

who was holding the tray in front of her. A violent fit of shivering took possession of her as with fixed eyes she watched him leave the room; then, with a piercing scream, she started up, and, catching hold of Colonel Holt's arm, cried, "Save me, save me!" and fell back fainting into his arms. The usual confusion consequent on such an event ensued. "She must have air and quiet," said Colonel Holt; and begging his wife would summon Susan, he carried the girl out of the room into his study, where in time she recovered. "Oh, that face, the awful face of my dream!" she moaned, pressing her hands to her head.

"My dear child, what has distressed you? Tell me what has made you ill?" asked Colonel Holt. His wife had by this time returned to the drawing-room, leaving her husband and Susan with Effie.

"Those dreadful eyes, that face," was all she would say for some time.

"Do you know what she means?" Colonel Holt asked Susan, who shook her head, and, in a whisper, expressed a hurried opinion that Miss Effie's nerves were often like this, and that most likely she meant nothing.

"Perhaps she will tell me if we are alone," thought Colonel Holt, and he made a sign to Susan to leave the room.

"Now, dear, try and tell me what has frightened you; and who it is has such dreadful eyes; or would you rather tell Agnes? If so, I will fetch her."

"No, no," said Effie, clinging to him; "I will tell you; it will be better; but it makes me shudder so to speak of it." Colonel Holt soothed her as best he could, and at length she managed to tell him of her dream of a year ago. "And oh!" she cried, "that man who brought the coffee to me had the same face as the man in my dream, and when I looked up his dreadful eyes were looking at me in the same murderous way as in my dream."

"That man? Do you mean Simmons, my butler?" asked Colonel Holt, laughing, trying to reassure her. "Fancy turning old Simmons into a villain of romance. Why, he has been with me for years, and is as steady as old Time. You are tired and over-excited this evening, Effie, and your imagination has run away with you. That is all, believe me."

He rang the bell and summoned Susan, who persuaded Effie to go to her room. Colonel Holt then returned to the drawing-room. His guests were departing and very soon he and his wife were left to themselves.

"I must go to that poor child," said Mrs. Holt. "What could have brought on such an attack?"

"Oh, some nonsense about a dream. I wouldn't tease her with questions to-night. Give her a soothing draught, and let her go to bed; and ask her maid to sit with her till she falls asleep."

Left alone, Colonel Holt rang the bell, desired Simmons to put out the lights, and see that all was safe, and then betook himself, with many yawns, to his dressing-room, where he intended to solace himself with a pipe before going to bed; and, for want of better food for thought, his mind reverted to poor little Effie's hysterical tale of her dream. "Pish—nonsense—rubbish!" he muttered between whiffs, when suddenly an unpleasant thought struck him, and he started to his feet. "By Jove! what if there should be something in it. The man's manner is not satisfactory; and it is odd, to say the least of it, that the very day she was to have come last year, and the very day she has come this year, he should have behaved so queerly. Well, I suppose I'm an old fool, but I won't go to bed till dawn at any rate. What is the time now? 12 o'clock. If anything is to happen it will happen soon, I suppose."

He opened the door softly. The house seemed wrapped in complete silence. Not a sound was to be heard. Leaving the door ajar, he placed his arm-chair behind it, put out the candles, and re-seated himself, devoutly hoping he might not fall asleep, but thinking it was more than likely he should do so. When the clock chimed the half-hour after midnight Colonel Holt started and changed his position. Surely he had begun to doze; this would never do. Why on earth had he given himself so much discomfort? He, who would willingly go to bed at 10 o'clock every night, to sit up in the dark to such an unearthly hour, just because a hysterical, love-sick girl—

At this point of his meditations sleep again overpowered him; and 1 o'clock chimed unheeded; and a figure crept by unheeded, and stole softly down the corridor toward poor little Effie's room. A moment later, and Colonel Holt is wide awake, as scream after scream breaks the silence of the night. Before he can reach the room at the end of the corridor, the door is flung open wildly, a stream of light bursts forth, and a little white-robed figure with bare feet flies toward him. To his horror, he sees

blood on her face and arms. "Help, help!" she cries: "he will kill Susan!" "Go to Agnes," was all he had time to say, hurrying past as Susan's cries grew fainter and fainter. Rushing into the room, he threw himself upon Simmons, with whom the poor woman was struggling bravely, having contrived, though not without injury, to wrest from his grasp a knife, with which he had threatened Effie's life. It was Susan's blood that had stained the child's face and hands.

Evidently Colonel Holt had not arrived a moment too soon on the scene. He caught the murderous gleam in the wretched man's eyes, and shuddered at what might have happened had he altogether disregarded poor Effie's story.

"You villain, you—," he began; but the words died away on his lips as the poor creature, struggling violently in his grasp, uttering a piercing scream, fell back—dead!

MRS. HOLT TO MRS. PERCEVAL.

THE PRIORY, August 10.

"MY DEAR MRS. PERCEVAL:—We were much relieved to hear of Effie's safe arrival, and trust that under your care her nerves may before long recover from the dreadful shock they have sustained. We are very glad poor Susan's wounds are healing so quickly. It has, indeed, been a fearful tragedy, and both Fred and I are quite unstrung by it all. I, for one, shall never refuse to believe in dreams again. But that reminds me I have yet to tell you the strangest part of the story."

"The brother of the poor wretched man came to see my husband a day or two ago. He was naturally in the deepest distress, for a great affection had existed between him and his brother. He told us that about eighteen months ago, ever since a visit we had paid to Lord D—, where he had gone with us, his brother had taken to betting and gambling, and going out at night to play cards at a public house there in the village. The result of all this was that he lost every penny of his savings, and ran deeply into debt. He was engaged to a very foolish, vain woman, who only cared for him for what he could give her, and did nothing but abuse and reproach him when no more money was forthcoming, and altogether made his life a burden to him."

"About this time he heard us at dinner and at other times talking of Effie's diamonds, and of how she was coming on a visit, and was to bring them with her. He had confided his many troubles to his brother, who happened to have a month's holiday and had taken lodgings in the village, and his brother lent him money enough to clear him. The fatal love of play, however, still clung to him, and now comes the strange part of my tale."

"The night of the third of August last year he had a terrible dream. Having promised his brother to keep from play, he had gone to bed early, instead of going out as he had been in the habit of doing. But he could not sleep, and tossed from side to side, his mind filled with visions of Effie's diamonds, which had again been the subject of conversation at dinner. About dawn he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that you and Effie had arrived; and that she had come down to dinner resplendent with diamonds, the sight of which, to use his own words, raised the devil within him. The passion for gambling seized on him with renewed force, and he at once determined to steal the diamonds and make off to America. He felt he would not even stop short of murder itself in order to accomplish his desire. In his dream he waited at table and performed all his duties as quietly and as perfectly as ever, but his resolution did not waver. The house was shut up for the night, and he found himself in the pantry searching among the knives for the one which he considered best suited to his purpose. Armed with it, he stole up to Effie's room about two o'clock in the morning. Entering very softly, he stood for a moment listening to her quiet, even breathing, which showed she was fast asleep. A night-light was burning, and he could see the glitter of the diamond ornaments, as they lay scattered about the dressing table."

"He moved forward to secure them, and, in so doing, made some slight noise, which awoke the poor child, and with a piercing scream she started up in bed. Then, so he dreamed, he pushed her down and threatened to murder her if she were not quiet."

"At this point of his dream Simmons awoke, trembling and shaking as if he had the ague, and for some time he felt, so he told his brother, as if he had really committed the fearful deed, so vivid was the impression left upon his mind. He had the sense to regard his dream in the light of a warning, and at once felt that his sole safety lay in flight. His brother took the same view, and soon after breakfast Simmons went to my husband and told him he wished to go away for a few days, assigning no reason. Of course we thought his conduct very strange, but he went, and his brother was to take his place in his

absence. On hearing, however, that you and Effie had postponed your visit he reappeared in the afternoon."

"His dream, combined with his brother's entreaties, had so worked upon his better feelings that for a long time he gave up his evil practices. A month or two ago, however, it appears he again succumbed to temptation, and had again lost (for him) a large sum of money."

"On the fourth of August, occurred Effie's unexpected and ill-fated visit. It is easy now to understand Simmons' behavior when he heard of her arrival. No doubt the memory of his terrible dream rushed back on his mind, and his dread was lest the temptation should overpower him, as, alas! it did. His poor brother wishes vainly that he had been here, for then, he says, the devil would not have had it all his own way with him. Of course Simmons did not imagine that Effie's fainting fit had any connection with himself, neither had he any reason to suppose that Susan would sit up with her that night. But even had he known it I doubt if the fact would have made any difference, for a stronger influence than he could resist was upon him and drove him to his destruction. Heart disease, which his brother says is in the family, must have been the cause of his awfully sudden death."

"Whether it will be well to tell Effie the sequel of this sad and strange story you must decide. At any rate, it seems unadvisable to reopen the subject at present. There are those who no doubt would pretend they could account for all that is so strange in these two dreams. For myself they must ever remain a psychological riddle—one of those mysteries which pertain to the unseen world."

"With everything that is kind to the dear child, believe me, sincerely yours,
"AGNES HOLT."

The Dark Day in Canada in 1819.

IN some interesting and graphic reminiscences of Montreal sixty years ago, Mrs. S. H. Dorwin writes to the Montreal Star as follows:

"What was the strangest occurrence of that time, or rather the strangest thing that ever happened in the history of this country, was what has always been known as the 'Phenomenon of 1819.' On the morning of Sunday November 8, 1819, the sun rose upon a cloudy sky, which assumed as the light grew upon it, a strange greenish tint, varying in places to an inky blackness. After a short time the whole sky became terribly dark, dense black clouds filling the atmosphere, and there followed a heavy shower of rain, which appeared to be something in the nature of soap-suds, and was found to have deposited after settling a substance in all its qualities resembling soot. Late in the afternoon the sky cleared to its natural aspect. Next day was fine and frosty. On the morning of Tuesday, the 10th, heavy clouds again covered the sky, and changed rapidly from a deep green to a pitchy black, and the sun, when occasionally seen through them, was sometimes a dark brown or an unearthly yellow color, and again a bright orange, and even blood red. The clouds constantly deepened in color and density, and later on a heavy vapor seemed to descend to the earth, and the day became almost as dark as night, the gloom increasing and diminishing most fitfully. At noon lights had to be burned in the court house, the banks and public offices of the city. Everybody was more or less alarmed, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the remarkable occurrence. The more sensible thought that immense woods or prairies were on fire somewhere to the west; others said that a great volcano must have broken out in the Province; still others asserted that our mountain was an extinct crater about to resume operations and to make of the city a second Pompeii; the superstitious quoted an old Indian prophecy that one day the Island of Montreal was to be destroyed by an earthquake, and some even cried that the world had come to an end."

"About the middle of the afternoon a great body of clouds seemed to rush suddenly over the city, and the darkness became that of night. A pause and hush for a moment or two succeeded and then one of the most glaring flashes of lightning ever beheld flamed over the country, accompanied by a clap of thunder which seemed to shake the city to its foundations. Another pause followed then came a light shower of rain of the same soapy and sooty nature as that of two days before. After that it appeared to grow brighter, but an hour later it was as dark as ever. Another rush of clouds came, and another vivid flash of lightning, which seemed to strike the spire of the old French parish church and to play curiously about the large iron cross at its summit before descending to the ground. A moment later came the climax of the day. Every bell in the city suddenly rang out the alarm of fire, and the affrighted citizens rushed out from their houses into the

streets and made their way in the gloom toward the church, until Place d'Armes was crowded with people, their nerves all unstrung by the awful events of the day, gazing at, but scarcely daring to approach the strange sight before them. The sky above and around was as black as ink, but right in one spot in mid-air above them was the summit of the spire with the lightning playing about it, shining like a sun. Directly the great iron cross, together with the ball at its foot, fell to the ground with a crash, and was shivered to pieces. But the darkest hour comes just before dawn.—The glow above gradually subsided and died out, the people grew less fearful and returned to their homes, the real night came on, and when next morning dawned everything was bright and clear and the world was as natural as before. The phenomenon was noticed in a greater or less degree from Quebec to Kingston, and far into the States, but Montreal seemed its centre. It has never yet been explained."

A New-fangled Contribution-Box.

The latest thing originated by churches to call the wandering sinner home from the land of dreams as the contribution-box is being passed, is an electric attachment to the bottom of the box.—The sexton goes around with the box, and, if a sinner is asleep or looking the other way, the box is placed against his hand, or ear, or nose, or bald head, or anywhere that the flesh can be touched. You know what a tingling sensation is given when you touch an electric battery. Well, this is the same, or more so, and when a man is once touched with it he remembers where he is forever after. They tried it in a Boston church last Sunday and touched a sleeping deacon on the nose. He threw his head back, struck a woman in the pew back of him, who was standing up to take off her cloak, in the stomach, and then the man struck the sexton, and the woman's escort struck the man whose head hit his wife, and there was a terrible time; but after it was explained, the man put half a dollar in the box.

Popular Errors.

To think that the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study, the faster they will learn. To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and of weary waking in the morning.

Advertisements are News.

Good, fresh advertisements are not the least interesting and valuable portion of a newspaper. They tell the readers what they want to know—where goods can be bought; what they are sold for; who has houses to rent or sell; who wishes to purchase real estate; where employment can be obtained; and many other things that they want to know.—It is an error to suppose that only editors and reporters supply news worth reading. The skillful advertiser furnishes a good share of it, and if there are any readers who fall to look over the advertising columns of their paper, they miss a great deal of information that would prove valuable to them.

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections.—For love which hath ends, will have an end; whereas, that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.

A Difficult Problem Solved.

Ambition, competition and over-exertion use up the vital powers of men and women, so that a desire for stimulants seems to be a natural human passion, and drunkenness prevails on account of this necessity for bodily and mental invigoration. Parker's Ginger Tonic fairly solves the difficult problem, and has brought health and happiness into many desolate homes. It does not tear down an already debilitated system, but builds it up without intoxicating.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed off by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.

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