The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

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DR. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office No. 743 Washingtpn Street. may24.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street Huntingdon. [jan.4,'71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

H. GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [jan.12'71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

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J. HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, No. 319 Hill st., Huntingdon, Pa. [jan.4,'71.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

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MILLER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
April 5, '71-1y.

P. M & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care.
Office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. [jan.4,'71.

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SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted.
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Miscellaneous.

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The Muses' Bower.

A Word in Anger Spoken.

A word in anger spoken—
How often does it prove
The cause of cold indifference
In hearts whose rule is love?
How oft the sweetest pleasures
Humanity can know,
Are by a harsh expression
Turned into bitter woe?

A word in anger spoken—
How many sighs and tears,
And sleepless nights, and cheerless days,
And weary, weary years,
Have been its mournful product,
Though Charity essayed
To heal the deadly, festering wound
Which thoughtless anger made?

A word in anger spoken—
A blot upon life's page—
Which oft will leave its impress
From youth to later age,
Man may foregive an insult;
But still it bears its fruit—
For memory is a tyrant
Whose rule is absolute.

A word in anger spoken—
Has often engendered strife
Between the loving husband
And the doting trusting wife;
Has caused a barrier to rise
Between the child and mother,
And led foul enmity to part
The sister and the brother.

A word in anger spoken—
If you have felt its blight,
Resolve henceforth to "know thyself,"
And train thy spirit right,
Keep watch upon thy every thought,
Thy very look and word,
And thou shalt live from sorrow free,
As joyous as a bird.

A word in anger spoken—
Oh, weigh the sentence well;
For it contains a lesson
That words are fain to tell,
The human heart is faulty,
And the wisest of us all
May drop a careless word in wrath,
That we would vain recall.

My Wife and Child.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night in solemn peace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
Whose love my early life has blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast,
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near,
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear
In whose young hearts have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while, at thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise,
No tear is wept, to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and ruthless pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou brings't the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast;
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show—
Loved with passions almost wild—
By day, by night, in joy or wo—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

The Story-Teller.

The Bridal of Myra Carne.

A black, frowning, rock-bound coast, marked by a mile of very tall and precipitous cliffs. Midway there is a wide gap and a bed of sand—fine as the sand of the desert and golden. This opening is bay-like in form, and slopes from the heights to the sea-shore. The sand-bed, which stretches right and left at the base of the cliffs, is bordered by a belt of shingle; and beyond the shingle are breakers, some so large that they are rarely o'erswept by the sea. When the mighty waves battle with these outer rocks the high-thrown clouds of spray and the vast expanse of seething foam bears witness to the fierceness of the strife. A few yards from the brow of the sand-bank is a village—a straggling line of cottages, built of rough-hewn sandstone, and heavily thatched. The church is, perhaps, the smallest in England; but, then, the whole population of the place does not exceed three hundred souls.

The men earn their living by fishing, and by helping the luckless ships that are driven on that cruel, forbidding coast.—Terrible wrecking stories are told of hapless crews being murdered and thrown into the raging surge for the sake of plunder. If these tales be true, it is strange how little the wreckers are enriched by their blood-bought spoil—and bought, too, at the risk of their own lives. The tombs that surround the little church bear record that death by drowning is not an uncommon fate at Stormcliff Bay.

The parson, the doctor, and the lawyer yet live in an inland town; and if the villagers ail in mind, body or estate, they have to travel seven miles for professional comfort, aid or counsel.

The best house—truly, the only house at Stormcliff Bay is Eagle's Nest, standing on a jutting ledge of the highest rock.—There dwelt Captain Carne, Aunt Ellen and Myra.

Nearly eighteen years before the time I tell of the Captain—then in middle age—came with a young wife to Stormcliff Bay for a week or two. The young wife was seized with a sudden illness, and could not be moved, and died. The widower would not leave the village, and with his only child and maiden sister abode at Eagle's Nest.

Captain Carne and Aunt Ellen were loved by the villagers, to whom they were ever ready friends. Myra was at least not less loved than her father and aunt. A joyous girl and beautiful. The rough sea breeze had not effected the surpassing fairness of her skin—fair as the lilly of the poet's dream and tenderly soft. Eyes large and blue—the blue of the southern sky; wavelets of nut brown hair veiling her shoulders and falling far below her waist; features nobly outlined, with a mouth of exquisite sweetness. Above all—the beauty that is felt but cannot be described—a countenance of light, love and gladness—the shining forth, the radiant sheen of a pure and happy spirit.

It was Sunday evening in full summertide. A night of tropical warmth follows a day of glowing heat. The sea is singularly calm, and the waves lash languidly against the breakers. The people of Stormcliff Bay, together with a few visitors from the neighborhood, are on the sands. The sun has gone down in exceeding splendor. The moon is rising in her plenitude, and countless stars—wooed, not frightened by her soft, silvery light—reveal to creation the glory of the Creator. The stillness that charms and awes, yet soothes, is broken by the voice of Joe, the preacher.

"Come away, Myra; it is a sin to listen to such raving blasphemy."

"But Joe is in earnest, Frank, and it is very dreadful."

"Why, Myra, has Joe fooled you? Look at the rocks and the sea, the moon and the stars. Are they not wonderful and beautiful? Or, darling, when you get home look in the glass, and see something more wonderful and beautiful than the sky."

"Don't talk in that way, Frank."

"Why, Myra, that preacher must be blind, or he could not believe that such good and glorious things were made to be destroyed. Let those who choose slander their Creator. Let those who will adore an almighty demon. We will worship a God of Love."

"It is so sad, Frank, that people should have such horrible thoughts when everybody might be happy."

"Well, Myra, we cannot always be happy. I am not happy. Joe leaves Stormcliff Bay to-morrow, and the next day I leave."

"But not for long, Frank?"

"A week or two may not be long to you, Myra, but it is ages to me. Besides, I shall have to live in London."

They stayed awhile with their faces seaward, but their minds were too occupied to be conscious of the beauty of the scene in which they had exulted. The young man was feebly fighting against the maddening fever of passion, and the girl wondered what disturbed her companion.

"Patience, Myra, you shall soon have a letter from me."

Alas, how soon, how all too soon, we part from each other, and are driven forth from the paradise of our love, and cannot again enter therein, save through the Dark Valley of the Dread Shadow.

"Let us go home, Frank. Father will be expecting us."

"You are in a mighty hurry, Myra. I shall not trouble you long, and then you can be with somebody you like better."

"Frank, what is the matter? Why are you so unkind? What has sissy done to you?"

"Whatever comes of it, you must hear me. Look here, Myra, I would rather you stabbed me than call yourself my sister."

"You used to like that name."

"I did until a few months ago, when I was away from you, and then I learned that I did not like you as a brother."

"Not love me, Frank?"

Frank put one arm around her waist, and the other over her shoulder, and drew her so close to him that she felt his hot breath on her face; and she closed her eyes against his burning glance.

"Myra, not as a brother—but deeper, deeper still—all in all, Myra; and if you do not love me the same, I will die; for if you loved another, I should kill him and you."

The girl leant her head on him but did not speak.

"You fear to tell me, Myra, that you love me as a brother only. But you shall tell me—you shall deal the blow."

"Frank, my own dear, you know I love you as my life. This is cruel of you."

"But, Myra, say your love is not the love of a sister."

"I know what you mean, dear Frank—and I love you as a lover. I am thine, as you are mine."

Her eyes opened for a moment, and Frank held her to him in a long and passionate embrace.

"Are you happy now, Frank?"

"Ay, darling of my soul—too happy to speak even to you. To-morrow we will talk together, and say when the world shall know we are one—for it must not be long hence."

"And my father?"

"I will tell him when I return from London."

"But, dear Frank, I have never had a secret from him."

"You must have one for a week or two, for both our sakes."

They slowly ascended the cliff, and stood before the entrance of Eagles' Nest. Another embrace, long and silent and they entered.

Captain Carne was pacing the room. Aunt Ellen was seated at the table reading, or seeming to do so. The Captain had been angry because Myra was half an hour late, and Aunt Ellen had defended the girl. The tiff ended as usual by the Captain pacing the room with a measured military stride, and Aunt Ellen putting on her spectacles and opening her book.

"Well, Frank, have you discovered a fresh constellation? Or have you been merely persuading Myra that it is good and seemly to be disobedient to her father?"

Frank replied that they had been walking and talking. The Captain's eyes had lighted on Myra's tell-tale face.

"And, pray, what was the talk about?" Frank began to reply.

"I spoke to Myra, not to you."

Myra blushed deeply and was silent.

"Since Myra is tongue-tied, favor me with an answer."

Frank replied that they had been speaking of his going away, and of the future.

Captain Carne's face darkened.

"Perhaps a love scene."

"I told Myra of my love for her."

"So, sir, I trust you as a son, and you abuse my confidence. Ellen, do you know anything of this business?"

"No, brother," replied the aunt; "but young people will be silly."

"Frank Molino, mark my words; they will be few and to the purpose. The folly begun to-night must end to-night. I assume you wish Myra to be happy; but domestic happiness must be well fed, well clothed, and well housed, or it will give place to domestic misery. At present, your means are too limited even for the support of turtle-dove love in a cottage. Then, Myra has not been in society, and she must see others before she knows if she loves you. I now wish you good-night and good-bye. For two or three years you will not be a welcome guest to my house; and meanwhile you and Myra are strangers to each other, Good night Frank."

Myra was crying, Frank was pallid. He crossed the room to offer his hand to Myra.

"I told you, sir, that you and Myra were as strangers to each other. Once more good-night to you."

Frank went out quickly; and, as he descended the cliff he muttered curses on Captain Carne. As soon as he had left the Captain took Myra's hand led her to the door.

"Go to your room and to your bed, Myra. To-morrow you will be more reconciled to the will of your father."

Aunt Ellen would have gone with the girl to solace her, but Myra repulsed her. In her grief and anger Myra repulsed her. If her father had spoken kindly to Frank, she would, she thought, have been patient; but now she was, for the first time in her life, angry with her father.

Myra opened the casement window and went on to the verandah. The moon was high in the heavens. The gentle summer wind made a sweet accompaniment to the murmur of the sea, and to the grating of the shingle as it was swept by the waves. Oh child, will not this scene of these sublime harmonies, these whispers of love divine, console you? Alas! for philosophy; It is a friend that falls in hour of sorest need.

"Myra, dearest?"

What voice is that? Is it indeed a voice, or only an echo of her heart's thought?

Fearing she knew not what, Myra listened.

"Myra, dearest, are you there?"

Often in his boyhood Frank had climbed to the verandah. In a moment, and before Myra could recover from her bewilderment, Frank was with her, first kneeling at her feet, and then holding her to his heart.

There they sit till the fading of the stars proclaims the rising sun. Shall Frank die? At length, after the pleading hours, Myra, kneeling down and kissing a cross she wore around her neck, plighted her troth to him. Quaking, and scarcely knowing what she did, Myra repeated after Frank an oath that she would marry him whensoever he asked her to do so.

"And now, darling, good-bye, till we meet on the shore; and then another good-bye for a little while, until we mean to part no more."

"Frank, dearest, I wish you had not to go from me, even for an hour. Being ever mine, you should be with me forever."

They lingered lovingly until the dawn of day was visible in the east, and until they were startled by the chirping of a bird.

Frank descended the cliff, and Myra returned to her room and her bed. Short-lived is estacy on earth. Before the warmth of Frank's last kiss had left her lips Myra thought of her father, and the thought chilled her heart. Ah, if she had gone to her father, and kissed him, and been reconciled to him! Is it too late? Let her go now, and tell him all, and ask him for forgiveness. She half rose from her bed. But then, Frank had her oath. She again laid her head on her pillow. Some day her father would be reconciled to Frank. A beautiful cottage at Stormcliff Bay, Frank and Myra rejoicing in their love. Her father loving both, and sharing their happiness, and being right glad that they married. Lulling her conscience with such opiates, Myra fell asleep. Night vigils are new to her, and being exhausted she slept soundly. And tranquilly? She sleeps; but, sleeping or waking, no more for her the peace, the bliss of the Paradise of Childhood. Happy Myra, to have lived in it so long. Few abide therein even until childhood has blossomed into youth.

THE STORM.

When Myra woke her aunt was standing by her bed.

"Why, deary, what a sleep you have had! Breakfast was over long ago. But get up now—your father wants you to go with him to the village; and, deary, don't be ever so little cross with him. It will be made all right. I'll have a cup of tea ready for you when you come down."

Myra was a long time in dressing. With her awakening came care and sorrow. The fond dreams of the early dawn vanished in the broad daylight. Until now, when a great gulf seemed to part them, Myra had not realized the love that bound father to daughter, and daughter to father. Her affection for Frank was, deep and earnest; but the compact of the night affrighted her. She would beseech Frank to release her from her oath—for it never occurred to her that he had no power to do so. Then whispers conscience, "But the oath does not bind you to secrecy. Tell your father." Tiresome, remorseful conscience. If Frank will not release her from her vow, why, then, indeed she will tell her father. But if Frank grants her prayer, why should she expose him to her father's anger—or even, why should she give her father pain? Pleased and consoled with this reasoning, Myra met her father without much agitation.

They went through the village to the church and sat down in the ivy-covered porch. It was a favorite resting place; and often Myra and her father were there for hours, reading or talking. Just in front of the porch was a grave on which the grass was well kept, and the flowers were blooming. It was the grave of Myra's mother.

"Our visit to the old porch must be a short one to-day, Myra; for, as you know, I have to go to town, and I propose to walk there. I wish to tell you here that I am sorry that I grieved you last night."

Myra could have borne a blow, but the words of kindness wrung her heart. She took her father's hand, and kissed it; and as she did so, a tear fell upon it.

"I only did my duty, dear child, but I did not the less regret to give you a moment's grief. I do not think Frank will make you happy; but you must hereafter decide for yourself. At present you are but a child, and I must act for you. The last words she said to me, Myra"—the Captain pointed to the grave of his wife—"were 'Care for her as for me.' To fulfill that sacred trust I have lived a lonely life, watching over you in infancy, in childhood and in youth. I have striven to be father and mother to you, Myra. On earth I have no aim but your happiness. You will not now think that I am unkind because I do my bounden duty, and in so doing give you pain."

Myra kissed her father. She wanted to speak—she yearned to confide in him; but, for the moment, the words would not be spoken.

"Remain here awhile, and calm yourself, my child. When you return to the Nest, tell your aunt I shall be home by dusk; and try, Myra, to greet me with your welcome smile."

He kissed her and walked away. He had not gone far when Myra started up, determined to follow him, and tell him of her fault. Her hand was on the wicket-gate, and she paused. When he came home, and before going to bed he should know all, whether Frank did or did not absolve her from the oath. She returned to the porch, reflecting on what was to be done, until reflection became unbearable. In vain she sought to convince herself that she had pursued a wise course—there was a gnowing consciousness that she should not have put off the confession. And ought she to meet Frank? Why not consult dear aunt Ellen? Comforting suggestion. Sustained by the new resolve, Myra returned to the Nest.

Aunt Ellen was busy, as usual, with her household duties. It would not do to interrupt her. Then came the dinner, and still Myra was silent. But she must decide quickly, for in an hour she was to meet Frank under the cliff. Perhaps it will be better to see him, and persuade him to release her from the oath. Aunt Ellen is going to Birley Farm to drink tea with Mrs. Jamison. Would Myra accompany her? She pleaded a headache. It was her first lie, and it stung her. Well, then, Myra could walk over to Birley after she had rested—that is, if she felt able to go out.

Aunt Ellen departed, and Myra went to her room, and put on her hat. How she shook! She was hysterical. She mixed some wine with water and drank it. Then she told the servant she was going to the sands, and might perhaps take tea at Birley. How broad, smooth and cosy is the way to falsehood—that is the outset.

Frank was before her. She was late, because she had to wait until Aunt Ellen had left home. Her father had gone to town and her aunt to Birley. Frank was glad—they could have a happy afternoon together. They strolled along the beach, he with his arm round her waist, and hand in hand. This will never do. She must get rid of the oath. After an hour's effort, she managed to say that he father was very angry. Why of course her was angry. It was only natural. He would soon forgive her, for he would see that Frank loved her and made her happy. And Frank told her how glad he was they had taken the solemn oath, for it united them forever. The end of it was that Myra resolved. The oath bound her. She must tell her father; and he would not wish her to break it. Thereupon an hour of loving talk—the past forgotten, and the future a bright day-dream.

The lovers were disturbed by a summer storm. The sky darkened. The wind howled, and the sea moaned. There was a flash of lightning and the rocks echoed the thunder. In a moment the rain fell in torrents. The lovers took shelter in a cavern hewn out of the rock. Myra, who had lived all her days on the rough coast, had never been terrified by a storm; but now, she knew not why, fear overcame her. She shrank from the lightning, and trembled at the sound of the thunder.

Frank led her farther back into the cavern, so that the lightning might not affright her. Still Myra was terrified and rejoiced when Frank told her that the storm was over.

When they came on the beach the sun was shining brightly, and the only relic of the tempest was the continued agitation of the sea. They were two miles from Stormcliff Bay, and had not proceeded many yards in the direction of that place when they discovered that they were prisoners. They were on a raised indent of the coast, called Dry Rock Bend, and were encircled by waves. Frank assuaged the alarm of Myra by pointing out that it was high tide, even if the tide had turned, and that in an hour at most they would be released. What were they to do? The beach was shingle and weed-covered rock, and it was wet from the rain. So they returned to the cavern in which they had sheltered from the storm.

As Frank had said, the sea subsided ere the hour; but it was nearly two hours before he and Myra left the cavern. They walked on hastily, for the lengthening shadows of the cliff warned them of the approach of the evening.

"Oh, my love," said Myra, "what shall I do if aunt is home?"

"Say, dearest, you took a long walk, and were caught in the storm."

They were near Stormcliff Bay, and Myra stopped.

"Go from me, my love, for I can never go away from you. And how shall I bear to-morrow and to-morrow, when you are away from me?"

"Take courage, dear angel; for on the third day—after two to-morrows—we meet, to be united so that thenceforth no one can part us."

"For you, dearest, I will bear it; but were it not for you, I would pray to die this night."

"Darling, we need not part now, save for a few hours. I can come to the verandah, as I did last night."

"But if you are heard or seen?"

"Do not fear. I will be under the verandah at twelve."

When they parted Myra ascended the cliff, passed through the village, and met aunt Ellen coming back through Birley. That was lucky for Myra. Her return with her aunt would explain her absence to the servant; and her aunt did not know how long she had been from home.

They ascended the cliff, Aunt Ellen relating the news from Birley, and Myra appearing to listen, but not heeding what was said. They were near Eagles' Nest, when they saw the servant running to them. The girl was terror-stricken and crying.

"Oh, ma'am—oh, Miss Myra—poor Miss Myra!"

Master had come home ill. That was the only information they could glean from the girl.

Captain Carne was lying on the sofa, and with him were the doctor and a friend. When they entered he sat upright.

"Do not be alarmed. It is bad enough, but not so bad as it might have been. Come here, Myra."

She went to him, and Aunt Ellen looked to the doctor for an explanation.

"Your brother has been struck with the lightning, and his sight is hurt; but we must hope for the best."

Aunt Ellen covered her face with her hands and sank on her knees. Myra shrieked. In that agony how her words to Frank rung in her ears—"and how shall I bear to-morrow, when you are away?"

And behold, her father would not look at her to-morrow or for evermore.

The doctor did not deny the case was critical; but there was a chance depending upon the patient being tranquil.

As soon as their grief could be controlled the sister and daughter wept without moaning.

Captain Carne was led to his bed-room; and after administering an opiate, the doctor and his friend departed. Aunt Ellen might watch by the patient if she liked, but all that could be done was to let him sleep.

Myra went to her room heart-broken and spirit-crushed. From peace and joy to anguish and misery, and in less than two days. Yesterday morning, few so happy that would not have envied her happiness; to-night the most wretched might pitty her smarting sorrow and desolation. She would have refused to leave her father's room but for the appointment at midnight, and the thought of that meeting increased her poignant pain. Could she leave her father in his affliction? No. And yet? Mechanically she trimmed her lamp and sat down, staring at the clock on the mantelpiece. She was a waif on the stormy ocean, and she had to choose between stolid, mindless resignation, or despair and madness. Her father! Her lover! Let Frank decide for her.

She sat staring at the clock—wondering if it always ticked so loudly—noting the movement of the minute hand and counting the seconds. It still wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight. Might not Frank be before the appointed hour? She went on to the verandah, but Frank was not there. She waited the weary quarter of an hour, passing from the verandah to the room, backwards and forwards, to look at the clock.

Midnight, and Frank was not there. She determined not to look at the clock again, but to wait on the verandah till he came. As she approached the rustic seat on which the feeble light of her lamp shone through the casement window she saw a hat on it, and divined it was Frank's. Thump, thump, and faster than horses' feet, beat her heart. Was he hiding?

"Frank!"

No answer to the gurgling whisper. She took up the hat, and a string fell from it, and to the string was fastened a letter.

Back to her room. Harder than ever, faster than ever, thumped her heart. It was with difficulty her palsied hands opened the letter. With greater difficulty her burning eyes read it. It ran thus:

"MY LOVE AND LIFE.—Bad news. But be patient, dearest, for both our sakes. My father is taken ill, and I must leave for America without delay of a moment. By starting at once I may be in time for the vessel. Perhaps sooner, but certainly in two months I will be with you. What I suffer from the separation you may know, my dearest; but you would not forgive me if I neglected the command of a dying father. I will write to you at the post-office, as we arranged to-morrow. My love and life, good-bye till then. As you love me, be patient for the sake of thine own FRANK."

Myra read the letter again and again. Now silently, now the words hissing through her fever-parched lips. Then she gazed at it as if spell-bound. There was a mad desire to laugh. Then the sensation of choking. She became insensible, and lay so for hours. The morning breeze came in at the open window, and slowly she revived. There was the letter in her hand, and the hat by her side.

"These must not bear witness against him, if I die."

She cut the hat into tiny pieces and threw them over the parapet of the verandah The letter she held in the flickering flame of the lamp until it was consumed, and her fingers blackened and scorched.

After these labors she lay on the bed, neither sleeping nor waking, until Aunt Ellen came to tell her that her father had slept well.

"But, oh deary!—oh, my deary, his sight is lost—he will never, never see us more!"

THE BRIDAL.

The summer has grown into autumn, and the autumn has faded into winter. It is nigh six months from the day of the storm, so well remembered at Stormcliff Bay. Every effort to restore the sight of Captain Carne had failed. His last chance was to be treated by an eminent oculist. Aunt Ellen wanted to accompany him to the metropolis; but Myra was unwell, and the Captain preferred not to inflict his suffering upon those dear to him. So he went alone, and had been away for nearly two months. The reports about him were very vague; and at Eagles' Nest there was no hope of his recovery.

Is that Myra? Does death work a more pitiable change than sorrow? The light of the eye no longer lustrous, but lurid. The clear, radient complexion, the bloom of health and youth, the gladsome, winsome countenance, are gone. She is ill, but will take no advice. She will not visit. She will not attend church. About once a week she goes into the town, and will accept the companionship of her aunt. She stands for hours on the verandah of her room, gazing wistfully at the sea. She will often go into the village to ask the news from sea—if there have been any wrecks. Frank has written to say he will be back in January and the month is nearly over. Is it another delay—or is he wrecked? Every sound of the wind and the waves terrifies the alone, despairing girl.

At last—at last there is a break in the black darkness. Myra has gone to town, to ask—without hope—if there is a letter for M. M. Yes; and it is handed to her. It is Frank's writing, and it bears an English postmark. Without leaving the post-office she reads it—

"MY LOVE AND LIFE.—Home at last, and well. I cannot write the joy I feel. I leave Liverpool to-night—to-morrow I shall be in London—and next day with you, my love and life. I only wait a few hours in London to arrange, what is necessary for our marriage. I am weeping, dearest—I cannot help it, but the tears are tears of joy. Good-bye for two days, my love and life. FRANK."

Myra got into the fly that was to take her to Stormcliff Bay. Oh, that she were home! When she arrived at the Nest, she told Aunt Ellen that she was tired and would rest awhile. When in her room she locked the door, read over the letter again, knelt by her bed to pray and give thanks. As she knelt she wept, which she had not done since her troubles began; and her crying was like the crying of a little child.

Next night Myra went to bed at eight o'clock. She liked to be alone, and she was worn with excitement.

Aunt Ellen was knitting. The door opens, and enter Captain Carne.

"Brother—dear brother!"

"Home again, Ellen, and well."

"Well?"

"Ay, Ellen, well. My sight is restored to me."

To convince her he took up a newspaper from the table, and read a few lines.

"Where is Myra?"

"Gone to bed, tired, I will call her."

"No, I will do so."

"You will startle and frighten her."

"I intended a surprise; and as for the fright, it will not last a minute, for the lass of Stormcliff Bay is not a nervous young lady."

He went upstairs on tiptoe. He noiselessly opened the door, Myra was asleep, and her father gazed on her with a gaze of fondest love. He sat the candle on the table, and touched her, said:

"Myra, my pet."

She started up.

"Oh, my Frank!—my Frank!"

She looked, and saw it was her father. There was a pause to be counted by seconds only, though it seemed never-ending. Myra could not move or speak. The face of her father was livid, and the veins in his forehead swolen. No words were necessary. She had told her love. As he moved Myra screamed piteously, and then lay still upon the bed. Aunt Ellen hurried into the room.

"What has happened?"

"Don't you know?"

The captain took his sister's arm, and, dragged her to the bedside, held the candle over Myra.

"What has happened? Myra loves Frank!"

Aunt Ellen looked, and sank on her knees, crying—

"God have mercy upon us!—have mercy upon us!"

"It seems then that you were blind, Ellen. Better my sight had gone forever—as I doubt not, Myra prayed it might be."

The Captain had so far mastered his passion that his voice was calmer.

"Where is Frank Molino?"

"Abroad. He left Stormcliff Bay the day of the storm, and has not been back."

Myra moved.

"Have mercy on her for her mother's sake! Oh, have mercy on her.

"Fear not; I shall not hurt her, though I have been deceived."

Myra slowly recovered conciousness. She stretched out her hands to her father in supplication.

"How long have you loved him?"

Myra put her hands before her face.

"Where is he?"

"But you will not kill him?"

"Am I a hangman?"

Myra took from under her pillow Frank's last letter, and gave it to Aunt Ellen, who handed it to her brother.

Captain Carne read it and threw it on the bed.

"Loving and generous. And you have promised to marry him?"

"How can you doubt it?" exclaimed Aunt Ellen, who had taken up the letter and read it.

"Then your niece is more loving than I am or she would say to him, 'I am not old enough to be married, and you are not any match for me.'"

"Mercy on me! Have mercy on me!"

"I shall see this Molino. Don't start—I shall not hurt him. If you persist in marrying him, be it so. But not secretly. Your betrothal was secret; but the bridal of Myra Carne—that was your mother's name, and it is yours—I say the bridal of Myra Carne shall be public."

So he left her to the care of her aunt.

The interview with Frank Molino, who returned that night was short: and so far as Captain Carne was concerned, calm. Did Frank persist in wanting to marry Myra? A passionate "Yes." Then the bridal must be at Stormcliff Bay in public. That day week was named for the wedding.

"And this farther condition that you do not correspond with her, or see her till the bridal day. That is surely not very hard. But whether it be so or not if you break it you peril her life.

The coming bridal was announced to the village and to friends. And though the notice was short, preparations were made for the ceremony. The little church was decorated with evergreens and hot-house flowers, the gifts of the neighboring gentry.

Captain Carne would not see his daughter, but he instructed Aunt Ellen to provide a wedding garment for the bride. He would not have a breakfast, saying that neither Eagles' Nest nor the occasion was suitable for a festive gathering.

The bridal day was rough and boisterous, but the mid-winter sun was shining gaily. In the little parlor were Captain Carne and Frank, not exchanging a word. There is a rustle of silk; and Myra, arrayed as a bride, enters with Aunt Ellen. Her father, who had not seen her since the night of his return home, kissed her affectionately. Frank was advancing to her, but the Captain stopped him.

"She is my daughter and not yet your wife. In this place you must not touch her."

He took a case from his pocket, and put on Myra a glittering necklace and a bracelet, and fastened an ornament on her veil.

"These Myra, were the marriage jewels of your mother. I give them to you."

He turned to the sideboard, and took from a drawer a curious-looking satin belt, which he fastenened round his daughter's waiste.

"Bear with the weight, Myra. This belt holds your marriage portion. I have put into it four thousand sovererigns—for since your childhood I have been saving for your marriage. The money will save you against contumely and contempt."

Myra embraced him.

"Father, dear father, how can I repay your love and care? Forgive me and bless me."

"Mr. Molino, will you take my sister to the church? It is but seemly for you to escort the aunt of your bride."

Aunt Ellen kissed Myra, and departed with Frank.

"Myra, you will not return to Eagles' Nest, nor shall I. We leave the old home forever."

Clinging to him—and with a prayer in her heart that she might live to be a blessing to him, Myra went forth with her father.

"Let us ascend the cliff, and take a farewell look at our home."

Myra was weak; and with the burden round her waist and the strong wind, the ascent was slow and toilsome. At length they reached the summit of the cliff. It was high tide, and the mighty foam crested waves were angrily dashing against the huge, defiant rock.

From the church porch, where Frank, Aunt Ellen, and the friends were assembled, Myra and her father could be seen. The veil and the long hair of the bride were fluttering in the wind.

Now they kneel. The father is forgiving the disobedience of the child. Solemn moment! and the company at the church porch, from a reverent impulse, cast down their eyes, and join in the father's prayer.

What scream is heard above the storm? A piercing shriek, mingled with a wind and mocking laugh. Where is the bride? Where is the bride? where is the father? An instant since they were kneeling on the rock. Where are they? There was a moment of wondering, awful silence, and then cries of horror from the company at the church porch rent the air, starting the see-birds from their nests.

When the tide went out the watchers found the lost one on the beach under the cliff. The bride was tightly grasped in her father's arms. The weight of the gold around the waist of Myra had made them sink into the depth's without the possibility of rising again, and kept them on the spot where they fell.

Such was the bridal of Myra Carne. The women who knew her weep when they hear her name, and the rough men of Stormcliff Bay tell the story with bated breath.

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In the abode of the insane is a man for whom there is no hope of cure. Some times he speaks words of burning, pas sionate love to a vision he calls "Myra!" Sometimes he is getting ready for a wed ding. Sometimes he recites that scene on the cliff; and, in doing so, he re echoes Myra's wild and piercing shriek. And even the schooled hearts of those who have charge of the maniac are thrilled with awe and pity.

Reading for the Million.

World Weary.

Society is full of people who know that their lives are frivolous and unsatisfying. It chafes them to think that they are the victims of this great worldshow, whirled along in it whithersoever it listeth, with no opportunity for a deeper culture, no time or vitality for the discipline of the soul, for coming into fellowship with the great minds of the race, for communing with what is noblest and best in human thought; no time left for walking with Christ in the lowly and obscure paths of charity, for letting their spirits lie still that they may be put in tune, purified, calmed, and rested in the arms of God.

Persons thus ensnared by their earthly and selfish cares may well look back and sigh for the advantages of other days. They know that there was much more of reality and noble truth in their lives than now. They were nearer to Nature, and to all that gives largeness and strength of soul. Well may they envy the obscure Christian, unvexed with trifling cares, whose conversation is in heaven, who walks daily with God, and amid those truths and thoughts which are the glorious essence of things.

How often, weary and empty of soul in this world-pageant, men and women would be glad to flee out of it, as Moses fled from Pharaoh's court to Midian. Better to keep the sheep of Jethro, if he might thus come unto Horeb, the mount of God, than to bask amid royal pleasures, which are a weariness and pain. Better to flee into the wilderness, and sit under a juniper tree, fed by the ravens and drinking of the brook, than be oppressed with gaities which are but vanity and vexation of spirit.

It was not the Pharisee and scribe, amid the pomp and life they so proudly led, but to the shepherds who watched their flocks by night, that the angel of the Lord appeared. To them, and to wise men in the East, silently communing with the stars, was it first made known that a Savior had been born.

Not amid the hurry of Laban's home, but while he lay alone in his far desert journey, where God's eternal counsels revealed to Jacob.

There must be more of simplicity in our modern lives, loss of earthly engrossment, and more of high spiritual aspiration, if we would save ourselves from becoming the automatons of the hour.—*J. M. Manning.*

Lightning--Popular Delusions.

As the season of thunder storms is rapidly approaching, its advance guard having made its appearance a few days ago, some remarks upon some of the methods by which people attempt to shield themselves from the danger of lightning, may not be unwelcome to our readers. Fear is a great magnifier of danger, and people seldom think that there is more danger, as an English writer says, on the best regulated railroad than during the heaviest thunder storm. Most of the dangers from lightning can be avoided by paying attention to well known rules of safety. Naturally, frightened people draw together in some room or place, seeking safety in each other's society, unconscious that they are attracting danger instead of preventing it, as the ascending currents of vapor caused by their perspiration are excellent conductors of electricity. People seem to think that they are safe in a crowd and in the neighborhood of some tall building, and some of the most horrible accidents on record have been caused by this mistaken belief. Others believe that lying upon several mattresses will prevent their being injured, unconscious of the fact that persons have been killed while endeavoring to shield themselves in this manner. It will be seen that these accidents have mostly occurred to persons who were ignorant that the vapor of their persons, or the mattresses upon which they lay, were conductors. The safest spot in a thunder storm is the centre of the room if you are in the house, or a place at some distance from tall houses or trees, if out of doors. But the laws of electricity, if that capricious power has laws, are yet unknown; and the best course is to trust in God and keep your lightning rods in order.

All Mixed Up.

A certain witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed up things considerably, in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Denis came to time and struck him, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Denis. And then I up with a stone and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And with that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, Dennis. And when he came back at me he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor—and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog yer honor."

SEWING MACHINES.—Which is the *best* sewing machine, is a point on which different companies differ; each of course, thinks *its own* the best. One may have advantages for one kind of work, and another for another. But if the point were to be decided by *popularity*, the Singer machine would outstrip all others. The returns of the last year show that its sales have been perfectly enormous—ammounting to not less than 180,000 machines. It has an immense "circulation" as newspapers would say, in Europe as well as in this country. These ought to be enough to sew up all the rents in the Royal robes of princes and ministers of State, which have been for a long time in a sadly tattered condition.—*New York Evangelist.*

ARE YOU HAPPY?—Lord Byron said: "The mechanics and workmen who can maintain their families are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but even poverty is, perhaps to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissimulation of the higher order.' Another says: 'I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if disposed to this weakness, the subject of my weakness, would be a healthy young man in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night.'