THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOL. 8. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. No. 30.—WHOLE No. 394

Attorneys at Law

JAMES H. McHATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo., will attend promptly to business confided to him in Lafayette county. Special attention given to collections. Office in building of Saving's Bank, opposite Court-house. fe22-1y

WILLIAM WALKER. RICHARD FIELD.

WALKER & FIELD,

ATTORNEYS at Law, Lexington, Missouri. Office over Morrison's bank. aug3-1y

W. T. & T. C. WOOD,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. T. C. Wood Notary Public. Office, one door east of Aull Savings Bank, 2d story, Lexington, Mo. sept1tf

JOHN F. RYLAND. JOHN S. RYLAND.

RYLAND & SON,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, No. 67 Main st., over the store of Kneberg & Jennings. Practice in all the courts of this and adjacent counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State, or District Court of the United States. Collections made. ju5 1y

J. S. BLACKWELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Wellington, Missouri, will practice in all the courts, and give prompt attention to collections. 422tf

GEO. S. RATHBUN. ALEX. GRAVES.

RATHBUN & GRAVES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, District and U. S. Courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office: Main street, over Kriehn's shoe store. de11y1

RICHARD A. COLLINS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Waverly, Mo. Will practice his profession in all the courts of the State of Missouri. Collections made throughout the States. april7

TILTON DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. E pecial attention given to the collection of ebts, investigation and Perfection o Land Titles, and to Criminal and Real Estate Litigation generally, in Lafayette and adjoining counties. Office at Sawyer's old stand, corner of Main and Broadway streets. july11tfem

A. F. ALEXANDER. WM. H. CHILES.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Will also attend promptly to the collection of Claims, and to cases arising under the Bankrupt Law. Office over the new Banking House of Wm. Morrison & Co. oc24ly

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DR. JOHN L. DOGGETT,

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Refers to Mr. M. A. Brown, Dr. J. N. Dunlap, Miami, Mo.; Hon. A. G. Hutt, Troy, Mo.; I. C. Wright, Esq., Saline county, Mo.; and to his patients wherever he has practiced. m27-1y

DR. PETER TEMPLE,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

AT HIS OLD STAND,

Cedar Street, near Franklin,

junes28tf LEXINGTON, MO

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They will give special attention to Chronic Disorders. They will, in all cases, consider their fees due when the services are rendered, and will collect as soon thereafter as they may deem advisable.

☞All persons indebted to the late firm of Drs. Small & Chambers, or to any member of the above firm are respectfully invited, and earnestly urged to settle immediately. junelly

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Hotels, Etc.

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m822-1y WM. LONG, Proprietor.

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TWO blocks west of Depot. Newly furnished and neatly fitted up. Fine Bar and Billiard Hall attached. oc26y1

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BROADWAY, LEXINGTON, MO.

ALL kinds of job work, repairing, &c., promptly attended to, and satisfaction given. Prices as low as the lowest.

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A specialty. Repairs for Cooking and Heating Stoves on hand, or furnished at short notice. My friends will confer a favor on me by giving me their patronage. When absent from the shop, orders left with my brother, J. A. Graham, will receive prompt attention.

aug23-y1 GARLAND C. GRAHAM.

L. A. BROWN, | W. W. PARKE, | JAS. P. PORTER, Notary Public.

BROWN, PORTER & CO.,

GENERAL REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE & COLLECTING AGENTS,

MOBERLY, MO.

ALL business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. Office, corner Reed and Williams street. oc26y1

Educational.

LEXINGTON MALE INSTITUTE.

Rev. Rowland Doggett, A. M., Prin.

THE first term will be opened in the commodious building, known as the Russell mansion, (late Christian Institute) on South street, MONDAY, SEPT. 1, 1873.

Every facility will be offered boys and young men to prepare for the advanced classes in college, as well as for the active business operations of life. Ample accommodations for boarders.

The scholastic year will be divided into two terms of five months each.

TERMS:

Board, including furnished room, fuel and lights, per term	$80
Tuition for primary branches	15
For intermediate	20
For advanced	25
Incidental fee for boarders	2
For day scholars	1

Bills payable per term, in advance. julily1

BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE,

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

A. F. Fleet, A.M., Prest.

(Late Prof. Greek and German and Acting President William Jewell College.)

THE next annual session will begin MONDAY, SEPT. 1, 1873., and end Thursday, June 6, 1874.

Situated in one of the healthiest towns in the West, easily accessible by railroad and steamboat from all parts the state, in the midst of a highly cultivated and refined community, provided with a corps of eight experienced and accomplished teachers, with ample and elegant accommodations for fifty boarders, this institution offers to young ladies the highest advantages for an education, both solid and ornamental.

TERMS: Board, including furnished room, fuel and lights, per session of forty weeks, $180; washing seventy-five cents per dozen; tuition in collegiate department, $50; in academic, $40; in preparatory, $35; lessons on piano, organ or guitar, (with use of instrument) $60.

Bills payable semi-annually in advance.

For Catalogues or further information address the President, Lexington, Mo. july5y1

Insurance.

LAFAYETTE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Lexington, Mo.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS,

JANUARY 5, 1873,

$119,313.08.

INSURES ONLY AGAINST THE PERILS OF NAVIGATION AND INLAND TRANSPORTATION.

William Morrison, President.
Edward Winsor, Secretary.
John W. Waddell, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN W. WADDELL, ROBERT HALE, JOHN H. ARDINGER, BENJ. MARSHALL, WM. MORRISON, A. V. ROBINSON, ROBERT BUXTON, Malta Bend, L. W. WERNWAG, Berlin, ARNOLD T. WINSOR, Waverly.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT STATE OF MO. St. Louis, Feb. 22, 1873.

E. Winsor, Esq., Secretary Lafayette Insurance Company, Lexington, Missouri.

DEAR SIR: The annual statement of the Lafayette Insurance Company for the year ending December 31st, 1872, was filed in this office on the 3rd inst., and is considered satisfactory evidence of the solvency of the company.

Respectfully,

mar1-m9 MILES SELLS, Supt.

Books.

BOOK HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

LEXINGTON, MO.

McKEE & AUSTIN,

(Successors to Wm. J. Pigott.)

DEALERS IN

SCHOOL, Classical, Poetical, Law, Scientific, Medical, Romances, Juvenile, Travels, Toy and Miscellaneous. **BOOKS**

ALSO DEALERS IN

Cap, Legal, Bill, Mourning, Envelope, Post-Office, Oil, Record, Printing, Blotting, Drawing, Wrapping, Wall, Gilt, Note, Letter, Tissue, Tracing and Marbled papers. **PAPERS**

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CARDS,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

HYMN BOOKS, Methodist Episcopal, South; Methodist Episcopal, North; Presbyterian O. S.; Presbyterian N. S.; Baptist, Cumberland Presbyterian, Christian.

FAMILY AND POCKET BIBLES.

BLANK BOOKS.

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Piano and Sheet Music, Band and Church Music Books.

Martin's Guitars, Violins, Flutes, Instruments for Bands at Eastern prices.

Books not in store ordered when wanted. All books sold at Catalogue prices.

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Singer's Standard Sewing Machine.

☞Sole Agents for the celebrated Whitney & Holmes' Organ. Each instrument warranted, and sold on time.

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sept20ly McKEE & AUSTIN.

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POWELL'S RESTAURANT,

COMBINING

GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' EATING SALOONS,

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MEALS at all hours of the day and night.

Every luxury the country affords, at home or abroad, always on hand, daintily prepared and served in the most elegant style. Attentive lady waiters.

Meals at Lower Rates than any Other House in the City.

Also, an elegant saloon exclusively for ladies, or gentlemen accompanied by ladies, where meals are furnished at short notice in the best possible manner.

Finest Baltimore oysters constantly on hand in season. Families supplied with the freshest in the market at lowest prices. oct4-1y

Boots and Shoes.

DAVIS & ALLSTADT

Are Selling the Celebrated

Byrnes Shoes.

They warrant every pair. Ladies, try them They are equal to the celebrated Burt Shoes in quality and style.

Farmers,

If you want the best and cheapest Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gloves, etc., in this market, go to

DAVIS & ALLSTADT,

Opposite the Court-House.

Call early, and get bargains.

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Shelves are packed and crammed to overflowing with the best and neatest-fitting

SHOES

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DEPOSITARY AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

G. C. ALEXANDER,

—DEALER IN—

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The attention of the Ladies is called to his fine and varied stock of Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions carefully compounded. jan11-1y

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G. C. ALEXANDER

Jan11-73

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TO-DAY.

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FINE CLOTHING,
CHEAP CLOTHING,
WELL-MADE CLOTHING,
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

Clothing for the Merchant,
Clothing for the Farmer,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
Clothing for the Million.

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FROM

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BECAUSE

The people know that he sells the very best goods at the lowest possible prices.

GREAT FALL AND WINTER OPENING.

Don't wait till all the handsomest garments are gone.

Sinauer

HAS

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING EVER INTRODUCED IN THIS CITY.

Come, one and all,
Long men and small,
Short ones and tall,
From palace and hall,
Or kennel and stall;
On SINAUER call,
For coat, pants or shawl,
Or a furry over-all.

oct4-1y

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Manufacturers of

CIGARS,

AND DEALERS IN CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO,

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

jan26-1y

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LIME! LIME!

ON HAND AT ALL TIMES,

AT 75cts PER BARREL MEASURE.

June28m5 JOHN D. WRIGHT.

RICHMOND, POTOMAC AND FREDERICKSBURG R. R. COMPANY.

OFFICE OF GENERAL TICKET AND FREIGHT AGENT, Richmond, Va., June 17, 1873. SCHEDULE OF TRAINS.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

Up day mail leaves Byrd-street station at 6:40 a. m.

Up night mail leaves Byrd-street station at 9:40 p. m. (except Sunday).

Up accommodation leaves Broad-street station at 6 p. m. (except Sundays).

Down day mail arrives at Byrd-street station at 1:00 p. m.

Down night mail arrives at Byrd-street station at 4:40 a. m. (except on Mondays).

Down accommodation train arrives at Broad-street station at 8:37 a. m. (except on Sundays).

Freight trains leave Broad-street station on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:45 a. m., connecting at Quantico with the Alexandria and Fredericksburg railway. Returning, arrive at Broad-street station on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4:40 p. m.

By order of General Superintendent.

J. B. GENTRY.

sept13tf General Ticket and Freight Agent.

Lexington Caucasian.

Largest Local and a General Circulation, extending over all the States and Territories,

Going to a Larger Number of Postoffices than any other Paper in Missouri.

By DONAN & NESBITT.

P. DONAN, A. S. KIEROLF, } EDITORS.
C. J. NESBITT,.....BUSINESS MANAGER

A LOVE STORY.

[From an Exchange.]

"When the sun sets, to-morrow, be at the stile, by the cross-road."

The people were pouring out of church. The organist was playing some sad, fitful chords, something from "The Messiah;" and under cover of their melting sweetness, the audacious whisperer bent forward and made this appointment.

The two girls were walking down the aisle side by side. Dora Stevens, for whom the whisper was presumably intended, glanced up a mute look of assent, through her golden curls. But it chanced that Bella Lawrence heard it, too, and a dark cloud drifted over the sunshine of her face; her little hand clenched itself spasmodically under the rich lace of her shawl. After a hard-drawn breath she fell back a step, and glanced coldly over her shoulder into the gentleman's face. He was holding his hat in his gloved hand, and he bowed ceremoniously as his eyes met her.

"Good morning, Miss Lawrence," he said, distantly, but Miss Lawrence held out a tiny hand, which he could not do otherwise than take.

He released it immediately, not withstanding its clinging touch, but the little hand was not to be so repulsed. It fluttered to his arm, and rested there. They were standing very close together in the narrow aisle.

"There is such a crowd," murmured Bella, "and these people never mind where they put their feet. I am sure my flounces are in rags."

Dean Hastings probably anathematized first the crowd and next the cherished lace flounces, as Dora Stevens looked back and saw him coming down the steps with his beautiful heiress hanging on his arm in that frightened, appealing manner. But Dora only smiled and nodded brightly as she went on her way. It was not till many days after that she recalled that significant scene.

Each of these three people, when once in the open air, went their way homeward in the mellow and bright October sunshine. They were quiet enough to all outward appearances, but when in her own room Bella Lawrence threw her hat from her, and grasped at the lace collar around her throat as if it were choking her. She paced up and down the floor with clenched hands until she was worn out, then pausing before the pier-glass she bent forward and looked at herself long and earnestly.

"Youth and beauty," she murmured. "It is said that youth and beauty will work wonders for the possessor. But what have they done for me? They cannot win for me the love I want; the love he gives to that pale, spiritless working-girl. Pah! it makes me sick to think of her." She threw out her arms with a passionate gesture of sorrow. "Dean, Dean! I love you! I love you!" she cried. "Why do you not see it? or do you see it? and is it because of your contempt for me that you turn away so cold and unmoved?" She struck her hand passionately on the marble slab, and though the bruised flesh turned purple she never once felt the pain. "He, too, shall suffer!" she cried. "Let him take care!" The face at which she looked in the glass was far less than it had been a moment since, when the tender mood was on her. Her great, dark eyes flashed fiercely, a hot flush burned on her soft, round, olive cheeks, and through her full red lips her narrow, sharp-pointed white teeth gleamed vindictively. It was no fable that in her school-days she had been nicknamed "The Cat," and that her companions had given her full credit for all of a cat's spiteful nature when angered. She walked to the window and stood looking thoughtfully out. What a lovely scene it was. The house was on the out-skirts of the town, and hill and vale stretched out before her, and waving woodland, tinted with autumn's unrivaled colors. Along the line of the river spires and clustered chimneys marked the site of her father's factories—milestones on the road to wealth. "It is all mine," she murmured. "It will be mine in time, and I would give it all to him with this"—she lifted her diamond-circled hand. "I would give it to him, and he rejects it." Then her quick mood changed again. The flush died out of her cheeks, her head dropped, and tears crowded into her proud, dark eyes. "Dean, Dean, I would give you the tenderest, truest love a woman ever proffered. Oh, why do you despise it?"

There came a light rap at the door.

"Miss Bella, your father is asking for you in the library."

And five minutes afterward Bella went down the stairs, pondering, with gathered brows and her finger on her lip. * * * *

Do you think the Father of all Wickedness is in league with such of his children as would forward his evil designs on earth? Does he make the way smooth for them when they abandon themselves to working out their fierce passions of hatred and revenge? Our forefathers used to believe much in these alliances of earth and the devil; and though our modern philosophy rejects much that our ancestors taught in such stern faith, yet we are at times fain to believe that though the devil may not be in league against us, the good angel which we love to think watches over us is at times far off from us—very, very far off from us.

The next morning, at a late hour, Miss Bella Lawrence walked into the great counting-room of Lawrence & Lawrence. Her father was not in, but Dean Hastings, the chief clerk, was at his desk. It was no uncommon thing for the beautiful daughter of his employer, to bring her sunny smile thither, lighting up the walls and passages consecrated to Mammon. She came quietly up, unmindful of the admiring glances bestowed upon her by the junior clerks, and Dean rose and stood with a certain cold air of respect to receive her.

"Papa is unable to come out this morning, Mr. Hastings; he is confined to his room with the gout, and he has sent me with a message."

Her voice was as distant as his look, while she stood before him, resting her hand on the railing of a chair which she pushed forward. His handsome eyes were fixed deferentially on her face; but there was no warmth in them; there was not one shadow of tenderness in his manner toward her, and she knew it, and felt her heart at the knowledge grow deadly cold with hate and anger.

"You are to go to New York this morning to look after the last cargo of cotton shipped by the New Orleans Company. Your instructions are here," and she handed him a little note. "I don't know whether he mentions it, but you are to copy the last bill sent in previous to this, and I am to take it home to papa."

She was watching him steadily, and she noticed the frown of annoyance which contracted his forehead at these unlooked for orders. He glanced at the clock hanging over his desk. There were just thirty minutes for him to get to the morning train down. And there was the bill to copy and his papers to gather up, and he must run into his rooms, which were fortunately on the direct route to the station, and tumble a few necessary articles into a bag. How provoking! why could not Mr. Lawrence have given him more time? Dora would look for him in vain "when the sun sets, at the stile." There was not even time to drop her a note, and he had no messenger to carry it; he could not depend on the postoffice, for the post-office was, naturally, in the most inconvenient part of the town, on the opposite side, quite remote from the business centre. He must wait and write from New York.

While he was thinking all these tumultuous thoughts at once, Bella was watching his handsome face; he pushed forward again the chair.

"If you will sit down a few minutes, Miss Lawrence, I will have the bill ready for you. I see my time is very short."

He dipped his pen into the ink and began to write. Scratch! scratch! Tick! tick! how that horrid clock hurried the minutes away. If he could only stop it. If he could only put out his hand and stop those bits of steel which were whirling his time away so fast. If he could only stop time itself. But no! He wrote on! he got the figures wrong, and had to tear up the bill and begin another. At last it was finished, and flushed and excited he brought it to Bella.

"I am sorry you have so little time," she said, sweetly; "but papa only got the dispatch at the last moment, and I came down at once."

"It makes no difference," he answered, awkwardly. He was trying to think clearly; Bella looked so sweet, so womanly at that moment; might he trust her? trust her with his secret, and to carry a note to Dora? He blushed horribly as he stammered out: "I—I wonder if I could trust you, Miss Bella—I mean, trouble you—it is very awkward asking you, but I have so little time, and I wish to send a note to a very dear friend—"

"Pray do not say another word," interrupted Bella. How could you doubt me? Write your note at once and let me take it." She pointed languidly to the clock as a warning for him to make all haste.

Dean rushed to his desk again. There was no trouble about the flow of words this time. The sweet love thoughts leaping from his heart to his pen swept in an unbroken current along the paper. His face was all aglow with tenderness, and Bella's frown grew darker.

She took the note when he handed it to her and glanced at the superscription with a gravity that was very becoming to her.

"I will see to it at once! You need have no uneasiness about it, Mr. Hastings," she said, and he answered:

"I have trusted you with a very precious secret, Miss Lawrence," and then he flew away with only ten minutes left him to save his train.

"When the sun sets," Dean had whispered in Dora's car, and just as the sun was sinking below the western hills she crossed the garden of her father's home and turned into the meadow path leading to the stile.

Her heart, her foolish, girlish heart was very light, and as she skipped along through the rustling leaves, she sang so lightly, oh, some pretty silly nonsense about the lasses oh, which one Robby Burns wrote many years ago, wrote perchance in days when he too sat by the stile with his Highland Mary and watched the poppies nodding in the corn.

Dora was singing along, and as she drew near the trysting place she saw a shadow as of some one waiting, standing half-hidden by the trailing wild-grape vines. The shadow stirred, and at the sound of Dora's footsteps a figure turned and bent forward, and a voice, oh, what a different voice from that Dora had expected to hear, murmured:

"Dean, is it you? Have you come back?"

It was Bella Lawrence who spoke. It was Bella Lawrence who confronted Dora's pale, surprised face with a face quite as surprised and a great deal whiter—for it was a hazardous game she was playing—and with a perfectly studied confusion in her manner.

Dora sank down on the step. Hot tears of disappointment, which she could not suppress, flooded her eyes and dropped on her white cheeks.

"You—you here, Miss Lawrence?" she said, with struggling breath. "I don't understand—and you spoke of Dean."

Bella assumed a quick, frightened air.

"You must not betray us. You know my father is so proud, and Dean is only a clerk—but I love him so—and we have so few opportunities to meet. You must not blame me, Miss Stevens, or think harshly of me for coming here at times to meet him. We shall not always have to be so secret. When I am of age my money will be all my own, and then we can claim each other. He told me this morning he should be unable to keep his appointment, but I came hither to think of him, and at the last moment I thought he had repented and come. Oh! how happy I was when I heard your footsteps. How happy! Oh, me, me!

Belle clasped her soft hands together in a tender transport as she spoke, and Dora Stevens listened with wide, wild eyes, while word following word of that cruel lie fell on her quivering heart and smote her with a deathly, keen, cold pain whose sting clung to her for days and weeks after. And the words were fitly chosen. The girl's allusion to her money cut swift and close; Dora bit her lips to keep from crying out then. She was only a poor clerk's daughter; her only dowry her tender heart and sweet wild rose face, and her great absorbing love for the man who was false to her.

Without one word she rose and turned to go, but Bella caught her by the arm and held her.

"Wait, you act so strangely. Why look so wildly at me. You won't betray us; promise me that you will not betray us."

Dora drew proudly back.

"I never betray. You have my word. I never broke it yet!" she threw up her hands with a sudden cry.

"Oh, God! God! help me to bear this pain!" and then she fell down in a heap on the grass and buried her fair golden head on her knees and rocked herself back and forth with wild hysterical sobs, and long drawn panting breaths; all under those cruel, unrelenting eyes above her.

"What do you mean by this weeping," asked Bella, sternly. "What is the matter? Is it possible—but no, it cannot be. Yet he has more than once hinted of a something that might come between him and me—some irksome, half forgotten old amusement that still clung to him, no matter how much he strove to shake it off. Is it you? Can it be you, you foolish girl?"

Dora drew herself up white as death, and lifted a warning hand.

"Stop! I will not hear another word. I do not stand between you and your false lover, for he is false, false and cowardly. You need not fear me. I have no money to keep him and he is free; I will never speak to him again. Never; tell him so. Never again."

She ran swiftly home. But that night she burst into Bella's room, pale, wild-eyed, with a shawl bound round her head, and laid a note before her. A hasty, blotted, fiercely written letter; a letter written in that passionate hour, oh, how cruelly and likely after it was received to put all the wide world between her and her lover.

"It is my renouncement," Dora cried. "You send it to him, you know where he is, and bid him never answer it. Let him have honor enough never to speak to me, never to look at me again."

Poor, hasty letter! you may be very sure it was sent to its destination without delay, and when Dean Hastings read it his face seemed moulding into iron. He read it over twice, and then bending his forehead on his hands, he sat for a long hour thinking.

As a result of his thoughts he went in search of Mr. Lawrence, who had come down the night before to look after his cargoes.

"Mr. Lawrence," said Dean, huskily, "I have been thinking over the proposition you made me this morning, and I have changed my mind. If you are of the same opinion still, I will accept your offer and go over to Liverpool and act as your resident agent there. I will, moreover, go on the steamer that leaves this evening."

Mr. Lawrence looked at him curiously.

"This is sudden, Hastings; I am of the same opinion, of course; and right glad to send you out; but it is sudden. Anything wrong? anything I can help you out of?"

"Nothing!" Dean answered firmly. "Nothing that you can help."

But when he was alone he dropped his face on his arms, flung out across the table, and cried as men are not apt to cry, and as they do not cry more than once in a lifetime.

So Dean Hastings sailed in the evening's steamer for Liverpool, and the two women he left behind him heard of it the day after. Of the two it was hard to say which fared the worst in her sorrow; only I suppose it is better to mourn with a clean conscience than a foul one; and I doubt if Bella Lawrence knelt by her bed in prayer that night as the other one did, pleading, "Lord watch over him and protect him; keeping him from all harm."

Time went on, and at the end of two years Bella was married. Her ill-starred passion, dead of its very hopelessness, she gave her hand to a suitor, wealthy, brilliant, heartless. She went abroad with him, and lived gaily in the great capitals of Europe, admired and sought after, and unhappy as was fitting.

Dora, waiting, stayed at home. She had offers of marriage which she refused. She would not own that there was any hope in life of that old love, and yet unconsciously she lived on always hoping. Till one day there came to her a newspaper with a single paragraph marked in black, and then she read the death in London of Dean Hastings.

Till then she had not realized how great a part in her life he filled, and folding her hands she wept lonely tears.

With the paper came a letter from Bella Lawrence Seymour, confessing the lie she told and the part she acted two years ago, and with that letter, too, one written to her—a last, long, loving, forgiving and beseeching letter—found in Dean Hastings' desk, and forwarded by Mr. Lawrence. All was explained at last.

"When the sun sets!" I sometimes picture Dora Stevens, a solitary woman's figure, standing in the sunset with her hand shading her eyes, and looking out across the sea, beyond which her lover lies in an alien grave. The light lies on the hill-tops far behind her, but around her all is in shadow.

"I loved him," she sometimes cries in passionate remembrance. "I loved him, and he loved me, and he died, thinking I was false to him. Oh, is there anything in life or death harder than that?"

Then she cries, "Do you think he knows now? Do you think all things are made plain in that other world? are all the mysteries that perplex us here made plain at last?"

Ah, who can tell her? who knows?

A GOOD STORY.

How Sam Hays and His Bull Beat the Field at a Horse Race.

Some forty years ago the managers of a race-course near Brownville, on the Monongahela, in the old Keystone State, published the notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of $100, free for anything with four legs and hair on. A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to the mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times on several bright nights, and the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode him with spurs which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides. On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground "on horseback" on his bull. Instead of a saddle he had a dried ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on his rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode up to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the race, but the owners of the horses objected.

Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisted that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and that therefore, he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of "cu-sin" and discussin', the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had a right to run, and he was entered accordingly. When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places; the horse racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that it would be over as soon as the horses started. The signal was given, and they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn and sank his spurs into the bull's side, which bounded with a terrific bellow, at no trifling speed, the dried oxhide flapping up and down, rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before.

The horses flew off the track, every one seemed to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and not one of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays under a great deal of hard swearing on the part of the owners of the horses. A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horse-men contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and that if it had not been for Hay's horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

Upon this Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses, and if they would put up $100 against the purse he had won, he would take off his ox-hide and leave his horn and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and his money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave his bull another touch with his spurs, and the bull gave another tremendous bellow. The horses remembered the horrible sound, and thought all the rest were coming as before. Away they went again in spite of the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money. From that time they nicknamed him Sham Hays. He afterward removed to Ohio, but his nickname stuck to him as long as he lived.

THE GAY GAMBOLIER.

Picture by a Methodist Preacher—Near the Tiger's Lair.

[From the Baltimore Advance.]

The readers of the Advance have, no doubt, heard of the mysteries of the "tiger." That common expression—"bucking the tiger"—is surrounded in many cases with interesting reminiscences. There are young men in Montgomery (and old ones too, for that,) who sometimes encounter that fearful "tiger," and there are precious few who escape without feeling that it is no pleasant condition to get in. Recently, the Rev. J. J. Lafferty, a prominent minister of the Methodist church, visited the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. He was assigned quarters at the hotel, nigh unto the "lair of the tiger." He gives the following appreciative account of the "Gay Gambolier:"

Shall the meek man who in secret deals the gentle taro be unsung? Shall his solacing suppers find no muse? Not while Fabers are only ten cents—three for a quarter.

He who thinks my rest was broken by the loud cries of the "Sons of Belial," or that I was jostled by the staggering drunkard on his way to the game of chance, or curses and clamor pelted at my door, is erring far in his thoughts.

The step of the "gambolier" is as soft as the foot on Turkey carpets. His bow is a slight incline and a benignant smile. He speaks but few words, and in a mild musical voice. There comes from the "bank" a subdued murmur like the hum of bees or the rustle of rose leaves. The cards slide from the pack with a smooth, oily, almost noiseless pur—no rattling or flapping. The bet is made in a low, tender tone. A lucky play or a bad choice elicits no comments. The player rejoices in secret or chafes in voiceless woe. The "tiger" is always serene. His fur is soft as silk and his paw is velvet. His eye is set far back in the socket, and is as lusterless as a light-house lamp at midday, or, rather, a Leyden jar full of latent lightning.

He deals out the destiny of dollars as unmoved as fate.

He never intrudes; he solicits neither your notice, conversation, nor companionship; he is easy, modest, fearless, and a civilized Thug His derringer is freshly oiled and capped every day. It is always hid, but handy. He will pull triger only when there is but half a second to spare. If you play, it seems to give him no pleasure. If you pass his door without turning your eye, his smile is as sweet as ever. If you ask a favor, it is granted promptly and gracefully.

He respects the Sabbath, attends service, listens with serious attention, and never for a moment allows his eye to admire his own doeskin and diamonds, or to inspect the clothing of others.

ASLEEP ON THE AIR.

A Young Lady Slumbers with the Atmosphere for a Pillow.

A Paris letter to the Indianapolis News says: "I quite forgot everything, myself included, as I watched the feats of a mesmerist with a beautiful young lady. He was a great burly fellow, dressed in the toggery of the Eastern juggler. She was lithe and spiritueile, in a rich dress with flowing sleeves. She stood on a stool on a dais resting on a magnificent great square of Turkish carpet. He made a few passes over her, but not at first touching her, then passing his hands above her face with a sort of dumb incantation.

Then two supports were placed under her elbows, and the operator proceeded with incredible rapidity, waving his arms over her head and down her side, and using his great wand in the same way, never touching though. Under this her eyes closed gradually, and she passed completely into his control. Then the miracles began. Bayard Taylor has described this in his Oriental books, but I always thought his imagination was affected by the far-away strangeness of the scene where he witnessed it. But here it was re-enacted before us, more wonderfully, even, than Bayard Taylor describes it.

When the girl had evidently lost all sensibility, except as emanating from the magician, he quickly removed the stool on which she stood. She was then in the air supported only by her elbows. Then one of these supports was removed, and she seemed more a spirit than a material body. But she was motionless as a picture. For a moment she was to me a realization of Poe's fantasy:

"Ligia, Ligia, my beautiful one,
Whose harshest idea will to melody run,"

For she stood

"Conspicuously still,
Like the lone albatross incumbent on night."

We were left but the moment to wonder at this miracle of nature's law of gravity defied. She was plastic as clay or a waxen body, and the operator gave her most fantastic shapes of grace and poetry. One after another of the figures of mythology were represented, each one of increasing beauty, and each requiring a more difficult pose. At last great white wings were fixed to her shoulders, a golden trumpet was placed in one hand and held as if being sounded, her figure was given the exact attitude of one in flight, and the great lights that made the amphitheatre bright as day before, were slowly turned low, a light of pale gold came streaming upon her from the roof, giving her a glorified, angelic look that thrilled the vast audience that was hanging in breathless silence upon the wondrous spectacle till one could almost feel it tremble.

I never saw anything so marvelous, and would have listened incredulously to any narrative of it. Seeing is believing; I have seen; must believe, and yet I must also doubt the report all my observing powers make of the performance. Shrewd people "who cannot be fooled," say the girl had a band about her waist that reached to and was held by the support her elbow rested on. But this leaves it all as inexplicable as before, and the explanation has to be explained itself.

THE TRULY LOYAL.—The Government is making much ado, (and due credit is cheerfully awarded it), over the capture of a gang of counterfeiters in East Tennessee and Western North Carolina. It turns out that among the captured can be found one "loyal" District Attorney, Wray, who was the pretended prosecuting officer of Nelson in the trial for killing Gen. Clanton, a loyal post-master and ex-member of Brownlow's Legislature of infamous memory, a loyal clerk of court, United States Deputy Marshal and