

Two Cross Words.

[Concluded.]

The floor seemed sliding from beneath my feet, but I caught at the door to steady myself and looked at Tom. At that instant the officer uncovered his lantern, and, oh, my God! there was blood on my husband's hands.

All the rest is a blank. When I came to myself, I was in my room, and kind, compassionate faces were around me. I asked for Tom. He was in prison, awaiting his trial. There had been a quarrel at the tavern, whither my cruel words had driven Tom; and Tom had struck his antagonist. The man wasn't dead, though they thought he was at first—but he was badly hurt about the head. But if he recovered—well, it would not go so hard with Tom.

I arose and went to the prison; but they would not admit me. No one was to see my husband till after the trial. Another day crept by; a night; and when morning came, I went down to the door and opened it, with a vague feeling of expectation which always accompanies severe afflictions, and looked out. The sun was rising—God's sun—rising grandly and brightly over the black stone jail. The frost hung thick and sparkling over everything, even on the scrap of folded paper that lay at my feet. I stooped and picked it up idly as we catch at a straw or a twig, sometimes, without any motive or power of volition. The superscription caught my eye; it was my own name, and my husband's hand writing. I tore it open and read:

"DEAR LUCY—I have broken out of jail, and am going—well, no matter where. I don't strike. Hastings with an intention to kill him. I was intoxicated and it was more his fault than mine; but he may die, and I then—at any rate it is better for you, Lucy, for me to go. I never was worthy of your love. Now you can go back to your father, and forget me and be happy. You will find the bonds for that money I have in the bank in the desk; it is enough to make you and the child comfortable! Forgive and forget me, Lucy. God bless you—you and the baby. TOM."

This was the end! That was the reward that my cross word had purchased for me! Truly, truly the wages of sin is death. We shall not need one pang of corporeal punishment, one spark of real fire, to perfect our torment if we are lost. Conscience is all sufficient—remorse, that worm that never dies. It is not for me to attempt to talk about what I suffered in the days that followed that morning!

Words could not express it save to that one who has passed through the same furnace of affliction. But I lived, for sorrow and death rarely walk in each other's steps, and nursed my baby, and did the work with my hands hard to do. I did not go back to my father. I remained at Tom's home, and kept his things about me, even his cap hanging on the wall. Forget him? Does love ever forget?

Hastings did not die. He recovered, and made a public statement. He was more in fault than Tom was. Then he put a notice in all the papers, telling Tom to come back; but he did not come.

The winter passed away with long, long nights of bitter remorse, and tender recollections of the dear husband whose strong arms had once been my stay and support. The spring came—the summer—another winter. Three years went by—crept by.

My child, Tom's little baby, grew to be a fairy little thing, with blue eyes and golden hair, and a tongue that never wearied of its childish prattling. All day long he sat on the doorstep, where the evening sunbeams slanted in, lisping to her doll and listening, while I told her of the father who would come back to us some day. For surely he would come. Surely God's mercy would vouchsafe some compensation, some pardon for such repentance as my soul had poured forth.

That third spring was peculiar somehow, the far-off sky seemed to drop down in nearer, bluer folds; the sun wore a softer radiance; the trees, the grass, the

flowers, a diviner, tenderer beauty. I rose every morning and looked out of my little window at the kindling glories of morn, with a feeling of strange, tremulous expectation. I seemed to feel the shadow of some great event that winged its flight above me—one prayer of my life seemed to be answered.

One evening—oh, that evening! A May sky, soft and blue, hung over a green, blossoming earth. The turtle cooed in the distant wood, the robin twittered to her young brood amid the milky bloom of the orchard. God's love shone in golden brightness of the westward going sun. My child, little Effie, sat on the door-step, talking to her doll and watching the birds. All at once she clapped her hands and bounced to her feet. "Mammy," she cried gleefully, "pappy comin'—pappy comin'; Effie go meet him!"

The words stirred my heart to its utmost depths, and dropping my work, I followed her out of the door. A man was coming up the garden path—his garments tattered—his step slow and uncertain. A Beggar, no doubt. I called to Effie to come back, but she ran on heedless of my command. Tom's little spaniel, that I had petted and taken care of for his sake, darted from his kennel with a peculiar cry, such as I never heard from it before. What did it all mean? My heart throbbled, and knees trembled. Little Effie ran holding out both little hands, her golden curls blown all about her face. "How de-do, pappy—I see your Effie," she lisped, as she reached the man's feet.

He stopped and raised her in his arms and then his glance rested on me. And such a glance—such a face! Pale, haggard, worn by sorrow and suffering to a mere shadow. Tom's ghost come back from the grave. Not that, either, for my arms grasp some tangible form.

"Oh, Tom," I cried, "is it you? speak and tell me."

"Yes, Lucy, it's me. I could bear it no longer. I am dying—I believe—and I couldn't go without seeing you and the little one again."

"Tom, Tom," I sobbed, getting down on my knees before him, "oh, forgive me! forgive me! I have suffered so much."

"It is me that must ask forgiveness Lucy," he said humbly, "not you—I was wrong—"

But I stopped him short.

"No Tom, my cross word did it all," I said; "but we might have been happy together all these weary years."

"Mammy, mammy," interposed Effie, twisting herself around on her father's shoulder, "don't cry no more, pappy's come back."

Yes, thank God, he has come back, poor, and tattered, and hungry—like the prodigal—but my Tom, my husband, nevertheless. It is spring time again.

The sweet sun light steals in my window as I write, and I hear the turtle cooing in the distant wood. My husband is a man now, standing up proudly, his feet upon the grave of old temptations. I know that God's mercy is equal to His justice, and his love greater than either.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL-GUIDE, a beautiful work of 100 pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the Best Flowers and Vegetables, with prices of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

Vick's Seeds are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5.00 Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 5 trial copies for 25 cents. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE REVIEW, is the best ADVERTISING MEDIUM. Do not forget it.

Vertical

Feed.

As usual, the Vertical Feed

Sewing Machine took First Pre-

mium, at the late county Fair.

1831. THE CULTIVATOR 1830.
AND
Country Gentleman.

The Best of the

AGRICULTURAL WEEKLIES.

It is UNSURPASSED, if not UNEQUALED, for the Amount and Variety of the PRACTICAL INFORMATION it contains, and for the Ability and Extent of its CORRESPONDENCE—in the Three Chief Directions of

Farm Crops and Processes,

Horticulture and Fruit-Frowing,

Live Stock and Dairying—

while it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee-Keeping, Green house and Grapery, Veterinary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fireside Reading, Domestic Economy, and a summary of the News of the Week. Its MARKET REPORTS are unusually complete, and more information can be gathered from its columns, than from any other source with regard to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions—When to Buy and When to Sell. It is liberally Illustrated, and constitutes to a greater degree than any of its contemporaries A LIVE AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER

Of never-failing interest both to Producers and Consumers of every class. The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN is published Weekly on the following terms, when paid strictly in advance: One Copy, one year, \$2.50; Four Copies, \$10, and an additional copy for the year free to the sender of the Club—Ten Copies, \$20, and an additional copy for the year free to the sender of the Club.

For the year 1880, these prices include a copy of the ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS, to each subscriber—a book of 144 pages and about 120 engravings—a gift by the Publishers.

All New Subscribers for 1880, paying in advance now, will receive the paper WEEKLY, from receipt of remittance to January 1st, 1880, with out charge.

Specimen copies of the paper free. Address, LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers, Albany, N. Y.

FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

"THE LEADING AMERICAN NEWS-PAPER."

THE NEW YORK

TRIBUNE

FOR 1880.

During the coming Presidential year The Tribune will be a more effective agency than ever for telling the news best worth knowing, and for enforcing sound politics. From the day the war closed it has been most anxious for an end of sectional strife. But it saw two years ago, and was the first persistently to proclaim the new danger to the country from the revived alliance of the Solid South and Tammany Hall. Against that danger it sought to rally the old party of Freedom and the Union. It began by demanding the abandonment of personal dislikes, and set the example. It called for an end to attacks upon each other instead of the enemy;

and for the heartiest agreement upon whatever fit candidates the majority should put up against the common foe. Since then the tide of disaster has been turned back; every doubtful state has been won, and the omens for National victory were never more cheering.

THE TRIBUNE'S POSITION.

Of The Tribune's share in all this, those speak most enthusiastically who have seen most of the struggle. It will faithfully portray the varying phases of the campaign now beginning. It will earnestly strive that the party of Freedom, Union and Public Faith may select the man surest to win, and surest to make a good President. But in this crisis it can conceive of no nomination this party could make that would not be preferable to the best that could possibly be supported by the Solid South and Tammany Hall.

The Tribune is now spending much labor and money than ever before to hold the distinction it has enjoyed of the largest circulation among the best people. It secured, and means to retain it by becoming the medium of the best thought and the voice of the best conscience of the time, by keeping abreast of the highest progress, favoring the freest discussions, hearing all sides, appealing always to the best intelligence and the purest morality, and refusing to cater to the tastes of the vile or the prejudices of the ignorant.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The distinctive features of The Tribune are known to everybody. It gives all the news. It has the best correspondents, and retains them from year to year. It is the only paper that maintains a special telegraphic wire of its own between its office and Washington. Its scientific, literary, artistic and religious intelligence is the fullest. Its book reviews are the best. Its commercial and financial news is the most exact. Its type is the largest; and its arrangement the most systematic.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Is by far the most successful Semi-Weekly in the country, having four times the circulation of any other in New York. It is especially adapted to the large class of intelligent, professional or business readers too far from New York to depend on our papers for the daily news, who nevertheless want the editorials, correspondence, book reviews, scientific matter, lectures, literary miscellany, etc., for which The Tribune is famous. Like The Weekly it contains sixteen pages, and is in convenient form for binding.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE

remains the great favorite of our substantial country population, and has the largest circulation of any Weekly issued from the office of a Daily paper in New York, or, so far as we know, in the United States. It revises and condenses all the news of the week into more readable shape. Its agricultural department is more carefully conducted than ever, and it has always been considered the best. Its market reports are the official standard for the Dairymen's Association, and have long been recognized authority on cattle, grain and general country produce. There are special departments for the young and for household interests; the new handiwork department already extremely popular, gives unusually accurate and comprehensive instructions in knitting, crocheting, and kindred subjects; while poetry, fiction and the humors of the day are all abundantly supplied. The verdict of the tens of thousand old readers who have returned to it during the past year is that they find it better than ever. Increasing patronage and facilities enable us to reduce the rates to the lowest point we have ever touched, and to offer the most amazing premiums yet given, as follows:

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

Postage free in the United States.

DAILY TRIBUNE.....\$10 00

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single copy, one year.....\$3 00

Five copies, one year..... 2 50 each

Ten copies, one year..... 2 00 each

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single copy, one year.....\$2 00

Five copies, one year..... 1 50 each

Ten copies, one year..... 1 00 each

And number of copies of either edition above ten at the same rate. Additions to clubs may be made at any time at club rates. Remit by Draft on New York, Post Office Order, or in Registered letter.

AN AMAZING PREMIUM.

To any one subscribing for The Weekly Tribune for five years, remitting us the price, \$10, and \$2 more, we will send Chamber's Encyclopaedia, unabridged, in fourteen volumes, with all the revisions of the Edinburgh edition of 1879, and with six additional volumes, covering American topics not fully treated in the original work;—the whole embracing, by actual printer's measurement, twelve per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopaedia, which sells for \$30! To the 15,000 readers who procured from us the Webster Unabridged premium we need only say that while this offer is even more liberal, we shall carry it out in a manner equally satisfactory.

The following are the terms in detail:

For \$12, Chamber's Encyclopaedia, A Library of Universal Knowledge, 14 vols., with editions on American subjects, 6 separate vols., 20 vols. in all, substantially bound in cloth, and The Weekly Tribune 5 years, to one subscriber.

For \$18, Chamber's Encyclopaedia, 20 vols., above, and The Semi-Weekly Tribune 5 years.

For \$18, Chamber's Encyclopaedia, 20 vols., as above, and ten copies of The Weekly Tribune one year.

For \$27, Chamber's Encyclopaedia, 20 vols., above, and twenty copies of The Weekly Tribune one year.

For \$26, Chamber's Encyclopaedia, 20 vols., as above, and the Daily Tribune two years.

The books will in all cases be sent at the subscriber's expense, but with no charge for packing. We shall begin sending them in the order in which subscriptions have been received on the 1st of January, when certainly five, and perhaps six, volumes will be ready, and shall send, thenceforth, by express or mail, as subscribers may direct. The publication will continue at the rate of two volumes per month, concluding in September next.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT!

Worcester's Great Unabridged Dictionary Free!

The New York Tribune will send at subscriber's expense for freight, or deliver in New York City FREE, Worcester's Great Unabridged Quarto Illustrated Dictionary, edition of 1879, the very latest and very best edition of the great work, to any one remitting

\$10 for a single five years' subscription in advance or five one year subscriptions to The Weekly, or \$15 for a single five years' subscription in advance or five one year subscriptions to The Semi-Weekly, or, one year's subscription to The Daily, or, \$30 for a single three year's subscription in advance to The Daily Tribune,

For one dollar extra the Dictionary can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, while for short distances the expense is much cheaper. Address THE TRIBUNE, New York.