

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Usually when the devil pleads anti-

uity he keeps property.

A painted harlot is less dangerous

than a painted hypocrite.

Many appear neighbors who are only

neighbors in appearance.

We should not care to picture of

ourselves as the harlots of plenty.

These neighbors, feeling intimated,

but not afraid, are strong ones.

Those who are among the rocks are

in danger of being crushed.

For some who are settling in its

proper time, only time will tell.

Demolition day for everyone knows

something which should never be

known.

If one does not give another his

better one, we be to two-thirds men.

The truths that we least wish to hear

are those which it is most to our ad-

vantage to know.

He who finds pleasure in vice, in

pain in virtue, is a novice both in

the one and the other.

It is one satisfaction, falling to one's

prerogative, to feel that we are at least

free from all indebtedness.

The highest expression of human

son is to know that there is an infinity

of truth beyond its reach.

As land is improved by sowing, so

is the mind by exercising it with various

studies.

It can be pleasant for power to ex-

cise power, and for speed to develop

speed, as it is to rest when rest is need-

ed.

Some people are always finding fault

with Nature for putting thorns on roses;

I always thank her for putting roses on

thorns.

It won't do, however, to tell an un-

der-taker that he should find in his al-

duty something to make me cheerful

and happy.

Men can paint pictures without a

palette or a brush. They can work out

their own souls a light for every

creature.

Breaking two hearts in closer bonds

than happiness ever can; and commu-

nicate with far stronger links than

common joys.

Pain seems to be rather the sparring

of nature, to tell a man that he has gone

off the track of happiness and to bring

him back again.

It is better to be the builder of our

own name than to be indebted by de-

scent for the proudest gifts known to

books of heraldry.

What is the difference between hope

and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf

hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment

is a tree in fruit.

Obedience, we may remember, is

a part of religion, and therefore an ele-

ment of peace; but love, which includes

obedience, is the whole.

There is none so great but he

does not help and serve, and stand in fear of the power and unkind-

ness, even of the meanest of mortals.

Wealth brings noble opportunities

and competence is a proper object of

purse, but wealth and even compen-

ence, may be bought at too high a price.

No soul was ever yet saved, and no

good deed was ever done to-morrow.

Be careful, dear friend, lest-to-morrow

you find you beyond the world of probation.

The indispensable elements of hap-

pyness are food, warmth, social enjoy-

ment, and occupation. Where guy of these

is wanting, happiness does not ring its

bell.

It is not always raining, and life is

not always a storm. The whole of

famine, pestilence and war taken into

account, the result is a tendency to ha-

ppiness.

There are men who no more grasp

the truth which they seem to hold than

a sparrow grasps the message passing

through the electric wire on which it

perches.

Things come maimed and plucked

of plumage from the lips, which, from

the pen, in the silence of your own leis-

ure and study, would be born with

far more beauty.

He who makes a man laugh twice

where he would only laugh once, is a

greater benefactor than he who makes

two trees grow where there were

but one before.

A man can learn to like things that

he doesn't like, and he can learn to dis-

like what he really does like. If a man

can train himself to love tobacco, he can

learn to love anything in the world.

When we pray for any virtue we

should cultivate the virtue as well as

pray for it; the form of your prayer

should be the rule of your life; every

petition to God is a precept to man.

Amusements should bind together the

whole household. I am greatly opposed

to the separation of the sexes. Woe to

that young man who does what he

would be ashamed to do in sight of his

sister or sweethearts.

If there is a right thing to be done,

and we seem to pass through wrong

on our way to it, depend upon it

that's the right way to do it, and a bet-

ter way to do it, and a better

way to do it, and a better

way to do it.

Real foresight consists in reserving

our own forces. If we labor with anx-

iety about the future, we destroy, that

strength which will enable us to meet

the future. If we take more in hand

now than we can do well, we break up

and the work is broken up with us.

A winged world has struck inadver-

tently in a million hearts, and environed

every hour throughout their hard

pulsation. On a winged world, bath-

ing the destiny of nations; on a winged

world, the world is broken up.

Women, we have been told, are

willing to cast aside their quiet in-

and repose.

HORSE NOTES.

The jockey Meaton will ride for

W. L. Scott next season.

The b. g. Rexcroft, 2.22, by

Orion, dark Mary Bell, is dead.

Buck Bob will winter at Chelms-

ford, and his younger five horses

will be sent to Kentucky.

Boatman, 2nd, to A. J. Davis, for

\$100.

To the Underwriter to Tristam, in

for \$100.

Started Carlwell, of Brighton and New

Orleans Meeting.

William Tompkins, Macedonia, Ia.,

is dead. His wife, Mrs. Kennedy, also

of Macedonia, died May 1, by

Pat Malloy, for \$100.

The b. m. Asilda, foaled in 1872

at Lexington, by Peter Scott, and

lived at Mrs. D. E. Dyer's, at

Elmira, N. Y., on November

24, from an injury.

William C. France has purchased

from Thomas H. Armitage the br. b.

Peter Scott, 18 years old, by Ham-

bletonian, by Imp. Tom Crib.

This horse has been in litigation for

some time and, in consequence, served

no主人.

"Good gracious! How did you man-

age it?"

"Sigh the editor's shear."

NEVER OCEAN PASSENGER.—A sailor

was asked if he had ever

been on board a vessel bound for

the Orient.

"Yes, I have," he said.

"How long?"

"A year."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you like the food?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you like the water?"

"Yes, I did."

The republican.

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colonial life, I have
never been merciful to
The late Dr. J. H. Hammond,
Jenner.

General Lew Wallace says the
Sultan of Turkey has 400,000 men
arms.

Mrs. Garfield is not writing or
handing life, but she is collecting
material for another book now.

An analysis of Vanderbilt's will
shows the legend in the other book
paying the specified bequests, so it is
the doubtful investments. The
physician says he died of overwork.
Financial point to the fact that
division of the Vanderbilt millions
makes Gould the great money power.

The Supreme Court of the United
States has announced substantially that
polygamous Mormonism must go. The
moral sense of the country reached the
same conclusion some time ago.

The chaplain of Congress gets \$6 for
praying five minutes—and he deserves
it. A man suffers a good deal of wear
and tear in praying for a body like that.

A largely increased acreage in and
around Vineland will next year be de-
voted to peaches. Many farmers are
already buying young trees. Vineland
is to have, about January 1, gas from
a Mackenzie process plant now being in-
troduced, and water works will also be
put in a short time.

General Lawton, of Georgia, who, by
promptly and manfully declining the
Russian mission saved President Cleve-
land from much of the embarrassment
which he suffered through the persist-
ency of other ineligible appointees, has
petitioned Congress for the removal of
his political disabilities. The petition
should be promptly granted, and then
Lawton ought to get something. He
has been a square man.

COAL. COAL

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MANHOOD

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A Woman's No.

"A woman's no," said the boy, "is small and round, and it is hard to understand, but it is bound up in the heart."

"I have a woman's no," said the boy, "but I don't know what it means."

"The time has come when we must move on, and we must leave our home."

"To where?" asked the boy.

"But when upon the prairie she stood,

"And her last words were, 'I am dead.'

"And softly murmured,

"As I hung the door closed her through,

"And left me there alone."

LOST ON THE PLAINS

Only sixteen or seventeen years old, a boy, riding a white ox-wagon, stretching away to the west across the vast and boundless brown plains. Not a house for thousands of miles, not a tree, not a shrub, not a single thing in sight, except now and then, dotted here and there, a few great black spots in the boundless sea of brown.

This is the way it was when my parents took me, then only a lad, across the plains, more than thirty years ago. How different now, with the engine-tearing, smoking, screeching and screaming across at the rate of five hundred miles or more a day!

There are many houses on the plains now. The pioneers have planted great forests of trees, and there are vast corn-fields, and the song of happy harvesters is heard there. But the great black spots that dotted the boundless sea of brown are gone forever. Those dark spots were herds of countless bison, or buffalo—as they were more generally called.

One sultry morning in June, as the sun rose up and blazed with uncommon ardor, a herd of buffalo was seen grazing quietly close to our train, and some of the younger boys who had guns and pistols, and were "dying to kill a buffalo," begged their parents to let them ride out and take a shot.

As it was only a natural desire, and seemed a simple thing to do, a small party of boys was soon ready. The men were obliged to stay with the train and drive the oxen, for the tent had already been struck, and the long white line had begun to creep slowly away over the level brown sea toward the next water, a little blind stream that stole through the willows fifteen miles away to the west.

There were in our train two sons of a rich and rather important man. And they were now first in the saddle and ready to take the lead. But as they were vain and selfish, and had always had a big opinion of themselves, their father knew they had not learned much about anything else. There was also in the train a sad-faced, silent boy, barefooted and all in rags; for his parents had died with cholera the day after we crossed the Missouri river, and he was left helpless and alone. He hardly spoke to any one. And as for the rich man's boy, they would sooner have thought of speaking to their negro cook than to him.

As the boys sat on their horses ready to go, and the train of wagons rolled away, the rich man came up to the barefooted boy, and said:

"See here, 'Tatters,' go along with my boys and bring back the game."

"But I have no horse, sir," replied the sad-faced boy.

"Well, take mine," said the anxious father; "I will get in the wagon and ride there till you get back."

"But I have no gun, no pistols nor knife," added the boy.

"Here!" cried the rich man. "Jump on my horse 'Ginger,' and I will fit you out."

When the barefooted boy had mounted the horse, the man buckled his own belt around the lad, and swung his rifle over the bow.

How the boy's face lit up! His young heart was beating like a drum with delight as the party bounded away after the buffalo.

The wagons creaked and crawled away to the West of the great grassy plains; the herd of buffalo sniffed the young hunters, and lifting their shaggy heads shook them angrily, and then turned away like a dark retreating tide of the sea, with the boys bounding after them in glee.

It was a long and exciting chase.

"Tatters," soon passed the other boys, and took the lead, and, riding slowly and patiently the others followed.

But the horses soon broke in strength, and the men in mind.

mounting as fast as their less practiced limbs would let them, also fled at the retreating herd.

When the dust and smoke cleared, the first buffalo lay rolling in the sun, and the others, fatigued by the long run where the Indians all day long had been shooting at them, lay down and went into the shade.

The barefooted boy at once took his gun and bullet hole near the lion's heart, and looked up at the long unbroken grass gleamed and shimmered with the heat. Yet not a sign of water could anywhere be discerned. Silence, sadness, voiceless as when the world came new from the hand of God.

No one spoke. Stendall, with quiet eyes, the young leader of the party, said:

"Now and then he would lift his eyes under his hat to the blazing sun over his left shoulder, and that was all."

There comes a time to us all, beloved, sooner or later, on the plains, in the valley, or on the mountain, in the palace or cottage, when we too can only sit our eyes, silent and helpless, to something shining in heaven."

At last the silent little party heard a faint sound beyond them, a feeble, screeching cry that seemed to come out from the brown grass beneath them as they struggled on.

Then suddenly they came through a belt of the tall brown grass into an open plain that looked like a plowed field, all about the outer edge of the plain, little hills or forts about as high as a man's knee. On every one of these little forts stood a soldier-sentinel, high on hind legs and barking with all his might.

The lost hunters had found a dogtown, the first they had ever seen.

Some owls flew lazily over the strange little city, close to the ground, as they rode through the town, a rat-like snake now and then glided into the hole on the top of one of the ten thousand little forts. The prairie dogs, also, as the boys rode close upon them, would twinkle their heels in the air and disappear head first, only to jump up like a Jack-in-a-box, in another fort, almost instantly.

The party rode through the town and looked beyond. Nothing! Behind? Nothing! To the right? Nothing!

"We must go in this direction, or we shall be lost," mildly and firmly said the barefooted boy, as he drew his belt tighter, and prepared for work.

The other boys only looked disdainfully at the speaker as he sat on his horse and shading his eyes with his hand, looked away in the direction he wished to go. Then they talked a moment between themselves, and taking out their pocket compasses, pretended to look at them very knowingly.

Now, many people think a compass will lead them out of almost any place where they are lost. This is a mistake.

A compass is only of use when you can not see the sun. And even then you must have knowledge and patience and good sense to get on with it at all. It can at best only guide you from one object to another, and thus keep you in a straight line, and so prevent you from going around and around.

But when the plain is one vast level sea, without a single object arising up out of it as a guide, what is a boy to do?

It takes a cool head, boy's or man's, to use a compass on the plains.

"Come on! that is right," cried the elder of the two hunters, and they darted away, with "Tatters" far in the rear. They rode hard and hot for a full hour, getting more frightened, and going faster at every jump. The sun was high in the heavens. Their horses were all in a foam.

"I see something at last," shouted the elder, as he stood up in his stirrups, and then settling back in his seat, he laid on whip and spur, and rode fast and furious straight for a dark object that lay there in the long brown grasses of the broad, unbroken plains. Soon

they came up to it. It was the dead buffalo!

They knew now that they were lost on the plains. They had been riding in the fatal circle that means death if you do not break it and escape.

Very meek and very penitent felt the two boys, as "Tatters" came riding up slowly after them. They were tired and thirsty. They seemed to themselves to have shrunken to about half their usual size.

Meekly they lifted their eyes to the despoiled boy, and pleaded silently and pitifully for help. Tears were in their eyes. Their chins and lips quivered, but they did not speak a word.

"We must ride with the sun on the left, and the north wind, and with our faces east, and our backs west. If we do not do that we will die. Now, come with me, the lead, and," firmly, as he turned his horse and took the lead,

and, riding slowly and patiently the others followed.

But the horses soon broke in strength, and the men in mind.

on the heads of the thirty Indians, and they could hardly keep their balance in the hot saddle. The horses began to tremble and stagger as they walked, and the riders were silent, not a sound or whisper, all before, behind, or left or right, except but the weary, dry, eternal and unbroken sea of brown.

A way to the west the bright blue sky shut down sharp and tight upon the brown and blinding plain. The tops of the long unbroken grass gleamed and shimmered with the heat. Yet not a sign of water could anywhere be discerned. Silence, sadness, voiceless as when the world came new from the hand of God.

No one spoke. Stendall, with quiet eyes, the young leader of the party, said:

"And now, do you know they are close by?" queried one.

"The camp is wet only on the water!" As "Tatters" said this the boys exchanged glances. They were glad, so glad, to be nearing their fathers once more.

But it somehow began to dawn upon them very clearly that they did not know quite everything, even if their father was rich.

Soon guns were heard firing for the lost party. And turning a corner in the willowy little river, they saw the tents pitched, the wagons in corral, and the oxen feeding peacefully beyond.

second, and then when he turned back to the boys,

"I see that a chip is taken up this stream somewhere. It can't be very far away here!"

Eagerly the boys mounted their horses and pressed close on after the trail.

"And how do you know they are close by?" queried one.

"The camp is wet only on the water!" As "Tatters" said this the boys exchanged glances. They were glad, so glad, to be nearing their fathers once more.

But it somehow began to dawn upon them very clearly that they did not know quite everything, even if their father was rich.

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A DUEL IN A DARK ROOM

Death of the Survivor of that Famous Combat.

The recent death of Edward Harbrook an old-time resident of Oceana County, W. Va., causes the resurrection of long-forgotten tales of his eccentricities and wild follies. Harbrook was born in Lewisburg, Va., on Dec. 10, eighty-three years ago. His parents belonged to one of the oldest families in W. Va., and were numbered among the wealthiest residents of that fertile country.

His father and only brother died from

a contagious disease when he was 12 years old, and from that period he had

absolutely no restraint placed upon his actions.

Those who knew him state

that he was a kind friend but possessed

an ungovernable temper, and when

he caused spared neither friend nor foe.

At the age of 26 he fell desperately in

love with Edith Vernon, the daughter

of a local neighbor. She refused him

because of his temper.

Elwood Warner, the son of a wealthy planter from below Vicksburg, was also a suitor for

the lady's favor, and by his handsome

figure and polished manners succeeded

in gaining her love. On hearing of the

engagement Harbrook gave way to in-

sane paroxysms of rage. He vowed

that the Mississippian should never live

to enjoy his triumph. The remark was

repeated and reached Warner's ears.

The hot creole blood of the Southerner

boiled at the threat, and despite the

persuasions of friends he determined to

make Harbrook eat his words or fight.

The two met a few days subsequently

at the house of a friend. Warner, during

the evening demanded an explanation

of the Virginian, who, boiling over

with jealous rage, promptly knocked

him down. Both men drew pistols

which they were prevented from using

by bystanders. Warner was rendered

frantic by the brutal response to his

haughty challenge, and swore a deep

oath that the insult should be washed

out in blood.

The matter was then placed in the

hands of friends who decided the affair

at once although it was then within a

short half-hour of midnight. It was

agreed that the duellists should be blind-

folded and led into a darkened room

that each be armed with a pistol and

bowie-knife. Both seemed anxious for

the encounter. A large upper chamber

was chosen and stripped of furniture

and hangings. The windows and doors

were then muffled, and everything put

in readiness for the novel duel.

Each man was carefully blindfolded and led

to a separate corner of the room and

provided with weapons by his sec-

onds, who noiselessly withdrew to the

next chamber, where they waited with

bated breath for the issue of the strug-

gle. The seconds grew slowly into

minutes, which seemed like hours to

the anxious friends, till nearly a quarter

of an hour passed by, when the loud

report of two shots blended together

rang out, followed by the sounds of a

furious scuffle. This soon ended, and

all became quiet, with the exception of

a low moan now and then of a person

evidently suffering intense agony. A

light being procured, the friends entered

the room, and were greeted by a scene

never to be forgotten. The body of

Mississippi lay stretched upon the

wall, the blood pouring in streams from

wounds in his throat, bosom, and

hand still clasping the pistol.

He had done the most terrible

thing he could do, and had

done it well.

He had done the most terrible

she said truth, and set her face to him for his answer.

"Avis, you turned away, I thought you to despair, and then he said:

"You must listen to me, Avis. You will find my darling, his memory on me." He cried. "Do not break my heart."

She smiled bitterly. "I had mercy on me!" she cried suddenly. "Do you think I would have given up my husband like this?" "Oh, Avis, the world could humble me with the little girl."

"He then blushed as a man might blush for his very life!" but she only took her hand.

"You never loved me!" he cried passionately.

"You can believe as you like," she answered coldly; and we had better part now forever."

He longed to clasp her in his arms, his very soul cried out for one parting kiss, one never-to-be-forgotten kiss, but he felt it dare not, and with white hot face he turned away.

Once he turned back, she stood still where he had left her, her fair young face still turned towards him, perfectly calm now, though white and weary looking.

"She never loved me!" he cried again. "Never loved him!" Avis said to herself with a painful smile. "Oh, Heaven help me how much and how well!" and then, her agony conquering her, she sank down upon her knees—sank down, white and shivering, and knelt there till the evening shadows fell, and the pale moon came out with her train of glittering stars, and then she rose white as death, and stole to her own room, only to sink down again, this time in blessed unconsciousness.

A pretty little cottage set in a small garden that in summer was all bright with flowers, but looked cold and dreary enough now.

Inside, however, there was light and warmth enough, and on her knees a woman, young and beautiful, clasping a child of three or four years old to her breast, and standing at the mantel-piece a man, the expression of whose face, at the moment was perfectly unreadable.

"It might be love, it might be hate, or a mixture of both, that filled his eyes with some dark, evil eyes, as they rested on the woman."

"This must end, Sibyl," he said. "I cannot trust you. I feel you will play me false in some way. That's the only thing in your manner that don't like."

The woman leaped to her feet and faced him with passionate glowing eyes.

"You cannot trust me?" she cried.

"Would to Heaven you could not. What I am, you have made me, and yet I loved you once."

The man's face grew dark.

"Loved me once! Then you do not love me now!"

"No," she cried, "only for her sake, whom I love better than my life, am I still your wife."

The man's grasp tightened on her shoulder, and he bent his head nearer to her face.

"Think the last game you will have to play out if you turn traitor you will never get on Este's face again, and you know I generally manage to keep my promises. Become Vere St. George's wife, and give me the sum of five thousand a year, and I will give up all claim to Este, and never trouble you for your sake."

The woman kneeling there is Sibyl Meredith, the betrothed wife of Vere St. George.

It was a bright clear day overhauled, one week later, and the ice is most tempting to those to whom skating is enjoyment, and the ice is a bright scene of fair faces and brilliant costumes.

One of the skaters on the ice is Sibyl Meredith, looking singularly beautiful in a skating-dress of navy-blue velvet, her jetty curls falling loosely down her back from under the little velvet cap, made to match the dress, both being trimmed with silver fox.

At a little distance from the pond another girl is standing, gazing idly at the gay throng, her eyes, however, full of wistful pain.

Vere Leigh has changed greatly since her parting with Vere St. George. Her nature is not a nature to love lightly, and her heart could never love again.

The dream had been deliciously sweet, but the awakening was terribly cruel.

The lovely face in very pale now, the sweet lips, half drooping, seeming to know no longer how to smile, and the roundness had left her cheeks.

She looks fragile enough for a breath to blow her away.

Her eyes turn now to a little dark-eyed girl who is venturesome enough to walk quite a distance on the ice, then run back again, seeming to enjoy it with a child's merriment.

Suddenly a cry leaves Avis' lips, a cry of warning to the fearless child who has dashed out on a thin shell of ice marked dangerous.

No wonder then, a second cry leaves in lips, and one fraught with more terror, for she hears a crashing, crack sound, and the child, seeming to realize her danger, turns to run back;

but too late, for with the same blow, followed by a crash, and the little one disappears.

—New York City lost nearly \$6,000,000 in February, by fires.

The gold annually taken from the Siberian mines is estimated to be worth \$3,000,000. The first discovery of the metal in that country was made at the beginning of this century.

—Black rosary beads are extensively used in mourning for millinery and dress and wrap garniture, and with most satisfactory effect. They are among the most desirable of the new fashionable trimmings, as they are in various sizes and shapes, and in glossy and dull finish, so that they produce in skillful hands most artistic results. An attractive costume for light mourning is shown in a camel's-hair flannel with a handsome panel, and full waist, and sleeve trimming in watered silk set on in applique with outlining of small rosary beads.

HONORABLE MENTION.

The residence of Mr. McDonnell,

The history of the former residence of John Bonaparte is as varied as that of the remarkable family to which he belonged. Built between 1800 and 1810, it became the centre of fashion, and wealth, for a brief period, and then passed into the hands of his brother, who in 1847 was sold out for debts.

Thomas Richard Henry McDonnell, father of the present owner, married in 1847, Mrs. Anna Maria Weston, whose husband had died in 1842. McDonnell bought the property and remained in the possession of the son until his death in 1870.

With a wild cry she caught the little one in her arms.

"My darling! my darling!" she cried, kissing her passionately. "How did you come here?"

They bore Avis to the nearest cottage, and when she woke to consciousness a beautiful dark face was bending over her, and the locks she always wore round her neck, with Vere St. George's face within it, lay open in the stranger's hand.

"A fresh dyed Avis face." "Pardon me," Sibyl Meredith said. "It is open and—." Then after a pause: "You are Avis Leigh whom Vere St. George loves. Girl, you saved a woman's son, as well as a child's life for day, for the little one was all mine, and if I am lost to all other feelings, I love her better than my life."

"I would not tell you, that if it brings me death, I am going to atone for my past by my confession, but before I go, answer me one simple question. Do you love Vere St. George?" Implanted by something in the dark eyes fixed upon her face, a faint "yes" fell from Avis' lips, and before she could frame another word, the stranger had left the room. Next day Vere St. George was standing in the garden, when suddenly Sibyl stood before him, and something in her face for the moment made his heart stand still.

"Sibyl," he cried, "what is it?" "It is this," she answered slowly, "that I am to Sibyl Meredith, but an imposter, for Sibyl Meredith sleeps in her grave under my name, and I am here with her. I will tell you all, when you can judge me."

Before another word could leave her lips a pistol-shot rang out on the air.

"He has murdered me!" she cried, "my husband!" then fell forward at Vere's feet, her red blood dyeing the ground.

Vere carried her into the house, but she only lived a few hours.

"He—he was my evil genius!" she cried, before her death, "but I am sorry for it all." And then, after a pause, as she drew near: "My child, my child! I have her safe. He cannot find her, but you—you... Ah, dare I ask you? She was the little one Avis Leigh—her Avis—saved from drowning."

He knew what was in her mind, and sent for the little one.

It was brought to the dying woman. She looked at Avis, who came with it. "When you are his wife, you will be kind to my little one!"

"I gave it second birth," Avis said softly, "it will never leave my care."

A smile lit up the beautiful dark face, and clasping the child in her arms, she closed her eyes on life forever.

Whatever her sins had been, she died penitent, and her judgment is with God, and we cannot fathom His mercy.

Six months after, Avis and Vere were married, and though other children blessed their home, Este, the dark-eyed little stranger, known not but that she is their child, and never will, God willing.

What became of her father was never known for certain, but a man was shot in a gambling den six months after Vere's marriage, and on his breast was found a likeness of the woman who was called Sibyl Meredith for a while.

His last words were:

"She was my wife. I loved her in my own way, but I murdered her—shot her dead when she turned traitor to our plans."

One thing was certain; no one ever

sought Este, and if they had it would have availed them nothing, for Vere and Avis had her legally adopted, so she was safe, not only in love, but in law; and with gentle Avis we leave her.

Old Weller.

Old Mr. Weller was a real person, and we knew him. He was "Old Chumly" in the flesh, and drove the stage daily from Rochester to London and back again. Once when my father was in town, the sister next to me needing the overlooking of Sir James Clark, she and I were sent up to London under the care of Old Chumly. We were put inside at our own gates, and the good-natured, red-faced old fellow came regularly to the door whenever we stopped to change horses, or to water them to ask the little misses if they wanted anything, or how they found themselves.

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FASHION NOTES.

The residence of Mr. McDonnell,

Rose is to be one of the favorite colors for elegant evening wear this winter. There are exquisite novelties of this color, both pale and decided in shade.

Red ribbon is also in great favor, but more especially for children. Crimson is almost madonna, and moire ribbon goes round a long smooth bodice.

Pearl-white is the color of the year in Paris. It is highly popular, and is highly effective in brocade and lace. It is made up also in chintz and muslin, and is charming in its combination with lace.

—Silk plumb is more worn than any other now, and is like any other color, excepting pearl-white, embroidery, lace, and muslin.

—Corded silk is a new work, and is more worn than any other now, and is like any other color, excepting pearl-white, embroidery, lace, and muslin.

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