BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT!

A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpld liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never falls to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any pur-chaser who is not benefited by their use. :-

PRICE, SLOO. FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Props., BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

ORDER

not to lose time during

we have concluded to sell our present

LARGE STOCK OF OFFICE STATIONERY!

consisting of

A Ton of Letter and BILL PAPER,

____AND____

200,000 Envelopes ----AT THE----

COST OF THE STOCK. Call quick and secure the benefit of this great

J. CEORCE ULLERY,

Reformer Job Department, Bratlleboro., Vt,

In Time of Peace Prepare for War!

SPRING IS COMING, AND SO ARE BILIOUS ATTACKS!! SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS ARE: nstipation, Poor Appetite, Yellow Eyes and Skin, in in Right Side, Skeplessness, Coated Tongue, ill, Heavy Feeling, Disinclination to apply the ad, and Fluctuating or Depressee sprits.

CELERY COMPOUND!

Acts upon the Liver, relieving it of its surplus of Bile, gently acts upon the Bowels, curing the consince, gentry acts upon the Bowes, curing the consipated habit, Parifies the Blood through its action
on Liver, Bowels and Edmeys. Regulates the circulation, and the purifie blood is carried to HeartLungs and Brain with an impetua which removes all
foeling of Heaviness, Weight and Dullness. Carries
off all Impurities of the Blood, Strengthens the
Nervos. Is a general Tonic to the debulitated system. As a Spring Medicine Celery Compound has
no entitle.

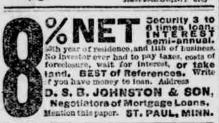
M. K. PAINE, Windsor, Vt., U.S. A., A Practical Apothecary who has been actively en gaged in the preparation of medicines since 1849.

PRICE -\$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00. A. G. FISHER, General Western Agent,

51 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill



BATCHELOR'S CELEBRATED HAIR DYE ists. Applied by ex-certs at BATCHE-OR'S Wig Factory, 30 East 10th St., N.Y city



Bookstore For Sale.

Business long established. Pays handsome div Business long established. Pays handrome divi-dent on the labor and capital invested. Stock full, very clean, and just what is needed. Location At. Store building may be rented or purchased. This is a rare business op ning. Impaired beath rea-son for selling. Write for particulars. CHA3. C. SLASON. Branden, Vt., June 19, 1885.—15w4s

BOYS!

Do You Want a

Waterbury Watch?

If so, get up a club of 6 new subscribers, cash advance, for one year for the REFORMER, and we will send you the Watch, postage prepaid. You will sever find an easier and quicker way of earning a good timekeeper.

STR C. H DAVENPORT CO.
Brattlebore, V

AUCTION BILLS.

Full Sheet. \$2.00 for 25. Half Sheet, \$ 1.25 for 25. \$1.00 for 25. Quarter Sheet, Eighth Sheet, Orders by MAIL Promptly

J. G. ULL RY. REFORMER JOB DEPARTMENT. THE DEAD POET'S CREED.

My soul drinks in its future life,
Like some green forest thrice cut down,
Whose shoots lefy the axmen's strife, And skyward spread a greater crown, While sunshine gilds my aged head, And bounteous earth supplies my food, The lamps of God their soft light shed, And distant worlds are understood.

Say not my soul is but a clod, Resultant of my body's powers;
She plumes her wings to fly to God,
And will not rest outside His powers. The Winter's snows are on my brow,

But Summer's suns more brightly glow, And violets, lilacs, roses, now Seem sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end, Much plainer can I hear afar Immortal symphonies which blend To welcome me from star to star. The tomb is not an endless night; It is a thoroughfare—a way That closes in a soft twilight

And opens in eternal day. Moved by the love of God, I find
That I must work as did Voltaire,
Who loved the world and all mankind;
But God is love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun;
Our monuments will later rise,
To pathe their summits in the sun
And shine in bright eternal skies.

THE MOTHER'S EXCUSE.

They innocently lie;
Dimple and brown—a boyish sight
Dear to a mother's eye.
What though they disobey commands?
They are such loving little hands. Upon the coverlid to-night

Nay, can I utter words of blame, Or petulantly frown? Remembering how an angel came, And, beaming sortly down, Led from my sight to heavenly lands Two strangely quiet little hands?

Fear not, O fond, ambitious heart! Whate'er besets thy way.

Trustfully, simply do thy part,
In patience, day by day;
Praying that he who understands
May guide aright these little hands. -[Lillian Plunkett.

IF MAY FORGETS.

f May forgets not April's flowers, Even hearts that throp and thrill like ours Grow still.

July torgets what birds and flowers June had;
Even hearts whose joy is deep as ours
Grow sad.

The pale leaves hear not what the flowers Heard told: Even hearts as passionate as ours Grow cold. -[London Spectator.

THE HUT BY THE WATEREE.

A Tale of South Carolina. BY WALTER P JACKSON.

There were no ladies on the southern-bound express that night, and most of the passenger were either reading or dozing in their seats. A few, with faces pressed against the mist-clouded glass of the windows, stared drearily outward into the darkness, through which, at intervals, the light of some cabin-fire redly gleamed. At all of his fellow-travelers, with their stupid, ill-natured faces, Claude Rothwell had long since tired of gazing. He had drawn his hat over his eyes, and was settling himself more comfortably for a short sleep, when the sudden hollow rumbling of the wheels beneath him caused him to lift his head and listen.

"The swamps of the Wateree," he said, to himself. "Dick must be trying to make up the time lost at Florence. He is slinging us over these trestles very recklessly.'

He had hardly uttered these words when a succession of short, sharp shrinks from the whistle rang through the wet October night. The rattle of chains and the grinding of breakshoes against the wheels instantly followed. Several of the passengers bounded from their seats as if they had been galvanized.

"What's the matter?" asked one, throwing up a window and thrusting out his head. "Is this the way they blow down breaks hereabouts?"

Others stared about them in uneasy silence. They felt the speed of the train momentarily slackened. Another window went up-nnother and another. At the same time a tail, graceful man passed up the length of the car, and laid his band upon the door. It was Claude Rothwell. The door opened and closed with a bang. The young man had passed out, and was standing on the platform beside the brakeman.

"Danger shead, Peter?" he said to the handsome young mulatto, who was still wrenching

fiercely at the wheel. Rothwell was connected with the road, and all the employes were known to him. The brakeman, panting with excitement, gave

the wheel a last powerful jerk. "Must be," he said. "Mr Murray don't blow dat way for nothin', sir."

Rothwell nedded assentingly, and producing a small flat lantern from his pecket, stooped to light it from the wick of that belonging to the "Whey's you goin', sir?" the latter asked,

seeing him arise and attach the lantern to his waist by a small chain. "To the engine," Rothwell replied, as he tepped upon the platform of the second-class

car and entered. As he passed out through the upper door the train came to a standstill.

Luckily, it had stopped on a short stretch of earth, built up on a bed of cypress-knees and reeds. Rothwell sprang from the steps to the ground, and walked rapidly forward toward the

On his left the straight gray trunks of the cypresses, rising from the silent black water in which they were growing, faintly shone in the white Autumn fog. Before him loomed the engine, a mass of mingled light and gloom. A dim gleam from the gage-lamp lit the cab, and streamed over the wood in the tender. The low hiss of the steam, the bubble of water, and the crackle of flames in the fire-box, became audide as Rothwell drew nearer. At the front of the engine, their faces clearly revealed in the flood of yellow radiance pouring from the great headlight above, three men with lanterns were

standing. They were the engineer, fireman and wood-passer. Rothwell heard the swift footfalls of the conductor on the opposite side of the train. In a few moments the two joined the group near the

"What is it, Dick?" Rothwell asked, pausing beside the engineer.

The person addressed—the son of the mastermechanic of that road, and an old schoolmate of Rothwell's-pushed his cap back from his brow, upon which the perspiration stood in great

"Look there," he said, waiving his lantern toward the end of the embankment, scarcely a yard distant from the end of the pilot.

Beyond, for haif a car's-length, nothing was to be seen but a stretch of still black water and a few cypress-knees, ghastly-looking stumps in the glare of the headlight.

A section of the trestle had disappeared. The iron, and a portion of the wood with it, no doubt, had sunk; the rest of the wood had floated out of view.

Rothwell's eyes followed the engineer's move ments. He could not repress a slight shud-

"I tell you, Claude," continued his compan ion, "it was a pretty close graze. If it hadn't been for the young lady who swung the light, Miss Murray would have been a widow ere

"The young lady!" repeated Claude in wondering voice. "What lady, Dick?"

"Angil," grunted the wood-passer. "I'se

seen a angil dis ni-ight." The engineer drew Rothwell to one side. "God knows," he answered in a low tone But let me whisper to you a moment, old friend. You remember how mysteriously a very dear friend of yours, Miss Ashton, disap-

The young man lifted one hand as he stepped back a pace, and his dark cheek blanched. "Hush!" he said, in a deep, vibrant voice. I left Mobile because I could not bear to remain after—But,"interrupting himself, "what

has she to do with that?" He pointed as he spoke, to the yawning gap

in the trestie.

"Listen," returned the engineer, "and you shall hear. As you are probably aware, we left Florence to-night nearly half an hour late, and I was running like a hurricane, in order to reach Columbia on time, when I lirst saw the light. It darted through the trees like a will-o'-the-wisp, and gaining the track, stopped there. I saw I had not a moment to lose, and, opening with the chorus of toots that you hea.d—I thought we were going to dash over whoever it was that was so wildly waiving us back—I instantly reversed the engine. Then I saw that the person who had signaled us was a woman. The waiving lantern shone on her dress and shawl. The old "Sixteen" was thundering down on her, and she would not move, standing as she was in the center of the track. Moments seemed ages. It looked as if she wanted to die. My heart leaped into my throat. I jumped out on the running board, and was about to step down on the front of the engine, when a man suddenly rushed from among the cypresses on the left, and selzing the girl by the waist, dragged her off the track, the pilot grazing her as the engine rolled by. But in that moment I saw her face. It was as white as the face of a dead girl, the black hair flying around it, and the great wild eyes on fire. Now, listen to me, my triend. As sure as I am a living man, the lady who saved us was none other than your old love." The engineer paused. Claude Rothin the trestie.

"Well "he whispered.

The engineer, in a low voice, pronounced the name, "Miss Clara Ashton." Rothwell lifted one hand to his shaking lips.
"What," he muttered, "could she be doing

old love." The engineer paused. Claude Roth-well was looking at him with a dumb agony in

ady who saved us was none other than

"I don't know," returned his friend, shaking his head. "I can't guess. But, Clande, I nev-er could see through that affair you confided to me. There must have been some terrible mis-take. Surely Miss Ashton would not have ta-

ken a criminal's part against you if——"
Rothwell interrupted him.
"Which way did she go?" he asked.
The engineer swung his lantern toward the

"The last I saw of them," he added, "the man had her in his arms, and was springing like a goat over the roots and knees. That was inst as the engine was stopping, and, — But Claude Rothwell, where, in the name of com-

Mon sense are you going?"

A hard, reckless laugh followed his words.

The young man had suddenly quitted his side and springing down the embankment, had it not been for the dim light the lantern sked about im, would have already been swallowed up in "Don't trouble yourself," he cried. "I am going to quearth this mystery, Murray."

A loud guffaw broke from the astonished ne-

The conductor muttered an oath of surprise. Murray stared after the vanishing form.
"Rothwell," he called, "come back! Don't
make an utter fool of yourself." The mocking laughter of his friend was the only reply, and the voice that uttered it was ai-

ready far away. This determination of Rothwell, however-the This determination of Rotawell, however—the determination to follow the man and woman, of whom the engineer had spoken, through those pathless low grounds, in the darkness 'of a moonless and misty Autumn night—was not so wild as it at first appeared.

A South Carolinan by birth, much of his child been seen near this place, and, being

hood had been spent near this place, and, being of a very adventurous spirit, he had often pentrated into the deepest recesses of the Wateree Those frightful solitudes, now voiceless in

Those frightful solitudes, now voicess in the embrace of the October night, held no terrors for him. His mind was occupied with thoughts of the past.

He remembered a spot he had once seen near here—sort of island, formed by the lodg-

here—sort of island, formed by the lodgment of reeds, leaves and brushwood among a wide cluster of cypress-knees. He remembered also having sem on that island a low hut, built perhaps, by some runaway slave.

It was toward the hut—belleving he should find there those he was seeking—that he was now making his way. He was determined, if possible, to lift the vail of mystery which had so long enshrouded the life of the woman he so passionately, but, as he believed, hopelessly loved. As he went oaward, clinging to the gray stems

of the cypresses, and springing from one cone-shaped base or knee to another, the events of the past year began to pass in swift and vivid review before him.

review before him.

First he saw his sleeping apartment in a hotel at Montgomery; saw a masked burglar enter it at midnight, and begin rifling his desk of the money and valuable papers it contained; saw himselt spring upon him, and the desperate struggle that ensued. The burglar, drawing a dirk, had stabbed him, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound, and escaped; not, how-ever, without having the mask torn from his face, and Claude Rothwell felt that, if he ever met that man again, he would know him among

ten thousand.

One month, two months, passed away; and the wound in Rothwell's arm healed. Another went by; still, although a strict search had been instituted, no trace of the burglar could be discovered. Rothwell then forgot all about him. He met the beautiful young Mobilian,

Clara Ashton. She was an orphan; as I have said, beautiful but poor. Claud Rothwell, however, was first charmed with her gentle, heroic nature, afterward charmed with her gentle, heroic nature, atterward tascinated with her engaging manners, and he ended by falling madly in love with her. To use a rather hackneyed phrase, it was "the happiest hour of his life" when he drew from her own dear lips the shy and faltering confession that his love was returned. A brief draum of joy, so deep and holy it was akin to a sadness followed. Then came the bitter awakening.

One odorous moonlight evening in June, a month after their engagement, he called on his betrothed. A lamp was burning in a room on the left, and the French window, from which the curtains were partially withdrawn, was open. Thus, as Rothwell stepped on the latticed verandah of the httle cottage, he could see latticed verandah of the httle cottage, he could see

tieed verandah of the little cottage, he could see plainly within the room.

He stopped, and a cold thrill ran through him. Clara was seated in a low chair near the window; but she was not alone. A man was standing near her, leaning lightly on the back of her seat. He was speaking to her in a low, laughing voice, while she listened with uplifted smiling eyes. The face of this man was turned toward Rothwell, and he recognized it instantly. It was the face of the man who had robbed him in the hotel at Montgomery.

The young man, enraged, bewildered, almost doubting the evidence of his own senses, did not take time to reflect. Acting under the impulse of the moment, he stepped into the room, and grasped the stranger roughly by the arm. As he did so, the start which the man could not repress showed Claude that the recognition was

repress showed Claude that the recognition was

A fierce but short struggle followed. A pis-A fierce but short struggle followed. A pistol was drawn and discharged—in the confusion Clara Ashton could not tell by whom. Then the stranger, wrenching himself free from Rothwell, bounded through the window and disappeared. It was he who had drawn the pistol; but Clande had instantly caught his hand, and the ball lodged in the ceiling above. Claude did not follow him. As his retreating footstops died away in the silent night, he turn. footsteps died away in the silent night, he turn-

footsteps died away in the silent night, he turned to Clara.

"Traitress!" he exclaimed.

The word broke from him involuntarily. Her ashen cheeks, her trembling form, her dark, frightened eyes, filled him with emotions of jealousy, rage and disgust. The hot blood of indignation sprang to her face. She essayed to speak; but her voice died in a stifled murmur. Silently she lifted one quivering hand, and pointed to the door.

Blindrd with jealous wrath; believing, besides, that she was aware of the true character of the man who had robbed him, Rothwell, without a word, turned and quitted the house. Passing a sleepless night, in the morning he became more calm. He acknowledged to him self, with a pang of bitter regret, that he had acted too hastily in condemning Clara unheard He resolved, therefore, to go to her, and seek an explanation at once.

an explanation at once.

He went; but what was his surprise to find the cottage deserted! Clara had disappeared, leaving no trace. In shame and fierce anger he left Mobile, and sought, but vainly, to forget one whom he now believed was unworthy of

what mysterious way her life was linked to that of the man who had twice crossed his path. He believed now, as he wandered on through the forces. the functed now, as its waters swamps, the shining, inky waters beneath, the silvery, float-ing moss, dripping with the heavy mists above, that the end of that task was near at hand.

Deeper and deeper he plunged into those sep-ulchrai solitudes. The light of the little lantern attached to his waist but served to show the roots and knees rising from the sullen waters around. He was already drenched with the white va-

He was already drenched with the white vapor that hung over all things like a pell, and dripped from the masses of mistletoe in the branches of live-oaks above.

At last a low wall of reeds arose, in the gloom before him. The lantern showed him a narrow opening through which he began to force his way. His feet rested no longer upon roots, but upon the earth; spongy and wet, it is true, but growing more firm at every step. Panting with weariness, he stopped. The island was reached.

ed.

A feeling akin to fear then took possession of the young man. He was unarmed. If the woman he loved was an accomplice of that man, what could be expect at their hands?

True, she had warned the engineer of his danger, and thus, no doubt, had saved many lives. But this was something different. He, Rothwell, was following them. Would they not seek to kill him for his hardthood?

A deep breath escaped his lips.

A deep breath escaped his lips.
"I cannot—I will not believe her so vile! will risk it," he muttered, at last.

He walked forward as he spoke, and through the slender, whitish stems of the young ash-

the slender, whitish stems of the young ashtrees that grew there, caught the red gleam of a light near him.

It came from the window of a low, dark mass a few paces distant—the cabin he was seeking. At the moment of his seeing it, Rothwell, heard, or thought he heard—the sound of a man's angry voice. On tiptoe he stole forward, and, pausing beside the door, almost held his breath to listen.

A voice within was speaking—a voice that caused his heart to leap and thrill. It was the sweet voice of Clara Ashton, vibrating with emotion.

"Kill me?" she exclaimed—"kill me, as you have threatened. Of what use is life to me, since you have robbed it of every joy? I care little what becomes of me, Donald Vaughan. Why did you drag me from beneath the wheels of the engine?" of the engine?"
The listener started.

Had he not heard that name before? Great neaven! It was the maiden name of Clara's

Who was Donald Vaughan?
A second voice interrupted his self-questioning. The tones were harsh with rage.
"Because I was mad. Because I believed you idid not know that it was I who cut the trestle Had it not been for your accursed in-terference, that man would now be beneath the ruins of a wrecked train."

An involuntary cry escaped Rothwell's lips : it was drowned, however, in the voice of the maiden.
"Wretch!" she exclaimed, in accents of hor

ror. "You would have had the blood of all those people on your hands simply to gratify a british thirst for revenge. And yet"—in a low, wailing—"Claude Rothwell would not have lifted his hand against you had he known. Was it not enough to come between us and blast my happiness for ever? Why do you pur-sue him with your sleepless hatred?" The man's voice broke into hoarse and dis-

cordart laughter.
"I feel the grip of his fingers on my throat still. Donald Vaughan never forgets an injury, Clara. But this is not to the point. You have not given me your promise."

Claude Rothwell, trembling with excitement

listened intently.

"I will give you none," was the low reply.

Another sound became audible—the sound of heavy footfails. The man had evidently drawn nearer to ber. "Take care!" he muttered, gratingly.

The hand of Rothwell was on the door, but it resisted his efforts to open it. It was fastened A deep sigh was the only response to the When Anderson reached Wayne on his second mission he found that Gen Wayne had

man's last words.

He spoke again, in a voice so fierce and low, it was like the his of a roused viper.

"You mean to betray me, then?"

"Assassin!" txclaimed his companion, her voice ringing musically through the but; "strike

"Assassin!" Exclaimed his companion, her voice ringing musically through the hut; "strike me!—kill me! The cowardly hand that—"

Claude Rothwell, waiting to hear no more, fluing himself against the door.

Her voice was drowned in the sound of the blow—a blow that burst the door from its fastenings, and hurled it inward with a bang.

Then, swift as a deer, pale, fierce, blazing-eyed, Claude bounded into the room.

"Clara," he cried, "who is that man?"

He stopped, as he spoke, in the centre of the bloor, his gaze he spoke, in the centre of the bloor, his gaze he spoke, in the centre of the bloor, his gaze he spoke, in the centre of the bloor, his gaze he spoke, in the greater, upright figure standing near the wide fireplace, in which a pile of re-spoke over the stender, upright figure standing near the wide fireplace, in which a pile of re-spoke over that figure like a rose-time i, go den wave—lighting up her dress, shining a her floating hair, gleaming in her great dark yes.

It revealed, as well, the brawny figure of the man who stood at her side, one hand uplifted above her, his cyes fastened upon her with a dark and threatening glare.

The maiden started back with a faint cry at Rothwell's abuyt sufrance.

The man, mercering a deep curse, thrust his hand into the breast of his coat.

"You!" he keaubed—"you have followed us here!"

Claude did not heed him. His pale face and

Claude did not heed him. His pale face and flashing eyes were still turned toward Clara.
"Who is that man?" he repeated, slowly, in a voice of agosized suspense.

A quick, breathless cry, an involuntary outstretching of her little hands. Then they went up with a rush and covered her burning cheeks.

"O heaven! Bo you not know? Claude, have pity on me! He is mother's only brother."

He echoed the faltered words. Horror, sur He echoed the faltered words. Horror, surprise, joy, all strangled for the mastery in his heart and were plettered on his expressive face.

Then a deep, triumphant gladness leaped into his eyes. She was his—still, still his own.

For a moment he was strengthless—for a moment his eyes forgotten. ment his danger was forgotten.

She had not forgotten it. The sharp click of a weapon being cocked caused her to lift her

With a quick movement she glided between Rothwell and Donald Vaughan; the latter at the same time withdrawing his hand from his breast, the yellow light gleamed on the polished

surface of a pistol.

"You have followed me here, Claude Rothwell?" repeated the desperado, hoarsely.

The young man looked at him, arquised at
last to a sense of his danger.

"Not you," he answered, coldly. "I am
here, however, to protect her."

As he said this, Clara's hand closed on the
arm of Donald Yaughan. As he said this, Clara's hand closed on the arm of Donald Vanghan.

Her frightened, imploring eyes, however, were turned toward Claude.

"He will kill you!" she shricked. "Oh, in heaven's name, I beg you to leave me!"

The appealing cry came too late. Rothwell had already advanced on Vanghan. The latter, throwing Clara roughly aside, leveled the revolver.

revolver.

"It is my turn now!" he exclaimed, with a gutteral laugh, as he pulled the trigger. Crash?

The sharp report of the pistol and a scream from Clara rang through the room. The shot was fired so close to Claude, that his face for an instant was half hidden by the curling white

He was unbut, however. At the moment that Vaughan palled the trigger, he had sprung upon him like a tiger, knocking up the weapon, and buring Vaughan binaselt half across the

and hurling Vaughan himself half across the room.

Reeling a moment, the wretch bounded forward to pick up the pistol which had dropped from his hand. But again Claude was too quick for him.

Planting sis foot upon the weapon, he met the rush of Vaughan with a blow that sent him headlong to the floor.

Rising stargeringly, his face bathed in blotd, his eyes ablaze with hatred, he looked at the two a moment, then as Claude stepped toward him he turned, and, darting through the doorway, disappeared in the darkness.

Ashen with terror, her trembling hands crossed upon her breast, her beautiful lips moving in voiceless prayer, Clara had witnessed this struggle.

Now, with a deep breath of relief, Rothwell came toward her.

"Clara," he said, in a low, pleading voice, "can you forgive me?"

S12 was trembling violently. She looked at him with a vague wonder in her sombre southern eyes.

"I do not understand you," she answered,

ern eyes.

"I do not understand you," she answered, lowly. "I have nothing to forgive."

He took the little cold hands in both his own. They quit od and grew hot in his clasp.

"I believed you take to me," he said humbly.

"Tell me why you have hidden from me so lone."

He went; but what was his surprise to find the cottage deserted! Clara had disappeared, leaving no trace. In shame and fierce anger he left Mobile, and sought, but vainly, to forget one whom he now believed was unworthy of his love.

Still, at once, the old faith in her purity and truth would assert itself, and fill his heart with remorseful pain.

Separated from her, he was wretched, and his ignorance of her fate increased that wretchedness.

He had taken upon himself the task of discovering her whereabouts, and in finding out in

disguise. I thought at first he was mad and tried to humor him. It was not until we came to this place a week ago that I found out the

A low sob broke from her lips as her head sank confidingly on his breast.

"I have been seeking you," he murmured, fondly, "ever since that miserable night. I was determined to find you, my own dear love."

With a start she looked up. Her deep eyes gleamed through rushing tears. gleamed through rushing tears.

"Claude, am I dreaming? Has God in His mercy given me such devotion as this?"

"I love you," he answered, softly, "more than tongue can teil. I cannot live without you."

As he spoke thus, a pale gleam of light streamed through the doorway and undulated over the walls. It was the light of the break-

That morning the bedy of Donald Vaughan was found floating in the waters of the Wateree. He had evidently fallen into the river in the darkness and was drowned.

"MAD" ANTHONY WAYNE.

His Rage at Being Ordered to Report to a "Fortune-Seeking" Frenchman. [Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.] The dreadful drama of the Revolution was entering upon the last act, in the spring of 1781, though the footsore and ragged continentals knew it not. The final storm-burst was centering in Virginia. Lafayette in command of the Virginian army, was compelled to evacuate

men, was marching to reinforce the confident royalists. Meanwhile Gen Wayne was en route from Pennsylvania to join Gen Greene in the Carolinas. But Washington had ordered Wayne to ald Lafayette, should the latter need reinforcements in his resistance to Cornwallis. Lafayette's troops were in a dispirited and disorderly condition upon the retreat, and Cornwallis knew it. In writing of the pursuit the duke

said: "The boy can not escape me." This "boyhood" of the brave young Frenchman was a source of ridicule among British officers, and of jealousy among the continentals. Of the latter, Gen Wayne was a conspicuous instance. His reputation, rank, and violent temper made him intolerant, and he never failed to give expression to his opinions in unmeas-

ured terms. Wayne was not a day's march from Lafayette when he received an order from the latter to join and co-operate with him, indicating therein the route Wayne's army should take, and the point where the forces should become united. Upon reaching the designated point, Lafayette was surprised not to meet Wayne or re-

fayette's movements and filled his mind with apprehension. The marquis thereupon sent his aid-de-camp, Maj Anderson, to urge Gen Wayne to march with all haste. (This officer was Maj Richard Clough Anderson, aid-de-camp to Lafayette,

the father of Maj Anderson of Fort Sumpter memory.) Maj Anderson found Wayne in camp, and received from him an ungracious promise to move up. At the end of three days Lafayette learning that Wayne was not advancing, again sent Maj Anderson with a peremptory order to join him by forced marches; and Maj Anderson was instructed to remain with Wayne, and to send forth hourly dispatches to his chief until the troops should arrive at camp.

Hops,

ond mission he found that Gen Wayne had moved but four miles from his former head-quarters. Upon entering the room that served as the adjutant's office, Maj Anderson satuted Gen Wayne and his staff; then asking for pen, ink and paper, sat down as if to write. Looking up to Wayne whose curiosity had been excited by this proceeding, he told the general that he had been sent by the Marquis de Lafayette to report the order for his advance, and that as he was about to forward the first of the ourly despatches required of him he desired hourly despatches required to him he desired to know what should be the nature of the report. Wayne was amazed at the conduct of Anderson, and staring at him he asked the aid de-camp: "To you mean to insult me?"

Anderson denied having any such intention, but said that in the course of duty he carried the commands of a superior officer. Wayne's voice, which had been husky and choked with passion, now broke forth: "Superior! superior! Do you call any d—d foreigner, any boy, my superior?" He then poured forth a voiley of oaths and imprecations upon all foreigners, not sparing Anderson himself, for having associated himself with "the fortune seeking Frenchman." He became more vehement as he lashed himself into a fury, striding up and down the room, stamping his feet in a paroxysm of rage. It was the indulgence of these farious ontbursts of temper, and not his well known rashness in battle that gave him the nickname of "Mad Anthony Wayne."

The account says that Wayne, fatigued by the wident actions and the vehemenca of his

The account says that Wayne, fatigued by passions, gradually subsided into gentleness of action. But any reference to the object of An derson's mission led to a repetition of the passionate outburst. An officer succeeded at last in turning the conversation from the dangerous

topic.

Wayne having expressed himself confident
of lultimate success, Maj Anderson gave expression to his own gloomy toretodings.
Pressed for his reasons by Gen Wayne, Ander-Presed for his reasons by Gen Wayne, Ander-son replied that as the only hope of success against a formidable foe lay in voluntary union and subordination, 'the example he had seen that day of an officer high in rank, and of dis-tinguished services, refusing to obey orders of a superior officer deprived him of the hope of useful or permanent success.

useful or permanent success.

"Gen Wayne," said Maj Anderson. "I look o you to remove these apreheusions."
This arraignment of Wayne's course seemed This arraignment of Wayne's course seemed about to produce another storm burst of passion; but Wayne was, though envious and excitable a true patriot and soldier, and with almost the same heat with which he had refused to obey Lafayette he cried out:

"Tell him I'll jine him! Tell him I'll jine him! By G-d, tell him I'll jine him to morrow!" Hammocks, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas & etc.

Temperance Laws in New England. During a recent visit te Vermont I made some studies of the working of the temperance laws of that State. There are no more rigid laws in any State against the sale or manufacture of liquor than in Vermont. The sale of a single glass of liquor is punishable by a fine of \$50. A second offense calls for a reprimand and an increase of the fine. The third offense must be punished with a year's imprisonment if the law s rigidly enforced, yet the law is practically a dead letter. It is enforced spasmodically, and is more used as the engine of petty spite and small blackmail than anything else. Liquor is openly sold everywhere, save in the smallest of the towns. In the latter a stranger might find a little difficulty in getting all he would want, but none of the natives would. During the last year I have been in all of the principal towns of New England, where temperance legislation has longest prevailed, and I have always found as longest prevailed, and I have always found as much intemperance as in communities where there are no restrictions. The evil effect of the temperance laws in New England lies in the fact that they drive the liquor dealing into the hands of the lowest and least responsible class. The average alcohololic drink sold in that section is a norrible poison. Any one who has seen much of New England will be casily convinced that high license is the true solution of the temperance question. These temperance laws are grea stimulants to hypocrisy. A false con muchty sentiment has been built up, so that many of those who drink and who are at heart opposed to the laws would vote against their reonposed to the laws would vote against their re-peal.—[Washington Cor. N. Y. World.

"The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man.
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,"
and causes the skin to be "barked about, most
lazar-like, with vile and leathsome crust."
Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile,
the only antidote for which is to cleanse and
regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." In 1885 there were 9,080 murders in this country; the number increased to 18,007 in 1884.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HITOTHOSPHITES, IN CONSUMPTION AND WASTING DISEASE. Dr C W Banningen, Pitisburg, Pa, anys: 'I think your Entileion of Cod Liver Oil is a very fine proparation, and fills a long felt want. It is very useful in consumption and wasting discores."—adv.

W Richmond before the advance of Cornwallis; 80 and Arnold, the traitor, at the head of 2,500 THOR N & SO EXTRACA whom ceive any word from him. This delayed La-CHEAPESTTONIC KNOWN.

ODD PANTS.

The combination have just bought a corner in

Men's and Youths Pants, we have 300 pairs, shall sell them at \$2.50, 3, 3.50 to 5.00, all excellent

PLAIDS, MIXTURES & WORSTEDS,

Two Lines at \$10 and 12, are Special Trades.

Best stock thin coats we ever had, vests to match. ALPACCAFLINEN AND MOHAIR DUSTERS.

SPECIAL TRADE IN LINEN AND MOMIE LAP Horse Covers and Fly Blankets.

Summer Underwear in Gauze Merino, and Lisle Thread, Fancy Shirts, Hosiery and Ties,

STARKEY & WELLMAN,

WALL PAPER.

BROOKS BLOCK.

New Goods now Ready, embracing all Grades, from Brown Blanks to the finest Bronzes. Elegant assortment of

CHILING DECORATIONS. ESTIMATES GIVEN ON CEILING WORK. Goods Cheerfully Shown.

W. R. GEDDIS. At Steen's Old Stand.

HINSDALE Directory. Reliable Representative Business Houses:

8, H. BAILEY. Most and Vegetable Market, Oysters and Game in crases. W. J. CADY, Artistic Photographer. Views, Groups, Recommend As. Copying and Finish E. E. HALE Dealer to Staple and Pancy Grocurbe. Headquarters, Pust Office Betletteg. OLIVER .H HIGGIES. Livery and Fact States. Bornes, Carrieffes and Barners. Bear Touche Block H. E. JOHNDREW Manufacturer of fine Scote and Grane Post Office Building LYMAN H. KNAPP, Manufacturer to Light and Beary Barness. H. F. THAYER, Domestic Sakery, Confere any Fruits and Nute, Tobaco and Curare, Fancy Goods, Sa. Grada, Stationery, Oysters, Ice Cream, Tens., 5

One Pint

aluable

vspepsia,

Kidney But

I.

I

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers.

PREPARED BY

C. M. COLBURN & Co.

DRUGGISTS

BRATTLEBORO