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eign Goods, and in a position to pur-
chase all Domestic Fabrics direct
from the Manufacturers, to the best
advantage, we are able to give our
customers the benefit of our position,
in low price. Samples will be sent to
parties desiring to buy from us, on
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gard to the class of goods wanted,
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Above Casualty.

Where ride the inner guides to-night?
A snowflake fell upon my hand,
Soft as a spirit's touch, and white,
Brought back from the interior land
Unto a mother's sight.

I heard some strains of music when
The moon sank o'er the wood,
And if they never come again
Their meaning well I understood;
The singers once were men.

Wouldst follow up the star of beams—
Good stars have dropped it for our
kind—
To mount above the land of dreams,
Where reason permeates the mind,
Where all exists and nothing seems

Ah! pity for the soul of him
Who never hears the saintly song,
Nor sees the being on the rim
Of the great zone, where all belong
When life has reached the horizon.

Autumn.
Autumn's splendor fills the air,
And o'er hills and valleys fair
Floats the haze;
In the forests wide and grand,
Over all the brilliant land
Glories blaze.

The hickory's yellow fires flash,
The maple's scarlet splendor's dash
Across the wood;
The oak's sombre colors blend
With the willow's graceful bend
And sweep of gold.

The beeches milder hues unfold,
And shed their leaves upon the mold,
In showers brown;
The purple tints and golden grey
Of shrubbery all along the way,
Fall softly down.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright-
red brick, sweet-scented woodbine
trailing over its rustic porch, a green
lawn before it surrounded by flowers,
and a charming country landscape
spreading out in the distance. In-
side, in its small but very pretty par-
lor, on the red table-cover, waited
a tea-tray with its cups and saucers.
The window stood open to the still,
warm autumn air, and the French
porcelain clock was striking five.

A slender girl of some 20 years
came in. She was very lovely. But
her light-blue eyes bore a sort of
weight or disconcerted look, and her
brigit brown hair was somewhat
ruffled. She wore a print wash-
ing-dress of black and white, neither
very smooth nor very fresh, and a
lace neck-collar fastened with a bow
of black ribbon.

She had made an appointment to
meet Reginald Vavasour, a rich
young gentleman who had made
her acquaintance, down by the willow
walk, and her lover, Thomas
Watkyn, had told her he could call
that evening. Just before he left
she said:

"I ask you to do me a little
favor, Thomas?"
"What is it?" he repeated.
"If you would not very much mind
going home by the hill and would
leave this note to Miss Ford's, I
particularly wish her to have it this
evening."

He paused for an instant, not re-
plying. She went on hurriedly:
"I see that it is disagreeable to you.
I have offended you too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding
out his hand for the note. "But I
can hardly spare the time for the
long way this evening, as I have to
call at Killock's for my father. How-
ever," he said no more, but took
the note.

"Good-bye, Thomas."
"Good-bye."
"I'm glad he took the note! I
shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever
young lady. The direct and near
way to Mr. Watkyn's home would
lead him past the willow walk. She
had devised this impromptu note to
her dressmaker in the afternoon to
prevent his taking that usual route.
Had he seen young Vavasour cool-
ing his heels within the precincts of
the willow walk he would inevitably
suspect he was waiting to keep a
lover's tryst.

Alison was busy in the kitchen
next morning when she heard her
mother open the front door and some
one come in. "It is chattering Mrs.
Bennett," thought she, as she dried
the teapoons.

"Alison, come here," called her
mother in a quick voice.
She went to the parlor just as she
was—her sleeves tucked up at the
wrist, a large, brown Holland apron
all on. But it was not Mrs. Bennett
who sat with her mother; it was a
venerable, white-haired old gentle-
man—Mr. Watkyn, the elder.

"I am come to ask about Thomas,"
said he. "I believe he came here
last night, Miss Alison; at what time
did he leave you?"

A prevision struck her with a sort
of terror that something was wrong.
"He left quite early," she faltered.
"Will he have never come home?"

"Not come home!" she said, with
a whitening face.
"I sat up till 11 o'clock, and then I
thought the mist must have kept
him; that he had stayed at some
friend's house. I knew not what to
think, and that he would be home
the first thing this morning. But we
have not seen him, and cannot hear
of him."

"Mrs. Reece was impressed with
the frightened, guilty look that Al-
ison could not keep out of her com-

tenance, and began to feel uneasy.
"Cannot you tell what it was when
he left you?" she demanded, sternly.

"It was after dusk. It was just af-
ter sunset—before the mist came on.
It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pur-
sued Mrs. Reece. And very reluct-
antly Alison answered, for she fore-
saw it would bring on further ques-
tioning—

"The long road—round by the
hill!" echoed Mr. Watkyn, in alarm-
ed surprise. "Why did he take that
way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternat-
ly; her lips were trembling. The
fear creeping upon her was that he
and young Vavasour had met and
quarreled. Perhaps fought—and in-
jured one another fatally. In these
dread moments of suspense the
mind is apt to conjure up far-fetched
and unlikely thoughts.

"I asked him to go round that
way," she replied in a timid tone. "I
wanted him to leave a note for me
at the dressmaker's."

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair,
putting up his hands before his trou-
bled face. "I see it all," he breathed
faintly. "He must have fallen down
the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror.
"Deceived by the mist, he must
have walked to near the edge," con-
tinued the old man. "Heaven grant
that it may not be so! But I fear it.
Was he mad to attempt to cross the
plateau on such a night?"

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn
went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grab-
bed her daughter's hands. They were
icy cold.

"Alison, what passed between you
and Thomas last night?"
"Don't ask me, mother! Let me
follow Mr. Watkyn; I cannot rest in-
doors. Oh, it cannot, cannot be as
he fears!"

"Not one step until you tell me
what passed," said the mother firm-
ly.
"There's more in all this than
meets the eye."

"He asked me to—give up talking
to Mr. Vavasour."

"And you refused. Well?"
"He told me I must choose be-
tween them," bursting into tears.

"Oh, mother it was all my folly, all
my temper, he could not see that,
and when he went away he said he
went for good."

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips
sternly. She was thinking.
"and what does it mean about
your giving him a note for the dress-
maker. You had nothing to write
about."

The girl had got her hands free
and flung them before her face to
deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was
a resolute mother at times, and she
extorted from her the sorrowful con-
fession. Alison had improvised the
note and sent Thomas around the
long way to deliver it, and so keep
him from passing by the willow
walk.

"Oh, child, child!" moaned the
dismayed mother. "If he has in-
deed fallen over the Scar it is you
who will have given him his death."

"And it proved to be so. In taking
the two miles round between the cot-
tage and the farm a high, perpendicular
precipice, called the Scar, had to
be passed. The tableland, or plateau,
on the top, was a wide and perfectly
safe road by daylight, since a travel-
er could keep as far from the danger-
ous unprotected edge as he pleased,
but on a dark night or in a thick fog
it was most dangerous. Deceived
by the heavy, foggy mist of the
previous night, Thomas Watkyn
must have drawn near the edge un-
wittingly and fallen over it. There
he lay, on the sharp rocks, when the
poor father and others went to
look for him, his death-like face up-
turned to the blue sky."

"Speak to me, Thomas, speak to
me!" called Alison, quite beside her-
self with remorse and grief, as she
knelt by him, wringing her hands.
"Oh, Thomas, speak to me! I loved
you all the while."

But Thomas never spoke nor mov-
ed. The voice that had nothing but
tender words for her was silent now;
the heart she had so grieved might
never beat in joy or sorrow again.

No person had seen or spoken with
him the previous night, save the
dressmaker, little industrious Miss
Ford. She had answered his knock
herself, she related, and he put the
note into her hands, saying Miss
Reece had asked him to leave it in
passing. "What a thick mist it is that
has come on," he remarked to her in
his pleasant, chatty way. "Aye, it
is indeed sir," she answered, and
shut her door as he walked away."

For many weeks Alison Reece lay
ill with brain fever, hovering be-
tween life and death. Some people
said it was the shock that made her
ill and took her senses away; others
thought that she must have loved
the poor young man to distraction;
no one, save her mother, knew that
it was the memory of her last inter-
view with him, and the seeming to
send him on the route that led to his
accident, that had well-nigh killed
her. But the young man stood in
their tenacity of life, and she grew
better by slow degrees.

One warm April afternoon, when
the winter months had given place
to spring, Alison, leaning on the arm
of her mother, went to sit on the
porch. She was very feeble yet. It
was the first time she had sat there
since that memorable evening with
her ill-fated lover. There she remain-
ed thinking and dreaming. They

could not persuade her to come in,
so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as
beautiful, curious, perhaps, as the one
he and she had watched together
more than six months before. The
brilliant beams shone like molten
gold in the glowing West, the blue
sky round was flecked with pink
and amethyst. Alison's eyes were
fixed on the lovely scene with an en-
raptured gaze, her lips slightly part-
ed with emotion.

"Alison, what are you thinking
of?"

"Of him, mother. Of his happi-
ness. He is living in all that glorious
beauty. I think there must have
been an unconscious provision in
his mind by what he said that evening
as we watched it, that he should soon
be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was
going to him. I wish I could be with
him to-morrow!"

"The mother paused; she felt in-
clined to say something, but she feared
the agitation it might cause."

"Well, well, child, you are getting
better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the
girl. "I suppose it pleased God that I
should."

"Time smooths all things, Alison.
In time you will be strong again and
able to fulfill life's various duties with
a zest. Trials are good—oh, so very
good! for the soul. But for meeting
with them we might never learn the
way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble
hands were clasped in silent prayer,
her face was lifted to the glories of
the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an
evening or two later, that Alison,
who was picking up strength daily,
strolled away to the churchyard. She
wanted to look for a newly-made
grave in that corner where so many
of the Watkyns lay buried.

She could not see it; the same
gravestones that were there before
were there now; there was no fresh
one.

Alison sat down on the bench just
inside the gate, for she was too weak
to walk back again without a rest.

The sun was going down to-night
without any loveliness, just as crimson
hall, which seemed to give a red
light to the atmosphere, and to light
up really the face of a pale, tottering
man who was coming up to the gate
by help of a stick. He halted when
he reached it, and Alison turned sick
and faint with all manner of emotion
as she gazed at him, fright being up-
permost.

"Alison!"

"Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came in-
side; his face wore for her its old,
sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were
dead," she burst forth, in a storm of
sobs. "I came to look for your grave.
I thought I had killed you."

"They thought I was dead at first.
I thought for a long time that I
should die," he answered, as he sat
down beside her, keeping her hands
in his. "But the skillful medical
men have raised me up, under God.
I hope in time to be strong and well
again."

"Can you ever forgive me?" she
wailed, bitter, painful tears falling
down her cheeks like rain. "I shall
never forgive myself."

"Then you must atone to me in-
stead, Alison. Be all the more lov-
ing to me during our future lives.
We must pass them together, my
dear."

"Do you mean it still?" she gasped.
"Of course, Thomas, how good and
true you are. If I can only be a little
bit worthy of you."

"Sweet little of my lonely heart. If
that will place thy hand in mine,
and say, dear love, I'll be thy bride,
we'll fly away to some far realm—we
will fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath
soft, corsean skies we'll bask and
sing and dream of night and love.
Rich and costly paintings by the old
masters shall adorn the walls of the
castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall
be of milk. A box at the opera shall
be at thy command, and royalty shall
be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains
of music shall lull thee from thy
morning slumber. Dost thou accept?"

"Say yes, and fly, oh! fly with me."

"And I flew," said Mrs. Popper-
man. "But if I had been as shy as I
am now, I wouldn't have flown."

Sentimental Lying.

"My dear," said Mrs. Popperman to
her husband last evening, "I was
looking over a bundle of old letters
to-day, and found this one which you
wrote me before we were married,
when you were young and sentimental."

"What does it say?"

"I'll read it."

"Sweet idol of my lonely heart. If
that will place thy hand in mine,
and say, dear love, I'll be thy bride,
we'll fly away to some far realm—we
will fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath
soft, corsean skies we'll bask and
sing and dream of night and love.
Rich and costly paintings by the old
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"And I flew," said Mrs. Popper-
man. "But if I had been as shy as I
am now, I wouldn't have flown."

A Despicable Turkling, being Revi-
led by his Associates on account
of his wan and Emaciated appear-
ance, quietly remarked that he would
try and find time to step around
and shed a few tears to their Mem-
ory on the day after Thanksgiving.

An extraordinary thing in ladies'
bonnets—a cheap one.