ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,

The new train was bound for Denver,

Landford had said.

Two wagons belonged to men who had no women with them. There were five of these

lesperadoes, and only the smallness of their number as compared with the others induced

Landford to allow them to travel under his guidance and the protection of his train.

A few introductions took place, and then

the long train took up its line of march west-

ward.

During the noon encampment, on the fol

lowing day, Gay had finished her dinner, and a merry snatch of song was on her lips, when

one of the desperadoes known as Berk cam up to her, and paused beside her, regarding

In an instant she leaned to her feet

Child as she was, she resented the insult that had been offered her with a woman's of-

proper quarters.

Gay's light laugh rang after him mocking-

would tame that wild cat spirit of her'n, and I wish he may do it, that's all. I'll make 'em acquainted, blest if I don't!''

Well, what is it, little Gay?" he said, as

went off to the rear of the train."

But Mark would not promise.

and offered h in the treedom of the camp.

In the course of the evening Lieut. Fallon

you not?"
'G y's pure face flushed.
"Yes," she answered, with some hesitation.
The disguised Blue Jack turned yet whiter.
He had marked that hesitation, and his won-

Heber?" he remarked.
"I have been told so before," said Gay dry-

Mark's boytsh brows grew stern, and his

"The coward and villain !" he exclaimed.

'I'll horsewhip him for that. How dared

she besitated.

her with an insolent stare.

alled Blue Jack."

ALLENTOWN, PA. VOL. XXVI.

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rea and the control of the control o Frenchtown, Hunterdon Co., N. J.

AN ORDINANCE RELATING TO
INFRCTIONS DISEASES.
Sec. 1. Belt ordained and seconds. NERCTIOUS DISEASES. I. Be it ordained and enacted by the citizens of the h of Coplyy in Town Council as embled, and it is

u dolls a that the Burgess, upon the receipt of the informa.e., That all infected clothing of those who shall any of the diseases mentioned shall be buried, asked or burned, and the washing and burning hereby prohibited.

That all members of families so infected with C are prohibited from levying their premises,

ta.

c. 5. That any person violating, neglecting or refus-to comply with the provisions of this ordinance small conviction thereof incur a penalty or fine of ten dis-b. H. KLINE, Secretary.

train, the guide of which had been stabbed the night before by a notorious man, who had escaped arrest. The train was offered to Landlord, to be united with his own.

The assault that had been made upon the conductor of the previously arrived train was made a matter of discussion, and regret that his assailant had geared was universel. MARK HEBER'S LUCK. AN INDIAN STORY.

Mark Heber returned home from his father's funeral with the problem of his own future pressing upon his thoughts, and demanding a His home had been, from his earliest remembrance, upon a stony, worn-out farm of fifty acres, situated upon the Seneca Lake, in Western New York. His father had become so heavily involved in debi, that two weeks before his death the farm had been sold by

before his death the farm had been sold by foreclosure of mortgage.
And now what was Mark to do?
He was a lad of nineteen, slight and boyish in frame, but with the strength of a man in his sinewy arms. He had the usual advantages of education afforded to farmer's sons.
He returned home from his father's grave to the result annual content of the returned home from his father's grave. to the small, unpyinted story and a half house and after him came his father's only brother, a well-to-do farmer, who resided in the neigh-This uncle, Mr. William Heber, was a man

of sixty years, pompous and self important.

His soul was of the smallest pattern, and he deeper been known to do a generous deed, while he had done ir any mean ones.

"Well, Mark," said his uncle, "I've sent my folks on home, so that I can have a good talk with you. Morgan tells me he wants he farm. He has held off two weeks while

George was dying, but he wants to move in next week. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know uncle. I am trying to think.
What can I do?" her with an insolent stare.

"Hallo, younker," he said gruffly, "I noticed you yesterday, and you are the pretitest young one I ever did see. Got no father nor mother, eh? Going west with your brother, et.? Give us a kiss, there's a doll!" What can I do?"
"I have thought the matter over," said Mr.
Heber, "and have thought upon a plau. I am
willing to take you, Mark, and treat you as
my own son. You shall have a home at my
house, and a seat at my table. What do you

"You forget, uncle, that I have some one to provide for besides myself," said Mark. "Suppose I were to accept this offer of yours, what will you do for Gay?"

"The girl is no relation of yours, Mark." were to accept this olier of yours, what will you do for Gay?"

"The girl is no relation of yours, Mark."

The boy sighed.

"Poor little Gay," he said; "hers is a hard of the your your your yours, and the your your yours, and the your representation of yours, and the your representation of yours, and the your representation of yours, and the your yours, and the yours,

'Poor little Gay," he said; "hers is a hard lot. Do you remember how the child came by her name? It is thirteen years this spring since a lady stopped at our door and asked leave to remain over night. She staid on day after day, growing weaker. It did not take long to discover that she was insane. She called the child Gay, and sometimes Gabrielle, which is Gay's tru: name. But she did not tell her surname, nor anything concerning herself. Late that summer she died. No one ever came to inquire after her or the child." ever came to inquire after her or the child."

"Her mother was a crazy tranp, and nothing more. No wonder George was behind hand, when his wife adopted the child of a tranp and brought her up a lady," said his

Mark colored. Mark colored.
"I cannot hear a word against my mother, sir," he said. "I shall protect Gay while I live, and she shall not be separated from me." "Then I wash my hands of you," exclaimed Mr. Heber angrily. "You can go your own way, and get your own living." "Very well, sir," said Mark quietly; "that is settled then."

In one week Mark had sold a pair of colts which he had raised himself, for five hundred dollars, the household furniture for nearly as tell you."
Mark climed up beside Gay, his boyish face full of tenderness and affection as he looked dollars, the household furniture for nearly as

dollars, the household utmiture or hearly as much more, and was on his way, with little Gay, to the far West, to seek their fortune. The young travellers arrived at Leaven-worth after a long and fatiguing journey. Here Mark, while looking for a wagon and with little down upon his adopted sister. a ycke of oxen with which to cross the prairies, fell in with an old farmer named Whitrics, left in With an old lariner maned. With man, who had been living in Western Kansas, but did not like it, and was now on his way to Nebraska. Mark concluded to join him, and Mr. Whitman assisted him in purchasing suitable outfit, and that same night Mark a suitable outit, and that same light Mark and Gay were snugly ensconced in their huge travelling wagon, outside of the city, on the edge of the prairie, where Mr. Whitman, with his wife and seven children, had encamped. Six other families were with them—the seven wagons being "parked" in the form of a circle—that is, the pole of one wagon resting upon the rear of another—and the oxen, mules,
horses, cows, dogs and pigs being gathered
into the circle thus protected.

Outside the circle of wagons a great fire was

nto the circle thus protected.

Outside the circle of wagons a great fire was bounding, and as Mark's wagon drove up, the conductor of the train, Mr. Landford, came orward and welcomed the new comers. It seemed to Gay and to Mark that they had entered a new and wondrous world.

New 'Don't get into trouble on my account, dear Mark i' exclaimed Gay, in alarm. 'He's a bad man, and he might kill you. He didn't kiss me, and I have taught him to keep his distance, so that he won't trouble me again. Don't speak to him, Mark, please don't!' burning, and as Mark's wagons a great fire was burning, and as Mark's wagon drove up, the conductor of the train, Mr. Landford, came toward and welcomed the new comers. entered a new and wondrous world.

Both lay long awake that night in their

The next morning at daybreak the camp was astir. By sunrise the wagon train was on its way toward the north west.

At night they halted beside a small stream and parked the wagons, and had supper, and talked and sang songe, and told stories, like one great joyouts family.

At daybreak, again they were on the way. In the course of ten days, having "rawelled apidly for ox teams, they reached the same to find the distorted based on the way.

The next morning at daybreak the camp to take a solitary borseman, who upon looking back and observing the train, wheeled his borse about, and rode rapidly toward it. As the approached it, he said:

"Are you the conductor of this train, sir? In the heart of dispatches from Fort Kearney to Fort Sedgwick. Will you grant me the protection of your train during the remainder of my journey?"

"What is your name?"

"Fallon I was the dispatches as the said:

"Are you the conductor of this train, sir? In the course of ten days, lawying travelled to favour the conductor of this train, sir? In the course of ten days, having "rawelled to find the dispatches as the protection of your train during the remainder of my journey?"

"What is your name?" of my journey?"

"What is your name?"

"Fallon, Lieutenant Fallon," was the reply, and he offered to show his credentials.

Landford bade Lieutenant Fallon welcome, In the course of ten days, having 'travelled rapidly for ox teams, they reached the Little Bine river, a branch of the Big Blue. The women built fires and began the preparation of supper. The men proceeded to park the

women outh fires and began the preparation of supper. The men proceeded to park the wagons.

"The list train I took over this route was thacked by Indians Just here," said Conductor Landford. "They were unusually bold, and we had a tough fight—Good Heavens! What is that?"

Burk!" he bissed.

"Burk!" he bissed.

Burk!" he bissed.

we had a tough fight—Good Heavens! What is that?"

Ite beheld, by the last rays of the sunset, a mounted band of Indians, their weapons glittering in the yellow light, their plumes nod ding in the wind, asthey came on like a whirlwind.

"Indians!" yelled the conductor, in a voice that made every woman's face turn white.

"Pawraces or Sioux, I can't tell, which. They seem to be on the war path. I can see their weapons. They outnumber us, count ing in our women. Call in the children. We shall have to defend ourse-ives."

Ite blew a shrill blast on his bugle that rang out far and wide. They were sweeping down upon the train, with whoops and yells, murder and rapine in their very aspect.

Conductor Landford was skilled in Indian wa-fare, and was a soou of considerable note. varfare, and was a scout of considerable note

In the course of the evening Lieut. Fallon approached Gay, and said:
"Miss Heber, I must say to you that you are startling like a former friend of mine. It seems almost as if she stood before me as I first knew her. It is a strange, a startling coincidence. I could almost think—but no. Impossible! You are the sister of Mr. Heber, are "There are twenty savages,"he announced.
"Rememter, boys, you are fighting for your mothers and sisters. Show us what stuff you are made of."
Then he shouted:
"Now, men, the gun! Have out the gun!
They are in war paint, and mean mischief.
When I give the word, fire!"
The Indians came nearer and nearer, ad-

The Indians came nears, vancing in a straight line.

"Now, boys, give them a hint that we are not fooling." said the guide grimly.

Mark Heber and his young comrades, fired Mark Heber and his young comrades. Fired Mark Heber and his young comrades. The next moment a shower of bullets came hurtling toward the defenders of the camp.
"The gun!" cried Landford, "Give it to 'em, Whitman."

picture of your slater. And, oddly enough, Gabriella ?"

his assallant had escaped was universal.
"I know the fellow who dirked the conductor," said Landford. "He is a perfectement. I know that he has killed severy. false lieutenant, "had black hair and brown islies lieutenant, "had black hair and brown oyes; rather a singular combination; but her mother, poor creature, had had the same features, and had been a great beauty in her day. She was a New York belle, la belle Gabriella! But she went insane, and wandered away with her child and was never heard of more. men. I saw him at Denver last year. He had just stabbed a miner from behind, and rolbed him of all his money and gold. He is "If you had seen the New York dailies of catted Blue Jack."
"Blue Jack!" cried one or two boys.
"What a name!"
"They call him so because one side of his face is bire, as if bruised." said Landford.
"Looks as if the blood had settled under the hirteen years ago," resumed the false lleu-enant, "you could not have falled to notice a rikking advertisement offering a thousand ollars reward for information of the whereabouts of an insane woman and her child The reward was afterward increased to five

chousand dollars. Did you never hear of the "Never," said Mark. "How should I have seen it?"

"Ah, yes; true. You were but a boy at the time. Yet if you lived near New York, you might have heard of the disappearance."

"I did not live near New York."

"Why, the conductor told me you came from York State," said the false lieutenant.

"So I did," responded Mark.

"May I ask from what part?" inquired the willsin.

'Certainly," said Mark. "I come from e western part of the State. May I ask the ame of the lady whose disappearance called orth the advertisement of which you speak? " Her given name was Gabriel retended officer evasively. "If I could get trace of that lusane woman and her child, I rould give a thousand dollars out of my own ocket. Think what a start of hie that sum

rould give a young man like you!"

Mark shrank back, as from the touch of an that had been offered ner was fended pride and anger.

"How dare you?" she cried, "Go away.
If you touch me, I'll call my brother."

"Ah, now, young one, you're foolin," he said insolently. "You act older than I took nbodied pestilence. embodied pestilence.

"I can give you no assistance in your search,
Licutenant Fallon," he srid coldly.

"Permit me to ask if Miss Heter is your
own sister, born of the same parents as yourself?" demanded the pretended officer ab-

"The little vixen!" he muttered. She acts like a highwayman instead of a shrinking girl. She beats all!"
"I was only fooling," he said aloud. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't say nothing, young one. I'm off."
And he hastened to beat a retreat to his own Heber is my sister, and while I live she shall not lack for a protector."

"Ah, yes," said the pretended officer, using his favorite phrase of assent. "Brothers are ot usually so devoted to sisters as you seem be. Mr. Heber."

That evening Gay, whose curiosity had been stimulated by what had taken place, to find " Curse her !" muttered Burk. " Blue Jack out something more about her pare stage, was examining some jewels which had been left w her mother, and some trinkets which she The train was ready to resume its march.

"Come up into the wagon, Mark," said the girl coaxingly.

"I have something to tell you."

"I have something to delected the false Lieut. Fallon peering at her through a hole which he had cut in the canvass. All this she reported to Mark. On the following day Mark had a violent altercation with the pretented Lieutenant. No one had eyes or ears for anything but

she hesitated.

"Have you noticed that man Burk, who joined us with the other train at Kearney City?" asked Gay.

"I've seen him and noticed him," said Mark. "Mr. Landford has a poor opinion of him. He's a confederate of Blue Jack, the outlaw. What have you to say about him, Gay?" A loud bugle call from the head of the troops was the first token the emigrants received o ne new arrival.

In a moment the combatants were loosed

Gay ?"

"He wanted to kiss me back at the halt."
said Gay composedly, "and, as you were
busy, I just pulled out my pistol and scared
him. He thought I meant to shoot him, and and all eyes turned to the new-comers.

The disguised Lieut. Fallon looked and turned faint. He knew what this visit meant, turned faint. He knew what this visit meant, if no one else did.

"Conductor," shouted the leader of the troop, "we are here in search of Blue Jack, the noted desperado, accused of the attempted murder of Lieutenant Fallon of the United States army whom he brutally attacked and flung into the Deep Canyon as dead The lieutenant is now at Fort Kearney, in a critical condition, and we demand his would-be murderer."

The emigrants had listened with breathless amazement to the announcement of the officer in charge of the small detachment of troops. They were actually spellbound. Not so the person most interested in the announcement—Blue Jack himself.

With face and mien all tenderly the same, Unto the very sepulcher He came.

Ab, the dear message that He gave her then,—Said for the sake of all bruised hearts of men!—"Go, tell those friends who have believed on me so the person most interested in the announc ment-Blue Jack himself. The desperado had comprehended the er

rand of the troops in the first moment of their appearance. After his first sensation of faintness and terror, he had recovered his coclness and courage, and, was himself again. At the very commencement of the officer's announcement, Blue Jack exchanged glances with the terrified and cowering Burk. The latter pointed one trembling finger over his shoulder to a spot at a little distance, where

Blie Juck's horse stood grazing, saddled for use.

In an instant the chief desperado darted under the wagons toward the waiting horse. He reached him and leaped upon his back.

And in the next moment that desperado rose gracefully in his stirrups at the distance of a tew rods, and with the flerce defiant yell of a wild Indian, dashed his spurs into his horse's sides and was away like the wind.

The troops gave an answering vell of sur-

sides and was away like the wind.
The troops gave an answering yell of surprise and anger, and the officer in command led the swift pursuit
Blue Jack had the advantage of a good start, and was splendidly mounted, his horse being a seasoned animal, born and bred on the plains, and endowed with great life and snirit

hurtling toward the defenders of the camp.

"The gun!" cried Landford. "Give it to 'em, Whitman did 'give it to them," mowing down three mounted savages, horses and ridgers rolling over and over in horrible death agony.

The remaining savages again came to a halt but only for an instant. With a terrific warwhoop, they came on again to the onslaught, firing as they came, and looking like incarnate demons.

"All together!" cried the gulde.
The other men and all the boys fired, each with especial aim. Six mounted savages fell before the deadly rain.

A panic immediately selzed upon the survivors. In the midst of it, Whitman grimy touched off his field-pice a new.

This ended the conflict. The savages with horrible yells beat an instantaneous retreat, leaving their dead upon the field. and drar.

ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1872. ing entered through the other. The inner room was to be Gay's. The outer room was to be parlor, dining room, kitchen, library, and Mark's bed-room.

and Mark's bed-room.
"The house is your province, Gay," said the youth, upon the morning after the house was finished. "I shall leave you to furnish it and transform it into a home while I work was in sheet. "I shall leave you to furnish it and transform it into a home while I work upon the stockade. If you need my help when the stockade and block-house are finished, I will turn myself into a house-carpenter,", "I shan't need you, sir," said Gay sautely. You attend to the farm, and leave the house

to me."
The shelter provided, the eight houses were left entirely to the management of the women, the men working upon the stockade, which was constructed upon strict military princiand was a model of worth and exclience ples, and was a model of worth and exchence.

It required two weeks and the labor of sixteen men to complete this work.

Whitman and his family had been living in their house for a week. All the families had moved into their homes save the Hebers, but

Mark to cross the threshold of his house since he had linished it.

Now, when Mark unyoked his oxen, turning them loose in his own yard, and drew his wagon under a great cotton wood in his back garden, Gay called to him with a bright smile saying that he might enter the house with

her
He came pleased and smiling, but paused upon the threshold in mute amazement.
Was this the room with four rough log walls which he had given into her hands? Was this sunny little home a log-house on

the plains?

It seemed incredible.

For little clever-witted Gay, with her delicate, skillful fingers, had fusitioned a lovely cate, skillful ingers, and tashloned a lovely home out of her barren materials, such an one as would delight the eye to rest upon, and her sole helps had been two kindly boys of fifteen years, who had worked under her directions.

"It is the prettiest room I ever saw," cried Mark with enthusiasm.

"There isn't a house Mark with enthusiasm. "There isn't a house in town like it. Won't the people open their eyes? It's just lovely!" cried Mark delightedly. "You are a regular home fairy, Gay. You were meant for the frontier, and you are the fairest flower on all the plains! My precious little elster!" cious little sister !"

He drew her to him and kissed her tenderly. But Gay, most unaccountably, broke from him blushing like a rose.
"I'll call Whitman in to see the house," exclaimed Mark, not noticing Gay's confusion. We shall set up for the aristocrats of the

He dashed out in boyish exuberance and called in the entire population of the village.
They all came in, and there was a geneal request that Gay should christen the settle-Gay's eyes brightened even while she shrank from the honorthus put upon her. "I can't" she said. "Mr. Whitman is the oldest of us all, and is our Mayor. Let him

name the village."
"Then I'll call it Heber, in honor of our little Gay." cried Mr. Whitman. "What do you say, my friends?"
"Heber it is!" cried a dozen voices in ex-At that moment a boy who had been playng upon the platform inside the stockade aine in gasping the words:
"Indiana!" The above we publish as a spec-

incen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found in the New York Ledger. Ask for number dated March 30, which can be had at any n-ws office or book-store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonthis exciting scene, and it thus happened that a small body of horsemen in the uniform of the United States had come up, and had dashed into the very camp before their approach

EASTER. BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Do saints keep holy day in heavenly places? Does the old joy shine new in angels? faces? Are hymns still sung the night when Chris horn, And authems on the Resurrection Morn? Because our little year of earth is run, Do they make record there beyond the sun? And in their homes of light so far away Mark with us the sweet coming of this day? What is their Easter? For they have no grave No shadow there the holy surrise craves,— No shadow there the holy sunrise craves,— Deep in the heart of noontide marvelous Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

"Into the life so poor and hard and plain, That for a while they must take up again, My presence passes! Where their feet toil slow Mine, shining swift with love, still foremost go! "Say, Mary, I will meet them. By the way, To walk a little with them; where they stay, To bring my peace. Watch! Foryedo not kno The day, the hour, when I may find you so!"— And I do think, as He came back to her, The many mansions may be all astir With tender steps that hasten in the wa Seeking their own upon this Easter Day

Parting the well that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From bomes of heaven that only seem so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are
—Scribner's for april.

Reat Grant but not the Party.

prise and anger, and the officer in command led the swift pursuit

Bius Jack had the advantage of a good start, and was splendidly mounted, his horse being a seasoned animal, born and bred on the plains, and endowed with great life and spirit.

Bius Jack laughed aloud as the strong animal bore him onward as if he had been a feather's weight. He rose again in his stirry, and a shouted back defaulty:

"Come on. Take Blue Jack if you can!" the pursuit of the fightly but the only reply was a mocking laugh. The officer then fired a shottat the finglitive, but the bullet missed its mark, and Blue Jack, bending low to bits horse's neck, and digging his spurs into the animal's sides, sweep on and away with the rush of a tornado. And after him swept the pursuers.

The engrants watched the pursuit with breathed and passed be ond their line of vision.

During the confusion Burk escaped also.

At nightfull they halted upon the south bank of the Patte, and were at supper around their fires when the troops were seen to approach, weary and dispirited—without their prisoner.

"The fellow has escaped us," said the officer.

"You held on to the chase well, Lieuten ant," said the conductor.

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"You held on to the chase well, Lieuten an From the Worcester Spy.

Now, to "beat Gen.Grant" is not the very

None to Defend the President.

Why have the Democratic organs been satisfied with reprinting the scandal with which the Senate Chamber has been flooded, without calling up their own reserves? It is simply because Republican Senators, notoriously hostile to the Administration, seized the moment The context mean and all the large are greated before the deadly raise.

A main immediately safet upon the sample and the samp

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

BY GEORGIA.

"Oh! why does misery so often come hidden in a nutsbell? Why did mine come to me in such a way? I did not dream it would ever burst its narrow bounds. Perhans I might have borne it better had I known how rapidly it would grow. But now it is entwining about me till my very soul is being smothered "Moan, moan, ye dying gales! The saddest of your tales Is not so sad as life."

Beauty and supshine in the morning but wild winds calling together clouds the live-long day. What wonder that the cold rain beats against the window at night? So my life goes, and at its close, after the waters of tribulation have drenched my heart, what then? Will there be a rest for me, or only itterness forever ?" The pale lips of the woman twitched ner vously, and her slight figure seemed to shrink into atill smaller proportions as she drew back into the gathering darkness of the room. It was only for a moment. Again she leaned

her face against the cool panes and her tear-less eyes gazed listlessly down into the street below, while her voice resumed its chanting

trail, weak woman had suddenly become strong and resolute. A moment more and she stoo on the slippery pavement across the street.
The child stil, lay prostrate and motionless.
There was no chance for inquiry there in the storm, and she bravely bore her dripping burden back to the house and up the long, dark

stairs. How long and dark they seemed to the struggling, panting woman, with such a dead weight in her arms ! "That you, Florence?" said a voice at her

her proceed.
"Tell first where you've been. What you "Tell first where you've been. What you got in your arms? Needn't be mad. Will late. Oh, my little girl, my neart was got in your arms? Needn't be mad. Will call you Florence. What's your hurry?"

"Mr. Rawley, will you stand aside?" Mrs. Harden, as she called herself, spoke calmly, but she was trembling with indignation. Just at that moment the door opened at the further end of the narrow hall, and an old woman's head was thrust out.

"There were secret, sober thoughts hidden down deep beneath the quiet brown eyes of the child in her arms, though Happy answered not a word. For several days after she had been made a confidence she seemed to end of the narrow hall, and an old woman's head was thrust out.
"Dick Rawley," she called, "come back to your supper! What are ye doin' out there? Be ye botherin' Mis' Harden agin, and keepin'

her waitin'? Leave 'lone her if 'tis her. "Coming in a minute, Aunt Poll. Go back and shut the door," said the man angrily. "I won't go in till ye do come, Dick. Miss Harden won't never have nothin' to say to such as you, with yer miserable fiddlin' and dancin' at an old circus. I won't board ye no longer, if ye be my nephew, if ye don't mind yer own business, and let alone disgustin' that wen'

hat won."
With smothered oaths and mutterings about arousing the neighborhood, Rawley took his leave, and Mrs. Harden falteringly climbed up step after step, till she reached her own little attic. She locked the door with her quivering fingers, and hastened to light a amp. "Living or dead?" was the query of her mind, as she turned to the couch where she had laid down herstrange burden. "Mercy!" A hysterical laugh, that sounded like a sot, followed the exchanation, for she was unprepared for the picture before her. A little girl, six or seven years of age, stood on the floor,

hurt my head some on the bricks, and the storm poured down so hard I couldn't get up, so I said 'I want to be an angel,' and then I thought God sent you to carry me up there, and pretty quick I heard a man speak, and I was afraid he would take me away from you, so I kept still." She paused a moment to breathe, and again gave loose relas to ber voluble little tangue.

"It's nice and warm, and dry here—so nice! Are you my new mamma? Grandmi Weeks said God would find one for me sometime." She tossed back her brown curls, so heavy with rain, and smiled winningly, stepping forward toward Mrs. Harden.

"I would like to see your mastor," said Happy, with a coaxing smile that made the old servant put her hand on the bib of her sloppy apron as if there were a sudden disturbance beneath.

"Sure, an' it's a darlint like the little lady that can be after seein' him."

"Is he in bis own room?"

"Faix, an' he is that same. Wud ye be—ping forward toward Mrs. Harden.

breathe, and again gave loose reins to her voluble little trigue.

"It's nice and warm, and dry here—so nice! Are you my new mamma? Grandma Weeks said God would find one for me sometime." She tossed back her brown curls, so heavy with rain, and smiled winningly, stepping forward toward Mrs. Harden.

What a strange expression filtted over the young woman's face! Had her prayer been

what a strange expression flitted over the young woman's face! Had her prayer been answered so soon? Was the poor waifsent to comfort her lonely heart? The hard look in her eyes softened, and a sudden determination sent the blood to her pale cheeks.

"Yes, my dear, I will be your mamma," and she placed a motherly kiss on the upturned brow. New coal was added, hat the manner of the coal was added, had the little stranger. An hour or more afterward the child, enveloped in a soft wrapper, sat; folded in the warm arms of her new mother. There was a smile of supreme content on her baby lips.

"My name is Happy."

"My name is Happy."

"My name is Happy."

"Whose Happy pasked Mrs. Harden, with a shade of jealousy creeping into her heart.

"Your Happy now. All my name is Happy py Mary Alice Dayton. Paps was Captain Dayton. I can 'member him and mamma too. But they went away in a ship years and years ago. A unt Mary said they said

"Oh! she is poor old Grandma Weeks. She a lin't my grandma, but she is somebody's, I guess. She is awful poor, too. She don't have much to eat. I gave her all the things a Aunt Mary had, but 'twa'n't no such nice things as you have. God gives you beautiful things, don't he? See what a pretty bed, and mat, and curtains, and stove, and—everything! Who is that beautiful man in a frame up there?"

"That—that—is Mr. Harden."
"Oh? your father?"
she in y papa, my new one?" Happy

ed Mrs. Harden.
"Is he my papa, my new one?" Happy looked animated; she thought she had made a discovery. "Will he come home soon?"
"No," answered her friend uneasily. "He don't live here. Tell me what made you go out in the storm to-night, my little one."
"Grandma Weeks let me stay with her, but her a we'd yieled a so came hunt to night and

interest in life, too. She labored for the support of herself and the orphan she had learned One evening she briefly rehearsed to her little companion the story of her sufferings. But, ere it was finished, she forgot that she

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NEW DESIGNS

LATEST STYLM

But, ere it was finished, she forgot that she had a listener, and poured forth her thoughts audibly, instead of hiding them in her heart as she had long done.

"When I was a girl like you, my Happy, I was left an orphan too, and I lived with my aunt. But she was not poor; she was rich and appearances were of the utmost importance in this world. She had girls of her own younger than I, and she tried to pursuade me to marry, even when I was very young. They called me very beautiful in those days, and I called me very beautiful in those know that I was haughty and willful as well as fair. I married a man that seemed to meet I as fair. I married a man that seemed to meet all my requirements. He was young, and handsome, and wealthy. To be sure, many called him wild, but that was nothing to his discredit in my estimation. They called him fond of social glass, but that seemed 1.nocent in my eyes. He was not a Christian, but that was no objection to me. Married life proved to be different from what I antidpated. There was harmony for a few weeks, but we were both undisciplined, selfsh, unwilling to yield when our wishes were opposless eyes gaz-d listlessly down into the street below, while her voice resumed its chanting complaint.

"Only three years ago the world seemed so full of joy and hope, but there's no more happiness for me. Can this bethe anniversary of my wedding day? Yet I must walk through all dark, and dreary." Would that the All Father would guide me to a haven of rest on earth or in heaven! Ha! What was that? The gaslight looks so dim through all this driving rain! But it was a child, and she lies still in the place where she fell. Poor wee bit of humanity? are you hurt, or stunned, or —dead?"

An impulse of mercy stirred the sad watcher to action, as she quickly sprang from her chair glided down the dusty, creaking stairs of the tenement house and out into the street. Strong gusts of wind and freezing rain dushed against her face, and took a way her breath, but the frail, weak woman had suddenly becomestrons and rest though the keyward. Alas! my hushaud has forgotten me, for he does not seek me, though he knows I am in the city. Oh, what is marriage in these days of unceasing change but a mockery
— a farce? There are vows, but they are - a larce? There are vows, but they are not binding; there is an appearance of love, purity, and truthfulness, but it is a temporary display. Idid not mean to perjure myself. I had a reverence for God's ordinances, but I did not think of what might dinances, but I did not think of what might the in store for me. I had no high and noble thoughts of life's duties and responsibilities.

'No, sir, she answered, in a startled and deflant tone, I'm never Florence to you. I am Mrs. Harden. Let me pass, Mr. Rawley.' But the man impudently refused to let her proceed. had been made a confidence she seemed to have some concealed burden resting on her

nind, which Mrs. Harden in vain tried to comprehend.
"Come here, my bird," she called one day. 'The sun is bright and warm, and you are growing too solemn, shut up in this dull place. Now go and play in the streets till dusk. I

Now go and play in the streets in dust. I can trust you. Good bye."

Down the same worn stairs where she had been carried two mouths before, she lightly stepped, and out into the gay busy street, so different from that dismal stormy night when she had been turned out shelterless. rembered it all and pon ered upon it in her childish way as she tripped along up the street, down another, across, and still on, for she was at home on all the streets of that vicinity. was at home on all the streets of that vicinity.
An elegant brown house in an aristocratic neighborhood at length attracted her attention. She looked at it curiously. She walked to the opposite side of the street and scanned it. She peered through the iron bars of the gate into the garden that seemed a paradise to her, with its musical fountains and rare flowers.

"Wonder if it is looked?" she whispered

to herself, as she tried to open the gate.

To her joy she found no difficulty in entering—The great bronze llons startled her a
little, but she walked on up the broad path to six or seven years of ago, stood on the floor, with garments ragged, drenched, and muddy, clinging closely to her form. Her large eyes stared wonderingly up into the face of her rescuer, and her tiny red hands were clasped together tightly. Mrs. Harden found her voice. "Child, you kept so still I thought you were killed."

"I thought I was, but I guess I ain't. I hurt my head some on the bricks, and the storm poured down so hard I couldn't get up, lastenent kitchen an old gray-headed Irish

"Taix, an ne is that same. Wild ye be—
"I know the way," interrupted Happy. "I
can go alone. You stay here."
The child boldly marcher up the stairs and
the astonished old woman sat down on a
bench to contemplate, with folded arms, the
"queer darlint."
Happy did not have any difficulty in finding the room she sought—a large front one

me. We live in a little room together, but she says she wants to live here again, only you don't love her no more. You do, don't you? She didn't know I was coming here, but she told me one night where you lived. We walked by here and she cried. She loves but she told me one night where you lived.
We walked by here and she cried. She loves
you for better or for worse, and she told
Dick Rawley so. I heard her."
Mr. Harden began to have a perception of
the truth. His eyes flashed at the mention of
Rawley's name, and he pulled the child down
into his lap with an almost savage/force.
"Are you spirit or flesh? Do you speak the
truth? Rawley told me long ago that she had
left the State to procure a divorce, and was
going to marry him. Is it true, child, woman,
angel, whatever you are?

going to marry nim. Is ittrue, child, woman, angel, whatever you are?

"She hates him! We never speak to him now. He has gone away from Mother Rawley's. She wouldn't keep him 'cause he plagued mamma and told stories about you.

ly.

"Come with me," she answered quickly.

Mr. Harden seized his hat, and together
they went out in silence. He loved the woman he had married more than he knew himself, and during that short walk he registered
yows of future faithfulness and temperance in
his heart of hearts.