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R. R. R.

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in from One to Twenty minutes.

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The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

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will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diptheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Childs, Ague Chills.

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Travelers should always carry a bottle of *Radway's Ready Relief* with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, billious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

trong and pure rich blood—increase of flesh and weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent has made the most astonishing cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that every day an increase in flesh and weight is seen and felt

The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, consumption, glandular disease, ulcers in the throat, mouth, tumors, nodes in the glands and other parts of the system, sore eyes, strumorous discharges from the ears, and the worst forms of skin diseases, eruptions, fever sores, scald head, ring worm, salt rheum, erysipelas, acne, black spots, worms in the flesh, tumors, cancers in the womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, night sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of chronic, scrofulous, constitutional, and skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for *Kidney and Bladder Complaints*, gravel, diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, albuminuria, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills, perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders.—Price, 25 cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists

Read "False and True." Send one letter-

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49 LIGHT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE business of the late firm of POUMAIRAT & McCULLY, for the sale of Provisions, Cotton, Sugar, Molasses, and all kinds of Produce, also agent for "James A. Miller's" (Chicken Cock) Whiskey, will be continued at the old stand, 49 LIGHT STREET, by E. LEO SPALDING, under the name of POUMAIRAT & Mc

Den us- H an nse t be ecial No

property ... at public auction in St. Mary's county. Address, R. W Edwards, Great Mills P.O., St Mary's county, Md.

June 23, 1870—tf.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

We have been favored by Mr. Wm. H. Brown, author of the work lately published, entitled "The History of the First Locomotive in America," with the following from a rare work, "The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished American Statesmen," published by him in 1816. The extract gives the particulars of the death of John Randolph of Roanoke, and was furnished Mr. Brown by Dr. Joseph Parrish of Philadelphia, who was the physician of Randolph. The following is the extract in question:

John Randolph died under my medical care, on the morning of the fifth month (May), twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, at one-quarter before twelve o'clock. He breathed his last in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41 North Third street. I was present at his departure, closed his eyes, and placed his limbs in a decent position. I was called to visit him on the twentieth of said month, by Edmund Badger, one of the proprietors of the City Hotel. It was a stormy night—the patient had arrived that afternoon in the steamboat from Baltimore. He was bound for Europe, and had been disappointed in getting on board the packet.—He soon informed me he was acquainted with my character. "I knew you through Giles," alluding, I presume, to William B. Giles, late Governor of Virginia, respecting whose case I was repeatedly consulted.

The patient appeared more disturbed on account of some difficulties he had encountered after leaving the steamboat. It was evident he was extremely ill; his debility was such that it was with great difficulty he could expectorate, which caused much distress in respiration. He appeared to be fully aware of his danger—told me he had attended several courses of lectures on anatomy—described his symptoms with medical accuracy, declaring he must die if he could not discharge the puriform matter.

On inquiring how long he had been sick he replied: "Don't ask me that question. I have been sick all my life." He soon told me, however, that he had been affected for three years with his present disease, which had been greatly aggravated by his voyage to Russia—this had killed him. On feeling his pulse he said: "You can form no judgment by my pulse, it is so peculiar."

I soon perceived that to manage the case before me would be like steering between Scylla and Charybdis, and concluded by cautious surroundings rather than advance under full sail. I told him he had been so long an invalid he must have acquired an accurate knowledge of the general course of practice adapted to his case. He replied: "Certainly; at forty a fool or a physician, you know." I remarked there were idiosyncrasies in many constitutions, and wished to ascertain what was peculiar about him. He said: "I have been an idiosyncrasy all my life." This appeared truly a most trite and correct view of the subject, although the querist did not consider it necessary to give a concurring reply. He informed me that all the preparations of camphor invariably injured him, and as to ether, it would blow him up.—Not so of opium and its preparations, for I soon discovered he was accustomed to the free use of the drug in some form or other. On one occasion he told me that he either did or could take opium like a Turk.

His conversation was curiously diversified, and he complained with no small asperity of the difficulties he encountered after leaving the steamboat. He was put into a wretched hack, the glass of the carriage was broken; he had been obliged to go from one hotel to another in search of lodgings, exposed to the peltings of the storm, and everything was in a state of discomfort. He soon introduced the subject of the Quakers, complimenting us in his peculiar manner, for neatness, economy, order, comfort in every thing except in politics—there always 'twistical." Before I retired, he repeated a portion of the Litany of the Episcopal Church with apparent fervor

The followiing morning he sent for me early. I was called from bed. He apologized handsomely for disturbing me; and from this period, we appeared mutually to enter into our new acquaintance in the capacity of patient and physician. After considerable experience in sick chambers and at death beds, I never met with a character so perfectly original and unique.

One evening I proposed a medical consultation, leaving the choice to himself; with an assurance of entire confidence in his medical attendant, he promptly objected to the proposal, with the remark: "In multitude of counsel there is confusion; it leads to weakness and indecision; the patient may die while the doctors are staring at each other."

It seemed that if his disposition to criticise on the pronunciation of words could not be restrained under any circumstances of bodily suffering or immediate danger of death. The slightest deviation from his standard of propriety must be met and corrected.

The night preceding his death I passed about two hours in his chamber. He told me in a plaintive tone that his poor John was worn down by fatigue and compelled to go to bed. A most attentive substitute supplied his place, but neither he nor I were like John. The patient was greatly distressed in breathing, in consequence of difficult expectoration, and requested me at my next visit to bring instruments for performing the operation of bronchotomy, for he could not live unless relieved; yet, in the same interview, he directed a certain newspaper brought to him. It was found after a difficult search. He put on his spectacles, as he sat propped up in bed, turned over the paper several times and examined it carefully; then placed his finger on a part he had selected, and handed it to me, with a request that I should read it. It was headed "Cherokee." In the course of the reading I came to the word "omnipotence." I gave it the full sound—omuipotence. He checked me instantly. I hesitated on his criticism; and in an inquiring and doubtful tone repeated the word as he had pronounced it. He sharply replied, "There can be no doubt of it."

I now observed to him that there was a great deal of sublimity in the composition; he directly referred me to the Mosaic account of the creation, and replied: "Let there be light, and there was light"—there is sublimity.

The morning of the day that John Randolph died, I received an early and urgent message to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant, John, who appeared affected at the situation of his dying master. I remarked to John, soon after I arrived that I had seen his master very low several times before, and he had revived, and perhaps he would again. The patient directly said: "John knows better than that."

The interview of this morning was peculiarly impressive. I had not been long with him before he looked at me with great intensity, and said, in a very earnest and distinct manner: "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision." This declaration was to me altogether unexpected. It involved a subject which in our previous interviews had never been touched. It was one I could not have introduced. I assured him I was rejoiced to hear such a declaration from him. He appeared anxious to press it on my mind. Soon after this I proposed to go for a short time to attend an urgent message I received before I left home, assuring my patient I would return as speedily as possible.

He positively objected to my leaving him. "You must not; you cannot; you shall not leave me." He called to his servant John to take care that the doctor did not leave the room, and John accordingly locked the door and soon reported, "Master, I have locked the door and got the key in my pocket; the doctor can't go now." My proposal to leave him for a short time, even on a promise of return, evidently irritated him for a moment. It may show the situation of his mind when I state, that in the moment of excitement to which I have referred, he said, "If you do go, you need not return." I appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as I was only desirous of discharging my duty to another patient who might stand in need of my assistance. His manner instantly changed, and he said: "I retract that expression;" and probably a quarter of an hour afterwards, casting on me an expressive look, he again said: "I retract that expression."

I told him I thought I understood him distinctly on the subject he had communicated, and presumed the will would explain itself fully. He replied in his peculiar way, "No, you don't understand it, I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves; a will may manumit them, but a provision for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party, and never lose sight of him until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John—you see the propriety and importance of remaining with me—your patients must make allowance for your situation"

I saw and felt the force of the appeal. The interest of the scene increased every moment. I was now locked in a chamber with a dying statesman of no common order—one whose commanding talents and elevated political station, combined with great eccentricity of character, had spread his fame, not only through his native land, but over Europe.

He then said, "John told me this morning,' 'Master, you are dying;'" I made no attempt to conceal my views.—On the contrary, I assured him I would speak to him with entire candor on the occasion, and told him that it had been rather a matter of surprise that he had continued so long. He now made his preparations to die. Between him and his faithful servant there appeared to be a complete understanding. He directed John to bring him his father's breast-button, which was immediately produced. He then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom; but to fix it completely required a hole on the opposite side. When this was announced to his master, he quickly said, "Get a knife and cut one." I handed my penknife to John, who cut the hole and fixed the valuable relic to the satisfaction of the expiring patient. A napkin was also called for, and was placed by John over the breast of the patient.

For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, his eyes were closed, and I concluded he was disposed to sleep. He suddenly roused from this state with the words, "Remorse, remorse!" It was twice repeated; the last time at the top of his voice, evidently with great agitation. He cried out: "Let me see the word!"—No reply followed, having learned enough of the character of my patient to ascertain that when I did not know exactly what to say, it was best to say nothing. He then exclaimed: "Get a dictionary; let me see the word." I cast my eyes around and told him I believed there was none in the room. "Write it down; let me see the word." I picked up one of his cards from the table, "Randolph of Roanoke," and inquired whether I should write on that? "Yes; nothing more proper."—Then with my pencil I wrote, "Remorse." He took the card in his hand in a hurried manner, and, fastening his eyes on it with great intensity, exclaimed: "Write it on the back!" I did so, and handed it to him again.

He was excessively agitated at this period. He repeated: "Remorse; you do not know what it is; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon." He then said: "Now, let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done. I inquired, "What was to be done with the card?"—He replied, "Put it in your pocket—take care of it—and when I am dead look at it." The original is now in my possession.

My situation at this period was serious and embarrassing. Locked in the chamber of a patient and solemnly called upon as a witness, confirming a will already made, for the liberation and support of his slaves, when the only human ear that heard these declarations, except myself and the testator, was that of one of the very slaves included in the bequest. It required no unusual foresight to anticipate the construction that might be put upon such testimony; perhaps in a distant court where the witness might be personally unknown, especially when, added to this, it was found he was a member of the religious society of Friends, who had long since washed their hands from the stain of slavery and whose sentiments on the subject were universally known. I saw that, even under a charitable construction of the testimony, the force of early impressions, and the bias of education might be supposed imperceptibly to influence even an upright mind, and give a coloring to words and facts which to others differently educated might be viewed in another light. Under these views, I introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger, whose attentions were very great to him. He replied, "I have already communicated that to him."

I stated it was my intention to be with him as steadily as possible until his death, but, with his concurrence, I would send for two physicians, who would remain and never lose sight of him until he was dead, and to whom he could make a declaration. My son, Dr. Isaac Parish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, were proposed to him, saying that the latter was a brother of Captain West.—He quickly answered: "Captain West of the packet?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he said: "Send for him—he is the man—I'll have him!"

Before the door was unlocked he pointed toward a bureau and requested that I would take from it a remuneration for my services. To this I promptly objected, informing him I should feel as though I were acting indelicately to comply. He then waived the subject by saying: "In England it is always customary."

The witnesses were now sent for and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in bed with pillows, nearly erect. Those only who knew his form and singular physiognomy, can form an idea of his appearance at this moment. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders, and he directed John to place his hat on over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head.

The hat bore evident marks of age, and was probably the one exposed to the peltings of the storm during his discomforts on the day of his arrival.

With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close to the bedside of his dying master. The four witnesses were placed in a semicircle, in full view.' It was evidently an awfully interesting moment to the patient. He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body to this, last effort.

His whole soul seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing towards us with his long index finger, he thus addressed us: "I confirm all the directions in my will respecting my slaves, and direct them to be inforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support;" and then, raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand on the shoulder of his favorite John, adding these words, "especially for this man."—He then asked each of us whether we understood him. At the close of his exhausting effort, I remarked to my fellow witnesses that my patient a short time before informed me in private that according to the laws of Virginia, a will might manumit slaves, yet in order for their subsequent support, it was necessary that a declaration should be made in the presence of one or more white witnesses, who, after receiving it from the party, should remain and never lose sight of him until he was dead. I then appealed to the dying man to know whether I had stated correctly, he replied: "Yes," and gracefully waving his hand as a token of our dismission, he said: "The young gentleman will remain with me."

I took my leave with an assurance that I would return as speedily as possible and remain with him. After an absence of perhaps an hour or more, and about fifty minutes before his discease, I returned to the sick room. But now the scene was changed. His keen, penetrating eye had lost its expression. His powerful mind had given way, and he appeared totally incapable of giving any correct directions relative to his worldly concerns. To record what now took place may not be required, further than to say, that almost to the last moment some of his eccentricities could be seen lingering about him.

He had entered within the dark valley of the shadow of death, and what was now passing in his chamber was like the distant noise of words which fell with confusion on the ear. The farther this spirit receded from human view, the sounds became less distinct, until they were finally lost in the deep recesses of the valley, and all that was mortal of Randolph of Roanoke was hushed in death.

A SAD STORY.—Many years ago, a picturesque spot, on the Ridge road, about six miles northwest of Lockport, N. Y., was the location of a handsome and comfortable homestead. The farm in rich acres sloped away to the northward, and the buildings were shaded by stately trees of oak and maple. The family which resided there was respected alike for its wealth and worth, and from that parental roof went forth to homes of their own, a goodly number of lovely daughters and noble sons. One of these, more ambitious than the rest, thought to better his already prosperous fortune by accepting the golden promises of California, at that time, so temptingly held forth. While there, he met and loved a young girl who was filling the honorable position of nurse maid, in a rich man's family. She was uneducated and of humble birth, but amiable and remarkably beautiful. He placed her in a boarding school, where she remained for several years, until her education was completed, when he married her.

He was then a very wealthy man, and he decided to return with his young wife to his native State. At San Francisco they took passage in a sailing vessel for New York, which, when within two hundred miles of the latter port, sprung a leak and rapidly filled with water. When the captain saw that his vessel was sinking, he let down the boats and into them lowered the female passengers. When this poor young wife learned that her husband was not going, she implored them to allow her to stay and die with him. But the captain was inexorable, and she was torn from his arms and lowered into the boat, which hurriedly made for the land. What an agonized farewell! The wife looked back and saw that loved husband for the last time, clinging to the mast of the vessel as it sunk into the pitiless sea. The poor girl reached the home of her husband's parents in safety, and a few months after her arrival became the mother of a bright little boy. A few years later she visited a Southern State, taking her child with her. From that fatal tour she returned childless, and the remains of her darling boy lay in a Southern grave. By her child's death the last tie which bound her to her husband's kindred was broken, and she came back to Lockport, grieving over the manifold sorrows which had befallen her in a stranger State.

Weary of her lonely life, she at last listened to the protestations of an ardent suitor and married him; and intrusted her property, which was considerable, although $80,000 in gold went down with that ill-fated vessel.

This second husband proved to be a gambler and worse; and after squandering the larger portion of her wealth, he fled with the remainder, leaving her with two children, penniless and homeless.—And now, in an obscure dwelling a few miles outside of the city, this sad wreck of a once lovely and beloved woman subsists by the charity of a single friend.

LOUIS XI AND LANNOI.—The Count of Lannoi, one of the bravest of the soldiers of Louis XI of France, and one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Court, was condemned to death by that monarch for a supposed implication in a conspiracy. The count not only declared his innocence of the charge, but offered proof that would have been convincing had it been listened to; but Louis was exasperated, and deaf to all such approaches.—To add to the indignity of his situation, the King sent his barber, Oliver le Dain—made so familiar by Scott in his novel "Quentin Durward," to announce to him, as a special favor, that his royal master allowed him to choose whatever mode of death he might prefer. Lannoi, himself a man of courage, knew that the King not only possessed the same quality, but liked to see it in others. Bearing this in mind, he announced his choice in the following letter:

"Sire: I am penetrated with gratitude for your Majesty's extraordinary kindness, and for the anxiety you manifested on the subject of my punishment. You will believe me when I say that I would rather have lost my life in your Majesty's service than on such a charge as this. But, since my death is determined, I send you for that purpose the chain of gold which your Majesty wore at the battle of Quesnoi, and which you placed on the neck of my father, Raoul de Lannoi, in the thickest of the danger, with these memorable words: '*pacque dieu!* my friend, you combat too freely. You must be up, for I cannot afford to lose you just yet. I want your services for years to come.' With this chain, sire, I wish to be hanged at the foot of the Tower du Nord, where I was wounded in the breast by an arrow meant for your Majesty, when I covered you from Ratzay's fierce attack."

This appeal even Louis XI could not resist; and Lennoi's punishment was remitted, and subsequent proof of his innocence restored him to royal favor and confidence.

"Boys will be boys" is nonsense.—Boys will be men—if they live long enough.

Note for Darwin: In time the mulberry tree becomes a silk worm—and a silk gown becomes a woman.

A HASTY WORD.

'Harry,' said I, to our little five year old, 'will you run and tell Bridget to have warm biscuits for tea?'

He started quickly, and as he started, his foot caught in a little stand upon which I had placed a rare Parian vase, with a rose bud just unfolding its crimson petals in it. The stand fell over, and the vase (a gift from my mother) was shattered.

'You naughty boy!' I cried angrily, 'you deserve to be whipped. Pick up those pieces instantly, and put them in the coal hod.' He stooped, carefully picked up the fragments, carried them away and was gone for some time. When he returned it was with something tightly clasped in his hand.

Coming to me he placed a five cent piece in my hand, saying timidly, 'Will that buy you a new vase, mamma'

What evil demon possessed me to take the coin, his sacredly cherished treasure, a kind neighbor had given, and throw it from me, I know not.

Harry picked it up with tears running, and sat down upon his stool, with his hands folded so meekly. Presently he said:

'Mamma, may I go and play with Eddy Potter?'

'I don't care where you go,' said I crossly, 'as long as you keep out of my sight.'

Harry went to the closet where his coat and hat hung, put them on, and came and stood by my side.

'Mamma, will you please forgive me? I'm so sorry!' and he put up his lips for a kiss.

O, God forgive me! I pushed the little fellow away. He stood by the door a moment looking pitifully at me. It is twenty-five years ago to-day since he stood there; but I can see him, with his blue coat and red and gray worsted skating cap, as the little feet went slowly down the stairs. I heard him go out; unfasten the gate. Looking out the window I saw the little fellow lift his face with a smile as he saw me, which gave place to a pitiful quiver of the lips as he saw I took no notice of him I watched the darling down the street with a strange, undefined feeling, till the little coat and red mittens were no longer visible. Twice a sudden impulse moved me to call him back, but I crushed it down. Oh! would to God I had. Well, I sewed all through the Winter afternoon. At four o'clock I put away my work and sat by the window—Conscience began to reproach me for my conduct. 'I don't care,' said I, 'my beautiful vase is in ruins.'

What is the value of all the vases in the world compared with your child?—Have you not spoken crossly to that dear little Harry, who is always so cheerful and obedient? And this is not the first time either, and you call yourself a Christian mother, too. Suppose Harry should be suddenly taken away from you, would not your cruel words haunt you forever?

I could bear this no longer. I rose and picked up the stray litter about the room to give it a more tidy appearance.

Then I went to the window, peering anxiously through the gloom, but seeing nothing of my boy, my heart became terribly heavy; this suspense was unbearable. Hastily throwing a shawl over my head, I ran into Mrs. Potter's.

'Have you seen Eddie?' was the question before I entered the room.

'Have you seen Harry?'

'He was over here at half past two; he and Eddie went over to Josie Gray's, I think—'

What she thought I never knew, for at that moment the door flew open and Eddie rushed in breathless, screaming, 'Oh! mother, mother! Harry Loring is drowned. We were sliding on the mill pond, and there was a hole in the ice with snow on it, and Harry didn't see it and—'

'Hush, Eddie,' said his mother, looking at me fearfully. 'Here is Mrs. Loring.'

There was a great silence in the room, broken only by the blithe sweet voice of a canary, and the pur of a Maltese cat. Presently Mrs. Potter came towards me and placed her hand softly upon my shoulder, saying, 'Ella, my poor child.'

But I never moved but sat gazing with wide open eyes upon an awful picture.—A cold, gray, afternoon, a pond, a little figure well known to me suddenly disappearing through the treacherous ice, down, down, the little hand grasping at cruel weeds, the sweet mouth full of water.—And those wicked sinful words ringing through my ears. 'I don't care where you go, so long as you keep out of my sight.' There was a mist before my eyes, a ringing in my ears. I remember leaving the house with a blind feeling of going where my Harry was. Then came a horrible sense as of the earth breaking away under my feet and I knew no more.

A pleasant feeling of warmth, a languid sense pervaded my whole system. I opened my eyes and glanced around the room. A strange woman by the fire; at the foot of the bed my husband, with his hands over his eyes. I tried to think where I was and what had happened, but in vain. Then my attention was arrested by a little figure in a red flannel night-dress cuddled up in a big chair—my Harry! Then it all flashed across my mind I sat up straight in bed with a faint, 'Why?

'What is it?' said I, feebly.

'You must not talk, lie down. Oh, darling!' and the strong man wept like a child. And the little figure came and jumped on my bed, and putting his arms around my neck cried too. And I, puzzled to know what it all meant, cried also. The strange figure came and took Harry away saying, be careful now, Mr. Loring, everything depends upon quiet.'

'Tell me all now,' said I, 'I must know. I had such a horrible feeling.—Oh, Harold! I dreamed Harry was drowned.'

His face grew white. 'He was near death, George Gray got him out of the pond. Gray sent down to the office for me; I went after Dr. Hopper and came right up. There was but a spark of life, but we succeeded at last.'

'How many days ago was it, Harold?' said I.

'Seven weeks ago yesterday,' said he, smiling.

'Seven weeks,' said I, 'impossible.'

'You have been very sick with the brain fever, Ella. You were very near death; for days we despaired of ever seeing you conscious. You would call yourself all kinds of names; you would say, 'Harry is drowned, and I made him drown himself.' Last night Dr. Hopper says the crisis is at hand; if you live through the night you will get well. Oh, Ella! I am so thankful you are spared to me.'

'I have been weak and sinful, Harold,' said I, and then told him all, not keeping back anything.

He heard me through, stroking my hair in a gentle fashion. When I had finished, he said:

'It has taught you a lesson, Ella dear.' And that was all.

I soon recovered. For a long time I could not bear Harry out of my sight. It seemed as if I could not do half enough to atone for my wicked conduct. The thought makes me shudder now—if it had been that Harry had never come back to me, and that the last words he had heard from his mother's lips were so unkind. I have had three children since and not one of them has ever received a cross or hasty word from me. Oftentimes my patience is severely tried, but one thought of that horrible death, to which Harry came so near, drives the demon away.

Mothers, bear patiently with those little innocent ones. Are there not many whose eyes, resting upon this simple story, are filled with bitter tears at the recollection of the unkind words, and even blows to little children laid away forever—who would give all their worldly possessions, yes, years of their lives, to recall those hasty words which made their lips quiver pitifully, and the clear eyes dim with tears? Ah! you cannot have them back. They are gone, and your sin remains.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.—There is a fable among Hindoes that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an experiment which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailer and told him that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. On receiving this piece of intelligence the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and His Majesty would not lose the opportunity. So, accompanied by his prime ministers, his courtiers, and his chief priests, he went with the thief to a place selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold. "But," he added, this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your Majesty." The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated.—Finally he said, "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare to say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The latter, after a brief consideration, answered:

"It were a pity to break the charm by a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people; how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel." "No, no," cried the governor, drawing back; "remember that I have had the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers—Let the high priest plant it." And the priest said, "You forget; I have the collection of tithes and disbursements for sacrifice." At length the thief exclaimed: "Your Majesty, I think it is better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us." In spite of the lamentable exposure the king laughed, and was so pleased with the thief's cunning expedient that he granted him a pardon.

"Young man," said a minister to a youth in his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in the world?" "Yes, sir; two cousins and a grandmother, but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

A little girl not far from Schenectady after noticing for some time the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours!"

There are two periods in the life of a man at which he is too wise to tell women the exact truth—when he's in love, and when he isn't.

A man who has travelled through New Jersey says he saw some land there so poor you couldn't raise a disturbance on it.