FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

[By Grace M. Cummings in the Independent.]

I.

It is the year of our Lord 1660. The little Plymouth settlement, made up of unflinching men and devoted women, has gained a small but sure foothold on American soil. Rendered comparatively safe from the encroachments of the Indians on the one side and the Dutch and French on the other by the league, offensive and defensive, which had been formed in 1643 under the name of the United Colonies of New England, they have set steadily to work to establish cities and a Government for themselves; and after a few years of deprivation they have succeeded in planting a small but flourishing colony subject to Charles II., who has just been restored to the throne of England.

Since 1656 the Plymouth settlers have been waging a hot warfare against the Quakers, and with their stern Governor, John Endicott, at their head, have perpetrated worse and worse cruelties upon them. Perhaps the unprovoked outrages committed against this innocent society culminated in 1659, when the sentence of death was pronounced against three of their number. The Government in 1656, and again in 1657 and 1658, enacted special laws for the suppression of these heretics, and the over-zealous Puritans were only too eager to enforce them. With the same spirit of unreasoning exaction and ruthless oppression which they had condem ed in the clergy of the mother country, they visited all sorts of judgments upon the unhappy Friends. Fines were imposed continually, whipping was a common punishment, and several lost an ear as a penalty for non-conformity to the laws.

Let us take a peep at a little Puritan village lying just outside Boston as it basks in the genial sun of an October afternoon. A few houses of boards and many of unhewn logs straggle up a low, gently-sloping hill. Here and there a rudely-built chimney testified to the advanced idea of some farmer; but most of the community hold tenaciously to an ancient prejudice against them, affirming that "smoke improves their health and hardens the timber of their houses." Before some of the houses were plats of asters and sunflowers, joyously drinking in the warm sunshine. Clumps of golden-rod dot the undulating meadow lands and dusty roadsides like tongues of yellow flame. Apple orchards, hung with glowing, ripe fruit, now and then break the silence by dropping a plump pippin or russet into the grass. Only the men and oxen, laboring in the distant fields, disturb the hushed tranquillity of the scene. All else speaks of placid repose and happiness.

On the outskirts of the little settlement, nestling against a grove of pines, stands a log house, unevenly fashioned and rudely finished, the least pretentious in the neighborhood. A poor apology for a home it would be, indeed, were it not for the clambering vines, which have twined themselves around the unhewn pillars of the porch and clung and spread themselves abroad over the roof. The sweet-smelling apple orchard and the well-tended beds of herbs, of the sorts in which our great-grandmothers delighted, give the place a homelike aspect, and a bed of nasturtiums blaze with orange and red close by the door. As we look, a girl of perhaps twenty emerges from the door and stands for a moment looking down the road, with her hand shading her eyes. She is dressed with the utmost simplicity, in the garb of the Quakers, but her plain gray gown, destitute of either drapery or adornment, reveals the contour of a slender and graceful figure, while the caurse but showy 'kerchief crossed over her bosom serves to deepen the delicate tint of her lips and cheeks. But it is not these charms, nor the soft gray eyes, nor the waving golden hair, that make Deliverance Sothwicke beautiful. Her beauty is rather spiritual. The sweet peace of a pure spirit shines from her eyes, and lights up her features with that holy joy which enhances her natural beauty. Her face is one which might fit into some rare old painting of the saints, with a martyr's crown; for the strength and beauty of her character have come through suffering and hardships and deprivations, and she has come out of the fire like gold tried in the smelter's furnace.

As she still looks down the road a quick carmine flashes into her cheeks, and she hastily turns about and busies her hands with the clambering vine, plucking the leaves with a tense, nervous grasp which crushes them in her fingers. She feigns abstraction until a deep manly voice bids her look round. Christopher Burden, the young Puritan stands at the steps of the porch, waiting for an invitation to enter. His broad-brimmed hat shades a stern, though not unkindly face. The expression which now gives it strength and character, might, under favorable conditions stiffen into austerity. It is the shadow of that obstinate persistence which led his father, forty years before, to embark in the Mayflower with that dauntless handful of men who set sail for a land full of unknown dangers. His wide cape, with its broad, rolling collar, is thrown carelessly over his strong shoulders and hangs nearly to his knees, relieving the somewhat ungraceful effect of the loose knee breeches. His brown stockings are fine and well-fitting, and the buckles to his shoes are as large and highly polished as his exacting conscience will permit.

"Come in, friend Christopher," said Deliverance, with a pretty simplicity of manner which accorded charmingly with her plain dress and rustic surroundings. "Thee looks tired out."

"Thanks. The coolness of the porch tempts my tired limbs, and it would please me much to talk with you. Hold, do not trouble to get a chair for me; this shady step is a luxurious resting place for a weary man."

He sat down on the step. The girl remained standing, regarding him shyly, but wistfully, as he fanned himself absently with his hat and gazed out over the landscape.

"Have thy wrestlings at last convinced thee of the error of thy ways, friend Christopher?" she said at length; "and hast thou come to tell me the good news?"

"No," said Christopher, wiping his brow with a perplexed and uneasy gesture. "My heart still clings to the religion of my father; but I yet miss something in it which you seem to possess."

"Ah," exclaimed Deliverance, eagerly, "thou has adopted the letter of the law only, and so hast missed the light which shineth for all men. Hast thou now read in John's gospel how that light shone in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not; and how that was the true light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world? Only let it shine on thy doubt, and thy doubt will vanish."

"But I cannot believe in a religion which denies the holy symbols and ordinances which God has enjoined upon us. It is there that I cannot find it in my heart to accept thy views."

"Nay, thou hast not heard rightly of our doctrines, perchance. We only deny the outward forms which were not necessary after the coming of our Lord. Thou wilt find our doctrine manifested in the Holy Word, where John the Baptist spake: 'I baptize you with water, but there cometh one after me who shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' Verily, there can be no saving grace in outward ceremonies; it is the letter which killeth and the spirit which quickeneth."

"Surely these are knotty questions," said Christopher, fain to be convinced by this fair and earnest advocate, but unable easily to shake himself loose from the creed in which he has been reared. "The inner grace is fanned to a flame by means of the outward symbols. We must have something besides an inner passion to live by. What would become of our country and its laws if strong men did not enforce outward as well as inward obedience to them? We need the letter of the law."

"Yes, friend," replied Deliverance, her thoughts turned in a new direction; "but what dost thou think of a Government that upholds the selling of innocent children to pay a debt? Surely thee rememberest little Daniel and Provided Sothwicke who so narrowly escaped being sold to slavery in Barbadoes last year. Such a Government cannot prosper."

"It is true," said Christopher, "that our Government is earthly and for that reason faulty; but we must bear in mind that a Government is for the mass. It may render justice in the aggregate, and yet sometimes trespass on individual rights. Such failings we must wink at if justice be at the bottom."

"Nay, but the Lord will not wink at injustice and cruelty, wherever perpetrated," persisted Deliverence, her color deepening with her increasing earnestness. "Besides, this Government that thee upholdest is inconsistent with itself. Dost thou not remember that clause of the charter in which it is provided that all in the plantation shall enjoy equal justice and law? Dost thou think that the Government has regarded the charter when it has persecuted the saints and children of the Lord?"

"The Government only protects the Lord's fold against the ravenous wolves that seek to devour it," replied Christopher. "Think you that old Dame Jones' malignant touch and power of bringing down curses on her fellow men came from the Lord? She was but a handmaid of Satan, and deserved to forfeit her life for blasphemies."

"Nay," answered Deliverance softly; "she was verily a martyr, and was led by the spirit of the Lord, and so denied the works of the devil. Should the Lord call me, I would follow in her footsteps, and seal my testimony with my blood."

She rose in the rapture of her enthusiasm and stood looking off at the purple hills, which loomed hazy and unsubstantial in the distance. Her pure upturned face looked like that of a saint in the soft shadows of the leafy porch, and one could almost fancy that a tender aureole lighted up her sunny head. Christopher let his troubled gaze rest on her almost translated beauty, and unconsciously the deep lines of thought which furrowed his ample forehead smoothed themselves out. He rose slowly and stood very close to her, with one hand resting lightly on her sleeve.

"Come, Deliverance," he said, "be my saint and my life, and reveal the truth, whatever it may be, through the transparency of your purity and holiness."

A look of deep pain swept over the girl's brow. She drew away from him and began to pluck at the vine aimlessly.

"It cannot be, friend Christopher. I have told thee many times that it cannot be. It is not meet that two be yoked unequally."

"But you surely cannot do such a wrong as to let a fellow-creature fall for lack of sympathy!" he cried; and there was a great passion in his voice. "I shall go mad if you will not listen to me."

"Nay, but that is no salvation which comes from a mere frail mortal. That will not save thee in the last great day. Only take heed to that heavenly light, the Son within thee, and kiss Him before His wrath be kindled against thee; for verily the night cometh when you shall fall to your own Master."

The night was darkening down upon them fast. One quivering red beam shot through the thick leaves and rested for a moment on Deliverance's pure face; then the sun sank, leaving a stretch of golden sky, which cast a soft glow over the top of the hills. The advancing twilight lent force to the figure that Deliverance had used. Christopher Burden shivered involuntarily and drew his cape around him; then with a hasty farewell he strode off down the darkening road. Deliverance watched him until he had disappeared, and then went slowly in to prepare the evening meal of rye and pudding and milk for the tired father and brother who had worked all day in the fields. She was silent during tea, and supplied the wants of the hungry men with a preoccupied air.

II.

The Sabbath, with its peculiar hush and peace, had dawned upon the Puritan village, wherein every man and beast had laid aside all work; and now the sun was drooping low in the west, and faint purple shadows were spreading their filmy mantles over the eastern hills. Deliverance Sothwicke came lightly across the fields, with her Bible in her hands. She hummed a good old hymn-tune softly as she walked, and now and then stopped to draw a long, deep breath of the fragrant air. She had come from a gathering of the Friends, and her thoughts were busy with the subject of the meeting. She walked more and more slowly until, coming to a low stone wall, she sat down and opened her Bible to the theme of the afternoon service. It was that beautiful passage in Isaiah, beginning, "All we like sheep have gone astray." This one clause she read, and then, with one finger marking the place, sat gazing off into infinite distance. She was in one of these rarely happy moods which come only on an autumn afternoon, when everything is hushed for the very fullest of its content, when the year has reached that rounded perfection which is a harbinger of its swift decline. Some sheep were feeding near by, and Deliverance watched them in a tender reverie, through which, like an undertone, run the words: "All we like sheep have gone astray."

There was a sudden footstep in the grass, and silly sheep scurried away across the field like a summer cloud. Deliverance looked up and saw Christopher Burden before her.

"What is it that so fixes your thoughts?" he asked, throwing himself down at her feet. She pointed silently to the sacred text, and, following the index of her finger, he read aloud, "All we like sheep have gone astray."

There was a deep silence for several moments. Then Christopher said in low voice:

"Some who wander long come safely to the fold at last."

It was rather his tone than his words that made the girl look at him with a sudden and breathless intentness. Then she laid a small, trembling hand on his arm.

"It is true, Christopher," she said.

"Yes, verily," said he, adopting her fashion of speech; "the Lord has discovered my error to me, Deliverance. I have thought long and with great heaviness, but now I see the light. Verily thou and thy people have the words of eternal life. As for these churchmen, their zeal hath made them forget the vital part of their religion. The form and outward show they have indeed preserved, but of the spirit of the Savior I am fain to confess they have very little. Henceforth my lot is cast with the despised Quakers. That I shall be persecuted I full well believe, but the fact that this is so is the best defense that I can offer for having left the creed of my persecutors."

Deliverance's eyes were full of happy tears. The pallor which had come into her face at the young man's first words suddenly gave place to a burning carmine. The hand on Christopher's sleeve trembled visibly. He covered it with his own big palm, and said softly:

"There is no stumbling now, Deliverance, between thee and me."

He held out his arms and she crept shyly into them and laid her head on his strong young shoulder. They were all alone, save for the silly sheep, which had drawn nearer and nearer as they grazed, until their low champing could be heard. They sat so, drinking in that pure bliss which comes but once in a lifetime, until the sun had left them with a parting benediction of glory, and the sheep had wandered beyond the slope in the meadow.

II.

So Deliverance was married in the fashion of the Friends; and there were not wanting venomous busybodies (God pity them!) with slanderous tongues, who wagged their spiteful heads and tried to besmirch the two fresh young lives by slurs and innuendoes. But Deliverance vindicated her life by her chaste discretion, and her face was an irrefutable argument against evil report. For a time she was very happy in her humble home. But with the opening spring trouble began to darken about her life. It was not in the Puritan nature to brook Christopher's bold apostasy. His case was discussed at length in the church conclaves, and with much bitterness of feeling. One dreadful morning early in August the Constable appeared at his door and arrested the young husband for pestilent heresy. After two weeks of suspense in jail he was sent to the house of correction for three months, with not even a chance for a parting word with his sad wife.

Then a month later the family of Deliverance were banished from the plantation for outspoken utterances against the gross injustice to which the peaceable and inoffensive Friends were subject. She felt that her own turn might come at any time. She was regarded with bitter animosity by the most of her neighbors, who attributed Christopher's heresy to her accursed influence. But she kept quietly at her work, taking up the management of the little farm at a time when it needed a man's strength and judgment. Her tender hands learned to guide the plow, when the land was prepared for the fall crop of wheat. Indoors, she kept the fires, split wood and blistered her pretty fingers over a hundred tasks which ought never to rest on a woman. Still, she was not at all unhappy. Her bright spirit soared at times away from the sorrows and cares of life and found a resting-place in the shadow of the great Rock.

It was one pleasant morning in October, as Deliverance was working in the garden, that she looked up and saw the Constable dismounting at the gate. He held a legal-looking document in his hand and stood gazing earnestly at the young and graceful figure before him.

"Is your name Deliverance Burden?"

"Yes," answered Deliverance quietly.

"Well, the Governor wants to see you. You have been spreading heretical doctrines around and have missed the divine service these many Lord's Days. You're a schismatic, and that isn't allowed, you know."

"I have spoken only the truth," said Deliverance, firmly. "And as for the Lord's Day service, I have worshiped where my own heart compelled me. I have committed no crime against thee or the laws that thou shouldst seize me by violence."

"I have my orders," said the Constable, sturdily, "and I am bound to carry them out. I shan't hurt a pretty woman like you, so I hope you will come without any vain resistance."

"It is the Lord's will," murmured Deliverance, as she cast a despairing look around over the distracted little farm. "He will keep His children in the hollow of his hand."

When Deliverance Sothwicke answered "Here" to the summons of the Clerk, there was a start of surprise in the Court-room. Her pure face, sensitive with pain at the publicity of her position, was flushed to a radiant color, and her full lips were half-parted. She looked bewitchingly beautiful as the carmine fled from her throat to her brow and then receded, leaving her cheeks as pale as lilies. The Governor, after regarding her earnestly, began his severe examination. It does not concern us here to give his stern, scathing questions, and the fearless answers which Deliverance made. He couldn't make her quail, nor would she admit the justice of his inquisition. His brow darkened with fierce passion. The glory of God (to say nothing of his own glory) demanded that this heretic, who dared uphold the right of free speech, should be made an example of. Deliverance had expected some punishment, perhaps a severe one; but she nearly fainted with horror when the Clerk of the Court read in a monotonous voice the sentence that had been decided upon:

"Deliverance Burden, you are to be tied to a cart's tail, with your clothes stripped off to the middle, and to be drawn through the town and to receive twenty stripes upon your naked body."

A murmur of pity ran around even among those hardened inspectors. Those who were near to her might have seen Deliverance's eyes flash with a righteous indignation under her meek Quaker demeanor, as the unjust sentences were pronounced against herself and five other defenseless women; but in a moment her glance fell and meekness sat upon her bowed head as she said half aloud:

"The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with His stripes we are healed. Shall the servant be greater than his Lord?"

IV.

The hour, the moment, was drawing near when Deliverance was to receive her punishment. At times her heart fainted within her as she waited her turn in the gloomy prison. The spirit may be strong to endure all affliction for conscience's sake, and yet there is a mere human, physical strength which is perhaps equally necessary to meet and overcome the stupid contempt of those who can see only the shame of the flesh and not the triumph of the spirit; the martyr's cross, but not his crown.

And now they have led Deliverance out and tied her to the lumbering ox-cart. Her face is concealed, for she has shaken her long golden hair about her, and it ripples to her waist. The most of the crowd stand in respectful silence as she passes by; but a few ribald fellows hoot aloud and call her foul names. At last the long walk is ended, and the people wait in silent expectation as the Constable prepares his three-cord lash.

One! two! three! The cruel blows cut the tender back; a fourth, and then a fifth, more cruel than the last. Deliverance totters a moment and then falls. There is blood on her white arms, and a purple line across her cheeks, where the lash had inadvertantly fallen. The Constable drops his whip and hastens forward; but before he can reach her a man dashes through the crowd on horseback, his cloak wildly flying and his lips flecked with foam. In a moment he has sprung to the ground and cut the thongs which bind Deliverance to the cart. Then he mounts again with her in his arms. It would have been worth any man's life to have opposed him. Those who look into his tense face can scarcely recognize Christopher Burden. The veins on his forehead are swollen and knotted, and seem ready to burst with the purple blood which stretches them. He pants and struggles for breath under the tide of fury which overcome him. It is as if all the latent strength and energy of the man had gathered and concentrated his whole being for one tremendous outburst of passion.

The crowd falls eagerly apart as he makes his way through with his senseless burden wrapped from her cruel shame in his own gray Quaker's cloak. Not a sound escapes from his drawn lips when he enters his own door and lays Deliverance on the bed and prepares brandy and warm water for her. He hangs over her with the steaming drink, his face still purple and looking as if it were cut in stone. At last Deliverence opens her eyes wearily and then he bursts into a great flood of tears. She puts out one hand and strokes his hair gently.

"Let not thy heart be troubled, my Christopher. We shall have another home, even an heavenly."

Before midnight the house was astir with muffled voices and hushed, busy feet. Gray gowns flitted hither and thither, and the village doctor drove up at speed. And before morning Deliverance was lying very still, with her hands folded on her bosom; and the gray-robed sisters were talking in whispers over a tiny bundle of flannel, which at long intervals, gave signs of life by a weak wail or a feeble little movement.

"I am in despair of raising it," said the Friend who seemed most in authority, turning to a younger woman who stood by with a white face. "A seven-months' child can ill support life at best, and with the mother gone—I do not know, I do not know."

Before morning her doubt concerning the babe was removed, for when daylight crept in through the drawn shutter the atom in the flannel did not stir or cry. They laid the two still forms together, the mother and the babe, and friend Mary, with deft, gentle fingers, robed them for their long sleep. Once her eyes flashed, and the hot tears fell as she carefully washed the dark stripes on the mother's back and breast as if they could still give pain. When she had finished her work, and had laid the baby in the cold, dead arm of Deliverance, she stepped to the kitchen and went up to Christopher, who was sitting by the stove in a dumb agony of grief.

"Wilt thou come, friend Christopher, and look at thy wife? She lies very peacefully with her babe in her arms. Thou shouldst lift up thy voice in thanksgiving that she hath entered into her rest, for she shall be one of those arrayed in white robes who have come up out of great tribulation. 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

Christopher arose, as half dazed, and followed Mary into the room where Deliverance lay. Moment after moment he stood gazing fixedly at her waxen face, with the brutal cut across her cheek. He stooped and kissed it with a passionate tenderness, and his broad chest heaved with stifling emotion. His face grew harsh and fierce as he looked, until the wrath that burned there seemed as if it might consume him. He unconsciously clenched his fist so that the nails wounded the palm as he muttered:

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord."

It was for many long years that Christopher abode a solitary and broken-hearted man—many long years before he was permitted to lay aside his burden of flesh and lie down gladly in the little churchyard by the side of her whom he loved. Two centuries have passed since Deliverance Sothwicke suffered her martyrdom. Both she and her persecutors sleep quietly, while above them is the thoughtless, work-a-day bustle of New England life. When the stern Puritans rise to receive their last sentence, how many gray-robed figures will confront them in meek but terrible accusation! Let us be thankful that both are subjects for the same infinite mercy; that both will be judged by a Judge who will make no error.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

OLD AND NEW.

No heart but mine throbs in my room to-night,
And so (our wills so much are custom's slaves)
From pen obedient will flow the phrase,
I am alone. Yet am I not alone,
For as through light that falls as if a smile
Now blending with it were, and now a frown,
The dial speaks to me the midnight hour,
O'er slumb'rous weight that rests upon my lids
My spirit looking forth as if I dreamed,
I see earth's actors all, each in his part,
Shaping each as it seemth fit to shape,
Upon that double stage time's tide buoys up
The old year and the new.
Another year,
Even to that moment-link that joins the years,
Has passed, as passes a swift courser by,
Its varied seasons spent, sunshine and cloud,
Its tear-vale scenes and walks on sunny isles,
But 'tis no gone, nor can I write it so,
Still seen the life-glow on its very face.
Gone from the world the years that buried lie
In mists of time, their lessons legacied
To rock and moldy tome—chis'lings to truth,
Pointers to paths that through the flight of years
Have led man on from broad to broader field
Op'ning to all who'd build to bless the world.
And on them man has toiled, thankful for lines
Struck in indelibility of truth
Yet conscious that, though getting strengthens man,
Only through giving live or men or years
When once the word is spoken of then, past.
And grandly some have built to, quarried for structures new,
And for such structures, promontory-like,
Out in the long shore-line of misty years
Stand many glorified. But turned to this
Narrow time-isle back looking wistfully,
For a farewell while still a moment's left
To all it is, in givers and in gifts,
Waiting transfer from off its passing face,
I mark it peer of any in the line.
Not that upon it no "dark continent"
Presents repulsive front, but that its paths
The feet of earnest hosts are pressing swift,
Bannered 'gainst all that dark or dark'ning is,
And bravely king'd.
The restless stage along,
From marge to marge, a hope-inspiring view—
Swiftest discernment of the needs of man,
Feet hurrying to roll away the stones,
Strong arms reached to the struggling to the light,
Forward set faces marked with high resolves
That bonds are for gladdening of the world—
With that truth to self that's falseness to none,
And that alone man from himself can save—
Marked with assurance that at length man sees
That if "a thing of beauty" he would stand
He must not cease shaping the rough-hewn block.
On paths care-laid through love's environments
Walk childhood, youth, fronted to noblest lives—
Woman, life-tasked to lifting up the low,
Crowned higher are than occupants of thrones,
Strong men, counseling fraternity and peace,
Grander than gods in panoply of war.
Now are the world's bells ringing out and in—
Solemnity, gladness! and the refrain?
All is well! Aye, all is well, but the scene
Assurance is that better is to be;
Pregnant with promise is the good that is
As with fruition full the waving field.
No specter-word, of evil ominous,
From aged tongue now silent in the old
Darkens a feature of the scene to-night,
The while the young I see, active in change,
(Lighted — thanks to suggestion, light from light—
Higher thon their grandsires ever drained),
Upon the year stages, as they come down,
Outflashing thoughts at the occasions call
Brighter than sabers new-flashed from their sheathes—
Stepping from deed so forward on to deed
That even far up the stream no signs are
Of backward-traveled paths.
No wall upon
The stage I'm privileged to view to-night
Frowns stay! to any hand impelled by heart,
Or marks a boundary to right to toil;
Instead a spirit moves, late manifest,
Far-reaching, cheering as it move like streams
That flash Sierra brows at day's first step;
Tolerance it is, and before spheres
Are blotted out and blended are till one
The whole world is, and not one from it barred
Who comes forth white-souled seeing work to do.
And there, trying her feet on many paths,
Is woman's form, fair as painters gaze on
Seeing the angelic in their high dreams;
Strong in her faith in self, her weapon love.
Where errors rise she conquers unto truth
Surely as white sails conquer rounded seas.
Timid her step, her face yet to light,
As asking, is scorn's finger down indeed?
Flashes, the stage along, the answer, aye!
And for that aye! the world the better is,
And shall, in consummations beautiful,
The better be through stage succeeding stage
As down time's tide they come.
Anomalous
The scene, the oak admits the ivy's strength.
Man's, woman's labors, as a sphere-lines, blent,
The world's song flow enriched, expanded is
By tributaries pure and sweetly trilled,
Art-fields weeded of grasser plants till read
Throughout it is, no pois'ning breath is here!
Turning, both, from the effete paradox—
Light from cant and cloud science is invoked,
And in its blaze the world is leveling.
Falling are dogmas in their lightless pits,
And dying simply from the jar of facts;
Raised depths of supplance with wrecks of thrones,
Burrowed the frowning wall of prejudice
By reason's force, and uttered in day's glare
The words, the world must save itself, if saved.
Naught by the solemn night bedims the scene!
Glide on, light feet, in yonder hall of mirth,
Chase the swift hours away! be glad, all hearts!
Ring out, bells, to the new year! all is well!

LOYALTON, CAL. J. H.

To Be Sure.

"There is a great deal of character in the nose," said one traveling man to another.

"Yes."

"Did you ever notice how a large nose often inparts dignity to a face?"

"To be sure; it's the scenter of gravity."—*Merchant Traveler.*

IF you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

THE FORMER KHEDIVE.

The Reason for His Calm Resignation in Adversity.

[From the London Spectator.]

It reads like a passage from a comic opera when we find that in the beginning of 1860 "business was practically suspended in nearly all the Government offices in order that those of their staffs who knew French might be employed in translating the "Œil Creve," the "Belle Helene," the "Mariee de Mardi Gras," and other *chefs d'œuvres* of Offenbach into Arabic, for the use of the Harem ladies. In May the Khedive gave a grand ball to celebrate his accession. One of the items of expenditure on this occasion was the throwing of a temporary bridge over the Nile at a cost of £8,000. And then in November came the crowning splendors of the opening of the canal. The Empress of France, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince of Prussia were the most notable of the guests; but there was a multitude—amounting, it is said, to thousands—of less distinguished persons, who were entertained in a most extravagant style, £4 per diem being paid for the hotel bills of each guest at the canal, and £2 12s at Cario. The whole expenditure of the fetes came to considerably more than a million pounds. Even literature got some pickings out of this gorgeous outlay, the author of an official history of the ceremony being paid £1,000 for "copy." Doubtless Ismail fancied by this costly outlay he was building up an absolutely independent throne. If so, it must have been a grievous disappointment when he had to sell to the Porte his new iron-clads, especially precious symbols of independent power.

Year after year things went on, the financial situation growing steadily worse and worse. The great Disraeli coup of purchasing the Khedive's canal shares set him on his legs for a time, but the end was approaching. In 1879, after a reign of sixteen years, the final blow was delivered. England and France agreed to demand his resignation. He was not unequal to the situation. He made vary good terms for himself, selected his chief favorites from his harem, put their jewelry into the most portable shape, stripped his palace of everything that was valuable, (the plate was valued at £800,000,) and then received the *irade* that appointed Tewfik his successor with philosophic resignation. "Raising Tewfik's hand to his lips he said, 'I salute my Effendina.' He then kissed him on both cheeks, and, merely adding the bare expression of a hope that he would be more fortunate than his father had been, with a slight obeisance retired into the adjoining harem." Four days afterward (June 30th) he left Egypt, it may now be said with certainty, for ever.

In the Ukraine, Russia, the maiden is the one that does all the courting. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his house and tells him the state of her feelings. If he reciprocates all is well, and a formal marriage is duly arranged. If, however, he is unwilling, she remains there, hoping to coax him into a better mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy or turn her out, for her friends would be sure to avenge the insult. His best chances, therefore, if he is really determined that he won't, is to leave his home and stay away as long as she is in it. This is certainly a peculiar way of turning a man out of his house and home. On the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, with the natural result that everybody gets married. There is not the same chance where girl has to bide the motions of a hesitating or bashful swain.

NOBODY can be troubled with constipation if they take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

A Michigan man who officiated as groomsman for a friend afterward sent in a bill for $2 for his services.

COUGHS, hoarseness and sore throat—Brown's Bronchial Troches give imme iate relief.

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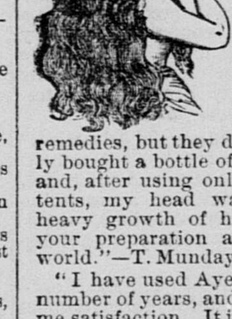
IS the "ideal" Hair-dressing. It restores the color to gray hair; promotes a fresh and vigorous growth; prevents the formation of dandruff; makes the hair soft and silken; and imparts a delicate but lasting perfume.



"Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best in the world."—T. Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for promoting the growth of the hair, and think it unequaled. For restoring the hair to its original color, and for a dressing, it cannot be surpassed."—Mrs. Geo. La Fever, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor "Enquirer," McArthur, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores the natural color to gray hair, causes the hair to grow freely, and keeps it soft and pliant."—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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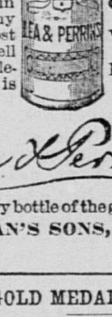

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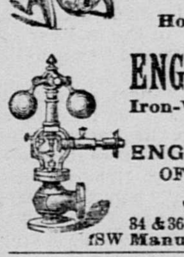

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MWS

TRUSTEES' SALE.

PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS OF A certain deed of trust executed by SAMUEL PITTS, of the county of Tehama and State of California, to E. C. ATKINSON and E. J. CROLY, of the city and county of Sacramento and State aforesaid, as Trustees, dated October 30th, A. D. 1886, and recorded November 6th, A. D. 1886, in the office of the County Recorder of the county of Tehama, State of California, in Book "B" of Trust Deeds, page 491, and on application of the holder and owner of the promissory note secured to be paid by said deed of trust, and because default has been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured to be paid by said deed of trust, the undersigned Trustees will sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in United States gold coin, in front of the Courthouse of the county of Sacramento, in the city of Sacramento and State of California, on SATURDAY, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1890, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 12 M. of that day (said sale commencing at the said hour of 10 A. M. of said day), all the following described real estate, with the improvements thereon, situated in the county of Tehama and State of California, to wit:

The east half of section 32 and the northwest quarter of northwest quarter of section 33, all in township 24 north, range 3 west, Mount Diablo base and meridian, containing 360 acres, more or less.

E. C. ATKINSON, E. J. CROLY, } Trustees.

A. L. HART, Attorney. d12-3wTTS

THE ABLEST PAPER ON THE COAST IS the WEEKLY UNION.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO HEREBY certify that we have formed a co-partnership, under the firm name of SHU FONG & CO., for the purpose of transacting and carrying on the business of a Clothing Store at No. 206 I street, in the City of Sacramento, State of California; that SHU FONG, a resident of the City of Sacramento, State of California, and BOCK FONG, a resident of Kirkville, Sutter county, State of California, are the full names of all the members of said partnership, in full, and the residences of said members.

his
SHU x FONG. [SEAL.]
mark
BOCK FONG. [SEAL.]

Witness to mark: L. S. TAYLOR.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss. On this 6th day of December, in the year 1889, before me, L. S. TAYLOR, a Notary Public in and for said county, personally appeared SHU FONG and BOCK FONG, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

[L. S.] L. S. TAYLOR, Notary Public.

d7-4wS

SUMMONS.—STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Sacramento, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to BYRON T. FICAL, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 14th day of November, 1889, in which action HATTIE S. FICAL is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To recover judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of the willful desertion of plaintiff by defendant, and awarding the care, custody and control of the issue of said marriage to plaintiff. All of which will more fully appear from the complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said County of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere; and you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand, and affix the seal of said Court, this 14th day of November, A. D. 1889.

[SEAL] W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.

G. P. ROYSTER, Deputy Clerk.

CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

n16-1aw-9tS