THE TIMES NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., AUGUST 9, 1881.

Testing His Friends.

2

T ILY DEANE sat busily copying a favorite poem, almost hidden from the sight of the guests in Mrs. Grenville's drawing room by the rich folds of the lace curtains that hung from the lofty French windows like billows of foam.

A dainty, daisy-faced girl, with a complexion as fresh as the morning; with a warm, rosy glow on the healthful skin, and the wine-bright sparkles in the big, velvety gray eyes. A happy, earnesthearted girl, on whom all the finesse of her paternal aunt, the fashionable Mrs. Grenville, of Lexington Avenue, had been wasted in valn, in so far as that lady had attempted to make a stylish city young lady of the little rustic guest. A girl with plenty of common sense, and an innate delicacy of refinement that Alexouma and Ethelberta Grenville her twin cousins, might have been proud to have possessed.

Now, nestling away among the foamy curtains, Lily listened to the ripples of conversation that had eddled past her, thinking-in the vague, half distressed way of thought, that had somehow, come to be quite natural to her, these few last weeks of that short delightful winter spent in New York-that of all these people who had met her so many times in her Aunt Grenvilles's drawing room, there was not one who would care when she was gone, unless-and just the faintest possible little quiver ran through her pretty figure as the sound of Sidney Ellis' voice suggested the possibility of an exception in his favor.

He had been very good to her all that winter-from the very day that Alexouma introduced him, and told Lily after he had gone that he was one of the most eligible young men in the city, worth a couple hundred thousands, and a perfect love of a mansion on Fifth Avenue, not to mention his country seat on the Hudson. Lily had liked him from the very first-and liked him none the less when Alexouma had whispered to her, in greatest possible confidence, that she and Mr. Ellis were so nearly engaged that it was as good as accomplished .--Liked him none the less, certainly, but somehow she felt curiously strange about it.

Not that she was in love with himindeed, no! She had told herself a thousand times that she was in love with nobody, and tried her best, and almost succeeded in convincing herself, that it was only a little reluctance at leaving all the luxury and the elegance of Aunt Grenville's city house that made her so uncomfortable.

Uatil the sound of Sidney Ellis' voice talking to a group of girls near her, aroused her from that sad, distressful mood that had taken complete possession of her.

" Then you consider me a fair subject for pity, ladles ?"

"Only we don't believe a word of it, Mr. Ellis. Justimagine the incongruity of the thing !"

Miss Ethelberta Grenville laughed, and looked straight into Mr. Ellis' eyes. He smiled, as if amused.

there is no life like country life." Then lifting her eyes timidly to Sidney's oddly expressive face, she added : "I think you will be happy and contented, Mr. Ellis."

Ethelberta rose from her chair lauguidly.

"Come Allle," Mrs. Wyndham said "I promised you a glimpse of my new Duchess set. Mr. Helsinger, Mr. Ellis, you will excuse us."

Ellis was on his feet in a moment.

"Ladies, there is not the slightest need of your taking such pains to manifest your sudden lack of interest in me -or rather your disappointment to learn that I am no longer eligible as a wealthy bait. Pray Helsinger, remain and entertain the ladies, and I will retire. Mrs. Wyndham, Miss Grenville, Miss Ethelberta, good night | Miss Dean, if fortune favors me, I hope to say good bye to you to-morrow."

And with dignity that befitted a duke, Ellis went away, leaving Helsinger at the mercy of three curious women's tongues.

The widow Wyndham sank back among the blue cushions-she always made a point of getting where there were lovely azure tints to show off her petite, blonde beauty-with an expression of the most devout thankfulness on her pretty face.

"Oh, Mr. Helsinger, I feel as if I never could sufficiently thank you !-Only suppose I had accepted him what on earth would I have done ?"

Helsinger looked innocently at her.

" Indeed, Mrs. Wyndham, poor Ellis must have grown very reticent about his love affairs lately, for he never hinted to me that you had refused him."

A vivid blush deepened on her face. " Oh I didn't mean to say that he had actually offered, you know. But if he had, and I had accepted him ?" " Oh !!?

Helsinger's monosyllable was eloquent and somehow made the widow wonder if he was making fun of her.

"Because, you see," Miss Ethelberta went on, almost indignantly, " Mr. Ellis has been so very attentive to us all, and indeed, his wealth and position made him very desirable. But now-"

And a peculiar toss of her head and compression of her lips finished her remark far better than words could have done.

"I am really sorry poor Sidney has disappointed you all-shall I include you, Miss Dean ?"

She turned her flushed cheeks toward the group more bravely than she had ever done anything in her life.

"Indeed, you may not. Mr. Ellis Is the same to me now as he was when he owned his mausion and horses and money, and a true friend of his will esteem him none the less."

Mrs. Wyndham tittered maliciously, "Why, my dear, what a beautiful display of Quixotic Interest. Pray do repeat it to Mr. Ellis, Mr. Helsinger." He arose gravely.

"I shall do so Mrs. Wyndman, and being myself the sort of friend Miss Dean describes, I shall carry Quixotism still further-I shall select Sidney Ellis' friends as mine. Ladies, goodnight." After he was gone, Alexouma turned with a scowl to Lily still standing beside the low ebony etegere, with the same sweet, flushed excitement on her pure face. "You brazen little witch! Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut?-You see what you have done-actually driven Mr. Helsinger from our house." "I think not, Allie. If you will be reasonable, you will see it was your own cruelty and hollow-heartedness that did it.7

and more-I want to tell you that you have inspired a holler feeling than even the highest respectful admiration Lily, can you not see that I love you dearly, dearly ? Look up, little one, and tell me I am to have you for my darling, my wife!"

It had come to her at last, this love of Sidney Ellis, and she sobbed out her own weak confession on his breast, the happiest girl that ever the sun shone on.

"And are you sure you will not shrink from farm-life, my darling ?" Her eyes answered him before her lips framed the words.

"Shrink from it! Ob., Sidney, I always loved the country, and with you it will be a paradise ! I am used to it. you know, dear, and I can see to the bulter and eggs, and poultry and everything. I will try to be so good, Sidney, and saving and maybe you will get rich, some day."

" My noble, brave darling." He took ber in his arms, and she did not see the loving smile on his lips, the pride in his eyes as he bent over her head.

"Listen, then, Lily, while I tell, you shall superintend the dairy and poultry yard to your heart's content, but only when we visit our farm In Wisconsinevery summer, shall it be, dear? And at other times, don't you think we can be very happy in our house on the avenue? Because little one, I have not lost a dollar-rather gained a fortune in winning you. I had no idea that Helsinger would carry on the joke; but thank God he did, for I have won you, and learned to distinguish the gold from the dross!

Mrs. Wyndham never visits the Ellises, although she is ready to expire with envy whenever she meets Lily in her elegant photon; and the Grenvilles never tire of boasting of "the Ellises-our cousins, you know !"

A Pretty Tough Story.

The Newark Advertiser says : " There lives in Salem to-day a man who saventeen years ago was buried under the ground for thirty-six hours. He was sick, and In the course of time was given up for dead. He was buried, and in digging a grave adjoining his, thirty-six hours after, the grave digger heard a noise in the adjoining grave. Procuring help, the grave and coffin were opened, and shortly after the buried man opened his eyes, regained his strength, and is walking about the streets of Salem today."

A Pig full of Huckleberries.

An empty pig and a pail full of huckleberries were forwarded by express to Lapeer, Mich., the other day, and arrived an empty pail, and plg full of huckleberries. The company was ready to deliver all the goods, but the consignee refused to receipt for them on the ground that the consignment did not tally with the bill of lading.

13"The other week George Wenrich, of Swatara valley, had a little experience in hauling hay. In backing out of the threshing floor one of his horses turned up a plank or two, his hind limbs caught, and on attempting to extricate himself, he slid into the hay rack and from there fell head foremost into the

SUNDAY READING.

Do Your Best.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentieman, one evening, "I paid a visit to my grandfather, a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches and huge silver knee-buckles filled me with great awe. When I went to bid him good-by, he drew me between his knees, and, placing his hand on my head, said, "Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you; will you remember it ?" I stared into his face and nodded, for I was afraid to promise aloud .--"Well," he continued, "whatever you do, do the best you can."

"This, in fact, was my grandfather's legacy to me, and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words, and I believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home my uncle gave Marcus and I some weeding to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon, and we had laid our plans for something else. Marcus, fretted and ill-humored at his disappointment, did not more than half do his work, and I began pretty much like him, until grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it. In a word I "did my best." And, when my uncle came out, I shall never forget his look of approbation as his eyes glanced over my beds, or the fourpence he slipped into my hands afterward as he said my work was well done. Ah! I was a glad and thankful boy, and poor Marcus was left to drudge over his beds all the afternoon.

"At 15 I was sent to the academy, where I had partly to earn my own way through the course. The lessons came hard at first, for I was not fond of study ; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers for me before the year was out, and one from the best merchant of the village, "a place" in whose store was considered very desirable. When I joined the church, I tried to do the Lord's work as well as I did my own, and often, when I have been tempted to leave the Sunday-school, or let a hinderance keep me from prayer meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, "Do the best you can," have given me fresh courage, and I would again try."

Here, then, was the key to this man's character. He is considered one of the best business men, one of the best citizens, one of the best officers of the church, one of the best friends of the poor, one of the best neighbors, fathers, husbands, friends; in a word he is universally beloved and respected. And what is the secret of it all? He always tried to do the best he could. Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will do wonders for you. It will bring out powers and capabilities which will surprise and delight yourselves and friends.

How to Keep a Situation.

Be ready to throw in an odd half hour



Backache, Soroness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Eur and Headache, Frosted Feet

and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. .

No Proparation on earth equals St. Jacobe OIL as a sufe, sure, simple and chemp External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trilling outing of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheep and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Langt

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. May 3, 1881-1y

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 SPECIALITY. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS' We self and do keep a good quality of SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS

And everything under the head of GROCERIES!

Machine seedles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE.

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

Ar No trouble to show goods.

" The incongruity of what Miss Bertie? I confess my inability to follow your meaning."

Alexouma flirted her fan in a manner intended to be the very poetry of motion and took up the line of defense.

"Wby, the idea, of you, of all men, leaving the city and burying yourself in the horrid country! What on earth will you do with yourself?"

Mr. Ellis looked fcross the group to Helsinger, who was valuly trying to interest Mrs Eustacle Wyndham, who, had her eyes on Sidney Ellis for her deceased husband's successor.

"Helsinger, what do you think? Shall I stand it, if 1 emigrate to my Wisconsin farm ?"

"Your Wisconsin farm ! Bless my soul Ellis is the Wisconsin farm all there is left you from the wreck of your fortune ?"

Ellis laughed, as much at the horror on Mrs. Wyndham's face, as at the ready reply of his friend Helsinger.

"Oh, Mr. Ellis! you never are going into the horrid Western wilds, because you have actually lost everything else? I thought surely you meant it for a sort of a lark, you know, I supposed there was a delightful little cottage, and a carriage and everything romantic."

Lily parted the curtains and came out at this juncture, in good time to see the surprise and growing coldness on Mrs. Wyndham's pretty face.

Ellis looked quickly up at her and bowed.

"Miss Lily, add your condolence, please. These ladies are horrified because Helsinger has foolishly blundered over a piece of news I hoped to have kept quiet."

A delicious flush surged over Lily's cheek. Somehow-and how egregiously foolish it was !- she felt glad Mr. Ellis had lost all his wonderful lot of money.

"I cannot see why Mrs. Wyndham

Mrs. Wyndham laughed hysterically -she really was terribly cut up at Ellis' sudden ineligibility.

"Cruelty! hollow-heartedness! Perhaps, Miss Dean, you would not refuse to apply an antidote to Mr. Ellis."

Lily looked quietly at the vexed woman, but made no reply, and then went to her own room where she was to pass the last night of her long visit-the visit during which she had learned so much of the hollowness of society, so little of what was ennobling, save her love for Sidney Ellis.

She knew it now-knew it was a conviction as strong as death-that the ill fortune that had come to him had developed in her what it had crushed in Eustacle Wyndham. She admitted it, with thrills of glad, solemn joy, and prayed God to give her his love before she laid her bonny head on the pillow that night.

With the morrow he came-to bid her " good by," as he had said the night before. The parlors were deserted-the shrewd women of the Grenville household took excellent pains to keep out of the way of the penniless man, who might have Lily and welcome, if she were fool enough to take him. He met the girl half way across the floor, and took her hand warmly.

"Miss Lily, I want to thank you for need feel horrified. I can assure her your womanly words of encouragment ; | gallons of molasses over his body.

stable below. The other horse followed suit, and strange as it appears they both escaped with few scratches.

a little child of Mr. Davis Myers, living south of Veedersburg, Ind., was bitten Wednesday by a rattlesnake while playing in the yard. It died Thursday morning' after suffering great agony, the limb which was bitten having swollen to several times its natural size. This is the second child Mr. Myers, has lost in the last few weeks by snake bite.

IT'A Mrs. Howard, of Burlington,

Iowa, was awakened the other night by a strange sensation about her ankles, as if something was twisting around and binding them. Making a sudden spring from the bed and crying for help, she disovered that she had thrown a large rattlesnake on the floor. It was killed with much difficulty, measured, when stretched out at full length, 3} feet.

to A man wagered that he could crawl through a drain 500 feet long at Steubenville, O. He went in through an aperture scarcely larger than his body and the speciators waited an hour for him to emerge at the other end. But he got stuck in the centre and had to be dug out. The job lasted all day, and when rescued he was almost dead.

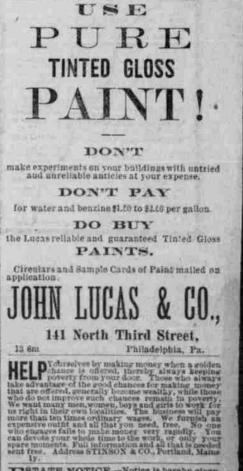
137 A horse belonging to Mr. John F. Segar, of Hampton, Va., deliberately committed suicide a few days ago by walking into the river and drowning himself. He could easily have swam back to shore, if his purpose had not been as indicated. The same animal has long been regarded as a confirmed crank.

ar At New Sharon, Iowa, a constable volunteered to watch a store which was to be robbed, but he fell asleep, and the robbers took his watch, money, pistol and most of his clothes, and poured four or an hour when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, your employer will make a note of it; make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. Those young men who watch the clock to see when the very second of their working hour is up-who leave, no matter what state their work may bein, at precisely the same instant-who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work and yet not get reprovedwho are lavish of their employers' goods -will be always the first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer required.

It is an easy thing to find fault .--It is easy to say that nobody is honest. It is easy to say that the church is to blame for it. It is easy to say that the church would be all right if the minister would do and preach what he ought. But it isn't easy to look on the best side, to see that there are hundreds of faithful preachers, thousands of honest, sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humility, which outweigh all grumbling of the grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in balance. Let us be faig and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody isn't a rascal. Our neighbors are not all trying to cheat us. The church is doing a good work for the world, and even the growlers are not half so disagreeable as they seem.

Duty itself is supreme delight when love is the inducement and labor. By such a principle the ignorant are enlightened, the hard-hearted softened, the disobedient reformed and the faithful encouraged.

When a man owns himself to be in an error, he does but tell you in other words that he is wiser than he was.



The second secon

ALBERT E. RICHMOND, CHAS. H. SMILET, Att.'y. Administrator May 19, 1881.