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I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
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The subscriber is prepared to pay cash for all kinds of Timber, Shingle Timber and Basswood Logs, delivered at the factory lately occupied by Brown & Hall.
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Apply at Speight's wagon shop. Terms, 10 cents per pair, to be paid when skates are sharpened.
30-1y A. SPEIGHT.

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Waggons, Sleighs, etc.,
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A first class HEARSE will attend funerals at reasonable charges.
JOHN SPEIGHT.
Acton, Oct. 3, '78.

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All kinds of Stock, Implements, &c. will be sold by public auction.
Sale at 12 o'clock.
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Sept. 1, 1878. 14-1y

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To my many friends and customers, I wish to return thanks for past favors, and ask for a continuance of that confidence which I hope has been mutual to us all during the last eight years I have just received the services of a first class
LIGHT HARNESS MAKER,
for a short time, who understands his business, and I can now guarantee a first class article in the harness line. Give me a call and leave your orders.
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Band and Harness
WHITE & BLACK
Repairing done neatly and promptly.
Acton, April 1st, 1878.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Slowly falls the shade of twilight,
Slowly fades the light of day;
One by one the stars come peeping
Through the cloudy curtain gray.

Softly will the twilight shadows
Angel visitors draw near;
Spirits of my friends departed,
Friends of youth, so loved and dear.

And they sweetly whisper to me
Of a mansion grand and fair;
Of a home of fadeless glory
Free from sorrow, pain and care.

But those angels voices whisper
"Work and faint not by the way,
Though thy life be sad and dreary,
Yet the end is perfect day."

O, my soul, faint not at trials
Though the cross may heavy lie;
Rest remaineth for the faithful,
In the "Golden By and By."

EDWIN RAWDON.

CHAPTER IX. *Continued.*

A PITILESS CLAIMANT.

The will left all property, real and personal, to Clara, who was appointed sole executrix. But the will was dated a year earlier than the deed in the possession of Mr. Rawdon, and there was no evidence that the sailor was possessed of any property, except his Hampshire estate, when he sailed on his fatal voyage.

The lawyer knew that men have often deceived their wives as to their pecuniary position. Might not Harley Westford have invented that story of the twenty thousand pounds, in order to lull those he loved with a false sense of peace and security?

"A generous, impulsive sailor would be the worst possible man of business," thought Stephen Maldon. "What more likely than that Harley Westford was a ruined man, while all the world fancied him a rich one?"

Meanwhile, the weeks sped by. Soon, very soon, the 25th of March would be at hand.

Clara Westford knew full well that she must expect no money from Edwin Rawdon.

The heroism of her nature asserted itself, and she prepared herself, with calm resignation, to leave the home where she had been so specially happy.

She had no money of her own—positively none! for she had fled from her father's roof to become the wife of Harley Westford, and had been disinherited by him in favor of a grandchild, the daughter of an only son, who died at two and twenty years of age leaving a baby girl, on whom Sir John Pomeroy doted with senile fondness.

Now, when she examined into the state of her affairs, now that she was widowed and alone, and had no longer Harley's strong arm to lean upon, she found that her circumstances were indeed desperate.

The yearly bills of the tradespeople who supplied the Grange were all unpaid, and amounted to some hundreds. The servants' wages must also be paid; and to meet these claims Clara Westford had no money whatever.

The little stock of ready-money which her husband had left with her was entirely spent. He had promised to send his wife remittances from time to time, as it had been his habit to do; but he, and any money he possessed, had gone down to the fathomless depths of the ocean with the good ship Lily Queen and all on board.

Only one resource remained to the widow. Her jewels, the costly gifts of a generous husband, these alone remained, and these were sold, amongst others, at Debenham and Storr's, as the property of a lady going abroad.

She was indeed going abroad—abroad into a world that to her inexperienced eyes must needs be a trackless wilderness full of pitiless thorns and brambles.

The valuables thus disposed of realized about four hundred pounds. With this sum Mrs. Westford discharged every claim upon her, leaving a balance of some thirty pounds.

Thirty pounds! And with this pitiful sum the widow and orphans, who had never known what it was to have a wish unfulfilled that money could gratify, were to battle the battle of life.

CHAPTER X.

HIDDEN IN THE CROWD.

It was the [illegible] day [illegible] Mrs. Westford [illegible] day on which [illegible] departed forever from their happy home.

[illegible]

the man whose daughter offended and darkened her youth. She remembered therefore, that it was the morning of the Grange sale, and in the morning of the 25th.

Lionel had been in London for the last few weeks, endeavoring to obtain a situation in some office.

But the young man, highly educated though he was, found it extremely difficult to procure any kind of employment, however humble.

For every situation that offered there seemed a hundred competitors.

And, of thirty-nine out of every hundred must endure the misery of failure.

Lionel had secured a very cheap and humble lodging on the Surrey side of the Thames, and had made arrangements for the reception of his mother and sister as soon as they left the Grange.

O, what a dreary change was that—darksome London lodging, after the luxurious country house, the lovely gardens, the horses and grooms, the dogs and guns, and all those things which are so especially dear to a young man.

On his own account, however, Lionel Westford never once complained. His only thought was of his mother and sister; his most earnest desire that he might be enabled to shield them from all the bitterest ills of poverty.

He wanted an immediate living, and in search of this he tramped the streets of London with unwearying feet; but, day by day, week by week, he seemed no nearer to the object of his desire.

The afternoon of the 24th of March was dull and cheerless. The wind howled among the branches of the old trees about the Grange; the gray sky was cold and sunless.

Yet upon this afternoon, cheerless and cold though it was, Violet Westford opened the little garden gate leading to the forest, for the first time for many months.

Never since her illness had she seen or heard of the artist, George Stanmore.

She had fully expected that he would have come to the Grange to inquire about her during that long illness; she had even [illegible] ask Lionel, in an apparently careless manner, if he had heard anything of his friend Mr. Stanmore.

But the answer had been in the negative. George had, therefore, taken no steps to discover the cause of Violet's absence from her favorite forest haunts. This seeming neglect and indifference had cruelly stung the girl's heart.

"His pretended attachment to me was only a passing fancy, perhaps," she thought; "and I dare say he was amused by my sentiments. Jolly to believing all his protestations of regard. I can understand now why he shrank from seeing my mother and making an open avowal of his love."

The idea that she had been the dupe of a sentimental delusion was very bitter to the girl's sensitive mind. Her pride was outraged, and from the time of her recovery she had shunned the forest pathways, with an obstinate determination to avoid all meetings with her false lover.

But now that she was going to leave the Grange for ever, an irresistable impulse took possession of her, and she felt that she could not quit the neighborhood of the forest without making some endeavor to ascertain the cause of George Stanmore's neglect.

Might not he, too, have been ill? Or might he not have been compelled to leave the forest? It was almost easier to believe anything than that he could be false.

Thus it was that Miss Westford's love overcame her pride. She went straight to the cottage where the landscape painter had lodged; but the walk was a long one, and the twilight was gathering fast when she reached the modest little habitation, nestling amongst grand old trees.

In all her [illegible] of Mr. Stanmore [illegible] sick. She could not drive [illegible] so quiet, so simple, [illegible] the waiting authority, [illegible] diplomacy to enjoy the [illegible] and [illegible] to obtain without difficulty [illegible]

"How pretty you must look, [illegible] Miss Stanmore. [illegible] at last feeling that she must say something. "It's quite pleasant to see your chair, it looks such a picture of comfort."

"That's very good to say, [illegible] Mr. Stanmore, [illegible] and talking of comfort, we ain't half as comfortable now, since we've lost our lodger."

"Violet's heart gave a great bound. "He was gone then!—But how—and where?"

"You've lost your lodger!" she said. "You mean Mr. Stanmore!"

"Yes, miss. Mr. Stanmore, that painter gentleman. He left us all of a sudden, the very first week as you was taken ill, and, what's more, it was against his own wishes as he went."

"Against his own wishes! How so?"

"Why, you see, miss, this is how it was. I was ironing in that window one afternoon, when I saw a dark, foreign-looking gentleman standing at our gate, and with such a frown upon his face that he set me all of a tremble like. There he stands as large as life. In he walks, right into our place, as cool as you please. "Is my son at home?" he asks. "Your son, sir," I answered. "Lor' bless me, no; I don't know anything about such a person." "O, yes you do," he says. "The person who painted that picture yonder in my son, and he lodges in your house." With that he points to one of Mr. Stanmore's landscapes that had been set to dry on my little table yonder. "Mr. Stanmore your son?" I cried out. And I assure you, miss, you might have knocked me down with a feather. "He is capable of calling himself Stanmore, or any other false name," answered the dark gentleman; "but whatever he calls himself, the man who painted that picture is my wicked and undutiful son."

"Before he could get out another word Mr. Stanmore walked in, with his hat on, and his drawings and things under his arm. He had just come in from the forest.

"'I'm here, father,' he said, 'to answer for my sins, whatever they may be;' and he held his head up like as if he'd been a prince of the royal family.

"So then the two gentlemen walked upstairs to Mr. Stanmore's sitting room, and our walls being thin, you know, miss, I could hear a good deal of what was said, not the words exactly, but the tones of voice like, though I'm sure as no beneath myself by listening, I wouldn't do it, there, not if you lay me down twenty pounds. And I could hear as the two gentlemen seemed at variance, as you may say, and at last down comes Mr. Stanmore's father, as white as a poker, and as black as any thunder storm as I ever see, and walks out of the house without so much as a word to me; but I could see by his face that he was regularly upset. And then, about an hour on, or so afterwards, down comes Mr. Stanmore, looking very jolly, but very quiet like. He'd packed all his things, he said, and he wanted my husband to carry them over to Winchester station in his cart, in time for the mail train, which he did. He seemed quite hearted like as going away, and, for bless me, it was quite suddenly, coming on of something.

"The dame stopped and looking at Violet.

"Something about Violet, maybe?"

"The blood rushed into the pale face.

"Did Mr. Stanmore not mention her, she asked.

"Yes, miss, he did, leastways he said as he was going right from his house he would call on Miss Westford, and our circumstances so cruelly changed! Will it change too? This was the question which Violet asked herself very sadly, as she sat in the familiar room that was to soon to be her home no longer.

There was little sleep or rest for the dwellers in that pleasant country house during the last and night. The servants sat late in the cheery kitchen, bewailing the misfortunes of their mistress.

All through that long dreary night Mrs. Westford sat at her desk, writing and destroying old letters and memoirs, the record of her happy womanhood. Of all the friendly notes, the pleasant gossiping letters, she kept none except those written by her husband and her children.

Ah, how happy she had been in that simple country home!

She remembered her first year in that quiet haven. The glorious summer time, in which every sunny day had brought the discovery of some new treasure in shrubbery or garden. She remembered the warm midsummer night in which she had felt happy, looking up at the starry sky, with the perfumed air of the same night blowing in upon her from the wide window and the [illegible] beyond.

[illegible]

"Violet [illegible]

"Yes, [illegible] pale face.

"Did Mr. Stanmore [illegible] she asked.

"Yes, [illegible] house he [illegible] and said, [illegible] Westford [illegible] painted [illegible] face [illegible] opened [illegible] and [illegible] money could [illegible] the battle of life.

CHAPTER X.

HIDDEN IN THE CROWD.

It was the [illegible] day [illegible] Mrs. Westford [illegible] day on which [illegible] departed forever from their happy home.

[illegible]

After the Message.

[illegible]

Gems of Thought.

The dream's over—Burns.

When a man hasn't a red he gets blue.

A jungle colored tale—the tiger's book.

Whatever gets the bull on the bulletin.

The pill contradictory—a sweet tart.

Men whose business drives them to the wall—bill collectors.

[illegible] used any Rulpe [illegible]

Men who stand around waiting for a drink show a lack of coats.

A man can always see the point of a joke in a paper he does not pay for.

Justice consists in doing no injury to man; modesty in giving no offence.

It is a glorious thing to resist temptation, but it is a satisfaction to avoid it.

A thousand pieces of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

Whoever is honorable and candid, honest and generous is a true gentleman, rich or poor.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts.

If you would not have affliction visit you be learning at once the lessons which it teaches.

The human heart, like a well, if you close it from the world, is sure to generate an air of death.

It is better to go with a few to heaven than with a multitude to hell, and be damned for the sake of company.

But half is rare. Dealers of the best and every variety of gems is a staff, from which will come forth a new crop of sick weeds.

Such not be such to know these [illegible] for [illegible] by some a [illegible] have been ruined by [illegible]

[illegible]

The Traveler's Last Moment.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

POOR COPY