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SUNBURY, PA. At One Dollar and Fifty Cents If paid strictly in advance; \$1.75 if paid within the year; or \$2.00 in all cases when payment is delayed till after expiration of the year. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher. THEME TREMS ALE RIGIDLY ADHERED TO. All new subscriptions to the American by persons living outside of the County of Northumberland, must be accommended with the Case. This is made mecessary by mied with the Casit. This is made necessary by the difficulty experienced in collecting unpaid subscrip-tions at a distance.

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Physician of this celebrated Institution, has discovered the most certain, speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world for all

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE. Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debili-ty, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dinness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—these terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impos-

YOUNG MEN especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might other-wise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstacy the

living lyre, may call with full confidence. MARRIAGE. Married Persons or Young Men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, (Loss of Procreative Power-Impotency), Nervous Excitability, Palpitation, Organic Weakness, Neryous Debility, or any other Disqualification,

speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentle man, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Phy-

ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Impotency, Loss of Power, immediately Cured

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sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE. Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary liabits, which rain both body and mind, unfitting

them for either business, study, society or marriage.
THESE are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Back and Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Con-

MENTALLY-The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded-Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil-Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now

judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming, weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consump-

YOUNG MEN Who have injured th mselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly feit, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should

apply immediately.
What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST before contemplating

MARKIAGE. reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed without these, the journey through ness. Indeed without the mind the prospect life becomes at all other hours, when not Professionally enacted with despair and filled with the melan-shadowed with the melan-shadowed with despair and filled with the melan-shadowed with the melan-sha

A CERTAIN DISEASE. When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, noctural pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, denfness, nodes on the shin bones and arms lotches on the head, face and extremities, pro gressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes horrid object of commiscration, till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending

bim to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns." It is a melancholy fact that thousands DIE victims to this terrible disease, through falling into the hands of Ignorant or unskillful PRE-TENDERS, who, by the use of that deadly Poison, Merenry, &c., destroy the constitution, and incapable of curing, keep the unhappy sufferer month after month taking their noxious or injurious compounds, and instead of being restored to a renewal of Life Vigor and Happiness, in despair leave him with rained Health to sigh over

isis galling disappointment.
To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most Inviolable Secreey, and from his extensive practice and observations i the great Hospitais of Europe, and the first in this country, viz: England, France, Philadelphia and elsewhere, is enabled to offer the most certain, speedy and effectual remedy in the world for all diseases of imprudence.

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doors from the corner. Fall not to observe name No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Per- April 5, 1873 .-- tf

sons writing should state age, and send a portion of advirtisement describing symptoms. Worthless Imposters advertising themselves as County, Pa., at the Station of the N. C. R. W. Physicians, trifling with and ruining the Lealth of all who unfortunately fall into their power, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say especially to those unacquainted with his reputation that his Credentials or Diplomas aiways hang in his office. ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

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H. B. MASSER, Attorney at Law, SUN-BURY, PA.—Collections attended to lu B. MASSER, Attorney at Law, SUNthe counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder. Montour, Columbia and Lycoming. apl10-69

GEO. W. ZIEGLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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and mees one wants of his customers. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or else the money refunded. The very best Mouth Wash and Tooth-Powders His references are the numerous patrons for whom he has worked for the last twelve years Sunbury, April 21, 1872.

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Sunbury, Jan. 15, 1870. tf. Miscellancous.

SUNBURY MARBLE YARD. Fourth Street below Market. SUNBURY, PENN'A.

THE undersigned has returned from the Ver-nont Marble Quarries with 56 Tons of Monuments, Grave-Stones, &c., &c.

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Sutherland Falls Marble. sold as low as the Manchester. Those who need anything in the Marble line, for Monuments, Grave-Stones, or other purposes, will find it to their interest to call and examine this large stock, as better bargains can be secur-

ed than buying from parties 'huckstering' round All lettering will be done in the neatest and most improved style. W. M. DAUGHERTY.

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tablishment are always wont to inspire. Always to please We shave with ease Cut and comb with taste the hair; Shampoo the head with soothing care, And color the whiskers black or brown, To suit the people about the town. Then allow me politely request you to stop,

Proprietor. Sunbury, April 5, 1873; No. 91, Market st.

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SKILLED WORKMEN.

which is better than Italian. Rutland is now NEW TYPE. NEAT WORK,

Sunbury, Jan. 11, 1873. . THE SHOP OF THE TOWN - and long

And old men silver gray.

And among the horored and lasting impressions of time, and the crash of revolutions in circumstances, we stand a living monumental memento of the ingenuity and perseverance appertaining to the identity of progression, plying our vocation with the highest style of art and perfection, and aspiring to achieve the highest reward of merit attainable in our humble capacity, and the sentiment of respect and approbation BOOK, CARD AND JOB PRINTING which the presence of superior appliances and es-

To get shaved on the basis of ability-por as me have done for our use of the ballot for prin--sacred and right-nor under the common secret and invidious guise of enmity to complex-ion; for the cut of a man's coat, or the color of his skin, ought not to affect his usefulness not his qualifications. A fair chance is all that we

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> INFANT'S HOODS, of charge.

Select Poetry.

FOR BABY'S SAKE.

The weary night has worn away In troubled dream and start of pain ; And, grouping through the shadows gray, Morn lights my darkened room again. How can I meet this bitter morn. Life's anguish left, its hope forlorn? How can I bear the thoughts that wake From sleep with me ! For baby's sake!

The brighest of the morning beams Seeks out the darling lying there; It seeks out the sleep-flushed check; it glear In tangled waves of sunny hair; Files from the hand that grasps in vain, Then kisses the soft lips again: No shadow of my sorrow lies In those forget-me-nots, his eyes.

I check the sights that quickly come, Drive back the tears that haste to spring . I will not cloud, with look of gloom, The little one's awakening ; -His father's face he ne'er shall see; More bright his mother's-smile must be ! My bark of joy gone done-its wake

Must glitter still-for baby's sake. Dear baby arms, that clasp my own! The soft embrace renews my power; Sweet voice, I hear in every tone God's message to my darkest hour. He knew the griefs my soul must stir, And set my little comforter: A baby's hand to help me on-

A baby's love to lean upon. Nor all alone, I'm sometimes sure, My joy in this fair child can be; From holier home, with love more pure, His father watches him with me. To grasp Heaven's hope, by faith and prayer, To train his boy to meet him there-For this I live! For this I wake! Help me, dear Lord! for baby's sake l

Enles und Sketches.

-Sophie Langdon, in Aldine.

THE STORY OF A JUNE ROSE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD. window with Davie on my knee, watching should find anywhere else.' it. I think I shall never forget it. I shall thinking, but I knew how it was going to pink June rose-bud nestling between; and BALL TICKETS, keep it with my memory of my June Rose, be before I got up and went in. This a purple pansy to hide its dusky splendor God : and the June roses that have blos- away from me. am sure they would have understood me. long time, because tears choked me. I'm a queer, odd sort of a fellow, you see. Next day her cousin came. I saw them been glad and jubilant. I have all sorts of strange fancies. But I was going to repeat to you the poem. face, dark, and haughty; but there was to her, and took her hand in mine for a Listen :

CHECKS AND DRAFTS, There's a gleam of red in the garden, And a breath of balm on the breeze, And I know the sweet June roses Are blossoming under the trees; Of all the flowers of the Summer None are so sweet as these. But there comes a pain with the fragrance

Out of the heart of the rose.

Darling, the blossom has faded,

But your love no failing knows.

And a memory tender with sorrow. Of one who no sorrow knows, Who came, in a vanished Summer And gave me a red June rose. And she gave me her heart with the flower; Oh! never a blossom that blows is sweet as the heart of my darling. That she gave me with a rose.

I bend o'er those royal biossoms, A-swing by the garden-wall, And my heart is astir in my bosom As if it heard you call. Where are you, oh my darling! Sweetest June rose of all?

Oh, my love! like a Summer blossom,

You died as these roses will ;

Died! but the heart you gave me I hold in my keeping still, I shall keep it forever and ever, Mine through all good and ill. Biossom, oh, roses of June time! Turn your red hearts to the sun; You were born to bloom and to perish,

When the Summer is just begun; so died the hopes of my June-time, Like the roses, one by one. But I fancy each fallen blossom Will some day blossom again, And the hopes that died with the roses,

Like the hopes of so many men, Will come back in the June of Heaven, And then, oh, my darling-then! Oh! I believe it as much as I believe that there is a Heaven! The beautiful, sweet hopes which died like roses here, will blos-

mine evermore. Sitting in the garden in long summer days, with Davie playing at my side, I can | hand in hand we walked the road together, | got up to see. shut my eyes, and fancy she is there as I as we often had done, but never would used to see her, with her face the fairest again, and all the while she was weeping flower in all the garden. Such a sweet, softly. THE SUNBURY AMERICAN her lips, and it was because her face always will you ? I dream of an angel, eyes such as hers let you go? yellow hair all a flutter over neck and how much I was suffering would only add and for a moment I could see nothing My June Rose was beautiful in the garden breast. Well, why should it not be so? to her own troubles; but my heart got the through my tears.

the only angel I dream of. the one woman in the world.

as a dream. I think through all those years, as if her heart was breaking.

the days drift by, happy in the present, you, darling; and, remember, come what not wrought a greater change to the eyes

I must have been wild to think that one Oh, I will, I will ! she cried, lifting world and the night was transfigured. at all, that, sooner or later, some one would | me to be braver and stronger. Rose blowing in the country-ways, and could find nothing but the very saddest of great, unutterable peace came over it. seek to wear it for his own. But I was so minor chords, for nothing else was suited as that. Perhaps I did not dare to let my- told of love and loss; of dead hopes, and

self look earnestly into the future. One day she came down to get some was out of reach. But, as I played, I thought that God understood it all, and

flowers for the parlors. 'My cousin Ralph is coming to morrow,' that in His own good time it would all she said, 'and our garden is such a poor, come right; and that it was our part to little thing that it can't afford enough flow- take up the work of life, ho matter how ers for us. Besides, I like your flowers lonely and wearisome it might be with best, Davie. I wonder why? I guess it's brave hearts, and do it as nobly and faithbecause I like you so well. Don't you?' fully as we could; and something told me

'I don't know what I should do if it ny, and died away in one long, sweet chord, were not for you, Davie, she said, while that was full of rest and peace. I gathered the flowers she wanted. 'I was thinking, while I was coming last, as your music was, one could bear a down here, what a lonesome place this great deal, for the sake of the rest at the would be if you were to go away. I think end,' she said, softly. 'For your sake, for you are the best friend I ever had, Davie, my own sake, I will try to do my duty had begun to seem to her that she must except my mother.' And then she looked bravely, and the rest I trust to God.' away toward the little church yard, where And then we walked back home togeththe pansies were blossoming among the er for the last, last time. Oh, those last daisies on her mother's grave; and I fan- times! How sorrowful everything con-

cied that there was a little shade of trouble nected with them is! We can never forget in her face. 'If I were to go away, Davie, them. But under all the pain of loss and loneliness was the thought that sometime, would you miss me? 'Miss you ?' That was all I said; but somewhere, this side of Heaven, my June I know it was enough to tell her that if Rose would come back to me, and I should she were to go out of my little world, all have my own again. And thinking that, I the sunshine would go with her. I know | could bear my sorrow better. I grew pale at the very thought of losing I only saw her once after that, and that her. It was something I had not thought was on her wedding day. Her father came

by-and-by. 'I want to always stay here, flowers. And for her sake I robbed my Last night, when I was sitting at the Davie. You are a better friend than I garden of its treasures. I wanted to make the sunset, mother read me a little poem When she was gone, I sat down and as I could; and though I loved my flowers she had found somewhere, that she thought thought. Was there a shadow coming with a friendship that was strong and tenwould please me. And I don't know when over the sky? Was I going to lose my der, I was willing to sacrifice them, if by I have heard anything that touched me as June Rose-the only woman in the world so doing, I could give her one thought of over since, till I can repeat every word of know how long I sat there in the twilight, bridal, pure, white valley-lilies, with one

who is beautiful to day in the gardens of cousin was coming to steal my June Rose in the gold of her bair, and bid her rememsomed and faded through fifty summers of 'Why, Davie,' mother cried, 'what ails understood.

my life, not more sweet and pure than was you? You are pale as any ghost. You I played the Wedding March, and in spite she who was the sweetest flower of them look as if something had frightened you.' of myself my fingers would search out sad all. Let me repeat the poem to you. I am 'Something has,' I answered. 'Oh, minor notes, and an undertone of that was sure you will like it. I wish I had known mother, mother, I am going to lose my lit- full of longings and regrets, and sorrows, it in the time of June roses. If I had, I the June Rose; and then I hid my face in for that which had come and gone like the would have said it over to them; and I my hands, and could not speak again for a sunshine of a beautiful day, kept running

> me shiver when I thought of trusting the keep you, my little June Rose!' and that happiness of my June Rose to his keep- was all. I could not trust myself to say She came down with him one day to see mine, and the rain of tears that was on my flowers. He had a sneering, half con- them made them dim. The sight of them temptuous smile for me, and but few words. made my own grow misty and blind; and A man who was weak enough to love saying once more, 'God bless you !' I flowers, was too weak a man for his friend- turned away to hide the sorrow in my face. ship, he thought, probably; and I was sure And I saw my June Rose no more for his friendship was the last one in the world | years. I would ever care for. He was robbing Oh, life was so lonely and sad without my life of its beauty and brightness, and I her. I thought of her always. My pancould not clasp hands with him for that sies made me think of her eyes, and the reason, if no other. So, when she intro- toses of her cheeks, and the daffodils of her duced us to each other, we merely bowed, yellow hair; and the lillies were like her and then there was a little silence, which pure, sweet soul. Every spot spoke of her. seemed to me like that silence which al- Every hour of the day something told me ways comes when a dear friend's life has in its own way of what had gone out of my gone out into the unknown world, and we little world. But I knew it would come stand beside that which was he, but is he again, and I waited. no longer awed and tearful. Oh, my The years went by, and they brought

sweet, sweet hopes, that were lying there many changes. The father of my June before me, dead that moment. They could Rose died, and the property was sold, gonot see them, but I could. enough before she told me a word what it said she was not happy; that her husband was she had come to tell. Her face was

lets that had been wet with rain. 'I want you to go down to the church restless moods to-day, and listening to your playing always quiets me.'

full of unrest, and her eyes looked like vio-

old path together, and we were nearly there before either of us spoke. 'Oh, Davie, I am going away,' she

For the last time we walked down the

cried; and the violet eyes were hidden in a shower of tears. Going away! I wonder if there are any words that are sadder than those are? I som out into fulfillment there; and I shall | could not speak. I tried to, but my voice have my June Rose again, mine only, and was all broken up, and I turned my face I heard something that sounded like a away to hide my pain. She came up to me, and slipped her hand in mine; and so

pure face. Have you never seen faces that 'Oh, Davie,' she cried, as we reached eried the woman, lifting a white, haggard were like flowers? She had one, with the the steps, 'I do not want to go away. I pink of June Roses flushing her cheeks, shall never be so happy anywhere else as I and the scarlet color of their hearts staining have been here. You will not forget me,

some way it always has her face; and when Rose, I love you, I love you! How can I wide world to me. were, blue as those violets down in the I had meant to keep my love hidden out her to my breast. 'You have come back sleep was that God giveth his beloveth. corner of the garden, look at me, with silly, of sight, for I knew that the knowledge of to me, and I have waited so long, so long !

thing, and I was growing up to boyhood, were like a brother to me. Oh, I am so him every night. If you're Uncle Davie, and ask for flowers from my garden; and sorry for you. So sorry, for it will make I want to kiss you. Mayn't I? always I gave her the loveliest ones there. it all the harder for you to let me go; and I bent down, and gathered the child-I never could do that for any one else. I I knew you would miss me more than any my June Rose's child-to my breast, and loved my flowers too well for that; but I one else. Oh, it's a strange world, Davie, he kissed me over and over again. loyed her better than my flowers. It seem- I can't understand it. It's got to be a 'My name's Davie, too' he said, stroked to me that there was nothing in the lonesome one all at once; and I used to ing my face. world too good for her. To me she was think it was all sunshine and gladness. I Davie! She had given him my name. don't want to go away. I don't love I bent down and kissed her tenderly, and We never used to talk of love together. Ralph. But father has promised him that her face was full of rest. But we talked of other things almost as I shall be his wife, and I have got to leave 'Dear child! cried mother, taking her sweet, and found in the companionship of you, Davie. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! And away from me gently, and rubbing her

wealthy and aristocratic parents, and I I said, tenderly. 'I oughtn't to have told poor thing. Go into the wood shed, and was walking in a circus procession through was a poor crippled fellow, with only you what I have, but I couldn't keep it. I get some wood to kindle up the fire, while Detroit the other day, when the animal enough of this world's goods to keep me might have known better than to let my- I change her clothes for dry ones. comfortable; but with my June Rose and self think of you in that way, for you were I went out, and stood there by the win- enough to frighten him well, and then set Sample copy of paper sent to any address free my flowers, I was as rich a man as ever never meant for such as me. But I love dow for many moments; and the night him down about three yards from the lived. I never thought of losing her; I you just the same for all that; and it is a seemed suddenly changed into one of won- starting point.

New Series, Vol. 7, No. 9.

Old Series, Vol. 36, No. 9.

'Oh, Davie, if life could be sweet, at the

get you.

'I hope so, little June Rose,' I answered, that, by-and by, there would come a time

softly, and broke off a cluster of pansy when I should have my own again; and

blossoms, and put them in her yellow hair. then the music grew grander in its harmo-

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was content. And, dreaming thus, I let sorrowful thing to give you up. God bless derful beauty. The star at Bethlehem had and thinking nothing, caring nothing for will, that there is one who will never for- of the whatching shepherds, than the sight

with a face as fair as hers was, would keep her eyes to me trustingly. 'I shall re- When I went in, she was sitting in mothout of sight of envious eyes. I might have member your love, Davie, as something er's great rocking chair, before the fire, known, if I had stopped to think about it sweet and sacred; and I know it will help looking, oh! so pale, and wan, that the tears came to my eyes at sight of her. She come along and spy my sweet, little June | When I began playing that afternoon, I turned her face towards me, and a smile of

" can rest now," she said, and put happy that I never thought of such a thing to the thought that filled my brain. They her hand in mine; and as I sat and held it, the waxen lids drooped over the violets wild, passionate longing for that which of my darling's eyes, and she slept.

Davie had nestled confidingly in mother's arms, and I saw that he had quite won her kind old heart. Dear mother! A better woman never lived than you; and your heart was quite large enough to take us all in-an old fashioned heart, that had room for all who chose to come in, and always

When morning came, she told her story over to mother and me. Her husband had been cruel to her from the first. He was a drunkard and a gambler, and he spent his own fortune and that which came to him from her. He had moved about from place to place, getting lower and lower in the world all the time. Her life had been lie down and for despair and shame of the life he was leading, he got into a drunken quarrel, and received a blow from which he never recovered. When he was dead, she had no one to cling to, no home to go to, and then-'Then I yearned so for your friendship, Davie ; for rest and peace,

and oh! I think this must be heaven.

But I knew from the first, that I could

spring-time. faded out of it, leaving nothing but rest that simple little thing did. I have read it I cared for, except my mother? I don't pleasure. I made her a wreath for her of the keenest pain; but to loose her in this way was not like the old loss; for now she was mine, and, after death, she would be mine still. She would go on before me ber me. And I know well enough that she

> want you to keep Davie. I give him to you the only gift I have to give to the best and truest heart I ever knew.' 'The only gift except your love.' I said

riding by. He had a handsome, southern When the ceremony was over, I went up something cruel and sinister in it that made moment, saying, simply, 'God bless and For I knew that it would not be for more. She lifted her violet blue eyes to

> fulness of the trouble that came to me in those weary, weary years. So sweet, so very sweet, Davie.' April days came, and the willows by the river put on a misty greenness that held in

ing to her husband. I heard from her When she came again, I knew well once or twice, in a roundabout way. They was cruel and dissipated; and I yearned to open my arms, and take my June Rose under their shelter. And, as the years went by, I waited for

> this side of the other world. It was a wild and bitter night when she came back. The snow was falling in blinding whiteness over meadow and hill, and the wind was fierce and high. A lonesome dreary night for any one to be out in, and I shivered as I thought of wanderers who dear !

I, and we had been silent a long time. Suddenly, above the shieking of the storm, 'What was that?' mother said, and I

We were sitting by the fire, mother and

might be facing its fury.

I opened the door, and a woman fell across the threshold, holding a child in her

'Oh, Davie, I have come back again,

face to mine. 'Pity me ! pity me !'

That voice! I should have known it anywhere, even beyond the heavenly gates. made me think of them, that I called her 'Forget you?' I cried. 'Do you think And that face! Oh, it was the face of my June Rose. She had the fairest, sweetest a man, suddenly stricken blind, would ever June Rose, changed from its old bright face I ever knew. When I think of a saint, forget the sunshine? Oh, my little June beauty, but still the loveliest face in the 'Oh, my, darling,' I cried, and caught

She is an angel now, and perhaps, she is better of me, and spoke out before I could 'Are you Uncle Davie?' piped a wee voice at my side, and the child tugged at er folded the hands upon the silent breast. I always loved her. She used to come 'Oh, Davie, I didn't know you loved my coat. 'Mamma told me I was goin' to Looking up I saw the Evening Star trembto see me when she was a wee bit of a me in that way,' she said. 'I thought you see Uncle Davic. She makes me pray for ling whitely in a sea of azure. Looking

each other a happiness that was pleasant then she laid her head down on the steps, dear old eyes to hide the tears that would blind them, 'dont you see how wet her

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of the face I loved had made for me. The

after such weary years, that I come back;

It was heaven to me, for I had my own

not keep her with me long. There was of before. It stunned me like a blow. to me, and wanted me to play the Wedsomething in her face that told me that 'I hope I shall never go away,' she said, ding March, and trim the church with her life was fading like a snowdrift in I used to sit for hours, and watch her everything as bright and beautiful for her face; not so much like a June rose now, as it was like a lilly, white and fragile, and

> and wait my coming, and the parting would not be long. 'When I am gone,' she said one day, 'I

'Oh, that you had long ago,' she ansthrough the music, which should have wered. 'You have had that all along,' Can you know how sweet those words were to me? My June Rose loves me, and knowing that, I could even bear to let her

> And as the days of winter merged into those of spring, she grew weaker, and weaker, and I saw that the end was not far off. 'I want to live to see the June roses,' she said, one day. 'I wonder how long it will be before they will blossom? I love to sit for hours to smell them; and there was something in their fragrance that made me forget every thing else. And your love, Davie, is like them. It is so sweet that it has charmed me into forget-

it a hint of summer. The meadows brightened into their own beauty, and all the world was waking up from its winter And my June Rose faded like a flower. She got nearer and nearer to the other land every day. When the May had brought

blossoms, and the summer-time was just outside the door, she was so near the gates that she could see beyond them. It was a June evening when she died. The sun had gone down in golden pomp, and the hills seemed clustered with fire. what I knew was coming; for I knew all with me, she said. 'I am in one of my the time that she would come back to me A glory, which made me think 'That light which never was on land or sea,' made the

world strangely fair, as the day died, and

we waited for the going out of the soul of

my June Rose.

never fade.

'Oh, Davie, I have been so happy here,' she said. 'So happy. God bless you, 'By and-by she wanted us to lift Davie up for her to kiss, She held him on her breast for a long time, kissing him now

and then, softly, until he fell asleep.

The sunset was flushing up the hill-tops still with gold and purple splendors. 1 fancied that the gates were swung wide open, waiting for her going through. 'Are the June roses blossomed yet ?' she asked. 'I wish I could hold one in my hand. It would make me think of your love, Davie, because it is so sweet, I should

take it into Heaven with me, and it would

'It is almost night, isn't it ?' she asked.

'I am sleepy and tired. I think I'll try to rest. Kiss me good night, Davie. I bent and kissed her, knowing that good morning would be said over there ! And then my June Rose slept, and the Oh, she was mine, now-mine evermore.

Pretty soon she closed her eyes.

I leaned out of the window, while mothinto fragrant bloom, and I had broke it from its stem, and put it in her hands. How peaceful she looked! She had gone on ahead to wait for my coming, and I bent, and whispered to her softly, and I knew she understood. 'Yes, darling, I will be with you by-and-by.' And I knew that the hopes and dreams of my life-time will all come back to me in the June of Heaven. and then -oh, my June Rose, then !- Pe-

An adventurous little boy undertook to I was dreaming. She was the child of 'It is a strange world, little June Rose,' clothes are? And she's just tired out, cross the path of a huge elephant which seized him in his trunk, held him long

terson's Ladies' Magazine for June.