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DR. JAMES JOHNSTON, DENTIST, MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA. OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON. ELDER & NELSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, *and Real Estate Agents*, STAUNTON, VA. may 5

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This is one of the Finest Liniments known, as thousands can testify.

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache Earache, Lumbago or Lame Back, Pleurisy or Pneumonia, Frosted Feet, and all Excruciating Pain, no matter where located. Apply according to directions without rubbing, and you will have relief in from one to five minutes. Not five minutes need any one suffer with pain of any kind, but go to your drug store and get a bottle of Thayer's Balm for Pain and give it a trial. Price **25** and **50 cents** per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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This is the finest preparation that has ever been put before the public. It never fails to give satisfaction in Consumption or Coughs, or Bronchial Affections of any kind.

CHECK THAT COUGH!

Usually three or four doses checks the worst cough.

In Consumption, it is the cough that strains the Lungs and breaks the Tuburcles, thus keeping up the irritation.

THE CONSUMPTION CURE.

Being Healing, Nourishing, Paleating, Stimulating and Soothing, Relief and a speedy Cure must follow. Give it a Trial, all who suffer.

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There are some Coughs that arise from the Liver or Stomach; if so, and you have symptoms of the Liver, use Thayer's Liver Powders with the Consumption Cure and you will never regret the investment. Price, 25 and 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

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ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

CURATINE NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. A VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER & KIDNEYS.

CURATINE, For Blood Diseases.

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A medicinal compound of known value—combining in one preparation the curative powers for the evils which produce all diseases of the *Blood*, the *Liver*, the *Kidneys*. Harmless in action and thorough in its effect. It is unexcelled for the cure of all *Blood Diseases* such as *Scrofula, Tumors, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Mercurial Poisoning*, also *Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Retention of Urine, etc.*

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dec9-1y

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Dr. TUTT'S Expectorant!

IN 25CTS. AND $1 BOTTLES.

Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive Balsamic, Soothing and Healing. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG BALSAM ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD, of New York, voluntarily indorses it.

—READ WHAT HE SAYS:—

Dr. TUTT: New York, Sept. 19, 1877. Dear Sir—During this year I visited nine hundred cases of lung diseases. In the lower wards of the city the cases were of a very severe type. It was there my attention was called to Tutt's Expectorant, and I confess my surprise at its wonderful power. During a practice of twenty years, I have never known a medicine to act as promptly, and with such happy effects. It instantly subdued the most violent fits of coughing, and invariably cured the disease in a few days. I cheerfully indorse it as the best lung medicine I ever used. J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.

A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES. Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga. Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—My little son, was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a violent cough, that lasted till within a month since, for the cure of which I am indebted to your valuable Expectorant. I had tried most every thing recommended, but none did any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which removed the cough entirely. With many thanks, I am yours truly, JOHN M. WEIGLE.

Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS. Memphis, Feb., 11, 1871. Dr. TUTT: Sir—I have been suffering for nearly two years with a severe cough. When I commenced taking your Expectorant I was reduced to one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight. I had tried almost everything; had terrible night sweats. I have taken half dozen bottles. The night sweats have left me, the cough has disappeared, and I have gained fifteen pounds in flesh. I recommend it to all my friends. With great respect, OLIVER RICE.

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Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? **If so, our Advice is** take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.

Office, 35 Murray Street, N. Y.

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TUTT'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHIS[illegible] BLACK by a single application [illegible] parts a Natural Color, acts instant[illegible] as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists [illegible] sent by express on receipt of [illegible]

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"For shaking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."

"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong healthy and happy."

"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."

"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily."

"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect wrecks from intemperance."

"Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."

PROVERBS.

"$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."

"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose."

"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children.

The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is **superior** to all others. Ask Druggists.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and and narcotics.

All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Manufacturing. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Send for Circular.

apr1-1y

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FINE JEWELRY in every variety.

Diamond Rings, Earrings & Lace Pins,

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☞ *All Orders by mail promptly executed.* oct14-3m*

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Cloaks, Dresses, &c., made to order, promptly, in a superior manner, and in the latest styles, at moderate rates. Orders solicited. Rules for self-measurement, and samples of materials, with estimate of cost, sent upon application.

☞ TERMS CASH. ☜

All orders amounting to $20 or over, will be sent free of freight charges by Express. Parties having their Goods sent C. O. D., must pay for return of money, and if strangers to us, must remit at least ⅓ (*one-third*) of the amount with the order. feb27-1y

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POETRY.

TOGETHER.

The snowy bloom is on the brier,
All frosty lies the fallow;
The hunters gather round the fire,
And sigh for hound and halloo;
Whilst bending o'er a poet's book,
Secure from wind and weather,
Within a velvet-curtained nook
Sit she and I together.

This morning we were stranger yet;
But in those dreamy pages
We find somehow our souls have met,
And lived and loved for ages,
And life is as a summer day,
Love laughs at wintry weather,
The other world's so far away,
And we so near together.

The golden sun shall shine again,
The chase demand its lover,
And I no more be lonely when
I canter to the cover,
For through the world, whate'er betide,
In storm or sunny weather,
We two shall ride on side by side,
My love and I together.

—*London World.*

HUSBAND AND WIFE, OR Which was in the Wrong.

A Story for Young Couples.

BY V. F. T.

"He quieteth the earth by the South wind."

She had just drawn up the Venetian blind, and thrown open the window—the lady whose voice soft and solemn, uttered these words. She had a face which suited the voice, a face with thin classic outlines, and large, azure gray eyes, clear and steadfast, and a mouth whose physiognomy endorsed the eyes. It was large and full, yet the lips sat down so steadily together, you would scarcely have imagined the beautiful varieties of expression there were in them.

But there was something sad in the pale, pure face, something which made the gazer feel that the great shadow and the greater glory were drawing nigh unto it. Alice Mayne was twenty-six years old at the time she looked out of her chamber window, that morning in the late May. The night had been frenzied with winds and seething rains, and the day had risen out of it gloriously, on vast arches of pearl, and the mists lifted their mighty pillars on the mountains, and the 'soft south wind' was a great censer waving through the air unto God the sweet incense of the earth.

Alice Mayne was the only child of the Presbyterian minister of Westfield. Her mother had died of a hereditary heart disease when the girl had reached her fifteenth year, and Alice had inherited the fragile constitution of her parent.

Parson Mayne was a good man, and dearly beloved of his parish. He was in person a thorough type of the Puritan fathers, tall, stately, imposing, and he had, partly from constitutional tendency, partly from habit, something of cold reserve in his manner; but every one knew that beneath the slightly frigid exterior, beats a heart full of running fountains of tenderness and love for all mankind.

No one wondered that the old man fairly worshipped his fair child, Alice, for she was the last of seven, and the others were a household in heaven.

But as the girl stood at the parsonage window, looking out on the sweet face of the new-born day, the front gate was suddenly opened, and a small figure hurried hastily up the walk, and catching a glimpse of Alice, burst into the sitting room without knocking.

'Oh, Alice, Alice, do you know what has happened?"

The brown veil was thrown hastily back from the straw bonnet, and a face not beautiful, not handsome, but very pretty, looked up to the girl. It was full of rapid changes now, and the eyes large and bright, and oftenest full of smiles, were swolen as though they had wept hot passionate tears.

'Why, Delia, what does all this mean?'

She evidently asked the question in quick alarm, and there came a sudden pallor about her mouth. Delia was too excited to notice it.

'It means, Alice Mayne, that Harry Leeds has been false to me, in word and deed, and that I am no longer his wife. I am going home to papa and mamma this very afternoon.'

'Oh, Delia, Delia!'

She fairly gasped out the words, with the pallor growing about her mouth.

'No wonder you say it, Alice, and so will the world, too, when it finds out how I've been deceived, and abused and insulted in my own house.'

Alice Mayne had by this time partly recover ed from the shock which Mrs. Leeds words had given her.

'You are so excited, Delia, child, you don't know what you are saying. Take off your bonnet now—sit right down here, and tell me all that has happened.'

And she stroked the soft brownish bands of hair that the wind had ruffled over the fair brow.

'I'll try to, Alice; but, you see I'm so completely overwhelmed by all I've passed through in the last twenty four hours, that I can hardly give a rational account of the matter.

'But to commence somewhere. I've thought for the last six months a change was coming over Harry, he's been so cold, and petulant, and indifferent to my wishes; and hasn't been in two nights of the week before eleven or twelve o'clock.

'I've talked and questioned and pouted and cried over it, but I couldn't get the least satisfaction from the gentleman, only cross words and surly looks, so I just made up my mind that marrying was a great disappointment, anyway, and must bear it as well as the rest of my sex.

'But yesterday Betty came to me with a very lugubrious face and told me that her sister, whose mistress lives next door to Mrs. West, had seen Mr. Leeds riding out twice during the last week with that lady. Just think of it! A woman I actually wouldn't be seen in the street with, after all the talk there's been about her; and to have Harry Leeds leave his own poor wife at home to take that widow out riding!

'Well, I questioned Betty awhile, and at last drew out the whole truth, that Harry was at Mrs. West's at least three evenings out of the week, and that Mrs. Graham, (my girl's sister's mistress) had talked about it together, until they'd grown real exasperated, and said there was that fascinating, unprincipled Mrs. West, trying to get another man's affections from his wife, and it was a burning shame, and they did pity Mrs. Leeds from the bottom of their hearts.

'Well, you know, Alice, I was never a jealous wife, but no woman worthy of the name could have borne this. I understood now what all those excuses of 'clubs,' and 'engagement,' and 'society meetings' meant, and that they'd completely blinded my eyes all this time. I never was so indignant in all my life. I cried one moment, and the next I put on my bonnet, and was just on the point of starting around to Mrs. West's, and giving her a piece of my mind.

'But I finally concluded to wait till Harry came to supper, but the gentleman didn't arrive until near ten o'clock, and I had all this time to think about the matter.

'Well, sir,' was my opening salutation, as he came into the sitting room, have you had a pleasant evening with Mrs. West?'

'He started and changed color. 'What do you mean about Mrs. West, Delia? I couldn't get home to-night, because I was deluged by some business of that miserable client of mine.'

'I believe that he told the truth this time, though of course I didn't tell him so. I merely replied that is Mrs. West would probably be anxious on account of his absence; he had best call around there, and relieve her at once by explaining the circumstances which occasioned it.'

'O Delia, Delia,' broke in Alice's reproachful voice, 'that was not the way to meet your husband, to make him sorry for the wrong he had done you.'

'Well, Alice Mayne,' with a flash from the blue eyes, would you have me endure such outrage without resenting it—surely, I should have been less than woman, if I had.'

'Are you sure of that, Delia? Doing this, might have been more than woman, without God's help.'

The words fell softly on the roused spirit of the little wife.

'Well, Alice, I never professed to be more than one, as you are; but Harry's reply to me was such a mixture of indifference and insult, that I could not bear any more, I, who was the aggrieved party, too.

'I turned right upon him, and told him that so long as I lived under his roof and bore his name, I would be treated with the respect and attention which a man owes his wife, unfortunate as I considered myself in occupying that relation toward him.'

'Did you say that?'

'To be sure, and very much more like it. I was scared when I got through, Harry had grown so white, but he answered:

'Your threats, madam, do not alarm me in the least, and your remaining here is a matter perfectly indifferent to me. One thing, however is certain; so long as I pay for this roof, I shall maintain my own right under it, to go and come just when and where I please, and that I shall in no wise hold myself responsible to you for any of my movements.'

'And he went out, slamming the door after him. That is the last I've seen of him, and the last I ever expect to.'

'You don't mean to say he's run off?' There was terrible alarm on the questioner's face.

'Oh, no; he came in last night about twelve o'clock. I had retired the most wretched of women, and of course I heard him, for I couldn't sleep, and he passed the night in the library. I wasn't down to breakfast until after he was gone.'

'And this is the end, Delia!'

She said the words slow and very mournfully, looking at the young wife.

'The end of all this—is that what you mean, Alice?'

'I mean the end of that joyous bridal eve I remember seven years ago in the late May—bridal I looked upon as supremely smiled on of Heaven and earth. Do you remember it, Delia, and how we stole away from all the guests, and walked up and down the garden in those great swathing bands of moonlight, and how you said to me, 'He is so handsome, so noble, so gifted—oh, Alice, I can't understand how he chose me above all the women in the world?'

'Don't talk of that time now, don't, Alice, or you'll drive me crazy!' There was a tremulous working of the lips.

'Well, I won't, then, but of another, a day I saw Harry for the first time after Delia Hope had promised to be his wife. I remember the information had taken me quite by surprise for you know that I had been at grandpa's most of the previous year, and knew nothing of what had transpired here until Harry wrote me so. On meeting him, my first words were—'Oh, Harry, you are sure you love her—sure you can make her happy?'

'Love her, Alice! She's the daintiest little angel that ever folded her wings around a man's heart. If I don't make her happy, I deserve to be cursed of God and man!'

'Did he say that? Did he say that?' asked Mrs. Leeds.

And now the tears were struggling out from her thick, brown lashes.

'Every word, Delia; and now, as I said, this is the end.'

'Well, it isn't my fault, Alice, I'm sure. I've loved Harry, and tried to make him happy, and if he hadn't said those things which have placed a great gulf between us———'

'And whose words widened the gulf?'

'Oh, Alice, you don't know how it is to be stung to madness, as I was last night, by neglect and contempt; by having your husband prefer the society of another woman to yourself.'

The fierce impetuosity had gone out of her tones now.

'But, dear, have you always done your duty in this thing? Have you always been the bright, sweet, loving, Delia Hope that he took to his heart and his home seven years ago?'

'Perhaps not, Alice, but I've meant to do right. And then Harry's disappointed me in many particulars. He's not so perfect as I thought he was; he's selfish and petulant.'

'But, dear, have you in any way assisted him to reform his faults and weakness, or have you reflected them? Is Harry Leeds a better, stronger, truer man for these years you have walked together, and for your influence over him?

The little wife's head drooped under the earnest, searching questions, and quick changes hurried over her cheeks.

'No, Alice, I don't beleieve he is a better man. I dare say it would have been well for us both if we had never looked in each other's faces.'

'But if it be so, it is your fault, Delia.'

'Oh, Alice, not mine only. You are too hard.'

She spoke in a meek, pleading tone, and altogether she was very unlike the roused, indignant woman of a half hour before.

'And now,' Alice went on, without heeding Mrs. Leed's remonstrance, 'because you have reflected Harry's faults, because you have not soothed his irritation, and strengthened him where he was weakest, and not continued by the sweet, loving words and ways which first won his love, to retain it; and because, with social instincts and susceptible temperament he has been drawn into the society of an artful, attractive woman, you are now going to leave him with ager and recrimination, when you know doing this will probably be the man's ruin, soul and body.'

'Oh, Alice!' and a shudder went over the little figure.

'I only say your own words, Delia. Oh, how will you answer to God for this day's work?'

'What in the world can I do, Alice—must I go home and submit to neglect and abuse?'

The tears were pouring down her cheeks, now, and she asked the question in a grieved, helpless tone, which must have touched any heart. Alice wound her arms around her friend.

'I would have you do this, darling: Go home, and endeavor to win back, by forbearance and forgiveness, by making yourself fair and lovely in word and deed before him, the lost tenderness of your husband.'

'I will try, Alice.'

'The Lord helping you, Delia.'

'The Lord helping me.'

She said the words in that humble, reverent tone which is the best prophecy of His doing this.

Harry Leeds was an orphan, and he had been the only pet and idol of his grandmother, and consequently a spoiled child. He had naturally a very fine character; he was talented, social, fascinating, and perhaps these qualities, which everybody so admired and loved, were the rocks on which there was the greatest danger of his character's being wrecked.

At the age of seventeen, he had passed a year at the parsonage, studying Latin with Parson Mayne, and the generous, noble-hearted boy had won the affection of the household, and a brother and sister intimacy had always existed between him and Alice.

Harry Leeds entered college, and soon after he had finished his professional studies, he became suddenly enamored of pretty little Delia Hope, the only daughter of a physician in an adjoining village. Delia, like himself, was a spoiled child, but with a warm, impulsive, impressive nature, though much indulgence had made her selfish and exacting. The two were married under peculiarly favorable auspices. Harry Leeds was rapidly rising in his profession. The families of both parties were in most comfortable circumstances, and the beautiful cottage home to which the young lawyer took his fair little bride had every adornment which wealth and taste could bestow upon it.

But, alas! alas! The character of neither husband nor wife had been 'tried' and disciplined, and when the time came which demanded on both sides something of self-conquest, and forbearance, and generosity, each was found wanting. Perhaps there was equal blame on either side, for both had been accustomed to having all things subordinated to their whims, and both were unconsciously selfish.

It is the history of so many ill-starred marriages. Each grew pettish, sullen, neglectful, and petty retort and recrimination succeeded, until there grew up a great coldness and indifference between these two solemnly bound together in the blessed covenant of marriage. Then Harry Leeds' young wife grew indifferent and exacting; and it was not strange that, with his social temperament, he sought the society of agreeable and fascinating women, until Delia certainly had cause to complain of his neglect.—And so, in blindness and folly they had gone on, sowing broadcast their seed for the future—sowing them in angry words and sour glances, in mutual recrimination, or days of sullenness, until these had suddenly blossomed and bore their fruit.

He started up and looked around him. He was lying on the bed in his own room, and then, as consciousness came slowly back to Harry Leeds, he groaned out sharply. Suddenly there dropped on his throbbing temples a hand cool and soft as a lily that has slept all night on still currents of water.

'Harry, my husband, can I do anything for you?'

He looked up quickly, and saw her sweet face bending over him.

It was very pale, but full of sorrowful tenderness and pity. Harry Leeds covered his face with his hands:

'Oh, Delia, do you know all?' he faltered.

'Everything, my darling,' and here the little fluttering hand stole about his neck.

'And you will look at me—speak to me again?'

'Look at you! Speak to you! Oh, Harry, God knows that I would gladly give up my life this very minute to save you!'

And Harry raised himself up, and drew down that fair face, drenched with tears, to his heart, and his own fell fast on the bright hair he stroked so tenderly.

'Tell me all about it, Delia.'

'It was last night about 10 o'clock, and I sat in the parlor all alone waiting for your return, and oh, Harry, I had been down into my heart, holding solemn counsel with it all day, and I was longing so for your footsteps, that I might rush up and run to you, and tell you I was sorry for all the foolish and angry words I had spoken in the morning, and putting my arms around your neck, beg you to take me back, for I loved you better than all the world beside. Suddenly, as I sat listening breathless, there was a hurried pull at the bell, and I rushed to the door, feeling certain that something had happened. They held you there, those two men, and oh! Harry, as the light fell on you, I thought ———'

She could not finish the sentence; she only clung to him and shuddered. And the young husband knew then that his wife loved him, as he had not known it in the days of their betrothal, or in the joy and peace of their early marriage.—And then, laying back for faintness on the pillows, Harry Leeds laid his inmost soul bare to the heart of his wife; and if shame or fear made him falter sometimes in the painful relation, the soft, fluttering fingers, which kept up their motion like a flock of white birds through his hair, gave him courage to proceed.

He had gone out from Delia's stinging, angry words that morning, a wretched, desperate man. The sullen hours went over him in his office, in which he tried vainly to rouse his will to some determined course of action; and at last, after dispatching his business, he went into a saloon, and attempted to drown mind and conscience in a glass of brandy. The young lawyer had one of those highly-wrought, nervous organizations, which stimulants at once excited to freenzy, and he remembered nothing subsequent to his dashing madly out of the saloon; but late in the evening he had been brought home by two of his neighbors, who had rescued him from a miserable drunken broil in the lower part of the city, with fearful gashes in his forehead, and bruises on his cheeks; and the great anguish of that moment had cleft its way to the living waters in the soul of Delia Leeds. The terrible remorse of the time when her soul oscillated between hope and fear for her husband's life, had accomplished a blessed work for the young wife; and she received the information that Harry lived, as a message from God, or as one takes back from the arms of death the beloved.—Harry was not so much injured as at first appeared. He was faint from loss of blood, and afterwards quite stupid from the effects of the spirits which he had taken; so it was not until the late morning that he had awakened to consciousness, with handkerchiefs bound about his head, and his bruised, swollen cheeks presenting a most repellant spectacle to all but the loving, sleepless eyes which had watched him throughout the night. And lying there, with her arms pillowing his head, Mr. and Mrs. Leeds renewed the vows of their betrothal; and Delia told to him of her visit to Alice Mayne, and how she had returned from the parsonage, resolving to be once more the angel of Harry's life.

'Oh, Delia, I am willing to endure all this pain and mortification, now it has brought back my little wife to her old place in my heart.'

'And Harry, you didn't love her as you did me, did you?' said Delia, with soft blushes fluttering up into her cheeks.

'Did you fear that for a moment, my dear child?' And he drew down her face fondly to his lips, and she was satisfied.

'Then you and Harry are happy, now, Delia?'

'Oh, so very happy, Alice, and we owe it all to you, for it was your words that morning which first sent me down into the silent places of my soul to take counsel with my life.' And there were tears in the eyes of the little wife.'

She sat in her friend's chamber that June afternoon amid flecks of sunshine and light, woodland breezes coming in from the open windows. Alice had not been well for a week or two, scarcely able to leave her chamber, and that old pallor had settled heavier about her lips—her lips that still wore their sweet, patient smile.

'It comforts me, darling, to hear you say those words, more than you can divine. They are such words as I should like to carry down into the valley of the shadow of death, feeling that my life here hadn't been altogether in vain.'

'Your life in vain? Oh, Alice, was there ever a woman's life so strewn with pure, and good, and noble deeds as yours has been?'

She lifted up her white hands deprecatingly.

'Don't—oh, don't, Delia! I don't deserve it.'

'Yes, you do, too. You ought to have heard what Harry said of you last night. Positively, if it had been any one else, I should have been jealous; and see here, Alice, this is our mutual gift, in memory, of—you understand.'

And she laid a small pearl jewel-case on her friend's lap. Alice took it up eagerly, and opened it. A beautifully executed locket and chatelaine flashed up to her from the snowy cushions.—She touched the spring, and the case flew back, revealing two exquisite daguerreotype likenesses of Harry and his wife.

'Oh, Delia!

'Turn it over, dear, and look on the outside.'

And amid the dainty carving of the case, the lady read—'To our sister Alice.'

'Delia, darling, I should like to have this buried with me.'

'Nonsense, Alice; don't talk about its being buried with you. You must live to wear it many a year.'

She shook her head slow and mournfully, and it struck Delia that she looked strangely white, and she rose and went towards her.

'Does anything ail you, Alice?'

'Yes. She drew her hand over her eyes. 'I can't see you, Delia, and—oh, dear! I can't breathe. Do lead me to the window.'

In great alarm, Mrs. Leeds put her arm around her friend, but a quick spasm convulsed Alice's features, and her head dropped forward.

'I am going Delia. You will comfort poor papa—and you will take charge of all my things here? I was prepared for this. There is a paper in the drawer which will inform you of all to whom I have left remembrances. Good bye now until we meet at home.'

Her head dropped lower as she faltered out the last words, another quick, light spasm, and the life of Alice Mayne went out—whither all lives must go, under the black arches, over the still waters of the river of Death.

Three weeks had passed, and, one day, with aching heart, and still tears dropping down her cheeks, Mrs. Leeds stood again in the west chamber of the little parsonage—the chamber that had once been Alice Mayne's, and that she had exchanged now for chambers whose walls were of agate, and whose columns were of pearl, and whose windows looked out on fair gardens, without fountains of sweet flowing waters, locked in by the shining hills of eternity. She was examining, in accordance with her friend's dying wish, the drawers where were carefully laid away her little wealth of treasures, graceful gifts, and tokens, which women usually gather about them. In one corner was a small glass box, containing some letters of Harry's written before his marriage—warm, free, gossipy letters, such as a brother might write to a loving sister. But there was one of a later date, containing only these words in Harry's handwriting:

'ALICE, DEAR SISTER:—Rejoice with me, for last night Delia Hope promised to be my wife.'

And underneath, in small, graceful chirography, ran a line—'Oh, God, temper thou the wind to thy shorn lamb.'

The paper dropped from Delia's hand, for these words sprung open a door closed and bolted in Alice's heart. She knew now why her friend had turned from all who would have approached her with that love which is so sweet to the heart of women, saying she had nothing but friendship to offer any man.

It was not strange that, brought as they were together, Alice Mayne's heart had recognized the charm of Harry Leeds' presence; and his wife felt almost like a guilty thing—as though she had claimed the right of another, and her husband belonged rather to Alice Mayne than to herself.

And then there came over her hushed soul the swell of holier thoughts. Was it not to Alice that she owned the joy and peace of her wedded life? And, kneeling down, the lady thanked God with many tears; and this knowledge that came to the husband and wife when Alice was an angel in Heaven, was a holy sacrament, keeping them, by the help of God, from temptation and delivering them from evil.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.—A great fear seems to have come over the spirit of the Grant men, and they pause on the imminent brink of a serious apprehension. It is not they doubt his eagerness to accept a nomination, but their ability to "deliver the goods." They have polled the sentiment of the country, and now find that it is not so much for Grant as they thought it was. The re action is healthy. The northern people feel grateful to their military chieftain, but there is no servility is the homage they pay him, nor is there any apparent intention on their part to do violence to the traditions of their country or even bend much less break our established customs to do special honor to this one man. The memory of Washington, though somewhat dormant in the American heart, is very easily awakened, and never was a comparison more odious than that which will be made, when forced, between the two men and their services. Not only has sudden fear come upon Grant's friends that they will not be able to elect him, or even carry the northern Republican States for him, but they fear the consequences of defeat to the fame he has already secured. He cannot afford to risk all on the hazard of a presidential vote, which, by going against him, must consign him to the limbo of history as one who overleaped himself by his vaulting ambition and falling on the other side not only sacrificed his past but his future. He is safe now, but as a defeated candidate for the third term his glory would be forever dimmed. In grasping for this and falling short in his reach he would lose all. Therefore, well may he pause on the brink and consider the consequences before stepping in, and his friends, too, may shudder at the dark prospect that opens before them and their chief instrument for the recovery of power and place, should the people fail to confirm their nomination, and by their indignant protest cut them and theirs off forever from the succession. That there is danger in this path we admit; but still we do not believe the warning will be sufficient to deter either Grant or his henchmen from the undertaking. In fact, they have so little to lose after all, and the prize is so rich, that, mere adventurers as they are, why should they halt to count the cost or hesitate to take the risk?—*The State.*

A little girl the other day referred to the mustache of a young man as a "bang" on his lip.—Pittsburg *Telegraph*. If she doesn't look out, one of these days she'll get a bang right under the nose.

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

Staunton Spectator.

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For the SPECTATOR.

ADRIFT.

BY BERTIE VALERE.

Adrift, on the ocean of life, I glide,
Knowing nor caring where I shall go.
Whether to silvery isles I ride,
Or am whirled into deepest woe.

Adrift on the ocean, no longer I steer
At the helm of my little boat,
Thinking not of the future, drear,
Recklessly down, I float.

Adrift, I reel as a drunken man,
And gaze on the dreamy past,
Enchanted by distance's fairy span,
The dream is too sweet to last.

Again, I turn to the future and find
Naught but a dreary sea,
And from its dangers, I turn me blind,
Nor care what they may be.

Adrift, I am floating with the tide,
On, over life's stormy sea,
Tempest and sunshine, alike, o'er it glide,
But they are naught to me.

"Adrift with the tide, it beareth me
On, on, I know not where,
To what fair scenes, or stormy sea,
I neither know, nor care."

A Jolly Old Bird.

A COCKATOO THAT HAS SEEN FIFTY-NINE NEW YEARS' DAYS.

[Philadelphia Record, December 31.]

Among the rare specimens of the animal creation at the Zoological Garden is a rose-crested cockatoo now in the sixtieth year of her age. The average age of the cockatoo is from eighteen to twenty years. Polly was formerly owned by Mr. J. J. Springer, of Lancaster, in whose possession she had been for many years. A reciprocal affection sprang up between the master and his pet which time and absence cannot conquer. In the spring of 1876 Mr. Springer decided to go abroad, so he decided to make a contribution of Polly to the Zoological Garden. The entry in the books at the Zoo reads thus: "April 23, 1876, rose-crested cockatoo, presented by J. J. Springer, Lancaster, Pa., known to be fifty-six years of age." Polly was assigned to her perch in the bird-house on the left side of the building as one enters the door, and may be remembered as the pure white parrot sitting alone on its perch unchained, while in near proximity to her are two colored parrots occupying the same perch and secured by a light chain. There Polly has sat for the last three years, being the observed and observer of thousands of spectators.

Among the visitors to the Zoo a few days since was her former owner, who had been absent from the country over three years. Taking the Superintendent with him, Mr. Springer proceeded to the bird house, confident that his old pet had not forgotten him, and with this faith in her constancy remarked to Mr. Brown: "I will show you that she has not forgotten me." On entering the bird-house, Mr. Springer took his station on the opposite to that occupied by Polly, where the bird could not see him, and then exclaimed: "Where is my Polly?"

Immediately the bird recognized the voice of her former master, became excited, walked back and forth on its perch, and replied by inquiring:—"Where's my pap?"

Then Mr. Springer went to his pet and the scene is described by those who witnessed it as the re-union of a parent and a lost child. The affectionate creature ran her bill through her old master's mustache, as she had been taught to do in the attempt to kiss him, rubbed her head against his cheek, then 'kissed' him again and nestled close to her old friend as if she feared she might again lose him. Then Mr. Springer tested her memory regarding the tricks he had taught her, which she performed with as much readiness as she did in other days.

"Polly, I have lost my pocket-book," said her old friend, after having secreted it, and then "Polly" flew around in search of it and finding the lost article returned with it in her bill, and having deposited it in her friend's hand expressed her joy in a hearty laugh. She whistled and danced and imitated the mewing of a kitten, the barking of a dog, the chirping of a chicken and whistled "Sweet Home." On Mr. Springer taking his leave of her she was only with difficulty prevented from following the master she loves so affectionately.

For the SPECTATOR.

Leaves and Legends.

BY W. T. HEATON.

SWEET SCENES.

"Sweet scenes, dear haunts that once I knew,
My heart yet fondly turns to you."

Sweet scenes of youth! How we love to dwell upon them and let our soul-thoughts wander back to the olden times, when the lode-star of our lives was the ambition to place our oars in the world's fierce flood and battle with the treacherous waves and quicksands of the sea of time. That—

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,"

is as true in regard to the evanescent shadows of the future, as it is when viewing the vistas of nature. And when we have entered the world's broad arena and find that—

"Life is real,"—

so real, it is then we look back upon the sweet scenes of our youth, with that longing that must have been in the mind of the poet when he wrote the words:—

"So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more."

There's the old mill, upon which the rust of years is gathered, and upon whose dripping wheel we have so often gazed, and likened it to the ceaseless circle of time; and though it is in ruins now, there hangs around it some memory of the by-gone time. The old churchyard, too, claims a place in our heart's fond memories, and we would recall the dear forms to life that repose in its hallowed tombs, if such were possible. But the winds as they croon around those gray old headstones, and through the lonely cedars, seem to chant the words:—

"Rest in peace, forever."

Then, there is the old home itself.—Oh! what thoughts come to us in the solemn night hours when pondering on the old home. It contains the hearth-stone around which mother, father, sister and brother—the family circle complete—have gathered in the by-gone hours, and where a—

"Thousand tho'ts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep.

From the old home we wander down to swift-flowing river, where joyous hours were spent in sailing upon its bosom, or in dreaming away the golden moments of our youth. But now as I gaze upon its silvery waves, I almost feel that I might lay me down in some ocean-bound barque, launch upon the tide, and, reposing my weary limbs, gaze upward to the far-off sky, and drift on and out forever.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Drain the liquor from two quarts of firm, plump oysters, mix with it a little teacupful of hot water and a little salt and pepper, and set over the fire in a saucepan. When it boils add a large cupful of rich milk. Let it boil up once, add the oysters, and let them boil five minutes. When they ruffle add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and the instant it is melted and well stirred in, take off the fire.

Words of love are works of love.