accustomed to the proverbial submission of Indian women, he imagined that, once in possession of Mary, she would quietly become his wife.

Stealthily watching her movements he soon caught her at a sufficient distance from her house to suit his purpose. Seizing her in his powerful arms, he bore her rapidly off. She screamed, but no friendly ears heard it. She entreated, but her captor would only assure her that no violence was intended. She was, he added, to become his squaw; only, he further explained, it would be necessary for him to hide her for a few days in some safe place. His marriage to White Deer was at hand, and although the laws of his tribe did not prevent an Indian having two or more wives at once, he wished to have one marital ceremony fairly concluded before another was begun.

Brave Bear, after carrying his captive some distance, bade her walk. Knowing the uselessness of resistance, she obeyed. After a while he securely blindfolded and led her, to prevent her finding the way home in case she got away.

After a walk that seemed of many miles to poor Mary, the Indian stopped and removed the bandage from her eyes, Upon looking round, she saw that dense forests surrounded them on three sides, but the fourth was a nearly perpendicular rock.

Pushing aside the vines which overgrew the latter, the mouth of a small cave was disclosed. Into it Brave Bear conducted the girl. The interior evidently had been roughly fitted up for her reception. There was a couch of skins, some food, water, &c. There she was to remain, as her captor cautioned her, without venturing more than a few feet from the entrance. He then left

Mary's first thought's were of escape; but a moment's reflection convinced her it would be impossible. To fly would be foolishness, as she would be unable to find her way home. Therefore, she determined to stay where she was, and hope for the best, being at least safe from hunger.

That night she slept but little, and in the morning, her eyes red with weeping, she went out, and sat disconsolately

upon the fallen trunk of a tree. Now this changed to be the day of Brave Bear's marriage to White Deer. The latter, with heart overflowing with love for the handsome young warrior, rose as happy as a lark, and wandered off into the woods for an early walk.

As she went along, she came upon the captive Mary, who still sat crying. The sight of a girl so unhappy, when she herself was so joyous, touched the heart of the Indian maiden with pity. She addressed Mary as well as her limited command of English would permit. The conversation, robbed of its dialect. was as follows:

"Why does the white maiden weep ?" asked the savage.

"Because she is in very great trouble,"

replied Mary. "She is too beautiful to weep; the tears dim the brightness of her eyes. What is her trouble ?"

"She has been carried off-away from her home and friends-by a wicked Indian; and she weeps because she does not wish to remain here."

- " Why did the Indian steal her?"
- "To make her his squaw." " What is his name?"

" Brave Bear."

The swarthy features of the Indian girl grew an unearthly pale, and she fell to the ground in a swoon. Hastily bringing some water from the supply in the cave, Mary bathed her temples, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes.

"The white maiden has seen me weak," she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "now she shall see me strong. I will save her to her home and friends, and Brave Bear shall lose his pale-faced squaw. Come!"

Mary obeyed the command without a word. She felt that her escape depended upon the caprice of the Indian girl, and deemed silence and obedience the wiser

White Deer led the way through the forest without hesitation, being perfectly familiar with every nook and dell. A silent walk of an hour brought them to the verge of the precipice described above. Taking Mary's hand in one of her own, and pointing into the valley below, White Deer said, "Does the white maiden see her home?"

Mary saw familiar landmarks.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then she can go. This pathway leads round the chasm."

Mary was about to thank White Deerfor her services, but a strange,unnatural light in the latter's wild, flashing eyes restrained her; and she hurried away in the direction indicated.

Mary had gone but a few hundred yards when, upon looking back, she saw her preserver standing upon the very edge of the precipice. Her arms were extended as if in prayer, and her eyes were lifted towards heaven. Only an instant did she remain so; and then she flung herself over the rock!

Mary, horrifled by the spectacle, saw the body whirl down through the air, and fall in a mangled mass upon the

Then she ran until, breathless with fatigue and excitement, she reached her own home in safety.

MARRIED CHILDREN.

ON last Tuesday the following mar-riage notice was published in the Public Ledger:

MATLACK-CROX.—At the Parsonage, August 4th, 1880, by the Rev. Wm. M. Gilbert, George C. Matlack and Elvia L. Crox, of this city.

On Wednesday the following was published among the marriage notices

The marriage notice of George C. Mat-lack and Elvia L. Crox, published Sep-tember 14th, 1880, is false, as no such marriage took place.
GEORGE C. MATLACK.

On Friday the following was published after the last marriage notice:

This certifies that George C. Matlack and Elvia L. Crox were joined together in matrimony by me at the Union M. E. Parsonage, on the 4th of Aug., 1880, WILLIAM M. GILBERT.

In investigating the facts which led to the above publications, a Press reporter discovered a very pretty and

romantic story: Last Monday a young lady friend of Miss Elvia L. Crox, who resides with her father and mother at No. 783 Spruce Street, called on Mrs. Crox and informed her that her daughter was married to George C. Matlack, a school-boy and would be amateur actor. Mrs. Crox denied the fact with a great deal of indignation, but the young lady was firm and said that she knew that Elvia had been the wife of Matlack for some time. Mrs. Crox knew Matlack, whom she regarded as a mere boy, slightly, and she was well aware that Elvia had known him quite well, and she at once took that young lady to task. The result was that Elvis told the whole truth. She said she and Matlack had been married by Rev. Mr. Gilbert of

Union M. E. Church on the morning of August 4th. The scene which followed was a more dramatic one than is often witnessed in amateur theatres.

Mrs. Crox loudly announced her disapproval of her daughter's conduct, and when Miss Elvia began to excuse herself on the ground of her love, the story goes that Mrs. Crox cut the explanation short with a rattan. The result was the publication of the marriage in the next morning's paper. When Mr. Matlack, Sr., who is a well-to-do iron merchant. strict in his dealings with men and sometimes quite stern in his demeanor, demanded the truth from young George, the husband of a month became a boy again. He had not the moral courage to tell the truth and he denied the fact of the marriage.

"Then go and put your denial in the paper," said the stern father. Poor George meekly went to the Ledger office and wrote and published his denial of the story. The next morning when the lad saw the Judas-like lines in cold type, he was seized with remorse, and he rushed to his love and re-told the story of eternal devotion with all the earnestness and energy of a lover in the honeymoon. When Elvia asked him how he could deny the marriage, he said he did it because he was afraid of his father, who he continued had been extremely cross. He assured and re-assured his dear Elvia that all was right, and that some day he would be 21, and until that happy time and forever after he would do nothing but love her. Miss Eivia was perfectly satisfied, though with womanly shrewdness she reminded George that she did not deny the marriage and that she, too, had had a stern parent to deal with. At the end of the interview the young lovers thought their troubles all over, but the course of their married life never had run smooth, and they discovered another ripple on the uneven surface the next day. Elvia's parents could not allow George's repudiation of the marriage to stand, and they so informed their daughter. There was but one thing to do, and the old folks lit upon that with an alacrity which astonished Miss Elvia and astounded Master George -a statement over the name of the preacher who married them must be got and published. Miss Elvia entirely agreed that this was the proper thing to do, and George for the first time in his life fully understood the import of the dread words of the poet :

Needles and pins, needles and pins, When a man's married his trouble begins.

He knew that his folks were not yet fully aware of the truth. They firmly believed his story. They would read the reverend gentleman's card. The whole truth would come out, and there would be the mischief to pay. George did not at all enjoy the development of the plot. A pleasant little comedy was getting to be very like a tragedy. young amateur trembled in his shoes, and longed for the conventional goodnatured friend of the parties to make everything all right in the last act. The Ledger of Friday came out, and with it the bold and terse lines of the preacher which the way-faring man, though a bachelor, could not fail to understand. Of course, the very first thing that Mr. Matlack, Sr., saw after he had put on his spectacles and picked up his paper was the assertion from a source which admitted of no contradiction that his son and Miss Elvia had been man and wife for more than a month. In the scene that ensued Mr. Matlack played the part of the irate father with more than usual vehemence and young George recited his lines with less than the courage of the amateur.

The principal parties to this affair, Miss Elvia L. Crox and George C. Matlack, are well known in amateur theatrical circles. Miss Crox is the daughter or adopted daughter of John H. Crox, who formerly kept a restaurant at No. 261 South Ninth Street, but who now lives on Spruce Street. She is a remarkably pretty girl and has just turned seventeen. In dress she is rather showy and always attracts the attention of the gentlemen. She is also exceedingly graceful in person, and intelligent enough, her friends thought, to make a fine actress. For a long time she had been in the habit of appearing on the stage, and lately for one week at the Museum, under the name of Rosalle Lucas. The young groom has also been stage struck. He has appeared on the amateur boards two or three times with more or less success. He will be seventeen in December, and is a large, manlylooking fellow, though he is still a High School boy. Matlack's father is a very respectable gentleman in affluent circumstances. He lives on Marshall Street, in an aristocratic quarter of the city, and he is well known in business circles and in society. Miss Elvia and young Matlack became acquainted three months ago, though it is hinted that her husband had long admired her and was anxious to be introduced long before that time. The courtship was as short as the marriage was sudden. The family of Matlack had no acquaintance whatever with Miss Crox and did not

know such a lady was in existence until the notice of the marriage was read at the family breakfast table. The parents of the young couple are reticent, and are sorry that publicity has been given to the affair. The Croxs seem to take a cheerful view of the situation, but Mr. Matlack is very much worried. He called on Mr. and Mrs. Crox on Friday and intimated that he would send the boy into the country, and possibly steps will be taken to annul the marriage on account of the youth of the parties. The affair is considered a most interesting one by a large circle of people, and future developments are looked for with Interest. - Philadelphia Press of the 20th Inst.

A Slippery Evening.

MARIA ANN went to the front door last evening, to see if the afternoon paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she opened the door she remarked:

"I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic"—that was all; but I heard some one bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner. and I reached the door just in time to see my better-half sliding across the sidewalk in a sitting posture. I suggested as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me, on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and, as I overheard them, I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend upon, but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afrald to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe-I believe I can make my way through the world," his feet slid out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he never could make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and if he did he would go through among the "Heathen Chinee," and he was really grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madam Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together, their hearts beat as one. Said he, "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work, if I can make you happy. It shall be my daily aim to surround you with comfort ; my sympathy shall " lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and your support, your"-he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate; and as I passed them she was trying to lift

The lawyers coming from the Court House next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule this out. We must concede the first two points. We can afford to do it if the evidence sustains us in the third; but on this position we must take our

firm stand"—his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents. ther accidents.

A Girl's Mistake.

A Galesburg, Ill., despatch says: This town is greatly agitated over the marriage of Galesburg's most refined and highly educated young ladies to a colored man who was a servant in the family. She is highly connected, her father having been an eminent divine at the time of his death, and well known in Episcopal circles throughout the northwest. The couple ran away last evening and were married. To-day they were found several miles from this city at a colored man's residence.

A Proud Father.

Henry Herbert Crane lived childless at Grafton, Ohio, until he was 65. Then his young wife gave birth to twins. The joyful father hired a band of music and marched through the village bearing a banner on which was inscribed the word, "Victory."

Sausage that is not Desirable.

Some boys at Oberlin, Ohio, had heard that sausage was made of cats and dogs. Getting into a sausage factory, they started a chopping machine, and threw a puppy and seven kittens into the hopper. The local Bergh society has begun a prosecution.

What Everybody Wants,

Is a pleasant, reliable medicine that never does any harm, and prevents and cures disease by keeping the stomach in perfect order, the bowels regular, and the kidneys and liver active. Such a medicine is Parker's Ginger Tonic. It relieves every case, and we have seen stacks of letters from thousands who have been saved and cured by it. See other column.—Tribune.

MUSSER & ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A HARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

BLACK ALPACCAS AND

Mourning Goods

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

A SPECIALITY.

MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of

SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE.

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

The Blood is the Life.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of

Scrofulous Affection, Cancerous Formation, Brysipelus, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Hheum, Mercurial and aft Skin Diseases,

This remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from debilitating diseases and Female Com-plaints, will find speedy relief by using this rem-edy.

C. W. Lincott, of Messopotamia, O., says it cur-ed him of Scrofula of thirty years. Two bottles cured Mrs. E. J. Dukes, of Colfax, Ind., of ulcer-ated ankle and big neck. Lindsey's Blood Search-er cured my son of Erysipelas—Mrs. E. Smeitzer, Larimer Station. Pa.. The BLOOD SEARCHER is the safest, surest and most powerful purifier ever known. Frice \$1.00 per bottle.

and most powerful puriod \$1.00 per bottle. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittaburgh, Pa.

To Regulate The Liver.

Use only SKLLERS' LIVER PILLS, the best and only true Liver Regulator. Established over 50 years. They cure Headache, Billousness, Cost-ies, Liver Complaint. Fever and Ague, and all similar diseases like magic. Get the right kind. Sellers' Liver Pills, 25 cents.

The great worm destroyer:—SELLERS' V MIFUGE. "Expelled 400 worms from my claw years old."—Wm. Sarver. St. Louis. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents e ach. I SELLERS & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh. Send for circulars.

NOTICE!

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Perry county, that he has a large and well selected stock of

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, DRUGS, WINES & LIQUORS, IRON. NAILS,

HORSE and MULE SHOES,

SPRINGS,
SPRINGS,
SPRINGS,
HUBS,
FELLOES,
SHAFTS,
BROOM HANDLES,
WIRE,
TWINES, &c.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Plaster, and Cement-

SOLE, CALF, KIP and UPPER LEATHER, FISH, SALT, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TRAS, SPICES,

MIXED PAINTS,

(ready for use.) The best is the CHEAPEST.

John Lucas & Co's ...

And a large variety of goods not mentioned, all of which were bought at the Lowest Cash Prices, and he offers the same to his Patrons at the Very Lowest Prices for Cash or approved trade. His motto—Low prices, and Fair dealings to all. Go and see him.

Respectfully,
S. M. SHULER.

Liverpool, Perry Co. Pa.

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS FOUT

For Sale by S. B. Smith, New Bloom rry County, Pa.