

combined," said an enamored little sophomore.

"So would I!" sang out a half dozen more around the breakfast-table.

"He's sure of an invitation from the old gent to call," another added.

Forsythe himself, however, took the matter indifferently. Miss Lindsley was certainly a very pretty girl, and the pressing invitation her father had given him to call on the family he did not by any means intend to slight; but his heart had already been touched by a charming little creature, near home, whose photograph he always kept at hand. Walking back and forth in his room a while during the morning, he stopped occasionally to look from the window toward Mr. Lindsley's house in the distance, and wondered what she was thinking about. Then, finally, took down a volume of "Pendennis" and fell to reading it, instead of preparing for recitation.

After about a week, though, Forsythe was seized by an ardent desire to find out whether Miss Beatrice had quite recovered from the shock she had suffered, and without hesitating any longer, he walked boldly over to the distant house and presented himself. From that time on his peace of mind was disturbed and his tranquil spirit kept in a flutter for several months. In the midst of her music, books, pictures, flowers, and canary birds, she was really more charming than he supposed while looking at her in church or in the moonlight.—Her tall, graceful figure showed to better advantage when rid of heavy outdoor garments, and her wealth of amber colored hair was more beautiful when not concealed by a hat. Forsythe discovered, also, that her complexion was perfect, and that her blue eyes had a depth and fascination about them which insisted on lurking in his memory.

"I hope you did not take cold, Mr. Forsythe?" she said, her face having a mild expression of solicitude.

"Oh! no," he answered, "not in the least. I think the wetting did me good."

"It makes me tremble to recall the accident at all," she said, flushing slightly. "It was so dreadful."

Her cheeks were quite like a rose, he thought, an hour afterward, in his room, comparing her with the photograph already mentioned. She had a voice, too, full of feeling, when she sang, he remembered; and he meant to call again as soon as politeness would permit him.

Indeed, before the winter passed Forsythe became a frequent visitor to Mr. Lindsley's and well acquainted with the whole family. Their parlor was an exceedingly warm and cordial place; Mr. Lindsley was a hearty good-natured man; and Mrs. Lindsley was one of the best little women in the world; and Miss Beatrice, he ventured to write his mother, was an exquisite girl, whom he felt quite sure she would be glad to know. Anxious Mrs. Forsythe, it chanced, however, took fright by her son's repeated allusions to these new friends of his, and eventually concluded it was time she ought to be near him. He might be falling in love with the young lady, for all she knew, and ruining his future prospects, she suggested to Mr. Forsythe. Moreover, they had probably found out as much as they could ever hope to about their baby. Madam Loizeau was remembered in Bayonne to have been a banker's widow, who had married again many years since and gone away, perhaps to America, where her husband belonged. That was all, and any more vague information would not repay them for running a risk with Rupert.

So, to his surprise, Forsythe received word one day, when the completion of the college year was near, that his parents were on their way home, and that his mother hoped to pass commencement week with him. He was quite pleased, though, for he was very fond of his mother and had missed her not a little. He made haste to make all sorts of preparations to receive her; and the Lindsleys, who were anticipating a pleasant party on Beatrice's birthday, which would come to pass at the beginning of the same week, asked him to let them expect her also to be present with him. This occasion (it turned out in the end) was the most memorable one Mrs. Forsythe might ever expect to experience, or the Lindsleys either, perhaps.

She saw Beatrice first in the glare of the hall light, at the moment of arrival, and thought her a beautiful girl. An hour later she was as much in love with her as her son was. She was what her own daughter might have been, perhaps a tall, delicate blonde, dignified in manner, yet gentle and womanly. Standing withdrawn from the crowd at one of the conservatory windows, they had a pleasant talk together, when it had begun to grow late. Beatrice liked to talk about Europe. She had traveled much when she was a little girl, and they had all lived on the continent. She remembered Paris very well, and Venice too.

"I want to go over there again, some day," she said; "but mamma dreads the voyage so much, perhaps we shall not un-

dertake it. She was shipwrecked once."

Mrs. Forsythe trembled a little. "So were my husband and I, a long time ago," she said.

"It must be very dreadful to remember," Beatrice answered, though really busy thinking that Rupert's mother was a dear woman and quite what she had hoped she would be.

The next moment she was called away to the piano, and led Mrs. Forsythe back to the parlor. Mrs. Lindsley joined the latter there, and they sat together in a quiet corner, while Beatrice sang out of Belzini's selections. How well they both remembered it all afterward! Rupert stood at the piano turning the leaves of the music for Beatrice, and the two mothers could not help thinking similar thoughts about them. Unconscious of what the next few hours held in store, each amused herself with a pleasant fancy that neither would have dared let the other discover just then.

By and by, near midnight, when the company had begun to depart, they went up stairs to the guest chamber, for it had been arranged that Mrs. Forsythe would remain all night. Mrs. Lindsley lighted the gas and then stood chatting a while. She was a short, plump woman, with gray hair, motherly and warmhearted.

"You may be proud of your son, I think," when some chance word had called Rupert to mind. "He is held in high esteem by the whole college."

"He has always been very dear to me," Mrs. Forsythe replied. "Since he was a baby he has never been away until now. I miss him very much."

"Our children grow up too quickly," Mrs. Lindsley said thoughtfully, after a moment. Then turning to a bureau drawer, near at hand, she continued: "Look at what I keep here."

Carefully put away in one corner of the drawer were Beatrice's baby clothes, and she took them out, piece by piece. Some of the little flannels had been eaten here and there by moths, and one of the long dresses, which had a pattern of rich lace set in front, attracted Mrs. Forsythe's attention. The lace was like a piece she remembered; a piece that had been a wedding gift and was part of the baby dress her own little girl had worn. She turned the garment over, excitedly, and in another instant recognized her initials, wrought in silk on the inside. Then, uttering a wild, passionate cry, she reeled and fell back to the floor, white and motionless as death.

Mrs. Lindsley, struck with terror, rushed at the head of the stairs and called to everybody who happened to be within hearing.

In a few moments the house was in a state of commotion. The servants were sent in haste for a physician, Rupert was brought back from the college, and various restoratives were administered; but Mrs. Forsythe, lying on the bed, where she had been placed, gave no signs of returning consciousness, except now and then a faint moan.

It was a fit, the physician said, which had probably been brought on by some strong emotion, and by and by she would fall into a heavy sleep, and then it would pass off. This sleep, however, when finally it came, did not restore Mrs. Forsythe's strength, and during the rest of the night and most of the next day she lay in a stupor, with her eyes partially closed, her only desire, apparently, being to have Beatrice sit where she could look at her.

Mrs. Lindsley watched her nervously much of the time, half frightened by a certain suspicion that had taken possession of her own mind, and when night came on again she sent Beatrice away and sat down at the bedside alone, trembling with anxiety. The room was hushed and growing dark, and she believed Mrs. Forsythe was sleeping again. When she awoke perhaps she would ask her whether—whether it was so. She had thought years ago, that such a thing might occur some time; but had never dreamed it could have happened now, after so long. She meant to make herself ready to bear it, though, as she had other agonies in her life. Beatrice had always known that she was not her mother.

Mrs. Forsythe moved, then propped herself up with one arm, and looked at her strangely, with wide open eyes.

"Were you ever Loizeau?" she asked, trying to steady her voice.

"Yes! yes!" Mrs. Lindsley cried, giving way to hysterical weeping and dropping her head on the side of the bed. "Tell me all! Tell me is she yours?"

"But—you do not know! We took Rupert from the steamer by mistake. Is he not yours?"

She heard her but she did not understand it all at once. The shock was too great. She could only find relief in weeping. Mrs. Forsythe threw her arms around her neck and wept also.

After the first shock was over the two women talked over the matter quietly. Neither felt willing to relinquish the child she had raised, but the mutual feeling of regard had by the young people, gave promise of a way to reconcile the matter satisfactorily, so that while

neither of the mothers should lose their child, each should gain one. They kept the secret and gave the children every chance to continue and encourage their fondness for each other, until Rupert finished his education. Then a wedding was had and the public was then told of this "ROMANCE OF THE SEA."

#### A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BEING in company with an eminent medical lecturer, who fell into conversation on the use of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept.

"Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it.

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round; the negro's oval; the mouse's apparently jointed; the bat's jagged; and so on. Indeed every animal has hair of a peculiar character; and what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken; an important circumstance, as will appear from my story.

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to a microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation.

"Oh, yes," I said, "there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope," handing it to him at the same time.

"He expressed himself much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter. I turned out, however, of more consequence than I imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpoena to attend as a witness on a murder trial.

"This was very disagreeable, as I have said; but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow with some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the Judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might act upon it.

"One jurymen in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy.

"Does thee mean to say," said he, "that thee can tell any hair of any animal?"

"I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could.

"Well," said he, "I'll prove thee."

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterward, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked to examine and report on.

"Is this another murder case?" I inquired; "for, if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work."

"No, no," said he; "it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity which I should be very much obliged to you if you would solve, and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days time." Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

"When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat.

"Two or three days afterward, as I was sitting in my consulting-room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in.

"Well," said he, "has thee looked at them hairs?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat."

"Well," he exclaimed, "so they are. Thou hast forgotten me; but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at the assizes? I said I

would prove thee; and so I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway."

"So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me; and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a proof as this, and was more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believe that a thorough dependence may be placed.

#### Look at Your Thumbs.

IF anybody will look carefully at the end of his thumb he will find that the surface is ridged with little thread-like ranges of hills wound round and round in tiny spirals. If he will take a magnifying glass and examine them closely, he will find that there is a good deal of individuality in the way in which these are arranged. No two thumbs in all the world are exactly alike. The miniature mountain ranges are as fixed and decided as the Alps or the Sierras, the geography of the thumb as unmistakable. Now the Chinese have made use of this fact for establishing a rogue's gallery.—Whenever a criminal is examined by the law, an impression is taken of his thumb. Smear with a little lamp-black, partially wiped and then pressed down on a piece of paper, an engraving of the thumb is made, and kept in the police records.

It serves just the same purpose which is served by our photographing our burglars and pick-pockets. The accused can be identified with great certainty.—Nothing short of mutilating or burning the thumb can obliterate its features. Sometimes a ghastly proof of guilt is furnished. A murderer, red-handed with his crime, may touch his finger's end upon a white wall, and so leave in the color of his gull a photograph on the accusing wall. His signature is left just as unmistakable as if he had signed the bond of his iniquity; and it is thus brought to light, and deeds of blood made to tell their own story.

But this individuality in the skin of the tip of the thumb, strongly marked as it is yet admits of strong family likeness. Brothers and sisters who will take impressions of their thumbs will find resemblances among each other that they will not find when comparing them with the thumbs of strangers. Even thus minutely does that strange thing, family likeness, descend. What wonder is it that faces look alike, voices sound alike; how can it seem strange that members of the same family should have dispositions and similarities of temper, of mental aptitudes and hereditary diseases, when such minor peculiarities as the texture at the end of the thumb, and its ranges of hills, should also have family resemblances in the midst of their indefinite diversities?

#### Changes of Five Years.

FIVE years ago a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Georgia, anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the Post Office, but the Postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. She thought her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She therefore is surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the Postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spans the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. Heavens! It is from John, who proposes in glowing words and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter and out of curiosity communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago pork-packer, with a wife and three sons.

#### Big Results From Little Causes.

"Do you know?" remarked a man to his friend on Chestnut Street, a day or two since, "I believe both Conklin and Platt had a bad case of skin disease when they resigned!" "What makes you think so?" inquired the listener in astonishment. "Well, you see they acted in such an eruptive manner—so rash—ly as it were. Save? Oh! yes, I save," replied the other, "they were boiling over and merely resigned to humor themselves, I suppose." If such be the case, the National difficulty might have been averted by applying Swayne's Ointment for skin diseases.

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

ALBERT E. RICHMOND, Administrator

CHAS. H. SMILEY, Att'y. May 10, 1881.

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Estate of Samuel Miller, Deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to WALLACE DEWITT, Administrator. Sept. 20, 1881. [Harrisburg, Pa.]