

A Loan From Gen. Washington.

LIEUT. S—, who distinguished himself in several battles that were fought at the close of the Revolutionary war, had the happiness to win the heart of Caroline N—, the daughter of one of Virginia's proudest aristocrats, but not the good fortune to win the approval of her family. In fact, his advances were repulsed, and he was left the alternative of endeavoring to induce Caroline to leave all for him, or to abandon his suit. He was not of a temperament to choose the latter course, and Miss N— loved him too truly to hesitate long in her choice of the two courses left for her adoption. They were married privately and without the knowledge and consent of Mr. N—.

Shortly after the marriage of Lieut. S—, he was ordered to the Western frontier. Caroline accompanied him, and bore the change in her lot with the sweet patience of a loving wife. Three years after this removal to a far Western post, during which time the young wife had not once heard from home, although she had written often in the hope that some one would relent, the health of Lieut. S— began to decline so rapidly that it became necessary for him to seek a life of less exposure than the one he was leading. As he had no income beyond his pay as an officer, if he retired from the army he must enter into some business or pursuit for a livelihood. He was a good engineer, but an engineer was liable to as severe exposure as an officer. Finally, after considering the matter carefully, he determined to write on to the head of the War Department, to whom he was well known, and solicit the first office that might become vacant. He also addressed a letter to Gen. Washington, then President of the United States, who had once or twice honorably noticed him during the Revolutionary campaign, stating his case and asking him to second his application to the Secretary of War.

This application was successful. Lieut. S— received an early appointment, at a salary of \$1,200 a year, and immediately removed with his wife and one child to Washington City. Instead, however, of finding that improvement in his health which he had anticipated, the change from active service in the open air to a passive life in a small room, with its confined atmosphere, was detrimental rather than beneficial. He grew paler and thinner daily, and his strength gradually failed. To counteract this, he used as much exercise as the intervals of freedom from the duties of his office would permit. This was salutary, and prolonged his life for several years. But the destroyer was at work, and his victim at last yielded to his steady inroads.

On the death of Lieut. S—, he left his grief-stricken widow with scarcely \$100. And this was all she possessed in the world. What was she to do when this was gone was more than she could tell. She knew of no possible means of subsistence for herself and child, and sank down in grief and helpless despondency. She had made a few friends since her residence in Washington, and these felt deeply for her situation. One of these friends, who had occupied the same office with Lieut. S—, represented the destitute condition of the widow to the head of the department, and obtained for her the copying of various documents, by which means she was able to earn just enough to procure the necessities of life. This continued for some months, during which time Mrs. S— worked diligently, but in sorrow and dependency. Several times she wrote home, and represented her condition in the most earnest and touching manner, but no replies came to her letters, each of which was stained and blotted by her tears that she strove in vain to repress.

Never having been used to such close application to any bodily employment as was now required of her, Mrs. S— often became weary and faint over her task. One day she felt so unwell that she could hardly continue her employment. Her head ached with a throbbing, blinding pain, and every now and then a faint sickness would pass over her. At length she rose suddenly from the table at which she was writing, and, staggering toward the bed, had just time to throw herself upon it when she sunk into insensibility. She had fainted. She was alone with her little girl, about nine years old, when this occurred. The frightened child, when she saw her mother's deathly face, ran from the house and almost flew to the office of the physician who had been in the habit of attending the family. But he was not in.

"Where shall I go?" she asked, wringing her hands in agony. "My mother will die!"

Being directed to another physician some distance away, she ran to his

office, but he, too, was out. Almost wild with alarm, the poor child now turned her steps homeward. She was but a short distance off when she met a venerable-looking man dressed in black, whose countenance was the very index of benevolence. Taking him for a physician, she took hold of him eagerly, exclaiming, "Oh, doctor, my mother is dying! Come, quick!"

"Where do you live, my child?" said the individual addressed, evidently touched by the child's tone and manner. "Come, and I will show you. You are almost there," she said, moving away a step or two, and pulling the stranger's garment that she still tightly grasped.

He followed, and in a few minutes entered the humble dwelling of the widow of Lieut. S—.

Shortly after her child had left the house, Mrs. S— recovered from her fainting fit, into which she had suddenly fallen, and half conjecturing the cause of little Flora's absence, was awaiting with some anxiety for her return. When she entered with the individual she supposed to be a physician, Mrs. S— was half reclining on the pillows of her bed. The child sprang to her, and clasping her eagerly around the neck, buried her face in her bosom and sobbed violently. The stranger approached the bedside, regarding Mrs. S— with earnest attention as he did so. After inquiring her name, he asked the cause of her sickness, and very soon understood that nature had been over-taxed.

"I must prescribe something for you," he said, sitting thoughtfully for a few moments; and taking out his pencil he wrote upon a small piece of paper, folded it carefully, and said, as he handed it to Mrs. S—: "Send for this; I think it will do you good. To-morrow I will either see you again myself, or send to know how you are."

The stranger spoke in a calm, earnest voice, while a benignant expression pervaded his fine face. His tone and looks were all familiar to Mrs. S—, but in the bewilderment of the moment she could not for her life tell who he was.

As soon as he had retired she unfolded the paper. She was not long in doubt. It was a check for \$100, and the signature was that of George Washington.

On the next day a clerk from one of the departments visited Mrs. S— and made the most minute inquiries of her in regard to her family. She did not conceal anything, for the visitor was one of her husband's best friends.

Not many weeks after this, while Mrs. S— sat writing at her table, for she had felt it to be her duty to resume her task of copying for the department, although she did not work incessantly, some one suddenly opened the door and entered. She looked up quickly—a wild cry of joy followed—in a moment after she was on her father's bosom, clinging to him as eagerly as a drowning man clings to whatever comes within his grasp. The old man threw his arms around his child, and wept with her. His proud heart was broken down. For years he had striven to forget that Caroline lived, but in dreams she would come to him and plead his forgiveness so earnestly that in his waking hours he still saw her tearful eyes lifted to his and heard her tender appeals. But pride was strong, and still resisted all the promptings of nature. He was in this state of mind when he received a letter from the capitol. It was signed by Gen. Washington, and briefly but earnestly represented to him the condition of his child, and begged him not to forget that he was still a father.

This was enough. Selfish pride all gave way, and he hurried to the city to seek his long banished and much-suffering child, who was soon restored to the bosom of her family. The "loan," as Mr. N— delicately called it, was returned to Gen. Washington a short time afterward.

A High Old Judge.

SOME very comical yarns are related of Eph Clement, commonly called "Yank," of Yank's Station, Lake Bigler, well known by all who ever visited the lake, when he was justice of the peace of that section a few years ago. Among his other characteristics, Yank is celebrated for his ability to make a mountain out of a molehill, and also for his philosophical disregard for all the worldly desirabilities when their acquisition requires the display of any amount of energetic force.

One time he was trying a case involving a considerable sum of money, and, while the most important witness was being examined, Yank fell asleep and began snoring like a house a-fire.

"Hello, Judge!" cried one of the interested parties, "how kin you decide this case when you ain't hearing none of the evidence?"

Yank was aroused by this indignant outburst, and replied: "That's all right; I knew all about the darned case before it kin into this

yer court. I've made up my mind about the merits long ago."

And in three minutes by the watch he was fast asleep again. But he was not permitted to rest long before one of his help rushed into his room, which was on the second floor of a rickety building, and cried out:

"Old man! that goldarned old sow is in the barn agin, eatin' up all the barley."

"Gosh darn it! May the blue blazes strip all the bristles off that danged ole sow's hide," yelled the Judge, and with a few bounds he was at the foot of the stairs. At that point he seemed to realize that he had forgotten something; so he placed his broad palm to the side of his mouth and shouted upstairs:

"Jist adjourn the court until I kind o' knock the stuffin' out o' that sow; an' if I ain't back in ten minits I'll give a verdict for the plaintiff."

The court was accordingly adjourned. Upon another occasion, a man who had been drinking too much of a bad quality of whiskey, which can be had there ad libitum, went into the willows to take a nap, but the poor devil forgot to wake up again. When the dead body was found Yank was solicited to hold an inquest.

"What! is he dead?" asked Yank.

"Why, certainly he is dead," was the rejoinder.

"Ef that's so, bury him. What's the use o' holdin' a 'quest on a dead feller?" remarked the wearer of the ermine.

About the time his judicial term was drawing to a close, a man named Smith wanted to sue another who owed him \$400, and he accordingly interviewed Judge Yank.

"Well," said Yank, "did you see Mr. — and hev a talk with him about the matter?"

"Of course I did."

"Wouldn't he give you no satisfaction?"

"Certainly not."

"By jingo!" exclaimed the Judge, "ef you couldn't do nothin' with him, how in blazes kin you expect me to do it?"

And such is the style in which Yank would dole out blind justice.

She Had Business With Congress.

"WHERE'S Congress? I'm looking for Congress," said a tall, one-eyed woman, peering through one of the doors of the House of Representative the other morning. "Is that fellow with a bald head Congress?"

"What do you want with Congress anyhow?" demanded a deputy door-keeper, gruffly. "Hold on, you can't go in there."

"I come from Bucks county, Pa., to see Congress, and if you've got it on draught anywhere around here, I want some. What's the reason I can't go in there?"

"Cause you can't. Nobody allowed here but members."

"That red-headed man with a squint a member?"

"No; he's one of the member's secretaries. He has a right on the floor."

"Is that lop-sided chap with a wig one of the secretaries?"

"No; he's a friend of a member. Had a pass."

"What's that bare-legged boy falling over the back of a chair? Has he got any friends?"

"He's one of the pages."

"Who's that red-nosed artist with a sore ear? Did he have a pass?"

"That's a messenger. He don't need a pass."

"What's that fellow with his legs on a desk? Is he one of the bosses?"

"He's one of the clerks."

"Any of them there fellows pay any taxes?"

"I think not. Don't know," said the doorkeeper, indifferently.

"Now, young fellow, you want to hunt for room to stand in while I bust through this door. Don't fool with me, or your friends will think you've been doing business with a steam grindstone. I pay taxes on three acres and eight pigs up in Bucks county, and I'm going through this 'ere Congress like a contribution box through a congregation. You just crawl out of sight if you don't want your spine to change places with the next township. Where's the next Congress from Bucks county? Show me the Bucks county Congress, and if he don't get a bill through this town to send that hare-lipped old sky rocket, who wants to foreclose a mortgage on my place, to the penitentiary, he'll wish he'd been born a tree and cut down and burned up when he was young. Point out the Congress from Bucks county before I have you inside out, to see how you're put together. Tell me I can't go in among a lot of clerks, and passes and pages? If there's a square foot of Congress left by the time I reach it, it'll wish it was covered with hair that comes out without hurting."

They induce her to leave by telling her that the member "from Bucks county" held his session in the patent

office, and she departed, threatening to get the bill disposing of her mortgage through before she left town, or make the Bucks county member think a "elder barrel had busted under him just as a shot tower fell on top of him."

Why He Got no Hair.

ON the front seat of a Lincoln avenue car going north, yesterday afternoon, there sat with his coat and vest thrown open and his hat off a fat and ruddy German whose head was bald as an egg—phenomenally bald. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy the breeze that puffed out his garments, and his face wore an expression of supreme contentment. When the car crossed the bridge there was only one other passenger aboard. At Indiana street there climbed on a lean and brisk Yankee fellow with a most terrific shock of red hair flaring in all directions from his head. It so happened that he sat down in the same seat with the German, whose shiny scalp at once attracted his attention. He smiled and "hitched" in that direction. Presently he opened fire.

"Nice day, isn't it?"

The German became conscious of him for the first time, and answered, volubly: "Vot you tingk off a man vot commences a conversayshn by deling a lie, und den askin' a question? I tondt tingk it is a noise tay by any manner of meanz. Id ish doo tam hot. Pesides, I tingk i hoff kot some breeeps of bowers of my own so I can dell vetter it is a noise tay or not midwort some Chitany Fresh tell'n me bout it."

"You seem to enjoy it all the same."

"O, yes. Vere dere prezes plows like here it is noise enough. Ven de gar shtops it is hot enough to make a cast iron dog hang out his tongue. I let de prezes plow on my het und den I feel so's to be around."

"What's the matter with your head?"

"So far I hef heerd from it dere is noddings de matter. Id soots me und my fam'ly. Id sits square on de neck between dwo shoulters, und dus far id has kot me drough de verit all right."

"But it's awful bald."

"Only on de outside. Inside de het is vell shubblid mit a mighty goot article of prains—breddy vell vurnished. De outside makes no difference."

"Guess they didn't have much hair where you come from, did they?"

"Any quandity off it," he responded, taking a squint at the flaming locks of his questioner. "Any quandity. I kess dey kot more hair dere den anywere elz."

"Why didn't you get some of it?"

"Vell id vas all ret hair, und I dolt dem to go to grass mit it."

Changed His Mind.

An honest German laborer was passing along the street a day or two ago, when a small dog rushed out of a yard and bit him on the leg, tearing his pants and leaving the print of his teeth in the calf. The German hastened to a lawyer's office and asked the barrister if he could not sue the owner of the dog for damages. The lawyer agreed to take the case, and made propositions for filing a suit for \$5,000 damages, alleging that the dog was a ferocious animal, and that plaintiff's flesh had been terribly lacerated, necessitating the expenditure of large sums for medical attendance and for a new pair of pants. The client was directed to go to the house of the owner of the dog the next day, make a demand for the \$5,000, and ascertain the name of the defendant. He called at the house early the next morning, and asked for the "boss." He was somewhat surprised when the lawyer presented himself as the owner of the dog.

The lawyer was no less surprised to learn that his black-and-tan was the cause of the trouble, and he informed the client that a suit would not be maintained, as the injury done was a mere trifle, and the dog was only in fun. The result of the conference was that the lawyer gave the client 65 cents to pay for patching his pants, and took a receipt in full satisfaction of all claims for damages. Both parties were satisfied, and the courts were spared the trouble of trying a vexatious and costly damage suit.

How to Save.

All men and women who work hard with mind or body are subject to periodical attacks of biliousness, which may end in disordered kidneys or liver and dangerous illness. A 50 ct. or \$1.00 bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic will keep these organs active, and by preventing the attack save you much sickness, loss of time and great expense. Many families are kept in perfect health by using the Tonic when spring or fall sickness threatens. Delay at such times means danger.—Detroit Press. See other column.

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