

in the house. I opened the parlor window, and spoke with him over the balcony. "Will you come up stairs, Andrew? I should like to see you."

He stood for a moment, scratching his head. I think he would have preferred anything to entering my house at that moment; but evidently he did not see his way to refusing. A few moments later he was in the drawing-room.

"Andrew," I began, with some intentional solemnity of manner, "you see the position I am in." His expression indicated that he considered the position an exceedingly unpleasant one. "The story has got about," I went on, "that this house is haunted." He turned pale. "You think it is haunted?" I asked, looking at him fixedly.

He hesitated for a few moments, shook his head slowly, and succeeded finally in saying: "What is folks to think, ma'am?"

"I acknowledge," I answered, "that the thing has a queer look. When people appear, and vanish as suddenly as they came, it is difficult to think of them as creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves."

"Tain't possible-like," was Andrew's comment; and I observed that with the words, his face took a more healthy hue. The quiet tone I had assumed reassured him. Ghosts, when they can be reasoned about, lose half their terrors.

"No," I answered him; "it is not possible. But Andrew, if we look at these things from another point of view—"

"Be there another?" he eagerly asked as I paused to allow time for expression of opinion.

"Yes," I said, "there is another. Before I believe in your interpretation, Andrew—before I believe it possible that spirits can wander about the world for no other reason than to frighten people, I must test mine."

His eyes, awakening to new interest, were looking at mine inquiringly.

I explained at once. "What I mean is this. I suspect a trick. Somebody has a spite against the owner of this house—somebody has an interest in keeping it empty."

Andrew was naturally shrewd. As I spoke there came into his face a new look of keenness. He smiled. "There has been queer things done," he observed with a cautious impartiality.

"You have been here some weeks," I said. "Have you heard anything during that time about this house, about the people who own it? I am told they lived here once."

Thus stimulated, Andrew told me that the house and grounds had originally belonged to Lord B—, father of the present lord, whose park was commanded by our front windows. On the marriage of a favorite sister with Mr. Roupel, a man somewhat beneath her in position, he gave her the house. Here the married pair lived, in much happiness it was said; and here their only child, a daughter, was born. After running through his wife's money, the husband died. When left alone, the widow, and her now grown up daughter, determined to let their house and live abroad. The rent of the furnished house, with its excellent garden, would bring them in an income sufficient to enable them to live quietly in some foreign town. But while this project was being discussed, the widow died, suddenly and mysteriously. An inquest was held over her; for strange suspicions were circulated abroad. The verdict was that she had died of the family complaint—heart disease. But there were those who still spoke mysteriously about the circumstances of the death, and declared that the lady had met with foul play.

Now, this was the germ of the ghost story, for it was said far and near that Mrs. Roupel, if she had really been murdered—and murdered by her own child, as some dared to whisper—would never rest in her grave. And when singular appearances came and went, and strange sounds were heard in the house, now empty save for an ancient housekeeper, the suspicion, scarcely spoken of at first above breath, so dark it was and monstrous, was by and by openly discussed.

On this part of the story old Andrew was ready to dilate. He warmed to the theme, indeed, and would willingly have given me, had I desired it, a full and particular account of the various people who from time to time had been driven from the premises. But I, holding still to my point, that trick had to do with it, restrained his flow of language, and endeavored by close questioning to find out what he knew about the daughter of Mrs. Roupel, who, if his story was true, was the present owner of the haunted house.

I elicited the following facts. Miss Roupel was nineteen years of age about the period of her mother's death. She was then a young lady of high spirit and cheerful temper; she was accomplished, witty, and unusually attractive in appearance. Thus, in spite of the drawbacks entailed by poverty, and a sad, melancholy mother, the young lady was not without suitors. The suit of one of these was, according to her

mother and herself—they remembered their old antecedents and were proud—little short of an impertinence; for the man was no more nor less than Lord B—'s house steward. The old housekeeper, to whom, before he bestowed the house upon his sister, the old lord had apportioned two rooms, was Mrs. Weevil, the steward's mother.

It was natural that Miss Roupel, niece of his former employer, should reject his suit with disdain. It was perhaps no less natural that the rejection, imbittered by contempt, should sink deeply into the steward's soul. The fact was, that from the day when he was forbidden the house where his mother lived, the young man changed. People spoke of his black looks, of his hard ways, of his cruel, cynical speeches, and some predicted a bad end for him.

Meanwhile, Miss Roupel, now left alone by her mother's death, married Mr. Egerton, a man, from a monetary point of view, scarcely more eligible than the steward. He was a Lieutenant in the Navy; but as he had nothing in the world but his pay, they carried out Mrs. Roupel's plan of letting their house furnished, believing it would bring them in a sufficient income to enable the young wife to live in comfort while her husband was away from her. But, as Andrew remarked, if this was her belief, she must have been often "sore pinched," for the house could have brought in very little.

I thanked him for his story. "Now," I said, "you must do something for me. Go to the village at once. Find the carpenter and blacksmith. Tell them I want them on important business.—There must be no delay. I will pay them well for their work. Do you understand?" For the old man was staring at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses.

"I understand," he answered slowly. "But what will you be wanting with them, ma'am?"

"You will know all in good time. They must bring their tools. Now go, Andrew, go quickly. And mind, Andrew," I added, "say nothing to any one of your errand, and bring the joiner and blacksmith in by the back entrance, for I do not wish them to be seen coming here to day by everybody."—Concluded next week.

THREE YEARS OF MYSTERY.

IN 1877 a family named Robertson were living in Wise county, Texas. The family consisted of a mother and two boys, the father having died some years before. No family in the neighborhood was more highly respected.—The widow owned a large plantation and was considered wealthy, while all predicted that the boys had a bright future before them. Henry, the younger, didn't go much into society, preferring home and seclusion. Frank, the elder, went everywhere, and was known far and wide. He was a wild, generous boy, whom everybody liked, and it was thought he had not an enemy in all the world. Possessing rare manly beauty, and a pleasing address, he had little difficulty in winning the affections of Miss Jessie Bane, daughter of a neighboring planter, and as there was no impediment to the union preparations were made for it.

It was intended that the marriage should eclipse any similar event in Wise county. Invitations were issued lavishly; all the necessary arrangements were conducted on a grand scale; the night which was to witness the ceremony was beautiful; the season was early autumn; the moon shed its light upon the earth; the flowers were still in bloom, and the night wind, as it crept through the branches of the trees, carried their odor upon its wings. The planter's house was brilliantly lighted; the guests were arriving in numbers; the strains of music were wafted on the air; Miss Jessie Bane had donned her bridal dress, and waited, in her chamber, the arrival of one to whom she would link her destiny. The hour set for the marriage came and went, but no bridegroom appeared. Another hour passed. Then a messenger was despatched to Robertson's mother, who sent a reply to the effect that Frank had started for the Bane plantation long before sundown. This fell upon the assembled company like a bombshell.

Messengers were despatched in every direction. The entire neighborhood was scoured for miles around without finding a trace. Daylight dawned, and still there was no sign of Frank Robertson. Meantime the scene at Bane's was distressing in the extreme. The betrothed bride, so strangely forsaken, gave way to the anguish which oppressed her. A horrible foreboding took possession of her. With the orange blossoms amid her hair, and arrayed in her bridal robe, she ran from room to room crying, hysterically: "Frank is dead; my darling has left me forever!"

Soon unconsciousness came to her relief, and in a death-like swoon she forgot her misery. The music ceased;

the guests departed rapidly, full of mingled pity and wonder; the lights were extinguished; the grand banquet was thrust aside unnoticed and untasted; and that which had promised to be a brilliant social event resulted in a scene of gloom and mystery.

The search for the missing bridegroom was continued all the next day, and for many days thereafter, but without avail. There was no clue, no trace of the young man. From the moment he bade his sick mother good-bye, and rode gaily off in the direction of Bane's plantation to meet his bride, he had disappeared, to be seen no more in human flesh.

A year went by, and the incident passed into local tradition. Frank Robertson was still missing. His betrothed was a maniac. She had never recovered from the shock his singular disappearance occasioned. To-day, in a private mad-house, she wears her wretched existence out. She is always expecting some one; always watching and waiting for day to dawn and bring her lover.

In all this time Mrs. Robertson has not been idle. Since her son disappeared she has not given up the hope of finding him. She instituted a vigorous search. She advertised; and all the Texas and a leading New York paper contained notices, and offers of \$100 reward for a clue or information of Frank, dead or alive. There were replies, but the clues furnished turned out false, and the broken-hearted mother almost died beneath the weight of anxiety, disappointment, and suspense.

Two more years went by, making three in all which intervened between the present and the time of the young man's unexpected departure. The mystery seemed as dark as ever. Mrs. Robertson doubled the reward, and offered a plantation to any one who would find her missing boy. Two farmers living near by, accepted the offer, and dug up the remains of Frank Robertson from a ravine where they had buried him. They claim he was a horse-thief, and was lynched by vigilantes on his wedding night. That he was hanged and then buried is unquestioned, but whether a horse-thief is not so clear. The men claim they were bound by solemn oaths to keep the actions of the vigilantes (of whom they were members) secret, and hence their reluctance in revealing the fate of their victim. Mrs. Robertson had the skeleton of her son enclosed in an elegant coffin and buried in the Denton cemetery. The funeral attracted hundreds and the comments were various. She recently instituted suit against all the parties implicated in the hanging, and shows a disposition to go to the bottom of the matter. The suit revives all the interest in the affair, recalling almost forgotten incidents, and before it is ended there is a probability that some new and startling developments will add to its already sensational features.

A Miller for Every Church.

A WORTHY miller—as the story is told in Rev. Duncan Dunbar's memoir—was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided that they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting and addressed his brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among the comfortable farmers. He asked if the want of money was the only reason for his change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor could they still keep him. There was but one voice in reply. The pastor was useful and beloved; but the flock was so poor! "Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan by which I can raise his salary without asking one of you for a dollar, if you will allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course they could not refuse this, although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called upon for money. When they came together the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied and his salary met. He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied "No," and asked how they could be when they had paid nothing.—He asked again. "Is there any man here any poorer for keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before. "Then," he said, "brethren I have only to tell you that you have paid the salary the same as you always did, only more of it and with greater promptness. You remember you told me to take my own way in this matter, and I have done so. As each of you brought his grist to the mill, I took out as much grain as I thought your portion and laid it away for the salary.—"

When the harvest was over I sold it, and paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer, so you never missed it, and therefore I now propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing something!" Mr. Dunbar used to say, "O for a miller in every church."

Wouldn't Take It Back.

HE only whispered it to a lady friend who sat beside him in church, but it cost considerable trouble.

"There comes Mr. Proud's wife. Do you know she washes on Sunday? I've seen her do it," is what he said.

"Heavens! Can it be possible?" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes, but please don't say anything about it."

She didn't. In exactly seven days by the clock everybody in church knew it. It came to the ears of Mr. Proud, and he set about tracing the story to its origin. Mrs. Proud was being snubbed by nearly everybody in the congregation. Even the minister forgot to take off his hat when he passed her in the street.

There was some talk of dropping Mrs. Proud's name from the roll of church membership.

Mr. Proud became furious. He went around town with a pistol in his pocket.

He finally found the lady who had started the report, and asked her who her informant was. She referred him to the gentleman who had mentioned it to her in church. Mr. Proud jammed his hat over his eyes and sought the miscreant.

"Did you say that my wife washed on Sunday?" asked Mr. Proud, with murder in his eye.

"Certainly," responded the man without budging a muscle.

"I want you to take it back."

"I can't. It's a fact, and I don't see any thing to get mad about. I wouldn't let a wife of mine come to church without washing. Would you?"

Tableau.

A case of the ruling passion strong in death happened not long ago in a New England city. A venerable man of letters, who had all his life been distinguished for his love of literature and his nice sense of the use of words, was upon his death-bed. For forty-eight hours he had not spoken, but had lain in a semi-conscious state, being so absolutely quiet in his breathing that the closest examination was necessary to show that he was still alive. The doctor called and gave the nurse some directions about the administering of medicines, saying at the close:

"Are you sure you can remember the hours? I am afraid you will make a mistake. Better put it down on that paper."

For the first time in two days a sound was heard from the patient, and when the doctor turned in some surprise toward the bed he heard a feeble voice saying:

"Doctor Brown, accept a piece of advice from a dying man. 'Don't say put it down,' say 'write it down.'"

He never spoke again.

Ellen Athey, in prison at New Philadelphia, Ohio, while attempting to escape, met Mrs. Lyons, the sheriff's wife, in the corridor and a desperate struggle ensued. She succeeded in recapturing the prisoner, but received fatal injuries in doing so.

The two physicians at Westerly R. I., having each declared the other to be an ignoramus, have agreed upon a public competitive examination, in which three other doctors shall be umpires.

There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment and yet can waste years.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last.

A Fool Once More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff.—Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—Free Press. 11 27

Quick and Sure.

Many miserable people drag themselves about from day to day, not knowing what ails them, but with failing strength and spirits all the time that they are steadily sinking into their graves. If these sufferers would only use Parker's Ginger Tonic, they would find a cure commencing from the first dose, and vitality, strength and cheerfulness quickly and surely coming back to them, with restoration to perfect health. See advertising column. 1047

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 AND Mourning Goods

A SPECIALTY. 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 Machines. 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.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PURE

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

For the Laundry, is the best and most economical in the world. Is perfectly pure, free from Acids and other foreign substances that injure Linen. Is stronger than any other, requiring much less quantity in using. Is uniform, stiffens and finishes work always the same. Kingsford's Polverized Corn Starch for Puddings, Blanc-Mange, Cake, &c., is pure and delicate. Preferable to Bermuda Arrowroot. When you ask for Kingsford's Oswego Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.

Sold by all first-class Grocers everywhere. T. KINGSFORD & SON, Oswego, New York. January 4, 1881—6m

The Parent and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most valuable properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, as varied and perfect are their operations. They give softness and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating. No matter what your fevers, chills or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are so sick that you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds. \$3.00 will be paid for a cure. They will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is not the drug drunk nostrum, but the Pure, and Best Medicine ever made. "REV. JAMES H. HAYES and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them. D. J. C. is an absolute and irremediable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Also sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Reg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

HELP

Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address: H. T. NOY & CO., Portland, Maine. 137.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of William F. Miller late of Watts township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them fully authenticated, for settlement to EMORY B. MILLER, Administrator. Feb. 8, 1881 pd. [WILSON LUTHER, ATTY.]

JOB PRINTING

of every description neat and promptly executed at Reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.