

THE ANGELUS BELL.

The peaceful call of the Angelus bell floats in the breeze, o'er hill and vale and dell; Its music cheers the toll-worn son of earth...

THE DIVORCE

They have been "divorced"—that handsome, aristocratic looking couple—divorced for two years, after ten years of happiness within their beautiful and luxurious home.

The man was the first to arrive at the place of meeting, and the waiter, who, of course, knew nothing of his business, escorted him civilly to the blue drawing room and left him there.

The gentleman started, and bit his lip. He was a tall, handsome man, apparently nearly fifty years of age, with a magnificent head and brow, fair complexion, and serious, resolute blue eyes.

This man could love as few love. Years before he had flung his pride and his heart together at the feet of the beautiful and graceful woman whom he called his wife.

When the Senator returned at last from Washington it was to a silent and deserted home, so cunningly had his enemy laid the plot and he was powerless in her hands, since his wife resolutely refused to see, to listen to, or forgive him.

And now, after a lapse of two long years, that had been to him a century of passionate remorse and longing, the husband and wife were to meet, for a few brief moments only, on a matter of business and leave each other as strangers.

This man had loved his wife, dear reader, as few women are happy enough to be loved. He loved her still, and in his very soul hungered and thirsted for her affection in return.

And yet, as he stood there, with his heart torn by a thousand conflicting emotions of passion and of pain, he seemed a stern, reserved and silent man only.

There was a rustle of sweeping silk in the hall—a few words spoken outside in a low, sweet voice, whose well-remembered tones made his blood leap wildly through his veins, though he was pale and silent still.

The obsequious waiter opened the door, and closed it again on the woman who entered.

she met his eyes; and then the color rushed back to her face in an overwhelming tide of crimson. She took the chair he brought her, without a word, and leaned her head upon her hand for a few moments.

Presently she looked up. Her eyes avoided his. But her manner was perfectly quiet now, and her face was calm though pale.

"We will go on with our business, if you please," she said, in a voice as measured as his own had been.

He bowed and drew a chair near the table where she was seated. Spreading two formidable looking documents out on the table before her, he began explaining their nature and contents as if he had been some hired lawyer, and his client only.

She listened in silence. "You fully understand the nature of this deed—Mrs.—Madam?" he said, when he had concluded.

"Are you satisfied with the provision made for your future?" His voice faltered a little. Her hand, lying on the edge of the documents, trembled slightly.

"I am perfectly satisfied," she answered at last. "Then you will have the goodness to sign your name within that blank?"

A pretty, fanciful instant stood on a marble slab at the further end of the room. He rose to bring it. Her eyes followed him—was it a look of love? If so, he knew it not.

Returning, he placed the open parchment sheet before her, and pointed to the blank. She took up the pen. "What name?" she said, in a low voice, and a crimson tide surged over cheek and brow.

"Your—your own, madam," he answered, coloring in his turn. "Alexia Jernyngham."

She wrote it calmly, in a free flowing hand. He looked on the while, thinking of other days, when, in their own happy home, he had often watched her, proudly and fondly, as she signed another name.

Throwing down the pen as the last letter was formed, she rose from her seat. He rose also. "Good-by, Madam!" he said, in a broken voice. And again the dark blue eyes were bent upon her down-cast face with that passionate, despairing look.

His breast heaved convulsively once or twice. She put her white hand suddenly up to her throat, as if something had stopped her breath. Her hand met the golden chain.

The next moment the chain was torn from her neck, revealing a beautifully executed miniature, set closely in a border of forget-me-nots, formed with rare skill from clusters of gems. His quick eye fell upon the portrait—his own face! And she had worn it through those two lonely years, in spite of all.

The chain flashed brightly in the air, the stones blazed in the sunlight, the wedding ring shone like a circle of fire, as she tore it hastily from her hand, and dashed it, with the picture, at his feet.

"Take them," she cried wildly. "Take them from my sight forever! Oh, I wish I could only tear every thought of you as easily from my heart."

And as she spoke something brighter than the diamonds—of infinitely greater value than the gems—flashed also in the sunlight and fell upon her cheeks.

It was a tear. He saw it, and his heart beat high. Yet, even in that moment, pride must come between them.

FACTS ABOUT HIGHWAYS.

Judicial Expression That Will Correct Many Mistaken Notions.

One of the mistaken notions of a majority of persons is that certain things belong to the public, such as the fruit of trees by the roadside and berries on bushes not closed by fences.

The case before his Honor was the obstruction of public roads and streets. The Defendant was indicted for maintaining a nuisance by the obstruction of a public road, a part of which he used for the purpose of hewing timbers.

The Court ruled otherwise. His Honor in his charge to the Jury, said the public have the right to free and unobstructed passage over the road, and if impeded the township is liable for any damage that may result.

For all other purposes the land to the middle of the road belongs to the owners of abutting property on each side. No other person can lawfully use this for his own purposes or appropriate to his own use any grass, fruit or other crop that grows thereon.

But in case of accident, as the breaking of a wagon, a man may pile his load by the wayside and leave it there for a reasonable time, until he can remove it. Incidentally, his Honor referred to the use and obstruction of streets in town, by fakirs, vendors of medicines or other goods.

The rights of the property owners, he said are the same in towns as in the country. The public have a right to free passage, but the title of the owner of abutting property extends to the middle of the road.

A license from the Burgess or Town Council to occupy this property for business purposes, is of no legal effect and any person so occupying it may be arrested and indicted for trespass or nuisance.

His license will afford him no protection against prosecution and punishment for such unlawful act. A property owner has not only the right of possession in his land, but of the public to his premises.

Corner lots are the most valuable for business purposes, because they give the public better access, and the owner of such lots owns a larger extent of street line, to the full benefit of which he is entitled, and of which he may not lawfully be dispossessed by intruders.

A Reminder of Pioneer Day. Workmen on the large timber tract of Clark, Kizer & Kipp cut a large oak tree the other day. It was over two feet in diameter and perhaps a hundred feet high.

Almost on the topmost bough was a steel trap of the size used for foxes and wild cats. A chain attached to it was wound around a large limb, and was almost buried in the wood, which had grown over it.

This trap had evidently been set by one of our pioneer hunters and dragged to the top of this tree by a wild cat or some other animal that has been caught in it a hundred years ago.—PUNXSUTAWNEY SPIRIT.

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