

however, he received a note, by hand, from Mrs. Hamilton, asking him to call and see her at the Black Swan hotel.

He happened to be just going out when the note reached him, and so he thrust it into his pocket—not without a certain feeling of tenderness at the sight of the dainty, delicate characters—and took his way into the town. He did not go very quickly, though, he called at the florist's half-way, and bought a flower for his button-hole—a white rose-bud it was. He met some people that he knew and staid to chat with them.

But dawdle as he would, he came to the hotel at last. Every one who has been in York knows that it is not very far from the cavalry barracks to the Black Swan. Colonel Cotherstone went into the hall and asked for Mrs. Hamilton. "Was Mrs. Hamilton at home?" "Certainly. Would the gentleman step this way?"

And so they led him up stairs and ushered him into a room where, seated by the fire, was a lady—a lady with wavy golden hair, with soft blue eyes, and two little white hands outstretched to greet him—his old love Mary Stuart.

"How am I to thank you?" she cried. "I have tried for all these five months to find out what my boy was doing. I couldn't persuade him to come home, and I have been so unhappy about him."

"Has he never written to you?" "O, yes; every week regularly. But I did not know that he was in York. His letters came from London; and the only address was a London postoffice. He said he was not in prison, but he couldn't tell me any more."

"No, he has not been in prison," Colonel Cotherstone answered, smiling, as he thought of the near shaves he had had in that respect.

"I didn't quite understand your letter," said Mrs. Hamilton presently. "Why should he be ashamed of the profession he has taken up—too much ashamed even to tell me what it was? Why should he have any restraint placed upon him? Have the other officers so much restraint?"

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, your son has enlisted," said the Colonel kindly, wondering at her ignorance.

"How enlisted?" "He is not in my regiment as an officer," he said.

"What! My boy a common soldier?" "A private," corrected Colonel Cotherstone gently. "Yes, that is what he is."

"My boy," cried the little woman brokenly, "my boy, Hamilton of Glenbarry, a soldier! Does he have to groom a horse, pray?"

"Certainly." "And to do stable work?" "Yes."

"Does he have to salute you?" "Of course." In spite of himself a smile broke over his face. "I hope that is not very hard for him."

"Not to you," she said impatiently. "No one would mind saluting you, of course; but the others! You don't mean to say he is obliged to put his hand up so—with a ludicrous imitation of a salute—to all the young subs, to the riding-master even?"

"He certainly has to do so," answered the Colonel.

"Hamilton of Glenbarry salute, touch his hat to a riding-master!" ejaculated Mrs. Hamilton. "I tell you it is absurd, utterly absurd!"

"Whilst he remains in the ranks it must be done," said the Colonel, smiling still at her vehemence.

"Then he shall not remain in the ranks!" she cried. "How soon can I have him released?"

"Will you take my advice," he asked, "and leave him for a few months, or until I advise you to buy him off?"

"You would do what is best for me?" the widow faltered.

"You know I would," touching her hand for a moment. That was a great advance for Colonel Cotherstone; but the old influence was strong at work in him.

"I don't know why you should be so good to me," she said rather forlornly. "I behaved very badly to you, and yet—"

"Yet what?" drawing nearer and taking her hand.

"I was so unhappy," she said simply. They were both standing on the rug; he, a large, fine, upright figure in gray tweed; she, a dainty thing in purple velvet, looking absurdly young to be the mother of Private Jones.

"Why were you unhappy, and when?" he asked, possessing himself of the other hand.

"When you went away; and—and because—I—"

"Well?" he said eagerly. "Because you—"

"Because I loved you so," she said, hiding her face upon his breast.

If Colonel Cotherstone's dream of love was rudely interrupted one-and-twenty years before, when, on that June morning, Hamilton of Glenbarry turned up so inopportune, he made up for it when he found his little love at the hotel with the sign of the Black Swan at

York. It would be hard to say who was the most surprised at the event which followed, or rather at the announcement of it. I doubt whether the officers, when, the next evening after dinner, their chief announced that he was going to be married, were as thoroughly surprised as was Ned Hamilton, when, a free man again, he entered his mother's room at the Black Swan; and I am perfectly certain that his astonishment did not equal his mother's, when she found how faithfully Edward Cotherstone had loved her all those years. Perhaps the most thoroughly amazed of them all was Colonel Cotherstone himself.

To the intense amusement of the whole regiment his wife calls him "Eddie." The young ones say that he grew tired of having no heart, so managed to get his brains exchanged for one; but if one of them goes a little wrong in duty or any other respect, he very quickly finds out that the chief's brain is as keen as ever it was in the days when he was popularly believed to be altogether deficient in certain infernal arrangements, of which a heart was one.

The Whisky Question.

MEISTER SHENTLEMENS:—Py reason uv a letter in der newspaper, I haf been requested to oekspress meinself on der whisky question.

As I am der boss mit a bier saloon, it was yout right dot I stand oop far dot peezness. Uv a man vos got a saloon mit himself, I guess he vas know some tings apout trunks, ain't it?

I am avare dot lots uv vellers dot vants to save money vas dryin' to runs down der peezness; der vas Shon B. Go-off, und Suse Anthony, und Barnum's circus, und plenty uv unner vellers; but ven I doid you some dings, I guess you would say, "Bully fer Sauer-milch! his hed vas level."

Der ort to pe a rum schop on every corner in every town, und den peezness would be good. Der whisky peezness helps enny town. No matter how dull peezness vas, beeples vill shpend der monish fur trunks. Dis vas broved fry tay. All ofer New York you can find vorking mans dot vas gomblaining apout der pay, und bromisn' dot day would go on some strikes, because dey don't got some more vages, und yet dose same mens vill spend feefy cents fry day fur whisky und pier. Dot brooves dot der liquor peezness vas helpin' drade, ain't it?

Und dot vas no der vay; der vas meny unners. Uv it vas not fur trinking, meny public buildings would not been build; dese brisons, und shails, und poor houses, und inebriate asylum, und such dings; und eef dese houses vas not pullt, vy uv course der meganics would haf nodings to do, ain't it?

Uv you don't got sum rum schops in der town, you vont need no shall, und uv course you don't vant no sheriff, und vat would der bolliticians done?

Uv der vas no rum der would been no murders, no fites, no stabs, no licking your vife, no noding fur der newspapers, und vat would der lawyers done?

Ah! mein friend, pefore you run down der rum, you yust tink uv all dose tings. How meny beebles would been out uv yerk mitout liquor? Vy! ve would need no bolice, no charity ghommisions, no supehouses, no communists, no notings.

Uv you hat no whisky, vare would your poyas spend der efenings? Vy! der would haf to stay at home, und it would kill meny uv them to be cast into der same society as der mudders und seesters. Der mudders could not tell dem der some sholly stories vot der hear mit der saloon; dot vas impossible. Pesides, der saloon vas uv yuse to der family. Uv you haf a son, und you don't vant htm settin' round der haus all der efenings, you can yust send him to der saloon, und he would not vorry you some more dot night. In all dese vays a saloon helps a town ferry mooch, ain't it?

Und it helps you socially. It penefits your family. It helps your sons to get oekquainted mit beebles dey would not oddervise know mitout de saloon.

Der vas nodtings like bier fur socia-bleness except, whisky. Whisky vas a litle ahead.

Der vas a time ven two freunds void meet und oekchange der compliments uv dor tay, und den part. But der saloon has done away mit dot cold vay of acting. Now ven dwo freunds meet und shake hands mit demselves, von uv dem vill say: "Let's haf somedings;" und dey vill walk in to der saloon (ter is always von handy), und von veller says: "Vot vill you take?" Und dur unner veller says: "I vill take der same." Und by yost douch dose glasses togedder, und say: "Here she goes," und she does go. Den der unner veller vill say: "Now, you must dake somedings mit me;" und dey go droo der same performance mit demselves vonce more. Dot vas socia-pility. Uv you don't get some saloons how you vas gone to done do, eh?

Ven you ask a man to dook somedings you don't vant to dreat him to a coat, or a pair of schuhs, or a loaf uv pread, or no such foolishness, do you?

Whisky ohables a man to pury his thoughts. He vill forget all about his hard vork—somedimes fur more ash a veek.

It gife a man a courage in running his haus. Vot would a man done mitout de trunks? I vos so meek as Moses ven I vos sober, but ven I vos full mit pier you yust put your poots der schildren und der olt voman vos got to schump around lidenly. Mine vife don't dalk pack to me den; uv she would I lick her like plazas. I let her know I vos so goot a man as she vos, or some unner yours also.

Whisky deaches a man not to pe broud mit himself. Ven a man vos sober he vants glean glose, und a goot ped, und blentys uv unner dings. But, ven he vos drunk he vos not so stoock oop. He don't gare vot kind uv glose he vares, und ven it cooms to schleeping, he would yust so soon schleep in der gutter as some unner blaces, und he dinks der gurbatone vos a pillar, ain't it?

Liquor vos healthy doo. I knows me dot. Yust you vatch enny man dot geeps a saloon, und vos not doo stingy to trink his own trunks, yust you vatch him und see vot a pig pelly he vos got. You don't vont some petter broof as dot, ain't it? Ven I started a saloon I vos ferry skinny, und now der poyas gall me "old bloat." I vos gettin' ferry fat.

Efry town likes to haf rich men, und der vos no peezness in vich a man would get rich so soon as in der saloon peezness. Der vos a ferry pig broft in all all glunds uv trunks. Yust look at some boor yung feller vot vos tending bar. He starts mit nodings, und in a few yahr he has got chirts mit frills, und a diamond pin, und a gold vatch mid a chain do veighs den bounds, und monish enuff to start a saloon uv his own.

Look at me. I started a pier saloon after I failed to get rich in the puggy peezness, und now I got no droubles, und no vory, only to tap a new keg ven the unner one vos vay dry, und rake in der stamps.

I am a freund to der vorkingman because dey are a freund to me, und help to support me. Ven der vorkmens vos mat mit der posses dey meet at mein saloon, und trink pier und make speeches, und say: Tam der panks und ter rich beebles," und tings like dot. I say so, doo.

Sometimes I vos mad. It vos ven vimmens und schildren come here to peg monish to puy pread, und ven I say "No," den dey say der husbands und foters spend all der monish here. Vot vos dot der deezness? All vimmens tinks uv vos spending monish on dress, und der olt mens must vork, vork, vork, und haf no enshoyment.

I stick mit mine saloon. I have a license, und der Government vos backing me; und Murpho nor der vimmens's grusade, nor enny unner man can make me stop. Dots der kind of veller vot I vos!

A Surprised Minstrel.

EMERSON is a money-making minstrel. When he was here, some years ago, with Magulre, he made "slathers" of coin, and in his lucid moments thought he would take care of some of it. He deposited the surplus in two or three banks, but to the best of his recollection drew it all out before he left the city. He was, therefore, somewhat surprised last week to receive, through Seymour Locke, the following notice:

HIBERNIA BANK, July 16, 1881. Mr. William Emerson:—We wish to direct attention to an account at this bank, standing in your name, and request you to call at your earliest convenience. (Signed.)

"I knew it," exclaimed Emerson, when he had examined the notice carefully; "just like my carelessness. I knew I had morfey on deposit somewhere in this city, and now it has turned up."

He was jubilant, almost as much so as Billy Rice was when he got the bogus telegram that he had drawn the first prize in the Kentucky lottery, and scorned his salary for the week, while he invited everybody to drink.

He was in no mood for rehearsals, was Emerson, with the bank notification in his pocket; it might mean thousands; and he strolled out on the street, looking financially strong. Meeting an acquaintance, and a "solid Muldoon," he said to him, in a nonechalant way:

"Will you take a stroll with me?"

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, only as far as the bank—the Hibernia Bank, I believe they call it. I'm going to see about my account there;" and he straightened himself up, and moved his hat to a more rakish set on his head.

"Yes, I'll walk with you. Come along."

Emerson and his friend accordingly dropped in at the monetary institution on Montgomery street, both feeling like bi-metallic twins.

"I have called," said the silver-voiced

William to the teller, "in answer to this notification. My name is Emerson."

"Ah, yes," said the man of money. "Your account; it has now been standing for some nine years. Of course, you wish to close it."

"Certainly, I wish to close it. What is the balance to my credit?"

A leisurely turning over of some ledgers, a quiet talk in an undertone with some of the other bank officials, and then the answer came:

"Twenty cents."

"WHAT!" almost shouted the astonished and dismayed Emerson.

"Twenty cents," repeated the quiet and gentlemanly teller. "Will you receive it and close the account?"

"Yes." And then he murmured, sotto voce, "Are you there, Mo-r-i-a-r-i-ty?" while his friend turned to the window to hide a smile.

"No holes in 'em?" queried Billy, as he received his two short bits; "no mutilated coin."

"All right," said the teller, with a laugh. "Sorry it is no more; but so it is."

Emerson looked at his two dimes, and said to his friend, "Let's divide for luck." "Won't you take a drink on this occasion?" asked his friend.

"Thanks, no; I think—I think—I'll go back to work. They are waiting for me at the theatre."—San Francisco Call.

The Widow's Revenge.

A CERTAIN French marquis, prominent in affairs of State, had paid his addresses to a blooming young widow under promise of marriage; and the day for the happy union had been set, when from some cause which he did not care to explain, he declared the match to be broken off. He would not be married.

"Well, well—let us part friends, at all events," the fair one said. "Give me one more happy evening and I will console myself, as best I can."

To this the recreant lover assented, and, in company with a few other friends, he sat down to a sumptuous feast in her salon, and wit and jollity ruled the hour; and more than once during the progress of the feast the marquis almost repented him of his recantation.

"Here is happiness to us both, for all the time to come!" the beautiful hostess exclaimed, at the same time lifting two brimming goblets, one of which she gave to the marquis, keeping the other, and raising it to her own lips. He followed her lead without hesitation, and the two goblets were drained.

Within half an hour from that time the marquis felt a sensation of nausea, and his lips grew pale.

Thereupon the widow sank back in her chair; with a groan, and clasped her hands over her heart.

"Dear love!" she said to the marquis. "We drank a pledge of happiness for all the time to come; but not for this life! O, no! False man! the story of your life is told! We will die together! You pledged me in a cup of mortal poison! O! O!"

You may imagine the consternation. The marquis was taken to one sofa, and the frantic hostess to another; then two celebrated physicians were sent for; and, as quickly as possible, the work of saving was in operation, stomach-pumps, and antidotes were resorted to; and, ere long, the widow appeared to revive; and she put up her hand, and begged them to desist, she thought she should do well enough.

Meantime, the marquis was in agony, willing to submit to anything that might save his life. They pumped at his stomach until they had almost pumped away his life, and were debating what next to do, when the widow burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. She laughed until the tears rolled down her pretty cheeks; and finally, when the physicians were about to take her in hand as a lunatic, she cried out:

"O! it is too good! It is charming! Did you think I would be such a fool as to kill myself because he would not marry me? O, no! But I owed him just a little—a very little, revenge for his inconstancy; and thus I paid him. There was no poison in our cups."

And so the marquis did not die; but it took him several days to recover from the effects of the stomach-pumps and emetics; and it is doubtful if he ever quite recovered from the stigma of that evening's entertainment.

There is no denying the fact that there is a great future for everybody who can live long enough to see it.

American Ladies.

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