

The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME V.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1862.

NUMBER 17.

The Republican,

Is Published every Thursday,
At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE:
In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

Terms of Subscription.
To office and mail-subscribers \$1.00 per annum,
in advance. When sent by the carrier, Fifty Cents additional
will be charged on regular rates.

Rates of Advertising.
(Twelve lines or less considered as a Square.)

	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	1 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One Square	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$10.00
Half Square	.50	.75	1.00	1.50	2.50	5.00
Third Square	.33	.50	.66	1.00	1.66	3.33
Fourth Square	.25	.37	.50	.75	1.25	2.50
Fifth Square	.20	.30	.40	.60	1.00	2.00
Sixth Square	.16	.25	.33	.50	.83	1.66
Seventh Square	.14	.21	.28	.42	.71	1.42
Eighth Square	.12	.18	.24	.36	.60	1.20
Ninth Square	.11	.16	.22	.33	.55	1.11
Tenth Square	.10	.15	.20	.30	.50	1.00

The privileges of yearly advertisers will be
conferred only on their business, and all other ad-
vertisements not pertaining to their regular business,
to be paid for extra.

All legal advertisements charged at the statute
prices.

All transient advertisements to be paid for in
advance.

For ADVERTISING TERMS WILL BE STRICTLY AD-
HERED TO.

For ADVERTISING TERMS WILL BE STRICTLY AD-
HERED TO.

Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. H. GAGE,
Notary Public, and Agent for Phoenix, Manhattan
and Irving Fire Insurance Companies. Will at-
tend to all kinds of Conveyancing. Particular
attention paid to collections of Sundry's Bonities
and Penalties. Charges reasonable and all busi-
ness attended to promptly. Office with James
Sullivan. nov12-31

C. T. LEE,
Special Agent for the collection of all kinds of
War Claims. All kinds of Conveyancing done
with dispatch. Will give his immediate attention
to the collection of claims from the State. All
business promptly attended to. Office with
James Sullivan, second floor, Jones' Brick
Block. nov12-31

C. M. ODELL, M. D.,
Osteopathic Physician, Surgeon
and Obstetrician.
Having bought out Dr. Harkness and taking his
practice, feels happy to say to the citizens of
Dowagiac and vicinity, that he is prepared to
practice his Profession in all its branches. He
also keeps Medicines by the case or single phial
for sale and Family Guides. Office over the
Center Market. Dowagiac, January 28th, 1861. jan21-41

H. PORTER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Alward's Book Store, Dowagiac, Mich.
P. S. Street. Residence first door below the
Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac,
Mich. nov24-31

W. H. CAMPBELL,
Notary Public, and Agent for all kinds of Con-
veyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.
nov24-31

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in
Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front
Street. nov24-31

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in
Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich. nov24-31

MERCHANDISE.
GEORGE SMITH,
Tailor. Shop one door east of Howard & Com-
stock's. Cutting and making done to order,
and warranted to fit. nov24-31

G. C. JONES & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front
Street, Dowagiac, Mich. nov24-31

D. LARZELERE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints
and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street,
Dowagiac, Mich. nov24-31

A. N. ALWARD,
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals,
Wall Paper, and all kinds of Printing, Paper,
Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dowagiac, Mich. nov24-31

MISCELLANEOUS.
P. D. BECKWITH,
Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine
Shop at the foot of Front street, near the rail-
road bridge, Dowagiac, Mich. nov24-31

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich.
Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and
Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and
Stamp Bonds, and Taxes in all parts of the
State. nov24-31

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
Corner Randolph and Wells Streets,
CHICAGO. ILL.
BOARD \$1.50 PER DAY.
B. H. SKINNER, PROPRIETOR.
aug1-7-03

UNION HOTEL,
M. J. BALDWIN, PROPRIETOR.
CASSAPOLIS, MICHIGAN.
Good accommodations for men and beast.
Served by the day and week.

CHARLES FRITZ,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
WOULD inform the citizens of Dowagiac and
the surrounding country, that he has loca-
ted at
DOWAGIAC, FRONT STREET.

Next door to Huntington's Drug Store.
Having had ten years experience in two of the best
shops in the City of New York, he feels no
hesitation in assuring the public that any
thing in his line will be done in a
SUPERIOR MANNER.

Particular attention paid to Repairs, Chromo-
meters and fine work of all kinds.
Work done promptly and Warranted.
Dowagiac, February 1st, 1862. feb1-41

MILK. MILK.
THE subscriber would hereby inform the citi-
zens of Dowagiac, that he is prepared to
furnish MILK to all who will patronize him.
Pure Milk is Warranted.
RUSSELL MCKEE,
Dowagiac, Jan. 2, 1862. jan2-31

A GOOD Supply of CANDY and NUTS at the
Bakery.
A. G. TOWNSEND.

MORTGAGE SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the eighth day
of August, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, William Scrib-
ner, made, executed and delivered to the under-
signed, a mortgage bearing date on that day,
on the following described real estate, to-
wiz: The south half of the south-east
quarter of section eight. Also the south half of the
south-west quarter of section nine, all in
township seven south, of range fifteen west, which
description conforms substantially with that con-
tained in the mortgage which mortgage was con-
ditioned for the payment of the sum of one hundred
and ninety-eight dollars and fifty-eight cents, to be
paid in six months from the date of said mortgage
with interest.

And that said mortgage contained a power of
sale in case of the non-payment of said principal
or of the interest thereon, or any part thereof at
the time limited for the payment thereof.

And that said mortgage was duly received for
record, in the office of the Register of Deeds of the
County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, on the
fifth day of August, A. D. 1860, at 3 o'clock, P.
M. and was recorded in book J of mortgages on
pages 609 and 610. And that default in the con-
dition of said mortgage has occurred, (by which the
said power of sale has become operative) by the
non-payment of the whole of said principal and
the interest thereon, which now amounts to the sum
of two hundred and twenty-six dollars and seven-
ty-five cents, the amount which is to be due by
the said Reuben Town, on the date of this notice;
And that no suit or proceeding at law or in
equity has been instituted to recover the said
debt, now remaining secured by the said mortgage,
or any part thereof. And further notice is hereby
given, in pursuance of the power of sale con-
tained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such
case made and provided, that the said mortgage pre-
mises shall be sold by public vendue at the village
of Cassopolis in said county of Cass, at the Court
House being the place of holding the circuit
Court within said county in which said premises
are situated, to-wiz: at the hour of one o'clock in the
afternoon of the twenty-fifth day of October, A. D. 1862,
at the front door of the Court House in the village
of Cassopolis in said county of Cass, to the highest
bidder, to satisfy the amount due on such mortgage
at the date of amount and costs and charges law-
fully incurred, and the attorney fees mentioned
therein.

REUBEN TOWN, Mortgagee.
B. T. CURRIE, Attorney.
Dated July 30, 1862. July 31-15w13

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition
of a certain mortgage bearing date of October, A. D.
1860, and recorded on the thirtieth day of October,
A. D. 1860, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of
said County of Cass, in Liber K of Mortgages,
on pages 609 and 610, said mortgage, there is
declared to be due at the date of this notice, the
sum of six hundred and fifteen dollars and seven-
ty-five cents, the amount which is to be due by the
said Reuben Town, on the date of this notice; and
that no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has
been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof.
Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue
of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, now
become operative, and in pursuance of the statute
in such case made and provided, the premises
thereby secured, to-wiz: the south-east quarter of
the south-east quarter, and the east half of the
north-east quarter of section eight, south of range
fifteen west, in the County of Cass, and State of
Michigan, will be sold by public vendue at the
front door of the Court House in the village of
Cassopolis in said County of Cass, on the twenty-fifth
day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon,
to the highest bidder, to satisfy the amount due on
said mortgage at the date of amount and costs and
charges lawfully incurred, and the attorney fees
mentioned therein.

DANIEL DIHNKE, Mortgagee.
Assew J. Noy, Attorney.
Dated, this 21st day of July, A. D. 1862. July 21-14w13

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—
S. A. a session of the Probate Court for the
County of Cass, held at the Probate Office, in
Cassopolis, on Tuesday the twenty-second day of
July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and
sixty-two. Present—Clifford Shanahan, Judge of
Probate. In the matter of the estate of Sylvester
Shanahan, deceased. On reading and filing the
petition of the said Sylvester Shanahan, for
proof of will of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the
third day of August next, at ten o'clock, in the
forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said
petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased,
and all other persons interested in said estate,
are required to appear at a session of said Court,
then to be held at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis,
and show cause, if any there be, why the
petition of the said Sylvester Shanahan should not
be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner
give notice to the persons interested in said estate,
of the time and place of said hearing, and the hearing
thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper
printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for
three successive weeks previous to said day of
hearing.

[A true copy.]
JULY 22, 1862. C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate. aug2-14w3

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—
S. A. a session of the Probate Court for the
County of Cass, held at the Probate Office, in
Cassopolis, on Monday the fourth day of August
in the year one thousand eight hundred and
sixty-two. Present—Clifford Shanahan, Judge of
Probate. In the matter of the estate of Martin F.
Ormsby, deceased. On reading and filing the peti-
tion of the said Martin F. Ormsby, for probate of
will of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the
third day of August next, at ten o'clock, in the
forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said
petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased,
and all other persons interested in said estate,
are required to appear at a session of said Court,
then to be held at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis,
and show cause, if any there be, why the
petition of the said Martin F. Ormsby should not
be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner
give notice to the persons interested in said estate,
of the time and place of said hearing, and the hearing
thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be pub-
lished in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper
printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for
three successive weeks previous to said day of
hearing.

[A true copy.]
AUGUST 4, 1862. C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate. aug5-14w3

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment
of three hundred and eighty-one dollars and
sixty cents, claimed to be due at the date of this
notice, on the mortgage bearing date of January
fourteenth, 1861, executed by Jacob J. Tallman and Electa J.
Tallman, his wife, to Joseph Bowen, and recorded January
fourteenth, 1861, in the office of the Register of
Deeds of Cass County, Michigan, in Liber K of
Mortgages, on pages two hundred and five and two
hundred and six. Therefore notice is hereby given,
that the premises described therein, to-wiz: The
south-east quarter of the north-west quarter of
section nine, in township seven, south of range
fifteen west, in the County of Cass and State
of Michigan, will be sold at the Court House in
Cassopolis, in said county, on the eighteenth day
of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

JOSEPH BOWEN, Mortgagee.
CARL W. CLARK, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Dated, Cassopolis, May 25, 1862. may25-31

GUARDIAN SALE.

A license granted by Clifford Shanahan, Judge
of the Probate Court for the County of Cass and
State of Michigan, to the undersigned, to sell at public
vendue: The west half of the north-west quarter
of section nine, in township seven, south of range
fifteen west, in the County of Cass, Michigan, con-
taining eighty acres of land, on Saturday, the thirtieth
day of August next, between the hour of nine
o'clock, A. M., and the setting of the sun, on the
premises above described, as the property of
Maxwell Zane, a minor.

July 12, 1862. ISAIAH ZANE, Guardian. July 17-12w3

EAGLE HOTEL.

CASSAPOLIS, MICH.
THE undersigned has just opened this house for
the accommodation of the public. It has
been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished
from parlor to kitchen. Mr. Costard intends to
keep a first class hotel, and will use every endeavor
to please. Friends to suit the house.
O. S. CUSTARD.
Cassopolis August 1st, 1862.

Imperishable.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry:
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high;
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a true, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling word of sympathy,
We feel but never tell.
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounded high,
In an unfeeling record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

The Mystery of the Library.

No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret life is thrown;
No outward sign reveals its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus like the spark whose vivid light
In the dark film is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.

—Mrs. Howland.

"What have you concealed there?"
I said, taking hold of the heavy silk
drapery attached to a rose-wood cor-
nice, and falling in graceful folds to the
floor.

"Lillian! Lillian! don't raise it!" ex-
claimed Mrs. Thornton, springing from
the easy chair, in which she had been
reclining with the listlessness of a
dreaming child, and darting to my side
she pressed so heavily against the veil
that I could plainly discern the outlines
of a picture frame.

"A picture!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I
must see it, for I can never rest where
there is anything mysterious."

"But this you cannot—must not
see."

I did not reply, for having been an
inmate of the house only a week, and
this being my first visit to the library,
I did not give utterance to the thoughts
which rushed through my mind. Per-
haps Mrs. Thornton divined my thoughts,
for she said:

"You are to have access to this li-
brary at all times, every book is at your
service and you are at liberty, even to
rummage the drawers and pigeon holes
of the desk, if your curiosity demands
it; but you must not look beneath that
veil that hides this picture;" and her
pale lips trembled, her dark, expressive
eyes were fixed upon mine.

"Just one glance," I said pleadingly;
but she moved her head negatively,
and I went on. "How can I study
with that mystery ever before me, and
then, too, I shall never sleep soundly
again, but dream the livelong night of
this mystical veil, and that it hides
some strange, weird image; or worse,
become a somnambulist and frighten
every servant who happens to fear
ghosts, from the premises, by my mid-
night explorations and wanderings."

"No eye but mine ever looks upon
this veiled picture. It is sacred, for it
is the only relic I have preserved of my
past life; all that I have to remind me
of happy days too bright to last—or a
brief picture when life's pathway was
strewn with flowers, and I dreamed not
that beneath those fair, perfumed flow-
ers, petals, sharp, piercing thorns were
hidden. Her face was pale as death,
and those deep dark eyes moist with
tears.

I saw that her heart was pained;
that willing from memory's tomb came
painful remembrance, and truly peni-
tent, I said: Forgive my thoughtless
words, and I promise never to raise the
veil from this picture, nor pain you by
my questions."

An intense smile stole over her pale
features, and kissing my cheek, she
murmured, "Dear child, perhaps some
day I may lift the veil and tell you all."

Then turning away to hide her tears,
left me standing before the picture.

It was rather curious how I came to
be a dweller in the house of Mrs. Thor-
nton. Two years before, when but four-
teen years old, I came to New Haven
to attend school, and soon after my
father leaving home for Europe, where
he expected to remain three years, in-
trusted me to the guardianship of Mr.
Howe, an old friend of his college days.

It was at the house of Mr. Howe that
I first met Mrs. Thornton. She went
but little into society, and my guardi-
an's was one of the few families she
visited. Her pale, expressive face at-
tracted me, and then, too, there was an
indefinable something in her dark,
liquid eyes, now so sad, and glowing
with an intense smile, that woke an an-
swering echo in my young heart. She
always called me to her side to ask me
about my studies, and when a new
book was announced which she thought
would be suitable for me to read, she
placed it in my hand with my name
engraved on the fly leaf in her own
hand writing. Was it strange that my
heart warmed toward her; that her
coming was looked forward to with
pleasure, or that I often begged for the
privilege of visiting her, in her quiet,
pleasant home. My visits were not
very frequent; and when there, we sat
in her boudoir, which was fitted
up with artistic taste, and having never
been admitted to the library I had
never seen the veiled picture.

I had a pleasant home with Mr.
Howe's people, yet it was a glad sur-
prise when he said that I could board
with Mrs. Thornton, if I wished and
thought I could be happy there. Mrs.
Thornton had proposed it, as Mr.
Howe's folks had anticipated being ab-
sent from the city most of the summer,
and the next Sunday I removed to her
home.

It was my first holiday in my new
home, and I had gone to the library
with Mrs. Thornton to select a book
when on passing around, my eyes fell
upon the silk drapery lining the walls
in the further corner, and was about
to draw it aside, when her exclamation
prevented it. I had promised not to look
beneath the mysterious folds of the silk-
en veil, yet I was not satisfied, curi-
osity prompted me to try to catch a hasty
glimpse when Mrs. Thornton was oc-
cupied, but honor forbade.

Summer and autumn passed, and the
long winter evenings were spent in the
cozy, cheerful library; and though I
cast many a furtive glance toward the
veiled picture I dared not question Mrs.
Thornton, and began to despair of the
dawning of that day when she would
relate the history of that picture. It
was a mild evening in spring, and we
were sitting before the grate in the li-
brary. I watched the first dimming
coals that had burned low, while Mrs.
Thornton with closed eyes, sat near in
the easy chair. My reverie was broken
by the tremulous tones of her voice.

"Lillian do you remember your
mother?"

Then I answered that, though I
turned leaf after leaf of memory's
book, yet I could leave no record of a
mother's love. She died when I was
about two years old yet my father had
been kind and as far as possible filled
the place of both father and mother.
My childhood has passed happily; my
father was friend and instructor, and
my first great grief had been when I
was sent to school and my father sailed
to Europe.

"Was your mother's name Lillian?"
and here was something in the tone of
her voice that startled me.

"Her name was Flora—Flora May.
Was it not a sweet name?"

"Very pretty," and the glowing in-
tensity of her eye, as I met its gaze,
made my very heart throb with a
strange sensation.

"I can't tell where she was buried.
Once when I asked my father, he said
it was far away, and we would go to
the place of my birth when I was older.
My father was so lonely after mother's
death that he sold his home in New
York and removed to Ohio. I have
no recollection of my first home, but
shall ask my dear father to take me
there before we return to Ohio."

"And your father loved his wife?"

"What a strange question," I said.
Yet she appeared to have spoken
without thought. "If he had not
loved her, her do you think he would
have remained true to her memory fif-
teen years?"

"I have the headache and shall re-
tire," Mrs. Thornton said, rising; and
coming to my side, she kissed me ten-
derly, and with a flushed cheek, quick-
ly left the library.

For a long time I sat gazing into the
dying coals. Were her questions the
music key that had unlocked the closet
where the memories of my childhood
were stored? I could not tell. Yet
there came a dim remembrance of a
time when I was playing alone in the
garden and a strange face peered into
mine, as some one clasping me into her
arms kissed me again and again, while
my face was wet with tears. I never

knew whence she came or whither she
went, and it seemed strange that dim
memory should come back then. It
passed, and a bright dream flitted be-
fore my waking vision—my father
would return in a few months; he
would meet Mrs. Thornton; she was
so gentle and winning he would not fail
to be pleased with her, and I might be
permitted to call her mother.

My hand was on the knob to open
the door, but I hesitated. It was late,
and the house was still. How easy it
would be to solve the mystery, and Mrs.
Thornton never knew it. For months
that veiled picture had haunted my
waking and sleeping visions, why
should I longer perplex my mind with
vain conjecture; and crossing the li-
brary, I placed the lamp so its light
would fall directly upon the picture.
Was it the rustling of the silk or the
faint echo of gentle footsteps that
startled me; but listening intently, I
found all silent within and without.

Al! it was the whispering of the still,
small voice, and should I heed its promp-
tings? She would not know it, curi-
osity whispered, so I raised the veil; but
as my eye caught a glimpse of the
gilded frame the drapery fell from my
hand! I remembered the promise
never to raise that veil, and I turned
away wondering why so costly a frame
was hidden under those dark folds.

From that night the mystery of the
library deepened. I had a nervous
dread of being left alone with that
veiled picture and my imaginative mind
pictured a scene of horror that would
thrill every nerve in me and freeze my
very heart's blood!

My father returned, and when I told
him how kind Mrs. Thornton had been,
he called to thank her in person, but
she was ill and could not leave her
room. Wondering what could agitate
her so, I returned to my father, saying
she would be better in a day or two, and
he must not leave the city until he had
seen her. But he was firm in his de-
cision to leave the next day, and I must
accompany him. Then I expressed a
wish to visit my mother's grave. He
drew me to his side, and with his arm
encircling me, and my head resting
upon his bosom, told me of my mother.

To him the memory of the past was
painful, and I mingled my tears with
those of my father, while again I
seemed to hear that strange voice and
see those strange eyes peering into
mine.

In two hours I would leave my kind
friend, and I was going without the
mystery of the library being solved; so
I ventured to hint that, when I came
to visit her the next year, I hoped to
see the veiled picture unveiled. She
did not reply, but taking my hand, led
me to the library. She would tell me
all she said, for, perhaps, we might
never meet again.

Mrs. Thornton told her story briefly.
She was the only child of wealthy pa-
rents, and married at the age of nine-
teen. For three years she was happy
in the pleasant home to which her
hand took her; then a cloud of mid-
night darkness overshadowed that
home. Some one envying her, circula-
ted reports injurious to her reputation,
and these coming to her husband's ear,
he, being naturally of a jealous dispo-
sition, believed them. The wife loved
her husband devotedly, and being inno-
cent, how could she bear patiently his
taunts and uncalled for surveillance?

So she proposed returning to her pa-
rental home, and the husband said, go,
only she must leave her child. She
did go, and three years after, her pa-
rents being dead, she went to Europe,
where she remained eight years. Re-
turning to America, she came to New
Haven, where, under the assumed name
of Thornton, she had since resided.

Once she visited the home of her hus-
band during his absence, and bribing
the housekeeper by the present of a
well filled purse, procured his portrait;
and in all her wanderings it had been
her companion, though closely veiled,
lest some one should recognize it, and
thus her early history be food for idle
gossip. Then, too, she had seen her
child, and for a brief moment pressed
it to her bosom, but words could not
express the agony of her breaking
heart as she turned away from her
child.

"Your husband's name," I said, sink-
ing at her feet and gazing wonderingly
into her pale face and the dark, liquid
eyes, bent so lovingly upon me, for a
new strange hope made my heart throb
wildly.

"I cannot repeat his name, but you
may look upon his counterpart," she
said, rising.

Slowly, almost reverently, she put
back the folds of that silken veil, while

I stood half breathless before her.
Was it a dream, or was it reality?
There was no mistaking that likeness;
and involuntarily the words, "My
father!" burst from my lips. Then,
like a swiftly moving panorama, it all
passed before my mind and throwing
my arms around her neck, I said:
"My mother—my long lost mother!"

My father told me all yesterday," said
I, when I had become more calm. "He
learned the reports were without founda-
tion, and hearing you had gone to
Europe, for three years he has sought
you there, and now his heart is very
sad because he can find no trace of you.
Will you see him?"

She did not reply, but I read her an-
swer in the beaming eye, and hastily
donning bonnet and mantle, ran to the
hotel. I surprised my father by run-
ning breathlessly into the room.

"Come with me; Mrs