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ASSIGNMENT NOTICE.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

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THE LIFE LESSON.

LEARNED BY A PROMINENT HUDSON ODD FELLOW.

From the "Life Lesson" by J. P. Rogers.

Mr. John Rogers, a faithful Odd Fellow, writes to me...

My dear brother, I have been thinking of you very much...

Since we started on this journey—and we've had the shortest road...

Thank you, we'll be glad to stay, and then I'll tell the rest.

You see we went to Kansas, and settled on some land...

Startin' out right perty, a workin' hand in the lumber...

The skinn lookin' any then, sir, and we couldn't see a cloud...

And Mary seemed so happy, while I was glad and proud...

Especially when, one morning, just at the break of day...

Our little Lohanna, as we called her, was in the bloom of her youth...

Then she took and she married, and she had a fine family...

And she was a good mother, and she was a good wife...

And she was a good daughter, and she was a good sister...

And she was a good friend, and she was a good neighbor...

And she was a good woman, and she was a good Christian...

And she was a good soul, and she was a good person...

And she was a good heart, and she was a good mind...

And she was a good life, and she was a good death...

And she was a good name, and she was a good fame...

And she was a good deed, and she was a good word...

And she was a good action, and she was a good passion...

And she was a good feeling, and she was a good thought...

And she was a good hope, and she was a good prayer...

And she was a good love, and she was a good grace...

And she was a good mercy, and she was a good kindness...

And she was a good peace, and she was a good joy...

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"MOVERS."

"Can we find a lodging, sir, with you this winter night?"

For its mother, and a snow; there's no other house...

We're a-winterin' east—slowly—but it's little we can do...

We won't be much of bother, for of us there's only two...

Just my wife and I, sir, and she ain't been very stout...

Since we started on this journey—and we've had the shortest road...

Back to old Indiana from our cabin in the West.

Thank you, we'll be glad to stay, and then I'll tell the rest.

You see we went to Kansas, and settled on some land...

Startin' out right perty, a workin' hand in the lumber...

The skinn lookin' any then, sir, and we couldn't see a cloud...

And Mary seemed so happy, while I was glad and proud...

Especially when, one morning, just at the break of day...

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1886.

BEAD CROWNED WITH REALLY GOLDEN HAIR.

No art was there; it was all nature, nature in her utmost perfection.

She was a young widow, said to be enormously rich, but had she been a beggar...

Young, old, single, married, there were none but paid homage to her charms.

Frank Lambert was badly bitten by her charms. He was two-and-twenty, home for his first long leave.

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THE NEXT MORNING I LEFT TORREMOUCH BY THE EARLIEST TRAIN.

Stopping at the station nearest Kenneth's retreat, and with some little difficulty found my way to the chapel.

All was lonely and deserted, yet I seemed to note hanging round the room faint traces of that smoke-like vapor.

I returned to Torremouch telling myself that it was but fancy, and that Kenneth, with his wife, was in Westmoreland.

At home to my surprise, I found Frank waiting to see me.

"I have been Kenneth," were his first words.

"When?" I cried.

"He came to me last night; I have seen her, too," (lowering his voice), "in her true form. I know not all that he did for me. See—the glove he gave me."

It was a noose made of a thick coil of a woman's golden hair.

From that time to this I have never again seen Kenneth Lambert, nor has any one else.

I have told neither more nor less than I saw. But what interpretation you please upon it, I can offer none.

Was she Lilith?

I can not tell. But she cost the life (no matter how it ended) of the noblest man I ever knew.

And Frank still suffers from having seen beneath her influence.

George Washington's Courtship.

Near the end of May, 1758, Washington was ordered by the Quarter-master-General of the British forces to leave Winchester and make all haste to Williamsburg, there to explain to the Governor and council in a state of desperate condition the Virginia troops were regarded clothing and equipments.

Accompanying him on his journey was a young man named George Washington, who was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses.

The two men had reached Williamsburg, on the Pamunkey river and had crossed on the boat, when they met Mr. Chamberlayne, a Virginia gentleman, living in the neighborhood.

The hospitable planter insisted that Washington should at once dine with him.

It was a pleasant surprise, and dinner would be served as usual, early, and after that Colonel Washington could go forward to Williamsburg, if he must.

Besides all that, there was a charming young widow at his house—Colonel Chamberlayne's daughter, the daughter of John Dandridge, and the wife of John Parke Custis.

Virginia hospitality was hard to resist. Washington would stay to dinner if his host would let him.

He stayed to dinner, and he stayed to supper, and he stayed to bed.

Washington was in excellent humor, as he kept one eye on the young man who had been his host, and the other on the tall, Indian-like-eyed, animated young widow.

"Of course, it is only a chance likeness," said my friend.

"Lilith!" murmured Kenneth, as he passed me.

A week or two later and there was a young man in Torremouch, as dismal as all such festivities, Kenneth had begged for a private wedding. Mrs. Vernay laughed in his face.

"You ridiculous boy!" she said; "people will think you are ashamed of me."

The only member of the family not to be invited to the wedding, he had rejoined his regiment.

It was over—breakfast, speeches and all—and I was refreshing myself by a walk near the sea.

A total stranger came up and addressed me, inquiring about that morning's wedding. He appeared to have been a spectator in the church. Among other things, he asked me the bride's name.

"She was a Mrs. Vernay," I replied.

"Ah," he said, "I thought I knew her. Ask you where you met her?"

"In Cayton. She came out as a bride—after three weeks—"

"It is an unpleasant story," he said, "Her husband was found strangled in his bed. They said one of the attendants who had thought Mrs. Vernay could have explained the matter."

I asked no further questions—a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "Lilith!" and the stranger went on his way.

But I forgot my forebodings as the days passed, bringing nothing but good news of Kenneth and his wife, as they traveled in the lake district.