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DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

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, Dimness of Sight or Guidiness, Diseases of the Head, Throat, 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 brilliant 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.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured and full Vigor Restored.

The 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 lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? 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 Debility and Wasting of the frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

A CURE SPEEDILY WARRANTED.

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

DR. JOHNSTON,

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 easily startled, trembling, semetimes with derangement of mind, [illegible] imperfectly and sometimes with derangement of mind, [illegible] immediately.

SECRET AND SOLITARY PRACTICES.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary 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, filch 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, diseased 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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The Doctor's DIPLOMA hangs in his office.

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SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. [dec19-1y

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PILLS AND OINTMENT.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHYSICIAN.

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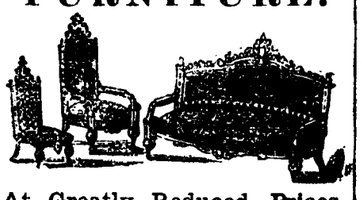

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The most skeptical may be convinced of this fact by calling at our warerooms. We warrant all our goods. If any article sold by us does not turn out as represented we will cheerfully refund the money.

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SORE THROAT,
LUNG DISEASES, &c.

Recommended by the entire

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UNDERSHIRTS for Men.
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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 disease, 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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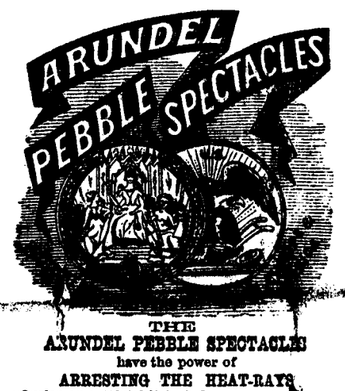
ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES



THE ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES have the power of ARRESTING THE HEAT-RAYS of solar or artificial light *before they enter the eye*

The Lenses of the ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES ARE VIOLET TINTED,

YET SO CONSTRUCTED THAT WHEN APPLIED TO THE EYE

APPEAR COLORLESS.

The weaker and higher numbers of the Arundel Pebble lenses ARE THE SAME TINT.

They are the Most Brilliant and Beautiful Ever Invented.

:o:

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.

From J. SOELBERG WELLS, *Prof. of Ophthalmology in King's College, London, and Ass't Surgeon to London Ophthalmic Hospital:*

"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."

WATCH WORK.

And General Repairing done in the best manner.

☞ DON'T FORGET THE PLACE. ☜

ZAHM'S CORNER,

North Queen Street and Centre Square.

Trimmings, Ribbons, &c.

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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 87c., $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,

143 and 144 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

LANCASTER, PA.

THE OTHER W...

BY MRS. H. B. ST...

It lies around us like a cl...
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of ...
May bring us there to b...

Its gentle breezes fan our ...
Amid our worldly cares ...
Its gentle voices whisper ...
And mingled with our p...

Sweet hearts around us th...
Sweet helping hands ...
And palpitates the veil b...
With ...

And in the hush of ...
'Tis easy now to see ...
How lovely and how sweet ...
The hour of death may b...

To close the eye and close ... ear—
Wrapped in a trance of ...
And gently laid in loving ...
To swoon to that—from ...

Scarce knowing if we wak... ... sleep,
Scarce asking where we ...
To feel all evil sink away, ...
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us wa... ... still,
Press nearer to our side ...
Into our thoughts, into ou... ... ers,
With gentle helpings gl...

Let death between us be ... ght—
A dried and vanished ...
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering like the ...

TRUST HER

FROM THE ...

I.

There is a sluggish ... in the air. It is the first we... ... August; and July has been damp ... ough to relax everything in n... ...; damp enough even to relax ... vill of the indomitable woman w... tramping along the three miles ... sty road that intervene betw... ... er village home and the small ... ket town where she can get but... ... reasonable price.

Butter at a reason... ... lice is a great consideration w... ... Paulett; so are eggs; so are ... d bread, and house rent. So, ... s everything. For she is "... n all forlorn," trying to live ... entlewoman on a very limit... ...

For ten years no... ... pursued her neat little inoff... ... in this village of Bingha... ... trying hard to debase itself ... a-surrounded town.

Her house is ... cent, which ... ... well-kept garden ... ont, and which is shut off from the high road and the gaze of passers-by by a high, red brick wall that is well crowned with ivy. The house is exactly like every other house in the crescent, in reality. But it looks very different to the others. Its windows are brighter, its brass door-knob has a higher polish, than those of the other houses in the crescent.

She is rather more anxious than usual to-day as to the results of her marketing at Balsingham. A young niece has come down—a fastidious young lady, who requires to be daintily served, without at all considering at what cost the service is rendered.

The young niece is at home now in the pretty, bowery room in the house in the crescent that is parlor, and dining-room, and drawing-room, and boudoir, all in one. This sluggishly soft air makes Miss Minnie Ward sleepy; so she reclines while her aunt goes in search of butter for the fair young being's tea.

She is very pretty, very pleasant to look at, albeit she is bored, and hot, and sleepy, and slightly cross, on this sluggishly, softly warm day. Curled up like a cat on the sofa in the shadiest corner of the room, she is lazily watching the shadows come and go through the half-drawn, drab Venitian blinds. "How can they have the patience to go on doing that?" she wonders. How can any one have the patience to go on doing anything down here?" She gets up as she half mutters this wonder, and she stands at the window, balancing herself upon her well-shaped hands planted firmly upon her well-shaped hips, in a semi-defiant attitude, that would have called forth her grandmother's reprobation. She is "tall and stately," and she has nice eyes, and pretty yellowish hair. Evidently she knows how to have her clothes made, and how to put them on in a way that will make her at least remarkable. Her hair is tumbled now for she has been asleep for an hour; but when its yellow luxuriance is tossed down a little, we can easily imagine that the jet dagger may stab her tresses becomingly enough. At present, the weapon looks out of place.

She has a natural turn-up nose, and an acquired toss of the head; and these two things have to do very hard work in Minnie's service. For she conceives that in order to do them justice she must be bewitchingly saucy in manner.

To be brief, Miss Ward is spending her holidays with her aunt for convenience sake, and sorely against her own sweet will. She is a governess, satisfied with her situation because she does not see a means of bettering it yet, but keenly on the look out for promotion. At times, when no one is looking, there is a good deal of weariness in the fresh, fair, young face, and a good deal of discontentedness, quite out of keeping with the world for not recognizing her claims better to the young lady herself. Even now, when she turns away from the window with a sudden remembrance of her tossed hair, and the onus that was on her of being met by tea-time, she ejaculates impatiently—

"Oh, dear; a week more of this; and then go back to that horrid teaching!"

She goes up yawning and weary to the little white nest of a room that her aunt has given up to her—the aunt retiring herself into a room in the rear of the house, barren and ... by comparison.

... is time to put this maiden aunt ... fore you. She is almost at the threshold of her own door when Minnie ... up to adorn for the sacrifice, as ... considers it, of a "regular set tea" ... Polock. Miss Paulett has walked ... and has come home heavily laden, ... the air is oppressive. But in spite ... weariness of the flesh, she ... up in spirit as she comes ... crescent-garden, and hopes ... that Minnie will enjoy the ... village alone, and her young niece of twenty calls her an old maid. But, in spite of all these things, she is a woman with a long lease of life before her, in all human probability, for she is healthy, and only just past her thirtieth birthday. It seems almost a pity that this probably long life should be lonely as the last ten years of it have been.

She is not tall and lissom, like her twenty-year old niece; but she is erect, graceful, admirably proportioned. Her face is clear complexioned, delicate featured, brightened by a pair of nut brown eyes, that are precisely the same color as the luxuriant hair that is wrapped in a clever coil at the back of her head. Altogether, she is a pretty and a prepossessing woman; and why she should be lonely still is a marvel to many people.

She looks around the room, and a shade of annoyance crosses her face swiftly. It is one of her attributes to be daintily neat. The small room, that is at the same time dining hall and saloon, is always fresh and fair, and scrupulously well arranged when she is alone; now the cushions are piled up untidily, the sofa-rug is trailing on the floor; books, newspapers, magazines, and a half-made muslin tunic are littered about on different chairs; and worst of all, in her progress from the room, Miss Ward has upset a light wicker stand of flowers, which has stood in safety just inside the door during the whole of the summer.

Miss Paulett has just fulfilled a portion of her mission in life by clearing up after her niece, when that young lady came undulating into the room. Her hair is tousled still, but now according to certain rules; and the big, jet dagger stabs it with a well-defined aim. She has put on fresh laces and ... but her youthful beauty triumph over these facts, and cause them to look bright and becoming.

"Oh! you're back, Aunt Catharine! I'm glad of that; I want you to go out on the green for a stroll with me."

From her bedroom window Minnie has seen a manly form—the only manly form in the place—take the direction of the green. Hence her desire for exercise. She would look upon it as a willful disregard of a providential opportunity if she did not go out now.

"My dear Minnie, just consider that I am only just back from Balsingham, and that I am rather tired. Do let me have my tea first."

"Why did you go? What could induce you to go rushing off in the heat of this afternoon?" Minnie feels disappointed, and so speaks crossly.

"I went to get butter and fruit," pointing to those delicacies.

"Butter and fruit!" Minnie shrugs her supple shoulders." "I'd rather go without them any day; why didn't you send that grampus Bridget? If she walked more she wouldn't puff me out of my mind nearly every time she comes into the room with her hard breathing."

Miss Paulett laughs. "Bridget had her work to do. And what has put you out, my little lady? Have some tea, dear."

"No, thank you, aunt." When Minnie first came, the still young aunt had requested that her niece would call her "Kate," but Minnie very decidedly refused to do it. "There shall be no mistake about my being the niece, and years the younger of the two," she graciously determined.

"No, thank you, aunt, there's something unholy in tea at this time of day unless you dine after it. I'll go out on the green; you can join me by and by." Then she half repents herself of her rudeness, and adds, "I shall like some of that nice cream cheese for supper if I may have it."

"You may have what you like, dear; yes, I will join you by and by," the aunt says, good-temperedly.

So Minnie's conscience feels clear, and she rings for Bridget to bring her hat and blue llama shawl, the ends of which she will presently toss over her shoulder in a jaunty way that has neither the merit of being pretty nor uncommon, but that is immensely popular with young ladies.

Minnie walks on perfectly satisfied with herself, her head waddling up and down occasionally in little fluttering paroxysms of conceit. The color deepens in the face that she holds very much up, and a little on one side, as she steps on the green, and the well-opened blue eyes dance. For there, a hundred yards ahead of her, is the manly form reclining on one of the seats.

Unluckily the manly nose is turned away from her that it may sniff in so much of the breeze as there is. Minnie has come to Bingham on an unacknowledged mission. It is her bounden duty to herself, she feels, to do something definite during this campaign. The only "something definite" that a girl of Minnie's calibre cares to achieve is matrimony.

Her object is well before her now; but it would hardly do for her to go up and sit down by him, and let him see that she has followed him on purpose. She turns, slightly, therefore, and saunters along, skirting the green until she is on the other side of it, quite in his line of vision.

And now she knows that her work is done.

In a few minutes she hears footsteps behind her. Another minute and the manly form is by her side, taking off its hat and looking ridiculously pleased. It is Mr. Boughton, the curate in charge of Bingham—a good-looking man of one or two and thirty.

Up to within the last twelvemonth Mr. Boughton had steadily advocated the celibacy of the priesthood. But since that time he has modified his ... [illegible] ... the one he is engaged to ... him.

As she leans upon his arm she makes him understand that life will be a wilderness to her until she has the right and the power to so lean always. He has his own views about short engagements; he disapproves of them; but he thinks that her sweet soul trembles at the prospect of ever so brief a separation from him. And he believes it—good, young priest as he is.

"Then it had better be soon," he says, eagerly. Why he says it he can't exactly define, but he gathers up impressions that it had better be soon, and speaks from the impulse they give him.

"Oh, if you wish it!"

Of course he wished it. Suddenly he found himself wishing it very much, and feeling that all his preconceived ideas on the subject were utter folly and empty humbug. Minnie would be a crown of honor to her husband, and he, Edward Boughton, would crown himself as soon as possible.

She is very full of pride of her success as she steps out from the shade of the wood, on the open green. Her head settles back into a satisfied wobble as she sees Aunt Catharine approaching them.

Miss Paulett comes toward the pair in the dim light, and as she comes on it is made manifest to her, even in the dim light, that something has happened.

II.

For four days Minnie has been very happy and very amiable. Edward Boughton manages to make duty and inclination agree wonderfully well. When he goes abroad on missions of mercy Minnie accompanies him—a fashionable-looking angel in different colored cambrics.

Her Aunt Kate Paulett has been told ... [illegible] ... and has been ... [illegible] ... erness, and she has made her aunt vow silence on that point. To "mamma," therefore, it becomes necessary to impute a greed for her child's society which amounts to selfishness.

They are on the verge of the green now, at the farthest end from the village. The ruins of an old abbey are in sight. Beyond the abbey there is a wood. She tosses her pretty head in the direction of the wood, and says—

"How sweet it would be of me to take dear, lazy, old Aunt Catharine a boquet of wild flowers!

A faint spark of loyalty to charming Miss Paulett is still alive in Boughton's breast. He is preparing to say something that shall testify to his admiration for and sympathy with Miss Paulett's tastes, when Minnie adds—

"She is so fond of things—of cats and flowers; it is a pity she hasn't something better to love instead of wasting all her life bemoaning some one who didn't care for her."

The sole remaining spark of loyalty dies out. "Has she done that? Let us go and get the wild flowers, Miss Ward; I know where the best live in that wood."

"Can you spare the time?" she asks softly. 'Oh! how good of you! My last walk at Bingham will be my pleasantest one."

Mr. Boughton has a maiden aunt living with him who keeps his house, and drives off the unwary who approach him when she is near. She has for some time had her auntly eye on Minnie, and Minnie has a delicious little sense of satisfaction now in having brought things to this pass. No aunt, neither his nor hers, shall come between them now.

She sits upon a stile, and he stands close by her side, and the rays of the setting sun stream through the leafy boughs and glorify her head. It is all very pleasant, but Minnie feels, in her own forcible idiom, "that mere pleasantness won't pay."

For a few moments she forces herself to contemplate each side of the shield. If she marries Mr. Boughton she will have to lead a Bingham life; and when he is her husband she will not be able to infuse an element of excitement into her Bingham life by flirting with him. It will be dull, probably—but—

"But it will be better than horrid teaching," she reminds herself. She has no more sense of moral responsibility concerning what she is about to do than a child has of knocking down a house of cards.

"I've altered my mind about the flowers I gather to-night, Mr. Boughton. They must be for your study. Will you have them?"

"Will I not?"

His face is in the shade, and looks very well there. Minnie adjusts her head at the proper angle and makes another effort.

"Aunt Catharine, with that good, serviceable common sense of hers, would jeer at me for being romantic, if she heard me say that I should like to take a tiny bit of this stile away to wear in a locket as a charm.

He knows that she means him to think that she loves the stile because he is leaning upon it with her, in what a poet would call the "gloaming." He knows all she means, and likes it.

He takes his knife and defrauds the lord of the manor by cutting a square inch out of the stile. He would defraud twenty lords of the manor of twenty times the value of this square inch of stile, at this juncture, to please Minnie Ward.

With rather a shaky hand he proceeds to cut his initials, "E. B.," on the little bit of wood. He trims it and smooths it, and then he looks at her.

She gives him one look, and he forgets all his views as to the propriety of the clergy being a celibate body.

"May I cut yours, too?" he asked; and she bends down her head and whispers "Yes;" and when she comes ... [illegible] ... the one he is engaged to ... him.

As she leans upon his arm she makes him understand that life will be a wilderness to her until she has the right and the power to so lean always. He has his own views about short engagements; he disapproves of them; but he thinks that her sweet soul trembles at the prospect of ever so brief a separation from him. And he believes it—good, young priest as he is.

"Then it had better be soon," he says, eagerly. Why he says it he can't exactly define, but he gathers up impressions that it had better be soon, and speaks from the impulse they give him.

"Oh, if you wish it!"

Of course he wished it. Suddenly he found himself wishing it very much, and feeling that all his preconceived ideas on the subject were utter folly and empty humbug. Minnie would be a crown of honor to her husband, and he, Edward Boughton, would crown himself as soon as possible.

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Her Aunt Kate Paulett has been told ... [illegible] ... disturbed by either woman's state of expression of feeling. She merely remarks to Edward:

"Your aunt looks so sour about it that one would think it was a crime to love you; as if I could help it!"

Minnie means marriage as soon as possible; and now, on the evening of the fourth day of her engagement, she is feeling a little annoyed and perplexed because the time is not definitely fixed yet.

"You might speak to him, Aunt Catharine."

"About naming the day? No, my dear; its for him to speak to you about that."

"But what's the good of waiting? What are we waiting for?" Minnie pouts.

"You haven't waited long," Kate reminds her.

"No; and I don't mean to wait long, that's another thing; we shall not know each other a bit the better while he is down here, and I'm going on with that horrid, horrid teaching. I don't see why we need wait."

"*You* can hardly be the one to suggest a speedy marriage," Kate says dryly; "but I have no doubt when Mr. Boughton realizes that you consider your present one a life of slavery, he will speedily rescue you from it."

Minnie flushes. "I don't want him to know anything about my present life," she says, with an effort to seem at ease.

Kate flashes up a glance from the preserving-pan over which she has been bending assiduously during the conversation.

"You *don't* mean to say that you haven't told him?"

"I have not. Why should I? Men are quite apt enough to *think* they confer a favor on a girl by proposing marriage. If the girl's a governess, they know they confer a favor by taking her out of bondage."

"He ought to know it. If you don't tell him, I will," Kate says, skimming off the scum vigorously.

"Don't be malicious and spiteful because you have failed to get him yourself," says Minnie.

"You'd serve your own ends (I know what they are, Minnie) better by telling him a truth that is honorable to you; but rest assured that I will never interfere between you after that—that very coarse, cruel speech."

It is settled between the lovers soon that they were to marry in a year. By that time Minnie will be twenty-one, and he will have a suitable home to receive her in. This delay will enable him to settle his aunt elsewhere. "She broke up her home to come down here with me," he explains.

"She'll be desperate fussy about a house. I know she will keep you unsettled as long as she can."

His greatest comfort (he is dreadfully in love) when Minnie is gone is to go to her Aunt Kate, and talk about her. Kate is merciful enough to let him maunder on uninterruptedly, as a rule; but one day she does hint to him that Minnie is but mortal.

"Minnie can ill bear stagnation and suspense," she says. "I shall be glad when you can take your holiday, and go and see her. You'll go soon, won't you?"

Something in her tone sets him thinking. It does not exactly alarm him, but it startles him.

"Is she ill? Have you heard"—But

[Concluded on fourth page.]