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Issued Weekly on Friday Morning. Terms:-One Dollar per Annum in Advance

ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA. FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1874

WHOLE NO. 817.

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Every Friday Morning, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest

THE YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

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ng.
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RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE,

Corner of Young and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishea, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines Varnishes, and all other articles kept by druggists generally. Our stock of medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qualities. Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72

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Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wines, and Liquors, Thornbill. By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses

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A. ROBIESON'S, L. D. S.

New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the external agency, when the tooth can be exexternal agency, when the tooks and tracted with no pain and without endanger tracted with no pain and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr.
Robinson will be at the following places
prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner :

Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th Thornhill. Kleinburg .30 thNitrous Oxide Gas always on hand a

Aurora, April 28, 1870

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY, (SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.) DUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE D always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.

Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and

The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c. Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72.

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE TOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 Wes Market Square, Toronto.

Boots and shoes made to measure, of the

best material and workmanship, at the low

PETER S. GIBSON.

DROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR. Civil Engineer and Draughtsman. Orders by letter should state the Concession Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. GIBSON and other surveyors, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing

Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York. Jan'y 8, 1873.

J. SEGSWORTH, DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SIL-ver Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. September 1, 1871:

PATENT MEDICINES. PROCLAMATION.

USTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Southing

M USTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dynnovic can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Billiousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.

HAVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores. Cuts Bruss Bruss, Physics Rev. Bruss H Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or

THE KING OF OILS

Stands permanently above every other Rem dy new in use. It is invaluable. A LSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flox, Colie, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box. H...MUSTARD. Manufactured by

Sold by Druggists generally. The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine o expel worms. Try it.

J. H. SANDERSON,

TIETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Conge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practising with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.

All orders from a distance promptly atended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province. Horses examined as to soundness; and also

ought and sold on commission. Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872. S. JAMES,

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER,) RCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINELR, AND A RCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, cor-ner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, To-ronto. 719-tf

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Ducgan & Meyers,) DARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer,

&c., &c. Office :-No. 12 York Chambers, Southeast Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 15, 1873.

WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chan cery, Conveyancer, &c. OFFICE-No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings,

Coronto street.

Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859.

D. C. O'BRIEN, A CCOUNTANT, Book-Keeper, Convey-ancer, and Commission Agent for the ale or purchase of lands, farm atock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and ac-counts. Charges Moderate. OFFICE-Richmond street, Richmond Hill.

F. WHITLOCK, CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN O old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to. November 12, 1872.

A child wishes to know why the dolls are all girls.

Who will get in his crops if he eaves his farm to head the Grangers. A Chicago clergyman preached a

sermon in a billiard saloon last Sunday. He made nineteen points. APortland editor speaks of an alder-

man of that city as "the wooden-headed fool from the Fourth Ward."

notallowhis wife or daughter to work.

The Liverpool (England) Daily Post has now a special wire for the from London, the centre of intel-

climbed a tree to shake out a coon. The hogs heard something drop and hints at the change in her. went for it, but it was not the coon. It was Eli. "May heaven cherish and keep you

from yours truly, &c.," was the somewhat ambiguous closing of a love letter recently received by a certain young lady not a thousand miles away

Some young men in Green Bay presented a preacher with a horse and received his heartfelt thanks. Two days after the presentation the horse was taken away by the farmer from whom it had been stolen.

A gentleman going up Sixth avenue all. New York, met a laborer, to whom he I will," was the reply, " if you tell world. me where you started from.'

On the occasion of the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Edinborough at Windsor Castle the poet laureaute, Tennyson, published a bridal hymn. Of course it must have contanined a nice bit of sentiment.

We like the style of the maiden referred to in the following clipping: I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes upon me, and with her little lips she

said, "An umbrella will do as well." Dr. Douglass, who assaulted a little girl at Troy, Ala, was taken from jail in that place on Tuesday night by a party of men, carried to the woods, severely whipped, and his body mutilated. He was then turned loose. He I took her chin in my hands and made is an Englishman by birth, a doctor, her look at me, while I entreated her and also a singing school-teacher. He with tears to tell me what blight had 684 is forty-five years of age.

A WIDOW INDEED.

I am not going to deny at any time women are changeable. It has come distracted with joy that day. to be one of the fixed facts that no one good reasons.

When my friend Isabel Deane suddenly sank from a pinnacle of proud helped." on his strength that she had never need Isabel." to put out her own.

might take, when the support was have been a sob. snatched away, to grope tamely about the world till one could learn to stand upright again. I offered Isabel no conselation, because I knew of none; I just sat down with her and her children day after day. When she gave long wistful looks at the portrait of her hus band which hung always before her, I made her look at the haby's smile : but when I saw her needle go hard through her work for falling tears, I could only

let the baby go and cry with her. stroke away the pain.

"Isabel will come round at last. She must have some idol, and since the big one is broken, she will set up three 747-1 had fairly settled into the new groove that widowhood would make for her. | were in the university) brought word that she was white and wan, and only To my blank surprise and consternathe shadow of her former self. sible preparations to go abroad with her children for an indefinite time.

Her eyes were hard and cold as if she had no more tears left, and the corners of her mouth were sharply drawn as of one in the fixed habit of enduring pain without mentioning it. Her manner had a brisk abruptness that I had never noticed before. The household habits. which had become a little demoralized The majority of the hands on Texas by the presence of sorrow, had suddenly ranches are Mexicans, who are good straightened into the utmost order. The and steady workers. A Mexican will servants eyed me curiously to see if I would notice the change, and made many furtive attempts to talk about it. I could not have been more bewildered exclusive transmission of its news if a soft, pink baby had suddenly hardened under my hand into one of those grim old statues that keep guard over Egyptian tombs. She did not seem to Eli Love, of Wayne County, Ohio, manage it, but I could nover see her

without that light it was no picture at

"You behave as if you had received sentence of everlasting exile," I said to her on her last day, when she could no

suffered so much here that, but for the children's interest, I should be glad to see this house burnt to the ground."

I looked at the wall, too, and perceived that Mr. Dean's portrait had been removed.

course," I said, by way of making talk. package. I have sent it to Mr. Deane's sister; she always admired and wanted

Had grief turned the woman to stone? fallen on her.

"Don't you remember the day when John seat home that portrait to surprise you on your birthday, and you went on your knees to it with delight, of life, and in this age of the world, that as if it had been an altar? You were

"Since then I have known what it wastes argument upon; nearly all wo- was to be distracted in other ways, and but what we do contend for, with one voice, is, that we never change without a change in me, but I feel it; and I so. assure you I do not find any more comfort in it than you do, but it cannot be

"That is nonsense. It can be helped heart-broken widow, it was a change if you will look at it in the right way.

"I have looked at it'in all ways, and she should turn her face to the wall and there is no right way but to take up refuse to be comforted for many days. my cross and bear it to the end. I can bear it better if I am away from all that as her husband, as long as he lived, and can romind me of the old days. I shall all the world quoted them as a model not come home till I have outgrown

"That memory was your dearest treasure when I left for that short week,

"Yes, but you forget that the world was made in a week. It is long enough dimly imagine what it might be to lean for moths to corrupt or thieves to break one's heart and soul on a good man for through and steal our dearest treasure. many years, till one's bones were all Do not speak lightly of a week," she bent that way, and then how long it said, with a woeful smile that had better

"Isabel, you break my heart," I cried

"Do It Then you will be in the fashion. Women's hearts were made row bed, propped up with pillows. to be broken. The crack comes late to some and early to others. I had a long I am very wet, and may give you a probation, but it came at last all the chill. same."

She went away across the sea next after waiting for a prolonged coughing day with all her flock, but the dregs of fit to pass. "Nothing can hurt me, and her bitterness staid with me. I had I must say quickly what I have to She went away across the sea next believed in her, and been disappointed; say." it is not an uncommon experience between lovers, and I am assured that the scusation is very uncomfortable. I certainly found it so in my own case. There must have been leaves on leaves folded away in her character, that I had never found or suspected, to account for the savage change in a woman who had been "all womanly."

It injured my digestion and disturbed my sleep; for it forced me to take to pieces all my pet theories about women and make them over again.

Her infrequent letters told nothing

of her real life; they were full of glittering generalities about pictures and cathedrals, and now and then a bitter strangely necessary to her happiness, as her to special wrath. The trail of the

preferred him to any one else as her busband. Ho was wholly devoted to health she wrote, "I am always well enough to bear my own burdens such as they are. Nothing can kill a woman you know.' But one or two travelers who saw her at Heidelberg (where she had fixed

> were in the university) brought word she wrote once, "with the devotion of cousin George and his new wife. They may be called vagabonds, having no visible means of support; but love is to be food and drink and lodging, to say nothing of clothes. The deluded woman thinks she has power to keep him always at her feet, and it would

> not surprise me at all if he were already, in his heart, a little weary of her. Women are so easily deceived that I wonder men have taken so much pleasure in doing it through all ages. I begin to favor the French custom of selecting one of old Fuller's nutshells: ''Tis to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry;' but people will do that any way, and after all love is only the

right side of grief. When George Deane and his "deluded wife" came home I charged them, on their honor, to give a true and unvarnished account of Mrs. Deane's condition of body and mind. They had been so wrapt up in one another that they had not seen much change in her as to manner, but they had somehow got it into their foolish heads that she had not lived happily with her husband, as she would never talk of him even to her children. I speedily disabused their minds of that notion, for, as I have said before, Isabel and her husband had never ceased to live in their honeymoon till his death.

Isabel had been abroad five years when she sent me a golden curl of her daughter's hair, braided with iron-gray, which she insisted was her own. I sat twisting it about my finger with my heart full of rebellion against the evil fate that had taken her clean out of my sphere, when I had counted on a double share of her society for the rest

of my life. "This is the conclusion of the whole matter," I said to myself for want of anybody else to say it to. "Blessed be those who expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed."

And on that instant the postman,

darting up the steps in the rain, held up a letter to my window. It was a very thin letter and held only these words: Miss Dennison: If you will come around to the Russel Street Infirmary as soon as possible after receiving this

> MARIA STONE, Matron of Infirmary.

been my forte, and I was morally cer | there was but one woman in the world, | days at a time. I sent the letter in tain that I had never laid eyes on a woman of the name of Maria Stone.

Besides all this, it rained as if it were the first day of another deluge, and another Miss Dennison; Dennison men acknowledge it at once, as I do; only for the children's sake I would being a common name, and the prefix for an hour or two every day, and one

> I am ashamed to say that I hesitated some minutes with my rubber shoes in my hand; but curiosity, rather than bemy hand; but curiosity, rather than benevolence, finally carried the day, and very lovingly of the fallen ones of her Russell street.

"Are you Miss Dennison?" said a woman, who seemed to be waiting to let me into the infirmary.

"Yes." " Miss Eleanor Dennison?" "Yes."

"Then you are the lady wanted." It was comfort in my soaked condition to hear even that, though I put no

faith in it. I was led through a room containing seven or eight beds, all occupied by convalescent patients, into a small one, so dark that I could not distinguish anything for a moment.

"Is she here?" I heard a woman's voice ask faintly, and guided by the sound, I saw a woman lying on a nar-"I am Miss Dennison," I said, "but

"It don't matter," she returned,

Even then I folt a certain impatience that I had been dragged out on such a stain and disgrace of an investigation, day, to hear the dying confession of a will send the money. Women are so stranger, who probably intended it for credulous that they will believe one some other person.

How often, but for our hard working guardian angels, we should pass by with a sniff, and miss forever the most blessed opportunities of their lives!

she grasped the cape of my "waterproof" as if to be certain that I should not escape her. She was much emaciated (her cheek bones stood out like rocks at low water), and having been a very dark brunette in her best days, her coal-black hair and extreme sallow ness, made a ghastly contrast with the white pillows at her back.

"Are we alone?" she asked, when the matron went out and closed the door, without foticing my silent entreaty for her to remain. I glanced over the room and perceived another bod, in which the outline of

n human figure was visible under the coverlet. herself, to be near her brothers, who "Not quite; there seems to be some one asleep in the other bed."

"Yes, she's asleep fast enough, and shadow of her former self.
"I have been bored to death, lately," it's the only kind of sleep worth having. She died while the matron was

down stairs." "For mercy's sake, let me go and tell her." I said, horrified at her careless manner.

"It is for mercy's sake to the living that I have sent for you. Never mind the dead.' The woman was not in the least wild in her manner, and paused only to

cough at intervals. "I am Madeleine Dejoux, a seamstress who worked three months once wives and husbands for cone's children, for Mrs. John Deane, making up the instead of leaving them to their own de- wardsobe for one of her babies. I think vices, in the most important matter of it was the second boy. I used to see and the trick that I had admired so their lives. The only objection lies in you, Miss Dennison, every day, and you have changed very little. But I was handsome then, with a brilliant Spanish sort of beauty; you would not

suppose it to see me now?"

"I have given no thought to the matter at all," I said, a little sharply, recognizing her at last as one whom I had formerly disliked, and suspecting she was about to confess the theft of Isabel's gold thimble, or something of the sort. "I suppose not, but you must give both thought and understanding to the rest of what I have to say. Mr. Deane and his wife, as possibly you have noticed, were the most perfectly happy married people that I ever saw. Being so long under their roof, I had every opportunity to observe it. I always sewed in a little room adjoining their bedchamber, which Mrs. Deane used as a nursery; indeed, she usually sat there

with the only child she had then. "She treated me kindly, after a fashion, but somehow she seemed to make no difference between me and the servants. I was just a person who served her purpose, and she wanted no more to do with me. I had been taught that my good looks were to be my fortune, and she never noticed them at

"She was a plain looking woman, at times when she had no color; but if papa's, on his shoulder. she had been a full-fledged angel, Mr. Deane could not have been more convinced of her beauty. He fairly worshipped the ground she walked on, and when I could hear them billing and cooing over their boy, I would grind my teeth with sheer envy of her happiness. "I tried in every way to attract Mr. note, you may do some good, and greatly

Doing good in hospitals had never have been so much empty air; for him | that he was obliged to be away many

"It is not a safe occupation for a young girl to try such experiments. I had not been in the bouse two months before I loved him with all my heart, most likely the letter was meant for and he scarcely know me by sight. He had a habit of reading aloud to his wife book, in which they were much inter ested, was James Greenwood's 'Seven Curses of London.' Mrs. Deane pre-I went forth on a long, wet walk to own sex, of course Mr. Deane loved her for it more than ever, if that were pos-

> "They gave it up, however, after reading a few chapters, because she said in her mawkish way that it was too painful to be true. I hope she has found out by this time that because things are painful they are all the more likely to be true. I got the book out of the library again as soon as they re-turned it, and finished it by myself. If you have read it (and if you have not, out of her what little life she had left, I recommend it to you and all other strr hed-up women, who have seen that I could send to Isabel swept it nothing but the white side of this sepulchro of a world)-I say, it you have deed to give another turn to the rack read it, you cannot fail to remember a on which remorse and disease had long certain chapter which, after describing bound her. I felt only contempt for the many forms of villainy in the way of working of such a mind, when she lookanonymous letters, goes on to detail a ed into my eyes again. very ingenious method of getting money out of widows and orphans, called the 'dead-lurk.'

"After a man dies somebody writes very familiar letter purporting to come from his mistress, or an accomplice in some piece of wickedness, asking for money according to promise, as if they had not heard of his death. The odds are that the poor woman, hoping to preserve her husband's name from the story as soon as another. I admired taue.

I sat down by the woman's bed, and Deane happened to hear me use a vul-"About a month afterwards Mrs. gar word before her little boy, who rethe tongue, not worth noticing; but ever after, but I don't know that anyshe could not make fuss enough about body cared what became of that parit, and sent me away directly. She was too self-righteous to give me any recommendation to her friends, and I had to go into a strange place, with very little money and no certificate of character. But never mind that now: she has had her reward!

"I soon found people enough to look at my black eyes and the flowers in my hair, and I came to grief of course. You have been looking all along as if you expected it. I came to grief without delay, faith?" as I said, but I got some pleasure on the way, perhaps as much as my betters in a slight cold turned to a cough, and I go out of her hand. 'You are mistak-began to grow sick and poor equally began to grow sick and poor equally ing remorse for repentence; but at least, fast. I had one child to support; he to give you your due, you have done was then about five years old, the only creature who ever loved me. But I see you are not interested in him; nobody ever was interested in him except his

"I had no prospect before me but a lingering death in the poorhouse, while my lovely, blue-eyed boy would be cuffed about some orphan asylum till he was old enough to work. In this evil case, when I was in sore extremity, I saw the death of John Deane in a newspaper, and all my old wrongs at his wife's hands rushed over me like a flood; at the same moment I remembered the 'Seven Curses of London,' much. I don't pretend to make any defense (you are too hard-hearted to admit it if I did), but I was desperate, and I could not see my boy starve.

"With the utmost care and deliberation I put together a letter, addressed to Mr. Deane, which would have carried conviction, even to your mind, that and surmises as to its meaning would I had been near and dear to him. It was long and affectionate, and signed by my own name. It referred to those letter."
first days when he had spoken kindly to me in the sewing room, and to my meeting him more and more often afterward away from home, and how wiser than a serpent he had been in never letting his wife suspect it. It spoke of our blue-eyed Johnnie-how proud he would be to show papa, on his next visit, his first jacket and trousers. It spoke a great stretch of peace and calmness, of my being wholly dependent on him as people do after a troublesome piece in my ill health, and how blessed I had of work is fairly finished and folded up been in gaining the love of so good a and laid away for future use. man. It reminded him ever so delicately of a certain allowance that he home, bringing her children. She looked ginning of the current year; but the one thing that carried conviction to Mrs. Deane's mind, and I knew it would when I thought of it, was my telling him in the letter how Johnnie had seen his back in the looking-glass, and had discovered a mole, 'just like

"I happened to be aware of this mark on Mr. Deane's shoulder from overhearing his sister say that all her put no stone to mark the place. But family had it precisely in the same spot, and she had looked for it on her nephew as he sat on my lap.

"1 studied every sentence of that let-Deane's attention, even to lacing his child, looking for hope in it. My love read in her face. "Forgive me, forgive wife's boots after she found it difficult for Mr. Deane had never gone out of me, O my husband!" to stoop; but he had eyes only for her my heart (for love never dies, I think), To hear with eyes is part of love's fine wit, with my touch; but I might as well driven from home by his business, and for that.

fear and trembling, and bided my time. In a few days I had a notice from a banking house in New York that a certain sum would be paid me every year by order of Mrs. Isabel Deane, It was precisely the amount of the allowance I had mentioned in my letter-not an extravagant sum, but just enough for the support of my boy and me decently.

"She could spare it well enough, and

after all, I don't know why I should be sorry for doing it. She had more than her share of happiness, but I have often wondered how she took my little thunderbolt. I heard she went to Europe with her children."

Madeleine Dejoux had said all this in a high, constrained voice, as if she had been wound up to run just so many minutes. She now shrank down among her pillows, and seemed to be bracing herself to receive my wrath in whatever form it might break upon her.

For one black instant I had a savage longing to clutch her throat and shake but the great joyfulness of the tidings away. I should have been a pagan in-

"I see you have been furious," she said, reading me as if I were printed in the largest type; "but now you have turned scornful. You used to be a devout admirer of Mrs. Deane, who, with all her tameness, could fascinate men and women both. I know all the wires that men are pulled by, but I never had a female friend unless you consent to be that one."

"I! I, your friend?" I said with a

shudder that I did not try to hide. "Never mind," she said; "I can do without it as I have done always. I the talent and acuteness of such a trick; see your interest in me ends with this it was to me the cream of the book, and interview. You would trample me un-I did not think it was too painful to be der your feet if you could help Mrs.

Deane by it." "That is of course. I may think of you in connection with Mrs. Deane's sorrow as one thinks of the serpent in peated it at once. It was just a slip of the ruin of Eve-we follow her fortune ticular serpent."

> "Where is your boy now?" "Oh, he is dead. I never repented till then." "And if he had lived you would

never have undeceived your victim;

you would have let her drag out her

"I was sore tempted," she pleaded,

and I could not see my boy starve."

life in torturing doubt of her husband's

"Yes, I think so." "And I think so, too," I said, drawto give you your due, you have done

one good thing before it is too late." She turned her face away from me with a movement of impatience, as if she half grudged even that one white thread in a whole life woven out of evil, and I went out of the infirmary

and ran all the way to my own house. While Madeleine Dejoux's words were fresh in my memory, I wrote every one as she had spoken them; but they sould not reach Isabel in less than a fortnight, and I would not prolong her

pain even that length of time. I wrote half a dozen telegrams before I could hit on a form of words that satisfied me. One was: "Madeleine Dejoux has

confessed her deception." And another: 'The woman who wrote a lying letter to you is dying;" but I feared the telegram would be opened by a stranger, or by one of the children, before it should reach Isabel, and the questions be endless At last I settled on this: "Glad tidings of great joy. Look for a

might be nearly sure of getting one of them if the others failed. Then I sat down and folded my hands, so to speak, feeling myself the center of

Then I made three copies of Madel-

eine's confession, and sent them on suc-

cessive days to Heidleberg, that Isabel

worn and altered, but the sweet, soft dew of happiness again brightened her eyes and flushed her cheek. Her talk, as of old, was full of simple, innocent. womanly matters, untouched by the sarcasms which had come over the sea in all these years, and had pricked me like arrows. We spoke no word of all that had come and gone between us. We just buried the ugly skeleton, and when she was again settled in her old home, with her work table in front of Mr. Deane's portrait (which she had begged from his sister,, I sometimes caught her returning glance as she ter as one studies the face of a sick gazed long upon it, and I constantly

foot, and never saw the scarlet flower and in all these years I had kept acin my hair. I held his boy till my count more or less closely of his habits. And ours was not a weman's friendship, arms ached, and tried to magnetize him and welfare. I knew that he was often but I loved Isabel Deane well enough

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and happy wifehood into a desolate and quite proper, and to be expected, that John Deane had been her lover, as well of married happiness. His death was even the memory of them.' so sudden, and all the more overwhelming, to the wife who had lain so sevenely

I am an old maid myself, but I can

As week dragged after week, Isabel began to take up the stitches she had dropped in mother-love, and the real strength that was in her, hitherto dormant, sprang up full-armed for her children. She had been wounded well nigh unto death, but half a dozen soft little hands did much to soothe and

little ones in its place, and the worship will go on in her temple all the same," I said to a friend whom I was visiting for a week, when Mr. Deane had been dead for about three months. I had liked John Deane very well myself. If Isabel must marry at all, which seemed jest on the hollowness of fee it does to many other women, I rather husband. He was wholly devoted to her, which was no more than she deserved, and for a man he was very little in the way. Nevertheless, I returned to her with a certain inward comfort in the thought that she would be more than ever my friend, when she

alone, and she carefully ignored my Her beauty had always been warmed and hightened by happiness; she needed sweet excitements to keep a flush in her naturally pale check and dewy brightness in her large gray eyes. When the sun is saying good night to the snow peaks of the Jungfrau, she colors like a blush rose; but when the sun is gone she turns pale and gray, and is nothing but a cold rock after all. This was precisely the change in Isabel Deanc. Her face was like a transparent picture, softly glowing when the light of happiness was behind it, but

She had let her house on a long lease, said: "Will you tell me if I am half and all her affairs were as carefully setway to Central Park?" "Faith, an' tled as if she were going out of the

> longer escape me. "I hope it may be so," she replied, looking straight at the wall; "I have

"You will take it with you, "Oh, no; it would be a troublesome

eblige, yours truly,