[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

MACHA.

ous-looking lake. "O God, I have returned!" broke from her. "There is my mother's cabin." The fierce ache that had gnawed her heart suddenly left it, and a glow of satisfaction went tingling through her veins. Strange, instinctive, unreasoning love of home and kindred, that can forbid a human being to accept ease and pleasure in exchange for the suffering of want! Macha, who had been delivered over to abundance and luxury, cast them from her like broken fetters, and rushed forward into the embraces of her old companion and foster-mother—Poverty. This was the spot where she had danced and sung, wept and prayed; where she had been hungry and cold and full of care, and had been necessary to the existence of those she loved. Here was where she had watched, half credulous, for the fairies among the rocks; and, wholly believing, beheld with delight the procession of glorified beings in the heavens. This was the home of her passionate devotion; the strait hard-bed from which she could endure to yield up her mortal breath.

Only the eagles, and whatever supernatural beings had been lurking near, heard the clamor of wild cries that arose in the isolated cabin at sight of her.

"Mother, there is something beautiful coming that looks like Macha!" cried one of the little sisters. "Macha must be dead, and coming from heaven to see us!" And they all stood solemnly in the doorway to watch the approach of the apparition. But when Macha's living lips spoke to them, and her outstretched hands touched them, then arose such cries as the rocks gave back.

The advent of mercy was not an hour to soon to bring the color of life back to pinched faces, and to put light on the fireless hearth. A long battle with hunger and cold must soon have dolefully ended had not succor arrived. Rains had drenched the turf, and the sun had not shone to dry it; and the potatoes had been washed out of the earth. Macha had known how it would be, though her husband refused to believe in the tale. Who will take oil from the flinty stone, or honey out of the rock? The very birds will not live in this barren world. Why should man cling to it with such an unaccountable love?

When Macha, having ministered to their bodily wants, and comforted their hearts with her love, lay down that night on the old familiar bed of straw, she had time to remember the husband from before whose angry face she had fled. "He will never love me more," thought she; "he will never come to seek me again." She tried to comfort herself with the thought that she was still the Macha of old, and would work for her people; but the tears poured from her eyes, and her passionate heart was not satisfied yet.

Next day she went about her work in her old dress, and tried to forget that she had ever been away from her home. Painfully she saw the misery and the squalor of it, and planned such little improvements as might lie within her reach. But soft living had spoiled Macha for privation and toil. Hunger afflicted her, and her limbs were wrung with cold; she had come back to a state of things with which she was no longer fit to strive. Wandering round the dark water, she could not now feel an interest in "him who lives down in the lake;" the "living man" whom she had displeased and forsaken, whom she had loved and made unhappy, absorbed all the dreams of her imagination. Even the blessed spirits, the golden cloud-shapes moving across the sky, had become cold abstractions to her whose eyes were always looking vainly for one absent human form.

Her experience of better things, her natural good taste, and the money she had brought with her enabled her to make the projected improvements in her home; yet, when they were made, she had no pleasure in beholding them. They had cost her too dear to have the power of giving her any delight. In satisfying the fidelity of her nature on one side, she had but inflicted a mortal wound upon it on the other. The blue pinched look of hunger had gone from her mother's face, the stars were no longer visible through the roof; yet, lying there at night, and thinking about it all, Macha felt that the pinch of cold and hunger had settled on her own heart, and that the stars of love and possible happiness were forever shut out from her life. A hundred times a day she made, in imagination, impassioned acts of love and sorrow, and appeals for pardon at her husband's knees. In fancy she uttered explanations to him, that in reality would have been impossible to her tongue. And she was too shy and too timid to attempt to write to him.

"When a wife leaves a husband," thought Macha, "of course he will not want her any more." She blamed no one but herself. "I behaved badly to my mother in leaving her at first," she reflected, "and badly to my husband in running away against his will. There must be a twist in me somewhere; for I know I did not want to do wrong." Sorrow-stricken, remorseful, perplexed, she lived through the long uneventful days and nights. The strength ebbed away from her limbs, the light from her eyes. She made no complaint, for she was willing to endure bravely in expiation of the wilfulness of her sins. Her one burning desire was to see her husband before she died; yet so self-condemned did she stand, she could not summon courage to implore of him to come.

Sir Humphrey sat at home in the depths of what may be truly called a sulk. He had more than half forgiven his wilful wife, and was ready to receive her, should she ask to return. He was willing to go and fetch her as soon as she should send for him; and it is not wonderful that he was at fault as to her motives and conduct, for her nature had always been a riddle to him. Why could she not write and tell him where she was? That much he had a right to expect from her. He was quite resolved not to go in search of her—not to attempt to communicate with her till her penitent cry should be heard, and till her love should make her ask to be taken back to his home. He told all who required to know that Lady Gilbert was paying a visit in her native land, and then sat in his loneliness awaiting some sign.

It was only a few weeks, after all, since she had left him and returned to her mountains, but many a heart has been broken in a far shorter time. The woman was one who in other circumstances would have made the happiness and well-being of those she loved; but divided duty and fidelity rent her asunder, the ardor and tenderness of her nature consumed her, and all the powers within her wrought toward tragedy and death.

One evening Macha sat at the cabin-door, thinking of her husband, owning her trespasses, and watching the sun set redly behind the mountain-peaks, the sun that never was to rise for her again. That night she turned her eyes on her old brown crucifix which was to her as the passport to that region where the weary are at rest. She was not so glad to go as she might have been had she never met any one while walking in her girlish innocence round the margin of the lake. "Tell him I was sorry," were the last words she whispered in her mother's ear.

The sign that Sir Humphery waited for came at last in the shape of a scrawled letter, with an unpronounceable name on the postmark. "Come to the mountain to see your son," it said; "Macha, the mother, is dead."

That sorrow is long past now. Sir Humphery is married to a more suitable wife, and life has gone pleasantly with him. His eldest son has Macha's eyes, with often a grave, sad, unaccountable expression in them, which in the midst of mirth, will make his father start and sigh, while the words of the poor peasant mother on the mountains will come ringing back in his ears: "'Tis only the heart that is too strong in her; and its ill to love a stranger that must part you from your own!"—*Time.*

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Said Johnny to his sister Belle,
"I love your Fred, I do;
He gives to me sweet caramel,
And taffy gives to you."

'What kind of a mark is that?' said Magrady to his friend Talthorpe, pointing to a scar on his face. 'It's a question mark,' replied the other, 'got it for asking a man 'if it was warm enough for him.'"

One can't be too careful of firearms. A Marathon boy carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and one day last week while he was in swimming the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no suspicions as to who took it.

Jenkins had an opportunity to visit a theatre while in New York last week and was especially anxious to see the foundry where they cast their characters. His friend, the manager, told him the actors in his employ were of no common mould.

A young man in Litchfield, who has been in the habit of carrying his smoking tobacco and pistol cartridges loose in one pocket, has reformed, and in time to save the larger part of what was once as handsome a noise as could be found in Litchfield.—*Danbury News.*

Anybody knowing of a small boy who would not run seven blocks for a chance to ride half a block with his stomach across the edge of a grocery wagon tail-board will please bring him to this office and receive the reward intended originally for the man who should bring in a new comet tied up in an old paper.—*Boston Globe.*

Some wicked fellow got into a Vermont church vestry just after the deacons and the clergyman had held a meeting there. And he left four beer bottles and a whisky flask, all empty, and two packs of cards under the table. And when the sewing society met there an hour later and discovered the articles, didn't things just hum?

'My ownest own,' said Mr. Nipspree to his wife the other day, as he returned from an alleged trout-fishing excursion of three days, 'did you receive those splendid fish I sent you from Lake Pontchartrain the other day?' Mrs. N. transfixed the base deceiver with a look that made him feel as though an ice-water Niagara Falls was running down his spine and replied: 'I received some fish, I believe, but the market man also left word that he had gotten your telegram, but as he hadn't enough fresh water trout he sent you some first-rate codfish instead.' D-did, eh?' stammered the wretched Benedict. 'Yes, he did; and now, sir, perhaps you'll be good enough to explain.'

Says Reuben Knot unto his fair,
In language burning hot,
"Matilda, do you love me, dear?"
Says she, "I love you, Knott."

"Oh, say nor so!" again he cried,
"Oh, share with me my lot!
Oh, say that you will be my bride!"
Says she, "I'll wed you, Knott."

"Oh, cruel fair, to serve me so;
I love you well, you wot!"
"I could not wed you, Reub," says she
"For then I should be Knott."

A light breaks in on Reuben's mind,
And in his arms she's got.
She looks demurely in his face,
And says, "Pray kiss me, Knott."

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY—CENTRAL PARK, &C.

Taking the Elevated Railway at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, we find ourselves, as it seems, suspended in midair half-way between heaven and earth. On, on, we go as fast as the iron horse can carry us, he puffing and blowing as though some evil one were following upon his track, never slacking his speed for curve nor turn, but on he whirls us, over the heads of the people in the greatest city of America. What if something were to give way; down we should go and be crushed to atoms in less less time than it takes to write this. But we have made up our minds that Vanderbilt understands rail-roading, and we are safe; at all events are bound to have a view of New York from the Elevated Railway. From the windows of the cars we look down upon this great city and see magnificent cathedrals, churches, beautiful residendes, marble and brown stone. From the magnificent homes of the wealthy, on we go into penury and poverty, to the squalid homes of the poor, where men cows and pigs almost live together; where the dimensions of whole families are fluttering to the breeze. Poor sewing girls look out upon us from their heated garrets as we pass, working on day by day, never stopping a moment lest the wolf come in at the door, and one more victim of starvation be added to the Potter's Field. In the windows of many of these we see beautiful flowers, or some green thing, telling us that even here a love for the beautiful still remains. But what place is this we ask? and are told by the conductor that it is Central Park. So beautiful it seems, like an oasis in the midst of the desert, where the weary stop to rest, and the rich and poor meet together, leaving all care and trouble behind. Everything beautiful seems to be there, from the stately magnolia, down to the homely milk-weed. Rocks piled upon rocks are before us, grottoes, caves covered with beautiful vines, and if we go down into these caverns, we hear the water trickling through some rocky crevice above us, and looking, wonder if this can be fairy land, expecting every moment that some beautiful fairy will appear before us. But we hear not a fairy whisper, only the dropping of the water over head. We see crystal lakes upon whose placid bosoms the milk-white swan is floating all day long. There the Gondola is ever sailing in her sable dress. Upon a small island in the middle of this beautiful lake, the swan, black as night, makes her nest alone. There, setting day after day looking, as much as to say as we pass, see me, am I not beautiful with my dress of black, and head-dress of brilliant red? Was there ever a bird half so lovely as I am? Near us is the Ramble with beautiful trees meeting over head, where lovers meet and walk arm in arm, passing many happy hours away. Not far from us is the sunken road, over which teams are passing, and heavy loads are drawn all day long. But what is this! we all say—was there ever anything half so lovely? all cry at once.

The Terrace, and away we go to the beautiful stairway of stone, beautifully carved upon either side by a master hand; here we find the mother bird feeding her young, beautiful roses, buds and leaves. Near by the sparkling waters of a fountain are ever at play; here in these waters fish, silver and golden, never fear the whoops of naughty boys, but spatter and sparkle in the sunshine. Among the pieces of statuary we most admire is the Indian Hunter with his dog at his side, bow and arrow in hand, listening and looking for something in the distance, toward which he is directing the attention of the dog by pointing his finger. Another piece of statuary is "Auld Lang Syne"; two old friends meet and are about to drink each other's health in a glass of old sherry, perhaps, which one holds high above his head, while with the other hand he clasps that of his old friend. Near the feet of one is a knap-sack, while at the side of the other is the ever faithful dog, looking affectionately into the face of his master; upon his chair behind him hangs his old cocked hat, reminding us of the good old days of our grandfathers. Here are many statues of poets and authors.

Let us go to the Tower! some one says, so off we go; reaching the uppermost part we look far into the distance, and what do we see? The Monastery of St. Bernard, some one tells us, seeming like a magnificent castle in the distance, with its turrets and towers. We imagine that we are looking upon some old English castle, far off through the mist and haze at the very edge of the horizon. What a beautiful view all exclaim. Leaving Central Park, we take the Elevated Railway once more,—the iron horse carries us faster than before until we reach Washington Heights; here we stop. All join in calling this the most magnificent sight of all; looking far off we see High Bridge, over which the water is carried to New York. At the left are two towers through which the water passes—then on it goes over the top of this bridge and waters this great city. We wonder to ourselves how long this is, and try to count the arches before us, but it is impossible, for they disappear behind a clump of bushes and are lost to our sight. Far, far away, upon yonder mountain at the left, we see peeping from among green trees, villas, beautiful residences, and long for Aladins wonderful lamp, that we might visit those lovely mountain homes, if but for a moment only. Loth to leave this beautiful place, we once again take the cars and return to New York, hoping to see High Bridge again in the future, lovliest view of all. A. R.

ROME, Pa.

LITERARY NOTES.

Littell's Living Age.—The numbers of *The Living Age* dated August 6th and August 13th, contain articles on home and Foreign affairs, Denmark, and the Home and Foreign Policy of Italy, *Fortnightly;* Notes from a German Village, *Contemporary;* The late Andrew Wilson, and Besieged in the Transvaal, *Blackwood;* Holiday Customs in Italy, and Samuel Pepys, *Cornhill;* Stray Leaves of History, and A Siberian Exile Eighty Years Ago, *Temple Bar;* M. Dufaure, *Pall Mall Gazette;* The Return of the Jews to Spain, *Le Journa des Debats;* with instalments of "In Trust, a Story of a Lady and her Lover," "The Frere's," by Mrs. Alexander, and "Cousin Felix," by the author of "Molly," and the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Harper's Magazine for September is an unusually attractive and entertaining Number—an argosy richly laden with the treasures of Summerland. The Number opens with two exquisite engravings; the frontispiece—a full-page illustration, by Abbey, of one of Herrick's poems—engraved by Smithwick and French; the other an engraving by Cole, o Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd's beautiful drawing illustrating a poem by H. H., entitled "The Little Kings and Queens."

Then we have an interesting, breezy article by W. H. Rideing, entitled "The English at the Sea-side," describing several famous watering-places—Southport, Brighton, Hastings, and Margate—with twelve illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.

Another summer article of remarkable interest is Mr. E. H. Rope's on The Thousand Islands. The subject has the enchantments of Lotus Land; and among the illustrations is an excellent portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland, engraved by Cole.

The association of President Garfield with Williams College adds a timely interest to Mr. N. H. Egleston's article, "An Old Fort and What Came of It." Among the illustrations is a remarkably fine portrait of Dr. Mark Hopkins, engraved by Kruell.

"The Girls' Sketching Camp," by Olive Thorne Miller, is an amusing record of a vacation spent by some young lady artists of New York in Maine during the last season. It is characteristically illustrated by W. A. Rogers and Douglas Volk.

Three illustrated poems in this Number—"To-morrow at Ten, A Newport Idyl;" "The Widow Lee's Son Will;" and "On Star Island"—are also happily suited to the midsummer season; so too one of the short stories, "At Deacon's Twombly's," by the author of "Gemini."

W. H. Beard contributes another of his "Artist's Reminiscences," entitled "Adoniram Algeroy," a humorous sketch, illustrated by his own drawing.

Peterson's Magazine for September is at hand, as usual, ahead of all others. The leading feature, for this month, is an elegant steel engraving, "Blind Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters," after the world-famous picture by Munkacsy, the great Hungarian artist. It is accompanied by an illustrated article on Milton's Life and Poetry, that is of a much higher character than such articles ordinarily are. The usual double size colored steel fashion plate, a specialty of this magazine; the usual colored pattern, which, this month, is the head of Lady Washington, to be worked on Java canvas; the usual array of engravings of the fashions, patterns for the work-table, etc., etc., make up the other embellishments. Among the stories, there is a powerful one, "The Crimson Phial," by Lucy H. Hooper; and two novelets, "The Siege of Yorktown," by Mary V. Spencer, and "The American Countess," by Ann S. Stephens, are continued; but all the stories, in fact, are good. Every lady ought to be a subscriber to "Peterson;" it combines more, for less money, than any other. *The price is but two dollars a year,* with great reductions to clubs and costly premiums to the person getting up the club. It is not too soon, either, to begin to get up clubs for 1882. Specimens are sent gratis for this purpose, if written for. Address, CHAS. J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

An aged, inquisitive old gent poked his head into a printing office door in this city and asked, "Who is dead?" The man at the wheel answered, "Nobody that I have heard of." The old gent then asked, "What is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that the "devil" had hung the job-office towel on the door knob while he chased a lame pigeon up an alley.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

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"Oh, My God, How I Did Suffer!"

"I Earnestly Prayed to Die!"

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M.D.s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended, until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs; I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. —— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toe-nails came off, finger-nails dead and hard as bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O, my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Resolvent Cuticura and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in just six weeks from time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

HIRAM E. CARPENTER.

Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Sworn to before me this 19th day of January, 1881. A. M. LEFFINGWELL, Justice of the Peace.

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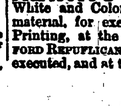

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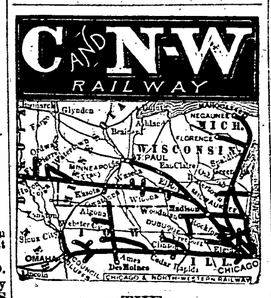

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