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Junes, 1878. 198-y.

I. H. & M. W. PHELPS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over First National Bank. 385

C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST. Office over First National Bank. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. Mr. Hutchins will attend at all terms of the Common Pleas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-1y.

I. T. SIDDALL,
Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio 49

PETER FLATH.
Clothier and Merchant Tailor. Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 15, 1868, 1y.

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Sept. 28, 1869, 36-1y.

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Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Brainerd & Son's Drug Store.
November 29, 1872. 222-tf.

ROCKWELL & NORRIS,
Attorneys at Law and Notary Public. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio.
Dec. 10, 1868. 1y.

J. WAGGONER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office, East end of Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.
March 27th, 1872 187 tf.

E. W. MAXSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio.

C. L. BELDEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office in Empire Building; Residence on King street, first door south of Main.
Ravenna, May 22, 1876. 494-y*

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
SHALERSVILLE, OHIO.
Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
Office, one door East of Shalersville Exchange Hotel. 418-1y

D. L. ROCKWELL F. P. HATFIELD,
ROCKWELL & HATFIELD,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office Office in Sayre's building, north side of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. 169—tf.

A. S. CRAFTS,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in Crafts' Block, Mantua Station, Portage County, Ohio. 325.

A. BELDING, M. D. E. C. SLOAN, M. D.
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FURRY & SON
WILL SELL THEIR STOCK OF
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and that, in most cases, will be below the cost of their production.
It is Conceded by Good Judges that we are Headquarters for Durable Work.
Therefore, all in want of a vehicle of any kind, please give us a call before purchasing.
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Ravenna, June 1, 1876.

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Merchant Tailor.
I would inform my old customers and the public generally, that I continue to carry on business at the old stand on Main Street, opposite Opera Block, where I will be pleased to waiton all who may favor me with their custom.
I have on hand a large and first class stock of
Cloths, Cassimeres,
Fur Beavers, Coatings, and Fancy Vest Patterns,
which I will sell at the lowest living prices.
Cassimeres from 75 cents to $5.00 per yard.
Tailoring Department.
I will cut and make suits at the following low prices:
Sack Coat Suits, from $3.00 to $10.00;
Frock Coat Suits, rom $10.00 to $18.00.
Cutting a Specialty.
Full Suits from $1.00 to $1.50; Sack Coats, 50 cents; Frock Coats, 75 cents; Over Coats, 75 cents; Pants and Vests, from 25 to 35 cts each.
Having had over six years experience in the business, eight of which have been spent in Ravenna, I feel confident of my ability to give entire satisfaction to all those who may favor me with their custom.
H. C. MUETING.
Ravenna, Sept. 27, 1877-77tf

Whitewashing.
PROF. GEORGE POULINEY would inform the people of Ravenna that he has returned to town, and is prepared to attend to all jobs of Whitewashing and House Cleaning that may be entrusted to him. Terms reasonable. Orders left at the Post Office, or at the residence of J. W. Vinall, on Bowery Street, will receive prompt attention.
Ravenna, April 8, 1877. 504

Medical Notice.

To The Afflicted.

DR. JOHN GOUCHER
Having had a very large and successful practice in Chronic Diseases for forty years, both Private and Hospital, is prepared to render satisfaction in the different varieties.

Among the diseases treated have been many miraculous cures of the two true species of Cancer—the Hard and the soft; or the Scirrus or Chronic Cancer, characterized by a predominance of fibrous tissue, and but few Cancer cells; the Medullary, Brain, or Acute Soft Cancer, characterized by an excess of Cancerous cells.

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CATARRH—that most insidious of all diseases, which is destroying its tens of thousands annually—Invariably cured. Also, Scald Head, and the different diseases of the Skin.

ALSO, THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF FEMALES,
Arising from Uterine Derangements, Enlargement, Inflammation, Ulceration, Tumor, Polypus, and all their sympathetic accompaniments, on the latest scientific principles, without the use of the knife or caustics, but by constitutional treatment and local absorbents, which we believe to be the true method of cure, if timely and properly applied.

CALCUOUS CONCRETIONS OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.
We have in our possession several varieties of Gravel from different individuals in this locality, which we have removed through the natural urinary passage.

The Doctor is a graduate in the Eye and Ear Infirmary of New York City, and has had a large and successful practice in that department. He absorbs the different varieties of Cataract while they remain soft, and removes films and specks from the eye without the use of the knife.

The Doctor is a graduate of several of the leading schools of his profession, the Diplomas of which are hanging up in his office for everybody to read and investigate.

The Doctor can be consulted at his Office, No. 1196, Euclid Avenue, (up stairs,) Cleveland, O.

RESIDENCE—708 Wilson Avenue.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 A. M. to 12 M; and from 1 to 3 P. M.

The Doctor will leave his Cleveland Office for Ravenna, at 1.45 P. M. every Saturday, returning to Cleveland at 10 A. M. the following Monday.

JOHN GOUCHER, M. D.

☞ Patients will be visited at their homes, when desired.

That's So.
We are now engaged in mining Coal at the PALMYRA MINES, and are prepared to supply all orders with
FRESH MINED COAL
Of best quality, at $2.25 per ton.
W. B. WILSON.
Palmyra, Sept. 9, 1876.

Great BARGAIN!
A HOUSE, AND THREE TOWN LOTS, situated on Chestnut St., near Main St., are in the market for sale. The house contains a basement, 6 large bedrooms, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, wood-shed, pantry, closets, cupboards, a first-class cellar well and cistern. The house is in good repair, and the rooms are all large and pleasant. The lot is newly fenced, has a large quantity of fruit, and an excellent garden.
For particulars, apply to J. S. SMITH, or S. R. FREEMAN.
Ravenna, March 12, 1874. tf

CHOICE VILLAGE LOTS
FOR SALE.
21 GOOD BUILDING LOTS on North Chestnut St. and 3 on King St, near West Main St., are in the market for sale. An investment in Village Lots in Ravenna has proven to be better than money at 20 per cent. interest. For terms, inquire at Law Office of
W. B. THOMAS.
April 30, 1874. 296 Ravenna, O.

D. C. COOLMAN'S ADDITION.
SPLENDID LOTS
FOR SALE!
I have recently laid out, in the North-East part of Ravenna Village,
NINETEEN VILLAGE LOTS!
from sixty to seventy feet front, and 170 feet deep, lying on Bowery, Clinton Avenue, and Lafayette Streets, which I offer for sale at reasonable prices, and upon easy terms.
These lots are finely located, and to those who desire to secure good, comfortable homes, a rare opportunity is offered.
D. C. COOLMAN.
Ravenna, May 16, 1874. 299-tf

The OLD RELIABLE.
BELDING & ARMSTRONG,
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Our Motto—The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.
We keep a full line of
Pure Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Toilet Articles and Dye Stuffs.
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YELLOW CREEK COAL!
Is a first rate article for Blacksmith or Grate purposes. The mine is situate on the west line of Atwater. Persons desiring to obtain this Coal can do so by applying to Wm. Johns or Henry Davis.
Atwater, Feb. 8, 1878. 494

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DEALER IN
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CROCKERY
FRENCH CHINA,
GLASS WARE,
Lamps and Lamp Trimmings,
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LIVE GEESE FEATHERS
MATTRESSES,
COMMON SPRING BEDS,
AND THE
Celebrated National Woven Wire Mattress.
—ALSO—
UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
Burial Caskets, Coffins, Shrouds, and all articles necessary for the burial of the dead.
I have recently made Great Reductions in the price of Burial Cases, and use an improved quality of trimmings.
Telegraph, or mail orders from any point in the county will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.
Attendance with Hearse
AT REASONABLE TERMS.
I buy for cash and as I have a large trade, can and will sell goods in my line at such prices as will attract attention and secure the patronage of the close cash buyer.
Having a long lease of the old Furniture Stand which I have occupied for nearly five years I intend to remain permanently, and solicit a continuance of your patronage.
No. 8, Phenix Block,
Ravenna, Ohio.
February 20, 1878. 495

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Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and
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Our stock is from first-class reliable dealers and manufacturers, and we challenge competition in price of Goods, and comparison as to quality, with any other store of the kind in the County.
Our assortment of reliable Patent Medicines is complete,
WINES AND LIQUORS.
A choice stock, for medicinal purposes only.
A very Large and New Assortment of Perfumery, Toilet and Fancy Articles,
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Remember, all Goods Warranted as represented, and that we will not be Undersold.
Brainerd's Magic Cough Balsam!
The best Cough Remedy in the market, always on hand.
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Medicines that you can rely on every time.
Give us a call, at No. 3, Phenix Block.

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A SUMMER ROMANCE.

What whim induced Atheline Herne to renounce a fashionable watering-place, and the society of her aristocratic friends, and bury herself in the savage precincts of the little country town of Alderville? Her friends wondered; perhaps she wondered herself; but not being one of those who feel bound to give voice to every emotion, she was mute. It was simply a freak of hers. Perhaps away down in her great heart she was weary of the selfishness, the frivolity, the glitter and show of fashionable life, and longed for the pure, true friendship of nature. She remembered, years ago, when life was fresh and new, how she had spent a summer in the country. She recalled the smell of spruce and pine when the summer was hot; the murmuring, dreamy music of the brook winding through green pastures the bleat of the white lambs on the high hills, and the patient, brown-eyed cattle driven up the dewey lane by the whistling cowboy. She was sixteen then, now she was twenty-five; old enough to feel a thrill of pleasure in the prospect of living over again a sweet past.

Atheline had some love phases. They had affected her lightly, simply because her best nature had never been touched. The golden apple had changed to dross in her hands, and left no pain behind. Sometimes she tho't she was not like other women—that with loving she had no part. Pride kept her from the sensation of emptiness when she looked into her heart. The middle of June found Miss Herne quietly settled for the summer in an old farm-house on the banks of the Merrimac, free of all fashionable restrictions, at liberty to dress in calico and wear her rippling brown hair in a net, guiltless of rats and waterfalls. Miss Herne was beautiful, and an heiress in her own right. He near relatives were all in the world beyond, and there were none to plac upon her any restraint.

Mrs. Marshall, with whom Atheline boarded, had been an old friend of her mother's, and took a kindly interest in the girl's welfare. Just interest enough not to be burdensome—not to make it seem officious; for there certainly is an extent to the degree in which people may be interested in us if we are to be rendered happy by it.

The Marshalls were quiet people; they had passed their lives on the farm where they now resided, and which, for the beauty of its location and surroundings, stood without a rival.

Miss Herne slept late in the morning after her arrival at the farm. When she opened her window to let in the fragrance of the sweet air and the music of the birds, the beauty of the morning struck through to her heart as nothing else had the power to do. She acknowledged the sovereignty of nature, but she instinctively *looked down* upon the sturdy farm-laborers who went whistling away to the fields in striped frocks and blue overalls. What a pity, she thought, to have to confound the sweet smell of crimson clover and damask roses with the overalls and striped frocks.

Atheline was a haughty patrician. This half contempt for the lower classes of society was a part of her education; she was not to blame, perhaps, for her prejudices. She had been taught to regard the contemptible distinctions of society as second in sacredness only to her religion.

She went down to her late breakfast in a pink wrapper, with all her shining hair hidden away in a gold-colored net. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright with looking out over the dew-wet fields.

While Atheline discussed the nice breakfast set before her by the careful hands of Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Marshall read to her from the morning paper. He was interrupted by the entrance of one of the farm hands.

'Shall we hoe the corn in the Hanson lot?'

The voice that uttered the question was deep and mellow, but it grated on the sinsitive ear of Miss Herne, and she glanced up at the speaker with an expression of annoyance on her face. She met the eyes of the man fastened upon her; not in admiration but with the cool scrutiny one bestows upon an indifferent stranger. Miss Herne flushed slowly, and was desperately angry with herself when she felt the blood creeping hot into her cheek.

The face beneath the rough straw hat was brown as a berry, but the eyes unusually fine, the features good, and the bronze hair and beard soft shining as floss silk. Besides he was tall, slender and muscular—altogether a man to be depended upon.

Atheline scorned herself for looking at him, and wondered if she was expected to eat her breakfast with that country loon looking on. Mr. Marshall, good old soul, felt called upon to do something in the case.

'This is Miss Herne, Vert. She was wishing for water-lilies only a little while ago. It is rather early, I suppose; do you think you could find any for her?'

'I will make the attempt if you wish me to, sir,' Vert replied, never once looking at Atheline.

In spite of her cool self-control, she felt the slight. He would do his master's bidding, but not at her pleasure, and she silently determined that if the lilies came, with ever so subtle a fragrance in their golden hearts, she would not notice them. Miss Herne was doing a very unwise thing; suffering herself to get indignant with this man, and thus allowing him to occupy her thoughts.

At dinner a slender glass full of lilies stood beside her plate. The dreamy odor almost made her dizzy with delight, but she would not look at them until Mrs. Marshall directed their attention to them. Then she simply replied:

'Ah! yes—they are early, aren't they?' How nice your peas are, Mrs. Marshall.'

As days passed, Atheline saw Vertner Fales very frequently. He was Mr. Marshall's chief advi[illegible], and took his meals with the famil[illegible] He never spoke to Miss Herne, never seemed to be aware of her presence; and though she said to herself every day that she would go away from the farm on purpose to be rid of his society, still she did not go.

One fine evening she started to walk down to the village. It was full two miles, but Miss Herne was a good pedestrian. She had not gone far when a carriage stopped at her side, and looking up she met the dark brilliant eyes of young Fales.

'Will you ride down?' he asked her.

'No,' she answered, shortly and ungraciously enough.

'Ah!' He did not repeat the invitation, only gave the sleek farm horses the rein and went on. A few rods ahead he stopped at the cottage of the widow Morgan. Nellie, her pretty, golden-haired daughter, was gathering honeysuckles in the yard.

Vert said something to her, as Atheline swept down the road, and very soon the carriage, with Nellie beside the handsome driver, dashed past Atheline, enveloping her in a cloud of dust. Atheline said that night to Mrs. Marshall.

'Is it the Widow Morgan's cottage down by the willows?'

'Yes. She lives there all alone with Nellie. She is the belle of the village.

'The widow?'

'No, dear, Nellie. She has the pinkest cheeks, and such pretty yellow curls. I wish you could see her!'

Atheline shrugged her shoulders.

'Blonde beauties are not to my taste Dear me! how very close the air is!'

Two days afterward Miss Herne went off by herself for a ramble in the woods. In truth, she spent a great deal of her time in solitary wanderings among the shadows of the pasture groves and beside the river. She spent the afternoon pleasantly gathering wild flowers, and near sundown she seated herself on a fallen tree to arrange her treasures.

A couple of colts started out of the brushwood, and with the shy, yet ardent curiosity of their race, they began making advances with a view to a closer acquaintance. Atheline was city bred, and of course she had an idea that all animals in a pasture were to be regarded as savage, and with a bound she reached the top of a high stone wall, intending to leap down on the other side. But on the other side [illegible] a wide, deep ditch nearly full of water, and she dared not make the leap. And to go back the way she had come was impossible, for the frisky colts were putting their heels into the air in a way extremely terrific to a woman with nerves.

Vert Fales was mowing just beyond the ditch, and directly he glanced up. An amused expression came into his face. Atheline could have forgiven anything but that. And that, never! He bounded forward, reached up his strong arms, and taking her down, carried her to the firm ground beyond. How crimson her face grew!

'How dare you?' she cried, hotly.

'You looked uncomfortable. If you are offended, save your anger for someone who will appreciate it.'

He took up his scythe and resumed his labor. Atheline hurried home at war with everybody. She ate no supper and went to her room at eight. She tried to think herself disgraced by the free touch of that country clown. The hands he had held so close thrilled under the cold flash of their diamond rings; the cheek his soft hair had brushed glowed red as wine.

Miss Herne wondered what was the matter with her that she could not sleep. The night was so warm! She put her wrapper around her and sat the hours, before the dawn away before her chamber window. When she went down to breakfast she found a copy of Mrs. Browning's sonnets on her plate; the very book she had wished for yesterday at dinner; and on opening it a little slip of paper fell out. And written on it were the words:

I spoke rudely to you yesterday; I am repentant. Forgive me.

Although she had never seen his chirography, she knew that Vert Fales had writted it. She tore the paper into shreds, shut the book and tossed it among the papers on a side table, mentally vowing never to look inside it so long as she lived.

Do not, I beg you, get the impression that this heroine of mine was bad tempered; she was only proud and angry with herself for seeming in any way interested in a vulgar laborer.

Before the week was out she had learned egough of Vertner Fales' history to force her to respect him. His father had been a wealthy merchant, but through the villainy of friends had been reduced to poverty. He had died shortly afterward, and left a fragile wife and two sons—Vertner and Juan. Vertner was in college at the time, within three months of graduation; but he left at once, and devoted himself to the task of comforting his mother. Without the means to pursue the study of the profession he had chosen, he had given it up, and engaged himself as a day laborer on the farm of Mr. Marshall, where his remuneration was sure. He had toiled early and late, besides doing copying for a city register, in order that he might be able to defray the expenses of his brother at the university where he was studying for the ministry. For Juan Fales was a youth of rare promise, but alas! he was blind!

Atheline heard the whole story, with many touching little additions, from Mrs. Marshall; but she listened with apparent indifference, and did not remark upon it when the old lady had finished.

A few days afterward, Vertner Fales was surprised by receiving from the treasurer of the H—— University a receipt in full for the two years' expense yet remaining to complete his brother's tuition.

On writing to the gentleman he had only been able to ascertain that the amount of the receipt had been paid by a person to the treasurer unknown who stated that it was done by one strongly interested in the education of the blind.

Vertner was mystified, but a great load was lifted from his shoulders. He could now give his mother some comforts of which she had been denied, and which were essential to her enjoyment. And seeing her so much happier he went about with a lighter heart, and the people at Mr. Marshall's wondered what had made such a change in Fales. Atheline said nothing, but had she chosen she might have explained the mystery.

The summer wore away. It was very delightful at the Marshall farm; Atheline grew more attached to the place every day. But her city friends were impatient to welcome her return and so the last day of August came. and she was to leave Alderville on the 1st of September.

Toward sundown she went for a walk in the south pasture where the asters grew. It was a long walk, and the sun was sinking into a mass of inky clouds low lying in the west, before she was ready to return. The wind muttered dolefully in the pine trees; it was falling dark very fast, and along the line of black clouds she caught the glimmer of lightning. There was a storm gathering.

She hurried on, her hair tumbling about her shoulders in rippling masses, her scarf lost, and her bare neck swept by the electrict wind. She caught the first hoarse peal of thunder soon, and directly a cold drop of rain fell on her forehead. It was useless to attempt to reach the farm by the road before the tempest should set in, and there was no house nearer. A moment she stood still in despair. Then suddenly it flashed upon her—she could cross the river on the railroad bridge! It would lessen the distance more than one half, and she had the utmost confidence in her ability to keep a steady head. Not once did she think of the evening express train, which was even then due, so anxious was she to reach home before the storm broke. She flew toward the bridge. It was a high, narrow structure, spanning the stream at the narrowest point, while underneath the water roared like mad over the sharp rocks. Beneath the ties which upheld the rails was a sheathing of zinc to protect the timber from moisture, but hardly equal to the duty of supporting the weight of a human being. Atheline paused a moment on the verge of the bridge to steady her nerves, for she saw that she must step from tie to tie in order to cross. She took the first step, and then she heard a shout:

'Go back, instantly! The train has whistled for Lock's Cross Roads! Go back, I tell you!'

She recognized the voice before she looked up to see Vertnar Fales standing at the opposits end of the bridge. Had it been any other she might have obeyed him; him she would not. She kept on boldly.

'Good God!' he cried; are you mad?'

Still no answer, but the same quiet advance.

There was a roar behind her which she knew was not the roar of the river, a red light from the signal lantern flashed across the water; she heard the sharp whistle to down brakes, and realized her danger. And just then Vert Fales stood face to face with her. Only a second, and he had crushed her down upon the timbers, prone between the rails, and thrown himself beside her.

'Be still, on your life!' he whispered hoarsely; and then——

She felt the hot breath of the locomotive sweep over her; fire seemed all around her; the frail fabric beneath shook fearfully; she strove to rise, but an iron hand held her down.

There was one terrible moment of agonizing suspense, and then the fearful roar of the train was passing into the distance, and once more the free air swept the face of Atheline.

Vert Fales lifted her up and bore her swiftly and silently across the bridge. She made no resistance now; she let him hold her closely as he pleased, for she remembered that but for him she would now have been in eternity.

The rain was falling in torrents. Vert took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and led her to a dense thicket of spruce just on the river bank, which afforded a partial shelter. Atheline found voice first.

'Mr. Fales,' she said, with emotion, 'How shall I offer you my gratitude?'

He looked at her, but did not speak. Beneath his eyes her face flushed red as June roses. The revelation came to her fully then. She knew why she had felt so angry with herself whenever she had thought of Vertner Fales. She knew why she could never trust herself to speak of him or even think of him in the presence of others.

For an instant there was a fierce struggle in this proud woman's heart, and then love thrust pride back.

He came close to her and took her hands in his.

'Dare I ask it?' he said, passionately 'Atheline, in spite of all, I love you and dare I ask a return?'

'No,' she said, tremblingly, 'you may not ask it, for—it is already given.

He drew her into his arms.

'Kiss me, dear; I shall realize my great happiness better.'

She touched her lips to his, forgetting that she was kissing a poor farm laborer; ignoring what her friends would say when they knew that she loved a man who wore a striped frock.

But in the midst of her sublime content she thought of what had just happened, and shuddered even with his arms around her.

He drew her closer.

'What is it, darling?'

'I was only thinking what if you had not been here a moment ago, and I had died, missing this great joy!'

'But I *was* here. I have followed you at a distance all day—followed you with a sore heart. I knew it was my last chance, and, when I met your eyes, I was a very coward! I saw you when you started to cross the bridge, and called out to you, but you did not heed me. Well, perhaps it is as well."

'It is better,' she said, humbly, 'for, Vert, in my hateful pride I might never have acknowledged how it was killing me to treat you so coldly had I not owed to you my life!

The clouds broke soon, the evening star looked out of the lucid west. Vertner Fales and Atheline walked to the farm through the wet grass, never thinking of the discomfort; and Atheline announced to delighted Mrs. Marshall her intention of remaining at the farm through the autumn.

And early in the winter Miss Herne's dear 500 friends were electrified by the return of their favorite, accompanied by her husband, a man who rapidly made his way upward until, at length, he held the highest office in the gift of the State.—[Cricket on the Hearth.

A POLITICIAN'S SPEECH.

General Butler at Newburyport—His Views on Greenbacks, Communism, Coaching Clubs, and Other Timely Topics.

[Newburyport Correspondence New York Sun.]

The demonstration of the Greenbackers here to-day was attended by fully two thousand persons, who were enthusiastic. General B. F. Butler delivered the principal address. He said: "More than one hundred years ago our fathers found it necessary to unite to protest against wrong and oppression, to disinthrall themselves from the measures of one King and his Ministers. Their children meet on the same anniversary to see whether they may not disinthrall themselves from the oppressions of a thousand kings and their ministers—the money kings—the most powerful monarchs in the world to-day. Their hands are heavier upon us than those of King George were upon our forefathers. Why is it that in a land where, in the East, the store-houses are bursting with the products of manufacturing industry, and in the West the granaries are overflowing with the necessaries of life, there being perfect communication between those sections, there are men hungry in the East for the food that is in the West, and men naked in the West for want of the clothes and shoes of the East? The evil that causes this can not be reached by sporadic riots and violence. The starving men who made the riots last summer effected no alleviation of the public misery. Strikes are below the dignity of American workingmen. They belong to another country and to other institutions than ours. Our remedy is the ballot. 'Communist' is the word of reproach applied to workingmen who see wrong in existing affairs, and believe in remedying them as 'Abolitionist' was the word of reproach hurled at the men who struck freedom in the earlier days of this generation. The same men who called the reformers of other days Abolitionists are calling the reformers of to-day Communists. Communism in Europe is the desperate protest of the downtrodden and oppressed, and finds its vent in violent demonstrations and vain endeavors. Here such a course is unnatural. Our people have in their own hands the power to mold their condition. All they need is unity and organization, and they will control. The legislation of our land has for many years been exclusively in the interest of the rich and the few. Because those few were rich, consequently powerful and united in purpose, they send their representatives to make the laws by the aid of their votes of the betrayed people. Seven years ago I introduced a bill to have the money of the country in the hands of the Government, and not in the hands of corporations, and I was beaten by eight votes, if I remember aright, in the House. But in the majority that beat me there were more than sixty-five Bank Directors and Presidents, each of them voting in his own interest, all sent there by workingmen's votes. You workingmen do not send men to represent you."

Mr. Butler then reviewed at length the circumstances under which, in the hour of national necessity, the greenback came into being, and the means by which capitalists, when it was at its lowest value, were enabled to convert it into interest-bearing and non-taxable bonds, together with other special legislation for the benefit of the capitalists since that time, the formation of National Banks, &c., all tending to undue inflation of the wealth of the rich, and the shifting of all the burdens of taxation upon the poor. He protested against being called a repudiator, saying that although the bargain with the capitalists was an infamous one, we were fools enough to send men to Congress who would make it, and we should pay the penalty by making good their agreement.

From this he proceeded to consider the peculiar course of legislation in Massachusetts affecting her savings banks. Then he added: "I hold that every man who has an honest employment, in which he gives the best thoughts of his mind, or the best labor of his hands to earn support for his children and himself, is a laboring man, a workingman. The man who, by the exertions of his father, or some other relative, has inherited wealth, and who does no work beyond clipping coupons from bonds to be paid by taxes levied on working men, I call a capitalist. Do you say there are no such men? There are plenty of them. Let me give you an illustration of them: There is in New York a Club called the Tally-ho Club. It is composed of, I can hardly guess how many members, because they never invited me to any of their entertainments, but I think they have ten, four and six horse teams, coaches, and they drive them on the high road between two palatial hotels, with a fine-looking man set up behind the coach with a tin horn, or, in this case, I believe it is a brass bugle, for what? And who are they? They are all young men of great wealth, of great literary culture, all graduates of colleges—all men who have no other employment on earth but to spend the income of their inherited wealth. And all they can find to do is to play coachman day by day for the fun of the thing. They toil not, neither do they spin; they are men of a class that is growing in this country, and they are, in my judgment a class that ought to be squelched. [Applause.] They are men that have nothing to do on earth, and do it every day. Every man in this country should have some regular, steady employment, for the good of his fellow-men, and the more money a man has the greater is his responsibility for the proper employment of that money in some industrial or ether enterprise for the good of his race; and for the men who do not do that the workingmen ought to vote to bring about a law to make them do it. If I had my way, if I had the power in the city of New York, as I once had for a short time, I would set that class of men to doing exactly what they have shown they are fit for—driving Broadway omnibuses from six o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock at night, so that they should have enough of playing coach-man.

The General also reviewed at length the history of the Continental money of this country, tracing the causes of its decline in value. He repudiated the term of inflationist, and said of the opponents of the Greenback party: "They are willing to sell all the bonds and subsidize all the railroads, and do every thing else that can be done with money obtained on interest-bearing bonds of the United States. My proposition is that we should issue $400,000,000 in non-interest-bearing bonds of the United States to settle the unemployed laboring men of the United States upon the public lands of the United States." [Great applause.]

No more notes of the United States could be issued, he went on to say, than the people chose to take, and if they bear no interest those which are issued involve the country in no debt. defining a Greenbacker, he said: "If you find a man in the community that goes for the good of all the nation as against a few, that man is a Greenbacker; if you find a man that wants just legislation and goes for the interest of the workingmen and of labor, that man is a Greenbacker. It is a term which covers every thing just and true, and the word Abolition once covered every man in favor of human freedom. If you find a man that wants special privileges, that wants to live on the earnings of others, that wants others to pay his taxes, that man is not a Greenbacker. He is on the opposite side. A man is a Greenbacker who believes that the intelligence of the many is a better foundation for the government of a great country than the intellect of a few; who believes that this government is for the many and not for the few; and it is the fault of every one of you if you leave it for the benefit of the few any longer. And if you do so, you and your children, and your children's children, and mine will find themselves slaves to the few, in the worst of Governments, an aristocracy."

A HARD TEST.

Ten or a dozen men were enjoying the hot weather which baked the shingles on a ferry deck saloon yesterday, when a stranger stalked in and inquired of the bar-tender:

"Have you any mint?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you have sugar, lemons, g'n, brandy. and so forth?"

"I have."

The stranger turned around to the crowd, noted the sudden increase of interest in each face, and kindly said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to treat every liar in this room. Let the liars—the monstrous liars—come forward."

Not a foot moved.

"Gentlemen," continued the stranger, in a plaintive tone, "don't be backward. Juleps wait for all. Every one of you who is known as a liar will please stand up."

Not a man stood. The stranger's face betrayed keen disappointment, as he ordered a rousing big 'mint' for himself, and not a word was spoken in the place while he slowly sipped the cooling liquid through a straw. When he had finished, he wiped off his mouth and said:

"Well, every truth-teller in the crowd will now stand up."

Each man rose up with the promptness of a soldier.

"And sit down again," softly said the man, as he made for the door.

They would have sat down on him, but great truth-tellers are poor runners.—[Detroit Free Press.

A fashion journal in speaking of ladies' apparel, says: "Nothing will be worn this summer by the fair sex, except longitudinal striped hose." Now won't that be a little scant for a full dress parade?