## The Temorrat.

Clouds Wifli Silver Linings.
There's never a diay so suiny
But $n$ fitile cloud appeirs ; There's never athinesp harsp ;
But tuis had ist tine of But hut sun shites int the birititer
When the stormy teanpest clears.
Thered nover n garden growlog
With rises in twery plot ; Theres sineveria lieary po turdened
 There's never a day so plensant
Buthus bitter with the sveet;
Theru's never a puli so ruyty Theren's never a p thl so rugyed
Buit bears he print of tect, And we have a helper promised
For null the trials we ueet, Therv's uever a sun that rises
But we now twill set atitight,
The ints lave glemm in the morning
 Tuere's never a dream that's happy
Butit he waking makes us saut: There's never a dream of sorron
But the waking nakes us glad We shatl Inkik some day witl wond
At the troubles we have had.
Ther's's never a was so narrow
But the neraice is myde straight
Theres always a guide to poin
To the "litile wicket gate ""

There's never a heart so haughty
That some day wrll bow zan kneel
There's never a heart so wounded There's nevera R heart so wounded
Thest the Siviviour canot heal ; There's many a lovely forchead
That's hearing hie hidlen seal TRAPPED BY AN HEIRESS. COSIER place than the big sittung
room at Hillcrest, would have bever hard to find, if one had travelled from Lund's. End to John OGroat's ; and on
bis eventrul evening, when the destinie. this eventrul evening, when the destinie
of two people were about taking definit form-two people who had never siet each other, and who were cousing, and who had heard of each other so much
and so ulten that both were curionsily and so olten that both were curiously ning the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pensanter or cosier
A linge fire of logs glowed lik A huge fire of logsiglowed like molten
cartuncles in the open firenluce; on the carbluicles in the open firpplace; on the cover matched the glowing crimson of the carpit, wis a stand that held a duzen
suowy wax tapurs, whose beuning iigh sunowy wdx tapres, whose beuming iight
contrasted exguisitely with the ruddy gloiv of the fire. And chair, the table, in a big, cush the genial warmth of the lieurth hi has portly fir'town histing comfurtably on on his nose. gat hise gwner and maistre ot Hillcrest. Mr. Abiah Cressingon, rieh,
good-satared, and fond of his own was Upposite him was the mistiess of thi plane--litite, slirewd fuceri, sharp-nosed merry Aunt Cornulia. his sister, whi since her widowhond, had cume to Hill
crest io make her haclelor brothers as nleasant tin she culula.
That she had succered d wals very pvi dent by the way nuw in which he lioked
up from a letter he had been reaing up fron a lettor he had been reading-
the coiffilential, kiudly way in which h did "Walter writes a curinus letrer in responsen to my invifation to come and
spend a few werks at Hillicrest aq sonn as he gets irur his fatigue from his ocean
voyage home from his five year's tour veyage home from lis five year's tout
abragd. In read it to you."
He lenned noar then lighte and hegan the short, concise $r$ p chamhers in the Temple
A You, are very kind, indeen, nncl
as ank me down to Hilcrest, for you I hape leeen so long a wanderer that the idea of home is very pleapant to $m$ But when I take into consideration the peciliar importance yon propose aftacl
ing to my vie t, I am an willing to acce the invitaticn. To me, the idea of having my fancies and inclinations pat int harrege and to feel that I am on con
tinual duty to win my was into the tinual daty to win my was into the eon
graces of my seond cowanin Mahel. whom marry-- Mrelia interropted sharplyout ranad nephew that wo had in view Wh hy not? I certainly did. I told him in my letter that it was a chance ff needn't feel urider such ferrible onhlia bel, fnt to conme down and be cournn and if anything should happen, it'd b Mr. Cornelia knitted vigoronely, her lavendes cap ribbns quivering in the mellow fabir glow.
Ahuh! Walter is right is an're-a fon! doesn"t like to have his fancies and par tialitios under rein and whip, and the very fuct that we want him to marre Ma Kel will make bim indisnnserl to din it.
 Gieter. determingd face. Why 1 really didn t sumneg netural etnidity, yin dear nd fellhts. Menpreal alike Do't l knnw thom
iize a book? And yon'se runtal your

## hicpes for Mabel and Walter at the ver vuiset:.

Muset." Cressington stared discomfitedly. "I am sure I meant it rightenough Cnow what a little darling our Mabel is."
"Very conmend
kite "Very conininendible, indeed; only if
you had consalted me' abont the letter yut sent; I should have adrised you to your sent, I should have autised you to
say nothing about Mabel, or her charms, ur ner explectatious. I, should have ask-
od him simply to come and see us, and ed him simply to come and see us, und
have left the rest to Mabel's blue eycs You see, Abial!?"
His dips compressed slowly.
"I thiuk I see. And my hopes in that direction are all runed."
Tthe silyerneedles clicked rapidly, and the snow-white yarn came reeling merrily off "lie ball urder her arm.
"Not at all. Leave it to see what can be done. Trust it and T , miau's wit to get even a blupdering olu fllow like yourself out of a scrape." She emiled und nodded, and looked al
Cogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cress ogether so mischievous, that. Mr. Cress
ii,gton becaine quite excited over her Thitle mystery. Com Do expluin, Cornelia!" And when stie "explained," he leaned
כack in his chuir, with an expression o positive awe auid udmiration on his face
After duek of a glorious winter day the pale gras sky; and the lights and th Gres in the Hillcrest sitting room making an elcquent velcome to Walter Austia a he atood in the midat of the lonely hom sulf-possessed
Old Mr. Cressington was in his richeat humor as he led forward two young
girls. giris. "Come, don't be shy, now. Walter this is your consin, Mabel Cressington,
and this is her good and inseparable friend Irene Vance,come tin helpentertain
you. Mr nephew, Mr. Walter Austin you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin
girls. And tuis is aunt Cornelia-you remember her well enough, hey?" got over, and Wresettation waund himself home in the most pleasant family he eve They were remarkably pretty girls with blue eyes-all hough Miss Vance
were decidedly the deep bion were decidedly the leeper blue and mor
bewitching-and lorely yellow gold hair although Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vancr's coffure befor he had known her an hour, and when h
sent ap to his rooun that nitit te falt an sent up to his roon that niyht he felt a
if, beiween the two-ronaish Mabel an if, berween the two-rounish Mabel an
and sweet little Irene-be never Woul come ont heart whole.
CFor Mabel is "For Mabel is a good little darling ad I will take old great: uncle Abab
advice and fall in love with her, ar thereby secure a generous sharc of th And Anes estates.
And the handsome young gentlem: Mabel's langhing eyes, of Irene's gentl tender onts, and awoke somewhere the middle of the night, uneble to get to sleep again for thinking of her.
And the after days were not much bet ter. Despite the golden value of Matel that made the herad-strong fellow vinct foolicily indifferent to the advice be had "Because, by
weet, shy made of granity to resist the as Irene! And I'll marry a litte durling may go to the- the money and propert may go to the-dugs! l've a head and
nir of hands. and little blue-eyed Irene
shall not snffer". shall not suffer
It was nut an
her in the hall, carryiog later that he me hinly, to festoon dewn the sombre walnu staircase:
Give me your burder, Irene. Why gather it; and let me go with you?", He managed to get the lovely sprays
from her arme, but it required an im. rom her arnis, but it rrquired an im.
mpnes amuint of tardy. eflort on his "Answer me, Irene. Wry did'nt you let me pn with you? Wouldn't you have He dtmanded her answer in his most her eves confusedly.
"Then why were you so craiel to me? "Iam not cruel to anybody. Indeed, Wust go.
Wilter planted himself precisely in the way. and was loking down at her rose "No yon man't go yet. Irene yon ar crael, or you wonld never deprive me of
one opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of ynu society",
His voice lowered terderly, and His voice lowered terderly, and he
"Yon his head nearer her golden enrrs.
" think it is crael in you o he sindistant, and shy, and
with me - don't nou. Irene?"
ing like a lily of the valley. her chopks hanging nut, their signal of distress'and Conton nlense dont talk an to me! hollv, and she-they won't like it-" But Irene was a prisoner in his tight C. If what? If they find you and
taling pi, con fidentiaily tonefler," "N-! I mean if I don't take the holly Wilter put his arm aroind har wais
doing. Irens. Inok upl Yoil shall not go until yon let me bec in vour expe if yon
my dear
dearly !
Sne wa
She was silent one second, and he sav
Then guiv $r$ that trear The quivir that trembled on her lips
Then she raised hay golden heud slowly shyly Yo love me? Oh, Wulter, what wught to talk this way to Mabel, insfead of me? I am nobody, Waiter, and Ma bel is a great heiress."
Walter had both Walter had both arms round her b
this time, and was looking ardently ber loving face.
Ttle girl; and Iabel is an herress, and u a nice daring-my darining-and the only girl ask! Say yes, pet!
His tones wer
"mphant.
"And you can deliberately give up so uch ior only ust me?
Her wondions eyes now met his brave , and thrilled them with the love-ligh "Only just you, my own darling? Wh vou are more than all the world to $m$. Come, Irene, we will go tell nacle Abia
at once. Just one kizs first-yes, yo mast"'
And he had more than one, or two, on hree - he had as mablashe he led her, blusing with tear
before trembling on her lashes, like daamond n a golden thead to uncle Abiah, wh
zat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, in sat in has iibrary with Mrs. Cornelia, in
dustriously looking over her recipe
They looked up in surprise as Walte "IT Din, Irene ou his arm. "If you please, uncle abiah, I wan you Irene for your niece. I love her and he loves me."
"Was at Mra. Cornelia.
"Well, sister, what shall we say to it?" And a broad smile of perfect deligh "Sas her merry face. Say a
me; and tell them their annt Corneli inn't a fooi. if their uncle Ahiah is!"'
Walter looked astonished, and then Welt Irene trembling on tis arm. "Darling what is it:
ung to his arm. "Oh, Walfer, I Iam so sfraid you will be
gv. I am Mabel after all, and ",; Iam Mabel after an, and nusin, the heires?, in spite of yourself M bov! Sn Hillcrest is a foregone fate "Don't fcold, please Waller!"' Mahel aid in a low. bleading yolice, with her hlue eges lonking into his own
"As if I ever could senld yon, my
darling! And since 1 have you, what
And Mris. Cornelia turned over the Wares of the recipe-bonk until slie c:une "wending-cake." and avers that she
made the match herself.
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