TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion, but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

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Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,

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Feb 27, '79

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

☞ Residence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m.

E. L. HILLIS,

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Office with G. F. Mason, over Patch & Tracy. Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's Office. apr 3 79.

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TOWANDA, PA.

Dist Att'y Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

JOHN W. MIX,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office—North Side Public Square.

Jan. 1, 1875.

SAM W. BUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TOWANDA, PENN'A

Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. [Nov. 13, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.

Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

J. ANDREW WILT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

W. J. YOUNG,

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TOWANDA, PA.

Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

WM. MAXWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.

Office over Dayton's Store.

April 12, 1876.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Pine Street, East of Main.

Towanda, May 1, 1872 ly*

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.

Oct. 34-72.

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Special attention given to

DISEASES OF THE EYE } and { DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,

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Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.

Towanda, June 20, 1878.

C. S. RUSSELL'S

GENERAL

INSURANCE AGENCY

May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

TOWANDA, PA.

CAPITAL PAID IN..................$125,000
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This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.

N. N. BETTS, Cashier.

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Aril 1, 1879

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NUMBER 11

VOLUME XLI. TO

THE CIDER MILL.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine a valley lies.

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.

Three pearly lakes a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;

Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh! better than the words can tell,
Its every rock and grove and dell;

But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider mill.

Above the clear springs gurgle out
And the upper meadows wind about;

Then join, and under willows flow
'Round knolls where blue-beach whipstocks grow,

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps,
The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sheeer twenty feet in the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls,

Spatters the knobby bowlders gray,
And, laughing, dies in the shade away.

Under great rocks, through trout pools still,
With many a tumble down to the mill.

All the way down the nut trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the fall through the hazy air;

And burrs roll down with curled up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eves.

Forever there the still, old trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.

By the roadside stands the cider mill,
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill;

A great brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry;

And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;

And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures in on the floor.

Down through the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider press below.

And the screws are turned by slow degrees
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;

And each with turn a fuller stream
Barsts from beneath the groaning beam.

An amber stream the gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip;

But wherefore gods? Those idle toys
Were soulless to real New England boys.

What clasic goblet ever felt
Such trilling touches though it melt,

As throb electric along a straw,
When the boyish lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discords life's sweet music drowns;

But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;

And I lead at times in a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;

And I sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny door of the cider mill.

—*John G. Whittier.*

How I Became a Murderer.

I.

"Thou shalt do no murder." I suppose that the response which sane men and women make in church to the sixth commandment is about the emptiest and most formal prayer of which they are ever guilty. Ask yourself, reader, if you have the faintest ghost of a fancy in you that, under any conceivable, or imaginable, combination of impossible circumstances you could ever pray with meaning to be delivered from the temptation to murder in cold blood a fellow-man or fellow-woman. You have read history, and you read the newspapers, and you know that murders are not uncommon things. But, nevertheless, you think of them as belonging to an outside world, with which you—otherwise than as a just possible victim—cannot possibly have any sort of concern. You would as soon think of praying to be delivered from the sin of witchcraft as from the sin of murder. They are, alike, impossibilities to you. Of course, I assume you to be of the type of the average reader—sane, but for a few harmless and probably wholesome crotchets, educated in the ideas and feelings of your time and country, and in sympathy with them, respectable and prudent in all weightier matters, and as comfortable, within and without, as the majority of your neighbors. If I were to tell you that you are a potential murderer, you would not even be angry with me—you would simply smile at such an absolutely preposterous notion. And so, in the face of such an accusation, should I have smiled—once upon a time.

Judge for yourself if I should not have had the right to smile. My name, by the way, is Alfred Lambourn, and I consider my name as of some consequence to my argument, because I happen to be one of a family which can carry back its history for an exceptionable number of generations, and without being able to name a single member of it who was not perfectly respectable and perfectly sane—not taking into account a certain hereditary tendency to let ourselves be imposed on and our money slip unaccountably through our fingers in the most contented manner. I should say that our family characteristics were steadiness, prudence, and plain common sense, combined with a somewhat inconsistent indifference to becoming higher or richer than we find ourselves at starting. But of course we have our distinguishing marks among ourselves. I am a solicitor; and I cannot at this moment call to mind a case of a man's being murdered, at least in the flesh, by a solicitor. I live quietly, and in harmony with all my tastes and inclinations, in a little place close to the sea, and am, as I have always been, particularly strong and healthy, and fond of using my limbs without entirely neglecting my brain. I have a few cupboards in my house, but have never had the ghost of a skeleton in one of them. I have no turn for dissipation, and am quite as well off as I want to be. In spite of my profession, I am, and always have been, absolutely without an enemy, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that I have exceedingly few neighbors and scarcely any clients, my practice consisting in a semi-legal, semi-agricultural stewardship to the best and dearest friend I ever had in the world—friends, I should say, for his wife is as dear to me as if she were my own sister, and his children as if they were my own. Whom should *I* ever have been tempted to murder, and why? Put the same question *to* yourself *of* yourself—and answer it if you can.

My friend was Sir Reginald Gervase—of course you must allow just as much accuracy to my proper names as you please. He had one of the largest estates in Foamshire, and lived mostly at St. Moor's, a splendid place near Spendrith, which is on the wildest and rockiest part of that grand and magnificent coast, as all the world knows. My description of him is short—he was, literally, the best and finest fellow in the whole world. Were Lady Gervase writing this story, I have no doubt she would say a great deal more of him; mine must be a man's praise of a man. He had not a single fault that I could ever discover, and yet was as far from being a prig as the South is from the North Pole. He was nearly my match—which is saying something—in point of chest and biceps, and infinitely more than mine, or most men's, in brains; and his heart was larger still. I sometimes used to think it his single misfortune that he was so rich and so happy and so full of sense of all the duties that his birthright had thrown upon him. Had the fortune left him the struggling barrister that he was when I first met him in London, he would have made himself a great man, instead of merely growing into something much greater. For he had by no means been born to a Baronetcy and the ownershsp of St. Moor's. He unexpectedly inherited it from a cousin of about his own age, and apparently as strong and as healthy as himself, who had been struck down by death when hardly thirty years old. It was a change to turn most men's brains, and to send half of them to the devil. Sir Reginald took his wealth and his position with less elation than he had taken his first brief, went abroad for a while, and then came back to settle down for good at St. Moor's. The first thing he did—which was in an hour or two—was to become first favorite of the whole country, and that among his poorer, even more than among his richer, neighbors. The next was to send for me, then managing clerk to a London firm, to be his friend and counselor. The next was to marry, as wisely as man ever did in this world. He had fallen over head and ears in love with the best girl in all England, and she with him, Before long they had a family of two boys and two girls, and were fortunate in them all. The eldest was called Reginald, of course, being a first-born Gervase. The next was called Marion, after her mother. Then came my own godson, Alfred, and then Nora. Their names have nothing to do with the matter, but it is pleasant for myself to write them. It is hardly more to the purpose than to say that I, too, was on the eve of marriage, after a long and weary waiting, but this, too, I like to tell, because this also was due to the position in which Sir Reginald had placed me. What did I not owe to him? Past, present, future; everything that I like to remember, all my happiness now and to come. The one trouble he ever gave me was the feeling that I could do so little for one who had done so much for me. Anybody could have looked after his affairs as well as I. I was never likely to be so much to him as the mouse was to the lion.

In fact, the hardest work I ever did for him was all pleasure and play, except that he made me feel its interest and importance by throwing himself so heartily into all that concerned the smallest cottager or fisherman with whom he had to do. He looked upon life as a trust not merely to be fulfilled but enjoyed, and his wife agreed with him. I hardly know which we learned to like best—our tasks or our pleasures. That he liked the tasks best, I am sure. And I am sure, too, that if Sir Reginald Gervase, even in this nineteenth century, had taken it into his head to declare war against the Queen, there is not a man within ten miles of Spendrith who would not have turned rebel.

For two months every Summer St. Moor's was left empty while the master and mistress were in town, for they were by no means people who looked upon rusting and falling out of the great world's stream as one of the duties of those who have to do their best with the course of a comparatively small one. Though I missed them, I approved of their absence, for I could not get rid of my ambition for my friend; it would be something if, as member of Foamshire, he could have the chance of doing for England some little of what he was doing for one of her remoter corners. One warm afternoon, while they were away in town, I was engaged alone in my office with some drainage plans, half at work upon them, and half thinking about what I could do, in the face of an approaching election, to get Sir Reginald Gervase to stand for Foamshire. It was too hot to work very desperately after an early dinner; and I am afraid I must confess that the rich blue of the sky without, the soft wind that scarcely took the trouble to carry the weight of its own scent through the window, the caw of the rooks on their way home, and the regular heave and rush of the sea against the wall of rocks close by, united to set me dreaming of anything but of drains. I was myself in love, remember, and Venus came from the sea much on such an afternoon.

I had a clerk in the outer office, who was also in love, and whom I strangely suspect of having been sleeping, too. Our office was certainly not conducted on the ordinary principles of hurry and open eyes—a client from the outside world did not call once a quarter, and was not particularly welcome when he came. At any rate, Tom Brooks looked as if he were still dreaming when he stumbled into my own room and startled me with—

"A strange lady, Sir; and to see *you!*"

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It is hard to wake up all at once. For a moment I almost took for granted that it could be nobody but my Lottie, who had managed to fly through the window all the way from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the other end of the Kingdom; what other lady, a stranger to Tom Brooks, could want to see me? But a moment more told me the absurdity of such a fancy; so I stretched myself, rubbed my eyes, and said sharply, "Then wake up and show her in."

She came in, with a silky rustle; and I had certainly never seen her before. She Lottie, indeed! I never can guess a woman's age, so I must content myself with saying that my visitor could not possibly have been more than thirty-six or less than twenty years old. She was of a moderate height and graceful figure, and was dressed much more fashionably than we were used to round Spendrith—in a brown silk, with bows behind and down the sides, a tight-fitting jacket, and a sort of nondescript cross between a hat and a bonnet, from under which escaped a mass of fair brown hair—behind, in thick waves that flowed down to her waist, and in front, in a fringe falling down to her eye-brows. Her face was a pretty one, on the whole, clear-complexioned, fair, and brightly-colored; but her mouth was, at the same time, too small and too full, her nose too long, and her dark eyes a very great deal too large, as well as being too closely set together. Still, the general effect was decidedly good, and had to be called pretty, whatever else it might be called, and however much it differed from my own two standards of beauty—Lottie Vane and Lady Gervase. My visitor looked grave and sad my nature, as if she had a story, and that an interesting one. I showed her a seat, and she sat down.

"You are Mr. Lambourn, and you are a lawyer?" she asked in a voice that made her prettiness suddenly change into something more. It was a clear, liquid voice, with some sort of special accent in it, and a kind of singing quality about her first words.

"My name is Lambourn, and I am a solicitor. You call on business, I suppose? Whom I have the honor —"

She opened a mother-of-pearl case and handed me a card—"Adrienne Lavalle." "I come to ask your advice," said she. The name looked French; and yet, though she did not speak quite like an Englishwoman, her accent was by no means distinctly that of a foreigner. Who could she be, that she came for legal advice to Spendrith? It is true that if anybody does happen to be suddenly in want of legal advice at Spendrith, he is bound to come to me.

I bowed and waited, and she went on.

"I am told that you are able and honest," she said, "and, therefore, I come to you. You asked my name, and I gave you my card. It is one of my names, the name by which I am known. I have one more. My birth-name is Ray—Juliet Ray. Did you ever hear the name before?"

"Never in my life," said I.

"Then, before I tell you more, may I ask you if you are prepared to undertake, as a lawyer and a gentleman, the cause of a woman against the most cruel wrong that ever was done by a man? A cause that will give you honor and glory throughout the land?"

"Never mind the honor and glory," said I. "The question is, whether I could find the time and spare the pains. Of course, I shall be glad to help to get justice done, just for the sake of the thing, lawyer though I am. But I must hear the story first —"

"You shall hear it; and you shall hear why I come to Spendrith for a lawyer. I did not suppose you would know the name of Juliet Ray. But I had my reason for asking, all the same. I was born in London. I had a mother Mr. Lambourn, but no other relative in the world. My mother was on the stage. I cannot tell you all, for I do not know; but we were in Paris when my mother died, and when I was seventeen years old—without any means to live, but with the need to live you understand. Perhaps you find it hard to believe, but I was as innocent then as a young girl can be."

I let silence imply assent; but I was certainly beginning to wake up, and to call my professional wits together.

"It was in Paris that I met a young man—if I must call him so—who made love to me. I took him for a man of honor. He swore, Mr. Lambourn, a million times to make me his wife, in the sight of heaven and in the sight of man. In the sight of heaven he did make me his wife; and when we were soon after in London, he married me in church, as he should have done before. He is a scoundrel!"

"But if he married you at any time, he did his best to right you, it seems to me. Well?"

"I must not call him 'scoundrel?' Wait; see what *you* will call him, if you are a man! We went abroad again—to Paris, to Vienna, to twenty places—and then one day he left me, never to return."

"He deserted you? You did not hear from him again?"

"*From* him? No; never one word. *Of* him? No; not for many years! He left me to live as best I could, without the means, but with all the need, once more. Perhaps you will not find it hard to believe that I was no more as innocent a fool as at seventeen."

Again I let assent be implied in silence; so much I did not find it hard to believe.

"But I hear of him at last, and he is married again!"

"You mean that you wish your husband to be prosecuted for bigamy?"

"No, Mr. Lambourn. I mean that I will have my rights, and that I will have my revenge! That is what I mean!"

And I could see, beyond any question, that it was what she did mean. If her story was true, she had certainly been ill-used; but, all the same, I wished she had not come to me. I felt that, from the beginning, I had not liked Miss, or Mrs., Lavalle.

"I don't care about taking criminal matters," I said, rather coldly. "There are plenty of solicitors in the county. And if you want—since you speak of your rights—to make any sort of profitable compromise, I must decline your case on any terms. However, as you come for present advice, I suppose you can prove your marriage?"

"I can prove it as surely as that I live!" said she. "I have my lines. Will that do?"

"Certainly they will do. You will have to prove the second marriage, too—"

"*He* won't deny that," said she, with a smile. "And he won't deny that I am I; and if he does, he can't deny that I was alive when his crime was committed; and if he does, there are scores and scores who will know. You ask me why I come to Spendrith? It is to make sure—to have him under my hand. I have not found him out and tracked him down to let him go again. And I come to you because you are here; because you can watch for me. When I have my rights, you will have yours too, never fear."

So she had set down my reluctance to undertake her case to a fear of not being sufficiently well paid? If I had not much liked her before, I liked her exceedingly little now. And who at Spendrith could possibly have been guilty of bigamy, and of deserting a wife abroad? I knew every living creature in the place—there was not one whom I could connect in the wildest fancy with Mrs. Lavalle.

"Who is the man you say is your husband?" asked I.

I suppose she thought that her last words had refreshed my interest in her.

"The scoundrel who *is* my husband?" said she. "There!"

A little theatrically she laid a document before me. It was a perfectly good and authentic copy of a register of marriage solemnized at a London church between Juliet Ray, spinster, and—Reginald Gervase!

My eyes seemed to darken and swim. What could it mean? As she sat there, triumphant in her coming vengeance or in her greed, I thought and thought; and the more I thought, the more clear the meaning grew. Some months before the date of the marriage my friend had been in Paris, I knew. Just before the same date he had returned to town. And then there was his long subsequent absence abroad for nearly a whole year. But, still, was Reginald Gervase, who held duty to be even above honor—if such a thing can be—a man who, under any circumstances, would, when he found himself suddenly rich and in a high position before the world, rid himself of any woman—whether his wife or not, and even if he had learned to hate and scorn her—by leaving her to starve? No doubt she must have been false to him first. But even so, the pride of my own life had gone; every illusion I had darkened at such a shadow as this must be. Perhaps he had thought her dead. But no, that could not be, unless he had willed very hard indeed to think her so.

"Leave me this paper," said I. "Call on me again to-morrow at ten; I will think over what you have told me. Excuse me now."

"You will undertake the case, then?"

"I will try to do whatever is for the best, Miss Lavalle."

"Who is Miss Lavalle?" asked she, as she left me. "I am Lady Gervase."

II.

I locked the copy of the register in a safe, where I kept my own private personal papers, shut up my office, and went out to walk myself cool. I had met with a skeleton from St. Moor's, indeed! I could see the whole miserable history as if it had been written out for me. The young barrister had made a fool of himself, as many otherwise wise men have done. He had been entrapped by this woman in Paris. Perhaps the pitifulness of her unprotected condition had imposed upon him quite as much as her bright cheeks and her great black eyes. She had stuck to him and drawn him into marriage; no doubt his sense of honor had helped her, however much his reason must have opposed her. It was she, no doubt, who had swallowed up the whole of his little fortune and kept him under water. It was she who had been the cause of those long vacations in Paris, which he used to make even during his term time. And then, when fortune came to him, he had gone abroad to hide what had, no doubt, proved a disgraceful marriage. And then, no less beyond doubt, he had discovered unfaithfulness in her and had left her, half ashamed, half relieved, as such a man would have left such a woman, simply, utterly, and without a word of blame. And then true love had come into his heart. Perhaps he really believed his first wife dead. Perhaps the belief was too much due to the wish—who knows? It was not for me to judge Reginald Gervase. I knew the man as he was, whatever he had done, however weak he might have shown himself in one thing.

And what was I to do? Nothing?

Nothing? When I, and I only realized the nature of the blow that was about to fall? On the one hand, there was the true Reginald Gervase, my more than friend, brother, and father, who had plainly been able to free himself of the old shadow, trusted, honored, loved by all the world, whose whole life was a growth in goodness and usefulness, and whose loss would be public as well as private, and felt none could guess how far round his home. There was the wife, who believed in him as a hero, and who loved him with her whole heart and soul. There were his young children—what need I say of them? On the other hand, there were ruin, scandal, the dock, the prison cell, a wife's broken heart, and four children's lives blasted for all their days; and only because a worthless woman had not died. The thing looked too hideous to be possible; and I dreamed of such a word as—nothing! Well, thank God that he was not at St. Moor's. Every day delayed was a day gained, if only for thinking what could be done.

I was walking along the narrow coastguard path overhanging the sea, which was the shortest cut from Spendrift to the nearest market town, when I was met by a lad who acted as rural postman, and who stopped me with a letter. I took it with scarcely a word of good evening, and opened it absently.

"Dear Lambourn"—I read without even taking heed of the handwriting—"One line in haste to say that we shall all be home to-morrow evening, almost as soon as this reaches you. Everything's all right, but Jenny would rather be safe at home just now, and so would I. Look me up for a weed, there's a good fellow, about nine, and we'll have a good big talk about the drains. I feel like a school-boy off for the holidays. R. G."

It was like destiny. He and his wife—yes, I would still call her so—were hurrying back full sail into the storm. I knew what their coming back sooner than usual meant; it was one of Gervase's crotchets that all his children should be of Foamshire, and of their home bred and born. Well, that made matters worse a thousand times. He was coming where that woman—I could not call her his wife—was waiting to lay hands upon him and to destroy him more terribly than even she could dream. I was not to see her again till the next day, and I did not know where she was to be found. I suppose I had acted stupidly; but it is hard to keep one's presence of mind where one's heart is concerned too deeply. How could I meet Gervase this very night with this terrible secret upon me? I could not. And yet what right had I to leave him in his fool's paradise for a single avoidable hour? I tried to ask myself what I should have done had I been simply his lawyer instead of his friend. And I could find no answer. It seemed strange that the thunder of the sea, as it rose higher and higer with the advancing tide against the cliffs, did not change its tone.

The letter-carrier could not have left me many minutes—long as they seemed—when he came running back breathlessly, shouting and pointing behind him with his arm.

"Mr. Lambourn!" he panted out, "there be some un down yonder on the Carricks as lone as lone, and not half an hour o' tide!"

I was startled out of such thoughts as even mine. I knew every inch of that coast as well as if I had been a smuggler of the old times, and nobody who knows the cliffs about Spendrith needs telling what being alone on the Carricks means within even an hour of high tide. The Carricks are a point of rather low rocks, projecting something like the blade of a scythe, or rather like the pointed ram of an ancient galley, from the base of the cliff, easily to be reached within about two hours of the highest tide; but, after that, breaking the calmest sea into a rage, and entirely cut off from reach either from above or below. At absolutely full tide the most shoreward of these rocks was a full two fathoms under high-water line. The cliff, itself a promontory, rose up sheer from the rocks for some distance, then bowed out over them, and then finished its course of some hundred and fifty feet to the overhanging path on which I was standing. All these meant, in a dozen words, that he who found himself alone on the Carricks half an hour before the tide turned would be a dead man in half an hour, for there was no point among the network of currents which the strongest swimmer could hope to gain.

"Who is it?" I asked. "Could you tell?"

"I couldn't see for sure; but it looked to seem like Lucy Green that keeps company with Master Brooks—"

"A woman—good God!" In this peril, at least, something might possibly be done. As fast as I could cover the ground I was at the coastguard station, only to find a single old sailor on what was by courtesy called duty, a strong fellow enough, with any quantity of rope at hand; but what could two men do?

Nothing, certainly, without trying. We could carry to the edge of the cliff rope enough to reach the Carricks twice over. But that was little. How could a woman, even if she had the courage, fasten herself safely to it, and keep herself from being dashed to pieces against the face of the cliff on her giddy upward journey? And how could one man reach her, with but one pair of hands to hold to the rope above him?

Happily, the sea was tolerably calm; otherwise, considering the shortness of the time at our disposal, nothing could have been done. It was only too certain that somebody was there. The letter carrier was positive that he had twice seen a woman on the rocks; the second time, while I was on my way to the coastguard station, he had seen her trying to clamber farther out seaward, as if she had become fully aware of her danger, and was trying to place herself where she might have a chance of being seen from the shore. I looked at my watch, and the sailor looked out to sea. There was no boat to be signalled, and not nearly time to obtain one for ourselves and to row round.

The question of the boat was settled in a single look from one to the other. But the same look set the sailor's wits working.

"Run to the station," he said to the letter-carrier, "and get all the oars you can lay your hands on, and bring them here, and look alive."

He craned over the edge of the path, and so did I, though more cautiously; but there were no means of seeing anything more in that way. The sea had already risen in a surge of white foam and dark green cascades over nearly the whole length

of the rocks below, so that any prisoner upon them must have been driven for respite from death under the bulging part of the cliff, where she would be altogether out of sight of all but the sea-gulls. Then the old sailor looked out westward, where a broken patch of white and gray cloud seemed to be rising from the sea into the sky in the shape of a spire.

"The wind won't be here till after the turn, Sir," said he. "There won't be so much swing on as there might be." He put his hands to his mouth and shouted downward, but no answer returned. "Where's that young slug with the oars?"

I could only hope he had some plan. I certainly could think of none. Perhaps, though as anxious as any human creature must be when a man or woman is drowning under his eyes, and when he can do nothing but wait above and listen for the dead heave of full tide against the cliff to tell him all was over, I may not have been so absorbed in the emergency as I should have been two or three hours ago. What was a moment's struggle with the sea compared with that worse than death against which I was trying to put out my hands no less in vain? I was not, I feel sure, at that moment consciously thinking of the greater peril in the immediate face of the less; but that it was the greater which had well-nigh paralyzed me I know.

At last the lad hurried back with four long oars. The old sailor laid them all together, fagot-wise and barwise, over a cleft in the edge of the path, so that the bundle of oars might serve for one strong beam, and that the rope might run through the cleft for a groove before swinging from the projecting rim of the cliff out into the air. The beam of oars was kept from being pulled forward instead of downward by the form of the path which rose up slightly toward the edge, and by the chance—on which the whole plan depended—that the natural gutter ran between two ears of crag just high enough to serve as posts for the beam behind them. He fastened one end of our longest line of rope, with practiced skill, round the middle of the oars; he had already made the other end into a noose, as soon as his ready eyes had taken in at a glance the chances of the ground. He paid out the whole rope over the edge of the cliff; there was no time left for arguing who should go down.

Indeed, I felt as if forced by an implse from outside myself to take that matter into my own hands. It is true, I was a great deal younger and by so much more active than the old tar, who was still as strong in the arms and shoulders as tugging at the oars can make a man, but had certainly not been in the habit, as I had been, of spending his leisure in clambering among rocks instead of staring through a spy-glass at the offing; so that I was likely to feel a great deal more at home among the gulls and cormorants than he. There was every reason for placing him at the fast head of the rope, and me at the noose. But had it been otherwise I should have stood upon my rights, as representing the lord of the manor, to do as I pleased above the line of high water. Do something I must—something, anything which had the semblance of helping a living creature, however unconnected it might be with the storm that was gathering over the head of my friend. As I have said, there was no time left for a needless word; I took my way, and, resolutely thinking of nothing but of keeping my eyes fixed on the the highest visible part of the cliff, was, before a word was spoken, letting myself down the rope with my knees and hands. It was not that I had room left in my heart to care, save in the most general way, for the woman on the Carricks. I was in anything but a philanthropic mood, or in one that would excite me to risk a sprained wrist for any soul on earth but Reginald Gervase. It was all sheer impulse; neither foolhardiness on the one hand, nor courage on the other. I claim no credit for the climb; rather blame. It could in nowise be of the smallest help to Gervase; on the contrary, I was risking the only life that could in any way hope to aid him. Only I had no hope for him left in me, in the face of the proofs and of the woman in whose hands they were. It all came from just what I have said, the overwhelming hunger for action of any sort or form.

Of course our idea was to fasten whomever I might find below to the loose end of the rope, in hope that the sailor, with whatever help the letter-carrier could give him, would be able to draw her up, and then let down the rope again, so that I might follow. With a view to the first part of the work, I carried down with me a second rope to fasten to the noose and to act as guide from below, so that she might not swing against the face of the cliff on her upward journey. As to my own return, I might manage a good deal by climbing, or I might, at any rate, be pulled up far enough to swing above the tide until further help should come.

At last I stood upon the last slab of slippery rock which the sea had not wholly covered. There was just room enough upon it for two. And I stood face to face with Adrienne Lavalle—nay, I must call her so—Lady Gervase.

Why had she been brought here, out of the reach of all aid but mine? Why had the tidings of her peril been brought to me? What was the true nature of that impulse which had brought me—men of all men—face to face with her thus, and here?

Think of the first sentence of this history! We were absolutely, utterly alone together, unseen even from the cliffs that rose up between us two and the whole world. Her secret was known to me alone; its proof was in my own hands. If she had died there unaided, what would have signified the loss of a woman such as she? Why had she not been left there to die? And if she was left to live—in one instant I saw the whole of that vision upon which my mind had been dwelling ever since she had left me—the ruined lives, the broken hearts, all the world's loss, all the shame, all the cruel punishment of an innocent mother and her children for the weakness of a good man. I had despaired of helping them all. But what was that now? Nothing, less than nothing, when I realized that all this storm would burst upon them, no longer from the hands of this woman, because she lived, but from my hands, because I did not let her die!

Would there not be something unspeakably mean and cowardly in preferring the perfect serenity of my own selfish conscience to the lives of those to whom I owed more than even a worse sin for their sake could repay? Surely the ways of justice are not the same as human law. For the sake of others we must punish what, for the sake of others, we must call crimes; but we do not call crimes necessarily sins, and what we condemn with our cold reason we may in our hearts and souls approve. At last I could do all things for Reginald Gervase. Was I too flinch, so that my weakness should let loose upon him all from which I could save him, and that in such a way that he would never even guess the peril in which he had been? I swear that I felt as if for this very purpose she had, as if by Providence, been delivered into my hands. If only that wretched lad had never caught sight of her? But was I to let such a miserable chance as that destroy Reginald Gervase? What was I there for but to counteract chance, and to do all things for him? Suppose I did *murder* her, what but good would have been done? I did not shrink from thinking of the thing by its name. I had completely cooled my blood by now.

What she read in my face I know not. But something she must have read, for it was very far from the birth of a hope of rescue that I saw in hers. She seemed looking through my eyes into my heart, as if she feared it more than the sea. Neither of us spoke a word; but, meanwhile, the sea itself rose and rose, and the wind began to rise too.

I was absolutely making plans. I leave her there—it would not be my fault if she were found drowned. The body could be recovered at low water, and buried, and nobody would be the wiser. I must give up Lottie, of course; it was one thing to commit a murder, but quite another to make her the wife of a murderer, even though of one who had right on his side I could take it into my head to leave England, and should soon be forgotten.

"Can you save me?" she said at last. "What are you going to do with me?"

"I? with you?" I asked. "God knows. What are you doing with Reginald Gervase? Look, the tide will be waist-high soon. I am his friend. Are your rights or is your life the dearer to you? But I can't trust you."

I turned faint and sick at heart. How could I nerve myself, even for his sake, to be strong enough to let this weak woman die? Suddenly a heavy wave swept over the rock, brought her to her knees, and would have carried her into deep water at once had I not instinctively thrown the noose round her and held her so. It must be done, though; it was some weaker self that had saved her for a minute more.

"You can save me, and you bid me sell my rights for my life!" she said, with real scorn, and with a courage that startled me. "Yes, you say truly; you are his friend. Like master, like man."

Should I have held her there till she was downed? Should I have been able to face the unspeakable shame of returning to the cliff alone, or should I have waited there until the tide had covered me also? I say to myself, and I say to you, what I said to myself. God knows. I trust not; but I have never very confidently believed in the goodness of the good, or the badness of the bad, or the weakness of the weak or the strength of the strong, since that day.

"Ahoy, there! Hold on!" I heard a shout, and the grind of wood on the rock, and the unshipping of oars. I think we were both in the boat before we knew where we were. She was saved without my help, and I—I scarce know from what, if from anything, I had been saved.

Sir Reginald himself was at the helm. What could I do now? Absolutely nothing, at last, except give up everything to despair. I waited for the storm to burst even there and then.

It was simply to my amaze that no look or sign of recognition passed between the husband and the wife whom he—he, not I—had saved to destroy him. I waited in vain.

"Thank God I saw you from the yacht in time!" said he. "It was like you old fellow, to try to break your neck for nothing, but I don't think both of you could have got up without damage. May I ask the name of the lady whom I have been lucky enough to—Allow me to introduce myself."

"I am Lady Gervase!" she said with a scornful look at me. "I thank you, Sir, for saving my life—"

"Lady Gervase!"

"You seem suprised? I am the wife of Sir Reginald Gervase, of St. Moor's. May I know whom I have to thank for—"

"I really must ask you to pardon me," said he, courteously bewildered. "But Lady Gervase happens to be on board that yacht yonder. *I* am Sir Reginald Gervase."

What could it all mean?

If you reader, cannot guess, you must be as blind as I have been. You must have forgotten my telling you that Sir Reginald had inherited St. Moor's from a cousin of his own age, and that Reginald was the family name. If that cousin had chosen to die suddenly before he had time to communicate with his wife or his friends, or to make a will, his wife was perfectly entitled to call herself Lady Gervase if she pleased; but it could not possibly affect his heir beyond compelling him to pay a certain part of the personal estate to the widow, which he was able enough to do. What a worse than a fool I had been!

When I have heard people talk lightly of their temptations to do this or that, I have said. "The greatest and strongest temptation I ever felt was to murder, in cold blood, a woman who had never done me a shadow of wrong." People think me jesting; but it is true.—*London Society.*

A MISSIONARY stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment but was white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted in grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened, and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

HOW AN ARAB LADY PERFUMES HERSELF.—In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "tope" which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and, the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and her robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction. —*Sir William Baker.*

Children's Fancies and Sayings.

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday School superintendent. And the new boy said: "Their scarcity."

IRRITABLE Schoolmaster: "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy: "A mouse, sir."

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

KANSAS school teacher: "Where does your grain go to?" "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted a scholar.

A NEW pair of shoes for a little five-year-old. He tried them on, and finding his feet were in very close quarters, claimed, "Oh, my! they are so tight I can't wink my toes."

YOUNG lady visitor (reading the parable of the Prodigal Son)—"And he would fain have eaten of the husks that the swine did eat." Small boy (to teacher)—"Why did he not kill one of the pigs?" (Young lady visitor much shaken).

A GALVESTON school-boy persisted in throwing his hat on the floor, until finally the teacher chastised him severely. "Now," said the breathless teacher, "do you know where your hat ought to have been?" "Yes, sir; inside my—my—clothes, sir."

ONE of the lady teachers in a Reno, Nevada, public school, a few days ago was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny—"A suck."

REALLY a Fact this Time.—Rise of intellect in the Midland Counties.—Diocesan Inspector: "And what happened when they came to Paphos?" Child: "St. Paul struck Elymas the *sorcerer* blind." Inspector: "What did he strike him blind for?" Child: "Because he *sauced* him, sir."—*Judy.*

LITTLE ROBBY, aged three years, has attended Sunday School one or two months. He is an apt scholar, and gives early promise of bearing rich and ethical fruitage. At play with an older brother the other day his original Adam so far got the better of him so as to cause him to clinch his little fist and strike his brother. Brother Tom was about to retaliate with his more formidable weapon, when Robbie cried out: "No, no, no! Teacher says oo mu't n't strike back when oo is hit."

THERE is a good deal of human nature in a ten-year-old girl. The Browns were discussing at the breakfast table how many conference delegates they would try to entertain. Two, four and six were the numbers before the house, and the general sentiment seemed to be in favor of the smallest number. Little ten-year-old, however, stoutly advocated the maximum number. "We have three spare beds and might as well take six. Take six, mamma. Please do?" "Well," responded the matron, "if you will wipe the dishes each time, we will." Ten-year-old immediately began to sink down in her chair until her head almost disappeared under the table. "How many shall we take?" asks mamma. "One," was the whispered answer.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

MUCH charity wihch begins at home is too feeble to get out doors, and much that begins out doors never gets into the home circle.

No humility is perfect and proportioned but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.

MOUNTAINS never shake hands. Their roots may touch, they may keep together some way up, but at length they part company, and rise into individual, isolated peaks. So it is with great men.

PRAISE GOD for all your gifts, and use them wisely and constantly. Then pray that you may do your work in life as in the sight of God. Seek to please and honor Him, put away all selfish motives. Whether men smile or frown, go straight ahead, and you will have an approving conscience and at last a great reward.

BETWEEN male and female, says a modern writer, there is a difference of kind only—not degree. Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident an unassuming; man is great in action, woman is suffering; man shines abroad, women at home; man talks to convince, woman to persuade; man has a rugged heart, a woman a soft and tender one; man prevents misery, woman relieves it; man has science, woman taste; man has judgment, woman sensibility; man is a being of justice, woman an angel of mercy.