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Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july8 6m pd

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

Chas. H. Maulsby,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Can be found at his OFFICE, on Second street, near Market, FREDERICK CITY, MD., from 7 o'clock, A. M., until 8 o'clock at night. Advances made on all well guaranteed claims placed in my hands for collection. Particular attention paid to the settlement and after-management of Estates. All legal instruments correctly drawn in plain hand-writing. Letters from any part of the County on business will be promptly answered, and to secure my personal attendance, must contain a fee. Charges moderate. [oct21 6m

B. F. M. Hurley,
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OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

G. E. Chandler, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, North Market St., opposite the Frederick-Town Savings' Institution, Frederick City Md.
☞Residence—At the Office.
Oct21 1y

DR. L. T. MACCILL,
DENTIST.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity.
OFFICE—East Church street, opposite the residence of Charles E. Trail, Esq.
oct7 6m

Dr. J. A. Webb.
DENTIST.
OFFICE—No. 5 South Market St., Frederick city, Md.
Charges moderate.
Can be seen at all hours.
sep30 6m E

Dentistry.
T. H. Schaeffer, D. D. S.] [J. N. Rentch, M. D., D. D. S.
DRS. SCHAEFFER & RENTCH.
Having entered into co-partnership for the purpose of practicing the Dental Profession, respectfully offer their professional services to the people of Frederick city and vicinity. Those who will favor us with their confidence may expect our first endeavors to please. Charges moderate.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Frederick Savings Institution. [sep16 tf

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

MARYLAND INSTITUTE FOR THE
Deaf and Dumb,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
The Scholastic Exercises of this Insitution for the ensuing year, under the revised organization, will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1870.
Parents, guardians and others interested will please encourage punctual attendance of pupils to facilitate the proper classification. CHARLES W. ELY,
sep9 tf Principal.

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

HORSEY'S
"Golden Gate Whiskey!"
THIS celebrated Pure Rye Whiskey was shipped in 1864, by Ship "Celestial Empire," to San Francisco, and arrived back in the "James R. Keeler," at New York in, August, 1870, having thus had the benefit of passing four times through the Tropics, with 40,000 miles of Sea voyage. For sale by M. N. ROHRBACK.
sep30

Magistrates Blanks for sale at this office.

[For the Citizen.]

A TRIBUTE TO CARRIE.

ONLY DAUGHTER OF PROF. AND Mrs. J. E. ENGELBRECHT.

Sweet daughter of the Church, farewell!
To Jesus thou hast gone!
The battle thou hast bravely fought,
The victory thou hast won;
This earth is not for thee, sweet child!
Thy home must be in Heaven!
To thee the Saviour whom thou lov'st
A glorious crown has given!

The Church in love weeps over thee;
Thy parents grieve to part;
Affection bids us all to weep,
Though not with hopeless heart,
We weep for joy that thou hast gained
That bliss beyond the grave!
And now with Jesus thou dost rest
Who died thy soul to save!

Father, grieve not! Thy child has gone
To rest in peace above!
She bids thee follow in her steps
To that sweet House of love!
Mother, wipe off the falling tear!
Though deep may be the wound,
Rejoice that thou hast given a saint
To be in glory crowned!

O Father, Mother, follow her,
That sainted child of Heaven!
Rejoice that she a rest has gained
Which earth could ne'er have given.
Ye daughters of the Church, look up!
Why stand ye weeping so?
Go forth to battle as she did,
And gain that victory too!

Sweet sister, daughter of the Church,
And child of Heaven's King,
Though hard it seems to part with thee,
With joy thy praise we sing!
With angels may we all rejoice
That one more saint is blest,
Snatched from the toils and cares of earth,
Till we shall meet above,
And with the Lamb once slain shall rest
In an undying love!

Frederick, Nov., 1870. E. H. H.

THE LOST LOVER;

OR,

The Spirit of Self-Sacrifice.

CHAPTER I.

"But what is it worth to you, Julian? That is, not as an occupation or amusement, but in money? Mere vulgar dross, you know, yet necessary in a world like ours. What is its marketable value?"

The speaker glanced round the small room in which he stood, with an eye that seemed to take each detail in turn, and check it off mentally. The fragments of illuminated borders and bits of diaper work; the bright colors hardly dry upon the palette; the book of gold leaf, with its attendant cushion, knife and brush; and lastly, a strange seeming inconsistency with these mediæval appliances, an easel with a large painting upon it, the cover of which was partially drawn aside.

The old gentleman who had spoken, and who was rather out of his element, looked at the young occupant of the room and shuffled a little.

"I don't pretend to know anything about this nick-nackery," he continued, "but that now," indicating the easel with a significant nod, "has to me more the semblance of real work about it than the rest. A picture is a picture, and can be sold, I suppose; that is, if it's worth buying. Still, for all that, I must persist in my question—the marketable value of your productions, Julian?"

The young man thus addressed did not at once answer the question, but propounded one in his turn. He passed his hand, all stained with gold and crimson, across his forehead with a rapid, agitated movement, and turned towards his friend.

"You have something to say to me, sir," said he. "Why not tell it at once? You are not in the habit of troubling yourself about my occupation."

"Neither has it hitherto been necessary that you should consider the actual remunerative worth of your labor, Julian," he replied. "At least, I suppose it has not. You have looked upon yourself as your uncle's heir?"

"I have been taught to do so," said Julian.

The old gentleman emitted a dissatisfied sort of grunt. He had no intention of being harsh or supercilious; but his mind, the practical mind of a business man, saw in the contents of Julian's studio nothing but foolishness and trifling.

"You may so look upon yourself still, if you like," he said; "heir to nothing, I am sorry to say, unless it be debt. The firm has come to grief, my boy. Like many another time-honored name, it means nothing now. The greater the house, the greater the smash, always."

"And," said Julian, quickly, "my uncle?"

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "it's all right for you to think of him, to be sure, since you owe all to him. And his wee bit lammie of a daughter that is motherless—penniless too, now, Julian. Yes, it's right you should think of him first—I'm glad you did. Just at this moment, however, I want your attention. Take time to consider, and then tell me if all this litter will ever be worth anything. I happen to be your godfather, you know; and although that's not worth much in the world's eyes, yet I confess to a sort of interest in your goings on."

The old gentleman stepped up to the easel, and rolled the cover quite back. He looked at the unfinished painting with his head on one side, and tried to imagine that he was being critical and sharp. He knew nothing at all about pictures, or terms of art criticism; and he expressed his opinion of a certain piece of foreshortening in a brief but emphatic sentence.

"The man's knee is too big for his foot," said he; and then he shook his head at it, and grunted. He didn't think much of it evidently. In spite of the suddenness and reality of the change which had passed over his future, the young painter could not suppress a smile which the critic caught sight of. "Ah," said he, "you think I'm an old fool of course; but then I suppose you're a genius. What's it about this picture?"

"From the 'Ancient Mariner,'" replied Julian,—

"Why look'st thou so? With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

"Oh! poetry, is it?" said the old gentleman. "Well, but I hardly think it would pay, you know. Who would buy a man with an expression of countenance like that? To be serious, Julian, what is it all worth?"

The young man's face fell a little. It grew almost piteous in its deprecation as he replied. "Consider, sir, that I have worked whithout thought of remuneration. I am but a learner, on the very lowest step of——"

"The ladder of fame," interrupted the old gentleman, with a shuffle. "I know that ladder of old. It's a nasty, slippery, unsound affair, depend upon it; and in speaking to me, my boy, never mind images. I am a plain man."

"These bits of illuminating," said Julian, with a gesture towards them, "are done for pleasure. I had intended to devote myself to mural painting."

"And what does that mean?" asked the old gentleman.

"Ornamenting the interiors of buildings," replied Julian, "after the fashion of——"

"Never mind when it was the fashion!" interrupted the old gentleman. "Will it pay?"

"At present, no," replied Julian; but he did not look at his companion when he said it. The latter glanced round the room again, placed his hands on the back of a chair, and fixed his eyes on his godson.

"Julian," said he, "could you give it up?"

There was in his tone something it had lacked before; a touch of feeling, as if it had occurred dimly to the elder man that there might, after all, be in these pursuits something hard to give up.

"If it is necessary," replied Julian, "of course I can."

"And take to real hard work?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes," replied Julian.

"Bravely spoken, by boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "And now listen. I don't think a commercial life would suit you. I don't think you are fitted for it. What do you say to the idea of emigrating?"

The young man could only repeat the word in amazement, but his friend persisted.

"You will not think I propose this without due consideration," said he. "I always thought it a mistake for you to be wasting your life in this way. Formerly, however, you were at liberty to please yourself; at present I scarcely consider that you are so. You are strong, young and active; not without brain; a likely-looking lad enough, in spite of your accomplishments here. The fact is, I have an enterprise in view, for which I want brains and a reliable agent. I believe that you are especially suited to my purpose, and that you can do me service if you will, as well as taking the first step to your own fortune. I trust to your sense of duty to throw your heart into the work if you undertake it."

"But——" began Julian.

"I want no answer now," interrupted the old gentleman; "I am not so unreasonable. I would rather that you should consider well of the matter.—Think of it. A new country, a glorious country, with scenery such as you have never dreamed of. There you may quadruple your capital—or mine, if you prefer that mode of speaking—and come back to take up your bits of picture again, if you like. They, and all this miscellaneous property of yours shall be respected. I promise that your studio shall be locked from all eyes, if that will please you. Now, good-bye."

The old gentleman was gone, and the young one, with a sigh, turned to look after him. He seemed to have partially taken out of the room that load which had come in with him; that strange sudden waking up from a world of beautiful dreams into a common-place, hard necessity. The presence of the old gentleman in that study was unusual and improbable: he had left an air of improbability and unreality over the news he had brought and the changes which it seemed imperative should result from them. The young painter took up a brush and bent over his work. There was the gold, put on just before the coming of this ill-omend visitor. It lay waiting for him, with the burnishing-stone beside it. There were the conventional outlines of leaves, flowers and fruit, only waiting to be filled in with bright cadmium, lake and ultramarine. How full of promise the sketch was.—How beautiful the finished piece would be. And then he flung down the brush and turned away. It was no longer a fitting implement for his fingers. This terrible tale was true; he could no longer follow his own pleasure, but must work for his living.

Julian had an intense desire to sit down to the table again, and go on with that one piece. Surely there could be no such immediate necessity for breaking off his former studies; that might be done at any time. And was it not possible that in the distant future—no matter that it was distant—his genius and perseverance might achieve sufficient to satisfy him—an amount of success which should serve for all his wants? But how was he to live now? And besides that, the debt! The recollection of it fell upon him like a sudden blow. He had hardly realized the fact at first. In the eyes of the world, indeed, if debt existed it would be no business of his; but in the eye of his own conscience and his gratitude, what was it? All his life long he owed everything to the fallen man, his uncle—his education, luxuries, the smallest necessaries of life. Was the old man to put his shoulder to the wheel now, in the evening of his days, and the nephew remain a visionary—idle, or rather unproductive?

He went up to the easel and covered the picture gently; then he took down a frame from the wall and looked at its contents; a German poem, the illuminated border of which he had finished only the day before. He thrust this amongst other scraps, finished and unfinished, into a portfolio to put away; then he went to the window again, standing where he had stood whilst his friend talked with him. His eyes, to all appearance, were looking upon the scene outside—the swaying tree-tops, and the copper tints of the western sky; but in reality he saw none of these. He saw instead another room, singularly unlike his own; delicate fingers were there, and made it beautiful to the eyes of the artist and poet. A shadow fell upon the wall of that room, and a dark-eyed girl rose up from her seat to meet him. The young painter stretched out his arms with an involuntary cry:—"Clare! my Clare!" How was he to tell her that they must part? How bear the long years of waiting that must separate them? They might grow old apart; that fortune which the old merchant spoke of so confidently might never come. What was he to do? Through the long hours Julian thought, calling up his life in review before him, and in the twilight he went out into the streets of a changed world; for henceforward he belonged to the great army of workers for their daily bread. There was a certain sense of relief in the fact that his resolution was taken; and only once in that hasty walk his heart failed him for a moment. It was when he stood at the door of that room which had risen before his eyes in fancy, and saw the one he loved best on earth spring up to meet him. The next moment his arm was round her, and she was looking with bewildered inquiry into his face.

"Julian, what is it?" she asked.

"Are you strong, Clare?" said he. "Give me your hand—so. Now, then, I have bad news; are you afraid?"

"Never afraid so long as you are safe, Julian, and in my sight," she replied.

"Don't say that, don't," said he, putting his hand upon her lips with a sudden exclamation of dismay; "for we must learn to live without seeing each other. Clare, I haven't a penny in the world or the expectation of one."

He paused for a moment, and the girl bent her face to his hand and kissed it.

"I understand that," said Julian, smiling. "I never doubted you. But then we must live, you know, and to live one must work. I have been a dreamer hitherto; now I am going to put my shoulder to the wheel. The very thought of it makes me strong, Clare, and we will do without each other for a few years."

"Tell me your plans," said Clare.

When Julian had told her, Clare clung a little closer to him and hid her face; but not long. Julian felt his own grow pale as she raised it again, with the desperate struggle after courage in it.

"My darling," said he, "we shall be together in thought. We can trust each other."

"Yes, Julian."

"And there are the mails," said he.

"Yes," said Clare, firmly, thinking all the while that Julian might be dead long before a letter could reach her.—And then, glancing at him, she saw that his fingers were playing nervously with the work she had just laid down, and a cry, which was a half sob, broke from her. How was she ever to bear with the old occupations when he was gone?

"Julian," said she, "give me something to do for you. I shall be happy then."

He looked down upon her gravely, and a quick gleam of intelligence came into his face.

"Clare," said he, "the poor little girl my uncle has so petted, it will fall heavily on her; his Mayflower, you know; and he will save nothing out of the ruin. Be good to my poor little cousin."

"Mine, too," said Clare, trying to smile. "Thank you, Julian, for that. And now—"

"A little while longer," said Julian. "A few days, perhaps, and then—we will not think of the years that lie between, but of the meeting to come—shall we?"

CHAPTER II.

Clare stood on the same hearth, no longer a girl, but a gentle, beautiful woman, and a dark figure leaned against the mantle-piece beside her; but it was not Julian.

"What, back again, Hector?" she said, and her face was very sad as she looked at him. Her eyes were full of a strange wonder and compassion as the firelight flickered over his face for a moment, and then left it dark.

"Did you think that calm good-night was going to satisfy me?" said the young man, vehemently. "You are so cold to me—you, whose gentleness, is on the lips of all who know you. Why is it?"

"I am not cold to you, Hector," she replied. "I am the same as ever."

She could not keep those eyes of wondering pity from his face, from reading the rebellion and passionate remonstrance which spoke in every feature of it. He was little more than a boy to her; and yet she saw now, for the first time, how strong the feeling was which had written itself there outwardly, as though he cared only that she should so read it.

"Not cold," said he. "You have scarcely a word or a thought for me; and when I am here, you barely suffer my presence. Yes, you are the same as ever—that is what I complain of. You drive me mad—"

She stopped him with a look of pain.

"Hector, consider how unreasonable all this is," said she.

"Clare, understand that every word you say is a sting to me. Have a little mercy, a little charity for me," he replied.

"So I have—so I will. Go, Hector, that is Marion's step. I would not have her see you thus."

"I will ask but one thing of you," said the young man, biting his lips hard. "Suffer me to come again, only once more, to-morrow."

Clare turned away from him, troubled and ill at ease. In the pleading voice of this wilful boy there rang at times a tone that fell upon her like a sound from a far-off land—a faint and distant echo, coming over the restless waters to touch her with the great sorrowful longing of hope deferred. Would it not be better for him and for herself that she should tell him all?

"Come, if you will, Hector," she said.

He bent his head over her hand, the hand on which Julian's betrothal ring glistened, and touched it with his lips, but she hardly felt the touch, and then the door closed after him, and she was alone.

Did ever passionate human love such as Hector's fail to touch the heart to which it spoke? Clare was yet young, too young surely to give up all the hopes and dreams that cluster softly round a woman's life. There was another love, calmer than Hector's, like the ashes of a burnt-out fire; should she cheat him with a mimicry like that? Through all his passion and his pleading, the grave, thoughtful woman read, or believed she read, that it was but a fitful storm of excitement, a flush of boyish enthusiasm that would die out, and then——

A servant came in to light the lamp and lay a packet on the table. Clare turned and took up the packet absently; when the servant was gone she opened it. There lay before her the German poem, Julian's last finished work, with its rich border of birds and flowers. She sank down on her knees before the table, and tears fell upon her clasped fingers as she read the brief sentence that accompanied the work—"Found accidentally amongst some rubbish from my poor godson's studio."

Clare took a pen and marked out the word "poor" from that sentence.

"Julian," she said, "my Julian—where?" But no one could tell her that.

The next evening Clare stood before the long glass upon the mantelpiece waiting, and a strange expression came into her face. What beautiful woman is there who does not know that she is beautiful, and that beauty is a power, a rare gift? Such knowledge is distinct from vanity, inasmuch as, while it cannot but exist, it takes no note of itself. And Clare stood before the glass and looked at the reflection there. The soft folds of her dark dress became her. In the half-light of the fire the stamp of ten weary years seemed to have passed away and left her young again, an untried visionary girl.

"But I would not have it so," she said; "oh, not for worlds!"

Then all at once she turned away from the glass with a throb of pity and dismay, for Hector was there, kneeling before her, and pouring out the story she had hoped to silence upon his lips.

"I would have prevented this, if I could," she said sorrowfully. "You are so hasty, so impetuous, Hector, my poor boy!"

"Reject me if you will," he cried, stopping her with a violent disclaimer of the unhappy word, "but not thus refuse my love, and send me away; but let it be as other men are rejected. Remember, I am no boy."

"I remember only the years by which my life is older than yours," she said, "and——"

"What of that, Clare?" he exclaimed. "Hear me a little longer. No lip that takes your name upon it speaks it as other names are spoken. Surly men soften at your name; shrill-voiced women calm themselves and grow gentler when they hear it. Indifferent people, whose time is swallowed up in doing the world's work, pause and turn aside for a moment to wonder what fascination hangs about it. Think, what it is to me. I will give up everything for your sake. My great ambition I throw at your feet. My riches shall go, as yours do, to feed the starving, and our home shall shelter the homeless. That is not all; if there is a home for me——"

Clare put her hand on his shoulder, and felt that he shrunk from the touch as though it hurt him.

"Hector," she said, "I have something to tell you—a brief story. Will you listen?"

"I will hear whatever you have to say," he replied.

"There is no such feeling as you speak of in my heart," she said; "none such can ever come into it again. Ten years ago my promised husband went abroad. You knew nothing of me then; no one but myself can ever know what he was to me—what he is still. One letter reached me from him—one only; the first and the last. Then I heard that he was——"

"Dead!" exclaimed Hector.

"No, Hector—missing" she replied.

Then she told him the little that was to tell, and drew from her bosom a small morocco case, in which lay that one letter and a locket of hair. Through all these years that she had waited with hope growing fainter, no voice had brought tidings of him. Where, in all the wide, dreary world had he found a resting place? None could tell her—No soul knew how it was, or where, that he had disappeared. All trace of him was lost.

The young man covered his face.—He saw it all—the terrible agony of the first suspense, the long, hopeless waiting; the ghastly uncertainty, and the courage of the loving woman who bore it all so bravely. A little while he sat thus, hiding his face, then once more he bent his knee and took her hand, putting it to his lips.

"Clare," said he, "forget my love. I will go away now. When you see me again I shall be to you a true friend and brother."

She saw his face pale with strong emotion: she knew that he meant what he said, and a gleam of comfort stole across her pity for him. Then she stooped and kissed his forehead; a grave, womanly kiss, the seal of the compact between them.

The evening grew cold and still.—Clare sat where Hector had left her, watching the faces that came and went between the bars of the grate. And by-and-by a light knock sounded on the door, and a radiant little figure came in, and sat on the footstool at Clare's feet, looking up.

"They said you had a visitor, cousin, and must not be disturbed."

Clare's hand wandered caressingly over the fair hair, and a smile stole to her lips. This was Julian's cousin, the poor "wee lammie" he had given into her charge ten years ago, and whose home was with her now.

"So I had a visitor," she replied; "but he is gone, Mayflower. You did not want me?"

"Not more than I always do," she replied.

A shadow passed over Clare's face. She scarcely knew why, but something in the words startled her into a sudden pre-vision of loneliness in the future. This child, who had so grown into her life, and who had so loved her now, might change with the changing years. Clare had yet to consider what her own world would be when that light should shine upon another hearth.

"Clare," said the girl.

"Well, Mayflower?" she replied.

"You are so grave," continued the girl. "The visitor was a tiresome one, I know. What are you thinking about? Would you rather I went away again?"

"No," said Clare, smiling into the upturned face. "I was only thinking—thinking what I should do if I had no Mayflower."

The girl started up with an exclamation of dismay.

"Clare!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean? What have I done? You are not going to send me away? I couldn't bear it; I couldn't live without you."

Then, as she met the sad, tender eyes fixed upon her, a sudden rush of color spread over Marion's cheeks, and she hid them.

"Clare, if you mean that, I shall never care for any one as I do for you," she said. "I shall never leave you—I will never——"

Her lips were covered hastily, and she felt Clare's arm round her in a close embrace.

"Hush, my darling," she said, "that is not for you to decide; it is all in the future. I have you now; we will be satisfied with that, shall we?"

CHAPTER III.

Clare sat by the fire, where she liked to sit in the twilight hour, though the time of year scarcely required fires; and because she sat there, another came and sat there too, on a stool very near to her. This was the light of the house, the treasure she could hardly bear out of her sight—the Mayflower that had come to cheer a life whose summer blossoms had been few, and gathered long ago, set aside, Clare herself would have told you, like precious memories never to be parted with, even in their ashes. But then, of these the mayflower knew nothing. She held a book in her hand, and her head was bent down over it, one cheek resting on her hand, and it is just possible that her thoughts were not with the book itself. At any rate, Clare, looking down upon her, conceived some idea that they were not.

"Burning your eyes," she said, "and your cheeks and head; scorching yourself to death, and all for the sake of one foolish chapter. Let us see, what book it is, Mayflower?"

"A borrowed book, counsin," replied the girl; but she kept her face hidden as she spoke.

"Borrowed?" said Clare. "I wonder who lends you books. There is only a Christian name on the title-page—Madeline."

"Yes, Clare—Hector's sister," she replied.

Clare never answered a word. Her hand, which had been wandering as usual amongst the fair hair, grew cold, so cold and nerveless, that by-and-by Marion, still without looking up, put out her own wistfully, to clasp it, conscious, in a vague sort of way, that something was wrong, and yet unable to speak her thought.

"Madaline is very good, Clare," she said. "I don't mean that she is as good as you; you know no one ever could be that to me? But you are not vexed with me?"

"For borrowing the book?" said Clare. "No, Mayflower."

"Nor for anything else? Because you are not like yourself quite," said Marion.

"I was only thinking how fast the time flies," replied Clare, a little sadly. "Another month, and the trees will be bare again for winter."

"And I shall be twenty-one," said Marion—"of age, Clare and beginning to go down hill."

The two looked at each other, and the smile faded out of Clare's face, leaving it dark. Was it only the firelight that sent that sudden flash over the girl's cheek, and made her hide it? Clare knew better. In the tone of her brief answer there rang something so like a knell, that the child at her feet trembled and grew pale, not knowing why. Clare was not thinking of Hector's sister, but of Hector himself; and when by-and-by his wellknown knock sounded through the hall, and his step was in the room, he came upon an unexpected guest, indeed, but one whom it cost her a struggle to welcome—only for a moment, however; the next, she was standing before him, with her arm around Marion, half smiling at the sight of his pleading face and agitated greeting.

"Clare," said the young man, wistfully, "it was three years ago."

She would have understood him without that, well enough: three years since her story had silenced his boyish love for herself.

"I know it, Hector, and now?" she replied.

"Take my thanks for all your goodness," said he, "to me and to—"

"My Mayflower, who is to be mine no longer," said Clare. "Is that it, Hector?"

The smile was on her lip still, and Marion clung to her.

"Oh, Clare, never say that," she said; "yours always, both of us. We could not do without you."

"We," echoed Clare. She said it softly, as we repeat the name of a dead friend. Then she stooped to kiss the girl's forehead, and to put the hand which trembled so into Hector's, before she left them.

Many years have passed over Clare's head since that day, and she has ceased to question the wisdom that made her lot lonely.

She is happy. Eyes that are weary with pain turn eagerly to look after her as she passes, and pale lips murmur blessings upon a blessed life; how blessed in its self-sacrifice and care for others, will be known only when the secrets of all hearts are told. L. S.

The Best Authority.

People who enjoy the discomfiture of lawyers will laugh over this incident:

"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?"

"Upon what authority?" said the hostler interrogatively.

"You are to reply and not to repeat the question put to you."

"I dosn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his own mind."

"Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question I put. I again repeat it.—Upon what authority do you swear the animal's age?"

"The best authority," responded he, gruffly.

"Then why such an evasion? Why not state it at once?"

"Well, then, if you must have it——"

"Must! I will have it!" vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness.

"Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the hostler, with impertubable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth."

A simultaneous burst of laughter ran through the court, and the judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from "diseases of the heart" do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who died from disease of the heart. Nine of the thirty-six had died from apoplexy while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still chilled, after being warmed with labor or rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room in the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden repressing news operating on the blood.

The causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of "heart complaint." The disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

A Family Musket.

Here is one of Mark Twain's old but good stories, funny enough to make any one laugh.

"You see the old man was trying to learn me to shoot black birds and beasts that tore up the corn and such things; so that I could become of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a little single barrel shot gun, and the old man carried a Queen Annie's Musket that weighed about a ton and made a report like thunder clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the old musket sometimes but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down, and thought I'd try her one trifle, and so I took her to the hired man and asked him to load her, because the old man was out in the fields. Hiram said:

"Do you see the mark on the stock, an X and V on each side of the Queen's crown? well that means ten balls and five slugs—that's her load."

"But how much powder?

"O," he said' "it dont matter! put in three or four handsful."

"So I loaded her up that way, and it was an orful charge—I had sense enough to know that—and started out. I leveled her on a good many black birds, but every time I went to pull the trigger, I shut my eyes and weakened, I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched up at the house and there was the old man resting himself on the porch.

"Been hunting, have ye?"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off—I was afraid she'd kick." (I know'd full well she would.)

"G'me the gun!" the old man says, mad as sin.

"And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to draw back out of danger. And in a minute I heard an earthquake, and saw Queen Annie whirling end over end in the air, and the old man spinning round on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark flying from the sapling like there was a hailstorm! The old man's shoulder was set back four inches, and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. Cholera nor nothing else, can ever scare me the way I was scared that time"

HEREDITARY PECULIARITIES.—An officer whose little finger had accidentally been cut across, and had in consequence become crooked, transmitted the same defect to his offspring. Another officer wounded at the battle of Eylaue, had a scar reproduced on the foreheads of his children. When the new born infants of Europeans are compared with those of savage nations, the shape of the toes in the former is found to have been modified by the fact that their parents were in the habit of wearing shoes. It has often been observed that the Hapsburg or Austrian royal family, for some generations back, have had a thick upper lip, which first appeared after an ancestor of theirs had intermarried with the Polish family of Jagellon. A gentleman communicates the information that he has himself witnessed a single white lock of hair in two successive generations of a family, which family moreover bore a surname that may possible have been first suggested by the phenomenon now described. Observations, analogous to those which have been recorded, have been made also in the case of the lower animals. In Carolina, a dog which had accidentally lost his tail, transmitted the defect to its descendants for three or four generations. A sheep in Massachusetts, with a long body and short legs, in 1791, became the progenitor of an apparently permanent breed, possessing the same characteristics. This now occurs in various parts of North America, is called the otter sheep, and is prized by farmers, as its short limbs prevent its being able to leap over the fences.

A student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes sir," was the prompt reply. "How," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

In a certain French village, there is a law that no one shall drive or ride a horse into the river, as the water is used for drinking. One morning, a man was seen riding out of the river, and at once arrested; but the judge said the law only prohibited him from driving or riding into it, and as the man was only seen riding out he must be discharged, and he was.

Fontenelle, when at the age of ninety, passed Mme. Helvetius, whom he did not see, without saluting her.—"How little I ought to believe your compliments," said the lady to him, "when you actually passed me without looking at me." "Madame," replied the antiquated beau, "if I had looked at you, I never should have passed."

A sooty female, of Lexington, Ky., wanting to die, poured some powder on the floor, laid a six pound bomb shell on it, and seating herself on the latter, applied a match with great resignation. She expected to create a sensation by going up through the roof, but was only severely burned.

The drinking water in Hartford, Conn., is so bad that the commissioners advise all inhabitants to boil it before using; but they're afraid of being called on to take out licenses as distillers, and have generally resolved to stick to whiskey.

A young woman in Sacramento, Cal., is threatning to get a divorce on the novel ground of "protracted festivities." She says her husband celebrated his marriage by getting drunk and has kept up the festival ever since.