

hershrunken cheeks. Dick could never ed, and a clever little gate, extemporized from a wild grape-vine, swung at the entrance. It was not an old man's

The Hungry Sea. Asenath went in with expectant eyes; they took in the room at a glance, and "Dick hasn't come, father?"
"Dick hasn't come, father?"
"Come and gone, child; didn't want any supper, he said. You're an hour before time, Senath."
"Yes. Didn't want any supper, you say? I don't see why not."
"No more do I, but it's none of our concern as I knows on; very like the pickleshurt him for dinner; Dick never had an o'er-strong stomach, as you might say. But you don't tell me how

might say. But you don't ten he how it m' happen you're let out at four o'clock, Senath," half complaining. "O, something broke in the machin-ery, father; you know you wouldn't understand it if I told you what." He looked up from his bench,—he cobbled shoes there in the corner on his strongest days — and after her as she

trongest days,—and after her as she strongest days, and after her as she turned quickly away and up stairs to change her dress. She was never ex-actly cross with her father; but her words rang impatiently sometimes. She came down presently, trans-formed most for the presently, trans-

formed as only factory girls are trans-formed by the simple little toilet she had been making; her thin, soft hair knotted smoothly, the tips of her fin-gers rosy from the water, her pale neck well toned by her gray stuff dress and cane - Asenath always wore a cane

e force wind drove o'er hedgerow and lea, bowed the grasses, it broke the tree,-suivered the topmost branch of the tree i d it buried my love in the deep, deep sea the dark lone grave of the hungry 868,-Woe is me i

Boetry.

The bonnie white daisy closed here's, And bent to the blast that swept the lea, Blossom and gress bowed low on the lea, But white sails dipped and sank in the se They dipped and sank in the pitiless sea ! Woe is me!

SQUARE.

teath the mother's breast in the leafy tree, estied and crept her birdles wee, or heeded the blast, though weak and wee at no mother can save on the stormy sea; eaf to her cry is the merciless sea! Woe is me i

Oh, well for the fishers of Galilee, When they left their nets by thai inland sen To follow Him who walked on the sea; At whose word the pitliess waves did fiee-The hungry, institute waves did fiee, And left them free !

olden the light on flower and tree the land where my sailor waits for me-, te country of heaven. Inth has no sea-or tubless, moaning, terrible sea; tore is the haven where I would be! FRANCES FREELING BEODERIM Armore

Literaru.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

The Tenth of January.

weil toned by her gray stuff dress and cape;--Asenath always wore a cape; there was one of crimson flannel with hood, that she had thought about it coming home from the mill; she was apt to wear it on Saturdays and Sun-days; Dick had more time at home. Going up stairs to-night, she had thrown it away into a drawer, and shut the drawer with a super then The city of Lawrence is unique in its way. For simooms that scorch you and tempests that freeze; for sand-heaps and sand-hillocks and sand-roads; for men digging sand, for women shaking off sand, for minute boys crawling in sand; for sand in the church slips and shut the drawer with a snap; then opened it softly, and cried a little; but she had not taken it out. As she moved silently about the room, setting the supper-table for two, crossing and recrossing the broad belt of sunlight that fell upon the floor, it was easy to read the and story of the the gingerbread-windows, for sand in yees, your nose, your mouth, down neck, up your sleeves, under your on, down your throat; for unex-l corners where tornadoes lie in for (there where tornadoes lie) 'bleak, uncomforted " sideof sunlight that fell upon the floor, it was easy to read the sad story of the little hooded capes. They might have been graceful shoul-ders. The hand which had scarred her face had rounded and bent them,—her own mother's hand. Of a bottle always on the shelf; of brutal scowls where smiles should be; of days when she wandered dinnerless and supregress in the streats through walks, where they chase you, dog you confront you, strangle you, twist you, blind you, turn your umbrella wrong side out; for "dimmykhrats" and bad fee-cream; for unutterable circus-bills and religious too wattage and religious tea-parties; for uncleared and mills that spring up in a night; for jaded faces and busy feet; for an air of youth and incompleteness at which you laugh, and a conscious-ness of growth and greatness which and supperless in the streets through loathing of her home; of nights when she sat out in the snow-drifts through terror of her home; of a broken jug one day, a blow, a fall, then numbness, and her side a strength of the side of her the side of the side of the side of her you respect,—it.— I believe, when I commenced that sentence, I intend to say that it would

be difficult to find Lawrence's equal. Of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit that city, ten thousand are pri-soners—prisoners of factories perhaps the most healthfully, considerately and generously conducted of any in this country or in sur country but fac the silence of the grave,—she had her distant memories; of waking on asunny country or in any country, but fac-tories just the same. Dust, whir, crash, clang; dizziness, peril, exhaustion, dis-content—that is what the word means, clang; dizzinees, peril, exhaustion, dis content—that is what the word means, taken at its best. Of these ten thousand two-thirds are girls: voluntary captives, indeed; but what is the practical differ-ence? It is an old story—that of going. It is an old story—that of going back ! humpback !' cried the children

to jail for want of oread. My story is written as one sets a bit of marble to mark a mound. I linger over it as we linger beside the grave of one who sleeps well: half sadly, half gladly-more gladly than sadly-but hushed. The time to see Lawrence is when the transidly the state of t

hushed. The time to see Lawrence is when the mills open or close. So languidly the dull-colored, inexpectant crowd wind in! So briskly they come bounding out! Factory faces have a look of their own. Not only their common dinginess, and a general air of being in a hurry to find the wash-bowl, but an appearance ind the wash-bowl of their of the second th

LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING APRIL 1 1868

her shrunken cneeks. Dick cound never bear to see a woman suffer. "I wouldn't cry," he said simply, sitting down beside her. Telling a girl not to cry is an infallible recipe for keeping her at it. What could the child do, but sob as if her heart would break? Of course he had the whole story in ten minutes the his in another tan. It was

minutes, she his in another ten. It was

What more natural than, that, when her father came out and was pleased with the lad, there should be no more talk of Newbury street; that the little What more natural than, that, when a fingers. Asenath turned and looked at in the first came out and was pleased with the lad, there should be one more ta dues as the petty, shallow thing? Del Ivory long and steadily through be dues. The pretty, shallow thing? Del Ivory long and steadily through the dues. The pretty, shallow thing?
bat dues and bat the list dues. The pretty, shallow thing? The worthless, bewildering thing?
that he should swing the fantastic gate, and plant the maxing decided, in a dull way, to give a song glared; the lighted mills, a zone do song glared; the wate, and book mills meases, and so she said nothing about it.
Be remembered—it was not exactly were song faller with sond with this one below may song glared; the dial do do ado to the song song glared; the distance chanted minthe do do do do do to th

r prise, and tell; when he raised them, a
r prise, and tell; when he raised them, a
r programmed an other's had crept into them, a
r bit when an other's had crept into them.
Not that she had these words for h
r doug shart that, ilfe unfolded in
r boyen, here so tar torgets the
r boyen, here

afternoon, in bed, with a little cracked glass upon the opposite wall; of creep-ing out and up to it in her night-dress; of the ghastly twisted thing that looked back at her. Through the open window she heard the children laughing and

"who do you suppose would ever mathing the short of being in a hurry to find the wash-bowl, but an appearance of restlessness—often of envious restless ness, not habitual in most departments of "healthy labor." Watch them close-it was a ven-ture. A widow this, in the dusty black, with she can scarcely remember how many mouths to feed at home. Worse than widowed that one; she has put her baby out to board—and humane peo-ple know what that means—to keep the little thing beyond its besotted have "just come over." A child's face here, old before its time. That girl-broal much first starts trained in the start of the start ath ?" the old man said, laying down his boot. "Put out! Why should I be? His time is his own. It's likely to be the Union that took him out,—such a fine day for the Union! I'm sure I never expected him to go to walk with me every Saturday afternoon. I'm not a fool to the him up to the notions of a crinned oirl. Sumer is ready father ?" fool to the him up to the notions of a crippled girl. Supper is feady, father." But her voice rasped bitterly. Life's pleasures were so new and late and im-portant to her, poor thing! It went hard to miss the least of them. Very happy people will not understand ex-actly how hard. Old Martyn took off his leather apron with a troubled face, and, as he passed his daughter, gently laid his tremulous, stained hand upon her head. He felt her least uneasiness, it would seem, as a chameleon feels a cloud upon the sun. She turned her face softly and kissed She turned her face softly and kissed him. But she did not smile. She had planned a little for this holidaysupper; saving three mellow-cheek-ed Louise Bonnes—expensive pears just then—to add to their bread and molas-ses. She brought them out from the closet, and watched her father eat them. The girls from behind called after her "Del! Del Ivory! look over there "" Pretty Del turned her head. She had just flung a smile at a young clerk whoo was petting his mustache in a shop-window, and the smile lingered. One of the factory boys was walking alone across the Common in his factory clothes. "Why, there's Dick! Sene, do you see?" Sene's scarred mouth moved slightly, but she made no reply. She had seen him five minutes ago. One never knows exactly whether to laugh or cry over them, catching their chatter as they file past the show-win-dows of the long, showy street. "Look a' that nink silk with the fire. probably would never be, to her exactly what she was to him. Usually he for Harding and the state is a first one s wash of water under foot, and a stretch of dreary flats behind. Belated loco-motives shrieked to each other across the river, and the wind bore down the current the roar and rage of the dam. Shadows were beginning to skulk un-der the huge brown bridge. The silent mills stread up and down and over the "I've seen them as is bether nor that in the ould counthree. Patsy Malorrn let alon' hangin'onto the shawl of me!" "That's Mary Foster getting out of that carriage with the two white horses, —she that lives in the brown house with the cupio." "Look at her dress trailin' after me." I'd like my dresses trailin' after me." "Well may they be good, "these rich folks!" "That's so. I'd be good if I was

any more of this."
be a chance to her as the passed the two lice to good people:
be a chance for them, even should be swere the solits arms, ind a truggled on parapet; and if twould not be like a swin from the banks; how soon the swere twould be to chill to death ther in his arms; how all this wavering and to an indirect and the solits arms, and a struggled on parapet; and if twould not be like a swin from the banks; how soon the in his arms; how all this wavering and to an indirect and the solits arms, and struggled on parapet; and if twould paralyze him; how sweet it would be to chill to death ther in his arms; how all this wavering and to an would be over; how Del would plok. She was warmly wrapped in her aquivering upon his arm, all struggled on the machine-shop!
"Be a chance for them, even should he to swin from the banks; how soon the in his arms; how all this wavering and to all the way home.
"Be a chance for them, even should he save a fare waked from an exciting dram.
The level to chill to death ther aquivering upon his arm, all as angle of the machine-shop!
"Be a chance for them, even should he the machine-shop!
"Be a chance for them, even should he all the squirrel furs; but he felt her aquivering upon his arm, all ke one in an the newspapers, and struggled in her father waked from an exciting dramn; how bad with her gray shawl thrown over:
"Father, suppose some time there be right-dress."
"Father, suppose some time there a chance or uny on ard res?"
"Father, suppose some time there the there the swall say what to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were ber night-dress."
"Father, suppose some time there the there the swall the swall the say. It was beiter
"So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him there the shall the say upare the second there approve

your ghost-stories. There's one thing in the world I never will hear about, ind that's dead people." "Del," said Sene," I think to-mor-

row alone in the gallery of tragedy. "Del," said Sene presently, "I smell the smoke." And in a little while, "How red it is growing away over there Shestopped. Something strange had

the columns of the Avalanche, the wife of the editor-in-chief took charge of the paper on the 12th inst. She says : Twenty-six years ago I gave my girlish heart to the husband whose name I proud-ly own. We have lived through adversity

way words fell suddenly, "He hath no form nor comeliness. His visage was so the lander to let it fall, -and it broken and prosperity, but in whatever condition marced more than any man."
way the glung to her fanoy all the afternon. She liked the sound of them.
the be wore them in with her black and dna colored threads.
The wind began at last to blow chilly in the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the sun dipped above the dams.
o, the mild dinmed slowly shadows crept down between the files," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools. Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, detar susches of the girls' tak... "Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"
d heard susches of the girls' tak... "Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"
d heat susches of the girls' tak... "Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"
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d heat susches of the girls' tak... "Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"
d heat susches of the girls' tak... "Del Ivory, I want the pattern of vor zousav " unkindly of the man who hassought to de-grade my hushand, and who has brought unhappiness upon two families. But as the principal editoraud the local editor have both been arrosted, and no freeman is al-lowed to speak through the columns of the *Avalancie*, there is no alternative left but for me to assume the position forced upon me by the persecutions and misfortunes which despotism always brings upon the noble and the brave. A preconcerted ar-rangement has been made to crush out the we thought we'd go to Boston, and come up in the theatre train." "Del Ivory, I want the pattern of your zouave." "Did I go to church? No, you don't catch me! If I slave all the week, I'll do what I please on Sunday." "Hush-sh! There's the boss looking "Hush-sh! There's the observed the other over here!"

rangement has been made to crush out the incred the cotton-bales, tasted the biled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roar-ing for joy at helpless firemen, and swal-lowed wreck, death, and life together aper. It cannot be done. During the in-arceration of my husband and Mr. Camp carceration of my fusiona and arr. Samp-bell, I am constrained to take charge of the paper, and can be found at the editorial rooms of the Avadanche, and if men are not brave enough to defend their rights and their liberties. I trust the paper, for the next ten days, will prove that there is one out of your sight, -the lurid thing stands their liberties, i trust die paper, he soo next ten days, will prove that there is one woman ready to defend the rights and the liberties which weak and timid men seen disposed to yield. FANNY B. GALLAWAY.

FANNY B. GALLAWAY. Bold and Daring Eank Robbery. PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 25,-Last night four men went to the house of Al-bort Hubbard, cashler of the Scituate Na-tional Bank, entered his bed chamber, and, after binding and gagging the cashier and his wife, they took the keys of the bank and went away. They were unable to open the bank vault, when they returned to the house and carried the cashier to the bank, and compelled him to open the vault, which they robbed of about \$25,000 in bills and bonds and valuable papers. The robbers returned to Providence, and soon disap-peared, taking the train for Boston.

Pincky. All the editors of the Memphis (Tenn.)

Avalanche having been committed to jail by one Judge Hunter, of that city, for

handling that worthy without gloves in

Hoofland's German Bitters.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS AND

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

The Great Remidles for all Diseases of the LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, H Extracts, of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, M making a prepara-tion, highly concentrated, and entiroly free from alcoholic admixture of any kind. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of dona Cruz Run, Orange & dona, making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies over offered to the public. Those preferrings Medicine free from Alco-boile admixture, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS Those who have no objection to the combi-nation of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of usite, the Tonic The stormeth rome and the of the the the and the stormeth rome and the the the as indigestion. Dyspepsia, Norvons Doullity, etc., is very ant to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympa O thizing as closely as it do es with the Hoometh, then be-comes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the fol-lowing diseases:

patient suffers from several or more of the fol-lowing diseases: Consulpation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fui-ness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heariburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness of Weight in the Stomach, Boar Eructations, Binking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Blomach, Head, Hurriedor Difficult Breath-ing, Fluttering at the Heat, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dim-ness of Vision, Dots or Webs be-fore the Bight, Dail Fain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Bkink, Dail Fain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of Head Bergh, Sudden Flushes of Heat, The sufferer from these diseases should er emoth a greate action in the Store, Back, Check, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, The sufferer from these diseases should er et al. for the scale of from his furvestiga-tions and inquirnes O possesses true mark, is skilfally compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for liseif are unation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those weil-known remedies—

HOOFLIAND'S GERMAN TONIC, PREPARED BY Dr. C. M. JACKBON, PHILADERLPHIA, PA. Twenty-two years since they were first in-trodurd into this country from Germany, dur-ing which time they have undoubtedly per-formed more cures, and benefitted suifering humanity to a greator extent, than any other remedies known to the public. These ramedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, E Dyscepsia, Chronic or Nervous Diarntces, E Diseesse of the Kid-neys, and all Disease arising from a Disor-dered Liver, Stomach or Intestines. D & B D L L 1 T Y,

DEBILITY,

DEBILITY, Resulting from any Cause whatever PHONTRATION OF THE SYNTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hard-ships, Exposure, Fevers, &c. The severe severe severe severe severe severe severe Market States Severe S

induced by Severe Labor, Hard-ships, Exposure, Fevers, &c. There is no medicine extant (qual to these remedices in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite complexion becomes sound and hearthy, the yellow tings is eradicated from the eyes, a bioom is given to the checks, and the weak and new tons invalid becomes a strong and hearthy being. PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE, And feeling the hand of time weighing heavit ly upon them, with all the attendant his, will find in the aseo (this BITTEHS, or the TUNIC, are either that will instill new life into their strong that and in give heath energy and ard or of more youthful days, build up their hearthy before. NO T I C E .

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the lemale portion of our population are seldom in the en [] oy ment of good health; or, to use [] their own expression "never feel well," They are langaid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

appetite, To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure overy case of MAR-AMMUS withoat fail. Thousands of cortificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but few. Those, it will be obsere eu, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS. HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD. Chief Justice of the Philadenphia, March 10, 187. "I find 'Hoofand's Glorman Hitters' is spool tonic, useful in dis- A eases of the digestive organs, and of great A bonefil in cases of deulisty, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours, train, "GEO. W. WOODWARD.'

GEO. W. WOODWALL. HON. JAMES THOMPSON. Judge of the Supreme Oburt of Pennylicanica. Philadelphica, April 25, 1896, "I consider 'Hooland's German Bittos' is evaluable medicine in case of attucks of indiges-tion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it, Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

Eighth, below Coa

FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL.

A stistant Educ Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia 1 have derived decided benefit from the uso of Hoofilned's derman Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most value-be tonic, to all who are sufficing from general deplity or from diseases arising from derange-ment of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL,

CAUTION

CAUTION Hoofand's German Romedies are counter-feited, iso that the signstury of C. M. JACKSON is on the D. wrapper of each bot-tio. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office and Manufactory at the Ger-man Medicine Store, No. 531 ARCH Street, Philadelpilia, Fa. CHARLIES M. EVANS, Proprietor, Grant C. M. JACKSON & Co.

PRICES Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle,...

iton of Dyspering Voirs, with respect, JAMPS THOMPSON."
iton on organization of the State Voirs, Voirs

against the sky, panting hard like a hunted thing. "You make it so hard! You've no of this." But Dick drew her arm through his, and led her gravely away. "I likeyou for the left." I that motherly pity in his eyes; "I've always liked you. So don't let us have any more of this." So Assenath said nothing more. The sleek black river beckoned to her frame, it jarred, buzz"Del," said Sene presently, "I smell and flew out of place. "Curious!" she said, and looked up. I'wore to see her overseer the solid ceiling the solid ceiling and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe! She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzz"Del," said Sene presently, "I smell and flew out of place. "Curious!" she said, and looked up. I'wore the sene to see the solid ceiling and the left." But Dick drew her arm through his, and led her gravely away. "I likeyou for zeher blood; to see the solid ceiling and with the seemed greater than reason for the seven the set of this." So Assenath said nothing more. The sleek black river beckoned to her

she climbs five flights of stairs twice a day—will climb no more stairs for her-self or another by the time the cloverleaves are green. "The best thing about one's grave is that it will be level" she was heard once to say. Somebody muses a little here, she is to be marst thing about ried this winter. There is a face just behind her whose fixed eyes repel and attract you; there may be more love than guilt in them, more despair than

either. Had you stood in some unobserved one Saturday afternoon towards the last of November, 1859, watching the im patient stream pour out of the Pember-ton Mill, eager with a saddening eager-ness for its few holiday hours, you j would have observed one girl who did not bound. not bound.

She was slightly built, and undersized; her neck and shoulders were closely muffled, though the day was mild; she wore a faded scarlet hood what mild; she wore a laded scarlet hood which heightened the pallor of what must at best have been a pallid face. It was a sickly face, shaded off with purple shadows, but with a certain wiry nervous strength about the muscles of been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had which attracted more of one's attention which attracted more of one's attention which attracted more of one's attention been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had shawl, "and not a mouthful have you it not been crossed by a white scar, which attracted more of one's attention been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had shawl, "and not a mouthful have you eatent Find your old father dull com-pany, hey? Well, well!"

which attracted more of one's attention than either the womanliness or pleas-antness. Hereyes had light long lastes, and shone through them steadily. You would have noticed as well, had you been used to analyzing crowds, side,—dimpled with pink and white hair. One would laugh at this girl and love her, scold her and pity her, caress perhaps.

The girls from behind called after her:

dows of the long, showy street. "Look a' that pink silk with the figures on it!"

I've seen them as is betther nor that

rich; wouldn't you, Moll?", 'was blood. "You'd keep growing wilder than ever, if you went to hell Meg Match; yes you wbuld, because my teachersaid go." "So, then, he wouldn't marry her, after all; and she—" "Going to the circus to night, Bess?" L can't help 'crying, Jenny. You her. She knew yery well that also most in the set of t

after all; and she—"
"Going to the circus to night, Bes?"
"I can't help 'crying, Jenny. You
don't know how my head aches! It
aches, and it aches, and it acems as if
it would never stop aching. I wish—I
wish I was dead, Jenny!"
They separated at last, going each her
own way—pretty Del Ivory to ber boarding place by the canal, her companion
walking home alone.
This girl; Asenath Martyn, when left
to herself, fell into a contented dream
not common to girls who have reached
her age—especially girls who have seach
the her age—especially girls who have seach
Be her gae—especially girls who have seach
the her age—especially girls who have seach
the her age aches in the streats that
led her home were more gravely lined.
She puzzled one at the first glance, and
at the second. An artist, meeting her
home and painted a May-flower bud
ding in November.
The was a damu unwholesome place

had troubled her all the afternoon; the ding in November. It was a damp, unwholesome place, the street in which she lived, cut short by a broken fence, a sudden steep, and thewater; filled with children—they ran from the gutters after her, as she passed the water; filled with children—they ran from the gutters after her, as she passed that i. All life looked hot and long; and then, like and over-full soup place the vorseer would always be out of order; and spilled out two or three through the break in the fence. Down in the corner, sharp; upon the liftle yellow house; where no children played; an old man's face watched at a stop window, and a nasunttum vine crawled

played; an old man b lace where window, and a nasturtium-vine crawled where broken-panes of about the place were well mend-

"From over the bridge, to be sure. Did you think I swam, or flew, or blew?" "You came on me so sudden !" said

Del, petufantly; "you nearly frighten-ed the wits out of me. You didn't meet anybody on the bridge?" with a

"Let me see." Asenath considered gravely. "There was one small boy making faces, and two-no, three-dogs, I believe; that was all." "Oh!"

"Oh!" Del looked relieved, but fell silent. "You're sober, Del. Been sending off a lover, as usual?" "I don't know anything about its being usual," answered Del, in an ag-grieved, coquettish way, "but there's been somebody here that liked me well enough."

been somebody here that liked me well enough." "You liked somebody, Del." Del curled the red feather about her fingers, and put her hat on over her eyes, then a little cry broke from her, "I might perhaps,-I don't know. He's good. I think he'd let me have a to marry somebody eise, you see. I shan't tell you his name, so you need not ask."

not ask." Asenath looked out straight upon the Asenath looked out straight upon the water. A dead leaf thathad been caught in an eddy attracted her attention; it tossed about for a minute, then a tiny whirlpool sucked it down. "I wasn't going to ask; it's nothing to me, of course. He doesn't care for her, them-this other girl?" "Not so much as he does for me. He didn't mean to tell me, but he said that I —that I looked so-pretty, it came right out. But there I I mustn't tell you any more." Del began to be frightened; she look-ed up sideways at Asenath's quiet face. "I won't say another word," and so

up; she had been sitting on the door-steps with her face in her hands. Dick stood there with his cap off. He forçot that he was to inquire the way to New-bury Street, when he saw the tears on

colored, unlightened face that started t back at her; her eyes darkening at its teyes her hair touching its hair, her braits couching its hair, her braits couching its hair, her braits dimming the outline of its reputative mouth.
 breath dimming the outline of its reputative mouth.
 glad when the softness of the snow in i the road received them. She looked in the road received them. She looked is thin ice on the edge for a foot or two, it blot out the wrongs upon her slate. It blot out the wrongs upon her slate. It is a been so happy! But he was sorry if for it, and all that. Why did a good God make such faces?

od make such faces?

be slipped upon her knees, bewll-dered. "He can't mean any harm nohow,"

saws and axes hashed; voices grew dis-tinct. "They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off of my feet, Del!" Del took off two or three in a fright-ened way; then, seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried. A Scotte girl, with one arm shatter-ed, crept up and removed the pile; then fainted.

I yring on the froated wood; she was glad when the softness of the snow in south Boston, casting an Iron pillar to the read received them. She looked in South Boston, casting an Iron pillar to the read received them. She looked in South Boston, casting an Iron pillar to the read received them. She looked in South Boston, casting an Iron pillar to the read received them. She looked in South Boston, casting an Iron pillar to the measure of moulding. The coper cast is the releaned, dried, and the thin the open and black and still.
What are you doing?'' asked Dick. They was and Dick laughed at her. They strolled on in silence for perhaps and found a place upon the rest, and she thered, and she cold it was, and Dick laughed at her. They strolled on in silence for perhaps allock trad.
Well, this is social!'' said Dick at '' Well, this is social!'' said Dick at '' length; '' how much farther do you

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

young lips swelled the gind remain "We'regoing, going home." The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing? "Senath!" cried the old man, out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his

upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to hi

coated with black lead (bronze powder

is suggested as better than the lead)

and copper wires passed around in various directions, to serve as con ductors. The whole is then im-