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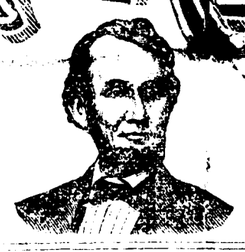

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

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Discovered in the great Hospitals of Europe and the first in this country, viz: England, France and elsewhere, the most certain, speedy and effectual remedy in the world for all

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Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Diseases of Sight or Guidiness, Diseases of the Head, Thirst, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible Disorders arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—Secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and lofty intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, Loss of Procreative Power (Impotency), Nervous Excitability, Palpitation, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, or any other Disqualification, speedily relieved.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

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Immediately Cured and full Vigor Restored.

This distressing Affection, which renders life miserable and marriage impossible, is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands this subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is not sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the period? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions weakened, Loss of procreative power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Decay and Wasting of the frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

A CURE SPEEDILY WARRANTED.

Persons ruined in health by unskillful pretenders who keep them trifling month after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate of one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the best part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sound, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. recommends those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and secret habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by the early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the pride of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyment of life by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

Reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another is blighted with our own.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame or dread of discovery deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him. He falls into the hands of ignorant and designing pretenders, who, incapable of curing, fleck his pecuniary substance, keep him trifling month after month, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair leave him with ruined health to sigh over his galling disappointment; or, by the use of the deadly poison Mercury, cause the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease to make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, discased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending him to that undiscovered country "from whose bourne no traveler ever returns."

To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston offers the most certain speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world.

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☞ No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send portion of a advertisement describing symptoms.

The Doctor's DIPLOMA hangs in his office.

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SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. [de29-1y

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Recommended by the entire
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Golden Medical Discovery

CURES DISEASES OF THE
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In the wonderful medicine to which the afflicted are above pointed for relief, the discoverer believes he has combined *in harmony* more of Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in one medicine. The evidence of this fact is found in the great variety of most obstinate diseases which it has been found to conquer. In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs,** and the early stages of **Consumption,** it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and **purifies the blood.** By its great and thorough blood purifying properties, it cures all **Humors** from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple** or **Eruption.** Mercurial diseases, Mineral Poisons and their effects are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. **Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all the numerous diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful purifying and invigorating medicine.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases of **"Liver Complaint"** only part of these symtoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of **Habitual Constipation** of the Bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise.

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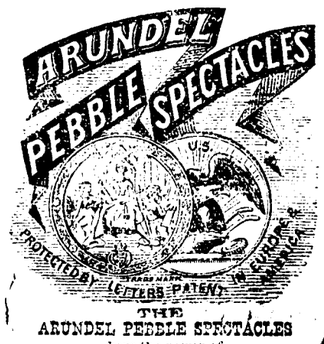

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of solar or artificial light *before they enter the eye*

The Lenses of the
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ARE VIOLET TINTED,
YET SO CONSTRUCTED THAT WHEN APPLIED TO THE EYE
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The weaker and higher numbers of the
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ARE THE SAME TINT.

They are the Most Brilliant and Beautiful Ever Invented.

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THE principle on which these spectacles are constructed, can not be too highly prized. Those who have felt the smarting, irritating pain consequent on use of **all spectacles, by gas-light, or even day-light of ordinary intensity,** will readily understand that any invention that will overcome this common trouble must be hailed with delight.

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"It is very desirable to combine a tint with the use of convex and concave spherical lenses; in the *weaker numbers*, this can be very effectually done; but, in the *higher* numbers, it is difficult—for the *varying* thickness of glass causes considerable *difference* in the tint in the centre and edges of the lens."

From A. ACKLAND, *Surgeon L. S. A., F.R.M.S., London:*

* * * * * * *

"The color of glass to be used in spectacles, is one to which I have given some attention, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the *largest* amount of distinct vision, together with the *least* amount of *glare*, is to be obtained by using a violet tinted pebble, and to confirm the good opinion I have formed of this peculiar color, I am enabled to state that it is now recommended as the most suitable to be employed for weak vision, by the most celebrated oculists of the day."

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LADIES!

TAKE NOTICE, THAT

GUNDAKER'S

Are receiving daily all the latest styles of BONNETS, HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, &c., and, as heretofore,

THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Also, the latest styles of

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

IN LACES, GIMPS, SATINS, FRINGES, BUTTONS, &c. VELVETEENS—all colors—Cut Bias. Also, the greatest variety of

FANCY GOODS & NOTIONS

In the city, such as BOWS, SCARFS, KID GLOVES—The Best in the Market, one and two buttons, at 88c., $1, $1.25 and $1.37. Call and see them. Also, all the best makes of

CORSETS,

At 75 cents up. Ask to see the A. D. CORSET LADIES' MERINO VESTS & DRAWERS, all sizes. Full regular made and other STOCKINGS, very cheap.

Give us a call, and examine our stock, at

Gundaker's Emporium,

142 and 144 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
Whose hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, as children wailed aloud.

Then rose another heary man and said,
In faltering accents to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when the mellow fruit falls ripened,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and what
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sleth had not made him for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

THE NOSE.

How very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about the nose.
When plain as a man's nose on his face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.
Noses have sympathy, a lover knows;
Noses are always touched when lips are kissing,
And who would care to kiss if noses was missing?
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,
And where would be the mortal means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
Around us if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose—a nose no other knows—
Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows—
There's beauty in its form and music in its blows!

TEMPTATION, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

"My dear child, you [illegible] will not refuse my entreaties to accept the hand of [illegible] Erskine. Think how we are situated—think what wealth it will bring, and with that wealth, comfort, fashion and luxury."

Edith Mason made no reply to the words of her worldly mother—in fact, gave but little attention to them, for, like all girls of her age, she had woven light threads in the web of her future, and her heart had almost gone beyond her control. But her mother, taking the silence for at least a partial giving in to her views, continued:

"You cannot have forgotten how we have struggled to keep up appearances since the death of your father—how we have literally lived from hand to mouth—often not knowing where the next meal would come from—often going to bed hungry, and patching, piecing and turning to make our garments appear decent."

"It has indeed been a hard struggle," sighed the girl, thinking rather of the past than of the future.

"And one word from you will put an end to it. John Erskine is very rich, Edith—doats upon you, and once his wife you can dress in silk, satin and diamonds—keep your carriage, have servants in plenty, your box at the opera—in short, play the part of a Lady Bountiful."

"He is old—quite old," she answered, thinking of a younger and fresher face.

"I am out of all patience with you, Edith. You will love him as much as is necessary, I have no doubt, and the sooner you get such nonsense out of your head the better. It is an exploded idea—quite antediluvian—is not an essential of marriage any longer, thank heaven. Some of the most happy matches I have ever known have been just such as I would have you make. But even if this were not so, the property should be an all-sufficient incentive to ——"

"Throw myself away—wreck my happiness for, may be, an entire lifetime—sell myself for gold!" was the bitter interruption.

"Edith, why will you not be reasonable? Why not banish such childish and romantic ideas from your mind?

"I would do very much for you, mother—very much—to have sufficient wealth to gratify my tastes—to be above labor—to see you comfortable in all things, but ——"

"It is the very thing I am urging you to do, child."

"And at what a price!"

But what had she to offer against becoming the wife of John Erskine? No man stood higher in the community—was more generally respected. It was true she might object to his age—being double her own. Still he was not more than forty, and was in the very prime of life and manly vigor. There was nothing aged or decrepit about him, and though not handsome—not even good-looking—in fact, very plain, yet there was something noble in his face and carriage, and more than one action told of his heart being in the right place and moving from right motives and tenderness.

That his birth had been lowly was not a fault; that he had worked himself up from it to place, power and honor was his glory; though unlike the great mass of (so-called) "self-made men," he was not ever blazoning it to the world, and rendering himself obnoxious by his egotism. His manner might be brusque, but it was sincere, and the one love of his life would be honest and fervent.

That love was Edith Mason.

And when her conversation with her proud and unscrupulous mother was finished, and she had retired to the little chamber she called her own, she sat seriously considering the matter and weighing well her own heart.

She thought of Frank Roylston as she arrayed herself in snowy garments for the night, and combed out her long, silken hair of rippling chestnut, and felt her face beaming with blushes; thought of him in her dreams, and fancy painted a bright and glowing future. But the daylight dispelled all illusions. She met him, as he passed her coldly by, with a firm lip and a frowning brow, and her heart sank within her.

He had heard, for the mother of Edith surmised that he stood in the way of her daughter's decision, and cunningly forged and circulated the story, that the girl he loved was about to throw herself away upon John Erskine; that she had, in fact, agreed to barter youth and beauty and love for gold, and he crushed down all of affection as with an iron heel, and almost cursed her for a worthless changeling.

But this was not all. There was also a story fabricated for her ears, and, in the mad jealousy of the moment, she believed it. Her false mother took care that it should be whispered to her that him she loved had only been trifling with her affections; that he had said she might do to pass an hour with, but not to wed—was too poor for that; and that he was soon to marry Mabel Armstrong, a rich and vulgar woman, who was known to have been sharply angling for him. And this his actions appeared to attest, for that very afternoon Edith saw them riding together, and the girl, at least, was all smiles and honey.

Stung to the very quick by this, Edith forgot her better nature, made not another effort to battle against what she considered fate, but when John Erskine came, and, in manly terms, told of his affection and proffered his hand and his heart, she did not refuse them. And yet she was more honest than most would have been.

"I thank you, Mr. Erskine," she replied, "for the honor you have done me. I accept your offer, and will try to make you a good wife and deserve your kindness. But it would be unfair, even deceitful in me, to have you believe that I now love, no matter how much I respect you."

"That I will teach you, my darling," he answered, as he folded her in his strong arms and took the first kiss from woman's lips since childhood.

"And I will try and learn," was her response, as she passively submitted to the carresses she would almost have loathed but a few days previously.

He pleaded for a speedy marriage, and she did not object—felt that the sooner it was over the better; was flushed, restless and anxious until the step was taken from which it was very hard receding. He loaded her with presents, and the poor girl of yesterday flashed in satin and diamonds, and was truly a beautiful as well as an amiable bride.

The wedding tour over, John Erskine brought his wife proudly back to a home he had purchased and had luxuriously fitted up during their absence, and his tenderness, and almost worship, should have made any woman happy. And for a time she endeavored to believe she was so. Then his very kindness and constant attention amazed her, and the gilded cage began to contain a restless bird, for the old heart-burning had only been smothered, not extinguished.

Her quondam lover, she knew, had also married, and was living an unhappy life. If she had sold herself for luxury and freedom from care and toil he had done the same, and his yoke was unutterably the most galling and hard to be endured. His wife was coarse, comparatively uneducated, imperious, jealous, and not slow to accuse him of living upon her money when her temper was in the ascendency, though at other times she was mawkishly sentimental and disgusted him with fulsome adulation—expecting the same in return.

Under this his proud spirit chafed, and the more so because he had found how both he and Edith had been imposed upon, and it needed but a smile from her—a simple glance of the eye, a warm pressure of the hand, to make him forget all the allegiance he vowed at the altar. And such things unexpected to both.

Edith had just passed through the first coolness with her husband. It was the result of a disagreement about a matter of taste, and would have amounted to nothing had not her mother interfered, made a mountain out of a mole-hill and blamed her daughter unjustly and severely.

Frank Roylston, too, had just come from a quarrel with his wife, a much more serious affair. She had been bitter in denunciation—accused him of not caring in the least for her—of simply marrying that he might possess himself of and squander her money, and in general saying such things as a woman always does when she gives way entirely to passion. And for the first time he had retaliated bitterly—speaking of things that had better been left unsaid—wounding her pride and creating a breach that would be very hard to heal.

Both, therefore, were ripe for the flashing up of the old love—and in that state they met.

To be beyond the reproaches of her foolish mother and the arguments of her husband, Edith wandered from the little village in which they lived to the banks of a beautiful river that meandered through it, seated herself beneath the shade of the willows and alders, and was giving way to bitter thoughts of the "what might have been," when she was suddenly joined by Roylston, who had come for the same purpose of seclusion and thought.

"Edith!" "Frank!"

The names were uttered simultaneously by either pair of lips, hands were proffered and shaken, the pleasure of meeting not disguised, and without a single reflection as to the imprudence of such an act they seated themselves side by side, and the conversation, although guarded at first, soon drifted into a warmer channel, and the identity of wife and husband became lost in the rush of feeling and sympathy.

"Edith," he said, when the barrier of pride had become somewhat broken down—"Edith, you must know how sadly and cruelly we were both deceived—I with the mad belief that you cared nothing for me—you that I had made light of your goodness and beauty."

"Yes," she sighed, "cruelly indeed."

"In the insanity of the hour, for I cannot even now deny how dearly I love you, I gave way to the blandishments of a woman I detested."

"Then your life is not a happy one?" she ventured back.

"Very far from it. But I might have known what it would have been. Happy? The torments pictured in the other world can scarcely be more than I daily suffer;" and he bowed his head upon his clenched hands.

"Poor Frank!"

Her womanly sympathies were beginning to be deeply aroused—she was drifting rapidly into a dangerous stream—would soon be beyond her depth—beyond her power to control herself—and may-hap lost.

"Oh! Edith," he continued, "when I picture what would have been my happiness with you I am tempted to take my own life."

"No, not that, not that!" she exclaimed in anguish.

"It would indeed be the act of a fool. But I could bear my burdens, even if ten fold more heavy, did I but know that you were happy."

"Mr. Erskine is very kind."

"Kind! does that comprise all you desire in a husband, Edith? Edith, could you but know how how I would have worshipped and cared for you. He may be kind, but is cold, harsh, and your face tells me that you are even now suffering. Oh, heavens, that it should be thus. Tell me, is he not unreasonable, unjust?"

"I think so, sometimes." And then the recollections of an hour before loomed up before her with startling distinctness.

"And so both of our lives must be wrecked—both of us must drag the chains although it galls the flesh at every step—both be miserable. I, at least, accursed simply because we have been driven into a marriage not sanctioned by heaven, and which human laws, if just, would instantly revoke."

"What else can we do? I am a wife; you are a husband; and if we have both made ourselves miserable it was our own act, and we must pay the penalty."

"Not so," he answered, earnestly. "We were edged on—made the victims of falsehood—deceived, and blame cannot rest with us. Tell me, Edith, would you have wed the man who now lords it over you if left entirely to your own free will?"

"Never!"

"And do you not believe that the heart should go with the hand—love with the promise to obey?"

"As I believe in heaven."

"Then when it is falsified there can be no real marriage. I am no believer in 'free love' as preached by mad women and brainless, passionate men, but I do believe in extreme cases like our own we have a right to use the only remedy left us."

She was too pure to comprehend his meaning—had never for a single moment thought of breaking bonds—of any change in her position—any relaxing of the holy bonds of wifehood, and sat silently and earnestly gazing into his face, as he continued more and more to break down the barriers between them.

"I mean separation. It is guilty for us to continue living in this manner."

"You mean," she questioned, very slowly, as if endeavoring to grasp the full purport of his words, "you mean that I should leave my husband?"

"Exactly—as I shall my wife."

"And what then should I do?"

"That is an after consideration. Let me think.

He sat for a long time gazing into her beautiful face and misty eyes, and thinking how he could best unfold his plans—ones that had sprung up suddenly in his mind. No cool, plotting villian was Roylston, but a man of strong feelings—easily led away and impulsive. The love he bore for the fascinating woman by his side was rapidly driving away all other considerations. Still he remained sane enough to feel the dangerous path upon which he was treading, and pondered how the end he had in view might best be obtained.

"What you will subsequently do," he continued, "will, as I have said, be an after consideration, though I could instantly decide it for you. I am determined to leave my wife—shall never return to her. When we separated an hour since, though she little dreams of such a thing, it was for the last time."

"You cannot mean this?" she questioned, seeing that he waited for an answer.

"I do mean it—have been long expecting that it would come and making preparations for it."

"Impossible!"

"As heaven will be my judge it is true. She has driven me to madness by her savage tongue, and—I must confess it—I am made still more so by seeing you the wife of another."

"Still, I am his wife."

"Yet how long must you be thus miserably tied—bartered body and soul, to one who has no appreciation of either your loveliness or goodness?"

He had possessed himself of her hand, and she permitted it to linger within the warm grasping, though the blood surged to her face as she remembered it belonged to another.

"Hear me, my darling. You asked what you should do when you left your husband. Come with me. We will baffle pursuit, fly to another land and ——"

She shivered as one who comes suddenly and without warning upon a venomous serpent. The same deadly chill crept through her veins to her heart—then she partially recovered, tore her hand away and gasped:

"Frank, what have you said?"

"Nothing but what heaven and earth alike would sanction."

"Leave my husband and fly with you?"

"You will think differently from what you do now when you have time to reflect."

"Perhaps so. I—will—think. Go—leave me."

He would have stooped and kissed her, but she waved him off, and as he disappeared sank to the ground, covered her face with her hands and wept long and bitterly as she remembered how she had almost courted the insult she had received, courted it by her own actions.

The murmuring of the river, the songs of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, the low sighing of the wind, everything in nature appeared to whisper into her ears "guilty," and she arose and fled homeward, crept into the house, sought her husband, and throwing herself into his arms faintly articulated through her sobs:

"John, dear John, save me!"

"From what, my darling?" he asked, as he tenderly folded her in his arms, seated himself and drew her upon his knee.

"From myself everything—from Frank Roylston."

The strong man trembled even more fitfully than she had done when the base proposition of the tempter was whispered into her ears. But he controlled himself, and pillowing her head upon his breast at last heard the story from her quivering lips.

"My darling, my Edith, my wife," he said when she had finished, and at the same time smoothing back the soft hair from around her flushed face and kissing her more lover-like than ever before, "this hour, sad as it is, makes you an hundred fold more precious to me than ever before."

"What!" she answered in astonishment, and venturing to look at him for the first time since her confession began, "after the story of my unfaithfulness and shame?"

"It is neither. Not a shadow of disgrace is attached to the name of my wife. No, it was triumph through bitter trial—glory from what might have been, but heaven be thanked was not—shame."

Her arms stole upward and clasped tightly about his neck—her eyes were heavy with tears and her lips sought his, with the full weight of all his goodness, nobleness and fervent, manly love breaking like sunshine upon her darkened heart. Then she murmured:

"John, darling, forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive, but I shall humbly ask your pardon for doubting your perfect purity and truth, and giving you the pain of telling the mournful story when I knew it all."

"You?"

"Yes, my Edith, now and through life mine by ties a thousand fold more strong than any that ever before bound us. Yes, I know all."

"You?" she repeated, doubtingly.

"When I had causelessly wounded your feelings—when your mother (he refrained from even adding to that name "foolish") had increased the breach between us—when I saw how much you suffered and that you left the house, I hastened after to apologize and comfort, but did not reach the spot unto which had gone until Frank Roylston had gained your side. Then I learned for the first time the story of your love and ——"

"It was not love—never could have been!" she interrupted. "And," he continued, smiling at her earnestness, "determined to know the worst. I did so, and gloried in you, Edith, and it was, I hope, a pardonable offence that I tested your perfect truth even though every word you uttered was a pang."

"My good, noble husband."

"Good I will be, and more loving in the future. I once told you, Edith, I would teach you how to love me. Now it must be reversed. You must be the teacher."

"Most willingly, and you my strength and safeguard."

The conversation ended in happiness as it had began in sorrow, and when they separated there was a holy light in their eyes, trust in their faces and smiles upon their lips.

But the end had not yet come. Edith wrote to her once lover and summoned him to the house. He came joyfully, but the wine of gladness was quickly turned to gall.

"Mr. Roylston—Frank," she said when they met, "you asked me yesterday to fly with you. Are you ready to take me?"

"Yes—yes."

"Then do so—here from my darling husband's arms," she replied, and threw herself upon the breast of John Erskine, who stepped from behind a concealing curtain.