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| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| ame 57. |  | Freedom of T | pini |  | fenmemar, 29 ge. |
| new serirs. |  | Enforn, PA, F | ay moringe, noveniber 9, 1880. |  | VoL. 5. No. 14. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\begin{array}{l\|l\|} \text { ir } & \text { hien, I said repeatedly to myselt, but what the } \\ \text { of } \\ \text { future might bring about I did not know. The } \end{array}$ |  | Morgmomere that top, |
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|  |  |  | amy |  |  |
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| $C^{\text {Onfectionary }}$ adombry. |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | "Hi you are unable to walk, there is the urriage," he went on, as though the matter |  |  |
|  |  |  | Semen |  |  |
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| : stiscribers ar |  |  | After breakiast was over Mr. Tueston went into the garden and gathered a boquet of au- tumn flowers formy room. As he placed them | ata |  |
| GRITT AXD |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| asorme |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | rrors |
| \%, | den |  | heart as well as I-but of the paintul present,and I trust, to you, a happier future. You donot love me, and because of that your face |  |  |
| Stad the |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | not love me, and because of that your face whitens day by day. It I remain here you will die; so I am going away, leaving you as I can, that, apart from a presence that is dis- |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| dry ¢ Machine |  |  | at your ordding-a poor price, indeed, tor the sicrifice which you have made. That is all, and may God bless you, Elizajeth !", |  |  |
|  |  |  | dill |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\begin{array}{l\|l\|} \text { n- } & \text { pidy from the room while I bowed my head } \\ \text { ot } & \text { lower and lower till my face crusbed the blos- } \\ \text { se } & \text { soms upon my lap. Hours dritted away and I } \end{array}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\qquad$ |  |  |
|  |  |  | in-the chirping of the cricket in the grate- the hittle rough song of the locust and the twit- tering of the swaliows. It was Autumn with- |  | tion of the largest part, giving the farmer the wink, and exclaimed: "Always take the butt |
|  |  |  | out, but within my heart theere was a beantifulresurrection of life's Spring. A modg the flow-ers my tears fell-the first that my eyes had |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| atame |  | Mr. How |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  | had gathered dark and purple through the house, I went into the parlor and oprned the |  |  |
|  |  |  | piano-it had bern dumb for months-and rang out a merry tune. My husband walking on the prazza, out upon which the low, derp |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | did not heed me. fluttered in the sott breeze, and I thought he turned away his head that he might not see it. |  | n |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | ot take it ; instead, he refreated a few paces. followed him. "The night air is chilly and you are with- |  |  |
|  |  |  | "The night air is chilly and you are with- <br> a mantle," he said. "Allow me to lead |  |  |
|  |  | dropme | Istood imonomble befires hum, with my very 1 tat seratia |  |  |
|  | Werestior |  |  |  | hady reumared hi, wit. |
|  |  |  | "Yes," I gasped, "ag great deal." He came |  |  |
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