

element of comedy. The Bishop and the Bishop's eldest and second sons, and Phil Durgan began to think the world gone mad, when, with one helpless yell, the Major flung himself into an arm-chair, and laughed until he fell out of it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came faintly from the drawing room through closed doors. "Ha! ha! ha!" screamed Jack, as he writhed upon the floor.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the Major, in a voice which startled a passing wagoner upon the high road, fifty yards distant.

It is a fact worth chronicling that the Bishop and his sons and Phil Durgan are all a little more puzzled at this time than they were at the moment when the amazing scene just described was before their eyes. They are all persuaded now that there was something at the bottom of it.

Vivian kept the secret loyally. Of course Julia knew it, but she kept it. Shamus Murphy and his wife, knew it, and did not keep it; but between their customers and the episcopal palace there was a great gulf fixed, and the story never passed over it.

The Major was doubly serious after his laughter, and begged leave to retire. The Bishop accorded the permission somewhat stiffly. In the morning the Major's portmanteau had arrived, and he was dressing to depart, when Jack entered his room.

"Ye're not going, Major?" said the youngster, brimming with impudent delight.

"Yes," said the Major sadly; "the ruse was a failure."

"Was it?" demanded Jack, holding up a letter.

The Major dashed at it, tore it open, and read:

Miss Blake presents her sincerest apologies to Mr. Geoghaghan for her conduct of last evening. Will he afford her an opportunity of making her apologies personally."

Only last month Mrs. Geoghaghan, of Ballykillrowdy Castle, being in the act of comforting a young lady whose love affairs were a little involved, made this remarkable statement:

"I've no patience with the people that let their lovers run away from them in novels, when a sensible word would set the matter right, at once. And I don't mind telling you, Lucy, my dear, that I met Theophilus half-way."

I remember that the Major's Christian name was Theophilus, and putting this fact with the rest, I think we may conclude that the Major married Miss Blake.

A Clever Dodge.

"HURRY up there and get your tickets, gentlemen," shouted a man in a blue coat and brass buttons, with the company's badge on his breast. There was a general scramble for the head of the line, and a hurried falling back to the less eligible places by those who failed to secure the first.

I never had any good luck in gaining a good place in a crowd. A tall man, with a high hat, always would go between me and whatever sight was to be seen. If it rained at the circus, the inevitable fat woman with the green umbrella, always bounded my horizon. In the rush to hear a popular preacher I have been fortunate enough to secure a camp stool at the far end of the room, but most commonly have had to put up with "standing room" in the third or fourth rank, catching here and there a word of the discourse, but not a glimmer of the sense.

This time I fared as usual. Elbowed out at every attempt to gain a lodgment, I found myself at last at the extreme end of the queue.

"Hurry up, I say!" kept shouting he in blue and brass.

But in spite of all, the line shortened slowly. I was getting nervous. The next day was Thanksgiving, which I had promised to spend at Deacon Patchin's, between whose daughter Polly and myself certain negotiations were then in active progress. To miss the train involved the choice of either giving up my visit or waiting several hours and arriving just in time to find Polly in the pouts and taking a longing look at the cold remains of that special turkey of whose growth in fatness Polly's postscripts had kept me from time to time advised.

"Hurry up!—less than a minute till the gate closes!" admonishes the blue and brazen official, as at last I reached the ticket window.

"Ticket to Hugginsport," I said hurriedly.

"Two dollars!" replied the ticket man, slapping down his stamp on a piece of cardboard with the heel of his hand.

"I've lost my pocketbook," I exclaimed, withdrawing the hand sent in search of it. Here was a fix! I had

started with a liberal supply of the one thing needful for Thanksgiving—at least so far as material pleasures go—and here I was without a penny to pay my fare, and not half a minute of spare time.

I looked around helplessly.

"I perceive your embarrassment, sir," said a grave looking gentleman, whose white choker and long skirted coat left no doubt of his calling. "I perceive your embarrassment, sir, and shall be happy to relieve you of it. Get your ticket out of this, you can hand me the change and remit the rest."

As he spoke he placed a twenty dollar bill in my hand.

"But, my dear sir," I began.

"Pray don't waste any time in compliments. My name is Rev. Speedwell Sprue, of Chapelton, to which address you can remit the trifling sum advanced. I ask no better guarantee than your countenance."

"I accept your favor," I replied, "with the warmest thanks. My name is Hodiah Trimbley, white goods clerk with Twist & Bobbin, of this city."

"Come, sir, do you wish the ticket or not?" demanded the man at the window, with his thumb on the spring that held up the slide.

I threw down the bill. He hastily counted out the change and handed me it and the ticket. The former I passed to the obliging stranger, whose hand I had barely time to press in parting, as I left him waiting, for another train.

The gateman was in the act of closing the passage and the last bell was ringing as I hurried through and jumped aboard with views of human nature considerably elevated by the trusting confidence shown by the Rev. Speedwell Sprue—though I doubted whether it would do to sell white goods on the same credit system.

From Mr. Sprue and his childlike faith my thoughts gradually returned to Polly Patchin, and I had already laid the ground plans of several fairy cottages in which with love and Polly to lend their charms, I could laugh at the proudest prince in his palace.

"Dickerville!" sang out the conductor, as the whistle blew and the train slowed up at the first stopping place.

Two men with lanterns—it was a night train—came bustling through the car scanning the passengers closely.

"Ha! this looks like him," said one of them holding his lantern to my face.

"Fills the bill exactly," cried the other glancing from me to a paper in his hand.

"Come sir," he continued placing a hand roughly on my shoulder. "If I am not mistaken it was you who bought the last ticket for this train."

"It was," I answered, looking up astonished.

"And paid for it with a twenty dollar bill," he added, "receiving the change." I acknowledged the fact but with no abatement of surprise.

"That bill," he proceeded, "was a counterfeit, and we've been telegraphed to arrest you."

I endeavored to expostulate, and explained as well as my confusion would permit, the circumstances under which I had got the note.

"A likely story!" was the sneering comment, "there's so many good Mr. Sprues you see, going about lending money to total strangers. What did you do with the change now?"

"Handed it back to Mr. Sprue," I answered.

"A clever dodge," said one of the men, as the two exchanged winks.

"Come along!" they commanded and without ceremony I was hustled from the train, dragged to a neighboring calaboose and locked up.

Next morning I was taken before a jolly-looking magistrate whose face was a guarantee that I should at least have a fair hearing.

"Well, young man, what have you to say to this?" he began.

I was proceeding with my story earnestly, when to my great joy who should enter but my kind friend, the Rev. Mr. Speedwell Sprue, in company with a stranger of a very different appearance.

"Oh, Mr. Sprue, how glad I am to see you!" I exclaimed. "A word from you will clear up this unfortunate affair."

To my great chagrin Mr. Sprue, instead of promptly answering my appeal, turned aside and quite ignored my presence. But his companion promptly stepped forward.

"Do you recognize this?" he asked, placing in my hand an article taken from his pocket.

"I do!" I cried; "it's my own pocket-book."

"Of which you were robbed by that person," he replied, pointing to the reverend Sprue, "whose real name is Ahab Dawks, a noted thief and forger, whom I've been for some time looking for. I witnessed his performance at the depot last night, and saw how, after stealing your pocketbook, he made you

the instrument of putting off a bad note that he might pocket the change.— Though I'm a detective, I didn't interfere, wishing to follow Dawks to the den in which he works and keeps his tools, and knowing the worst that could happen would be your temporary detention. This morning I hurried on, with the double purpose of securing your release and your identification of Mr. Dawks."

I was too late to see the turkey in his glory, but Polly—bless her!—had saved me up a nice piece, and the story of my adventure was the event of that Thanksgiving night. Everybody laughed but Polly, who—again bless her!—was quite indignant at the wrongs I had suffered.

A Comical Incident of the War as told by General Gordon.

GEN. GORDON said to me: "Johnny I hope never to go through such a war as that again. I don't believe I could stand it now, but then we don't know. Some scenes arise on my mind as if they never could have happened. I often think of Spottsylvania, where I have seen my men standing on the dead bodies of their comrades, loading and firing, utterly indifferent to the death below them, the death in front of them and the death everywhere. The dead bodies were lying down outside the works, in the ditch, which was half filled with water, and there, soaking in the rain, the dead men lay, and their friends were using their bodies to get a little elevation to put in that terrific work. Yet," said the general, "there were some right funny scenes in that war. Did I ever tell you about the man coming in only to look at my camp?"

"We were on the Rapidan river, where it was a little stream, hardly one hundred feet wide. Gen. Lee sent me word that I must go out and break up the communication between our pickets and the enemy's. They had got to trading with each other in newspapers, tobacco, lies, and whatever would vary the monotony of picket life. They would not shoot at each other, and so it was not military like. So I started out one morning on my horse and rode the whole length of the picket line, and just as I came to a certain point I saw that there was confusion and surprise, as if I had not been expected.

"What is the matter, men, here?" I asked.

"Nothing, general, nothing is here."

"You must tell me the truth," said I; "I am not welcome, I see, and there must be some reason for it. Now, what is the matter?"

"There has been nobody here, general. We were not expecting you; that is all."

I turned to two or three of the soldiers and said, "Beat down these bushes here." They had to obey, and there suddenly rose up out of the weeds, a man as stark naked as he had come into the world.

"Who are you?" asked I.

"I am from over yonder, general."

"Over yonder—where?"

He pointed to the other side of the river.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"The 108th Pennsylvania, general."

"What are you doing in my camp?"

"Why, I thought I would just come over and see the boys."

"See the boys—what boys? Do you mean to say you have entered my camp except as a prisoner? Now, I am going to do this with you. I am going to have you marched to Libby prison just as you are, without a rag of clothes on you!"

"Why, general, you wouldn't do that, just because I came over to see the boys! I didn't mean any harm. I felt lonesome over there, and wanted to talk to the boys a little. That is all!"

"Never mind, sir; you march from this spot, clothed as you are, to Libby prison."

"General," said the man, "I had rather you would order me to be shot right here."

"No, sir; you go to Libby!"

"Then several of my soldiers spoke up:

"General, don't be too hard on him, he's a pretty good fellow. He didn't mean any harm; he just wanted to talk with us."

"This business must be broken up," said I, "mixing up on the picket line."

"It had not been in my heart, however, to arrest the man from the beginning. I only wanted to scare him, and he did beg hard."

"I'll tell you what I will do with you this time," for I saw that he was a brave, good-humored fellow. "If you promise me that neither you nor any of your men shall ever come into my lines again except as prisoners, I'll let you go."

"God bless you, general!" said the man, and without any more adieu, he just leaped into that stream and came up on the other side, and took to the woods."

General Gordon said, referring to the relative bravery of Southern and Northern soldiers, that he had seen as perfect instances of cool and desperate pluck among the soldiers in Blue as among the soldiers of his own.

Hints to the Girls.

Don't love too many at once. Don't do your spooning in public. Give your little brother taffy and get him to bed before your chap calls.

Recollect that a wedding ring on your finger is worth a good many of them in your mind.

Try to find out by some means whether your intended knows how to earn a decent living for two.

Be reasonable; don't expect a man working for \$8 a week to furnish you with reserved seats at the opera every other night.

Don't be afraid to show the man of your choice that you love him—provided of course, he loves you. Love is a double-sided sort of concern, and both have a part to play.

Don't try to bring too many suitors to your feet. They have feet as well as you have, and you may see one pair of feet walking off from you some day you would be very glad to call back.

Keep your temper, if you expect your other-half-in-law to keep his. If he doesn't suit you give him ticket-of-leave. If he does suit you don't expect him to put up with your humors.

Deal carefully with bashful lovers; lead them gradually to the point (of proposal, of course), but don't let them suspect what you are at, or they might faint on you hands, or go crazy on the spot.

It is said lovers' quarrels always end with kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful those little spats you indulge in may end in the kisses you covet being given to some other girl.

If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfathers, neighbors, friends and acquaintances when you happen to fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't worry, for the thing has never been done yet.

If you use powder, don't give yourself away. For instance, it would be well to spread a handkerchief over the shoulder of his broadcloth before you lean thereon. He will be too green, depend on it, to suspect the reason. If his mustache happens to look a little powdery, there are several ways in which it could be brushed off.

Don't imagine that a husband can live as a lover does—on kisses and moonlight. He will come home to his meals hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.

Remember that nature has put every man under the necessity of having a mother, and that the latter is not in any way to blame if she is regarded as the bitter part of a sugar-coated matrimonial pill. If you feel in duty bound to be her sworn enemy postpone this duty till you know something about her.

Don't seek advice in love affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a bachelor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocketbook, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister; he'll have the marriage fee in view. If you go to your family physician he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, and, since she knows how it is herself, we can't think just now of any better way to advise you.

As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in prosperity.

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