My Indian Love.

I love
A forest maiden; she is mine;
And on Sierra's slopes of pine,
The vines below, the snows above,
A solitary lodge is set
Within a fringe of watered firs;
And there my wigwam fires burn,
Fed by a round brown patient hand,
That small brown faithful hand of hers
That never rests till my return.
The yellow smoke is rising yet;
Tiptoe, and see it where you stand
Lift like a column from the land.

There are no sea-gems in her hair,
No jewels fret her dimpled hands,
And half her bronzen limbs are bare;
But round brown arms have golden bands,
Broad, rich, and by her cunning hands
Cut from the yellow virgin ore,
And she does not desire more.
I wear the beaded wampum belt
That she has wove—the sable pelt
That she has fringed red threads around;
And in the morn when men are not,
I wake the valley with the shot
That brings the brown deer to the ground.
And she beside the lodge at noon
Sings with the wind, while baby swings
In sea-shell cradle by the bough—
Sings low, so like the clover sings
With swarm of bees; I hear her now,
I see her sad face through the moon.
Such songs! would earth had more of such!
She has not much to say, and she
Lifts never voice to question me
In aught I do—and that is much.
I love her for her patient trust,
And my love's forty-fold return—
A value I have not to learn
As you—at least, as many must.

She is not over tall or fair;
Her breasts are curtained in her hair,
And sometimes, through the silken fringe,
I see her bosom's wealth, like wine,
Burst through in luscious ruddy tinge—
And all its wealth and worth are mine.
I know not that one drop of blood
Of prince or chief is in her veins;
I simply say that she is good,
And loves me with pure womanhood.
When that is said, why, what remains?

Joaquin Miller.

Farm, Garden and Household.

PICKLING RIPE TOMATOES.—To one gallon of ripe tomatoes, peeled, add two tablespoonfuls of mustard, two of black pepper, two of allspice, one of salt, one of cloves; all the seasoning must be ground, cover them with vinegar, and let them scald, but not boil, three or four hours.

CEMENT.—To make a good cement for crockery, take one pound of white shellac pulverized; two ounces of clean gum mastic; put these into a bottle, and then add one-half pound pure sulphuric ether. Let it stand half an hour, and then add half a gallon ninety per cent. alcohol, shake occasionally until it is dissolved. Heat the edges of the article to be mended and apply the cement with a pencil brush; hold the article firmly together till the cement cools.

A BROWN COFFEE.—To eight ounces of butter add one pound and a quarter of moist sugar, and a quarter of a pound of molasses; boil these ingredients together until they are sufficiently cooked. This may be tested by dropping a little of the liquid into cold water; if it harden quickly, the coffee is made. Butter some plates, pour the liquid into them, and before it cools, drop in a few drops of essence of lemon or any other flavoring that may be approved of.

PEAR MARMALADE.—To six pounds of small pears take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a sauce-pan, with a little cold water; cover it and set it over the fire until the fruit is soft, then put them into cold water; pare, quarter and core them; put to them three teacups of water; set them over the fire; roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine, and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together until it is thick like jelly, then put it in tumblers or jars, and when cold secure it as jelly.

BAKED BEANS—NORWICH.—Take small white beans, put to soak at six P. M., in a deep vessel; change the water late in the evening, and again next morning, and parboil for two hours, changing the water at the end of second hour. Then pour off nearly all the water; take raw pork scored on top; put the beans in a deep dish, the pork in the middle, sinking it so as to have it just level with the surface. Add a very little molasses, and bake at least six hours, raising the pork towards the last so that it may crisp on top.

CLEANING STRAW MATTING AND OIL-CLOTH.—It is said that straw matting may be kept new-looking and bright by washing it twice during the summer with a warm solution made by dissolving a pint of salt in half a pailful of soft water, the object of the salt being to prevent it from turning yellow. After washing, the matting should be quickly dried with a soft cloth. It is also said that by wiping oil-cloth all over, after being scrubbed and dried, with a cloth dipped in milk, the colors will come out clear and bright, and remain distinct throughout the year. This does not "track off" like oil used for the same purpose.

IMPROPER MULCHING.—We lately saw some trees that had been killed, we have no doubt, by excessive mulching. They had been planted in a lawn, and the cut grass had been gathered up and heaped around them. Grass newly cut will heat when gathered into heaps, and this heating will cause much evaporation from the soil, besides seriously affecting the roots which are near the surface. Thus, an exactly opposite effect to that produced by proper mulching is caused, and instead of an accession of moisture to the soil, the soil is rapidly deprived of what it already had, by the heat. Mulching should not be so extensive as to cause heating, but only sufficient to prevent evaporation from the soil and to retain moisture.—*Hearth and Home.*

SPOILING HORSES' FEET.—It is almost impossible to get a horse shod without having the frog cut away. All veterinary surgeons, all horsemen, all leading blacksmiths agree that the frog should not be pared—not a particle—not even trimmed. No matter how pliable and soft the frog is, cut it away smooth on all sides, and in two days it will be dry and hard as a chip. You might as well cut off all the leaves of trees and expect them to flourish as to pare away the frog and have a healthy foot. The rough spongy part of the frog is to the foot what leaves are to the tree—the lungs. Never have a red-hot shoe put upon the foot to burn it level. If you can find a blacksmith that is mechanic enough to level the foot without red-hot iron employ him. The burning process deadens the hoof and tends to contract it. If you do not think so, try the red-hot poker on your finger-nail, and see how it will affect the growth of that. There are many other important points in shoeing horses, but these two are of more importance than all the rest, level to the apprehension of men not skilled in horses, and the two most disregarded.

WHEAT IN ENGLAND.—Mr. James Sanderson's report is not hopeful as to wheat. He estimates the wheat yield at 22 bushels per acre, or 8 bushels less than the average, 8 bushels less than last year, 2 bushels less than in 1869, 14 bushels less than the great crop of 1868, and about the same as 1867. He states the actual yield in 1868 as 132,000,000 bushels; in 1869, 96,000,000 bushels; in 1870, 104,000,000 bushels; and his estimate for this year, assuming that the area of wheat will be equal to that of last year, is 75,000,000 bushels.

Items of Interest.

A CONSPIRACY for the restoration of Napoleon has been discovered in Paris.

THE Citizens' Committee make the debt of the City and County of New York $97,287,525.

ACCORDING to a cable report Newcastle upon Tyne is "inundated" with foreign workmen.

A DISPATCH from Calcutta announces, the wreck of a steamer on the coast of India and that 138 natives lost their lives.

NOVEMBER first the interest on the five-twenty loans series of 1862, March and June 1864 and 1865, falls due, the payment of which will take over $21,000,000 in gold.

A TREATY facilitating the movement of emigrants from Great Britain to the United States has been completed and approved of in London, and has been transmitted to Washington.

THE deduction on mutilated and worn notes sent to the Treasury Department for redemption amount to the present date to $220,484.70. This is a clear gain to the Treasury and a tax on circulation.

MR. OLDER'S circus was seriously damaged, and forty-one horses were destroyed by fire at Reedsburg. Nineteen of the horses were literally roasted to death, and others had their eyes burned out and were skinned by the flames. The fire was caused by the dropping of a torch upon the straw, three feet deep, in the tent where the horses slept.

THE Chillicothe (Ohio) *Register* contains a "notice to the wives of intemperate men," asking them to leave the names of their husbands with the Secretary of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and promising that no liquor shall be sold to those so reported. The dealers take this method to protect themselves from prosecution under the State law giving damages to the wives of men who buy liquor.

The Figures of Thievery.

Receivers of stolen goods of all classes do a large business in New York; but it is impossible to say what is the value of the property which annually passes through their hands. In the last report of the Police Commissioners it is stated that during the year of 1870 the amount of property lost was $1,151,325 50, of which $919,004 98 was recovered, leaving a total loss of $222,320 52. I have had occasion to show in prior articles that the statistical system of the Commissioners is extremely faulty, and especially that it does not present a true exhibit of the amount of property annually passing into the hands of thieves; but these figures are of more value in estimating the business of fences. Although a compilation is made together of property both lost and stolen, the figures represent the latter chiefly, and it is certain that of this nearly all, both of that recovered and that which is represented as a total loss, passed through the hands of the fences. It is equally certain that it is only a small part of the plunder which was devoured by those beasts of prey. I very much doubt the accuracy of the Police figures for 1870, as in 1868 the amount of property lost by the same showing was $4,755,077 83, and the decrease to less than one-quarter that amount last year is unnatural, even admitting that crime is decreasing in the city when the reverse is the truth. I claim that the reports of the Commissioners for a number of years, with other facts in the exhibit for 1870, show that the property stolen in that year was at least thrice that reported as lost, and that from all sources the fences of New York do a business of five million dollars per annum in the real value of the goods handled. Of course the amount of money changing hands is much less than this, for no fence was ever induced to pay more than half price for stolen property; and every one who buys from him insists on having at least a third of the market rate as a margin for the extra risks incurred.—*Exchange.*

The Column Vendome.

It will excite no less surprise than gratification with those who have mourned over the devastations of Paris to know that after all the column of the Place Vendome suffered but little injury in its overthrow by the Commune. M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opera House, estimates the cost of its restoration exactly as it stood at not more than 260,000 francs, or $52,000. It seems that ten only of two hundred and seventy-four bronze plates that made up the exterior of the column have been injured, and these require but slight repairs. A few bars of the balustrade and some pieces of the capital have disappeared, but can be readily replaced. M. Garnier warmly advises that the statue of Napoleon should be re-erected on the top of the column, otherwise the whole monument is an historical and architectural absurdity. It is to be hoped that it will be the first and not the third Napoleon, the little corporal in the overcoat and cocked hat, that was taken down and removed to Neuilly in 1863.

SPECULATORS IN HAIR.—Speaking of the *pétroleuses* of Paris, says a correspondent, I am reminded of a scandal which will do to record with others which you have exposed. It is a known fact that all women who are condemned by the Magistrates for any kind of misdemeanor for a period of one or two months, are submitted to a mutilation which is a punishment to them a hundred times greater than the imprisonment. The first act of the director of the prison is to cut off the hair of such prisoners, and it has just come to light that ever since the 4th of September last the prison directors have been trafficking in hair thus obtained. I do not hear that one of these wretches has been punished, but the feeling was so strong when the fact was made public that M. Dufaure ordered that all women condemned for less than five years should preserve their hair, and as for that of others it must be burned in their presence.

POWER OF WATER.—The numerous water-falls which are found in the courses of rivers in America, Europe, Asia, and all countries of the globe, afford striking instances of the degrading and leveling action of water on the continents. The most remarkable fall in America is Niagara. At its base there is an argillaceous bed of rock which is constantly being worn away by the incessant attacks of the water, and the calcareous rocks above, deprived of support, part, and finally fall with a crash, as of distant thunder, into the abyss below.

During the siege of Paris 64 balloons left that city. Of these five fell into the hands of the Germans, two were lost at sea, and one landed at Norway after crossing the North Sea and sailing about 1,000 miles in 45 hours. Besides the 64 æronauts whom the 64 balloons conveyed out of Paris, they took 91 passengers, 354 carrier pigeons, and about 3,000,000 letters, besides numerous despatches.

Servants in livery are said to be fast increasing in New England.

Madrigal.

O Dove, that dost bewail thy love
As I do mine,
Would that my woe could find the facile flow,
Thou hast for thine!

In every wood I hear thy voice
In loud lament,
While I am fain to send the sounds of pain
To banishment.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine
Know the same grief,
But thine has utterance, while silent tears
Are my relief.

Let us divide our burdens, then—
Mourn thou for me,
And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,
Will weep for thee!

LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

The farm known as Redruth Moor is one of the most fertile in Lincolnshire, perhaps in all England.

The house is a picturesque old stone dwelling, which has stood a couple of centuries.

At a little distance in the rear of the house are outbuildings, all indicative of the extreme thrift and prosperity of the owner of Redruth Moor.

That owner, twenty years ago, as to-day, was Miss Jacobea Redruth. She was and is possessed of first-class business abilities, active in her habits, keen, sharp-witted, and her own farm manager.

She was not a woman of social habits, nor particularly given to hospitality. There was a vein of parsimony in her nature, that made social gatherings at her expense a positive pain, but she had come of a fine old county family, and her ancient name and excellent lineage procured her friendly recognition and formal visits from the various county magnates. These visits were as formally returned at stated periods, and but for her small break in the even course of their existence, Miss Redruth would have led the life of a recluse.

Late one afternoon in May, nearly twenty years ago, Miss Redruth was seated in her drawing-room, after her usual afternoon custom. Her chair was drawn up before an open bow-window, and she was looking out into the depths of an apple orchard, which was covered with bloom, with a strangely intent gaze. One might have supposed her engaged in abstruse calculations as to the probable yield of the fruit-trees, but a second glance at her deeply-contracted brows and troubled face would have testified that her thoughts had a deeper and more unquiet source.

She was a gaunt, grim woman of middle age and of masculine appearance. She had a hard face and a hard nature. She had no tender, womanly ways, no gentle womanly sympathies, no sentimentality, as she loved to say—no fondness for womanly employments.

Redruth Moor was not an entailed estate, and Miss Redruth had inherited it from her father. The present representative of the proud old family was Colonel Redruth, her brother, an army officer, who had spent most of his life in India, and whose arrival she was now momentarily expecting at her home, after an absence from his native land for many years. There was more of dread than of joyous anticipation in the manner of Miss Redruth, as the moment of the Colonel's appearance drew near.

"What can I say to him?" she muttered uneasily. "What will he say to me when he knows all? I wish the meeting were over. Ah, there he comes."

The carriage she had sent to Sleaford to meet her brother was in fact at that moment seen returning at a swift pace along the dusty road. It turned in at the wide farm gates, and came up the carriage-sweep toward the porch. Miss Redruth arose after a mechanical fashion from her chair, and went slowly out into the wide hall, advancing to the threshold to meet her relative.

The open carriage came nearer. Upon the back seat sat a gentleman, whose face flushed at sight of her, and who took off his hat as a sudden rush of emotion swept over his soul. The carriage drew up at the porch, and the gentleman sprang lightly out and ran up the steps.

"Jacob! My dear sister!" he cried, in deep, agitated tones, embracing her. "You have not changed, at least, in the nine years since we parted!"

Miss Redruth submitted to the embrace, and presented her right cheek to her brother's caress, but she did not offer to kiss him. She was superior to such small weaknesses.

"I am glad to see you back in England, George," she exclaimed quietly. "You have changed, I think; but, then, your life has not been so quiet as mine."

She withdrew herself from his arm and led him into the low, quaint, pleasant drawing-room.

The Colonel halted just within the threshold and looked about the room with an eager, expectant gaze.

He was a handsome, distinguished-looking man, of some fifty years, with a complexion deeply bronzed by Indian suns, with keen dark eyes, a grand head, and black hair already streaked with gray. He wore iron-gray military whiskers, and his massive eye-brows were of iron-gray also, giving to his noble countenance a look of sternness and command that well became him.

"Where is Ignatia?" he asked, his face suddenly clouding with disappointment. "Why is not my child here to welcome her father? She—she is not ill?"

"No, George," answered Miss Redruth, with embarrassment. "She does not know that you are expected to-day. I thought it best not to tell her, and—and I sent her out in her little pony chaise for a drive."

"Intending to let her find me here on her return?" said the Colonel, his brow clearing. "You meant to surprise her? Will she be back soon?"

"Sit down, George," said Miss Redruth, with perceptible uneasiness. "I have something to tell you before Ignatia comes. Did—did you hear anything over at Sleaford? Did you meet any one you used to know?"

"I did not," said the Colonel wonderingly, seating himself at a window commanding a view of the road. "Was there anything for me to hear?" he added, with a sudden change of countenance. "The child has not grown deformed, nor had the small-pox, nor—"

"How old do you think the 'child' is?" demanded Miss Redruth grimly. "You left her a little girl, and she seems but a little girl to you still. But she is twenty years old, a woman grown—"

"Ah, yes," sighed the Colonel. "She has left behind her her childhood, but she will be something dearer and nearer to me than simply a child. She will be my companion, my friend. She will console me in part for the loss of her mother. Does she fulfill her childish promise of beauty and grace?"

"She does," said Miss Redruth, setting her lips firmly together.

"I know that she is good," said the Indian soldier, with tender emphasis. "I remember well her loving, sensitive nature, her winning ways, her bright, impetuous spirit. She had a noble intellect—you do not mean, Jacob, that she is not so clear-headed as she was?" he added, in sudden alarm.

"No, she knows enough," was the reluctant reply.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, trying to smile. "She has a lover, then? That is to be expected at her age."

"You should have come home sooner, George," said Miss Redruth. "People who have children should stay with them and take care of them."

"I could not well come home earlier, Jacob," said the Colonel. "My daughter is an heiress, and as such must take her place in society. If she has an unworthy lover I will undertake to wean her heart from him. Surely she cannot resist her father's loving counsels."

"It is too late for counsels," said Miss Redruth, with a sort of grim desperation. "Ignatia Redruth is beyond the reach of advice. You need not blame me, George. Ignatia herself will clear my skirts of blame. It is not my fault if she has wrecked your hopes, and made herself a bed of living coals to lie on."

The Colonel's face grew suddenly pale. The grizzled moustache on his upper lip trembled convulsively.

"What has she done?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Married a dissolute fellow—"

"Married! Good Heavens!"

"It is so, George," said Miss Redruth. "She has been married nearly four years."

"Four years? And you never told me! She never wrote that she was married. Four years!"

"Yes. Let me tell you how it happened. About four years ago a regiment was stationed within twenty miles of us, and its officers were to be met at all the best houses in this part of the country. Ignatia was but a school-girl, under a governess, to whom I left the direction of her pursuits and movements. Ignatia had a number of girl-friends whom she was often allowed to visit. At the house of one of these friends she met Captain Digby Holm. He was handsome, after the style girls like, I suppose, and became the rage, as the phrase is. He comes of a good family, but is dissolute. His own father has disowned him. He is thoroughly bad, but has a specious appearance. He fell in love with Ignatia and she with him, and one day the precious pair came into this very room and asked my consent to their marriage."

"Well?" said the Colonel, his face ghastly white, his voice trembling.

"Of course, I refused my consent," said Miss Redruth. "I sent Ignatia to her school-room, and after lecturing Captain Holm, dismissed him from the house. I thought that was the end of the matter, but it seemed it was not. The upshot of the matter was, that Captain Holm and my neice were married quietly without my knowledge, by special license, at Sleaford, to which place Ignatia and her governess had gone in the pony chaise, on pretence of wishing to match Berlin wool, but really to meet the fellow."

"But how could he procure a license to marry a child of sixteen, without the consent of her relatives?"

"Captain Holm is not punctilious about speaking the truth," said Miss Redruth bitterly. "He may have declared Ignatia to be of age. At any rate, he returned in the chaise with the girl and her governess, and announced himself to me as Ignatia's husband. I did not know what to do. I dared not write to you."

"And this precious son-in-law of mine—is he in the house?" demanded the Colonel sternly with lowering brows.

"No; he lived here with Ignatia for a year or more, for I would not let my niece go from under my roof. He sold out his commission, and the child has not seen him in three years. I believe he is roving about the Continent. When he knew her, my niece was but a sallow, unformed child. She is now very beautiful, but that, of course, he does not know. Neither does he know that he is now an heiress."

The Colonel arose and paced the floor with quick and agitated steps.

"Don't reproach me, George," said Miss Redruth. "Have I not suffered? How could I have done differently?"

"Tied to such a scoundrel, who had not even the virtue of faithfulness—"

"She need not be tied to him, George," interposed Miss Redruth, eagerly. I consulted Mr. Ainsley, my lawyer, you know. He says that it will be easy to procure a divorce for Ignatia."

"Why should not the marriage be set aside as illegal?" demanded the Colonel.

Miss Redruth colored.

"Because—because—" she stammered. "You see, George, the Holms are rich. Only two lives stand between Captain Holm and a great estate—"

"And you want me—a Redruth and a rich man—to claim alimony for my daughter," cried the Colonel, in a stern, ringing voice. "For shame, Jacobea. You would have me trade on her wrongs? You would have her accept money from this scoundrel?"

"No, no. Hear me," exclaimed Miss Redruth. "I would not have the marriage declared illegal, simply because there is another person to be considered who has not yet been mentioned."

"And who may this person be?"

"Ignatia's child!"

"Her child! Ignatia's child? Great Heaven! Am I dreaming?"

"No, I wish you were," said Miss Redruth. "There is a child of three years, a girl. For her sake, as you see yourself, the legality of the marriage must not be questioned."

The Colonel did not answer. He strode back and forth with bowed head and gathered brows, and Miss Redruth dared not question him, nor even attempt to soothe him.

"I don't think Ignatia so entirely to blame," she ventured to say, after a little.

The Colonel gave no sign that he heard the observation.

"This is a turning-point in her life," said Miss Redruth, after another uneasy silence. "I hope you don't intend to cast her off, George."

Still no answer from the Colonel.

Miss Redruth turned from the contemplation of his face to the open window, her firm, hard mouth growing firmer and harder as she compressed it closely. Neither spoke again until a little basket chaise, drawn by a stout shaggy pony, came leisurely along the highway and turned into the open farm gates, and Miss Redruth then exclaimed:

"Ignatia is come. How will you receive her?"

The Colonel answered in a hoarse voice, without looking up:

"Send her to me. Stay—you need not tell her I am here. Let her come in here. And let us meet alone, Jacob."

Miss Redruth arose and withdrew, the look of apprehension deepening in her face.

CHAPTER II.

IGNATIA.

The little basket-chaise drew up before the porch of the stone house, and the young lady who held the reins tossed them to a stable lad who was at hand, and alighted, helping out a little child. The two ran lightly up the steps.

The hall was deserted when the pair entered it.

"Where's Aunty Jacob?" cried the young mother, in a gay, sweet voice. "Her chair is empty. Shall we find her?"

She moved lightly across the floor, and then her eyes suddenly resting upon the grand figure and stern face of the returned soldier, she came to an abrupt halt. A cry of terror and horror, strangely mingled, came from her white lips. Her face blanched; her limbs trembled; she panted for breath.

The father and daughter stood face to face after a separation of nine long years!

The colonel scarcely recognized the sallow, romping little creature he had left in this magnificent woman. Her tall and slender figure was instinct with a stately grace. Her every movement indicated refinement and thorough breeding.

The Colonel did not move toward her, nor did the sternness of his countenance relax.

His daughter took a step toward him, a cruel agitation convulsing her frame. Her arms dropped, and her hands were clasped together. It seemed as if she would have knelt before him.

"Father! O father!" she cried, in an anguished appeal. "Father, speak to me!"

That pleading cry went to the Colonel's soul. He forgot his daughter's error, remembering that she was his child—his only child. His heart melted within him. He silently opened his arms, and with a gasping cry Ignatia sprang forward and was folded to his breast.

For a little while there was silence between them, broken only by the girl's sobs and the soft caresses the Colonel showered upon her head and face. Then he drew her to a sofa, still enfolding her in his arms.

"Father," whispered Ignatia brokenly, "do you know? Has Aunt Jacob told you—"

"I know all, my daughter," answered the Colonel gently.

"And you forgive me? You will not cease to love me?"

The father answered only by a soft caress. Her terror and anguish aroused his tenderness and pity, and he had never in all her life loved her with such a yearning love as he felt for her at this moment when she lay trembling against his breast.

"Aunt Jacob has told me of your marriage, Ignatia," he said. "I will not upbraid you for keeping the matter a secret from me all these years. How long is it since you saw Captain Holm?"

"It is nearly three years, father," was the low reply. "I have not seen him since the child was three months old."

"Do you love him still?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured. "I would rather die than live with him as his wife!"

"And this child is yours and his?"

"Yes, father; but she is not like him in character."

The Colonel looked at the little creature.

She was scarcely three years old, and it was easy to see that she had inherited no taint of her profligate father's nature.

"What is your name, little one?" asked the Colonel.

"Georgia Redruth," was the prompt answer.

The Colonel held out one hand with a smile to the child. When he had throned his tiny namesake upon his knee his daughter knew that she was forgiven.

She presently raised her head from its resting-place, and told him her story. It differed little from the narrative Miss Redruth had already given her brother. It seemed, indeed, to the father, as he heard her, that the girl had been "more sinned against than sinning." "Do you suppose," he asked, "that Captain Holm knows now that you are an heiress?"

"I am sure he does not," answered the deserted young wife. "If he had known it he would have returned to me. He never dreamed that you were the next heir to poor Uncle Ralph."

"You parted in a quarrel?"

"Yes, father; but it was not a sudden outbreak. He came home one day from the town where his regiment was stationed in a terrible humor. We found afterward that every officer in his regiment had cut him, 'for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.' He was obliged to sell out his commission as soon as possible after that.

"He was full of rage, which he vented upon me. He cursed himself for falling in love with me, when he might have won an heiress.

"At last he took his effects and mounted his horse, and rode toward Sleaford at a furious pace. I have never seen him since. I do not know whether he is living or dead.

"Your young life shall not be blighted by this scoundrel!" cried the Colonel. "The law shall free you from any claims he may choose to make upon you when he discovers that his deserted wife is really an heiress. My first movement shall be to procure you a release from the villain.

"And until you have obtained a divorce from him, we will not go to Redruth."

"Will they let me keep my child!" asked Ignatia.

"Of course, dear."

"Dear father," she said, softly, "my whole life shall try to show my love and gratitude to you."

Before the Colonel could reply, Miss Redruth stalked into the room, unmistakably anxious.

A single glance set her mind at rest. The Colonel held his grandchild on his knee, and Ignatia was looking up at him with grateful eyes.

"All is forgiven and forgotten," said the Colonel cheerfully. "Ignatia and the child will start for London with me by the morning train.

"I will not take her to Redruth while that scoundrel has the shadow of a claim upon her."

The evening was passed pleasantly and without restraint. No further allusion was made to Captain Holm, and Colonel Redruth told stories of his Indian life, charming his hearers into forgetfulness of Ignatia's profligate husband.

At about 2 o'clock the next day Colonel Redruth, Ignatia, and the little Georgia took their leave of Miss Redruth, and drove away from the Moor.

They were obliged to wait nearly an hour for the mail down train.

The gray dusk was falling when they steamed into the station at Huntingdon. A porter entered and lighted the ceiling lamp and went out again.

Suddenly two young men came sauntering along the platform.

One approached the door of the coach occupied by Colonel Redruth's family and looked in. A guard came forward and addressed the young men, and ushered them into the very carriage occupied by the returned soldier.

Ignatia hurriedly drew her veil over her face, and sank back upon her seat trembling and panic-stricken. Colonel Redruth noticed that she seemed to cower in the shadows of her corner.

The next instant the train was once more on its swift way to the southward.

Colonel Redruth looked at the intruders closely. One of them was an ordinary looking young man in military uniform, with a loud laugh and pompous manners. The Colonel did not bestow upon him a second glance.

His companion was slender, tall and graceful, and with a dashing, spirited air. His manner was a strange compound of grace, insolence and gentlemanliness. He was of florid complexion, his forehead high, his eyes of a bluish-gray, and possessed of a strange power of attraction and fascination. His eyes reminded the Colonel, oddly enough, of the eyes of an Indian serpent.

"That man looks like an angel!" thought the Colonel. "And I believe he is at heart a devil!"

He withdrew his gaze slowly. At the same instant Ignatia breathed into his ear:

"That is he—my husband!"

For the continuation of this story—the history of the divorce suit, its strange developments and result, see the New York Ledger dated October 14th, which is now ready and for sale at all the news depots. If you are not convenient to a news office, send three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, New York city, and the Ledger will be sent to you by mail for one year.

Caution! Caution!! Caution!!!

Unprincipled men are endeavoring in different parts of the country, to palm off upon the unwary an imitation of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, under a similar sounding yet not *identical* name. Remember the *genuine* is called "Dr. Sage's Catarrh REMEDY" and *not* "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Cure," "Sage's Catarrh Reliever," or some other similar sounding name. Also bear in mind that the genuine has the words "R. V. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.," printed upon the outside wrapper, and has Dr. Pierce's portrait, name and address on the Government Revenue Stamp upon it, which is *a positive guarantee of genuineness.* It is therefore an easy matter to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. 566

THE FIRST.—A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, she said, "Oh, dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

DEATH WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE if the proclamations of the alcoholic-nostrum-mongers were true. But alas! their terrible excitants send thousands staggering to the grave. Instead of adding fuel to the fire of disease with such deadly compounds, try the cooling, renovating, purifying, and regulating effect of that inestimable combination of herbal juices and extracts, DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS—the sole specific for Dyspepsia, Physical Debility, Headache, Bilious Colic, Liver Complaints, Gout, Rheumatism and Chronic Constipation.

CUNDURANGO.—It will be gratifying information to persons afflicted with Cancer, Scrofula and all other blood diseases, to learn that a supply of CUNDURANGO, the newly discovered remedy for these diseases has been received by DR. D. W. BLISS, who, it will be remembered, first demonstrated the efficacy of the bark in the treatment of the mother of Vice-President Colfax. Experiments warrant the belief that CUNDURANGO is as much a specific in cases of Cancer &c., as quinine in cases of ague. The advertisement in another column of MESSRS. BLISS, KEENE & CO., furnishes particulars.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections, cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is more convenient and easily applied than other remedies, avoiding the trouble of the greasy compounds now in use.

WHO has not heard of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, whose twenty years of success and of usefulness have taught our people the important facts of Agriculture and their kindred sciences, and created departments for the naturalist, the herdsmen, the gardener, the dairyman and others. But this is not all. The farmer has found it a paper for his family, full of instruction and interest, and giving varied information in literature and the arts. Its moral tone is of the highest, and its domestic department such as the farmer's wife finds most useful. The issue for 1872 will appear in a more convenient form, both for reading and binding, though it will still be larger than *Harpers' Weekly.* The price, however, (as will be seen by the advertisement in another column,) is reduced to $2.50 per year, and only $2.00 to clubs. This must still more largely increase the popularity of a journal already in advance of all others in its sphere.

BY a recent order, all foreigners in Mexico are obliged to register their names within three months.

CRAMPS and pains in the stomach, are the result of imperfect indigestion, and may be immediately relieved by a dose of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. A teaspoonful in a little sweetened water is a dose.

DO NOT HOARD your earnings, but invest them in first-class *Railroad Bonds,* paying you good interest. Write to CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall Street, New York.

FINANCIAL.

Investment Securities.

JAY COOKE & Co., are now selling, and recommend as a profitable and safe investment for all classes, the First Mortgage **7-30** Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, bearing Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency), and secured by first and only mortgage on the entire Road and equipments, and on more than **23,000** Acres of Land to every mile of track, or 500 Acres of Land to each $1,000 Bond. The highest current price will be paid for U. S. Five-Twenties, and all other marketable Securities received in exchange. Pamphlets, maps and full information, as well as the bonds themselves, will be furnished on application by JAY COOKE & Co., Philadelphia, New York and Washington, and by most Banks and Bankers throughout the country.

THE LOCAL PAPER.—A local newspaper is a traveling agent, taking his weekly round to the families of all its customers. No matter whether times are good or dull, no matter whether trade is brisk or otherwise, no business man can afford to take down his sign, nor withdraw the pleasing influence of a weekly chat with his customers through the newspapers. For a business man to stop advertising, would be equivalent to his saying, "I have stopped business, and ask no more favors of the people."—*Montello Express.*

THE New York *World* advocates free trade, while nearly every good housewife in the country advocates the use of J. Monroe Taylor's Cream Yeast Baking Powder.

HEAVY oats are good for horses; none will deny that; but oats can't make a horse's coat look smooth and glossy when he is out of condition. SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CONDITION POWDERS will do this when all else fails.

The Warning has been Heeded.

Since the exposure of the attempts made by certain unscrupulous local dealers, to palm off their coarse astringents, made from cheap and impure materials, in the place of the great national tonic, Hostetters Stomach Bitters, public opinion has set strongly against these empirics and their preparations. Their occupation is gone, or soon will be. When the light is let into deception it soon wilts down. Persons who trifle with their own health, by using unknown preparations, with no guarantee to sustain them, when an established specific, proven by twenty years experience to be exactly what it is claimed to be, is within their reach, are sure to repent their temerity. Many have done so in this instance, but it is hoped that the truth plainly spoken has arrested the evil. In the meantime the demand for the leading protective and restorative medicine of America was never so great as it has been this season. From the fever and ague districts of the west, southwest, and south, it is literally overwhelming, and it may be said of the advices from all parts of the country of the cures it is effecting in dyspepsia, bilious complaints, and chronic constipation, that "their name is legion." Everywhere the sick and feeble seem to have realized the importance of "holding fast that which is good," and of avoiding what is spurious and dangerous.

CUNDURANGO!

THE WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR

CANCER, SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM AND ALL OTHER CHRONIC BLOOD DISEASES.

Dr. P. T. KEENE having just returned from Ecuador and brought with him a quantity of the *genuine* **Cundurango Bark,** secured through the official recommendation and assistance of His Excellency, the President of Ecuador and the Government of that Republic, we are prepared to fill orders for it, to a limited extent, and at a price about one-quarter of that which the cost of the first very small supply compelled us to charge.

A **spurious** article is now advertised and sold as Cundurango. We have, at a considerable expense, and with the co-operation of the authorities of Loja, the province where the plant grows, so directed the channel of our supply as to ensure that none but the **genuine article** shall be sold by us, and we particularly call the attention of the public to their protection, to this fact.

BLISS, KEENE & CO., 66 Cedar St., New York.

D. W. BLISS, M. D., Washington, D. C.; Z. E. BLISS, M. D., New York; P. T. KEENE, M. D., New York.

FOR THE BEST PERMANENT Agency, address Box 11, Warsaw, Ohio.

WATCH FREE, to Agents, to introduce an article that sells in every house. Address, S. GILLILAND, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. FOR TWO NEW AND POPULAR WORKS.

KNOTS UNTIED

OR, THE HIDDEN LIFE OF AMERICAN DETECTIVES. It discloses the whole Detective system. Twenty thousand copies sold in thirty days.

A WOMAN'S PILGRIMAGE

TO THE HOLY LAND, by MRS. S. M. Griswold. This work gives her experiences during a tour through Europe and the East, in company with "Mark Twain" and the "Quaker City" party. We offer extra terms and premiums to Agents. Send for circulars. J. B. BURR, HYDE & CO., Chicago, Ill., and Hartford, Conn.

Will All Those Who Suffer

—FROM—

CONSUMPTION

—OR—

COUGH,

—PLEASE—

Read The Following Letter from a Well-known Druggist?

MT. VERNON, ILL., April 29, 1871.

GENTLEMEN:—I have one of my customers speak in such high terms of Allen's Lung Balsam to-day, that I thought I would write you the substance of his statement. He says his mother, who is now sixty years of age, has SUFFERED with consumption for SEVERAL YEARS, and has been under the care of all our best physicians, but never received any permanent benefit; then she resorted to most every kind of Cough and Lung Balsam that could be procured for her, but all to no avail. She still grew worse, until she was confined to her bed; and when she was seized with a paroxysm of coughing, she would lose the power of respiration, and they were compelled to resort to various means to restore breathing; and while she coughed so hard she could not expectorate anything, and the family and friends had given up all hopes of her recovery; her son noticed the advertisement of Allen's Lung Balsam, and they thought they would procure and try it. They commenced giving her the Balsam at 5 o'clock p. m., as directed, a dose every hour, until midnight; then she took another spell of coughing, and expectorated a mouthful of dark, yellow matter, which was something she had not been able to do for some time. They continued to give her the Balsam until morning, and then she began to expectorate freely, and within two hours she had expectorated three pints of mucous matter, which gave her immediate relief, and since that time has continued to improve. She now sits up all day, and can walk about the house, and take considerable out-door exercise. Her son bought more of the Balsam to-day, and he is recommending it very highly to every one.

Yours respectfully,

A. C. JOHNSON, Druggist.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

is without doubt, the best expectorant remedy ever offered to the afflicted public. It contains no opium in any form, and its use is harmless to the most delicate.

☞ Directions accompany each bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

☞ It is sold by all Medicine Dealers

TRY THE TRIAL TRIP!

TAKE

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

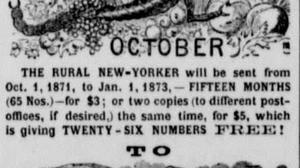
EXCELSIOR

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

(NEW YORK CITY, AND ROCHESTER, N. Y.)

THE THIRTEEN NUMBERS of the Quarter from Oct. 1, 1871, to Jan. 1, 1872, will be sent, On Trial, for Only FIFTY CENTS! Try the TRIAL TRIP!

FROM



THE RURAL NEW-YORKER will be sent from Oct. 1, 1871, to Jan. 1, 1873,—FIFTEEN MONTHS (65 Nos.)—for $3; or two copies (to different post-offices, if desired,) the