

pauper girl," he remarked; resuming his sneer, and rising from his recumbent posture, he proceeded, looking full into his mother's face; "but about the marriage portion, have you it still by you?"

The widow returned his gaze, and answered with more firmness than was usual to her; "Satisfy your mind, once for all, George Slade, that it is to be applied to the purpose for which it was intended. I have as much of it by me as will answer the immediate necessities of Jane, but neither she nor her intended husband has want of much for the present. The larger part I gave out of my hands but a few minutes since to be placed in bank for their use when they choose to draw it. Lewis Walton himself carries it to town to-night—you saw him pass down the lane, did you not?—should you go back in the coach, as you stated your purpose to be, he may have an opportunity, while you travel together, to deliver a message to you, which I had intrusted to him, thinking he could call on you in N—with it. It was that you would make arrangements to go into some honest occupation, and that you might rely upon my assistance in anything not beyond my means. If I could not persuade you, my dear George," she added with a softened voice; but without waiting to hear more George snatched up his hat and strode rapidly from the cottage down the road by which he had come—a by-way, terminating on the turnpike road, at nearly the same point with the lane from the parsonage.

Meanwhile the two lovers were moving from room to room in the old house. The young pastor led the way, and pointed out, with a satisfaction the fuller for its novelty, his various plans and arrangements, while Jane timidly expressed her commendations, and acknowledged, with modest gratitude, his solicitude for her comfort.

"This room," said he, opening one of the lower apartments, "you have not seen since I had the new toilet moved into it. We will keep it for our guest-chamber, will we not? for I trust that the exercise of a cheerful hospitality will always be a chief pleasure with us both. It is a light, snug looking, little place, and we will try to make our friends feel at home in it."

"And yet I am afraid it will often give me a melancholy feeling to enter it," said Jane; "I do not know if I have ever spoken to you of it before, but it was in this very room, here where we now stand, that my poor mother died, and here I was found a helpless little orphan, weeping beside her corpse.—When we have shown strangers into the room, and have shared with them the comforts that may be placed in our hands, how can I avoid thinking of her dying in it for want of the common necessities of life."

Lewis pressed her hand sympathizingly. "It cannot be wrong, dear Jane," said he, "to think sometimes of those things. Our hearts would grow too hard if we closed them against all melancholy recollections. Especially to you there can be no injury from reflecting upon the misfortunes of your infancy, for while you are doing so, you cannot fail to remember the blessings which followed them, making your orphan lot a rare exception, and to feel thankful to Heaven for raising up a true and an exemplary friend—a second mother—for your time of need."

Jane attempted to smile through her tears, and hastening to change the subject, Mr. Walton resumed:

"But I am overstaying my time; I shall leave you to lock up the house and take charge of the key as its mistress, for I presume that you will not object to being installed into your office a few days before the commencement of the legal term. Before I go, however, I must not forget to present a little gift which I should like to see among your bridal attire. It is no costly bauble, such as I might have been tempted to offer to my bride had I been a man of wealth, but just a pretty silken ornament which, simple as it is, I think, when worn over your white dress, will look right well."

He drew from his pocket a paper, from which he rolled a pure white scarf, of rich but delicate texture, and laid it across her shoulders. Jane blushed and smiled, and looked down admiringly upon it as she folded it around her pretty figure; and her lover, taking advantage of her recovered cheerfulness, hastened to bestow his farewell.

But the sadness of Jane returned when she felt herself alone in the scene of her first trial. She involuntarily stepped from the door, and traced the way of the young pastor, through the long grass and untrimmed shrubbery, to the gate, where, concealed from his eye, as he occasionally looked back, she could watch his receding form through the screen of lilacs and altheas. At length he reached the summit of a little knoll, which was crowned, by the side of the road, with young locust and haw trees, and beyond which he would have been hidden from her view, when the figure of a man, whom evidently he

had neither seen nor heard, appeared close behind him. The first glimpse, as he emerged from the concealment of the low branches, sufficed to assure her that it was George Slade. The next instant she saw that one powerful arm was thrown around the neck of her lover, whose slight person awayed backward in its coil, and then both sunk together from her sight.

The nature of Jane was one on which fear acted as a sudden paralysis. All power of volition deserted her, and she stood cold and rigid as a marble statue, with her eyes strained upon the point at which the objects of her interest had disappeared. After a time, of the length of which she was unconscious, the head of George, who appeared advancing toward the parsonage, was again visible above the fence-row bushes. Under any circumstances she would have wished to avoid meeting him when alone, but his approach gave shape to her undefined terrors, and, to escape his observation, she crouched upon a mound of grass beside which she had stood. At length there was a heavy tramp outside of the impervious hedge, mingled with the sound of a weight dragged over the roadside weeds; then the gate was pushed back, and George Slade stood within, panting for breath, and with face so frightfully expressive of evil passions, that, if she had studied its lineaments, she might have doubted his identity.—But another object met her eye. At his feet lay the body of Lewis Walton, which in passing through the gate he had allowed to fall from his grasp—the pallid, bloody corpse of her lover.

Well might the ringing shriek which burst from her lips have appalled the wicked heart of the murderer. His first impulse seemed to be to double his crime to escape its consequences, but when he recognized the beautiful, feeble creature cowering before him, he thrust back to its place of concealment the broad knife which had faintly gleamed in the fading light. In the moment of oppressive silence which followed, he endeavored, without effect, to recover sufficient self-possession for deciding how to act. There was all the confusion of cowardice in his manner as he exclaimed, "You here, Jane!—how happen you to be in this lonesome, deserted old place, alone, so long after sundown?"

No answer was returned, and a chill ran through even his iron frame as he looked upon the stone-like features, and into the glassy eyes which she turned toward him. He approached her, and, as if to arouse her from her torpor, laid his hand upon her shoulder. The shiver with which she shrank from his touch alone betrayed the presence of life.

"How long have you been sitting here, Jane?" he demanded; "and can you tell me any thing of this?—a dead body, warm and bleeding, is a strange thing to find by the way-side in this peaceful country. Look at it as well as the light will let you, and tell me if I am right; it seems to me to be one you will think you have good reason to grieve over."

But Jane buried her face in her lap, and answered only by a shudder and a piteous moan.

"Answer me, Jane Wilmot!" persisted George, with more of his wonted boldness; "what do you know of this thing? I never saw Walton but once, but my memory deceives me if this is not his body. Is it so? and how came it where I found it?—either you or I must give an account of it, or we must share between us the penalty of being near the spot where such a deed was acting!"

Still she was mute, and after a moment of perplexity, he stooped down and continued in his smoothest tones of persuasion—"Don't fear, don't fear, poor girl! I wished but to know if you could tell me any thing that could explain this strange mystery. It is ill luck to us both that brought us in the way at such a time, for should the charge fall on me of first handling this bloody trunk, what proof have I that I came upon it by chance, and drew it to a place where it might be secure, as an honest citizen should?—my life may be in your hands, Jane Wilmot! and how would my mother bear the trouble that a word of yours might bring upon her?"

The chord, of which he well knew the strength, vibrated at his touch. Jane clasped her hands, and in the agony of her spirit, almost screamed, "Oh, mother!—my precious mother!" and she covered her face as before.

"Yes, Jane, a word of yours may bring the only child of her name to the gallows, and may break the heart that beats on you, for how would she know more than others, that an innocent man was condemned? Answer me, Jane; could you, who owe her gratitude for every day of your life; you whom she cherished far more fondly than me to whom she gave existence; could you send her in sorrow to the grave, when your silence might preserve her to a happy old age?"

"Oh, mother!—my precious mother!" repeated Jane, and clasped her hands and wrung them with greater wildness still. "Go home to her now, Jane," mur-

mured George; "and bear in mind if you are the first to give warning of this sad affair, you destroy her as well as me."

Jane rose from the grass, though her trembling limbs had scarcely power to support her, and murmured, "Why should I go to her again? my life will be of little worth to any one now; take it, also, George Slade, or let me look upon his face, and perhaps I may die."

The eyes of George glared fiercely upon her, and his hand grasped the weapon he had concealed, but a moment's thought restrained him, and he responded in a voice unchanged, "Take it also!—take your life!—what mean you? surely you don't—you can't think, poor girl! that I had any concern in this thing! but your mind is unsettled with your sorrow; go, go, it will do you no good to look at what can be nothing to you again. Take care of yourself, and do not grieve too deeply for this poor youth; you may have many pleasant days yet, for there are as good men in the world, and lovers as true as Lewis Walton. Go, go, Jane, but beware of your words to my mother, and remember that I shall keep watch near you till I shall have seen that you can be relied on."

Widow Slade stood on the porch of her cottage looking anxiously along the lane for the return of her foster child, and wondering at her delay. At length she saw her through the twilight, advancing with steps so slow and unequal, that apprehensive of something unusual, she hurried to the gate to meet her. "You are late, Jane, dear," said she; "what has kept you out in the chilly night air so long?"

"Oh, nothing, mother, nothing!" replied Jane, with a low, hysterical laugh, and she looked back over her shoulder with a shudder, while she tightly grasped the arm extended toward her.

"Your voice is hoarse, Jane, and your hand is as cold as ice," continued the widow, leaning forward and looking closely into her face; "you are quite pale, and your hair is heavy with dew; surely you have not been sitting by yourself grieving after Lewis!—would he think any the more of you for needlessly risking the health which you are blest with, that you may use it for good purposes? and why should you lament about a few days' separation? I know it is a solemn thing to think of, that the hour of your next meeting will make you a wife; it is solemn, or should be, to a girl to reflect upon her marriage at any time, but what plentiful reasons have you for thanksgiving and hope at the prospect before you?"

"Oh, nothing, mother, nothing!" reiterated Jane, with an incoherence which betrayed that the remonstrance was unheeded if not unheard, and again her strange, doleful laugh followed.

"I trust you have not had a difference, you two who have loved each other so well!" said the widow, now as much disturbed as surprised. "Ah, no!—I see by this you have not," she added, as they passed the light in the outer room; "let me see it—a scarf—a beautiful silk scarf!—why what a thoughtful husband you will have!—this is all that was needed to make your wedding-dress complete. I like to see a pretty wedding-dress, old as I am, especially if it is on a pretty bride—such a one as our young minister has chosen! But go into your room, dear, and compose yourself; a good night's rest will make all right again."—Concluded next week.

WHAT A CHANGE.

The following letter of Rev. Cotton Mather, the great representative of New England theology of two centuries ago, will serve to illustrate what a great gulf now lies between Cotton Mather's theology and that of the present Christian world. The letter is said to have been discovered among some old papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and bears date "September ye 15, 1662," and is addressed to "Ye aged and beloved John Higginson:"

"There is now at sea a shippe (for our friend Elias Holcroft, of London, did advise me, by the last packet, that it would sail some time in August) called ye Welcome, R. Green was master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants call Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxlett, of ye brig Porpoise, to waylay ye said Welcome near ye coast of Codd as may be, and make captives of ye said Penn and his ungodlie crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshippes of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for His ministers and people.

Yours, in ye bowels of Christ, COTTON MATHER.

William Penn did indeed sail "in ye shippe Welcome," and a goodly number of his friends with him; but the Lord did not allow "Master Huxlett to waylay him near ye coast of Codd and make captive ye said Penn and his ungodlie

crew;" and the ministers and the people did not receive the "great gayne," that their sale in Barbadoes for "rumme and sugar!" would have produced.

How Joe Was Cornered.

Professor Joe Logan of the Springfield school was superintending the usual educational business at the school-house the other day and the geographical grid was on. In the class to which Joe was putting conundrums was an uncouth boy recently from a rural district, who, while tolerably well posted, was not eloquent nor elegant in the matter of answering questions, and he answered in such a slovenly and careless way that Professor Logan became disgusted and said:

"That is not the way to answer a question. Come up here and take my seat. I will take yours. Then you will ask me a question, and I will show you how to answer it."

"All right," said the youth, and he climbed into the professor's chair, while the latter took a position in the class, whereupon all the boys were tickled and awaited with great anxiety, and anyone present might have heard a pin drop.

"Mr. Logan," remarked the temporary professor as he put his feet on the desk, "please stand up."

Logan did so.

"Mr. Logan, I want you to name the principal mountains in Central America."

A confused expression came over Mr. Logan's countenance. He shuffled around uneasily, scratched his head and admitted that, without reading up a little on the subject, he would be unable to answer the question.

"Well, then," said the boy, "come up here and take my place and I will show you how to answer it."

And again an exchange of places was made, and the youth answered his own question, since which time Mr. Logan has had a high respect for him and he is considered by the other boys as a sort of adjunct professor.

FORCE OF HABIT.

There was once a horse that was used to pull around a sweep, which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop without any one to disturb or bother him.

But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile he would start on a tramp going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way, when there was no earthly need of it.

But it was the force of habit. And the boy who forms good or bad habits in his youth, will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

A Sunday Test.

A Sabbath-keeping people will become a thoughtful people, and such thoughtfulness is manliness. All men, and especially the busy millions in an advanced civilization like our own, need for the mind's sake, not less than for the sake of wearied nerves and muscles, the seventh day intermission of their ordinary work. A true Sabbath is something far more restful than a day of noisy jollity. In its calm air the mind rests by thought, not thoughtlessness; by quiet musing, by conscious or unconscious retrospection; perhaps by consideration of what might have been, perhaps by aspiration and resolve toward something in the future, that shall be better than what has been in the past. The home in which Sunday is a day of rest and home enjoyments is hallowed by the Sabbaths which it hallows. In the Sabbath-keeping village life is less frivolous, and at the same time industry is more productive, for the weekly rest. A Sabbath-keeping nation is greater in peace and in war for the character which its tranquil and thoughtful Sabbaths have impressed upon it.—Rev. Dr. Bacon.

When we are alone we have to watch our thoughts; in the family circle our tempers; in company our tongues.

Sorrows humanize our race.—Tears are the showers that fertilize the world.

An Interesting Fact.

In France, all patent medicines must be endorsed by an official board of physicians before they can be sold. In lieu of such a law in America, the people have resolved themselves into a National committee which has endorsed Swayne's Ointment for allaying the itching accompanying the Piles, as the only reliable remedy in the market. Its a poor rule that won't work both ways. 50 ft



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