TWO AND ONE.

[From All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER I.

Far off, on the mysterious, inaccessible summits of the mountains, deep down in cavernous gorges, on the bare, bleak sides of granite precipices, the awful silences of fallen snow and ice-bound waters were broken. Great avalanches, awaking dull, thundering echoes, crashed down from mighty hights into chasms where the feet of man had never trod. There was the plunge and the roar of waters as the mountain torrents, swollen by the melting snows, tumbled foaming into rivers so green and lucid that the stones of their bed could be seen from the bank. It was early yet in the year, but spring had come. In England there were daffodils and primroses in the hedge-lined lanes and fields; here there was only the pale, tender glint of new green, as spruce and pine clad themselves in their fresh spring robes, and the wonderful tints of the mosses. The air was sharp and cold, but sweet and invigorating. There is no atmosphere in Europe to surpass the air of Norway. Still it was very cold. The sky was gray overhead, as if threatening more snow. A stolkjaerre was driving, at rather an unusual speed for Norwegian ponies, along the road that skirted the precipitous side of the Romsdalen. Two human beings, muffled up in furs, occupied the stolkjaerre. One was tall, powerfully built, with the strength and decision of a giant in appearance, and in manner the meekness and deference of a thoroughly crushed school-boy. This was the "he." The other was slender, delicate-faced, with the most perfect feminine grace of manner and appearance, lovely-eyed and sweet-mouthed; but with the imperious will of a queen and the bewildering spirit of a woman. This "she" was silent now; but she had been very cross, very unreasonable, very incomprehensive. She had been angry with him for having brought her; and yet it had been only at her imperious insistence that he had consented to drive her from Naes, where she had been spending the winter on the Romsdalen Fjord, to Stueflaaten, after which, with a sudden caprice, she had longed.

He himself had arrived at Naes—a perfect stranger to her—three weeks before. He was a Norwegian, she an Englishwoman. He was young, and she was younger. She was beginning to feel unutterably dull and depressed. Now that the long monotony and dreariness of winter were over she had begun to wonder how it was she had not gone mad before the spring came.

The people of the station had been very good to her all the winter. But they had not been companions in the true sense of the word.

She had felt that it was so when this young man, with his chivalrous devotion, his keen cultivated intellect, his generous enthusiasms, his strength, his impatience of all that was petty and morbid and base, came suddenly into the monotonous, still life she was living. They had, in those few weeks, become very good friends. Though, if their intercourse had been measured by mere hours or days, it would not have counted for much, for he spent most of his time out of doors.

But they met, naturally, as they were living in the same house, every day, either for meals or some short period. They had taken one or two walks together, and it was in answer to a sudden outburst of hers that he had suggested that she should leave Naes for a little and go on to Stueflaaten.

They had had a long day's journey, leaving the fjord early that morning. It was now nearly 5 in the afternoon, and he was afraid she was worn out. From Ormeim, the last station at which they had stopped to change horses, he had driven hard and fast. The valley along which they had come was magnificent in its rugged grandeur. In the distance were the everlasting peaks, shrouded in snow. Below them the Rauma rushed and roared along its stony bed.

"I am afraid you are very cold and tired," he said, after a long silence.

He spoke English with scarcely any accent.

"I am very tired and very cold." Her voice was sweet as music, but there was a decidedly peevish note in it at this moment. "And don't speak to me. When you do, I have to look up and see the mountains with their awful stillness and white-shrouded faces. I had grown used to them at Naes. Now this is all strange again, and—why did you let me come?"

He did not understand her in the least. She bewildered him; but he was a wise man, and attempted no answer.

"Br-r-r," he cried to his pony; and he had the satisfaction of understanding and being understood here at any rate, for the brave little pony dashed on in obedience to his encouraging cry, as if as anxious to reach Stueflaaten as he himself was.

Their destination came in sight at last. She had been cowering down closer in her furs, and had uttered no word since she last spoke. She did not answer now when he told her that they had arrived. He drove up to the station, and, jumping down, helped her to dismount. An exclamation of alarm broke from him, and, lifting her in his strong arms, he carried her into the house. The mistress of the station came to meet the new arrivals.

"The lady has fainted," he said.

They took her into the nearest room, the young Norwegian still carrying her.

The beautiful, delicate face rested on his breast. He looked down at its deathly whiteness, and his own paled. But, as he laid her on the couch, a faint tremor stirred her. She opened her eyes, and, looking up, saw him bending over her. For a second she gazed up at him, then color rushed back into her face, and she sat swiftly upright.

"Please go away and leave me alone," she said, irritably, but with a shadow of some deeper feeling in her eyes. "Has not my maid arrived yet?" The maid was following with the luggage. "Go and look if you see her coming."

Olaf Ericsson did not return to the room till supper was laid.

When he entered the room he found her resting on the couch. There was something so exhausted in her attitude that he went up to her anxiously. But she sat up and met his disturbed look with a frank, merry laugh.

CHAPTER II.

"How you must have hated me for making such a fuss!" she said. "But it was not the cold and fatigue that hurt me—it was the awful silence and strength of those snow-capped mountains. All life seem paralyzed by them. I could not breathe. I felt in the grasp of a cruel, pitiless power that was slowly crushing out all my will and individuality. It was the culmination of what I have been feeling all the winter. Those Trold tinderne were slowing sending me mad. And, this afternoon, if you had not been with me, I could not have endured it. But you seemed so strong, too, and you were so good to me."

A great light, like a flame of fire, leaped into his eyes. But she was so moved by the passion which had suddenly swept over her, her eyes were so intent upon some far-off point of view, that she saw nothing so near as the young man by her side. A sudden thought flashed through his brain that she was gazing back at a past in her life, with which he had nothing to do. She was but a stranger who had crossed his path. He knew absolutely nothing of her life, save those three short weeks just passed.

The fire died from his eyes.

"Let's leave the mountains alone and have supper," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone. "They don't trouble about us."

The note brought her back to the present, with a sudden shame for her self-betrayal. She laughed, though the sound was a little unsteady.

"That's just it. They don't care, and it's that that makes our madness. You see, if one could only stir them ever so little ——"

She stopped. A door behind them opened, and a man came into the room. She looked round at him for a second, her face suddenly growing as passionless and cold as if she, like those mountains, would never be moved again. Then she turned away and sat down at the table.

The new comer walked painfully with the aid of sticks. His face was pale and contracted, as if he had gone through some probation or sharp pain. He was a thin, slightly built man, about the medium height. At the first glance there was nothing remarkable about him. The second glance made one look again. After that no one could forget his face—pale, refined, highly intellectual, with strength and indomitable will in every line.

He bowed slightly at the other two, and came walking slowly and with great difficulty toward the table. He sat down at the farthest end. Olaf took his place near Mrs. Aylmer. Stewed reindeer, cheese, pancakes, a great jug of cream, formed the meal. The cooking was capital. The best, Mrs. Aylmer said, she had found since landing in Norway. She was decidedly frivolous over her supper. Olaf Ericsson had never yet seen her so light-hearted. He roused himself from a vague depression that had come over him, and fell into her mood.

They had the conversation all to themselves. The other guest at the table sat still and stern, taking no notice of either of them.

Only once he looked up and glanced in a strange, keen way from the young Norwegian to the beautiful Englishwoman.

"I have never tasted pancakes anywhere like Norwegian pancakes," said Mrs. Aylmer, laughing. "I begin to think now that they were the saving of my reason till you came into my existence, Mr. Ericsson. For three days—when the wind raged like a hundred giants let loose in the valley and the snow fell till we were almost buried—I ate nothing but pancakes. I wasn't frightened. Under other circumstances I should have enjoyed the gale. But, somehow or another, I seemed to give way, mentally and physically, and they had to feed me on pancakes. They said I wouldn't touch anything else. No doubt a light and frivolous diet satisfied the natural bent of my mind."

"What were your friends thinking of, to allow you to come and shut yourself up a whole winter in a lonely station in the Romsdalen? It was not right."

"My friends had nothing to do with it. I wished to come—and I came. I am free to come and go as I wish."

Once more that vague chill touched him, but it vanished as she laughed softly and kindly again.

"But you only just came in time, Mr. Ericsson. Even pancakes were failing to satisfy me. I did not know what I wanted. Then you arrived, and I found out that I had staid long enough at Naes and wanted to move on."

It was at this point that the man at the other end of the table glanced up. Olaf did not see the glance, as he was looking into the lovely, smiling face near him. Mrs. Aylmer did not apparently notice it either, as she continued laughing and talking. But her color had deepened, and when she arose a few moments later to leave the table, her cheeks, usually rather too pale, were burning with a beautiful crimson blush, and her eyes almost dazzled the young Norseman with their starry brilliance.

She left the room, and the two men were alone together.

An hour later Ericsson joined her in another room, at the opposite side of the entrance hall. It was a large, empty apartment, with two doors—one, in the corner, opening into the kitchen. The voices and laughter of the household, at supper there, could be heard. The sounds broke, with a sense of cheerful, simple-hearted life, on the silence and emptiness of this other room.

It was only lighted by the wood fire burning in the great, old-fashioned, Norwegian fire-place. It was built in the corner of the room opposite to the kitchen. The pine logs blazed on a raised stone hearth, standing out into the room. Above it was a wide, deep chimney. The fitful, leaping flames cast strange shadows on the bare wooden wall and shone red on to the motionless figure seated a few feet from the raised stone of the hearth. All the rest of the great, empty room, except just round the corner fireplace, lay in deep shadow. The slender figure in the red, flickering light sat very still.

He stood in the doorway looking across the room at her. He watched her for a moment or two; then something in the rigid stillness of her attitude filled him with a vague fear—a presentiment of coming ill. He hurried across the room to her side. She heard him coming, and started up, turning to face him, her eyes full of terror and anger. But it almost seemed as if she had expected some one else, for, as she discovered who it was, the angry repulsion and shrinking vanished. But he had startled her so that she was trembling from head to foot.

"I could not bear the dining-room, with its stove," she said, trying to speak lightly. "The heat and closeness stifled me. So I come in here."

"They might have given you a light," he said, with a resolute effort stilling the passionate throbbing of his nerves. "You looked like the spirit of some incantation scene, sitting here so still and silent in the red light."

"Suppose we have a light now," she said in her brightest and frankest voice.

He colored; he knew that she had hear the passionate note that had broken through his attempted matter-of-fact tone.

"All right; I'll tell them," he said quietly. But he did not seem in a hurry to go. He was thinking how lovely a pretty woman could look in the firelight. Full of this conviction, he said the first thing that came into his head. "I can't say much for the manners of our fellow-visitor here, though he is a countryman of your own, Mrs. Aylmer. He's the surliest fellow in the world. I tried to be civil after you left the table, but was never so snubbed in my life. His name is Holland. He came here three weeks ago, and met with a bad accident out shooting. At first they thought it was touch and go with his life. But he has pulled through. Not that he seems good for much now. He looks awfully ill, and can scarcely drag himself about. Yet he told me, just as he was going back to his room, that he means to leave here to-morrow. It is the only remark he volunteered to me, and that seemed a kind of after-thought; and I can't for the life of me think why he said it. It's nothing to me if he goes to-morrow or to-night. He's not much acquisition any way."

"Why did you think the remark was an after-thought?"

She had turned to face him, and her back being to the fire her eyes were in shadow.

"I don't know—except that he had scarcely answered a thing I said. He got up abruptly from the table while I was saying something" (he colored slightly) "about your having been brave enough to spend a winter alone in Norway. He's a brute!" savagely recalling something he had seen in the Englishman's face as he spoke of Mrs. Aylmer.

"What made him tell you, then, that he was leaving?"

"Heaven knows! He stopped suddenly just as he was going into his room, and turned round to tell me so. Why, Mrs. Aylmer! What is the matter?"

The blood-red color had rushed over her face. She put up her hand in a dull, confused kind of way to her head, and swayed unsteadily on her feet. He flung out his arms, but before he could touch her she had caught the back of the chair, and, straightening herself, broke into a little constrained laugh.

"The winter has tried me more even than I knew," she said. "It was foolish to come, but I felt that I must get away." She stopped and looked down into the fire again. He watched her face with a searching that was painful in its intentness. Not that breath of a doubt had ever sullied his trust in her; but he had often wondered what had brought her—young, beautiful, alone—to spend the winter in the Norwegian mountains. That there was some mystery, he had suspected. Now he was suddenly sure. And something in the pale, delicate face, the proud mouth, told him that it was a tragedy. He never knew what prompted the impulse, unless it was the fire that had been kindling in his heart, which suddenly broke through all restraint.

"You came because you were unhappy," he said, in a voice of forced quiet. "And you were unhappy all the time. It was not the white cold and the ice that harmed you! The stillness and strength of the mountains would not have oppressed you. But your life was sorry, and everything hurt you. Even the very lonliness and silence! The very first moment I saw you I knew you were sad. Even when you laughed I could hear the same note, and to-day you are sadder than ever!"

She looked up at him, startled out of all self-control. She put out her hand as if to stop him. But he went on; the quiet breaking into impetuous passion.

"There have been moments when the terrible pathos of your eyes has been almost more than I could endure. I have longed to ask you to let me do something to help you. It was presumption—madness. But I could not help it. To-night and all this day—I can't define it—but it has seemed as if you needed help more than ever. Perhaps it might only mean some one to whom you could say a word—with whom you could exchange a thought. Can not you trust me? Can not you feel that I would hold it the grandest honor to be able to serve you in any way? You know nothing of me—but, believe me, I would be to you the truest friend a woman could have. Try me."

"I do trust you," she said, "but I may not accept your friendship—nor that of any man. I have put myself in the position I am in by my own deliberate choice, and I will and must take its consequences. One is that I must live apart from friendship and sympathy such as you offer. Perhaps if you knew all you would not offer it. But I will prove my faith in you by this: I will tell you that I am unhappy. My life seems to have been set ajar. Perhaps I have sinned. Do not men say that everything that goes wrong is a woman's fault? But whether I have done wrong or right, I would do as I have done all over again—even though it must cost me the friendship of such men as you! I am unhappy now, but I was a hundredfold more miserable before."

There was a moment's silence. He was very pale. He understood prefectly what she had intended to convey to him. The friendship he had offered to her was but a disguise for the great, overmastering tumult of feelings which were surging through him. What was their name? He had not known until she had taught him. She had wished to save him from an infinite self-degradation. He had known from the first that she was not a free woman. How could he have blundered into this awful mistake? Another moment and the false veil of friendship would have been rent and the pent-up feelings would have broken into a torrent of passionate words—the deadliest insult he could have done her.

He stood white and dazed for a moment, trembling at the thought of what he might have done.

Then she could bear the look in his eyes no longer, and a low, bitter cry broke from her.

"Oh!" and she stretched out her hands as if in mute appeal for his pardon. "I can see to-night that I have made a mistake with my life. It would not matter if our mistakes stopped with ourselves; but they don't. They go out to others and hurt them. I have been proud, and hard, and bitter, and thought of no one but myself—and my husband. You remember I told you when I first met you that I had a husband."

It was the only direct allusion she made to the scene that had just passed between them, the undertone of which they had both so well understood.

But the burning blush died quickly away, and she went on again:

"I left my husband last year. My life had become intolerable to me. If I could have thought for an instant that it was hard for him, I would have staid. But he did not care. It was nothing to him how I suffered. He was hard, cold, merciless. He believed that women were to be but the reflection of men. He lived his life, and thought it sufficient for me to live in his house, sit at his table, be fed and clothed by his hand. I was to have no will of my own, no mind of my own. If I reproached him, he did not understand. He was so strong, so cold, so self-contained, that he could feel no need in his life that I could fill. Besides, he believed that women had their place, and should keep it, and their place was only the outside court to the men's holy of holies! Men could come, if they choose, into that outer court but no woman's foot must press the sacred precincts of their inner life. Yet he loved me once."

Her eyes took a lonely, dreamy expression, and she stopped a moment and looked down into the fire. She seemed to have forgotten the young Norwegian. He saw it, and passed his hand slowly across his big, fair mustache.

"If he had not loved me I should never have married him. I should have known by my own heart that he did not love me. But he did; and I loved him, and gave him my live—oh, how willingly—and it came to this. Day by day we drifted farther apart. If I had not loved him it would have made no difference; but, because of love, I could not bear it, and I left his home. I told him that from henceforth our lives should run as apart as if we had never known each other; that if I met him I would neither speak to him, nor even show by look or sign that I had ever known him. I gave up even his name! And," she added, breaking into soft crying, "my husband is here! And I know why the winter has been so long and cold; why the stillness and whiteness of the snow have almost killed me—because love is not dead, but has been lying starving in my heart, and the pain of it has been more than I could bear."

Neither noticed, how, among the dark shadows at the farther end of the room, one drew back, through the half-open door, into the hall outside.

The voices and laughter from the kitchen, at the other side, grew merrier. It struck Olaf as being strange that any one could laugh and jest. Then he turned to her.

"Good-bye—Mrs. Aylmer," he said, gently, hesitating slightly before the name, "and may heaven bless you, and give love back again into your life."

Then he, too, turned from the firelight into the shadows, and passed from the room.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Mrs. Aylmer's maid told her mistress that Mr. Ericsson had gone. He had left the station at daybreak. Mrs. Aylmer had her breakfast in her room. When she came down she was ready dressed for a walk, and she went straight out of the house. It was a glorious morning; the sun bright and warm. The air was full of the sights and sounds of spring. She took a road that led her across the valley to the hills beyond. A broad road went winding upward between birch and pine. Every blade of grass, every tuft of vivid-colored moss, every glint of pale, tender green was instinct with new-born life. Only love was dead. She thought of Olaf, and was full of pity and remorse. But she thought, too, of her husband; and, when she thought of him, Olaf was forgotten. He had been dangerously ill; had been close to death, they said. And she had left him to be nursed by strangers—she, his wife. But he had not loved her. Others could do for him what should have been her dearest privilege. He was as well satisfied.

With hard and bitter rebellion in her heart she walked on till she came to the wooden bridge that spanned a mountain torrent which tumbled, a little lower, into a broad stretch of water fringed with pine.

She stood on the bridge, looking into the seething, foaming, eddying waters below. She was roused by hearing a step. She turned sharply, and saw her husband. His face was very pale, and there was something in it she had never seen before. She could not move nor speak.

"Come back to me, May," he said, unsteadily, "I can not live without you. I have been blind—mad! I did not understand. But this year, without you, has taught me what love is. Forgive me, and come back to teach me what love should be. Last night I was full of bitterness. I meant to go away this morning." A dull flush reflected the blush that flamed into her face. "Believe me, I did not doubt you," he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Last night I knew, as I know to-day, as I knew the first hour I ever met you, that you were the truest woman on earth. But I was mad. Life had become intolerable without you. And then meeting you so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and seeing you so proud and indifferent to me, so gentle to him, I lost my reason. I sent that message through him, though I really never ——"

She flung out her hand, as even the explanation would have humbled them past recall. He colored red again, but his eyes looked straight into hers.

"I have something else to say. Last night, after I was able to think, I left my room to look for you. I wanted to tell you myself before he could give the message, that I should go away to-day—that you need not fear that I should pain you a moment longer than I could help with my presence in the house. I meant to ask you to forgive me before we parted once more, and then I should have gone away and never tried to see you again. But—when I came to the room I found you talking to him. I heard what you said. May! May! Can not this springtime be a new beginning for us too? I love you! My life is a poor, maimed thing without you. Come back to me and complete it, and never more shall you have to doubt. My love has never failed; it was only my mad folly—"

"It was all my mistake, Paul!" she said, the tears raining down her face. "Can you forgive me?"

The waterfall thundered on down the rocky gorge. The scent of rising sap and aromatic resin perfumed the air. All round, above, below, was the stir of new kindling life. When these two, standing hand in hand in the midst of it all, should long have passed on to the end, and have been forgotten, these things would continue, as if their little human life story had never come near them this bright spring morning. But what did that matter to them? Love was eternal, and its glory was shining even now into their newly sanctified lives.

A NUISANCE.

One of the worst of nuisances is
The chap who's up at early dawn
Making the lawn mower zizizziz,
Rasping the whiskers off the lawn.

The hateful whir
Of the fierce machine,
The buzz and the burr
Excite the spleen
Of the man whose sleep
Is driven away,
And with curses deep
He begins the day.
But the lawn mower chap
His ardor whets,
And he's never so happy as when he gets
Up close to the room
Where his neighbor lies
In the morning gloom,
With staring eyes,
And twists and turns,
Till, half insane,
At last he learns
'Tis all in vain.
He cannot sleep,
All hope is dead,
And with a leap
He bounds from bed.
Oh!

One of the worst of nuisances is
The chap who's up at early dawn
Making the lawn mower zizizziz,
Rasping the whiskers off the lawn.

—*Somerville Journal.*

The Romance of Chess.

The great game has its tender, its romantic side, as no game can have at which more than two people play. It smiles on lovers, and can even be the cause of love. Only a few years ago a chess player condemned to live in the country solaced his solitude by playing games by correspondence. Post cards daily brought or daily took his move. His antagonist was a lady; before the contest was over he had got to know this lady, and their acquaintance ripened into intimacy, intimacy into love, and love was crowned with marriage. And this couple, not unmindful of the kindly influences which had brought them together, determined that the very rites of their marriage should 'something savor" of the game. So they invited from London a certain clergyman, whose genial face—"the front of Mars himself"—is well known in chess circles; none but a chess player of his eminence should celebrate their union. And when bridegroom and bride rose from the wedding breakfast it was only to sit down to a game of chess—the first of their wedding life. Ah! happy, happy pair, under what happy auspices did you start on the highway of marriage! What a fine air of romance, of sweet tenderness, lingers round these lines of Lord Lytton:

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the black December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah! still I see your soft, white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight.

And so on to the sad close when the poet laments:

That never, never, never more.
As in those old still nights of yore,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Can you and I shut out the skies;
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together.

How Fact Talks.

You should not crow till you have tried
The battle and succeeded.
Go whip your man; you thus provide
The precedent that's needed.

You want more than assurance of a cure for your maladies. You want examples, such as these:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—"Your Compound Oxygen Treatment cured me of severe hemorrhages of the lungs." MRS. H. A. CHAPMANE, Pepperell, Mass. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—"My wife was entirely cured of bronchial trouble by the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment." W. E. CHURCHILL, Mohawk, N. Y.

A brochure of 200 pages, containing the history of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all complaints of a chronic nature, will be forwarded free of charge to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Steamship Purser—"Who's this high roller on board with a couple of dray loads of trunks and half a dozen body servants?" Clerk—"That's the ten millionaire Doseum. He is the proprietor of a great universal consumption cure. I reckon he'll die, though, before we are half way across." Purser—"What's the matter with him?" Clerk—"Consumption."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A Story of the Immortal Song Told for the First Time.

[From the Washington Star.]

Some things there are which, by a common instinct, mankind hold sacred. Among these are the scenes of heroic deeds, the precincts of patriot graves, and the birthplace of sublime thought, in proof of which need only be mentioned such names as Lexington, Mount Vernon and Independence Hall. And within the District of Columbia there is a spot which the American people, if familiar with its associations, would not deem unworthy of mention in connection with those named.

Half a century ago George W. Talburtt, then young and unmarried, was the owner by inheritance of a plantation of 231 acres, lying just across the east branch of the Potomac from Washington, his fee simple domain touching the river at a point opposite the navy yard. Here he lived in elegant leisure, having about 100 slaves, and, to digress for a moment, the visitor may still see near his home a row of graves, from which are pointed out the particular resting places of some more distinguished than their companions for humble virtues. One is remembered as the "colored mammy" of a person since raised to eminence, while another is revered for an intimacy with several family generations. This young man, possessed of ease and affluence, was a boon companion of John Howard Payne, whose dust has since become so sacred. The old home still stands, as it then stood, in an Eden bower on the bank of the river, and here, under a venerable chestnut tree, sitting on a rustic seat that encircled its trunk, Payne and Talburtt used to drink their mint julep, sing their merry songs and talk of the lives they were to lead. Talburtt had promised Payne that whenever he wanted a home, it should be built for him on the plantation, and they would spend their bachelor lives together. Much of the old plantation is now within the modern suburban village of Anacosta, and on an elevation that commands a view of the National Capitol and its surroundings which quite ravishes the eye with its beauty, stands the house, now owned and occupied by H. A. Griswold, built in fulfillment of this promise. The site was selected by Payne himself before departing on his foreign mission, but he never returned to enjoy the home of which he sang; and thus absolved from his vow of celibacy, Mr. Talburtt afterward married and himself occupied the new house, in which children were born to him, one of whom, still a resident of the village, is the mother of J. Harry Shannon, widely known as the juvenile orator. But the chief point of interest is yet to be told, for notwithstanding the claim that "Home, Sweet Home," was written in Tunis or in a London garret, the original manuscript, in the handwriting of the illustrious author himself, and bearing his own interlineation, is still in the possession of the family—Mr. Talburtt having died in 1865—and it was on the rustic seat under the chestnut tree, on the bank of the east branch of the Potomac, so near the mouth as to be practically on the main river, and a little more than a mile east of south from the capitol building, that John Howard Payne, with his own inspired genius and an aid-de-camp of mint julep, drafted this immortal composition. The rustic seat, held as a precious heir loom, is preserved in the attic of the old home; and the chestnut tree, now partly dead, with its top cut away and much of its bark chipped off as mementoes, still marks the birthplace of this song, that will live while the English tongue is spoken or a thatched roof covers the head of an humble inhabitant of earth.

THREE-FOURTHS of your ailments arise from liver troubles, which Simmons Liver Regulator cures.

BALING HAY.

IN ORDER TO TEST THE DIFFERENCE IN Bale Rope, about which there is much discussion, we to-day used one coil Eastern-made rope, 59 lbs, which baled 67 bales hay, weighing 8½ tons, taking about 7 lbs rope per ton, and one coil of TUBBS CORDAGE CO.'S make, 57 lbs, which baled 88 bales, weighing 11½ tons, taking 5 lbs per ton. These facts prove that it takes about 40 per cent. more of Eastern rope to bale a ton of hay than it does of the Tubbs Rope. We used six strands to the bale and not a strand of the Tubbs Rope broke.

J. R. WRIGHT, Owner.
MARTIN WOLLESON, Baler.

Calistoga, June 5, 1889.

I this day baled my hay with TUBBS CORDAGE CO.'S Bale rope, five strands to the bale, and it took less than 4 lbs rope to bale a ton. Not a strand broke.

J. O. BUTTERFIELD.

Calistoga, June 6, 1889. je13-MThSlm-1p&w

Health and Happiness go hand in hand, the possession of both being necessary to the full enjoyment of life. Rheumatism and Neuralgia have baffled the best doctors to such an extent that they have been regarded incurable diseases until ATH-LO-PHO-ROS was discovered. This great remedy is recognized as the only medicine which cures both these terrible diseases, and over three thousand testimonials can be seen at their office. The worst cases of Neuralgia and Rheumatism succumb to its operation.

$1.00 Per Bottle, at all Drug Stores.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER

is that which keeps the Liver and Stomach in healthy condition.

GOOD DICESTION * * MEANS * GOOD BLOOD.

Nothing in the world so successfully treats the digestive organs as Mandrake, and the only pure, safe and reliable preparation of Mandrake is

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 3 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philad'a.

SMALL IN SIZE, LARGE IN RESULTS

HOBB'S VEGETABLE LITTLE PILLS

HOBB'S LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS
PRODUCE FLESH, CURE
SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
AND ALL LIVER & STOMACH COMPLAINTS.
Perfect Digestion follows their use.

Dr. Hobb's Little Vegetable Pills will free the system of all the above and other disorders. They are sugar coated, do not Gripe, very small, easy to take, only one pill a dose. They are purely vegetable, being compounded of vegetables indigenous to California. Try them. 45 pills in each vial. 25 cents a vial, three vials for 65 cents, or five for $1. All druggists, or sent by mail for cash or stamps.

HOBB'S MEDICINE CO.
Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A.

DR. HOBB'S LITTLE PILLS — CURES SICK HEADACHE — For the Liver

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains BRUISES, Burns and Scalds

At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING
—OF THE—
TWENTY-SIXTH DISTRICT!
(AMADOR AND SACRAMENTO),
—TO BE HELD AT—
IONE.....CAL.,
August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1889.

Speed Programme.

First Day—Tuesday, August 6, 1889.

No. 1—RUNNING STAKE—For two year-olds; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; five-eighths dash.
No. 2—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $50 entrance; $25 forfeit; $250 added, of which $75 to second; one and one-eighth miles.
No. 3—TROTTING PURSE—2:27 class; $400.

Second Day—Wednesday, August 7, 1889.

No. 4—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit $200 added, of which $50 to second; three-quarters and repeat.
No. 5—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; nine sixteenths.
No. 6—TROTTING PUR-E—Free for all two-year-olds in Sacramento, Amador, San Joaquin, El Dorado and Calaveras counties; $400.

Third Day—Thursday, August 8, 1889.

No. 7—RUNNING STAKE—For two-year-olds; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; three-quarter dash.
No. 8—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $50 entrance; $25 forfeit; $10 declaration; $250 added, of which $75 to second; handicap; one and one-quarter miles.
No. 9—TROTTING—Match race between Hiram Wilkes, Colonel and Ajax; $750.

Fourth Day—Friday, August 9, 1889.

No. 10—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; half mile and repeat.
No. 11—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $250 added, of which $75 to second; one mile and repeat.
No. 12—TROTTING PURSE—Free for all; $800.

Entries close with the Secretary on JULY 20, 1889.

Trotting races, except two-year-old, are to be best three in five. Entrance 10 per cent. on purse, to accompany nomination. Purses divided at the rate of 60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third. National Association Rules to govern.

Rules of the State Agricultural Society to govern running races.

An extra day's racing will be given. The Ione track is one of the best and fastest on the coast. No pains will be spared by the management to have the track in the best possible condition. Ample stable room and first-class accommodations will be provided. In fact everything necessary for the comfort of our patrons will be properly arranged.

U. S. GREGORY, President.
C. T. LA GRAVE, Secretary. je19-WStd

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine "Worcestershire" Sauce. Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to Soups, Gravies, Game, Fish, Welsh Rarebit, Salads, Cold Meats &c.

Lea & Perrins'

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine and original.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT!

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, an "invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in BLUE across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO. Ltd, London. Sold by LANGLEY & MICHAELS, SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, and H. LEVI & CO., San Francisco. o3-6mWS

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. M'f'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

We cordially recommend your G as the best remedy known to us for Gonorrhœa and Gleet. We have sold considerable, and in every case it has given satisfaction.

Alcott & Link, Hudson, N. Y.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

MWS

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

The original, only genuine and most reliable pill for sale. Safe, speedy and effectual. Ladies! Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon, and accept no other. At Druggists. All pills in pasteboard boxes with pink wrappers are a dangerous counterfeit.

Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them with Success. NAME PAPER.

Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

WS&wpow

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE partnership heretofore existing between H. K. WALLACE and WALTER H. DONALDSON, under the firm name of H. K. WALLACE & CO., doing business at No. 920 K street, city of Sacramento, State of California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, WALTER H. DONALDSON retiring from the firm.

H. K. WALLACE will continue the business at the same place, and will collect all debts owing to and assume all liabilities outstanding against the late firm. W. H. DONALDSON. H. K. WALLACE.

Dated Sacramento, June 3, 1889. je8-tt S

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARTIN DART, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the estate of MARTIN DART, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor, at the law office of CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, 920 Fifth street, in the city of Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of Sacramento, State of California.

Dated June 1, 1889. L. S. DART, Executor.
CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, Attorney for Executor.
je1-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ANN KAY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the estate of ANN KAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to him at the office of MATT F. JOHNSON, 607 I street, Sacramento, California. C. F. FORBES, Executor of the estate of ANN KAY, deceased.

Dated June 1, 1889.
MATT F. JOHNSON, Attorney for Executor.
je1-5tS

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING CO.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

THE SUNDAY UNION.

THE WEEKLY UNION.

A NEW DEPARTURE,

—A SPLENDID—

SEVEN-DAY PAPER.

The SUNDAY UNION also sent to all WEEKLY Subscribers.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

The Leading Papers

—OF—

CALIFORNIA.

They are the pioneer journals, which, from early years in the history of the coast, have maintained the

Front Rank in Journalism,

Having every news facility with the San Francisco Leading Dailies, and sustaining the FULLEST PUBLIC CONFIDENCE.

The only papers on the coast, outside of San Francisco, which receive the full Associated Press Dispatches and Specials.

IN ALL RESPECTS THE

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Clean in all Departments, and therefore pre-eminently THE Family Journal, The Best Paper for the HOMESEEKER, for the Merchant, Farmer, Mechanic, and all who desire the full news of the day presented in a cleanly manner.

THE WEEKLY UNION,

—WITH THE—

Sunday Union,

Has the largest circulation of any paper on the Pacific Slope, its readers being found in every town and hamlet, with a constantly increasing list in the Eastern States and Europe. Special attention paid to the publication of truthful statements of the resources of California and the entire Coast; Best methods of Agriculture, Fruit and Vine Growing.

They will go to greater lengths to build up California than any paper on the Coast.

ALL POSTMASTERS ARE AGENTS.

TERMS:

DAILY RECORD-UNION and SUNDAY UNION (one year)	$6 00
WEEKLY UNION and SUNDAY UNION (one year)	2 00
WEEKLY UNION (alone)	1 50
SUNDAY UNION (alone)	1 00
THE SEVEN-DAY PAPER delivered by carrier, per month	65
THE SUNDAY UNION (alone), by carrier, per month	25

ADDRESS:

Sacramento Publishing Co.,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.