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NO SECT IN HEAVEN. FROM AN ENGLISH POEM. Talking of sects till late one eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe, That night I stood in a troubled dream, By the side of a darkly flowing stream, And a "Churchman" down to the river came, When I heard a strange voice call his name "Good father, stop; when you cross this tide.
You must leave your robes on the other side. But the aged father did not mind, And his long garment floated out behind, As down to the stream his way he took, His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book. "I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there, I shall want my book of Common Prayer; And though I put on a starry crown, I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track, But his gown was heavy, and held him back, And the poor old father tried in vain, A single step in the flood to gain. I saw him again on the other side, But his silk gown floated on the tide; And no one saked in that blissful spot Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not." Then down to the river a Quaker strayed, His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way." Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin, aidly, solemnly, waded in, s broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight But a strong wind carried away his hat;

A moment he silently sighed over that, And then, as he gazed on the farther shore, The coat slipped off, and was seen no more. As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray Went quietly sailing—away—away; And none of the angels questioned hir About the width of his beaver's brim. Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms Tied nicely up in his aged arms, And hymns as many, a very wise thing, That the people in Heaven, "all round," might sing. But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh, As he saw that the river ran broad and high, And looked rather surprised as, one by one, The Psalms and Hyms in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS., And after him, with his moss., Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness, But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do? The water has soaked them through and through." And there on the river, far and wide. And there went down the swollen tide,
And the suint astonished passed through alone
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name, Down to the stream together came.
But as they stopped at the river's brink
I saw one saint from the other shrink. "Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend, How you attained to life's great end?" "Thus, with a few drops on my brow. But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now. And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm close communion to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this." Then straightway plunging with all his might Away to the left—his friend at the right, Apart they went from this world of sin, But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on. A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men 1 could count as they passed along. And concerning the road, they could never agree,

The old or the new way, which it could be Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink. And a sound of murmurings long and loud Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this the true,"— Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new, That is the false, and this is the true." But the brethren only seemed to speak, Modest the sisters walked and meek, And if ever one of them chanced to say What troubles she met with on the way, How she longed to pass to the other side

How she longed to pass to the other now sne longed to pass to the other side, Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide, A voice arose from the brethren then: "Let no one speak but the 'holy men;" For have ye not heard the words of Paul; 'Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream, Till they stood by the borders of the stream Then, just as I thought, the two ways met, But all the brethren were talking yet, And would talk on, till the heaving tide Carried them over, side by side; Side by side, for the way was one, The toilsome journey of life was done, And all who in Christ the Saviour died lame out alike on the other side Came out links on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness

## The Wonderful Housemaid.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE. · I'll bet I know somebody that's a grea deal handsomer than she,' exclaimed little Nell Summers in a lively tone, as she tossed her building blocks into a basket. pell-mell, and climbed into the lap of her uncle Herbert. 'Miss Kate Odell can't begin to be so beautiful as our Ellen.

And who is 'our Ellen?' asked Mr. Lincoln, as he toyed with the child's sunny curls; 'and how came little Miss Nell to know what her mother and I were talking about? We thought you were too busy with your fairy castles to listen to us.

'And if I was busy, couldn't I hear? It takes eyes and hands to build castles, not ears—don't you know that, Mr. Uncle?'
'If I didn't I do now;' and he roguishly pinched the small snowy ones that lav hidden behind the long ringlets. But tell me little niece, where and who is that heantiful creature that rivals the belle of the season in charms, according to you?

Why, it's Ellen, our Ellen, and she's up stairs. I suppose. But who's Ellen, and what does she

here ? Why, Ellen's the maid, and she sweeps and dusts and lays the table, and waits on it, too, and does everything that maids always do, and a great deal besides, for mamma never has to think any more, and George and I don't have to cry over our

'A wonderful maid, indeed,' said uncle Herbert, in an incredulous tone; I fancy Miss Odell wouldn't be scared if she knew who her beautiful rival was. But how came

she here ?' Why, mamma hired her, as she does all her maids, and unless she gets married, we shall always have her, for I know she'll never do anything bad.'

A paragon, truly—this Ellen; pray explain, mamma; and Mr. Lincoln turned

to his sister.
'I cannot,' said she. 'I can only roborate what Nell has told you. is a maid who has lived with me a fortnight only, and yet in that time has won my heart completely. In person-but as vou stop to tea, you will see her, and you can judge yourself if she does not rival, and fairly, too, with the brilliant belle of the winter. In manners, she is a perfect lady : she has, too, exquisite taste and a tact in the management of household affairs that I never saw equaled-Tell him how sweetly she sings, inter-

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. rupted the little daughter. She sings me to sleep every night, and I always feel, when I shut my eyes, as if I was going

right up to heaven!
Bravo, Nell! A very angel of a housemaid she must be. I long to see her ;' and he laughed in that peculiar tone which seemed to say, 'you're telling me but a

humbug story.'
'You'll laugh the other side of your mouth,' said Nell, earnestly, 'won't he mamma, when he comes to see her?'

'I shouldn't wonder,' answered her mother, gaily; 'indeed, if he had not as good as owned that he had lost his heart to Miss Odell, I should not care to give so young and enthusiastic a man a glimpse of my pretty maid. But list, I hear her gentle tread.

The door of the sitting-room was opened, and there glided into the room, with a step light as a fairy's, a young, slender, but exquisitely graceful female. The single glance which Herbert directed towards her, as she entered, filled his soul with a wondrous vision, for beauty sat enthroned upon every feature of the blushing face. The fair, oval forehead, the of her or her time. Pray, what do you soft, dark eye with its long, drooping want she should do? lashes, the delicately chiselled nose, the rose-tinted cheeks, the full scarlet lips, each items of loveliness, were blended in so perfect and complete a union, that one felt, as he gazed upon the countenance, as does the florist when he placks a halfblown moss rose-Heaven might have made it more beauteous still, but this

There was a little embarrassment visible in her attitude, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of company, but only for an instant did she yield to it. Recovering herself hastily, she said to while her brother held up both hands in Mrs. Summers:

'Did vou decide, ma'am, to have tea an hour earlier than usual? It was a simple question, but the accents thrilled the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, if there is so much music in her voice when she speaks only as a servant to her mistress, how heavenly it might be in a lover's ear; and from that time he did not wonder at little Nell's remark about her songs of lullaby.

'We did, Ellen, and you may lay the cloth at once. My brother will stop with

the while busy with his little niece, and if you was a knight of olden times, you'd did not once look towards the beautiful do battle for her beauty, and rescue her domestic during the moments that elapsed from the slavery of that old despot, povere the tea was ready, yet he stole many erty!' and the boy's eyes flashed, and he a furtive glance at her through the golden curls of his little playmate, and when she would have grown a man that moment glided from the room, he felt as though and shown his prowess. the sunshine was driven from his path. Isn't she more beautiful than Miss that was handsomer than she?'

'Indeed, you did,' said Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. 'She is nearly perfect.' I wish you could see her with her hair were up stairs alone, she has let me take out her comb, and such long silky ringlets as I made by just twisting it over my fingers—Oh, I don't believe you ever saw any so beautiful in all your life! I teased her to wear it so all the time, but she shook her head and combed them up into braids again, and said curls and housemaids didn't look well together; and when I asked why not she said I'd know when I grew older, and then two or three great tears stood in her eyes, and I do believe, uncle, she cries some nights all the time, for her eyes look so red some mornings. Ain't it too bad that such a handsome girl

'Yes, by my soul it is,' said the young man warmly. 'Do tell me, sister, her story. There must be some romance in it. She has not been a menial all her

should have to be a maid?

What I know, I can tell in few words. Herbert. When Bessie, my last maid, gave notice of leaving, she said she could recommend a substitute, and I, not being very well, thought I would sooner trust her than run the risk of going day after day to the intelligence office. She said a young girl who, with a widowed mother lived on the same floor with some of her friends, had applied to her for aid in obtaining a situation as maid, and she riches of his own and his young wife's thought, that what she had seen and knew of her, she would suit me exactly. I was she grew up lovelier in person than even somewhat startled when I saw her, for her infancy had promised, so she grew and ladylike she was, I was not prepared | family altar. for the vision that met me, and, and to tell the truth, in a most unbusiness and unsight and she has won my head since, for she is not only thorough in the performance of her duties, but executes them with a taste and judgment I had never seen excelled by any matron. If the day is cloudy when you enter the parlor, you arrange them that a gentle twilight seems to shadow vou. She is, indeed, a perfect upon the noble brow, when, like a thunartist in the arrangement of everything, studying and combining effect and comfort. been so lowly, but there is a certain respect that she inspires in one, that forbids sorely pinched for means, and that finding needlework an inadequate compensation, come and has time to rest. But here is

papa and herself with the tea.' As soon as they were fully seated, and the cups had been passed, Mrs. Summers turned gently to the maid, as she waited beside her chair, and said, in a low tone. we shall need nothing more at present,' Quietly, but with visible pleasure, she withdrew: and as the door closed on her,

Herbert exclaimed: 'Thank you, sister, for sending her away I could not have borne to see so ladylike

love Ellen best. hour after tea had passed, when George, and go out to-morrow evening ?"

anxious about her.'

do those horrible hard sums in the back shall sew no longer. part of the arithmetic, and I want her to tell me how to conjugate that awful irreg-

aller into France where it belongs—and I

want her to hear my Latin and-'Turn into a school-ma'am, after toiling as maid all day. No, George, no-I have been very grateful to Ellen for the assistance she has shown you in your studies, but I cannot allow her leisure hours to be much amazement; for, to tell the truth, since he had seen the maid, he was prepared to believe everything wonderful of hear that she knew as many tongues as Burritt himself.

'Verily,' said he gaily, 'this passes all -a housemaid, and hear your Latin les-

sons? What else does she know?' 'Everything,' said George, earnestly. She can talk French better than monsieur, and la belle Italian tongue-oh, how sweet it is to hear her read and sing it! I tell you, Uncle Herbert, she knows Intuitively delicate. Herbert seemed all the most of any woman I ever saw, and drew himself proudly up, as though he

Bravo, George!' exclaimed his uncle. She needs no more valiant knight than Odell, say, uncle?' whispered Nell, as her youthful page promises to be. Should the door closed on her. 'Didn't I tell your right arm ever be wounded in the arms, she said, gracefully, and here is passionate kisses brought fresh roses into the truth when I said I knew somebody defence of your queen of beauty, advise dear Ellen, too, aint you glad to see her her cheeks. Then a manly hand, oh, how me of it, and I'll rush to the rescue.'-The words were lightly spoken, but there was a meaning deeper and more divine involved in them than the speaker would curled, uncle. Once or twice, when we have then cared to own, even to himself. The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door closed on Ellen, little Nell was

snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had borne her with kisses and music tones. and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ballroom. But with all its light, splendor 'But where are you going, little niece?' and gaiety, it had no fascinations for Uncle said Herbert to Nell, detaining her a moroom. But with all its light, splendor Herbert. His thoughts were with that beautiful girl, who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did

Ellen the housemaid. the reason why one so gifted had become of linen was quite too deficient, and fortha menial, though not for many weeks did with he purchased a goodly sized parcel of this: The father of Ellen, Mr. Seymour, next day was knocking at the door of the had been a prosperous merchant in a neighboring city. Wedded to a lovely woman, wealth flowing in upon him with a heavy current, a beautiful child to sport on his hearthstone, life for some years glided by like an airy dream. All the heart were lavished upon Ellen, and as though Bessie had told me how beautiful beautiful in mind and soul the idol of the

She was in her eighteenth year when the first blow struck them-the long and housekeeperly way, I engaged her at once, fearful illness of the husband and father. without enquiring as to her abilities or her A mere wreck of himself, physically and recommendation. She won my heart at mentally, he was at length pronounced folds graceful as snow wreaths; pencilings convalescent, though perfect health, the physician said, could only be bartered for

in a sunnier clime. They sailed at once for Italy. A year had been passed in that beautiful land, a relieved the bare floor of its scanty look; delicious and exhilirating one to them all, a guitar leaned under the tiny mirror, and will find that she has so disposed the win- for the step of the invalid had grown dow hangings, that the most will be made steadier each moment, his eye wore its artist-like way hither and thither, wherever of the sunlight; if it is sunny, she will so wonted brightness, his cheeks their glow, the rambling eye would wish to see pinned and the pride of mind sat again enthroned some beautiful thing. derbolt from a cloudless heaven, there fell the second blow. The mercantile house I feel with you that her lot has not always in which he was head partner, had failed -ay, and failed in such a way that, though innocent as a babe, his name was covered close questioning. I incline to the opin- with infamy. It was too much for the even now to say that you have done so.' ion that she and her mother have been spirit not yet strong. Poverty it could 'It is the lot of the seamstress,' said the have borne, but disgrace shivered it en- lady calmly but sadly. tirely. He lay for some months in hopeshe has chosen to work out, as by that less lunacy, never raving, but only sighing to reply, and hastened away. In his office means, while she earns more a week, she and moaning, growing each day paler and he gave way to his feelings: 'She, the saves her board from out their scauty in- weaker. But he passed not so away.— beloved and the beautiful, toiling in menial When the last hour of life drew near, his service, and that angel like mother sewing darkened soul was light again, and he for her living. It shall be so no longer, tenderly counselled the two dear ones Thank God for riches,' and he seized his who had hung over him so faithfully, and pen and inscribed these words on a slip of bade them to be of good cheer, for though paper, 'an honest debt due your husband,' wealth was gone, the unspotted honor of he enclosed bank notes for five hundred the husband and father should be yet dollars, and addressing the envelope to shown to the world. Then a mending Mrs. Seymour, of \_\_\_\_ street, dropped them to the All Father, with a hand it into the post office. clasped by each, their sweet voices blended . Could he have seen the grateful tears

side of his mouth, isn't he, mamma? ex- her mother's bosom. They'll kill me and when the loving ones gazed on the claimed the little girl. I knew he'd with their cold, proud looks. I'd rather white face of the sick one and marked the

the eldest of the family, a bright but their treasures, and silently, secretly, lest little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George somewhat capricious boy of twelve, rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming eagerly:

a lonely home in the city, where we find band and brother, that the spirit of faith Mayn't Ellen stay in to-night, mamma, them. There they readily procured nee- seemed in their midst. To the sick woman did go out to-morrow evening?' \*Certainly, if she chooses, my son. I fingers' beautifed every garment that No hand so softly wiped her brow, so her seat.

\*But she don't choose, and that's the passed through their hands. But the song tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently Herbert I trouble. I want her to stay, and she says of the shirt was soon the only one they rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly she can't because her mother will be so could sing. Night brought no rest to the smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweet-But why do you wish her to stay the twelve hours of the Bible were speceded. You certainly have no command in toil, they were famished and frozen. 'Mother,' said Ellen, one evening, as the hour of midnight found them still at

ular French verb, alter-I wish it would face; 'shall we starve?' Mother, there was resolution in the crowned. mother, I shall hire out as tone now. housemaid: don't attempt to dissuade me, found the fair nurse beside her patient. my mind is determined. It is as honora- Paleness gathered on her cheeks and lips ble as this-I shall earn as much, if not but the same sweet smile played there more than now; I shall save my board; I lassitude quivered on her lids, but the

His sister's house had always been a second home to Herbert Lincoln, but now heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, her, and would not have been surprised to it seemed dearer than ever. Their teatable, in particular, seemed to have a fascination for him, and at the end of a fort- Summers lay there so deathly that only by night, he had sipped so many cups of Ellen's fragrant tes, that Mrs. Summers declared she should certainly present him brother, children and friends had stolen a bill of board. And though in all that softly away, unable longer to restrain their time he had not exchanged a dozen senten-

> three weeks clapsed ere he ere he returned, in her own low, sweet music-tones, 'You As he was hastening from the depot, may hope.' turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he exclaimed Mr. Summers, as he wound his had dreamed every night of his absence, arms around her. 'Henceforth, you are and beside her, little golden-haired Nell. one of the treasures of our household, the 'Uncle Herbert,' cried the child, and sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nellie embraced him passionately. 'Oh, I'm so and George, and thank her. Under Heav-glad you've come home. We missed you en, you owe to her your mother's life. so much.' Then freeing himself from her Little wet faces were pressed to hers, and

courteously extended his hand to her that she could not refuse it. 'I am happy to see Miss Seymour en-

gentle tones as respectfully as if addressing queen. And I am happy to see Mr. Lincoln looking so well,' responded the lady, with a quiet dignity, and she passed along.

lets me go now whenever she does, and

she tripped away. Herbert walked rapidly to the first vorhis steps and followed the two, till he learned the street and number of Ellen's

That night as he carefully examined his Mrs. Summers had rightly conjectured bureaus, it occurred to him that his supply she learn the whole story. It was briefly the raw material, and at an early hour the dilapidated house which he had seen Ellen Wedded to a lovely enter. Through vaultlike halls, and up ing in upon him with a rickety stair-cases he wended his way, till he found Mrs. Seymour's room. The never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in beautiful and saintly face of the widowed mother fascinated him as completely as had the daughter's, and with a reverential tone heart; the shrine which had been sacred he opened his errand. Whiie she expect- to her from the first moment of meeting. ed the linen, and made inquiry as to the 'What a lovely home!' exclaimed Ellen. particular way he would have it made up, as leaving the main road, they branched his eye glanced eagerly over the room. off into a splendid avenue, lined with The exquisite taste of the housemaid was graceful elms, and came in sight of a visible everywhere. Geraniums and roses smiled in the winter sun-beams that crept so lovingly into the narrow casement; the white muslin that draped them hung in as rich almost as mezzotints, hung upon the walls : the rockers were cushioned with rose colored muslin; bits of cloth gorgeous in hue as autumn leaves, woven into mats, a few costly books were scattered in an

'This is Tuesday,' said Herbert : can I have one by Friday?

Oh, yes, sir, and sooner, if you desire 'Not sconer, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem 'It is the lot of the seamstress,' said the

The young man could not trust his voice

tea. It will give you inspiration to complete the series of the series o

Herbert blushed, and Mrs. Summers employment of these scornful ones, who with fainting hearts. Now, the full beauty adroitly changed the conversation. The trample so fiendishly upon our sacred of the housemaid's character was developed, hour after to had record to have a record to the conversation. beg my bread of strangers than ask honest intensity of her agony, they turned away And they gathered up the remnants of She directed the attendants, she soothed

But the song | tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently weary day, and though twenty, instead of the bealing draught, brought such the twelve hours of the Bible were spent in toil, they were famished and frozen.

\*Mother, said Ellen, one evening, as a presence coordinate to the starved palate. Her his heart's adoration, and will elm, on a bed of moss, with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration. cious food to the starved palate. Her his heart's adoration, and with a radiant presence seemed to beautify the sick room. look of joy, led her back to the house and Under her loving ministrations, it assumed to her mother's knee. Why, I want her to show me how to work, this is too much for woman. I a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Par-But what will you do, darling ?' and adise or to a brighter life on earth, but all Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale, thin felt that whether the path of the pale one by a dearer name, she was more willing. was heavenward or here, it was flower-

Day after day, and night after night, shall have my nights for rest.' She plead- same hopeful look beamed from the eye so sorely invaded, interrupted his mother, ed till she won at last a tearful consent, the limbs trembled with weariness, yet and entered the service of Mrs. Summers. obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked in wonder that one so delicate held out so long under such

> ' under God' she is the healer.' And when the crisis came, when Mrs. pressing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all, when husband ories, that young girl tarried still, motionoes with the beautiful maid, it was but too less, almost breathless, silent her prayers evident she was the magnet which attracted | going upward.

Oh, how dear she was to them all wher Business now took him out of town, and | again she appeared in their midst, and said

Bless you, bless you, faithful one its pressure thrilled Ellen blushed, but the young man so hers, and a full, rich voice murmured, our angel, sent by God.

On a bright and glorious morning, in the month of roses, a splendid equipage joying this beautiful day,' said he in low drove from the city mansion of Mr. Summers. It held a family party, the wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nellie, puny, though out of all danger the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter and spring's Oh. to see Grandmamma Seymour, she nursing; Mr. Summers, his fine face all is a sweet lady, too. Ellen took me there aglow with chastened joy and Herbert once, and it made me so happy that mother | Lincoln, looking as though a lifetime of happiness was growded into a moment.

It was the first long drive the physicians had permitted the invalids, and they knew ner, then turned and deliberately retraced not, where they were going, at least none but Herbert.

Ellen had declined going at first. 'I have seen my mother so little of late.' said she, gently, 'I think I must spend

the holiday with her.' But they said no, and promised, if she would go with them, then, they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked, as consenting at length, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had all his life, and longed with a frenzy he

small but elegant mansion, draped with rose-vines, and embowered in rare shrubbery. 'I trust it holds happy hearts.' 'Yes said Lincoln, warmly, 'that it does, and we will to-day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop.' Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed

like a beaming of light in fairy land, that beautiful place, to those senses so long pent up in the chambers of sickness. They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the Graces, so charmingly were beauty and utility blended. A moment they waited ere the rustling of

satin announced the approach of the lady, to whom they were making so uncerem nions a call. She entered and in a second Nellie Summers was clasping her round the neck.

Grand-mamma Seymour, the fairies did come to you, as you told me last week perhaps they would sometime. Oh, I am so glad.' Mr. and Mrs. Summers stepped forward and grasped her hand; but Herbert and

George, where were they ? A scream from Nellie announced them. Pale and passionless Ellen lay in their arms. She had not seen her mother, but her eyes had caught sight of a small Greek harp in a pillared niche, her own father's gift, and sold by her when they left that proud city of scorn. Memories so many and sad had unstrung her nerves. Joy seldom kills. though. When awakening from her swoon. she met the tearful eyes of her mother. she felt assured there was some blest mystery to be told. It was all soon explained. in holy hyms, he passed away. A grave that stole down the widow's cheeks, and Herbert and Mrs. Seymour had become was hollowed out for him on classic ground, heard her soul-touching prayers, as she fast friends in the past winter he had I could not have borne to see so ladylike a creature wait upon me. It seemed clownish in me to sit for a moment while she was standing. In good sooth, if had so fair a maid, I should be democratic enough to ask her to eat with me.'

And thus wound her self-respect. No, brother, she has chosen for some good brother, she has chosen for some good the widow and her child found none of the widow and her child found none of the mild found

She threw back the raven locks that clustered on his noble brow, and imprinted there a calm, sweet kiss, "My son," said there a calm, sweet kiss. 'My son,' said she solimit she number of their ompring withing injuring the constitution. It is the out safe and sare preventive against Frequency and Decrit. The shore stricts can two for sins of the out safe and sare preventive against Frequency and Decrit. The shore stricts can two for sins. The constitution. It is the out safe and sare preventive against Frequency and Decrit. The shore stricts can two for si, and 35 per dots.

BR Q. W. BUND'S. SPANISH FEMALE MONTHLY PLIS.—These Pills are the only medicine married or sin medicate removal of Obstructions, Irregularities, &c.—They chould not be used through the safety and esertably fix the immediate removal of Obstructions, Irregularities, &c.—They should not be used through Transmittes. Sent by mail to any part of the out preventive against Frequency and Decrit. The source of the out safe and street only medicine married or sin medicate removal of Obstructions. It is the out of the out was and street only made and two for sin the out of the

'As a brother, Ellen will not own me, said he, but when I asked her if some day, not very far away, she would call me Our hearts have long been one-bless, mother dear, oh, bless the union of our

IF A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers, to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening, when they just stepped down to the post office, or went out to attend a caucus.'

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he felt. "Well;" said he, pathetically. 'I think I feel the better for that little walk.'

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