#### A BLESSED MISTAKE.

KATIE ran into the kitchen singing, but the song died on her lips when she saw her sister Hannah's stern look, and her mother's tear falling over an open letter in her lap.

"What's the matter?" cried Katie, " Mother, has anything happened ?"

"Nothing but what we expected," said Hannah before Mrs. Derwent could open her lips to reply. "The agent writes that we must give up the farm next Monday."

The tears started to Kitty's blue eyes. "And this is Wednesday," she said; "it is too bad! I just hate that Mr. Arle! Why does he, with all his wealth want to take away our little farm? Oh, dear! Can't anything be done?"

Mrs. Derwent only sobbed in answer, but Hannah looked keenly at her young sister, as she said, meaningly :

"You are the one who can best answer that question, Katie."

Katle's face turned crimson, and then

"Oh, Hannah," she said, imploringly, "don't ask me to do that, for I cannot; no, I never can !" "You would rather see us turned out

of home than make a small sacrifice, then ?"

"A small sacrifice, Hannah? To me it seems very large,"

"Heaven only knows what we are to do!" wailed Mrs. Derwent. haven't fifty dollars in the world."

"Can't we borrow enough money from Squire Davis to pay off this mortgage?" asked Katie, desperately.

"You must think Squire Davis has uo sense," said Hannah, sharply. "He would know well enough there was no chance of our ever paying him back. We mapage to make just enough off the farm to live and that's all."

"To think that I should have to go to the almshouse in my old age," moaned Mrs. Derwent.

"Oh, mother! surely not quite so bad as that?" said Katle.

"Perhaps you will kindly suggest some plan," said Hannah, sarcastically. "I know of but one way in which we can keep our home, and that does not appear to suit you."

"I'll think it over," said Katie, "and while I am thinking, I will catch that gray rooster you want for dinner, Han-

" Very well; but Paul can't help you, for I've sent him on an errand. And I hope you'll think to some purpose, Katie.'

Hannah began to wash up the breakfast dishes as she spoke, knowing that her sister understood very well what she meant by her last remarks, for Katie sighed heavily as she put on her straw hat and went out to the farm-yard in search of the gray cock, which she found scratching in some straw, utterly unconscious of his impending doom.

But at the first flutter of her apron, which she tried to throw over him, he fled, closely pursued by the young girl, whose seventeen summers had not given her dignity, or taken from her a childish love for racing and climbing.

But running proved hard work in the hot August sun, out of breath at last. Katle stopped in a clover-field, the frightened fowl still a safe distance off.

In Squire Davis' great meadow she could see the busy laborers loading the immense wagons with new-mown hay, and just beyond the stone wall which divided his farm from the Widow Derwent's lay one of the men under the shade of a spreading oak tree his hat pulled over his eyes, and his rake lying on the green grass beside him.

A sudden inspiration seized Katie, who, putting her feet on the jutting stone of the wall, sprang lightly to the

"Man!" she called loudly-"oh; man! will you help me catch my rooster? I know Squire Davis won't mind if you do,"

The man thus singularly addressed sat up suddenly, and thereby revealing a wealth of curly chestnut hair. His clothes were rough and Ill-fitting, it is true, but his face, a refined and handsome one, and his bearing far above that of the average hired man.

"I will help you in any way I can," he said, after a quick glance at the flushed, pretty face of the girl on the stone wall. "Did you say you wanted me to help you catch a rooster ?" hesitating just a little.

"Yes, my sister wants him for dinner, and I've run until I'm tired out. Do you suppose the squire will scold if you spend a little while helping me ?"

"Why should he?" in a tone of surprise.

"Well, he's very strict, and his hired men have to work hard, I've heard. I guess he don't know of your resting under this tree, and I'm afraid he will hear of it from the other men, and pay

you your wages and turn you off." "Ob, I see," said the young man

with a smile.

"It is true; you don't know him as

well as I do. I guess you haven't been working for him long."

"Only this morning."

"You look smart enough to make something better of yourself than a hired man in a hayfield," pursued Katle. "But of course that is your own affair. Don't let us waste any more time talking; that rooster is getting all his strength back."

The young man sprang lightly over the stone wall, and again the chase began, the poor fowl succumbing to his destiny after five minutes of hard run-

ning. "And now you had better hurry back to the hay field," Katle said, after thanking the young man for his assistance, "or you will certainly lose your place. It isn't very pleasant to be turned off. Oh, dear, I forget that we are to be turned off ourselves next Monday."

"What do you mean ?"

"Well, I suppose you've heardeverybody in the neighborhood knows it-that there's a mortgage on our farm. It has been due six months, and now the agent writes we must leave next Monday. Oh, how I hate that Mr. Arle!" setting her small white teeth together vindictively.

The young man started violently. "Is he the holder of the mortgage?" he asked, biting at a wisp of hay he held in his hand, his dark eyes bent on the

ground.

"Yes, and he is rich enough, if report is true, to afford to make us a present of the old farm. But I must go, or Hannah will be scolding," and with repeated thanks for the help he had given her, she hurried away, thinking him far superior to any laborer she had ever previously met and hoping the squire would not give him a scolding for shirking work.

The chicken dinner was much enjoyed by little Paul, the only one of the family who did not feel troubled at the impending removal from the old home, and he, poor child! was too young to know what sorrow meant.

Hannah looked stern and forbidding. Mrs. Derwent's eyes were red, and there were traces of tears on Katie's cheeks, for she had not escaped a scolding from Hannah for unnecessary delay in the catching of the fowl.

When dinner was over, and she had helped her sister tidy the kitchen, Katie took a tin pail from the pantry and her hat from its peg and started out.

"Where are you going?" asked Hannah, sharply.

"To the stone wall in the pasture to pick blackberries," answered Katie. "I saw some nice ones up there this morning, when I was chasing the rooster, and I thought mother would like some for supper."

"Very well," said Hannah; "but don't stay the whole afternoon, for you've all these dish-towels to hem, though there's no telling if we'll use 'em, since we'll be in the poor house after Monday.

The afternoon sun shone full on the blackberry bushes, and Katie found picking the ripe fruit no cool task; but she preferred it to sitting in the house with Hannah, listening to bitter reproaches for her refusal to take the step which could prevent the old home from passing into the hands of Mr.

"Why should I have nothing, and Squire Davis all the good things?" she said, aloud, " Even the cool shade is on his side of the wall !"

She was interrupted in her rebellious reflections by the sudden appearance of Hannah, almost out of breath from run-

"Katie," she said, "come home at once, Squire Davis is waiting to see you."

"Oh, Hannah, I can't go! I don't want to see him!"

"Katie Derwent you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Hannah, loudly. "Squire Davis is rich, a member of church, and a man any woman might be glad to marry."

"But he is so old, Hannah, and I am only seventeen."

"Pshaw! what does that matter? You will see us thrown on the charity of our friends, robbed of home, and its comforts, rather than make a trifling sacrifice. You can't have much love for your poor, sick mother or little brother. Squire Davis would pay off the mortgage at once if you would only promise to marry him. Come, Katie, don't be so stubborn."

"I'm not stubborn, Hannah. I would do almost anything for mother and Paul, but, oh! let me have a little more time. I will think of it-I will indeed. Tell the squire to come to-morrow, and I'll give him my answer."

"Do you suppose he will submit to such treatment ?" demanded Hannah. "Tell to come and go at your fancy! You promised last Sunday to give him an answer to-day."

"But I can't, Hannah; no I can't to-day. You can tell him anything you like, but I won't see him to-day."

"Then I'll tell him I couldn't find you," said the wily Hannah. "If I should tell him you had refused to come

he would suspect something." Katie waited until her sister's gaunt figure had disappeared over the rising ground, and then, throwing herself down by the blackberry bushes, burst into tears.

"I suppose I must do it," she moaned. " No, you mustn't," said a very sympathetic voice, and looking up Katle espled, to her astonishment, her acquaintance of the morning, sitting above her on the stone wall. He was handsomely dressed now in a suit of gray tweed, and looked undeniably a gen-

"Were you listening?" she demanded, sitting up, the tears still lingering on her long, curling eyelashes.

"Yes, I was," was the frank reply. "You see, I grew tired of work, so I left the squire's employ put on my Sunday clothes and strolled out. I was lying down in the shade of the wall, dozing and had just become aware of your presence on the other side when your sister came. Of course I could not then declare my proximity without embarrassing you both, so I waited."

"You don't seem to think you are embarrassing me now," said Katie, wondering why his black eyes sparkled so mischieviously.

"Am I?" very cooly. "Well, I am very sorry. Still you don't look very much overcome with confusion."

"Appearances are deceitful sometimes" said Katie, rising to her feet.

"True; you will have cause to remember that later. Now, take a little advice in return for that you gave me this morning. Don't let your sister persuade you to marry the squire. You are far too young to take the position of stepmother to his five children."

"But if I don't marry him we can't keep the farm. No one else will lend us the money to pay off the mortgage. Oh, how I hate that Mr. Arle!" The young man smiled.

"Something tells me that all will come out right in the end," he said. "Wait a little while and see if I am not correct in my prophecy."

"You are very kind, I'm sure, to take such an interest in me," said Katie. "I thank you very much; and now goodbye-I feel too badly to stay out in this hot sun any longer," and picking up her pail of berries she walked away, the young man watching her until she was lost to sight over the rising ground of the clover field.

Katie's heart felt lighter, though she could scarcely tell why, and she crept up the back stairs to her own room unnoticed by Hannah, and bathed her red eyes. Then, feeling much refreshed, she threw herself on her bed and was soon asleep, completely worn out by the excitement of the day.

She was awakened by the sound of voices in the parlor below, and curious to know who the visitor could be, she smoothed her hair and went down stairs.

The parlor door stood half open, and she advanced as far as the threshold, but no further, for to her infinite amazement she saw, seated on the sofa in easy conversation with her mother, the young man whom she had left two hours previously by the stone wall in the clover field.

"Katie, this is Mr. Arle," said Mrs. Derwent; "and he has been so kind as to offer to let us keep the farm at a small rent. Come and thank him."

But Katie did not stir in obedience to her mother's command. She gazed at Mr. Arle a moment as if petrified with amazement, and then turning, fled slamming the door behind her.

"Forgive her rudeness, Mr. Arle," murmured the proper Hannah. "She is only a child, and does not know how to behave."

George Arle smiled, but said nothing, understanding better than Hannah Katie's strange conduct.

Katie was standing under the apple tree by the gate in the front garden when George Arle came out of the house and she waited for him.

"Forgive me," she said, as he came close to her. "I did not know. I tho't you were really-

"The squire's hired man," he interrupted. "You see that, as you said appearances are deceitful sometimes I borrowed that old suit from Bob Davis, and I went to the hay field for a frolic; but I found it less fun to toss hay than I had anticipated, so I went under that old tree to lie down. I came yesterday to the squire's to spend a few days with Bob."

"What must you have thought of me?" Katie faltered. "I gave you advice and said-"

"That you hated Mr. Arle. Oh, I don't bear you any grudge. I am very glad you did not know to whom you were speaking, for, had you known, I should not probably have learned what my agent was about. I did not even know that the mortgage was due; or, if he told me of it, I had forgotten it. But it is all right now, and there is no reason

whatever that you should marry the squire," with a merry laugh.

Then he went away, and left Katie with a radiant face and a very light heart, standing by the gate.

When the squire came the next day for his answer he received it from Katle, herself, and it was very decidedly in the negative.

Disappointed and chagrined, the elderly lover went home to pour the story of his sorrows into the ears of his guest, George Arie, who sincerely advised him to transfer his affections from his childish Katie to the practical Hannah, who was in every way fitted to rule his house with judgment and economy.

The squire's thoughts were driven into a new channel, and he was not slow to see the soundness of the advice

offered blm. The result was, that three months had

scarcely elapsed before Hannah was installed mistress of the Davis household, she having no scruples on the score of her admirer's advanced years. The three months had not proved

uneventful to Katle, who received calls from George Arle whenever he could spare a day from his business in the city. Standing together one evening in late October under the old apple tree by the gate, the young man suddenly took in his both the small brown hands of his blushing companion.

"Katie," he said, trying to look into the blue eyes which were persistently averted, "tell me, dearest, do you still hate that Mr. Ale ?"

There was no answer, and George raised with one hand the dimpled chin until he could at last see into the sky blue eyes. What answer to this question he read there, he could best tell; but it must have been the one he wanted, for soon after there was a quiet wedding in the village church where Katle had worshipped since her childhood, and the blushing girl became the wife of him she had once mistaken for the squire's hired man.

Before they left the village George Arle placed in his bride's hands a deed of the old farm, with the remark :

"Give it to your mother, Katie. It will be a gift which cannot fail to remind her pleasantly of the little girl who persuaded the squire's hired man to help chase the rooster, and in so doing sealed her fate forever. That old gray rooster little knew how he would help us to a life together by running into that clover field - bless him!"-She thought it a "blessed mistake"

## Joking the Lawyer.

GOOD-NATURED Griswold street A lawyer left his office uno ccupied for an hour about two o'clock one hot afternoon, and some of the jokers in the block went in and built up a rousing hot fire in his coal stove. He came back with his hat in his hand and almost dead with the heat, and was met on the stairs by a lawyer who said:

"This is the hottest yet. The thermometer in my room marks 120 de-

grees," "Don't seem possible, though it's a

on to his room. He threw down his hat, took off his coat, and began fanning himself; but the harder he fanned the hotter he grew. Two or three lawyers came in and spoke about how cool his room was compared to theirs, and were greatly puzzled to account for it. Several offers were made him to change rooms, and pretty soon he became ashamed of being so overheated and sat down to his table. In five minutes his shirt collar fell flat, and in ten he hadn't any starch in his shirt. The perspiration ran down in every direction, and he seemed to be boiling, when one of his friends looked

"Ah, old boy, I envy you. You've got the coolest room in the block."

in and remarked:

"Say," said the lawyer, as he staggered to the door, "I'm going home. I never felt so queer in all my life. While I know that the room is cool and airy, I'm so baked and boiled that I can't lift my hand. One drink of brandy wouldn't act that way on a man would

"That's just it," whispered the other. "Brandy always acts that way, especially if you drink alone. You ought to have known better."

"So I had—so I had. Don't say a word to the boys—I'll make it all right. I thoughb something must all me, and I was a little afraid I was going to be sent for. I'm glad it's nothing serious—I'll be back in about two hours."

### Mrs. Partington says

don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human sisern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases.— They saved Isaac from a severe extact of tripod fever. They are the ne plus unum of medicines.—Boston Globe. 45 2t

Health, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, for pamphlets.

## MUSSER & ALLEN

### CENTRAL STORE NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

### DRESS GOODS Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

BLACK ALPACCAS

Mourning Goods

A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

#### 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. For No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the

## CENTRAL STORE.

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

## 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,
HUBS,
HUBS,
FELLOES,
SHAFTS,
POLES & BOWS,
BROOM HANDLES,
WIRE,
ALSO,

Paints, Oils, Glass, Plaster, and Cement.

SOLE, CALF, KIP and UPPER LEATHER, FISH, SALT, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TEAS, SPICES, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and SMITH COAL.

John Lucas & Co's..

MIXED PAINTS.

(ready for use.)
The best is the CHEAPEST. 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 dealing to all. Go and see him.

Respectfully. scorcher," replied the other as he went

S. M. SHULKE. Liverpool, Perry Co. Pa.



No Honne will die of Colic, Bors or Lune Feven, if Fouter Fowders are used in time.
Fouter Fowders will cure and prevent Hoc Cholena
Fouter Fowders will prevent Gaphas in Fowla.
Fouter Fowders will increase the quantity of milk and sweet.
Fourts Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERT
DERRARS to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
Fourts Powders will give Satisfaction.

DAVID E. POUTE, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, Md. For Sale by S. B. Smith, New Bloomfield Perry County, Pa. 4 ly

at your system sitters. or urinary com-plaint, almosts of the stomach, innets, blood You will be recedifyoutse Hop Bitters NEVER

November 9, 1880-it

## A Large Farm for Sale.

A GOOD FARM OF ABOUT THREE HUN County, Pa., heavily set with Pine, White Oak and Rock Oak Timber, together with choice truits. Mountain water conveyed in pipes to the door of the dweiling.

en. For further particulars call at this office.