

course you will come to us now that you are able to do so. I think we could make you more comfortable," glancing around the homely, rather poverty-stricken little room, "and then we are all actually dying to see you."

"Thank you," said Joe, "but I'm more than comfortable here. I shall not change my quarters for another week certainly."

"But you will surely come to us in season for Thanksgiving. Indeed, we cannot be thankful without you. And we shall invite the other cousins, too, of course," with a patronizing smile at Emily.

"Then I am afraid I shall be the means of causing you to be in an ungrateful state of mind on that day, for Emily agreed last night to marry me at Thanksgiving. I shall be obliged to go to the city then, the doctor thinks I shall be able to do so, and I felt that I could not go and leave her behind me, though I am not afraid that any evil, lying report could have power to separate us again. Emily has forgiven me for being such a fool as to have believed the old one, though it seemed very plausible, and we are very happy." And he gazed into Miss Sawyer's face with intense meaning.

She grew white to the very lips. "Ez for Mis' Rollins an' me, we can't accept your kind invitation, neither, ez we're both goin' ter Boston ter visit a while," said Aunt Debby, raising from her seat, and making a low courtesy.—"P'raps your folks 'll be able to come and see us agin, now, though," she added, "seem', thanks to Mr. Ashton, we own this farm an' the Clark place jinin' it, an' Mis' Rollins hez a sum in the bank, too. Life is awful freaky Kate Sawyer, an' providence is curus, but when folks ain't jest what they'd orter be, they generally git their come-uppance. Not that I ain't dretful sorry for you, an' yer disappointed ma, ez well."

Kate did not once turn her head until she was in her own room at home, a mile and a half away, and the look of anger that flashed over her face showed how great had been her disappointment. Her mortification and regret was still further increased, as she saw the happy wedding party leave for Boston a few days later.

A Perjured Witness.

I THINK about 1846 my friend Bronson Murray, who then lived at Deer Park, La Salle county, sent for me to come to Ottawa and defend his hired man, who, killing a neighbor in a quarrel, had been indicted for murder. A sudden quarrel had arisen, and the prisoner, seizing a hickory stake from his sled, had struck the deceased, one hard blow on the head, producing death.

I sat down to the trial, supposing I had a clear case of manslaughter, and one free from difficulty, and the only question would be the extent of my client's imprisonment. There was no controversy about the quarrel and the blow, and that death was the result.—These facts having been proved, the prosecution called the officer who had arrested the prisoner. He was a large muscular man, very dark and sinister in his appearance, and as he took the stand I saw him scowl at the prisoner, who was an impulsive passionate Irishman, in a way that startled me. I immediately asked the defendant if he ever had any difficulty with the witness, "Yes, the witness hates me and threatened to have me hanged," he replied.

After describing the arrest the witness was asked:

"Did you on your way to the county jail, have any conversation with the prisoner in regard to the killing, and if so, state what he said." He replied: "On our way as we were riding across the prairie, I asked him what made him strike the deceased, and why he struck so hard. Prisoner answered: 'D—him, I'm glad he is dead; I have long had a grudge against him, and I'm d—glad I have killed him.'"

"Take the witness said the state's attorney;" in the tone of a man who has made out his case, and he had. The witness had supplied the proof to change the killing from manslaughter to murder, and unless I could break down or contradict him my client was lost. By one of those impulses which I cannot explain, but which all of us have experienced, I felt that the witness had been swearing false. I knew it, but how could I make it manifest to the jury? The terrible confession was made, as the witness said, when he and the prisoner were alone upon the prairie, and therefore there was no possibility of contradiction. "It is a lie, every word of it," whispered the prisoner. I knew it perfectly well, but how to prove it?

I began the cross examination without a plan; at first putting a few questions quietly, and studying the man whom I had never seen before. After a few unimportant questions, asked to gain time and try and make out what manner of man he was, I led him back to the confession. I asked him if he

was sure he had repeated the exact words of the prisoner. He replied: "I have not altered one of them." I saw he was one of those who, if he once swore the horse was sixteen feet high, would stick to it. I then asked him to repeat the confession, which he did, and as I expected with variations. I then called his attention to the fact that some time had passed between the confession and the trial, and then asked him why, if in his direct evidence he had given the identical words, he could not now on the stand repeat them twice in the same way. He thought it necessary to strengthen his statement and said:

"I wrote down at the time what the prisoner said, so I might not forget it, and I have got the paper yet, and I have read it over to-day, and it is the very words I first stated."

I knew he was lying, I felt it, and I arose and asked him sternly, "Where is the paper? Tell me instantly."

"In my pocket," said he.

"Produce it," said I. I knew that he had no such paper. He turned pale the sweat rolled down his face.

On my repeating my demand for the paper, he refused point blank.

I repeated, "You have sworn you wrote down at the time, on paper, the statement of what the prisoner said; that you have brought with you that paper to court; have read it over to-day and that you have it now in your pocket. Is that true?"

"Yes," said he falteringly.

"Then," said I, "will you produce it and let me see it?"

"No," said he, "no lawyer shall see my private papers."

"Is there anything on the written paper besides the memorandum of what the prisoner said?"

"Yes, on the same papers are private writings which no man shall see."

"Hold the paper in your own hands, then, so that I can see and read only the memorandum. Have you any objection to that?" said I.

"You shall not see any of it," said he. He was sinking deeper and deeper in the morass.

"Very well," said I.

"Perhaps you will allow the judge or the jury to see it, if you don't want me to see it?"

"Nobody shall see it," said he.

"This has gone far enough," said I.—"You have no such paper and never had and I now ask the court to make an order that you produce the paper or be committed to jail, until you do produce it."

The judge made the order, and as the hour for dinner had come, adjourned. I knew that my client was saved; but not by any skill of mine, but what I hardly know how to characterize. But I think we old lawyers often see results which indicate that there is something outside of ourselves or any known agency, which sometimes leads to the triumph of truth and the protection of the innocent.

On the coming in of the court the witness was forced to acknowledge that he had no such paper, and the state's attorney said:

"I will not ask the jury to place any reliance upon this witness."

A verdict of manslaughter and a short imprisonment was the upshot of the trial.

Tricks of the Race Course.

THE defeat of Bend Or, on whom odds were betted for the St. Leger last week was neither the first nor the most remarkable disaster that had befallen favorites and their backers on the historic Town Moor of Doncaster. The little town for which resident of the county of broad acres has so warm a corner in his heart has seen, since first the stake called after "Handsome Jack," St. Leger was run over its course, some of the most sensational—and scandalous—episodes recorded in the annals of English racing. Doncaster in the olden time was a famous resort of the nobility and gentry during the race week; indeed, no other race course is as rich in interesting reminiscences. It was there that the Prince of Wales rode on a memorable occasion side by side with the Earl of Clermont, whom a loyal populace took, in his hood and wrappings, for the antiquated Princess Amalia. His Royal Highness being lustily cheered by that loyal populace for his pious devotion to his grand-aunt. There was out-hunting in those days in the morning, and after the races, (which began at 12 o'clock,) and dinner it was *de rigueur* to attend the theatre. The county magnates went up to Doncaster in lumbering coaches with surprising retinues, and it was an unending cavalcade which poured out to the Moor. And after the races, when a North Country horse had won, the inns saw queer scenes, such as the late Lord Glasgow knocking down the waiter and bidding the landlord "put him in the bill," or the smashing by a patriotic Yorkshire baronet of all the mirrors in the house properly to celebrate the success of a friend's horse. And half a century ago a North Country horse had

to win. "Win, tie or wrangle," was the code not infrequently adhered to by partisans of the North against the representatives of the unpopular South, and never was this more conspicuously shown than in 1825 when Fleur de Lis, afterwards a renowned cup horse, was run into and knocked down as she was winning so as to let up Mr. Watt's Memmon, the favorite. The Leger of the year before was marked by an attempted fraud which was singularly detected and signally thwarted. Mr. Gascoigne's Jerry had been so highly tried that his owner and Croft, the trainer, knew he could not be beaten; nevertheless money was laid against the favorite by the hatful. The trainer was perplexed beyond measure at the confidence of the layers, but on the eve of the race, as he was walking by the turnpike gate, he observed a post-chase drawn up for a moment to pay the toll, and the light from the lamp hung on high, shot its unmasking rays into the interior of the vehicle. The head of Ridsdale, who, originally a Yorkshire footman, ranked then as a great potentate in the ring was thrust from the window, and conversing by his side in the back of the chaise were revealed the well-known face and form of Edwards, the famous jockey and one of a famous family of jockeys. Croft instantly had the secret, for it was Ridsdale's party that had been foremost in their hostility to the favorite; but not a word did he or Mr. Gascoigne breathe to living soul. The day came; Jerry was saddled and Edwards had his foot in the stirrup, when he was "invited" to dismount, and Ben Smith sprang into the saddle, and steered the favorite home an easy winner. The ring was hard hit, and the late Mr. Geo. Payne, then a young man and heavy better, lost £30,000. It was thus that the Duke of Queensberry foiled the conspirators who had bought up his jockey in a £10,000 match. "What a nice horse!" said his Grace, as he saw the animal saddled; "I guess I'll ride him myself," and throwing off his overcoat showed himself in silk and cords, and mounting the horse won with ease.

Start Her up, Jimmy.

AS THE Overland Express was snorting through Alameda, California, on its way to New York, the engineer suddenly whistled down brakes, the conductor frantically shouted and jerked the signal line, and with many a jar and squeak the long line of cars was brought to a stop.

The cause of this "sudden fetchup" was a fat old lady with a red face and a green parasol, who had planted herself squarely in front of the engine, and made the most frantic signals for it to pause.

"What's the matter? Anything on the track?" said the engineer excitedly.

"Nothing but me," said the old lady stilly.

"Has there been a smashup? Is there—there a draw bridge open?"

"Don't poke fun at me, young man: I want to see the proprietor."

"The what?"

"The man who runs this thing—the captain—or whatever you call him."

"What do you want with the conductor?"

"None of your business. I want to see the head man—the boss—and at once."

"Well ma'am, said that functionary running up, watch in hand, what's up? What can I do for you?"

"You go through to Chicago, don't you?"

"Why of course. What of it?"

"Know my son Bill—Bill Skinderson—there."

"No. For heaven's sake get off the track, you old —"

"Don't sass me, you red nosed gorilla, or I'll inform on you. Deary me, I thought every body knew my boy Bill—prominent man there—runs the biggest fruit stand in town, and—hands off! you rascal. Don't dare to touch me.—I'll move when I'm a good ready."

"Well, then hurry up. What do you want?"

"Oh, I thought you'd change your tune. Well, I wish you'd just stop over a day or two at Chicago and look up Bill, and tell him that little Mariah Jane's janders have kinder worked round into fits, and there's more hopes. She's sorter —"

"Start her up, Jimmy!" yelled the furious conductor; and if the old lady hadn't hustled up her skirts and humped herself she would have had a first-class case of damages against the company. After that she stood apoplectic with rage, shaking her parasol at the disappearing train, and announcing her determination to go right over and see Gov. Standard, the very minute the dishes are washed.

Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y. 43 2t

SUNDAY READING.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father," The blacksmith's daughter said, As she took from her arms a kettle And lifted its shining lid. "There's not any pie or pudding, So I will give you this;" And upon his toll worn forehead She left the ebullient kiss. The blacksmith took off his apron And dined in happy mood, Wondering much at the savor Hid in his humble food; While about him were visions Full of prophetic bliss; But he never thought of magic In his little daughter's kiss. While she with her kettle swinging Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild-bird's lay; And I thought how many a shadow Of life and fate we would miss, If always our frugal dinners Were seasoned with a kiss.

Putting Off.

A preacher determined to preach on the text, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." While in his study thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamed he was carried into hell and set down in the midst of a conclave of lost spirits. They were assembled to devise means to get at the souls of men. One arose and said, "I will go to the earth and tell men that the Bible is all a fable—that it is not divinely appointed of God."

"No that will not do," said another; "let me go; I will tell men that there is no God, no Saviour, no heaven, no hell," and at the last words a fiendish smile lighted up all their countenances.

"No, that will not do; we can not make men believe that."

Suddenly one arose, and with a wise mein, like the serpent of old, suggested, "No, I will journey to the world of men, and tell them that there is a God, that there is a Saviour, that there is a heaven—yes, and a hell, too—but I will tell them there is no hurry; to-morrow will do, it will be 'even as to-day,' and they sent him.

Don't Shilly Shally.

There is an anecdote told of Wendell Phillips which it will do our young men no harm to remember. It is said that his wife, though a confirmed invalid, has always been an encouragement and an inspiration to him. When about to leave her sick chamber to make some stirring speech she was wont to say to him, "Now, Wendell, don't shilly shally." How much this has had to do with his incisive and never uncertain utterances it might be hard to say. The words however, shape themselves into a motto not to be forgotten. Whether you are engaged in the active business of life or indulging in the precarious luxury of making love, "don't shilly shally." In this peculiarly advanced age, when "things are not what they seem;" when we adulterate every thing from food to religion, when the word shrewdness is received as a sufficient accurate synonyme for honesty, the great want is that uprightness and downright-ness which means what it says and says what it means. If you want to succeed in life try the virtue of that higher law which commands you not to sand your sugar and not to shilly shally.

Out of the Garden.

There is a beautiful garden in which God places every child that crosses the boundaries of life and enters this world. It is the Garden of Innocence. It is like the Eden of Adam and Eve. A tree of the knowledge of good and evil is in it. The fruit of the tree of life grows there. Satan has found his way into it, too. No angel is there to drive the child out. God does not forbid it there. But there is one door out of this garden. It is the door of sin. And out from this garden of Innocence, through this door of sin, into the realm of guilt, the children are passing, one by one. They find this door without guidance; for it is wide, and always open. They cross its threshold without compulsion.—What a mercy it is that the canopy of Christ's atonement hangs over all this outer realm of guilt into which our dear children are straying with heedless feet! What a joy it is that on the thorniest road and in the darkest ravine the Good Shepard is going to and fro, "to seek and to save that which was lost!"

Every other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lay the bricks and stone in a building are inferior to the architect who drew the plan, and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pain and application. It is troublesome, and like digging for pure waters; but, when once you come to the spring, it raises up to meet you.

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SPRINGS,
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BROOM HANDLES,
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THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

\$1000 in GOLD.

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NOTICE!

In the Court of Common Pleas of Perry County:

WILLIAM JACOBS vs. MATILDA JACOBS.

To MATILDA JACOBS, Respondent:

Madam—Please take notice that the Court of Common Pleas of said County, has granted a rule on you to show cause why a divorce a vinculo matrimonii should not be decreed in the above case.

Returnable on last MONDAY of October next.

J. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

September 7, 1880.