# The Muntingdon dournal. 

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| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| on |  |  | \|tors name mat to be extulded from |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { "O, how could you-we quarreled about } \\ & \text { it," cried Lucretia, the teara rolling down } \\ & \hline \end{aligned}$ | The Shadow in the Valley. Up and down that ralley through whieb |  |
|  |  |  | called, which she did in a day or tro after the above conversation, Lucretia's welcome was more polite than fervent. | feet of clay after all. He had declared over and over again that no other woman |  |  |  |
|  | The Huntingdon Journal, PUBLISHED | God's Plans. |  | here he had been jilted by Mrs. Astor, when she was Miss Helen Fanshawe. "A nd he told me I mas his first and on |  | creex where so mary, fleatic and atroggring | Frod Doogex cha Martind of inar Dro <br>  |
|  |  | Sole | "I am so delighted to have you for a cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Astor, after the |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | "And he told me I was his first and onIs love," wrathfully cried Lucretia Pres- | bought it, and knew it would make mis. chief between you." Her voice sank lower, and she closed her eyes. | horses-in the thickets and sloog the Th vines, a shadow lurks doy and nighe . The last sealp had hardly been torn from the |  |
|  | every friday morning, $-\mathrm{IN}-$ |  |  | ton, "and warned me not to encourageMrs. Astor's visits. But I mean to let hiss see she can come as often as she pleas. | er, and she closed her eyes. "II'm sorry," she went on again. "For- <br> give me ; I have led sueh a terrible life- |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | tie new journal bullding, No. 212, Fifth Street, | And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,God's plans go on as best for you and me; How, when we called, he heeded not our cry, |  |  | broken his heart, too-my dear, patient husband." | The chief, Dall Kaife, had mach to suy about it the other week, when he surrers |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | ence was about to end in the gloom of eternal despair, she felt the need of his |  | domation |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | dered. He spoke in whispers when he re. ferred to it aod he looked suddonly around |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | and was fearfal that it was softly upon him to stab him in the back. <br> Crazy Horse's men had nothing to suy |  |
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|  |  |  | and ssmmetry P See | Mrs. Preston sat in a shadowy corner of the pretty blue and gold parlor, feeling |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  | Whit men hare eee theselavo. Hame | ater |
| Professional Cards |  |  |  |  |  |  | their caap ires sear that valley, throughwhich the big mountais wolf skalls and prowls all night long, have felt the pers- |  |
| , meym |  |  | heen a miserable failure, and her husband <br> . ded the anti-soffragist party "Well," sighed she, "I hope the delu- | Is of "Lacretia," he said, lookiog up sudden- <br> ly, "was Helen Astor here to-day?" | The hasband and wife, who had drifted asunder, were together at last. What was said, no one ever knew ; bat she fell asleep |  |  |  |
| 边 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | The Story-Tiller. |  | But | said, no one ever knew ; bat she fell asleep on his arm, and awoke to life-a blessed, earnost, loving life-and so well and brave- | ets at its soft step, and they have fired at it when ooly ten feet away, and yet seen it |  |  |
|  |  | Mrs. Preston's First Quarrel. BY OLIVE BELL |  |  | a wife, famous for her gentleness and Fu rity. <br> As for Lucretia Preston, it is needless | being which deanads reageages for tho avful butcerry of that litie baed of the weel |  |  |
| G. 4. | Licar Prize. |  | band spoken of as a kind, hooorable man." <br> "Pooh !" sneered Mrs. Astor, tossing a |  | to say, she never doubted her husband's love or truth again; for her first quarrei was her last, and no sbadow of anger ever |  |  |  |
|  |  | At thirty, Charles Preston was a pros- |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | mas her hast, and no osbadow of anger ever marred the looely fiae again. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Silet 1 aliscellamb. | hunired graves behind them. the wolves rushel out from canon and ravine and den, | fir |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | blandishments until he met pretty Lueretia Waverly, the only daughter of one of his customers. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | and innocent Mrs. Preston looked at her wonderingly. "I suppose you would like to know how, |  |  |  | \% |  |
|  |  | She wasa warm-hearted, vivaciousblonde; <br> as fair and almost as fragile as a snowdrop; <br> with cyes like twin forget me-nots, and an | wouldn't you t" she weat on, idly toyingwith her wated chain. "As you are in |  |  |  | Wee tiver |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | torwel in groaps in the widnught dresness, and waited for the shadow to tire out, |  |  |
|  |  | innumerable braids-cornet fashion-around her shapely head. | you. In the first place I leave the sole care of the house and ny two childres to to the servants. Secondly, I keep all my |  | that unfortu ate class, we pity yout As it is inppossible that you can un oicing yo we be mo |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | the servants. pleasant words and smiles for company, and snub him in every possible way. Then | tograph to prove it MN picture? The treacherous vixen ! She never had such an articie in her pos | you must be in a state of continual torture A prying mind needs food, and without it suffers Then try to conquer the unhappy |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | in other men think $I$ am an angel-and make myself generally useful | "There!" Mrs. Lucretia laid the dainty piece of card-board on the table before |  | wild beasts to their lairs uatil another night. Liunters and scouts have been there to see the sentinel beat over the |  |  |
|  |  | liveed his thirty years untroubled by any love dream, and amassed a fortune that would have made him an acceptable hus. |  |  | suffers. Then try to conquer the unhappy pecaliarity. |  |  |  |
|  |  | But Lucretia Waverly, was not a merce nary woman in any sense of the word.- |  |  | package and a covered basket? You will live just as long if you never know what they contain. It is none of your business. <br>  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Semen |  |  | ${ }^{108}$ |  |  |
| ool and Miscellaneous |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| M, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  | Lobes |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ${ }_{\text {den }}$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | "Bravely said, hitle mife, sad Charley; |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | $5$ | less to be avoided for all that. Few people know her as thoroughly as I do. When she calls, treat her politely, on Henry's ac count; but do not go any farther." <br> Mrs. Preston obediently promised to obey heart she was sorry that Mrs. Helen As. | ward a woman who has jilted him." Mrs. Helen Astor la laughed maliciously, and after some profuse wishes for the young wiffes future happiness, she took her de- parture. | $\begin{gathered} \text { as } \\ \text { has } \\ \text { hed } \\ \text { wel, } \end{gathered}$ |  |  |  |  |

