The Times, New Bloomfield, Ma.


She tripped up-stairs for her shawl and han she would have believed, two hour possible
Have I made you underatand aright, I wontype of character? If ahe had bad a strong-
er and deeper individuality, fle would bave been less easy to content. Now she alkec
only for onought love. She had a nature which needed summer days and sunshtne-
lips ripe for kisses; fond, smiling eyes ips ripe for kisses; fond, smiling eyes
olinging flingers. 'Love, per u, was more to nid, she had loved her husband first. Bu ove she must have, or life to her was ut
uty without hope or savor. She had in ellect enough to understand Waring' Saster ; but intelleet was not her specialty. sake of her mind a kingdom. But sho conscientiousuess which would be likely to carry her safoly through plnces which
might have been full of peril for far strong $r$ women ; and a capacity for self-devo tion, if she could only be loved tenderly
enough to call it forth, which in itself was infivite.
She remembered how sad Waring might
be at this hour, and folt herself an unfeeling monster because her heart was growing so glad, as she bowied along by her hus-
band's side over the pleasant country roads, with the sunset light upon the fair new-mown fields, and the olouds opening Whel lame into the celestial kingdom moon and stara hiad risene, her husband lifted her out, and beld ber a momont in
his arnis while he kised her. She felt ter his arnis while he kissed her, She felt he-
solf blushing Hke a gill. As for solf blushing 1 ike a gin . As for him, in
this strife to win her heart anew there wa nore of exoitemont and endeavor than b was her lover. Having felt himself near
losing her, he began to underatad osing her, he began to underntand how much keeping her was worth his while.
She went in-doors quite at fault about hernelf. Whom, then, did abe love? Could stant only to what was preenent? Had Hug Waring's atrong tenderness taken such could lo happy with another on the sery day he had gone away sorrowful? Then band, in whom ouly her happiness ought to
lie. What then? She would not think out ier puzzle. Instead, with hope youpg again in her heart, sho made her hair
smooth, her dreas tastoful, and went down tairs to sit in the moonlight beilde th ahe had been tempted to flee awny. Do not ank me for a runping commen
tary ou my story. I show you a woman a tary ou my story. Ishow you a woman a or account for her moods, be sure that you not at all comprehond herneif
For a fow daya, her husband's newly
born devotion made her happy. Then eaction came over her, and shie was wreto ed. The better eatinfled pte became wit
him, the more diesatisfied she was with her solf. Not a caress did he give her, that sho did not think-"Would he do this, and
 of his love ; wed he, watehing hor keenl
fele that someliow the pant was ralalng barrier betwoon them, and woudered and If his bent endeavors were to fali, and this Iy and ficely bls ow
grew thin and pule. He
had dark rings under them. Night after pigat ohe hyy awake and thought, and
thooghit, coming alwags to the name con-

## clusion-ahs hiad no right to his lave nutil

 ho knew all ; and 'f ho knew hil, ho himself would withdraw it from her. She wam olf would withdraw it from her, She way beon so old for hils years, so fixed in his mans, so unimpaasioned, during all the an
months of their married life, that nhe could not believe it would be in his power eithe went on, bearing her burden through alow
whe days and silent pights, until the amnive sary of her wodding day came round. Thit
Through the day, ber unole and his wif, and a fow other frionde, were with them. The little festival was of the husband planning, and the wife felt that in barely
living throogh it, in hearing and answering cougratuiations upon her happy fate, ahe durance. The guents wondered at thi white, still wruith, this unwifolike bride,
this woman whom a single yoar seemed to have turned to stone. Joseph Hannaford'
heart sank within him. Was nothing then, left for him but to plant rosemary
over the grave of his hopes? How than fil be was when the last guest was gone.-
He camie thien and stood beside his wife, and drew a ring from his pooket. "I don't lnow that you will caro for
now," he kaid; " but I got this ring
give you as the token of a new bing give you as the when-did a new bridal.
you cone toll as you di one year ago, I think I could make you
happier, for I understand better what love
She drow away tho hand he had taken.
brilliont color to brilliant color flamed in her cheeks,
and ber heart throbbed chokingly, but a
ourage which was lialf desperation shone from her oyes. She spoke passionately.
You must not put that ring on ; you
must never say one tender, loving word to me again uutil you know mo just as I am."
Then, told clearly, stendily, unfaltering 15, without reserve or concealment, her
story came. It was the story of her whole married lifo; her disappointment becanas
he did not love her enough ; her patient no fruit ; then Hugh Waring's interest and tenderness; and, last of all, his love, and
the strong temptation it was to her. And then she cried, almost with a sob-"It has nearly killed me to have you so good and
kind as you have been lately. Every fond word or deed has pieroed me like a knife, bo if you knew it all. And the more I loved you, the moro wretched 1 was. Ho took ber close into his arms, in a
clasp which meant penoe, and pardon, and abave all, love. He bent over her, and said fondly- "Dear, I did know it all, ever sinee the night before Waring left, and it never turned me from you for a
single hoar. I blame myself too much single hoor.
blame you."
She felt as if her heart, which she had
veen breaking with woe before, would burst how with rapture.
"No, dear, very buman ; but I love you Are you ready to wear my pledge ?"
So, in the gathering delkness, he slipped
is ring upon her finger, and in the foy new bridal they two were make one.
The next day sho wrote two lines, which given her, the direction of bis New York "Mr. Waring-1 am, and always shall
be, your faithful friend; but I love my hus-

The Champion Liar
Do you know Tom D-? Well be yos down by us in the town of Danville,
nd is counted by all persons, far and near, as the greatest liar "out of jail" He was a great hand for stories, and always had one ready, which of course, no person be-
jeved. One eventing a fow of us werg est. deved. One evering a fow of us were heatdid by the stove in the bar of the tavera, of course we all pressed him to toll us a "But, boys," naid he, "I don't know "Yes you do."
We told him to give us a yarn, and he
hould have a drink of what he called "White age." So he began
"When I was at home, I found a cat one vening down by house to keep. And nucs akit up th would go round the house me-you me-yon,' ${ }^{\text {until }}$ is
"So one morning I oanght Tommy and
"ook him to the creck, and tosesed him in Wok him to the creck, and tossed him in.
-Without waiting to soe the reaulh, I starWithout waiting to soe the realit, I star-
ted home. Next morning, on gutting up, I belbeld Mr. Tommy seated on the porch,
fuut starting his informal 'me-you,' I grabbed him before he could ruu, and tuking
im to the creek, tossed him in. After ratobing for a while I went home, thioking,
Ihad sent the cat to "tringdom come" had sent the cat to "kingdom come.
Next morning the firut thing I saw was the rast morning the lirut thing I saw was the sound with bis noise, I took him, picked Arriving there, I out of his head and throw oth parts into the water. I then went home, fuly couvinoed that Mr. Tommy on the porch with his head in his moufh !"

## Deaf Man in a sleepling Car.



## "and pointed to the place.

"All right, make it up; "I'm tired !"
The ecotion was accordingly made up The Beotion was accordingly made up,
when old Deaf-as-l-post, divesting himsel of his boots, rolled into the lower berth.
"Hallo, boss "" said the "Tickets" ${ }^{\text {" }}$ quoried the deaf man "umbling in his pookets.
"What de debble is I to do wid dis ol "Let me try him," said a elender in
dividual, who looked at the world throug pair of glasses; "I understand the deaf tapped the perverse man on the shoulder and motioned him to sit up. This being
complied with, he began gesticulating with as he sat opposite the amazed gentleman " $\mathrm{D}-\mathrm{n}$ it "" he roared, "what are you poking your fingers in my countenance for,
oh $\xi^{\prime \prime}$ and looking up he saw the gathere passongers grinning, as if greatly amused. He fell into a violent fit of rage, and, sud denly drawing back, hit the alphabet ma
on the noes, flattening the useful article and not only mashing his giasses, but send ing him "to grass," to uso the pugilistic phrase. The instructor of mutes pioked himself up and retreated, feeling for his
head, as if under the impreasion that it had been knooked off. We are ashamed to
write if, but we, in common with the othe passengers, laughed long and loud at this. Afterward came a long intercourse in on the other, between the conductor and the deaf man. It was interrupted by the
owner of the lower berth foregoing his right, naying he would rather sleep abo
that fighting character than under him The noxt morning, after we had bee roused out to get off at this place, the stew-
ard shook the deaf man. ard shook the deaf man.
"Time to get up, boss,
"Time to get up, boss, ef you want to
git off at Oakland," he sald, meohanically The man molemely came to a sitting poil tion and looked at his watoh.
"Two o'elock," he said, "then I have again. Again the boy shook him.
" Look here, you scoundrel " he
"Look here, you scoundrel " he roat
if you disturb me ugain III kick you up
and down this ear !
"Oh! berry well, sleep of you
to Ind so we loff at Oakland, with the dear man aleoping the sleep of innocence and
peace.
ITE Good news dop't operato on all peo-
ple the name way, avy more than patent medieine does. A Chicago man latoly roceived a telegram from his wifo in Europe,
saying that ahe bad given birth to a daugbed the baker to distribute five hundred loaves of bread to the poor each day for
ten days, A man in this county went home the other night, and was met at the do by the nunie, who informed him that his
wifo had given birth to a pair of girla, and instead of giving orlers for bread he nimply down atairs, and went off and got glori oualy drunk on account of it, But, after all, maybe be was affected difforently fro
the othor man, because hits wife wasn't the other m
Europe.

The "Hoss" In the Pulpit. A Rumh townehip lumberman sold his brought the balance of the mioney hiome. His wife persunded him to go to church on the following Sanday. At the close of
sorvices, a strong appeal was made to rale sorvices, a strong appeal was made to rala nome misalonary money, when the lumber
man arose and eald: "Here'n afty dollare man aroeo and sald bose behind the not give a cont to be toolk out of the
county,"

A Bashfol Mans Fxpertence.
CiARLIE JOHNBON le a fint rate fol-
low, only he's torribly bathiful. U low, only he's terribly bashful. He
called to see Miss Jones one night. Ho never woull have been guilty of such an
not, had sbo not met bim coming out of church-cornered him right up by the stoph
where all the girls could where all the gitrs could see him-and
made him promise to .come round the next night-beforo ehe'g let him go. So the
following evening Chatlo arrayed himeif ilike a lilily of the flold, and started for th got there about eight $\sigma^{\prime}$ elock, It was quit dark. Charlie mounted the steps; rang
the bell ; and then-his courage falled him. $H 0$ cleared the six steps at one leap and
flod down the street. Bridget went to the Bridgot and asked her who Jung the bell.
'Sure it's some of them trits ringing the bell every night, and thin run
away-bed lick to
'Once moro to the brench, dear friends,'
was the sollloquy of Charie, as he alowly
retraced his steps. Withglad and gallant tread did he re-ascend the front stoop and
bithely pulled the bell. But nimbly blithely pulled the bell. But nimbly did he agnin descend the steps and swifily diss
appear up the street, reacling the quarter post in less time than forty seconds.
Bridget at the Bridget at the door ; same result as be-
Core. Bridget waxed wroth. And ond Jones vowed he'd fix that infornal whelp;
so he got a piece of atout broom cord ; tied one end of it to the iron railing on the
forther side of the steps, about a foot hige er than the top step, then passed it through a hole in the filigree work on the other side of the steps at the same height; brought the bay-window, thence into the parlor string so as to have it lay flat along the $\operatorname{lng}$ where nobody would notive it in com-
from within the house, after obe lind gone up the step, one would be somewhat apt to
'notice' it in going down, especially if one wore in a hurry. Then Mr. Jones sat down and waited for the bell to ring. Bridget not aware that the old gent had sot a trap,
had a 'little something' fixed up herself. She repaired to the kitchen, to the boiling tairs with it, sat down by a window right bell to ring.
The bell did ring.
The old man pul
theta man pulled the string-Bridge idn't hurt Charlie much. That is to sas was able in a couple of weeks to sit y month he could get around very nicely pair of crutches. To be sure six of his
eeth were never found, and bis loft cheek boked as if he had ran a knot-hole into in.
But he didn't mind such a little thing ai Lown Still, he never seemed to care to $g$ nees, as it were, had sprung up between Now-a-days when Charlie wishes to ex
perience the ecotatic dolight of a call o perience the ecstatic dolight of a call on
Miss Jones, he goes out and lays down in him; it'a just as mnch fun and not near so
ar to go. He thinks that by the time ho can let a full grown omnibus drive over the bridge of his nose, without makiog him
wink, he'll be abie to stand another whirl own at the Jones' house
$t^{7}{ }^{-} \mathrm{Mr}$. James Brice, in an artiole in The Cornhill Mapazine, doscoribes Iecland in a chilly way. He says there are no troen,
though apparently there were plenty in the though apparently there wero plenty in the
tenth centary, when wo hear of men liding among them and being hanged from com. No corn is grown, nor a fow turnips and potatoes which taste only half ripe. quadrupeds are the blue fox (who has
probably come, as the white bear now and hen does, on lcefloes from Greenland), and
the reindeer-the lattor introducod about a oentury ago, and ntill nncommon, rang
ing over the desert mountains. There is lag over the desert mountains. There people, no other place desorving to be call-
ed even a village, unless it bo the hamlet Ocean, with some finy houses; no inne consist of two beds, a single jug and basi and a billiard table) ; no hens, ducks or
geese (except wild geese) no pigs, no don keys, no roads, no carriages, no onhopa, no
manufictures, no diasenters from the tablished Latheranism, no army, navy, olunteers or other guardiano of publio
order, except one policeman in Reykjavilk, no criminals, ouly two lawyers, and finally,
no snakes. "What, then, is there?" anks Mr . Brice, and replies, 4 Snow mountalins luciers bot spring northera Hights,
above all deserts."
tar A painter, on belug akked what be mixed his colors with to give so line a
effect, answered, "1 mix them with
braing, sir." "Whene whs the promit braing, sir, ",
query in roturn.
Q2FThere is a prefudloe fo buman kin "Man wants but little ear below. wants that little long."

Profesasomal Cards,

 $\mathbf{L}^{\text {Ewis rorrvin, }}$













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