

The Strange Legacy.

"PLEASE to read that again, Mr. Surrogate."

"Certainly, it is as follows: Five thousand dollars to Julia May, daughter of my daughter Mabel."

There were flutterings, fidgetings and whisperings and exclamations in the surrogate's court as his honor read a second time this clause of the will. Mabel Anderson turned white as marble, and gazed fixedly across at the paper, looking at nobody, while everybody looked at her.

"Daughter of my daughter!" How the words rang in her ears! How her soul writhed and strained in its startled and sudden agony! Who had exhumed that long-buried and terrible secret? Why and how had its discovery been kept from her until now?

Nearly opposite Mrs. Anderson sat a lady somewhat her senior, but of equally intelligent appearance and elegance of dress and manner. This was Mrs. Raymond, of the same city—New York.

Mrs. Raymond regarded Mrs. Anderson with a steady, keen observance as the mysterious clause was read. As to Miss Julia, she only casually noticed that the name in the will was like her own.

The reading went on to the close, the subscribing witnesses were sworn and their testimony taken. The instrument being uncontested, and the proof sufficient, the surrogate declared it to be genuine, true and valid.

Mabel Anderson came of one of the most distinguished families upon Manhattan Island, and married a man whose character, wealth and distinction rendered him in every way her equal.

At daybreak upon a morning in June, during the time of which we are writing, a young woman, apparently a domestic, placed upon the porch at the side entrance of a handsome mansion in New York, a large covered wicker basket.

The little inmate of the basket was not long in "raising the house." The kind-hearted lady who first heard the cry, and went to the door to ascertain its cause, was Mrs. Raymond, then but recently married; the identical person who afterwards appeared in court with Miss Julia at the probate of the will.

Examination of the basket revealed a handsome, healthy female child, apparently a month old. Its clothing was all of the finest fabric, and everything accompanying the little waif went to show that it was of no mean origin.

"DEAR LADY: This child bears the blood of two of the most respectable families in New York. For some years her identity must be concealed. Be tender and merciful to her, and in due time all will be made plain. Her name is Julia May."

The reader need scarcely be told that the little stranger was treated by Mrs. Raymond from that hour forth as she would have treated her own child.

A few weeks after this occurrence, Mrs. Raymond began to notice a lady passing nearly every pleasant morning in a handsome landaulet, and who looked always toward the house, as if hoping for the sight of some familiar face.

The child up close beside her. She remarked how pretty a babe it was, and inquired its name and age. Then she took it up in her arms, and, holding it closely, covered its mouth and eyes and cheeks with kisses, her tears all the while falling upon the wondrous young face.

The nurse related the singular occurrence to her mistress, who cross-examined her down to the minutest particular.

Both Mrs. Raymond and her husband were convinced that this lady was Julia's mother. To ascertain the identity of so conspicuous a person was an easy matter. This done, Mrs. Raymond, under an assumed name and address, wrote Mabel a note concerning the character of some imaginary servant.

A longer and more assiduous search served to discover the young woman who brought the basket to the house at daybreak. Upon being shown the child she recognized it instantly. She was taken to the church which Mabel attended, and designated that lady as the person who gave the child to her and directed her where to leave it paying her at the time a golden eagle for the service.

The evidence was now complete, but the time had not come for action. So the young woman was charged to maintain secrecy, and all matters moved on quietly as before.

In the autumn following, Mabel was married to the man whose name she bears at the commencement of our story.

When Julia was six years old the Raymonds were desirous of adopting her by law. It was determined, however, that Mabel's father should first be made acquainted with Julia's history. It is unnecessary to describe here the scene of that revelation. Suffices it to say that the adoption was agreed upon, as well as the policy of strict silence concerning Julia's nativity.

Ten years later the old gentleman died, leaving the singular will above mentioned. The provision concerning the "daughter of his daughter" seemed to be a sort of vengeance wreaked upon Mabel for bringing a stain upon the family name. No other explanation of it could be given.

After the probate of the will Mr. Anderson confronted his wife and demanded to know the truth. In shame and in tears she knelt before him and told him all. Yet he could not curse her. Since the hour he first declared his love to her she had lived a blameless life.

Julia learned the true state of the case, and her rage and chagrin were unbounded. The thought of her own illegitimacy seemed to her insupportable. The kindness and persuasion of her adopted parents seemed unavailing. There seemed but one course. A full understanding must be had between the Raymonds, the Andersons, and Julia. This was ultimately accomplished, and Julia and her own mother became firm friends, though her adopted name and relationship always remained.

Julia received her legacy in a private manner, and learned to accept the inevitable with resignation. Society never sought to visit upon her any share of her parents' sin, and she lives to-day as honored and as happy a life as though her grandfather had never sought to curse her mother and herself with the legacy to "Julia May, daughter of my daughter Mabel."

Troubles of a Witness.

"YOU must get around pretty early in the morning, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "because I'm going to be a witness in court."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you been doing?"

"What d'ye s'pose I've been doing? I've heard some things in a law case, and I've got to swear to them. You can't have a law case without witnesses, and I've got to be one to-morrow; so you hustle out in the morning and get my breakfast."

"They can't do anything to you, can they?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, nervously.

"If I ain't there in time they can send me to jail," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, ominously, "and you'd better get me ready in time if you don't want to

lose me," and Mr. Spoopendyke flopped into bed and went to sleep.

Mrs. Spoopendyke turned the clock ahead two hours, arranged her hair, and sat down to speculate on the chances of waking up at the proper moment. At first she concluded to stay up all night, but she began to get sleepy, and reflecting that if she fixed her mind on the hour she wanted to rise, she'd be sure to wake up, she went to bed and to sleep simultaneously.

At half-past four she roused up with a terrified start.

"Wake up, my dear!" she exclaimed to her husband. "You've got to go a witnessing in a case this morning.—Hurry up, or they'll put you to jail."

"Wah!" rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke. "What did the heed get mixed there with—proof—ah!" and Mr. Spoopendyke was sound asleep again.

"You must get right up and go to court," said Mrs. Spoopendyke firmly. "You know something about a law court, and you must wake up right off."

"What's the matter!" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting up and glaring around him. "What day of the month is this? Who called Spoopendyke? I ain't slept a wink," and Mr. Spoopendyke fell back on his pillow.

"You know you must go to the case," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've been appointed a witness and you must go and swear about it. Wake up, or they will arrest you."

"What case?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who's arrested? Can't you let a man alone just as he is getting in a doze? What's the matter with you anyway?"

"You wanted to get up early about some court. Come, get up, now, or they'll send you to jail," and Mrs. Spoopendyke got up and lighted the gas, and began drooping on her skirts.

"Who's going to court?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting up in bed. "Where's the court? Think any court wants me at five o'clock in the morning?"

"It's about a law case," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerfully. "You know you are a witness. To think that I should live to be the wife of a witness!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke, firmly impressed that it was something in the nature of a foreign mission, gazed admiringly upon her husband.

"Dod gast the law case!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, now thoroughly mad. "D'ye think a law case goes prowling around all night like a policeman? Got an idea that a judge is going to strap the court house on his back and fetch it up here at daylight to try a law case?"

"But you said you wanted to get up early," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and it's pretty early now."

"D'ye s'pose I wanted to get up at midnight to practice?" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Think a law case is like a church sociable, the first man there gets the best supper? Ph'haps you were afraid if I didn't start early I wouldn't get a seat? The measly court don't meet till ten o'clock, dod gast it! and here you wake me up at four. What d'ye s'pose a witness is, anyhow?"

"D'ye s'pose a witness is, anyhow?" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, getting madder and madder. "Think he's a dark lantern, and goes around with his slide turned and the smoke coming out at the top? D'ye know what a court is?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "a court is a place where they hang people. Mrs. Mierhof—"

"That's it! You struck it, first clip!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "With that information, all you want is a plug hat and an adjournment to be a lawyer. If I had your intelligence and a bald head I'd hire out for a judge at board wages. I tell ye, a court is where they try cases about lands, and licking people, and contracts, and—and divorce cases. Yes, indeed," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, solemnly, "they try divorce cases about women waking their husbands up in the dead of night."

"What kind of a law case are you going to witness?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"A daylight case! You understand that? At ten o'clock, and not five. Get that through your head? Think you can remember ten o'clock? If you can't, can you remember eleven, or noon?"

"Do they have cases every hour?" queried Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Of course they do. They leave every fifteen minutes, like a ferryboat, and if I can't catch one case, I'll witness in another. Got it now? Only they don't run as often from midnight to six. Begin to see into it?"

"I think I do," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, ruminating. "I was thinking that if one started about three o'clock, I'd go and witness with you."

"Oh! you'd make a witness!" proclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke. "With your capacity for observation and ability to recollect, you'd only want to appear twice to absorb the whole witness business," and with this reflection Mr. Spoopendyke went back to his slumbers.

At ten o'clock sharp his wife called him and notified him of the hour.

"How'm I going to get there in time?" he howled. "Why didn't you call me before? Want me sent to State prison for contempt? Want to get rid of me, don't you?" and Mr. Spoopendyke darted into his clothes.

"Don't you want some breakfast, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, tenderly.

"No, I don't want any measly breakfast!" he shouted. "Didn't I tell ye I was a witness at ten, and now it's half past. Think a man is appointed a witness during good behavior? S'pose I hold the office till my successor is appointed?" and Mr. Spoopendyke plunged down stairs and out of the house.

"I only did what he told me to," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, wetting a piece of court plaster and patching up a hole in her silk dress. "Though I don't see any use of a man being a witness, if he can't be a witness when he wants to. If I were a man," she continued, as she flopped down on the floor to change her boots, "I'd get appointed by the President, and then I could attend to business or not, as I liked," with which sage reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke pulled out her husband's socks and began to sew wens three inches in diameter on the heels.

Form of the Lightning Rod.

THE subject of the proper form of lightning-conductors, long a disputed one among scientific men, has recently been experimentally investigated by Mr. W. H. Preece, with the result of confirming the position of Faraday, that the section of a rod is the essential element. The advocates of rods of large surface, such as ribbons, tubes, etc., among whom was the late Professor Henry, conclude, from the fact that static electricity resides upon the surface, that electricity of high tension, such as a lightning-discharge, is better conducted away by a large extent of surface. Mr. Preece stated that no direct experiments had, so far as he was aware, ever been made to settle the question, which was an important one, as the acceptance of the surface-theory had led to the employment of unsightly and costly conductors, when a simple rod would answer all purposes. The experiments were made in the laboratory of Dr. Warren, de la Rue, and had the advantage of his advice and assistance. In the first experiment copper conductors thirty feet in length, in the form of a solid rod, a thin tube, and ribbon, each of precisely the same mass were used. The electricity was obtained, from 3,240 chloride-of-silver cells, and accumulated in a condenser of a capacity of 42.8 microfarads. The sudden discharge of this quantity of electricity produced results similar in character to lightning. It was capable of completely deflagrating 24 inches of platinum wire of .0125 inch diameter, and of raising to different degrees of incandescence greater lengths. Such wire, affixed to a white card so as to record the effect, was used to measure the discharge after it had passed through the conductor. Each form of conductor gave exactly the same result in the deflagration and heating of the platinum, showing that different extents of surface had no effect. As it might be thought that in copper conductors of such length as those used, differences in conductivity could not be readily detected, the experiments were repeated with lead conductors, the resistances of which were twelve times that of copper, with the same results. An experiment, to determine how closely variations in the discharge could be estimated, showed that a change of resistance of five per cent. could have been easily detected. Mr. Preece, therefore, concludes that no more effective lightning-conductor than a simple rod or wire rope can be devised.—Journal of Telegraph.

Making Time Tables.

The following description of the apparatus used by the Pan Handle road for making time tables will be of interest: It consists of a large board, down each end of which are the names of the stations, with their distances from the terminal and from each other given.—Along the top and bottom of the board are placed at intervals of two or three inches the hours of the day, and these spaces are still further divided into twelfths, or five minutes. The end of a thread is pinned at whatever hour a train is desired to leave—say Pittsburg—and that thread, representing the train, of course it must move to the right as it is drawn down the board, giving it an oblique direction. The hour to which it is pinned at the bottom represents the time of arrival at Columbus, and it is evident that whenever it intersects a line drawn across the board from station to station the perpendicular line also intersecting that point indicates the time of the train's arrival there. With trains coming the other way the process is reversed, and the intersections of the threads represent passing points.—When the threads are all adjusted as you want the trains to run you have a time chart of the road (which looks a little like a Government weather map), the figures are called off, set down, and the time table printed.

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ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of William F. Ashley, 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 duly authenticated for settlement to EMORY B. MILLER, Administrator Feb. 8, 1881 pd [WILSON LUTHER, Atty.]

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