

The Bride's Fortune.

A PLEASANT STORY.

AN OLD man was riding leisurely along the highway. He was dressed in a rusty suit of homespun, and every article of his attire was of a corresponding kind.

Suddenly a group of mounted soldiers came down the road. At sight of the pedestrian they halted, and the leader exclaimed, roughly,

"Hallo, old man, out with your papers. You know I suppose, our emperor's orders are that no one in this district can travel a league without them."

"But I am not a traveler. I am only visiting my estates."

"Ha, ha!—your estates! That is good! Come now, show me your pass at once, or I shall arrest you in the emperor's name."

"As I did not bring it with me, you will have to do as you please in the matter. The good emperor shall never hear that he has a disobedient subject in Josef Weyer."

"You talk fair, old man, but you must come along. Fall in line. Carl, keep an eye on the prisoner."

The judge before whom the old man was taken being very busy, ordered the newcomer to be put in prison until he could attend to his case. Being of an active turn of mind, Herr Weyer soon made himself a general favorite by lending a helping hand to everything that was to be done.

One day he was busily engaged in cleaning a window when an astonished voice sounded behind him, "Do my eyes see falsely, or am I right in what I think—that it is the good Herr Weyer engaged in such a remarkable business?"

"You see truly, my son. Time hangs heavy on idle hands, so I do the work which comes first in my way. You see I came from home without my pass, and the soldiers arrested me."

"The villains!" ejaculated his wondering listener, "to lay hands on one who could, I daresay, buy and sell the whole army."

"They were not to blame. One must do that which seems to be his duty," was the philosophic answer.

"And I'll soon do mine; which is to see that you are released within an hour. I am known here and my word will be taken."

The young man turned to go, but Josef laid his hand upon his arm, and fixed his eyes earnestly on his face.

"My good friend," he said, "I would well like to hear your name before you start on your kindly intentioned errand. You seem to know me well, and it is a rare stroke of good luck that you do; but I cannot recall that I have ever before laid eyes upon your face albeit it is truly an honest and well favored countenance."

"I am the son of one of your tenants, and right glad I am to make some small return to you this day for the many favors you have extended to my father who is Rudolph Kline, of the valley farm in Szentes."

"So you come of that worthy man's stock, do you? and your own name is—"

"It is Rudolph, after my father. But if it pleases you to excuse me now, I must at once go and make known to the authorities their great mistake, or I shall be too late, and the end of this day will still see you a prisoner, instead of on your way to your home and family."

"Go, then, my son, and may your errand be successful. Meanwhile I will endeavor to finish my work."

Thus speaking, the old man turned again to the polishing of the window; and in that trifling action was sounded the key-note to one of the most eccentric but successful of lives.

He was Josef Weyer, the peasant millionaire of Szentes, Hungary—a man who had originally been a small farmer, but by untiring industry and thrift, and by judicious investments in cattle and in land, he had come to possess an enormous income, although clinging to his primitive peasant dress and to the simple habits of his early life.

He was soon released, and upon the back of his favorite horse, that had been returned to him in good condition was again riding along the highway on his homeward route.

Two or three years after the occurrence of this episode in the life of Josef Weyer he had started out for a visit to some of his tenants.

His way led through a narrow lane, and as he went along his attention was attracted by the sound of vehement sobs and moans.

A young girl had sought the sylvan retreat, and had evidently feared no intrusion; for she had thrown herself down beside a cluster of field lilies, and, face downward, was crying as though her heart would break.

The old man stood a moment in doubt, whether to speak to her or pass by and leave her undisturbed. But the sound of her despairing grief touched his heart

and he felt he must do something, if it lay in his power, to console her, and so said, "What's the matter, little maid? Smiles are fitter than tears for the young."

She sprang up like a startled fawn, and stood confronting him with wide, frightened eyes.

"Fear not," he said. "Who knows but I am one of the fairy folk from yonder hilly spot, where it is said they gather? If it be so, I can, maybe help you in your trouble."

"Oh, if you could!" she said, with a happy light driving away the lurking look of mistrust from her great dark eyes. "I'll tell you all about it, and then you can let me know if you can do anything."

The old man had spoken in jest not thinking but that the girl knew him; but seeing the innocent confidence with which his words had inspired her, he suffered the delusion to continue, and listened at first with an intention of doing her good, if he could do so just out of an impulse of compassion; but after the first few words that fell from her lips he felt an interest to help her for another and personal reason.

"I have lost my lover," she said wiping the tears from her eyes. "His people say that I am too poor to come into their family, and that if it were not for his love for me Rudolph might have married the richest farmer's daughter hereabouts. But, alas! I have not a guinea to my name, and must take service to earn my living, now that my father is dead."

"So your faithless lover's name is Rudolph, is it?"

"Oh! do not call him that; he is as true as steel. But I would be the first to forbid his coming to court me, now that his parents have forbidden it. I would not draw down upon him the curse for disobedience to one's father and mother."

"That is well said," was the approving answer; "but dry your tears. I promise you all shall yet be right. Tell me Rudolph's last name?"

"It is Kline, and his folks live yonder in that nicely painted farm house with the lillacs in front of it. See?"

"Yes, yes, I see. Now run home, little one, and give yourself no trouble.—Look as pretty as you can, and not grow pale with crying. Then when your lover comes hastening along the green lane to see you, he'll think you are like one of the pretty posies, and he will be glad to gather you to his heart and wear you there all his life. But what is your name?"

"Halka Ladislaus," she said shyly, dropping a graceful little courtesy, and turning to go away in obedience to his command. She never once looked back lest it should offend the kind and wonderful representative of the fairy folk who had evidently a great deal of power, or he never would have spoken with so much authority.

The old man then went to the "nicely-painted farm house," where Halka's lover lived. A sharp faced and sharp voiced woman met him at the door; but she was profuse in her expressions of welcome as she invited him in.

After an interchange of civilities the conversation gradually took a turn towards family matters, led in that direction by the visitor. He listened patiently to the mother's loquacious praise of her two elder sons—of their thrift and good management and other virtues, expecting to hear Rudolph's name at the last. But he was evidently the black sheep. There were no commendations for him. He was not once mentioned.

"And how is it with the son you call Rudolph?" he asked at last quietly.—"He did me a good turn once and seemed a likely sort of lad at that time."

"So he was until he lost his head about Halka, the old professor's daughter—a girl without enough guildens to bury herself decently with if she should happen to die."

"Then the lad has fallen in love with a weakling, has he? I thought he had too much the look of good sense about him to do such a foolish thing."

"No such good luck! Halka's as straight and strong as a young pine sapling, and is as red and white as cherries and milk. No, no, she'll live long enough."

"Then she won't need burial money yet awhile," said Josef, with a sly chuckle at the trap Frau Kline had inadvertently fallen into. "Let me see—Halka Ladislaus—where have I come across that name? Ah, I know. My good woman, your boy knows which side of his bread is buttered! That little girl is an heiress, though she doesn't know it herself. The day she's married, to my certain knowledge, she is to have a farm and a herd of cows and oxen."

"You do not really mean it?" was the surprised answer. "Well, I always did like Halka, only you see, Herr Weyer, if a young couple marry they must have something to live on."

"Yes, I see," was the ready answer; "and you are a sensible woman to look so carefully for the future. Now, good

day, and good fortune, until I see you again; and mind, if you happen to see little Halka, not a word about what I have told you. It's a secret between you and me. Now, where shall I find your husband?"

"In the far field with the oxen. If you like, I'll give a blast on the horn that'll bring him."

"No; I'll go to him. I like the smell of the new mown hay in the meadow which lies between."

Rudolph's mother watched Josef until he was out of sight. Then she hastened into the house and packed a basket of home-made dainties against Rudolph's coming in from his work.

What was his astonishment when his mother said, "I've been thinking a deal about what escaped my lips about you and Halka, and I'm sorry for it.—She's a poor, lone girl, and I ought not to stand in the way of her happiness.—Take these things to her as a peace-offering, and say that I'll make her a good mother-in-law, if she has a fancy to marry my boy."

Before the words were hardly out of her lips the astonished woman found herself lifted from the floor and hugged and kissed by her son until he was out of breath. Then Rudolph caught up the basket and hastened away in the same frantic manner, leaving his mother hardly knowing whether to be angry or rejoiced at his unusual demonstrativeness.

The consciousness that a selfish motive had been at the root of her apparent kindness had somewhat poisoned the pleasure which Rudolph's gratitude had caused to stir within her heart.

As my be expected, Rudolph soon made his peace with Halka—or, rather, made matters smooth between his mother and his fiancée, and it was not many weeks before a wedding feast was prepared for them, and the neighbors came from far and wide to attend the festivities. The most honored guest was their landlord, and it gave him great amusement to see the wondering look of pretty Halka when she saw him make his appearance.

But when a little later he produced a deed for a nice farm made out in her name, and added to it a gift of money and of cattle, she went up to him and whispered, with happy tears in her bright eyes. "You have indeed been like a fairy godfather to me, but it is the kindness of your own heart that has done this. How can I ever thank you enough?"

"One good turn deserves another, little Halka, and that stout young husband of yours has a pair of sharp eyes that once did me service. But mind, you are to keep silent about what I say. A discreet woman should know how to hold her tongue."

"I know not how much I may merit to be considered 'discreet,' but I will certainly be obedient," said Halka, modestly, "and shall do just as you say and I shall love you all my life only next to Rudolph, and to my dear old father, who would have been so glad to know that his Halka is so happy."

"And you may be sure he does know it," said Josef, rising hastily and going towards his wife who just then made her appearance from another room.—His heart was very tender, and Halka's words had brought a moisture to his eyes which he was anxious to conceal.

In after years Halka's children were frequent visitors at his home. He and his wife had not been blessed with children, and thus was filled a blank in his life which his vast wealth had not been able to satisfy.

In time they became his heirs.

An Interesting Suit for Damages.

The Elmira Gazette reports the following: A case has just been tried at the adjourned term of the Steuben Circuit Court at Bath, that has excited widespread interest in the localities where the parties reside. In 1864 there lived, and is still living, in the southern part of the town of Pulteney, a man and his wife by the name of Lounsbury, who, although prosperous farmers, have never been much noted for their liberality. They procured from the superintendent of the poor of Steuben county, about seventeen years ago, a boy named Daniel Crocker, then 9 years of age. For a year or two after he came to reside with the Lounsburies there is no particular interest in his history. The boy grew in stature but not in favor with said Lounsbury. By the time he was 12 or 13 years old a series of cruelties and severe whippings, as he now claims, were practiced upon him. The first of which was that he was tied up by the thumbs in the cellar, partly stripped of his clothing, and whipped until the blood ran down on his back; next that he was hung by the neck until he became unconscious; next that an axe was thrown at him, which he partly dodged, but was cut in the leg; next that he was severely kicked. The boy, now a man, also bitterly complained of almost daily severe whippings up to the time he was nineteen years of age; that he was locked out of the house

when the family were absent, in cold as well as in warm weather, and he was obliged to sleep in the wood-house; that his food and clothing were insufficient; no stockings, nor underclothing, nor overcoat, and was kept from school so that when he left at the age of nineteen he was neither able to read nor write nor understand the multiplication table. On the other hand, the Lounsburies sought to justify some charges against them on account of the bad character of the boy and deny others. A large number of witnesses were sworn on both sides, occupying nearly two days. The charge of the judge was clear and concise, after which the jury retired about an hour and returned and rendered a verdict of \$1,005 for the plaintiff.

An Exciting Ride.

The Bismark Times says:—The passengers on last evening's train from the Yellowstone had an experience exceedingly rare. When about two miles from Sentinel Butte, the dividing line between Montana and Dakota, a herd of sixteen buffalo were seen a short distance ahead, within easy rifle range. There were several soldiers on board with army rifles, and numerous small revolvers were also pointed toward the excited bison. A perfect volley of lead was poured into the herd, but to no effect. They bounded away over the divide, and were soon out of sight. The passengers had no sooner begun a discussion of what they had seen in years gone by, than a danger signal from the locomotive brought every one to the lookout. A herd of twenty or thirty buffalo were making directly for the train; and, fearing the engine would strike them and be thrown from the track, the air brakes were set, and the train nearly brought to a standstill, while the buffalo crossed the track a few feet ahead. Every gun was again leveled. Such excitement cannot be described. Bullets flew in every direction, some striking the ground as near as ten feet from the train, others raising the dust a mile distant. The train moved on slowly, and the volleys of lead continued to pour from the guns of the excited passengers. Finally the smoke cleared away, and the buffalo could be seen about a half a mile away, trotting along as unconcerned as though they had never seen a railroad train. The disgusted passengers drew in their weapons, and spent the rest of the day arguing as to the probable amount of lead that a buffalo will carry before he will weaken.

Why Thad Stevens became a Teetotaler.

During the whole time of his residence in Lancaster Mr. Stevens was an uncompromising "teetotaler." This is the history of his resolution to abstain: While he was in Gettysburg he was a member of a select circle who were accustomed to meet around at each other's houses and spend the evening in playing whist and drinking wine and choice liquors. One evening one of the party, a great favorite who was cashier of the bank in Gettysburg, becoming a little inebriate, was escorted home by two of his friends, who, finding his latch-key, let him in and left him in the entry, supposing that he could find his way upstairs. In the morning when his wife came down she found him lying upon the entry floor dead. He had had an attack of apoplexy during the night. When Mr. Stevens heard of it he went into his cellar with a hatchet, broke open the heads of his wine and whiskey barrels and would never taste anything of the sort afterward.

A couple of western boys, who had been incited by the facility with which the Postmaster of Boston handled the mails to think he could handle the females just as well, addressed him the following letter:

We are two young fellows, anxious to get married. We were told that all we had to do was to write the Postmaster of Boston, and he would pick us out a couple of girls. We want a couple of good-looking, healthy, strong girls, between the ages of 18 and 20. We mean business, and are able to take care of them. Ask them to send their names and pictures to us, and then we will send ours in return, and when we come on to get them will pay you for your trouble.

We can assure our eastern friends the boys out west do not usually need any such aid, and the probabilities are that these young chaps are not natives of the west. The genuine native-born western young men don't hire Postmasters or anybody else to do their courting. They take to it like a duck does to water.

Man's Ingratitude.

This is an ungrateful world to say the least. A man will act like a lunatic when he has the Itching Piles, and declare that he knows he can't live another day, yet he applies Swayne's Ointment, the intense itching is allayed at once, he gets cured, and goes down to the lodge without one whit of gratitude. When asked why he looks so cheerful, he dodges the question by an indifferent answer. Its just like a man though, isn't it?

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