Adelaide Lindsley;

—OR—

TTE "MARRIAGE IN HASTE."

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER I.

"Never—Theresa Gordon—I tell you never! I never would forgive a man who doubted my truth!" And Adelaide Lindsley's dark eye flashed and her lip curled haughtily.

"Better not be to confident, Adelaide," replied Theresa Gordon. "I have known girls to do a great many things that they had been very sure they should never do."

"And so have I," added the third of the trio—fair Kate Warren—the widowed sister of of Adeline Lindsley, "and particularly with regard to matrimonial affairs. When I hear a young lady saying thhat she shall never marry—oh, no! she would not marry for the world—not she! I generally take it for granted that she is only waiting for and offer. And don't you remember Charlotte Pierce? She was always saying that nothing could induce her to marry a widower—and what was the result? Why, she married a man who had lost two wives and had six children. And there was Susan Leonard—she would never be the wife of any other than a tall dignified man, considerably older than herself. I saw her last week in comcompany with her husband. He is just about as tall as you are, Adelaide, and looks full five years younger than herselt. It is just so almost always, and as for you, sis, I expect you would forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven."

"You are very much mistaken, girls, both of you," was the reply; "I believe I know my own heart quite as well as you can possibly know it. I could forgive a great many unkind and hasty words, for I know I am passionate and irritable myself, and might often deserve to receive them. I do not know but I might—I really think I could—forgive inconstancy, if it did not last too long; but I could not, I would not continue to love one who dared to doubt me."

"You are a queer girl, Adelaide," said Theresa; "sometimes I hardly know what to make of you. What it George Tilden were here?"

"That would not alter the case. I should say precisely what I say now. The man who wishes to call me his wife must trust me with a perfect trust."

"But, my dear sister," asked Kate, "could you trust as implicitly? You love George Tilden, and expect to marry him, but I think circumstances might arise that would lead you to doubt his truth."

"No, Kate, I would not believe that he was false to me unless his own lips pleaded guilty to the charge; and I demand equal confidence from him."

"But some people are naturally more suspicious—more inclined to be jealons than others; could you not make allowance for that?"

"I don't think that ought to make any difference. George Tilden knows that I love him; he has gained the confession from me—not easily nor without effort—not so easily that he might be justified in thinking that I was more easily won by the love than the lover, and that the next pair of eloquent lips that choose might woo me to like confession—but soberly and thoughtfully. And he has no right to distrust me. If he should—"

"Well what if he should? It is always best to be prepared for emergencies. Ada."

"You think I am only joking, Kate, but I am in sober earnest. Then I should tell aim that his heart was at his own disposal again, and that he had better place it in the keeping of one whom he could trust."

The group of whose conversation we have just been listening would, together with their surroundings, have formed a fine study for an artist. Only one of the three girls—for Kate Warren, although she had, in the short space of seven months, worn both the dridal wreath and the widow's veil had hardly passed the age of girlhood—was the possessor of more than ordinary beauty. Yet, as they sat there upon that mossy bank, just within the shadow of those tall, dark pines, it would have been difficult to find a prettier picture.

Were you ever in Middleburg, dear reader? and if so do, you not remember Carrol's Hill, and the little grove upon the hillside, scarce midway to the summit, and the tiny, brown house that nestled amid the trees? Do you not remember the green band, that you thought had surely been fashioned by fairy hands for a loiterer's resting-place? You cannot have forgotten how quietly the irregular and yet pleasant village lay beneath your feet, with its numerous spires rising from church and school-house and academy and college? And how the creek, winding along between green meadows and rich pastures, on through the cedar-grove and down by the paper-mill, looked so like a thread of silver? And how you gazed far off into the west, until your eyes were weary, because you had been told that, on a clear day, the beautiful Champlain was visible at that disdistance? And, that, if it was evening, you surely remember how gloriously the sun went down—and how you thought the glowing tints, would never fade into dim twilight—and how a soft purple and rose-colored mist bathed the distant mountains and hung lightly over the valleys? I am sure you remember all this, and you can recall, even now, the thousand sweet sounds, blending harmoniously into one, that floated to your ear, mellowed and softened by the distance, as you lay thoughtfully upon the green turf with your cheek pillowed on your band. The low hum from the village beneath you—the shout from the merry school-boys—the lowing of herds—the soft tinkle of the cow-bell—the murmur of the water-fall the wind sighing among the branches over your head—oh! there was melody and and beauty all around you, and I know you have not forgotten them. Then the brilliant coloring faded from the sky, and the quiet stars gleamed forth from amid the blue, and one, a very large and bright one, hung just over the brow of the mountain; and then the air grew chilly, and the sad cry of the whippoor-will feil coldly on your hart, and the light from the village windows looked more cherry than the shadows around you, and so you wended your way homeward. Don't you remember it all?

Well, it was then, upon that very bank, that the three friends were resting, and you could scarcely select, from among the whole circle of your acquaintances, three faces and figures more totally unlike. Kate Warren and Adelaide Lindsley were sisters, but you would hardly have thought it. There was a truthfulness and gleam in Kate's sunny, blue eyes, that, to her friends, was far dearer than beauty—they were shadowed now, sor she had been sorely tried, and the wounded heart was bleeding still. But for the sake of those who loved her, she struggled with her grief, and few knew how deeply it was seated. Kate was not beautiful—I do not know that you would have thought her even pretty, although her soft, brown hair rested on a very smooth, white brow, but you would certainly have loved her for her gentleness and her purity.

A pair of splendid black eyes, and lashes so long that they fairly swept an almost colorless cheek, was all that saved Adelaide from absolute plainness; but they were enough. After you had once gazed into those glorious orbs, trying in vain to measure the fathomless depths, you would have forgotten that her other features were far from approaching the standard of beauty—that her mouth was too large, and her cheek too pale. Her figure was tall, and her bearing dignified—some would say, haughty—while Kate was small, even petite, and her step light and airy as that of a child.

Theresa Gordon was unlike either of them—less lovely, perhaps, but, on the whole, handsomer; at least she thought so, and she certainly never looked in her mirror without beholding bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and curls glossy enough to confirm her in that opinion.

But Adelaide has been waiting a long time for Kate's response to her last remark. It was at length made, gayly and carelessly for the open air, the free, glad sunlight, and the joyous beauty of the early summer-time had fallen like a charm upon Kate's weary heart, and she was this evening unusually happy—happier than she had been for many a month.

"I presume you think so, Ada, but for my part I don't believe one word of it. But you had better be careful how you talk in this way, for you might perhaps give some rival of yours or of George's a hint on which to act, and you would hardly like to be obliged in self-defense to carry all these heroic resolutions into effect."

"I do not imagine there is much danger of such a catastrophe," replied Adelaide with a smile; "but come, girls, ought we not to be going home? See, it is just sundown, and we have a long way to walk."

They rose simultaneously, and tripping down the road which wound round the side of the hill, at a short distance below the little grove, they rapidly retraced their steps to the village. Down the first street, past the Methodist and Congregational churches, thot looked for all the world—so prim and square are they, with sush sharply defined angles——as if they were made out of pasteboard; down past the little stone church in the centre of the green; still farther down the hill and over the bridge, pausing but for a moment to watch the foaming waters as they swept over the dam—on they went, up the steep flight of stone steps intended as aids to the weary traveler—and still on and on, until they paused before a large, square, brick house, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a stately elm. They had scarcely spoken all the way, for the darkness was rapidly increasing, and they knew that anxious eyes would be watching for them.

And they were not mistaken. A tall, venerable-looking man sat in the porch, holding a newspaper, but evidently thinking of anything else. You needed only one glance at his eyes, still undimmed by age, to know from whom Adelaide inherited those flashing orbs of hers; and like her own raven locks had once been the heavy mass of hair that swept back from his lofty forehead; now it was thickly sprinkled with the hoar-frosts of many a winter.

"You are late, my children—you ought to be more careful, Kate; these heavy dews are dangerous, and for you particularly so."

"I am perfectly well now, my dear father, she replied, lightly pressing her lips upon his forehead os she passed him, "and better able to bear the dews than you are to endure this cool evening air. Let us go into the parlor. We should have been back long before this time," she added with a mischievious glance at her sister, "if it had not been for Adelaide. She has been making such terrible threats against George, and I was obliged to plead for and defend him. That detained us."

"O Kate! how can you! besides didn't I make the first move toward coming home? I believe you and Theresa would have stayed on the hill, star gazing, all night, if it had not been for me."

"Well, well girls," said Mr. Lindsley, it is not worth quarreling about, as long as you are all back safely. As for Ada's threats, they wouldn't trighten me much if I was George. Now let us have some music. I have been waiting for it an hour."

Kate seated herself at the piano as usual, and Adelaide took her station beside her.

"Come, Theresa, we are only waiting for you."

Theresa, on coming in, had hast-

(*Continued in next issue.*)

Savannah has finally voted to become a city of the fourth class.

Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Mrs. Clara Asbury, wife, and J. H. Asbury, husband, of Bates county, Missouri, by their deed of trust, dated September 29th, 1882, and recorded in book 29, at page 174, in the recorder's office of Bates county, Missouri, did convey to John W. Baldwin, as trustee, for the purpose of securing the payment of certain promissory notes in said deed of trust described the following real estate in Bates county, Missouri, to-wit. Lot 20, block 20, town of Rockville, Mo. And, whereas, said notes have become due and payable and default has been made in the payment of said notes, though the payment thereof has often been demanded Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said notes and in accordance with the provisions and terms of said deed of trust and by virtue of the power in me vested as such trustee, I John W. Baldwin, as trustee aforeaid, will, on

Saturday, March 10th 1883.

between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m., and 5 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the court house door, in the town (now city) of Butler, in Bates county, Missouri, sell said real estate above described at public vendue for cash in hand, to the highest bidder to satisfy the indebtedness aforesaid and the costs of executing this trust.

JOHN W. BALDWIN, Trustee.

PRICKLY ASH

BITTERS

The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the **Liver**, *affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and Sluggish action of the Bowels,* **Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins**, *etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities.*

Prickly Ash Bitters *are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for* **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys,** *etc., etc. As a* **Blood Purifier** *they are superior to any other medicine; cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the invalid. It is a* **medicine** *and* **not an intoxicating** *beverage.*

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, and take no other. PRICE, $1.00 per Bottle.

MEYER BROS. & CO., - SOLE PROPRIETORS, St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.

DR. WHITTIER

617 St. Charles Street, St. Louis, Mo.

A regular graduate of two Medical Colleges, has been longer located than any other Physician in St. Louis, as city papers show and all old residents know. Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis, Rupture, Urinary Syphilitic or Mercurial Affections of Throat, Skin or Bones cured Safely, Privately.

Spermatorrhea, Sexual Debility and Impotency as the result of Self-Abuse, sexual excesses in maturer years, or over brainwork, producing premature seminal emissions, debility, dimness of sight, defective memory, physical decay, aversion to society confusion of ideas, loss of sexual power, night losses, rendering marriage improper, cured. Consultation at office or by mail free and invited. Pamphlet one stamp. Medicines sent by mail or express. Cures guaranteed. Where doubt exists it is frankly stated.

MARRIAGE GUIDE! 260 PAGES. FINE PLATES.

The whole story, well told, as it is true to life, on the following subjects: Who may marry, who not, why. Manhood, Womanhood, Physical decay. Who should marry, how happiness may be increased, effects of tobacco and excess, and many more. Those married or contemplating marriage should read it then keep it under lock and key. 25 cts. by mail in money or postage. English—German—French read or spoken.

FREE PRESCRIPTION For the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Defective Memory and Disorders brought on by Self-Abuse. Druggist has the ingredients. St. Louis Curative Inst'e, 619 St. Charles, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. JACQUES

705 Chestnut St, St. Louis, Mo. at old office. Continues to cure Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, all forms of Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Urinary or Bladder diseases. Recent cases cured in a few days. Diseases resulting from self-abuse, or exposure cured for life with Medicine. Advice free. Charges low. Call or write in strict confidence. Symptom Book for two stamps.

MARRIAGE GUIDE 164 pages.

ESTABLISHED 1846 MUNN & Co. PATENTS NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

WANTED, Teachers! $100 per month Steady employment during spring Summer, J. L. Curdy & Co. St. Louis, Mo. 11-4t.

Pause and Read!

The Butler Weekly Times,

—AND—

St. Louis, Post-Dispatch,

ONE YEAR, $1.75.

TIMES JOB

DEPATRMENT.

IS MORE COMPLETE

THAN EVER BEFORE.

Where all kinds of work such as

Statements, Letter Heads,
Blanks, Posters,
Circulars, Sale Bills,
Visiting ards, Wedding Cards,

is done in the most fastidious style, and at at city prices. We guarantee entire satisfaction. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Money to Loan

On Farms at 7 per cent Interest and Commission

On 3 to 5 Years Time.

Money furnished on short notice.

W. E. Walton at Butler National Bank.

THE BUSINESS BOOM

AT

ADRIAN CONTINUES

ND

McFARLAND BROS.,

ARE STILL

Selling Harness at a Fearful Rate.

WONDERFULLY CHEAP!

Elegant New Editions of Standard Publications.

In clear type, cleanly printed on first-class paper, handsomely and durably bound in cloth, with gold and ink side and back stamps.

BOOKS OF FICTION.

BONOLA. By George Bird. 448 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

UARDA. By George Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. 368 pages in one volume, 16mo. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By Mrs. Mulock-Craik. 330 pages in one volume, 16mo. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Bronte. 379 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

HYPATIA. By Charles Kingsley. 360 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

CORINNE. By Madame de Stael. 362 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS. By James Fenimore Cooper. 395 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

TOM BROWN AT RUGBY. By Thomas Hughes. 384 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

☞ The foregoing eight volumes packed in a neat box, $6.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY OF NEW YORK. By Washington Irving. 384 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By Washington Irving. 354 pages in one volume. Price in Cloth, $0.75.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. [illegible] 12mo, with portrait of the author. Cloth, $[illegible]; Half Leather, $[illegible].

ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY. [illegible] quarto. Extra large type. Cloth, $[illegible]; Half Leather, $[illegible].

FROISSART'S CHRONICLES. Imperial octavo. [illegible] Extra large type. Cloth, $1.50; Half Leather, $2.25.

WORKS OF FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. [illegible] quarto. Extra large type. Cloth, $2.50; Half Leather, $[illegible].

KITTO'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE. [illegible] pages in two volumes. 12mo. Cloth, $2.50; Half Leather, $3.50.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED. [illegible] 16mo. Cloth, $0.75; Half Leather, $1.25.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD. [illegible] Cloth, $0.75; Half Leather, $1.25.

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY. [illegible] Cloth, $0.75; Half Leather, $1.25. These two volumes in a neat box: Cloth, $1.50; Half Leather, $2.

CREASY'S FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD. 296 pages in one volume, 16mo. Cloth, $0.75; Half Leather, $1.25.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF THE POETS. [illegible] pages in one volume. Cloth, $1; Half Leather, $1.50.

AMERICAN ADDITIONS TO CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. [illegible] volumes, comprising over 18,000 titles compiled by American editors; uniform in size and bindings with Chambers's Encyclopædia as published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. Boxed also in Cloth, uniform with the "Imported" edition of Chambers's. Cloth, per set, $10; Sheep, per set, $12; Morocco, per set, $15.

☞ Circular showing type, paper and styles of binding, free on application. Sold by all Booksellers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price, by *S. W. GREEN'S SON, Publisher, 74 Beekman St., N. Y.*