NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

Devoted to Local and General News, Politics, Literature, Humor, &c.

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. 36. RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 12, 1879. WHOLE NUMBER 1939.

The National Democrat.

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PARK HOUSE RESTAURANT.

CATERING, J. E. TIER.

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SURPRISING CURE.

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SCIENTIFIC.

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THE

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Would call the attention to their New and Elegant Styles of

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$12 WALKING SUITS

Are Marvelous Bargains.

$9 BUSINESS SUITS

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Manufacturers of Fine Clothing,

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A new and select selection of all the latest

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Next door to Engine House.

Fire Insurance.

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FIRE ASSOCIATION, Phila.....

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$25,000,000.

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EXCHANGE BUILDING, RAHWAY, N. J.

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Niagara of New York,
New York City, of New York,
Franklin, of Philadelphia,
Firemen's, of Newark,
Agricultural, of Waretown, N. Y.
London Assurance, of London,

and others, by which the amount of cash assets are led to indemnify policy holders against loss or damage by in-

Insurance in any of the above companies can be obtained on Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, Farming, Farm property, Stock, at as low rates as the character of the risk will warrant.

All business with the above companies transacted at this office.

J. W. STEPHENS, Insurance Agent.

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HA! HA! HA!

THEY ALL WEAR 'EM!

AND SAY THEY ARE THE BEST!

VOLKMAN SELLS 'EM!

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Men's, Boys' and Children's FELT and STRAW HATS.

Fashionable Hats Dressing Parlors.

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SPRING OPENING.
NEW STYLES.
NEW GOODS.
LOW PRICES.

Our announcing to the public our Spring opening, we do so feeling our efforts put forth in the past year have been appreciated by the increase in sales over all previous years. The many who have been given to purchasing clothing in New York and Newark can testify that we do sell clothing as cheap as can be bought in either of the above places, at the same time some better style and better making and trimmings.

Remember, We Manufacture Our Own Clothing!

and are enabled, by our small expense in conducting business to compete with large houses. Now ready for inspection, a large line of suits from $7, $8, $9, $10, $12, all wool goods; our own manufacture; made up in the past thirty days.

☞ OUR BARGAIN ☜

An All Wool Frock Suit, Well Made and Trimmed, ONLY $9. Call and examine.

Spring Overcoat 6, 6, 9, 10, 12, $13.

In the Custom branch of our business we have all the novelties of the day in suitings to order for $15 to $25, far superior in style and trimmings to anything bought readymade for same money. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.

ONE PRICE C. O. D.

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HERE WE ARE AGAIN, SAVING SOLES!

AT THE OLD AND WELL KNOWN

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Cor. Main & Lewis Sts, Rahway, N. J.

Boots and Shoes in large quantities at prices never before offered. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

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A REDUCTION IN THE PRICE

FIVE PER THOUSAND FEET,

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FEATHER BEDS!

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Shapes, Hats and Frames,

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.

Kid Gloves Cleaned at Short Notice.

For Ready-to-wear Dress Patterns!

Doubled Backed Corsets.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that the

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Will be in session at their office in the City Hall, Newark, N. J., on the days and at the places hereinafter mentioned, for the purpose of hearing complaints in relation to the assessment of taxes, and for the purpose of correcting the assessment roll, viz:

Public Inspection, Correction and Examination,

ON MONDAY, THE 30 DAY OF JUNE,

Until Wednesday, June 24th.

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SUCCESSORS TO

MORRIS & DOTY,

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Our Express and Mail Order Department is now under the immediate supervision of a member of the firm, and has received the benefit of many years experience in the business. Orders will be promptly attended to, and goods sent to any part of the country, free of charge. No trouble to show goods. All goods marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE C. O. D.

20c. per 100 pounds.

$1500

$300

Only $3 per Bed.

F. L. SMITH,

SPRING CLOTHING,

TO ORDER.

STYLE.

Good Workmanship.

LOW PRICES.

Upstairs. RAHWAY, N. J.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE

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CARPETS 300,000 YARDS.

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If You Are GOING TO KANSAS

$225 A DAY!

Best Specie Purse

AGENTS READ THIS

$66

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FRESH GOODS AND LATEST STYLES;

IN QUALITY AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Rules for Self-Measurement and Price List.

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ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

38 to 54 4th Ave., Extending 1 to 9 Clinton Place, and Corner of Broadway, New York.

VOGEL BROTHERS,

RELIABLE

CLOTHING

HOUSES.

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ANNOUNCEMENT FOR SPRING, 1879.

Vogel Brothers, The One Price Clothiers, have now ready the very largest and most select Stock of Spring Clothing ever offered at retail for Men, Boys and Children, which they sell at the very Lowest Manufacturers' Prices. Samples of Materials, Fashion Plates and Rules for Self-Measurement cheerfully sent to any parties FREE OF CHARGE. Goods sent to any part of the United States, C. O. D., with the privilege of examining the same before paying for them. Call or address to either of the above Establishments.

VOGEL BROTHERS,

NEW YORK.

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 19, 1879.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

June 1.

[illegible]

The prophet Zechariah ... contemporary ... and was ... in the work of building the second temple. He began to ... prophetic office about ... about fifteen years after the return of the Jews ...

When the ... under the encouragement of Cyrus went up from Babylon ... enjoyed the land of ... building of the temple ... their ... land the ... in the ...

The Samaritans ... [illegible]

Our lesson to-day contains one of the eight "visions" which seemed to have passed before the prophet in a single night. The practical design of them all was to encourage the people to diligence and fidelity in their great work. Under the figure of golden candlestick, with seven lamps or burners, and seven pipes leading to them, and an olive tree standing on each side, to ... oil ... [illegible]

The vision of the golden candlestick ... [illegible]

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Angels are interested in the progress of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The glory of Christ is ... to angelic hearts, and the things which pertain to his kingdom are the things into which angels desire to look.

A redeemed saint in heaven is a more glorious sight than an unfallen angel. "Know ye not that ye shall judge the exalted above angels?" (1 Cor. 6: 3.)

2. Moral victories are not won by physical forces.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts" (v. 6). All the influences that led to the return of the Jews and the rebuilding of their temple were spiritual influences. By them kings were induced to favor God's captive people and courage them in their work.

When a missionary was once describing to a heathen company the ... power of the ... heathen asked, "Why not ... kill the ..." This would be ... the Gospel ... of any under the government ... Sovereign God, but it would ... true solution. Moral forces ... moral triumphs, and the ... of the conflict will be all the more glorious.

3. The Church is the light of the world.

This has been true even in respect to secular learning. Religion ... ways been a true friend and patron of education. And in the Dark Ages the Church was the ... learning of the world.

True faith is a liberalizing and educating process. The knowledge of God has a close affinity with all true and useful knowledge. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."

4. But the Church must be supplied from divine sources to enable her to enlighten the world.

The oil of divine grace must be poured into the hearts of God's people, or the fire of love and zeal and devotion will go out.

5. Nothing is too great for God's Spirit.

Before the ... great mountains shall be like ... plains, and the ...

... highway of the Lord shall traverse ... in all directions.

A fool will never leave his work unfinished.

... That wisdom undertakes ...

PHUNNY-GRAPHS.

THE ELOPEMENT.

[illegible]

A new song is called "The Spring in the Meadow," but it doesn't draw like the saloon on the corner.—Norristown Herald.

The current ... a kiss ... common ... than a ... Josh Billings.

With uncommon gallantry a man will resign his seat in a horse-car next to a colored woman who is eating peppermint drops and perspiring. ...

A ... can never succeed in holding two or three dozen pins in her mouth as a woman does, no matter how ... —N. Y. ...

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a man's hands will blister sooner on a hoe handle than ... on a base-ball bat. —Steuben ...

If the Franklin were to walk into ... [illegible]

The ... of eating its ... the New York Herald, ... but ... —Yonkers ...

A ... —N. Y. Commercial.

The man who refuses to take interest in the welfare of the town in which he resides, does about as much service as a bootjack without the use; for ... himself, is uppermost in his thoughts, minus understanding. —Hackensack Republican.

When the animal world had been created, there remained an incongruous assortment of bone, small and great, shaped and unshaped. To utilize these odds and ends, they were wrapped in a fish skin and called shad, and shad they remain to this day. —Boston Transcript.

Life is but a span. Marriage is a double team. Youth wedded to old age is a tandem. A cross old bachelor is single and all sulky. —New Orleans Picayune. "And a squalling baby is a 'little dog under the wagon.'" Anyhow the neighbors often ... —Norristown Herald.

The Rockland County Journal is ... friendly to tramps. It says: "The tramp does not become less arrogant as he grows older. If he is too independent when he asks for food, feed him with the end of a hoe handle or a broom stick. If he insists on having his meat warmed over, use a horsewhip or a shovel to do it with."

The St. Louis Times-Journal says the eighth wonder of the world has been discovered in the editor who, in writing back to his paper, pulled a ... tavern without once alluding to "mine host." The ninth wonder will be discovered when the editor or reporter is found who alludes to the ... of his town without calling ... Rome Sentinel.

Never destroy a jug until you are satisfied what the contents are. A man out west did so under the impression that it contained whisky, but when he found out that he had frescoed the sidewalk with four gallons of prime maple syrup, his howls of anguish could have been heard for miles around. Moral: Never smash the jug until it runs dry.—Hackensack Republican.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, two eggs, ounce of butter, one teaspoonful salt, eight tablespoons of flour; boil one and one-quarter hours. To be eaten with sauce.

MACAROONS.—One and one-quarter pounds of powdered sugar, one pound sweet almonds, blanched and pounded to a paste, whites of six eggs, and grated peel of two lemons.

SNOW SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of flour, whole beaten, one and one-half cup sugar, two teaspoons cream of tartar, mixed with flour, one soda, whites of ten eggs. This makes a very white, beautiful cake.

RICE PUDDING.—To each quart of milk add one tablespoon of rice, sugar and grated nutmeg to taste, a bit of ... bake three hours in a moderate oven. Frequent stirring makes the pudding creamy.

[illegible]

CREAM DRESSING FOR SLAW.—Beat together three raw eggs, and six tablespoons of cream, three tablespoons of melted butter, one teaspoon of salt, one of mustard, one ... black pepper, and one teacup of vinegar. Boil, stirring it constantly, until it thickens like boiled custard. ...

[illegible]

TO COOK KIDNEYS.—Cut away ... the water and when they scald pour off the water, and add fresh boiling water to cover them, boil until tender. ... in the water they were boiled in, mix a piece of butter as large as an egg ... with salt, ... a glass of wine.

Two darkies had bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his in, trusted the whole to Julius' keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam. All mysterious."

"Why, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, this morning I went down to the cellar to get a piece of pork ... and I put my hand down into the ... and de ... rats had ... eat ... barrel, and, Sam, as sure as ... I'm ... pork ... and de ... gone."

"Why didn't ... de ... "

"No, Sam, dere is de mystery."

[illegible]

EXECUTRIX'S SETTLEMENT. [illegible]

EXECUTOR'S SETTLEMENT. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. [illegible]

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128 Main Street,
Home-Made Bread.
CAKES, FANCY CRACKERS, PIES, &c.
CONFECTIONERY
Ice Cream Saloon
PARTIES SUPPLIED.
WEDDING CAKES ORNAMENTED.

PIANO
—first-class make—for sale very low.
MELODEONS
—one in Piano Case, cheap; also, one smaller—only ...
MODEL PIANO
at a sacrifice.
CHAPEL ORGAN
at a great bargain.
Apply at the
Rahway Music Store,
119 Main Street.

HOUDANS
A SPECIALTY.
The Best Birds.
EXCELLING
In Laying and Table Qualities.
AND UNSURPASSED FOR BEAUTY.
EGGS FOR HATCHING
From Premium Stock,
$2.00 per Setting of 13.
W. L. VANVLIET,
... Street, Rahway, N. J.

LISTER BROTHERS'
Standard Fertilizers,
Bone, &c.,
AT FACTORY PRICES.
For sale by
WM. CHAMBERLAIN.

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STATIONERY!
BLANK BOOKS,
RULING AND BINDING,
U. M. OSBORN
14 Cherry Street,
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LETTER COPYING BOOKS.
DUPLICATE LETTER WRITERS.
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Pens of the Best Makers.
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OF ALL KINDS,
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WALNUT, OAK AND MAHOGANY
Parlor, Bed Room and Kitchen
FURNITURE,
PARLOR AND BEDROOM SUITS,
BEDSTEADS, SOFAS, BUREAUS,
TABLES, CHAIRS, HATSTANDS,
EXTENSION TABLES, MIRRORS, &c.
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FAMILY SUPPLIES
AT
JEWELL'S,
154 Main Street.
FRESH MEATS, FISH, OYSTERS, CLAMS,
VEGETABLES, FRUITS, CANNED GOODS,
PRESERVED FRUIT, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,
AT THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

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Mellick House
MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING,
FOR CASH.
Closing Out Old Goods at Half Price,
BOYS' SUITS AT ALL PRICES.
TRUNKS, BAGS, SATCHELS, &c.
JAS. T. MELICK.

Milton Lake Ice!
Milton Lake Ice!
Milton Lake Ice!
Milton Lake Ice!
Ice Retail and Wholesale delivered to any part of the city.
Also, an Ice Depot will be erected in the rear of W. L. Brown's Feed Store, where any quantity can be obtained at any time.
Thankful for past patronage, I remain Yours Respectfully,
A. WHITE, Proprietor.
Rahway, N. J., May 18, 1878.

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Steam and Gas Fitting
M. BOYNE,
No. 2 Irving Street near the Railroad,
RAHWAY, N. J.
Baths, Boilers, Water Closets,
LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,
Furnished and put up to order.
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HOUSES
IN THE BEST MANNER.
GAS FIXTURES FURNISHED & PUT UP.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.

1878. 1878.
PLUMBING!
WORK DONE AT REDUCED PRICES!
By WM. H. CLOKE,
137 Main Street, Rahway, N. J.
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When they give out have one of CLOKE'S PATENT BOTTOMS put in, warranted to stand as long as the boiler lasts.

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Geo. Woods & Co.'s Parlor Organs
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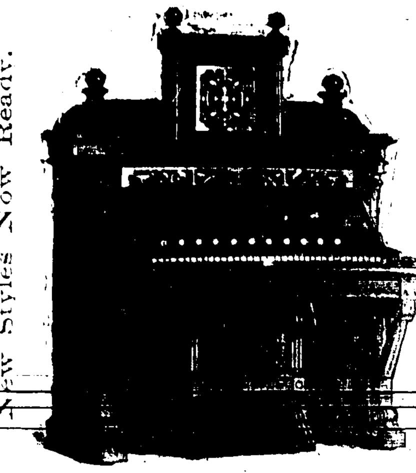
UPRIGHT PIANOS.
New Styles Now Ready. Liberal Terms to Dealers.



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And all kinds of Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, Bows and a general assortment of Musical Merchandise.
Any make of Pianos at very heavy discounts.
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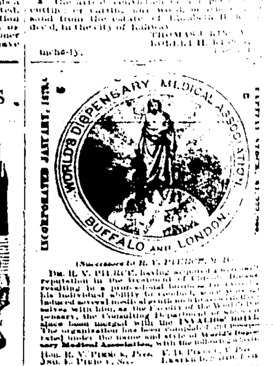

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NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

Devoted to Local and General News, Politics, Literature, Humor, &c.

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. 37. RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 19, 1879. WHOLE NUMBER 1940.

The National Democrat.
L. J. HYER, Editor and Proprietor.
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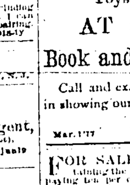

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WHAT BECOMES OF EDITORS.

What becomes of the editor?
That's what we'd like to know;
They do a heap of good on earth,
And to Heaven ought to go;
But something seems to hinder,
They are a peculiar set,
And in the great Hereafter
Will be "left out in the wet."

[illegible]

It's very well to smile, sir,
And say your head is level;
But did you ever know an editor
That did not scorn the devil?
You don't suppose for a moment
That he can have been of ...
And be always going "Fey?"
They'll be "left out in the wet."

[illegible]

But it's currently reported
That the first I ...

IMMUTABLE FRIENDS.

"You do nothing but work away at your old painting, Adrienne! I, for my part, am sick to death of the sight of it!" And pretty Ray Warner looked ...

Adrienne Wilton ... went on putting the finishing touches to a lily in the centre of a bouquet which she was painting.

"It earns my bread and butter," she said, at last. Then she pushed away her easel and turned her ... critically, her head turning from side to side as restlessly as did her canary's hanging just above her right shoulder.

Ray came over to look at it.

"It is pretty," she was forced to say. "Still, I must confess I am tired of seeing you working so hard from morning till night. You are just killing herself. Now that the summer is coming, we need a change. Why can't we go away somewhere out of this hot, dreary city? Let us take situations at some fashionable watering resort. Oh, no! I'll tell you! Let us go to some quiet country house and live!"

Miss Wilton laughed outright.

"Ray, you amuse me," she said. "First you talk about working for pleasure, and then about living, minus the work. What am I to think?"

"Think? Why, that we ought to have a change somehow," pouted Ray.

"Certainly we ought," suggested Adrienne; "but how are we going to get it. If we stop work we starve, you know."

"How I hate to be poor!" said Ray. And she began to cry bitterly.

Adrienne threw down her brush, and going over to her took her in her arms.

"Poor little Ray!" she said. "You are entirely discouraged, are you not?"

"Yes," said Ray. "And I want to go away to another place."

"And so you shall," answered Adrienne, with a tight drawing of her under lip. "We will both go, if it takes the last shilling I have. We will start next week."

Ray forgot her tears now. She danced about the little room like a delighted child. Then she ran and sat down at Adrienne's feet.

"Let us make our plans now," she said.

"No," said Adrienne. "I must have time to think them over."

Then she resumed her painting, and Ray went off to examine her scanty wardrobe, and see what prospect there was of making one new dress out of two old ones.

Adrienne Wilton was an orphan.—Left so at the age of sixteen, she had used what little money her father had bestowed upon her toward studying the art of painting; and now, at the age of twenty-three, we find her dependent upon her brain and hands for her daily bread. She lived in an obscure way. One room was all the place she had to call home; yet that was situated in the most comfortable part of the city. She little cared, however, how many flights up her chamber was, so long as the street was a quiet one, and her neighbors orderly. Still I know that sometimes her eye craved fairer beauties than the dingy roofs of the opposite houses.

Ray Warner lived with her. Ray was a pretty, pale blonde of twenty, and she had shared with Adrienne in everything for the past three years.—She, too, was an orphan, and a seamstress at that. Going out by the day, and while doing so becoming subject to the caprices of all sorts of persons, was not at all to her liking. She felt that she had been born for something better, but that something better had not reached her as yet. Adrienne had found her in the same dreary house that had sheltered her for some weeks, and, pitying her loneliness, had grown to love her. So at last the two became inseparable, and began a sort of joint housekeeping in the room which Ray had first scorned, then learned to look upon as her only home.

The world outside moved on as ever; but concerts and parties and plays were as so many unread books to those two girls. They knew of them, and sometimes longed for a taste of the ripe fruit hanging just out of their reach; but an empty cupboard soon decided the question. So every night they quietly drew down their one window curtain, shutting the tempting world out and themselves in.

But now, as Adrienne had said, there was to be a change, and that night Ray was allowed to make a plan.

"I have five pounds put by," ... gleefully, "and you have about the same; then, when you get ... for your bouquet of water-lilies, we shall have in all about eleven pounds. Why, that is splendid! I had no idea we were so rich. Now our rent is all paid. It is lucky we rent this room by the week, isn't it? We can give it up at any time, can't we? Well, then, let us leave it while we are away, and seek new quarters when we get back."

... Adrienne ...

"Well, well," ... "... you ... Do you not see the force of my argument?"

Adrienne "saw" and was silent.

"Then," continued Ray, "our room being disposed of, we will seek some quiet country home in which to rest. Pretty, it will take fully ... shillings to ... Well, one pound ten ... a week ... your board ... "

"Nine pound ten," said Adrienne, quietly.

"Well," said she, "suppose we pay a pound a week for board—that would give ... how many weeks would we get for that amount?"

"About nine weeks," said Adrienne, with a smile. Then she added, "How would you go back if ... all our money?"

Ray looked confused for a moment, then brightened up again.

"Perhaps we shall never go back," she said, "and not have to come back."

But Adrienne shook her head.

"Poor girls are not apt to find rich lovers very plentiful," she thought, still, she did not discourage Ray, and although she kindly listened to her plans, she did not decide for them, but ...

Ray was not ... she was ... pleased with good ...

Away in the country, she found her farmhouse. It was just such a place as Ray would be likely to fall in love with; but she shrank a little when she found that Adrienne had come to assist in the labors of its inmates.

"You shall never do it!" cried Ray, angrily.

"Now listen," said Adrienne, calmly. "We cannot afford to be idle all the summer, for if we do, by the time we go back our money will be gone, and our inclination to work also.—Now I need this kind of exercise. It will agree with me, but not with you. So I want you to romp to your heart's content, and what money I save on my part will go towards keeping our home, for of course we shall want to go back again, Ray."

"I don't know," said Ray. "For my part, I am quite in love with this place. Suppose I could get work here; would you go home and leave me?"

"No," said Adrienne thinking how lonely it would be without Ray.

"But suppose I found my lord," persisted Ray. "Would you then?"

"Yes," said Adrienne, with a sinking heart. "But why do you ask that? You know I expect you will have a home of your own some day."

"And so will you," said Ray, hugging her. "And now tell me how you came to find this charming place?"

"I advertised for it," replied Adrienne; "and you must remember that I am but a servant, and you a boarder. Now dress yourself and go down stairs, dear. I want you to get some colour into your face before tea-time."

There were other strangers in the neighborhood, and more than one of them noticed the tall, brown-browed girl who performed her daily tasks so quietly and yet so haughtily, as though born to a different sphere, and the pale-faced little creature, who haunted the region of the kitchen so continually, and only seemed truly happy when there. Walter Prescott noticed the two long before any of the rest, perhaps, for he had become interested in Adrienne Wilton.

He was not exactly a lord, but he was wealthy, and had come with his mother to spend the summer at that quiet country place among the green fields. And having time in plenty on his hands, and discovering Adrienne's passion for an art which he dearly loved, he had fallen in love with her. And she? Well, she was poor. He was rich, and what girl does not like to be loved when she has but few to love her? So, whenever she found opportunity for walking in those vales and dells so tempting to her artistic eye, if she chanced to meet Walter Prescott she did not shrink from him. Occasionally, Ray went with her, and on those days Walter avoided Adrienne. But at last a day came when Adrienne's health showed signs of failing. She faltered a little in her tasks, and then Ray came to the rescue, and showed herself capable of filling her place ably and well. Constant household exercise soon brought the colour back to her cheeks; and while Adrienne grew darker and more shadowy, Ray blossomed like as to a perfect rose.

Walter Prescott was quick to note the difference between the two girls. He cared little if he found a wife poor in purse, as he had enough for both; but a plain bride was not to be thought of. So he changed his tactics, and worshipped at Ray's shrine instead.

Poor little Ray! The thought of going back to a dull, close life in the city after the freedom of the country was hard to bear. Any avenue of escape would be welcomed, providing it were honest and right. So, when Walter Prescott asked her to be his wife, she cried and thanked him, and then ran to tell Adrienne how glad she was.

Poor Adrienne! She listened quietly, then hugged her paint and brush closer.

"So it will be my art and myself," she said to herself. She knew that Ray was unconscious of her secret.—Honest Ray, she would have sooner cut off her right hand than wrong the friend so dear to her. Still, this first grief of its kind was hard to bear.

"He knows I am poor," whispers Ray, softly, "and so wants me to marry him at once, just as I am. He ... Adrienne, ... if you don't mind very much, I won't go back to the city with you, and you may have what my face would be. Dear, dear Adrienne, what shall I do without you?"

And Ray cried then. Adrienne ... What would she do without Ray?

But Walter Prescott ... People ... the two. Ray went with him, and Adrienne returned to the city alone.

"If ever you need me," she said at parting, "send for me and I will come."

Then she went back to her brush. She kept her window curtain pulled closer than ever over that world into which Ray had strayed, but it found her out after a while, and honored ... from her hand. It was the face of a child; ... perfect in features, yet with such an expression, that men stood awed before it. It was Adrienne Wilton's ideal child—the little one that would never be any one's but hers—and she called it "Mina."

She was rich now. She need no longer toil. The great world outside eagerly welcomed the smallest thing ...

Just twelve years had fled since Ray went from her. Letters had passed between the two, but neither had ever spoken of those things nearest the heart. It was as if separation had so ... the telegraphic wires of confidence as to render them incapable of performing their duty. Then one day a letter bearing a black seal came to Adrienne Wilton, and she learned ... Walter Prescott was dead. He had died the death of a drunkard, leaving his poor wife free from his abuse, and as poor as the day she married him; poorer, in fact, for then she had health and spirits; but now she had neither.

"But I want you, Adrienne," she wrote. "You told me to send for you if I needed you, and I do need you. Will you come to me?"

"Come to me," wrote Adrienne.—"I am rich."

... Ray away from her old associations, and Ray came ... eyes heavy with tears. She brought her child with her, a girl of eleven, whose sad, sweet face bore no resemblance to her dead father.

Then passed four happy years, and the world was again startled by a picture from the easel of Adrienne Wilton; a companion to the other.—This was a young girl in the bloom of womanhood, with a look of happy expectancy in her face. It bore the name of "Ours," and was a faithful representation of Ray Prescott's only daughter, who bore the promise of becoming as famous with her pen as her mother's friend had by her brush.

But after that Adrienne's strength failed.

"I think this is my last work," she said, one day; and in two months from that day she died.

Ray grew strangely morbid. She could not bear to look upon the deserted studio, and she begged Victorine to put the brushes from her sight.—She tried to live for her daughter's sake, but life was hard, at best, and she gave up the trial after a while.

"I believe I need Adrienne," she said. "Victorine, kiss your mother, and always think kindly and nobly of Adrienne Wilton."

Years after, when Victorine Prescott had become the wife of a good man, she caused a monument to be raised above the heads of those two dearest to her heart; and on it were carved these words:

"Yes, they were friends; God made them so;
In bright and cloudy weather;
And knowing this, He spoke their names,
And called them home together."

WOODEN SWEARING.—The Sabbath school in Rockville was assembled for their monthly concert. The lesson was about swearing, and when the children had repeated their verses, the minister rose to talk to them.

"I hope, dear children," he said, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it wooden swearing. It's a kind of swearing that many people beside children are given to, when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about and make all the noise they possibly can. Isn't this just the same as swearing?" said he. "It's just the same kind of feeling exactly, only they do not like to say those awful words; but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it 'wooden swearing.' I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing either. It is better to let alone wooden swearing and all other kinds of swearing."—The Little Christian.

A young lady gave her skating experience as follows:

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the new minister; "I had just got the skates on and made a start when down I came on my—"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What! Oh, it was so funny! One skate went one way and the other'n t'other way, and down I came on my—"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted from under me and down I came on my—"

"Margaret!" yelled both the parents.

"On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and liked to have mashed him. Now, what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee-pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman adroitly turned the conversation in a political channel.

In Memory.

[illegible]

Blanche Roy's Diamonds.

"See them sparkle, Minnie! How beautiful they are—like tiny drops of fire! And they must be worth—oh! ever so much money!"

Blanche Roy had thrown herself impulsively on her knees, at the invalid sister's side, holding up in one hand the jewel case of black velvet, against whose sombre background the sparkle of the gems was plainly visible.

Minnie was older, darker, paler, yet there was still a strong resemblance between the two sisters. Upon Minnie Roy's shoulders had fallen all the grief, and pain, and sorrow that were studiously kept from overshadowing Blanche's pathway, little wonder, therefore, that the roses had withered long ago from her cheeks, and the light had gone out from her melancholy eyes.

"Stop, Blanche," said the elder sister, a little gravely. "Were these diamond earrings sent to you by Harry Berkeley?"

"Harry Berkeley, indeed!" Blanche Roy gave the auburn curls a haughty toss. "The idea of his giving me anything like this! No, indeed—Harry's a great deal too fond of his money for that."

Minnie looked grave.

"I wish you would not speak of him in that manner, Blanche."

"I can't help it, Minnie. You must know yourself that Harry is rather inclined to—well, it will out—penuriousness. No, he did not send me these sparkling beauties."

"Who did, then?"

"Blanche slyly drew a card from the pocket of her blue muslin dress, and held it close to Minnie's eyes.

"Percy Malton!" exclaimed the elder sister, as she deciphered the characters. "Blanche, you never should receive so costly a gift from one who is almost a stranger!"

"He isn't a stranger, Minnie."

"You must send them back at once, Blanche," said her sister, firmly. "If you keep them, Mr. Malton can draw but one inference from your conduct."

"And that?"

"Will be, of course, that you look favorably upon his suit. A lady can receive diamonds only from a man who is to be her husband."

The dimples had all vanished from Blanche Roy's cheek—driven away, perhaps, by the scarlet dye that suffused the delicate surface.

"Are you willing to regard Mr. Malton in the light of an accepted lover, Blanche?" asked Minnie.

"No—yes—I don't know," faltered Blanche, turning the glittering stones mechanically round.

"You don't know! Blanche I thought—I had hoped—that you loved Harry Berkeley."

"He is so penurious, Minnie," pouted Blanche. "He never gives me anything—and all the girls think it so strange. And Percy Malton is all generosity. I just happened to mention that I admired diamonds last night, and see how promptly and delicately he has responded!"

Minnie shook her head in quiet disapproval.

"I don't like Percy Malton."

"Oh, but Minnie, he is so noble—so magnanimous!"

"I would send the diamonds back, Blanche."

Blanche looked longingly at the sparkling jewels.

"Put them up, dear. They are a tempting bait, but Harry Berkeley's honest heart is worth all the diamonds that ever glittered in the mines of Golconda."

"Harry Berkeley again!" replied Blanche petulantly. "Do you know, Minnie, I asked him if he would join that party to the lakes this summer, and what do you think he said?"

"What?"

"That he couldn't afford it."

"A very sensible answer, according to my way of thinking, Blanche."

"But, Minnie, just reflect, if a young man of twenty-four is so fond of money—"

"Gently, little sister, what right have you to make that sweeping assertion?"

"I know that his income is large, and that he has no pressing calls upon it. As I said, if a youth of twenty-four is so fond of money, there is danger of the man of forty being a confirmed miser. Of all things I detest penuriousness! I did fancy I liked Harry, but I'm getting disenchanted."

Minnie only sighed wearily.

"What's the matter, my dear sister?" whispered Blanche, laying her velvet cheek close to Minnie's pallid face. "Is the pain at your heart worse?"

"It is a pain at my heart, Blanche, but beyond the reach of medicine."

"Did you receive letters from Canada? Oh, why doesn't Charles come back to you? If my lover were to stay away in that sort of fashion—"

"Hush, Blanche! You are not acquainted with the circumstances of the case. He cannot come back—at least, for many years. I have not much hope of ever looking upon his face in this world. Perhaps in heaven—"

But Blanche's passionate, impulsive tears interrupted her sister's low, quiet voice.

"Oh, why don't you tell me about it, sister? Why am I kept in ignorance of your trouble? I am only a silly child, I know, but I am your sister, and I love you."

"There is not much to tell, dear; and we have only kept it from you lest your young life should be over-clouded with the darkness of other existences. Mr. Rowley was ... in a ... financial ... and became somehow entangled in the snares of designing villains. A frank ... his ... ... Charles was ... and before he was aware of it, he had somehow become responsible to a frightful extent. I shall never forget the morning he came to me, pale as death, to tell me that the bright castle of promised wealth had fallen in ... that flight was the only escape from ... a ... but not a guilty one."

"The rain will soon be over, Miss Blanche—just take a seat and wait. I'll be back in half a second."

Blanche Roy cast one regretful glance from the side window upon the white, ... sheets of rain that were eddying down the narrow street, and sat down close to the curtained glass door that led to Obadiah Green's hair-dressing shop.

It was a snug, thrifty little house with plants in the windows, two plump babies in the cradle, a tortoise-shell cat curled up under the ... Katy Jones had not done a foolish thing when she left her situation as nurse to little Blanche Roy to become the wife of honest Obadiah Green, the barber.

While Blanche stood waiting she had brought an umbrella, a name spoken carelessly in the other room sent the roses to her cheek.

"... Percy Malton!" said one of the gentlemen waiting in the shop for the shower to terminate. "Of course I know him. A smart fellow he is too, a little too smart, that's all."

"I don't understand you," said the latter, an old gentleman in the corner, whose gold-bowed spectacles gave him such a pompous appearance.

Blanche could see them all as she stood ... sheltering white curtain.

"You don't? Does he owe you any money?"

"Not he. I don't lend to every adventurer who comes into my office with empty pockets."

"So much the better for you, Mr. Dudley. He is a gentleman who lives by his wits entirely. Paying particular attention to a young lady of the West End, I am told. He is quite a connoisseur regarding the fair fax."

The old gentleman looked quickly up ...

"Ah! indeed! That explains a little business operation of his with a client of ... that rather puzzled me at the time. He hired a set of diamonds for three months."

"Hired them?"

"Yes. Hand was a little uneasy about them and he keeps a sharp look-out on the gentleman."

"I should advise him to do so. Why, Dudley—of course I don't want to interfere with any amusement Malton may have on hand—but he happens to have a very interesting French wife in Paris."

"The scoundrel!"

"An appropriate appellation, I happen to know, moreover, that this is not the only flirtation he has on hand at present. Here—"

But Blanche Roy heard no more. Mrs. Green's hand was on her shoulder.

"Dear me, Miss Blanche, how pale you are. I'm afraid you're tired out. ... me get you a glass of water."

"No, Katy—I—I only want to borrow an umbrella. It does not rain much now."

"Miss Blanche, just look at the windows!"

"Yes, but I must get home."

Mrs. Green saw that appeal was quite useless, and ... bustled away to get Obadiah's best silk umbrella.

"I don't like to let you go, Miss Blanche, you are so pale," she said.

But thanking her, Blanche hurried away, leaving good Katy in the very depths of advice and counsel. And she would not have thought Miss Blanche pale could she have seen the angry crimson mantling her cheek as she walked through the driving sheets of rain.

Blanche Roy's spirited nature was up in arms, and a very stormy, tempestuous little nature it was sometimes. There was no danger that she would break her heart for the scheming lover who had proved so faithless; she was too angry for that.

She threw aside her dripping bonnet and ... at the moment she reached her own room, and ran up to see Minnie.

But Minnie was not alone. The first person on whom Blanche's eyes fell was no other than Harry Berkeley.

"Harry?"

"Blanche!"

"Come here, my dear sister," said Minnie, holding out her slender hand, and drawing Blanche close to her, "and let me tell you how very, very happy Harry has made me to-day."

... a new light sparkling in her eyes, a faint tinge of color glowing where the lilies had lain so whitely. Some unseen influence had transfigured Minnie's face into something almost radiant.

"Listen, Blanche," she said, "and you shall hear what makes my heart throb so joyously. For two long years Harry Berkeley has devoted his time, thought and money to obtain my poor Charlie's liberation from the galling bonds of his exile. At last, by the payment of a sum of money that I am almost afraid to name, Charles is free, and within two months I shall see him again, Heaven willing."

Her face was bright with the old glow and bloom of her girlhood as she spoke.

"Now, Blanche, do you understand why Harry Berkeley was forced to economize—to deny himself every luxury, and become as you phrased it, 'penurious?'"

Blanche put her hand on Minnie's lips in agony of shame and remorse.

"Minnie! sister!"

"Darling, it was because my happiness was at stake—the happiness of Blanche Roy's sister. Harry, make your peace with her—my joy is too great for further words. Go now, and let me rest awhile."

And as Harry Berkeley led Blanche away, she looked up with eyes that shone through tears.

A German paper asserts that pyemia and ... only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt, dissolved in water, on the head and spine.