

## A Lucky Move.

"VIVA, dear, it's coming near the first of May."

And gentle Mrs. Rayner laid down the coat that was perpetually becoming elbowless, and looked across the lamp-lit table with anxious eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I know," a trifle wearily.

Viva, a slender, pretty girl, with dark brown hair gathered loosely behind shell-pink ears, and lips red as the cactus flower, met her mother's gaze with eyes bright with wistful thoughtfulness.

"And we must move, of course," cried a shrill young voice from the sofa, where sat Jessie, a volatile, overgrown school girl, "because the front gate is off its hinges, and the roof leaks, and the—"

"Yes, Jessie, we all know the reasons for moving, but give mamma an opportunity to suggest where."

"There's hardly much choice about that," the pale-faced little woman said sadly. "Some place where the rent would be moderate; but"—a sudden look of longing shined out of the pain-worn face—"I would give all the world, dear, to see the country again. I feel stifling here."

A gleam of quick determination came into Viva's velvety-brown eyes.

"And so you shall, mamma," she said, emphatically.

"My darling, how?" in mild surprise.

"Well"—Viva puckered up her low, white brow, and tried to look wise and business-like—"you see we could get a cottage in some of the suburban villages at half what a city house would cost. Besides everything is so much cheaper in the country, and we could return to the city the coming winter. There!"

"But your pupils, Viva?"

"I could manage to give all the lessons in three days of the week—taking the train in, you know, is almost as cheap—and do work for Crumley the intervening days. Now, mamma!" triumphantly.

"It looks plausible at first sight, my pet, but I'm almost afraid to hope. Dear, dear! how that boy does wear out his clothes!"

Viva came over and clasped two maroon merino arms around the invalid figure before her.

"Hope as much as you like, mamma darling," she cried gaily; "for we'll watch the papers till we see a treasure advertised 'cheap'—in italics, you know—and then—"

The rest was too glorious to describe.

Three days later, Viva danced in, out of a blinding April shower, with rosy cheeks and starry eyes.

"Here it is, mamma," she cried, enigmatically, with a hearty kiss and hug that almost demolished the small figure in the arm-chair. "Now listen."

And from the open paper of that morning, she read aloud:

**TO RENT—IN SUBURBAN VILLAGE TWENTY-** 13 minutes ride from the city, an eight-room cottage, with garden attached. *Cheap, to good tenants.* Apply to Clifford Chandos, Room 15, 74 E.—St., City.

"I am sure this will suit—'cheap,' in italics, as I said, mamma. You will have our happy countryfied summer, after all," with an exultant little laugh.

"Now, for a while, good-bye!"

"Where are you going, dear?"

"To see about this, mamma. Lessons are over—"

"Yes, but I do not quite like your going alone, Viva."

"What! An old-maid music teacher like me? I almost acquire the dignity of age in this voluminous waterproof and green veil. Green! Just think of it! I might as well have red hair and spectacles. My nervous old darling, I will be back before you know I'm gone."

And with this decidedly sweeping, but scarcely possible assertion, she was out again under the rifling, drifting April sky, and going cityward as fast as the street cars could take her.

In the thickest, busiest portion of the city, up two flights of doggy stairs went Viva.

A timid knock at room 12.

"Come in."

She turned the handle, and with the green veil down, went in.

Two or three gentlemen, writing at

baize-covered desks, looked up carelessly as she entered, and went on with their work.

A gentleman enveloped in clouds of cigar smoke, with feet considerably elevated above the level of his head, glanced toward the door, as the graceful figure in threadbare waterproof came thudily in. Down came the feet, out went the cigar, and Clifford Chandos, pushing a chair forward, bowed gravely, questioning, to the lady before him.

"I—I called to inquire about a cottage advertised."

"The cottage? Oh, yes, to be sure! Will you please to be seated, and I will give you the particulars?"

And Viva, taking the proffered seat, listened while the tall, grave man, with

straight, black brows and keen, kindly eyes, explained the terms with pleasant courtesy.

And when she lifted the obnoxious green veil a moment, to conclude some necessary arrangement, Clifford Chandos started ever so slightly as he saw the pretty, girlish face before him, as serene and dignified in its grave business-like composure as though its owner were eight-and-fifty instead of eight-and-ten.

"When will you look at the place, Miss—"

"Rayner!" supplemented Viva.

"Miss Rayner. Shall we say to-morrow at one?"

"At two, if as convenient."

"Certainly. Two, if preferable."

Then he held the door open as courteously as though she wore sealskin and diamonds, while with a quiet grace she bowed slightly and passed from the room.

And Clifford Chandos went slowly back to his chair, a softer light in his keen gray eyes, and actually for once in his life he forgot to relight his cigar.

The day came at last when, from the stuffy city house, the Rayners moved to the pretty, roomy, raftered cottage, where honeysuckle and wild roses straggled at their own sweet will over roof and porch.

And Viva, coming home from the dusty city three evenings in the week, pale and tired, brightened and laughed her own low, happy laugh at the sight of her mother's face—grown young again—at the window, at the sound of Dick and Jessie's boisterous laughter.

It was curious all the repairing that cottage needed after they moved in. It was more curious that their quiet, handsome landlord should insist on supervising it all himself.

He grew into their simple lives in those days. Mrs. Rayner came to think the cheery voice better than any medicine, the children to shout lustily at sight of him, and Viva to listen for the sound of his firm footstep on the garden path.

One evening, when the soft May wind was swaying the "lady-fingers," as the children call them, over the door, Viva snatched up her hat and strolled down to the pretty rustic gate.

Just a little more tired than usual after a desperate struggle to teach an irritable obtuse pupil the mysteries of crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers.

She stood there, a fair, girlish figure in her soft white dress, a great bunch of blue meadow-violets at her slender throat and waist. The scented wind gently loosened the dark-brown hair and blew a fitful drift of rose-bloom into the pure, pale face.

Very pretty?

Well, Clifford Chandos thought so, at all events, as he came along the uneven country road with his light, firm footfall.

"Good evening, Miss Rayner."

She turned suddenly, the faint flush deepening to carnation.

"Good evening, Mr. Chandos."

I think a person can give one a very tolerable shake hands without holding one's fingers quite a minute. But apparently Mr. Chandos thought differently.

"Miss Rayner, will you come for a walk—just a little way down the road? There is a showy place there I should like to have you see."

He asked pleadingly, hurriedly, as though fearful of a refusal.

"Is it far?"

"No," eagerly; "quite near. Besides Miss Viva, I have something to tell you—or, rather, ask you."

They were already strolling slowly on. She paused and looked up in vague alarm.

"To ask me, Mr. Chandos?"

"Yes, Viva, I want to ask you to leave Rose cottage."

Was he mad?

"To leave Rose cottage!" she repeated, blankly.

She stopped short, and looked up at him with brown, bewildered eyes.

"Are you not satisfied with us as tenants? What will mamma say?"

"I did not ask your mother to leave Rose cottage"—and his voice was trembling and low—"I asked you!"

"Me? Why, Mr. Chandos—"

She broke off abruptly as he saw the look in the eyes of the man regarding her. Such a look as would make more successful wooers in the world to-day—a look of passionate love and resolute determination to have her in spite of herself.

"Viva, my darling—my darling!" he cried, all the mischief in his voice swept away in his fiery earnestness, "won't you understand? I love you very dearly, Viva, and I want you for my wife!"

"Yes—I understand," she said, simply.

"I am not a rich man, dear, but I would give my life to make you happy."

She looked up at him with bright, outshining eyes, and though her cheeks

blamed hotly, she said, in her gentle, straightforward, girlish way:

"I would be honored to be your wife were you penniless, Mr. Chandos!"

"Mr. Chandos!" sternly. "Little wife, say 'Clifford!'"

And, her hand in his, she said it, simply:

"Clifford!"

In a short time they paused before a massive entrance gate and pretty gothic lodge.

"This is the great place of the neighborhood, Viva. Shall we go up and look at it?"

They paused at the great stone steps of an ideal country-seat, stretching, verandahed, porticoed, with huge stone lions on guard at the door.

"Come in, dear!" holding out his hand, with a curious smile.

"But the owner?"

"I go with his permission."

Then, passing the servant at the door, he led her through rooms where the mighty touch of Midas was softened and made perfect by the mightier touch of taste. Through a conservatory where birds and flowers were drowsily falling asleep, and marble statues gleamed palely forth from tropical, dusty nooks.

"It's a handsome place, dear, isn't it?" he asked, when once again they stood 'neath the darkening sky.

"Handsome? Oh, Clifford!" with an ecstatic, long-drawn breath.

"I hardly know how much rent I ought to charge you, little woman," he cried, quizzically, drawing her closer to him; "but I'll be moderate. Suppose we say—one thousand kisses per annum!"

"Yours!" she gasped. "You said you were not rich."

"Well, not Rothschild nor Vanderbilt, love, but," with a sudden change of tone, "richer than all the world, sweetheart, in you."

So, after all, Viva graces a home worthy of her. And Jessie sententious remarks:

"'Twas a lucky move."

And Viva nods and smiles as she slips her little sparkling hand into her husband's loving clasp.

## Woman's Wit.

THE following circumstances actually occurred in Dublin a short time back. Mr. L— was much attached to Miss C—, the young, beautiful, and accomplished heiress to a property of some £15,000 per annum; but, being himself lord of no other earthly possessions than talents and good looks, he "never told his love," fearful not only of a refusal on the part of the lady to reciprocate the sentiment, but of the probable imputation of mercenary motives by her friends. Miss C—, however, had sufficient penetration to discover the genuine and disinterested affection of the swain, and the highly praiseworthy sensitiveness which caused him to shrink from its avowal. She was by no means indisposed to encourage his suit, but the consciousness of his comparative poverty rendered more than the ordinary encouragement given by a lady to her suitor necessary to stimulate his courage to propound the decisive inquiry. How was she, then, to give expression to her sentiments regarding him, without at the same time overstepping the bounds of "maiden modesty." She proposed a game of cards.

"For what stake shall we play?" asked Mr. L—.

"There's my stake," said the lady, throwing down a sovereign; "if you win, you win it—if I win, I win *yourself*. I am aware I have no chance of winning, though, against so expert a player as you."

Mr. L— was, indeed, about the best player in Dublin, while his fair antagonist knew little or nothing of the game. Strange to say, however, on this occasion his luck deserted him. The poor gentleman was so unfortunate as to lose both the game and himself—and *won the heiress!* Their marriage was celebrated at St. Peter's two months ago.

## A Comical Mistake.

A MOST ridiculous scene occurred at a church in New Castle, a few Sundays ago. A policeman was passing the church as a gentleman came out. The man jokingly accosted the policeman and said he was wanted inside, meaning that the minister would be glad to have him seek the truth and enjoy a peace that passeth all understanding. The stupid policeman thought there was trouble in church, so he went in. The sexton, seeing the policeman, was anxious to give him a favorable seat, so he said, "Come right in here," and took him to a pew and waved his hand as much as to say, "Help yourself." There was a deacon with a sinister expression, as the policeman thought, in the pew, and he supposed that was the man they wanted arrested, so he tapped the deacon on the arm and told him to come along. The deacon turned pale and edged along as though to get away, when the policeman took him by the collar and jerked

## A Singular Fact.

Electric light will sunburn you. In other words, if you object to the bull in that expression, it is true that if a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time in examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn," even in midwinter, and he will develop freckles.

## 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.

him out into the aisle. The deacon struggled, thinking the policeman was crazy, and tried to get away, but he was dragged along. Many of the congregation thought the deacon had been doing something wrong, and some of them got behind the deacon and helped the officer fire him out. Arrived at the lock-up the policeman saw the man who told him he was wanted in the church and he asked him what the charge was against the deacon, and he didn't know, so the sexton was appealed to, and he didn't know, and finally the prisoner was asked what it was all about, and he didn't know. The policeman was asked what he arrested the man for, and he didn't know, and after a while the matter was explained, and the policeman, who had to arrest somebody, took the man into custody who told him he was wanted in the church, and he was fined five dollars and costs. He says he will never try to convert a policeman again, and the policeman says that he will never go into a church again if they get to knocking each other down with hymn books.

## Why Stone Walls are Damp.

The walls of a stone house and sometimes of a brick house are covered with dampness. This is due to the very same cause by which dew is deposited on grasses, or moisture on the side of a glass or a pitcher that is filled with ice water and is brought into a warm room. The walls become cold, and as stone is a non-conductor of heat they remain cold for a long time. When the weather changes suddenly from cold to warm, the air becomes filled with moisture, for the warmer the air is, the more moisture it will absorb. When this warm air strikes the cold walls the moisture is deposited on them, and as the warm air is continually coming in contact with the wall, the dampness accumulates until it appears like dew upon them and pours down in streams at times. It is easily prevented. No plaster should be put directly on the brick or stone, but furring strips should be nailed to the wall and the lath put on these. Cellars are frequently made very damp in the same way by too much ventilation in warm weather. The warm air pouring in is cooled and its moisture is deposited on the walls and floor until they are so wet as to surprise the housekeeper, who wonders how it is the cellar will not dry and the more it is aired the wetter it becomes.

## Bric-a-Brac.

It is not generally known from whence the term bric-a-brac, so frequently used, is derived. I met with the following explanation of it not long since: The word probably came from an old French expression, *de bric et de brogue*, which literally translated, means from right and from left—from hither and thither. The word *bric* in old French is used to describe an instrument to shoot arrows at birds with, and the word *brac* is some etymologists say, derived from the verb *brocancer*, to exchange or sell, the root of which is *Savon*, and the origin of the word "broker." In pure English its real signification is second-hand goods, but of late years it has been used to indicate objects of artistic value made in olden times, and esteemed by modern collectors.

## Hot Ice.

The latest scientific curiosity is hot ice. Dr. Carnelly, of Sheffield, claims to have frequently obtained ice at so high a temperature that you couldn't touch it without burning yourself. Besides, he has frozen water in hot glass vessels; and also maintained ice as such at temperatures far above the boiling point for a considerable time. Experimenting on the boiling point of substances at low pressure, he was led to conclude that unless the pressure upon a solid was above a certain point, called the critical pressure, no amount of heat would melt it. J. Ballantine Hannay, the artificial diamond maker, writes to Nature that he has independently arrived at Dr. Carnelly's results.

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**ESTATE NOTICE.**—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Rev. S. S. Richmond late of Torone township, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. P. O. Address—Landisburg, Perry County, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

**ALFRED E. RICHMOND,**

CHAS. H. SMILEY, Att'y. Administrator.

May 10, 1881.