

Annals of the Philadelphia

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXIII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1879.

NO. 45.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

ON THE BAY.
How oft at twilight hours
Two went floating upon the wave!
The west wind soft and sweetly low,
The east all luminous, yet so softly grave.

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indolence,

Headaches, Pain in the Shoulders, Conch,

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touch his arm, he was gone, and I stood quivering with fear. "What makes you so white?" she asked, stopping short in her walk. "Why, he has gone!" "Who has gone?" "The gentleman who walked beside you." "Indeed, who so honored me?" she said, incredulously. "I was busy with my thoughts." "A strange gentleman walked with you near you—and as I started towards him he disappeared." Madame laughed a loud, musical laugh, but I saw that the white hand that clasped her scarlet mantle over her heart was shaking. Her lips grew white and dry. "I hope he is handsome." "Very; and a mouth like a girl's." Her forehead grew puckered into scowls. "And what else?" "He wore a ring with a blood-red heart."

The Lost Ring.

Had I been my own mistress I should never have served Marie Rosis. But poverty, the need of food and raiment, the hungry mouths that must be filled, were too strong for me, and I engaged myself to her. True, she asked no reference; but why need she?

"You are poor, Louise," she said, with a slight French accent. "Money is of no account to me—I only ask you to be faithful. I said that I should travel; so you must supply your brother and your sister's wants before we go. I shall be liberal with you. Take this." As she spoke she reached out six or eight half-eagles. I drew back my hand.

"It is too much," I said.

"Allow me to be the judge of that. I know what will be required of you. What would be required of me? I looked up to see, if possible, what meaning lay hidden beneath her words.

"I shall travel as fancy pleases," she continued. "One spot is as pleasant to me as another. I go in search of something which I have lost. It may be here, it may be there. I have nothing to guide me in my search. It is all blind chance."

"At first I was not happy in my migration. I used to long for home—or what had been home—and for the carriages of those I loved. But this did not last long. Marie Rosis soon grew to be the world to me, and I her bond-slave.

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