Congressional Library Washington D.C.

DAVID C. SHELTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
Will practice in the Courts of Maury and the adjoining Counties. Office second door from west corner, Whitthorne Block. [aug.25.

CHARLES CLEAR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Special attention given to the collection of claims. April 23,1y.

J. T. L. COCHRAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT
COLUMBIA, TENN.
March 17.

JOHN B. BOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Prompt attention given to Collections. de

A. M. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will attend all the Courts to be holden fo Maury and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—Whitthorne Block. [Feb24 '71

PILLOW & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining Counties. dec16-tf

HUGH T. GORDON. C. O. NICHOLSON.
GORDON & NICHOLSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, - - - - TENN
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
☞ Prompt attention given to collection of Claims
May 20, 1871.

W. VANCE THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office on Garden Street, nearly west and opposite Masonic Hall,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in Supreme and Federal Courts in Nashville, and in the Chancery and Circuit Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Feb. 5, 1869.-tf

G. P. FRIERSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in Lawyer's Block, West Market Street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. marl5y

K. P. CYPERT. Z. MACK CYPERT.
R. P. CYPERT & BRO.,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Waynesboro, Tennessee,
Will practice in the Circuit and Chancery Courts of Wayne and the adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Collections promptly attended to. Sept. 15.-tf

JOHN G. HORSLEY,
Justice of the Peace,
AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.
Columbia, Tenn.
Office in Masonic Hall.

W. C. DORSETT, M. D.,
Respectfully offers his Professional services—both SURGICALLY and MEDICALLY—to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
OFFICE—Opposite to the Masonic Hall, corner of West Main and Garden Streets, where he can be found night and day. [nov26, tf

H. S. COX,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Whitthorne Block
COLUMBIA, TENN.
July 19, '70

DR. J. P. HERNDON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office Photograph Gallery,
COLUMBIA, TENN.

DR. SAMUEL BICKNELL,
DENTIST.
Having permanently located in Columbia announces to the public that he is prepared to serve them in the various branches of Dentistry, in a skillful and scientific manner. His prices will be as moderate as circumstances will admit.
Office, in Whitthorne Block.
Jany. 14, 1870.

J. H. FUSSELL. H. W. STEELE
FUSSELL & STEELE,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
for the
SALE, PURCHASE AND RENTING
Of All Descriptions of Property,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Office—Whitthorne Block. oct21tf-4

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
PERIODICALS,
STATIONERY, WALL PAPER,
Window Shades, News, Notions, &c., at
W. H. ENGLE'S,
West Side Public Square,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

JACOB HARRIS,
TAILOR,
COLUMBIA, - - - - TENN.
Cutting done in the most fashionable manner, and warranted to fit.
Cleaning and Repairing done in an acceptable manner, on short notice.
☞ If you want a Suit handsomely made to order, bring me the cloth.
Shop—Two doors above the Nelson House
May 21, 1871. 1y.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Having refitted and taken charge of this Hotel, I solicit a share of public patronage. My table shall be supplied with the best the market affords. Lodgings clean and comfortable. Prices to suit the time.
July15—tf JAMES L. GUEST.

MARBLE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHARLEY,
At W. Bland's old Shop, on the Mt. Pleasant Pike, near the Institute, where I shall keep on hand
MONUMENTS
AND TOMBSTONES,
Work made to order, Ornamental or Plain. All work Warranted to give satisfaction. Limestone made to order. June 20-1y

JOHN C. LANCASTER, *Carpenter.* J. MACK CABLER, *Millwright.*
LANCASTER & CABLER,
CARPENTERS & MILLWRIGHTS.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Also agents for the American Turbine Water Wheel, the best brands of Bolting Cloth, all kinds of Mill Furnishing machinery, Belting, &c., &c., Saw Mills and Steam Engines.
aug 4—tf.

M. JOSPEH
Has this day opened a large stock of Fall and Winter goods, such as
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS,
FURS,
NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, &c., &c.
The most of my stock has been purchased before the advance in the eastern markets. Being determined to sustain the reputation of my house as the best and cheapest place to trade in, I promise my customers a bargain in every article in my line. M. JOSEPH.
Sept. 2.

R. ROSENTHAL & BRO.
Are now receiving their Fall Stock of
Staple and Fancy Goods,
Consisting of
Gent's Ladies' and Misses' SHOES, BLANKETS, SHAWLS, HATS, CAPS AND FURS.
Our Stock of
MEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR
Is the largest and most attractive ever brought to Columbia. We are daily receiving all the Goods in our line of trade, and offering them at prices to please.
EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH.
We have secured the services of Mr. HENRY CHOATE as Salesman, and he will be happy to wait on all who may give him a call.
Sept. 22. 3m

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
OFFERED TO THE LADIES
OF COLUMIBA AND MAURY
COUNTY, AND THEIR
SURROUNDINGS.
Thankful for the very liberal patronage of the past, and being desirous to retain the same,
MRS. M. RUTTLE
has just returned from the Eastern Markets, from which was selected a very choice and attractive stock of goods, consisting of
Ladies' Hats and Bonnets, of all the new makes, both French and American, suitable for the Fall & Winter Trade.
New Dress Goods, a great variety, such as SILKS.
JAPANESE SILKS,
IRISH POPLINS,
PLAIDS, striped and plain,
RESS POPLINS, all cheap.
FURS FOR LADIES' & MISSES
at such prices that all can buy.
LADIES' AND MISSES BOOTS & SHOES
Direct from the factories, new styles, and cheap
ALSO A LARGE LOT OF TOYS & PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
All of the above Goods were purchased for CASH AT REDUCED PRICES, and will be sold at the SMALLEST PROFITS FOR CASH.
Be sure to call and see us, as we will try and please you. It is no trouble to show our goods. Recollect the place. M. RUTTLE,
South side West Market St.,
Sept. 15.—3m. Columbia, Tenn.
P. S.—611 Bonnets and Hats shaped and trimmed to look like new.

WAGON!
WAGONS! WAGONS!
The attention of those desiring to purchase are invited to the fact that I am agent for the
OHIO FALL CO. WAGONS.
The best and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them.
I have also a large stock of
HARDWARE,
such as
HOES, SHOVELS, SPADES, AXES, &c.
Plow-Gear, Leather, Saddles, Bridles, Harness,
Saddler's and Shoe-Makers' Findings which I am selling
Very Cheap!
T. J. HELM.
Feb. 24, 1871.

FLOURING MILLS
FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRE TO DISPOSE of their Steam Flouring Mills at Pleasant Grove, immediately on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. The surrounding country is one of the finest wheat-growing sections in the State, and the best Southern markets are in easy and speedy connection. The Mills will be sold for money, on time, or real estate. Apply to DR. J. T. AKIN.

LAND POSTED.
The undersigned do hereby warn all persons not to hunt or otherwise trespass upon their premises. All offenders will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
E. C. ALEXANDER, JR.,
T. B. ALEXANDER,
G. W. ALEXANDER,
A. J. ALEXANDER,
REUBEN POLK.
June 1, 1871.

NOTICE.
HAVING DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP with Mr. Shirley, I would respectfully inform my old customers and the public generally, that I have moved my stock of Marble to South Main street, near the Square, where I will be pleased to see all who desire work in my line, and will furnish work
AT LOUISVILLE PRICES.
Shall always keep a lot of Designs on hand that will enable me to please the most fastidious. All work done promptly, and warranted to please. T. J. CANTERBURY.
Columbia, Jan. 20, 1871-1y

TEMPLE OF
Fashion!
Next door to Nelson House.
ESTATIC SHAVING.
HAIR CUT PHRENOLOGICALLY.
We Exhibit the Moral Intellect of Gentlemen.
GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN NEVER ENJOY good health while your head is thickly covered with hair. Therefore give us a call and we will save you a heavy doctor's bill, by giving you a handsome trim in the latest style.
Shampooing neatly done. Warm and cold Baths at any time.
Razors sharpened in the best order.
Remember the place: next door to Nelson House, Columbia, Tenn.
CAP HARDEMAN,
March 10, 1871. Proprietor.

J. P. CHOATE. BEN LIPSCOMB.
LIVERY & SALE
STABLE,
COLUMBIA, - - - - TENNESSEE.
W. C. Sheppard's Old Stand,
(OPPOSITE BANK OF COLUMBIA.)
WE TAKE PLEASURE IN SAYING TO the public that we have opened a Livery and Sale Stable at W. C. Sheppard's old stand, with an
ENTIRE NEW OUTFIT!
Our Buggies and Harness are NEW, and our Horses are the
Best to be had in the State.
We especially ask the people of Columbia to call and examine our stock, and the citizens of the county to see how well we are prepared to feed their horses. All we ask of the people is to give us a trial. [Feb24 '71-1y

NEW
Family Grocery!
JOSEPH N. WALKER,
Has just opened a Variety Store upon the NORTH WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, In the house formerly occupied by M. Joseph as a Clothing Store.
Families can here find everything they need in the supply line, which I will take great pleasure in delivering to their homes, free of charge, to any point within the corporate limits. Vegetables of all kinds, from our own and the Northern market.
Fruit, green and dried, Fresh Butter and Eggs, Poultry, Flour, Meal, Shorts, Bran, Bacon,
LEGAL TENDER AND COUNTRY HAMS,
UBS, BUCKETS,
Tinware, Nails, Confectioneries,
AND
HEAVY GROCERIES.
And a great many things too tedious to mention, but no trouble to show to those who call upon us whether they buy or not. I have the best article of Coal Oil in the city.

J. R. LAMB, *Established 1852.* L. A. BOYD.
LAMB & BOYD,
Manufacturers of
Furniture, Sash
DOORS AND BLINDS,
Also, dealers in
Mattresses, Spring Bed Bottoms and Chairs.
All our work Warranted to be of Good Material and by the Best Workmen.
We wish to call your especial attention to the superior
WOODEN CASES & CASKETS
That we have on hand and are constantly making. We challenge the world to produce anything superior either in Workmanship, Style or Durability. Call and see for yourselves, and be convinced that we can make a FINER and MORE DURABLE Wooden Coffin than is made North of the Ohio River. and
By Buying from Us You Stop Your Money at Home!
We also deal in the Best
METALIC CASES AND CASKETS,
Made by the celebrated house of Crane, Breed & Co., Cincinnati, O.
Everything sold Low to suit the times
Orders from a distance solicited and promptly attended to [May20.

WM. MARSHALL. F. A. LEONHARD.
THE
Columbia Foundry
WILL BE KEPT IN FULL BLAST DURING THE YEAR 1871, BY
Marshall & Co.
WE WOULD INFORM OUR FRIENDS and the Public that we are in readiness, as heretofore, to do repairing on all kinds of machinery, from a steam engine down to a corn mill. We keep on hand and continue making all descriptions of
Castings in Iron and Brass,
Such as
MACHINERY CASTINGS.
For which purpose we have a large stock of patterns, and are prepared to make others when required. Also, a large variety of
HOLLOW WARE, IRON FENCING, GRATE BARS AND GIN GEARING.
We will sell all our work and do all repairing at
NASHVILLE PRICES.
For the same kind and quality of work, for CASH AND CASH ONLY, or the same amount in iron or brass, which we will take the same as cash in exchange for work or ware. We are compelled to adopt this plan in self-defence, as we cannot sustain our business otherwise. A word to the wise is sufficient, therefore, don't ask us for credit during the year 1871. Come and see us and give us a trial before you go to Nashville and pay the same prices, with freight and expence added.
All parties indebted to us for the year 1870 will please come forward and settle before January 15th, or they will find their bills in the hands of an officer after that date.
Shop near R. R. Depot, Columbia, Tenn.
Dec23

PATENT
SILVER MOULD WHITE WIRE
CLOTHES LINE!
To the Ladies of Maury and Adjoining Counties:
WE ASK THE PRIVILEGE OF SOLICITING your attention to our new quality of Clothes-Line Wire, manufactured in such a manner, of white metallic substance, that it is prevented from ever corroding or changing from its beautiful white color during a long number of years. We guarantee it to be perpetually infallible against rust, and after you have used it we are confident that you will concur with the statements of thousands of families loud in its praise who have it in use.
The following are the advantages gained by using these Patent White Wire Clothes Lines:
1st. They are truly an ornament wherever placed, always retaining their shining whiteness, are forever clean and never have to be taken in, no matter what the weather may be, water or frost cannot effect them.
2d. The durability of this Wire Line is one of the greatest considerations, as it will last from thirty to fifty years, and during that time you will wear out a great many common lines, besides being obliged to put up with an immense amount of trouble with them.
3d. After it is put up and wiped off it is always clean, while a rope line is more or less exposed to dust and dirt and must be washed before it is used or it will soil the clothes.
4th. By actual experience it is found to be by far the cheapest clothes line, besides its great convenience. This will last a lifetime.
5th. You can never hang it too heavily with clothes.
6th. Another of the chief advantages of this line over the rope line is, that clothes of any kind will not freeze to it in cold weather, and the finest fabrics can be removed at any time with out injury. A rope line will always absorb more or less moisture from the clothes, and in cold weather will freeze through and through, and thin articles cannot be removed without a liability of tearing them. While the wire being of a pure metallic substance does not absorb the slightest moisture, consequently there cannot be frost enough formed to cause an adhesion, and even the finest gauze can be removed from the line without injuring it in the least.
7th. The alkalies now being used in the patent soaps have not the least effect on the White Wire Lines. They dry quick and escape.
8th. It will save you its price in saving you time and trouble every six months you own it.
9th. It never will break and drop clothes into the mud. The old rope line is frequently the cause of a whole day extra washing. This one thing alone is enough to condemn the old style of lines forever, and call into requisition an article that is free from all such provoking annoyances, something strong, clean and durable. Get the Patent Everlasting White Wire Line, then you have it right.
Price 3 cents per foot.
G. W. KING & Co., Manufacturers, Phil'a.
For sale in Columbia by S. JORDAN
Feb12-tf At MARTIN & PICKARD'S.

LIPSCOMB BROTHERS,
GROCERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
Keep on hand all kinds Field Seed at very low prices.
Everything New—Everything bought low for Cash and everything sold low
FOR CASH.
Oct, 27. 1871-1y.

TO TRAVELLERS.
THE NELSON HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
H. EDSALL, - - - - PROPRIETOR.
Keeps good tables, clean and comfortable beds and rooms, and the best of servants, all at moderate prices. [nov. 18, '70.

NOTICE.
The undersigned hereby give notice that all persons are forbidden to hunt or otherwise trespass upon their lands; any person so hunting or trespassing will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
JOHN H. BROWN,
M. K. BROWN,
CALADONIA BROWN,
H. A. BROWN,
W. H. HILLIARD.
Oct 27.

COLUMBIA HERALD.

Alfred S. Horsley. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER 17, 1871. VOL. XVII.---NO. 14.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year!
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befel;
Before me, even is behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How cold, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air,
Some what of the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

Barque by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braves the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outling heart of youth,
The pleasant song in the ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear grow dull to hear,
Make clear still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

[JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE THIRD BRIDAL.

"Harry, who do you think is to be married next week?" said Mrs. LeGrange, a beautiful woman about twenty-three years of age, as she sat with her husband in a cosy dining-room, partaking of the delicious repast before them, chatting affectionately at the same time. "Their cards arrived this morning, inviting us to be present at both ceremony, and breakfast. I am sure you will be surprised to know the name of the bride. Can you guess it?"

"Not unless it prove to be Carrie Staunton," replied the husband smilingly.

"You are very far from being correct. Why, it is no other than your old friend, Louise Pennel. Just think! after all her seeming attachment to her husband, she has only waited two years, and is now to marry William Wilmarth. Is it not disgraceful?"

"Why, no, Ida, I see nothing disgraceful in it. Two years I think quite sufficient to live alone. To me a second marriage proves love and happiness to have existed in the first," returned LeGrange.

"Oh, Harry, how can you say so? The bare idea of a second marriage is revolting. Do you think, with all my love for you, our five years' happy married life, our perfect congeniality of disposition, that were you to die I could so far forget as to allow another man to call me wife?"

"My dear, I know full well your true affection for your husband; yet since you really ask my opinion, be not offended if I speak candidly. I feel then assured that my Ida's loving little heart would pine and grieve for a while yet, for the very reason that you possess an uncommonly affectionate disposition, that your heart would turn to some sympathizing person, and you in time would love him."

"Never! never! Even the lapse of ten years would bring no consolation. But I should not care to live that length of time without you, Harry."

So saying, Harry rose from the table, and, passing to his wife, he pressed a loving kiss upon her lips, then turned to hasten to his office.

"Stay yet a little while, Harry. You have made me so uncomfortably blue with your improbabilities that I dread your leaving me."

"Only for an hour. Ida, to meet a gentleman by appointment. I will return as soon as possible, and to make amends for the 'improbabilities' will take you to the opera this evening. So be ready."

As he left her Ida turned to the window, where, as she watched his commanding figure far down the street, she murmured: "Dear husband, how much I love him! He only said I would marry again to tease me, I never would."

"Ida," said LeGrange, one morning, about three months later, as he returned from the office at an unusual hour, and passed hurriedly into the sitting room. "I have some good and bad news to tell you."

"What is it, dear? You surprise me," returned she, trembling as she received his accustomed kiss. "If both good and bad are to be related, give the good first."

"Well, then, I have just received a letter, giving me the agreeable information that I am the heir to £10,000, left me by a bachelor uncle, brother of my father, for whom I was named. As the old gentleman died suddenly last week, I am to receive the legacy immediately."

"This is, indeed, pleasant intelligence, and I rejoice at your good fortune. Now for the other communication; I hope it is nothing dreadful."

"Not so very," said the young man, passing his arm around her, and drawing her to a seat beside him on the sofa. "But I am sorry to be obliged to leave for a few weeks. Mr. Martin, the writer of the letter, wishes me to start immediately for Leeds, as my presence is absolutely necessary in settling the business. Mr. Tremaine, my partner, also urges me to go, as I can at the same time attend to the collection of some money due to the firm, and thus save sending another messenger."

"Oh, Harry, how can I part from you?" exclaimed the affectionate wife, as she leaned her head against his shoulder to hide the tears that would fill her eyes, notwithstanding her struggles to repress them.

"I will hurry back, Ida, and will write almost every day. Then your mother and sister Lily can stay with you while I am gone. Be a brave little woman now, and help arrange my trunk, for I must leave by the evening train."

"So soon? Oh, Harry, this is dreadful!" Then, seeing a look of anxiety float over the face she loved so truly, she exerted a strong will, and in a few moments was ready for action.

All too soon, the hour of separation came; and, as the poor young wife clung to her husband in parting, and received his last loving kiss, then heard the carriage drive from the door, she rushed to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed wept long and unrestrainedly.

Weeks passed on, cheered by daily letters from the absent; and Ida began to count the days that must intervene before his return. His account of his travels had been glowing and interesting; his words of devoted love had pleased and cheered her, while his business had nearly all been satisfactorily arranged, only one single item being left for attention; and then he wrote: "I shall turn my face homeward and once more be happy by the side of my own dear wife."

This letter arrived one clear, cold Wednesday in March; and, with a radiant face and beaming eye, Ida communicated the tidings to Mrs. Linden, her mother; then, humming a lively tune, she proceeded to some little wifely preparation and surprises with which to welcome her wanderer. So the day passed—Mrs. Linden enjoying the rich sallies and little Lily partaking of the general joy; when suddenly, as they sat at the tea-table, they were startled by a quick ring at the door-bell, and in a moment a telegraphic dispatch was placed in the hands of Mrs. LeGrange. With trembling fingers she opened it, and read: "Mr. LeGrange lies dangerously ill at the Union Hotel. Wife and partner come immediately."

With a cry of agony the frightened wife handed the paper to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh mother, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Stop my child; be not overcome. Tell Margaret to run to Mr. Tremaine's house, and ask him to come to us quickly as possible."

A brief space only intervened before the partner of Mr. LeGrange entered, and was made acquainted with the sad intelligence. He immediately offered to accompany Ida to the side of her suffering husband; and as we had some little preparations to make, it was decided to leave town next day. At eight o'clock, then, the following morning, Ida and Mr. Tremaine sat waiting for the carriage which was to convey them to the station, when, just as it whirled around the corner, approaching the house, another telegraphic dispatch was placed in the hands of the poor young wife. Turning deadly pale, she glanced at its contents, then uttered one piercing cry and sank senseless to the floor. Picking up the paper she had dropped, the mother read aloud the fatal words, while Mr. Tremaine raised the insensible form before him and laid it upon the sofa. The words were these: "The Union Hotel at Leeds was burned last night. Two gentlemen perished in the flames—Mr. LeGrange one of them."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed; "this is too horrible to be true. There may be some mistake. I will hasten on to see." Thus saying, the young man sprang into the carriage and drove rapidly out of sight, while Mrs. Linden applied herself to the restoration of her child.

* * * * *

"Can I see Mrs. LeGrange?" asked Mr. Tremaine, a few days later, as with a sad countenance he rang the bell of that handsome residence, into whose love-girdled rooms he was now to bring woe of the darkest kind.

The first look at the distressed face of Mr. Tremaine extinguished the last ray of hope from poor Ida's heart; and, burying her face upon the pillow of the lounge on which she reclined, she exclaimed, "My dear, dear Harry! Oh! can it be possible that he is no more?"

Very tenderly Mr. Tremaine, amid her bursting sobs, related all the particulars he could gather of the dreadful conflagration. It seems the fire broke out in the lower part of the hotel about 2 o'clock in the morning, while the inmates were wrapt in their deepest slumber. With much difficulty the inmates were saved, and after all were supposed to be rescued, while the flames were raging furiously, fearful screams were heard, and then, for the first time, two very sick men were remembered; but, notwithstanding every effort was made for their rescue, it was of no avail, and they must have perished. Many rumors, however, were circulated, and among others, that a fireman was seen leaving the building with an inanimate form in his arms; but as nothing was again heard to confirm the report, it proved, of course, to be untrue. Now the stern reality stared them in the face. Harry LeGrange was dead, and Ida was a desolate widow.

Fourteen months have rolled onward—it is now June—yet Mrs. LeGrange still mourned. Nothing that her mother could think of had been spared to divert her mind from her loss; but it all seemed vain, and daily her sinking frame and languid eye told of her early death, if not aroused from her deep-seated lethargy. The family physician finally had advised Mrs. Linden to travel with her daughter, as nothing but an entire change of scene could save her from a settled decline. Mrs. Linden could scarcely see how this could be accomplished, as she felt it impossible for herself to leave home; she therefore resolved to consult Mr. Tremaine, who, throughout their affliction, had proved their adviser and friend.

Mr. Tremaine called that evening, and as Mrs. Linden saw him alone, Ida being too unwell to appear, she communicated the physician's opinion and asked his advice in regard to further proceedings.

"My dear madam," was his sympathizing reply, "I think I am just the person to assist you. I have long contemplated a tour to the East with my only sister, whom Mrs. LeGrange has often met. If she will join us it will be a benefit to Mary and a great pleasure to myself. We can make preparations to leave by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, which sails in a fortnight."

Mrs. Linden gladly accepted the proposal, and after much persuasion, Ida was induced to give a reluctant consent. Hasty preparations were made, and by the middle of June the farewells had been spoken, and Mr. Tremaine, with his sister and friend, were speeding away from Southampton toward the distant land they sought. Their voyage was prosperous and pleasant, and the sea atmosphere quite refreshed the languid frame of our invalid. Mr. Tremaine proved kind and tender as a brother, while Mary soon won for herself a firm place in the affections of the young widow by her unceasing sympathy and care. At length the shores of Egypt appeared in sight, and soon their willing feet toughed the soil made welcome after their voyage upon the ocean,

We will not linger to describe their travels through the East, nor tell of the pleasure with which they explored the justly celebrated scenes of Palestine, but will only add that the balmy air of the Levant fully restored the rosy glow of health to the widow's cheek, while her dreamy hazel eyes once more sparkled with animation and hope.

When again, however, they found themselves upon a steamer, gliding rapidly over the waters toward their native shores, Mr. Tremaine and Mary felt that they were amply repaid for their care by the new-found peace of mind of their friend.

It was a clear moonlight evening in September when, upon a lonely portion of the deck, two young people might have been seen engaged in earnest conversation.

"Nay, do not draw away your hand, and look so pale at my words of love. Surely you can trust my affection; then give me some little hope of return. Speak, Ida, to relieve my suspense, and promise to be mine."

A long pause followed these pleading words, then faltering ly she answered: "My dear friend, I cannot tell what all these strange emotions mean that are swelling my heart. I did not dream that I could ever think of another but—but—"

"Nay, do not pause now—a rather let me proceed for you. Your lonely affectionate heart needs rest and love, and where could it find a more fitting shrine than with one who loved and prized your husband? Could Harry look upon us now from heaven, he would not withhold you from me. Will you not, then, love and bless me forever?"

"Oh, Tremaine, how can I say no when my whole heart murmurs yes?" was the low reply.

* * * * *

Three months more we will allow to pass before we again resume our story, and this time we will recommence it by paying a visit to Harry's widowed mother. We find her dressed in the deepest mourning, about entering the parlor to see a gentleman who had sent up a card bearing the name of Henry Noel. She did not recognize the name as among her acquaintances, so, without delay, she descended to meet him.

"Excuse me, madam, for intruding upon your time," said the stranger, advancing to meet her as she entered; but having been acquainted with your son many years since, and hearing of the sad accident that befell him, I could not pass through London without calling to ask the particulars of his death."

"I am most happy to meet one deeply interested in the story;" so much so that his earnest blue eyes scarcely left her face.

"Only a wife! She, poor thing, seemed to sink entirely beneath the blow. For fifteen months we thought she was going into a decline; but she recovered, and was married four weeks ago to Mr. Tremaine, poor Harry's partner. But, sir, you are ill!" exclaimed the good woman, seeing Mr. Noel stagger to a seat; for he had risen during the story, and was standing close at her side.

Once more a whole year passes before we enter Mrs. Tremaine's parlor; but we start back in surprise at seeing her dressed in black. Yes, poor Tremaine is no more. Only a few months after his marriage a slight cold, which he neglected, brought on a serious illness, which proved fatal, notwithstanding all the assiduous nursing and delicate attentions of a truly devoted wife.

Poor Ida was again left desolate and sad, the second time mourning the loss of a tender and loving husband. Hers had indeed had been a strange and eventful life!

"Mrs. Tremaine, allow me to introduce you to a friend of mine—Mr. Henry Noel."

These words were uttered by Charles Wood, a cousin of Ida's, as he entered the cheerfully lighted parlor one evening, about nine months after her husband's death, followed by the same gentleman, who nearly two years before, had called upon Mrs. LeGrange. This person had become acquainted with Wood through some business transaction, and from him had requested an introduction to Harry's widow.

Notwithstanding all Ida's afflictions, she was still very beautiful. The deep black she wore only set off to greater perfection her clear and delicate complexion; the pensiveness lingering in her full hazel eyes heightening her beauty; while her luxuriant brown hair, from which several natural ringlets always fell, and her sweet smile, were still as captivating as ever. She appeared to perfect advantage this evening, as she strove to entertain one who had known and loved her never-forgotten Harry; and she could not repress a deep interest in him, as he had evidently met with misfortune. Then this stranger was very entertaining, while the delicate attention of a true gentleman to the gentler sex he knew well how to render. The evening seemed very short, and when he arose to depart she gave him a cordial invitation to visit her again.

This invitation he remembered, and in a few days presented himself at the house of the fascinating young widow. After this he was often with Ida, who seemed from the first to be strangely drawn toward her new friend. She could not account for the interest she felt daily growing upon her, unless it were caused by a slight resemblance she saw in his dear blue eyes to her lost Harry. There the resemblance ceased, he being a much stouter man than her husband, sporting a splendid long and thick beard, while Harry's cheeks and lips were always free and well shaved.

Weeks sped onward, Mr. Noel almost daily finding his way to Ida's house, where he cheered the loneliness of all—even Mrs. Linden and Lily becoming deeply attached to the pleasing, intelligent and highly cultivated man.

Why linger thus in disclosing a fact which had become evident to all? Mr. Noel was certainly very particular in his attentions to Ida, and she was certainly fast transferring her attentions to his keeping. Mrs. Linden was not, then, very much surprised when Ida announced to her that she had accepted his offered hand, and would soon, a third time, become a happy wife.

Mr. Noel proved to be a very impatient lover. Passionately fond of the beautiful woman he had surely won, he would listen to no delay; and just one year after the death of Tremaine, a select company was gathered to witness her third bridal. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, the same pastor who had twice before united her in the holy bonds of matrimony, and now revealed to her the name of her new husband.

"Harry, Harry!" interrupted the trembling bride, as she clung pale and excitedly to the form that supported her; while the cry, "Harry, my son! my son!" was echoed on the other side by an old woman, who darted forward and clasped her arms around the speaker's neck.

"Yes, dear ones, yes! I am Harry LeGrange, said the young man pressing them both to his bosom, "Oh, mother, it has been a cruel separation, but my whole life shall make amends for the past."

Then came Harry's story. He had been rescued from the flames by a fireman, but not until he had nearly perished; and it was almost two years before he became sufficiently restored to his own mind to remember who and what he was. He had then called on his mother, under the assumed name of Noel, and the events above related had transpired.

"My dear wife," said this happy husband, after the dispersion of their guests, "do you remember a conversation we had on the occasion of Louise Wilmarth's wedding, how you solemnly affirmed that were I to be taken from you, you would never marry again, no never.

"Forgive me, Harry; I little understood then the dreary horror of having no one to love."

"Yet you then thought you could not live without me, even though a man with a killing pair of whiskers presented himself. How is this? The third man you selected had even these abominable appendages!"

"But I saw in him a resemblance to my own Harry; that must be my excuse."

"My own wife, may you never again be so cruelly tried!" murmured LeGrange, as he pressed her still closer to his heart. "Thank Heaven, you are restored to me, never, except by death, to be parted."

The latest style of headdress for a bride is a wreath composed of small white ostrich tips, instead of orange blossoms, which have become as old-fashioned and hackneyed as the "Wedding March" itself.

Amazing [illegible] recovered by the Michigan fire was Holland City, a strong [illegible] with Dutch [illegible] faith. Their [illegible] beau [illegible] characters were swept away.

FASHION.

A Departure, not of Parisian Origin, in the World of Fashion this Winter.

The approach of dark, damp and chilly days has turned the attention of our modistes to ladies' apparel of a comfortable as well as attractive sort for the winter months. Paris is no longer able to dictate the fashions of the world. This is peculiarly true of the western world, where we have inaugurated and maintained successfully fashions of our own that are not only the equals of those of Paris origin, but far excel them in the great feature of true taste, originality and adaptability to our wants. It adds considerably to our respectability and dignity to be able to dictate our own fashions. If there is a valid reason why Europe should not receive their fashions from us, as well as receiving their victuals and most of their valuable ideas, we would like to know it.

THE POLONAISE.

As a rule, winter and fall costumes including polonaise as a jacket or a casaque as a cape, made of the same material. Nevertheless, every body insists on having a black out of something that can be worn with everything and anything. A full dress article of this kind, that cannot be worn on everything, is a velvet polonaise, quilted and lined with mauve silk. It forms overskirt and bodice in one, as it did when original Poles skated through cracoviennes with more spirit than they do now. Only it is looped up elaborately with artistic loops and tassels, and is trimmed with lace.

The prevailing tints will be sober. A rich brown in hats and gloves seems to be accepted as a general rule. This style in colors are to be as Laertes expresses it, "rich, not gaudy," The simple *dictum* of the

PRINCESS OF THE MODE

in regard to the *tout ensemble* of ladies' winter apparel, is liberal in its terms, and allows much freedom to the individual choice.

FROM PARIS

we have what is most likely to be generally adopted. A black corded silk *redingote*, or Franklin coat, is made with tails, flaps and deep pockets, also a gentlemanly vest in front. It is wonderful how this overcoat changes a woman. There are many different ways of wearing it, too. If it is trimmed with spirals of black or white lace, which fall over the wrists, around the pockets, down the front and tails, it is obvious that a lady with an eye-glass on and half top boots, scarcely any width of petticoat, and a chimney-pot hat, will look neither like a man nor a woman. If she turns back the tails she will look like one of the line with a good march before him. If she wears the tails parted behind, she will look like an elderly party who is always warming his shins at the parlor fire.

These positions are all false. Those who cannot resist a Franklin should wear it a la Vicar of Wakefield—in a straightforward, fatherly style—and, above all things, should put very few essentials in the tail pockets. It is as much out of place to see a lady dive down behind for her smelling-bottle as it would be to see a clergyman in the pulpit produce a fan from under his canonicals. Paris will not be able to coerce our ladies into an adoption of these fantastics without a better reason than that of giving extra work to the mantua-makers. We are free; and the withering glories and collapsed power of the French capital will fail to thrust between us and our better taste a deformity like that described.

A NEW THING.

The newest fashion—and it can be full dress or demi-toilet, according to the selection made of material and trimming—is the sleeveless jacket, with overcape. It is made of velvet, cloth and black cassimere. The cape is open down the back; therefore, the handsomest part of these "collets" is behind. In this, Fashion, with her usual perception, only turns a cold shoulder to the times, which is backward. In other respects she take the lead. She is doing this very largely in peculiar drab serge, in which a great deal of flax is mixed with the wool, to prevent that clinging, adhering effect which is objectionable in the daily walks of life, and when the wind blows. It makes up very richly. It is worked with two harmonious shades of drab and mouse gray, a floral pattern being preferred, especially white thorn and myrtle, the blossoms being whitish drab. A bodice and overskirt and "collet" are all that is required, the under-petticoat being either claret or maroon, dark grass green or black corded silk. A deep fringe of the mixed shades trims the cape.

DEMI-TOILETS.

The richest demi-toilets are made of satin delain. Some have a stripe, which is glossy as silk, on a dull ground of the same tint. Others are all satin delain cloth, and the prettiest are all green and dark chestnut. The petticoat to either of these is trimmed with a wide band of darker velvet, and the overskirt with two deep braids, but put on circular fashion. The velvet figures a square on the bosom. Stout figures should avoid these new circular velvet trimmings. Sleeves are all pagodas, or tight to the elbow, and are made with a flounce.

An Egyptian Sand Storm.

A traveler writes of his experience in Egypt as follows:

"We hired donkeys at the station to go to the site of Memphis, five miles distant. Before starting we noticed that the sun was clouded in, and to me it seemed that a rain storm was coming up. But it very rarely rains in Egypt, and to those familiar with the climate the signs indicated