

Special Notice.

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D. R. HOWARD, Editor and Publisher.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Galaxy.]
A November Afternoon.
The pistol was not charged. Bender stopped at a shop on the way up street, and loaded it carefully. It was nearly dark when he reached his own steps. Mary opened the door before he could touch it. She wore her silk dress and pretty collar of fine lace; her hair was curled about her nose; her cheeks were pink and hot; her liquid eyes brilliant with a new fire. He saw it all. What was it Morris had said about their hunger for a repetition of the old, love-making days? She put up her mouth to be kissed, as usual, and when he passed her, hurried in after him, taking his hand.

"Poor old papa! He's tired? Go in, Jackey, don't worry father now."

Sokkell in despatch already! She was loading him into the dining-room, where supper was spread, but he put her quietly aside, and passed up to his own room. She followed him. "You are worn out. Why did you stay in the works all day?"

Coming behind him and putting her white hands on his shoulders as he sat staring into the fire. "When he did not answer, she drew his head back on her breast and kissed his lips. That kiss set fire to the mouldering madness within the man; but he was always quiet and grave. He looked steadily in the eyes. How beautiful the face was that bent over him! Some dainty Ariel of a spirit looked out of it which he had never conquered nor owned. He saw that clear now.

She turned away from him at last, and buried herself about the room—went down and brought him a cup of tea. The force of playing the wife over, she became absent, as was usual with her now; her thoughts far off. He took out the roll of notes, and laid them down on the waste shelf.

"There is the mortgage money."

"Yes." She did not brighten and flush as she once would have done. Her memory berated how often she had taken out a pencil and counted up these savings in a triumphant sum, drawing a little framework of vines about it, and presenting it to him with a joyous little chuckle. She scarcely gazed at the money now. But he would try her further.

"I cannot use it for the mortgage. Stuch refuses to pay the back salary."

"Then the mortgage will be foreclosed to-morrow? And you will lose your home?" She came suddenly close to him, her face colorless, her dark eyes wet and full of pity. Not love. It was not deceived.

Not love.

No wonder she had some little compassion for the man in whose bosom she had lain for years, on this night when she meant to fly from him. "Poor old Saul!"

"The loss of the house matters little to us now."

"Why, I thought your heart was bound up in it." She paused suddenly, a keen suspicion flashing into her face. "What else have you lost?"

For a moment there was silence, the husband and wife looking steadily at each other, the oh-long burning with uncertain yellow flashes between them. "I do not know," he said at last, in a quiet a tone as though replying to an ordinary question, "what there is to it. There is nothing on God's earth that I can call my own."

She did not answer by a word, but stood motionless, with the same penetrating, doubtful look fixed on him. Now, Mary was not naturally a reticent woman; all her emotions bubbled out to the surface. She had been a gay, giddy girl; and now, when she was a mother, she kept the house alive with what her husband consumed as a most unattractively light-heartedness: smiling, jesting, laughing most of the time, and washing away any trouble in a shower of tears. Her immobility now proved how deep his thrust had wounded her.

"You've nobody in the world? Nobody? Not even me," she said, slowly at last. She turned to the window, putting her hand, for support, on an old chair that stood there. It was a worn and shabby chair, but she had nursed both the children in it. Jackey and little Jenny, Jonny who was dead; who would never lie on her breast again. Did she remember? She looked at it, and then at him for a moment, and then without a word, turned away and left the room.

He knew she would never enter it again. It was strange how many of these intuitions, amounting to certainties, came to him to-night. He thought that pain, in this great crisis of his life, had given him a spiritual degree of insight. Another person might have suggested that the devil helped him.

It was only seven o'clock, there were two hours yet to pass before the end. He sat by the fire, pushing the poker between the bars, looking around him. There was nothing in the cheaply-furnished, pretty chamber that had not to-night a terrible meaning to him. He remembered when he had brought that chair home, two or three weeks after Jack was born; and, lifting Mary out of bed, had placed her in it, and laid her baby in her arms.

That was only six years ago; yet he thought of himself as but a boy. What a perpetual halo they made of life then! Hard at work and miserably poor; but jollies away all weariness or want; how full of joy and content the word was; how many friends they had then!

He had learned since to see things differently; when he set his heart on paying off that mortgage, it seemed to suddenly open his eyes to the requirements of his life. It affected his religion. He began to see faults in the old friends who were in the habit of dropping in every day,

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Advertisement.

The circulation of the *Newspaper* is now larger than that of any other newspaper in Atlantic County, and is a valuable advertising medium. ADVERTISEMENTS are WANTED.

Special care is taken to exclude undesirable advertisements from our pages. ADVERTISEMENTS IN LOCAL COTTAGE PAPER. FIVE CENTS A LINE.

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Mark Twain on Putting up Stoves.

In consequence of the arrival of cold weather once more, about three days ago, there is a universal putting up of stoves, parlor stoves for the winter campaign; and undoubtedly a great deal of prosperity is indulged in. One who has considerable experience in the work of putting up stoves says the first step to be taken is to put on a very old ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt bosom clean. Next he gets his hands inside the interior of the stove. Dr. Lorenzo y Carvalho of Rio Janeiro, well known by savans for his remarkable works on electricity applied to physiology, his surgical skill, and his success in autoplastic operations, obtained permission to profit by this event in order to experiment on the power of electricity, and to illustrate its analogy with some of the phenomena of life. The numerous experiments hitherto attempted have been made on the head and trunk separately. Dr. Lorenzo y Carvalho's design was, if possible, to unite the head to the neck after decapitation.

The heads of the two criminals fell within a few minutes of each other into the same basket; first that of Carvalho, then that of Aveiro. Immediately after this second execution a compression was effected by a pupil of Dr. Lorenzo on the carotid arteries of one of the heads, so as to stop the hemorrhage. The body was then placed on a bed already prepared and Dr. Lorenzo stuck the head as exactly as possible on the section and kept it in that position. The cells of a powerful electric pipe were applied to the base of the neck and on the breast. Under this influence, as in former experiments, the respiratory movements were at once perceptible. As the blood which penetrated in abundance through the surface of the air, Dr. Lorenzo had recourse to tracheotomy. Respiration thus ensured continuity.

The head was fastened to the body by stitches and by a special apparatus. The physiologist wished to ascertain for how long a time this appearance of life could thus be artificially maintained.

His astonishment was great when he saw that at the end of two hours not only did respiration still continue under the influence of the electric current, but that circulation had even resumed a certain regularity. The pulse beat feebly but sensibly.

The experiment was continued without interruption. At the end of sixty-two hours it was evident to the astonishment of every

one that a process of cataractation had commenced on the lips of the section. A little later signs of life manifested themselves spontaneously in the head and limbs until then deprived of motion. At this moment the director of the prison, arriving for the first time in the experiment room, observed that by a singular mistake due to the bustle of the operation the head of Carvalho had been taken for that of Aveiro. The head was fastened to the body by stitches and by a special apparatus. The physiologist wished to ascertain for how long a time this appearance of life could thus be artificially maintained.

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finding Mary's house so pleasant; he began to fear his own and his wife's spiritual character would suffer from contact with them: one by one he drove them off. As he stunted and saved more and more to gather this money, his ideas of duty hardened. He had grown old and gravo, while Mary remained the same cheerful, happy, unpeared girl.

To-night, for the first time, a dull doubt came to him, whether he had not been to blame; her perpetual good-humor, her eager interest in people about her, her noisy romps with Jack, all had seemed giddy and trivial to him; he had rebuked her incessantly for them. "It is a solemn thing to live: who could go dancing over graves?" had come to be a proverb, with him. Could he have driven her from him? "Driven her to a man whose temperament suited her own?"

He was standing before a looking-glass, and he could not help comparing his own commonplace, gloomy face, with its blemish, black beard, to the gay, winning countenance that had won her from him. He put his hand up to hide the face from himself.

"I loved her," he said, quietly; thinking that if she had known how much she would have forgiven him. He sat down again. Searching for miserable secrets in the fire. He had become a wiser man since he had been ill. Sitting staring day after day into the embers, he had learned how utterly hollow the world was, how treacherous were men, and faithless were women. Nothing was true but God; and as God, to Sam Bender, meant his own narrow notion of duty, there was nothing to lift him out of the slough in the thoughts.

There was nothing in it either to check him, in the slow, subtle madness that served him to his present purpose.

What madding fancies those two hours brought to the unhappy man, it is needless for us to know.

The house remained very quiet. When Jacky's bed time came, he heard his mother bring him the child to the door, and opened it for him to enter. But he would not look at the little fellow in his white night-gown, who stood pulling at his coat. Beside him, on the mantel-shelf, lay the pistol, ready for use. He could not touch or look at the child, but motioned him away turning his back on him.

Eight o'clock came. He heard his wife come again to the door, softly listening.

He remained still. She should think him asleep. "By nine o'clock all would be safe," was part of her plan.

The clock in the hall rang out half-past eight. Nine. Bender took up the pistol, and concealing it in his breast, left the chamber. Passing the door of the child's room, he stopped and laid his hand on the wood—with a sudden, passionate tenderness, as though it had been the boy himself. "I understand it all," said Jacky in, thinking he would comfort you. "Shall we go and tell Jacky about the mortgage?" anxiously.

"I doubt if he would understand," said Bender, only holding his wife close to his breast and kissing her. She was so used to his silence—when he was deeply moved that she did not heed it.

"You thought me brutal—mad, to-night?"

"Bless your dear old miserable face! How could I be so silly? You have been ill and nervous, and the disappointment to-night was more than you could bear. I understood it all—I sent Jacky in, thinking he would comfort you. Shall we go and tell Jacky about the mortgage?" anxiously.

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Again the anxiety of the public has been aroused; the hope deferred gradually gave way to despair, and but few believed that the evidence adduced was so very conclusive—that Dr. Kirk's esoterica was for once at fault, and Livingstone's former companion fully believed that his quondam leader had been brutally murdered in Central Africa. With the details of this melancholy story the world is now familiar. Mr. Young's search expedition relieved the public anxiety, and, subsequently, news from Dr. Livingstone himself confirmed our hopes of his safety. This intelligence came from Bender, and was dated February 1867; since it was received nothing has been, until within the last few days, known of the Doctor's whereabouts.

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It was then that the husband, who had been ill, had the fever again. He heard the noise of the rain outside, and the sound of the wind blowing through the trees. He was very ill, and the doctor said he must remain in bed for a week.

"Sam took the hand and shook it heartily."

"Mrs. Bender, this is Miss Stoudt, who hopes she will not bear that name a month longer."

"She is a good girl," said Bender, smiling. "I am sorry that there is one in your room, and that you are not well."

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