mederaces as his joung wife, and some times he passed builds it is made where half dones newspapers mans lying, each will their starting as thats. The Warf I! completions on a revery page Yes, it was even so. Those drys what only grandpothers in ghrulous ma-ments told of "the hast war" had been by. It was been at our shorts, and the incidents of to-day ware but a page of history to-horrow. Through the thrifting of gathering worshipers on the onles natory to stortow. Investe ten titring, of gathering worshipers on the cale. Sabbath days, above the plitter of bays, nets, and the reli of the drum and the tramp of her kept time with the sweet church be its. In many a temely kome, and women hearts kept down their beat.

sad women hearts kept down their bearing while they peaked the thourshift
knapsack with one hand and wiped
away the coming tears with the other.
With the first schoes from Samer,
Ernest's blood was fired—but a glance
at the pale face of his bride, her mute
appeal, when looking in his eyes she
plead so gently. "Don't leave me
Bricket—Uhave no father or mother,
to sister?" and the great errar strond; no eister and the great iters stood in those shiping eyes. It was not Nina Ayhara humal way to plead, and when, like an humble, child, ahe spake thus, he felt that no sacrifice could be too great. But it charded and worried him he tets una me great. But it chafed and worried him neverthelies, for there of the table lay a commission ready for his acceptance, and besige it the latest lews to set his brain on fire. The quick pulses were alonging to keep time with the drain, alonging to keep time with the drain, and besife it the latest news to set his brain on fire. The quick pulses were longing to keep time with the drum, and the strong arm clutched nervously where a sword-hilt should be. It was a great struggle, and again he steeped toward the window and looked long at the sleeping girl. The sadness of the face strock him then for the first time. "It she hanhappy with my wild idolatry, of which I could give her no greater proof than this—to stay lidly here, when my heart is ydnder? Sweet, strainge Nima;" and he stooped, and touchied her cheek so lightly that she strange Avina; "and he stooped, and touchied her chiesk so lightly that she did not wake, but stire uneasily, and still in her dreams speaks softly, "Oh. Pahl, have you come back," and the "she light in half parted with a smile.

In Except linants mad, or " denon,

as he stands there over the senzeless, unconscious figure, his into big blue veins, the like a tigors, and the strong teeth ground lare a tigers, and the strong teets ground together. Pray God this the unjifted arm does not fall to crush her. Pray God this that fearful waking may not turp her brain when poming out of dreamlung—her startled vision doubts. dreamland her startled vision doubts whether he furious face before her is not yet a freeap. Pushing beat her hair, and helf rising she haid. "Dear Ernest." but the bitter represents crushed fer flown.

"Ay dear Ernest lake, fool wollin! You slabher has beingyed you! Go to Paul Albent—he has your heart!"

"Bulk Ernest, it was not Fault—"
"Link!" he thundered in her car. "A weather's lips could well, repeat a lie. Shees, or Istrike you?

Then Nima Aymar with a white face, rose before him.

"Strike me it you will—kill me at

The days gathered into weeks-the weeks into The river! Ugh! it was an ugly thought.

CHAPTER IV.

"Col Ripsult! this is a strange meeting." And amid the din of the battle Major Alban still found time to thrust out a hand to grasp that of the stern warrior. This was no time for moment. Dut moments became a pang, and the heron's plume he code a pang, and the heron's plume he code and the code was title of the cannon's thousand the code brow, and folded brow, and folded

"Retreat! our troops retreat? Im-No such order can have

Pracely kept their ranks unbroken. A the river rank—a whirr—the fatal shell was do— Not beyond the range of the rebel

sisting that mad stampede.

"Retreat!" and with sshy lips the
word was given. "I must not let
these brave fellows be mowed down."

this bores' feet were almost planted
on the prostrate forms of a wounded

All, until one fragrant summes morn and the prostrate forms of a wounded soldier lying at his feet. Not more than twenty-years of age—with bright brown hair, and eyes so strangely luminous that he could not turn may from their imploring gaze—with small hands rough and hard, and weatherstained face, sare where the nervous grasp had loosened the choking collar, revenling the white throat. But those eves—those haunting eyes—Ernest proportial up vonder—who was it? As revening the manufacture with the second properties of the second prope

with a strange, dizzy sensation, yet on he spurred. "Water, water—Colonel, he spurred. "Water, water—Colonel, give me water!"

They came to a little brook, gurg-

they came to a little brook, gurg-ling as happy and joyous as if out you-der there were not dying men. Plac-ing the lad against the old tree trunk, he filled his can and brought the bles-sed draught. A gray pallor was com-ing over the face, for all Ernest's efforts could not staunch the flowing blood. In broken sentences, and with many na process sentences, and win any means, the pitfal story ran thus from the shivering lips: "Colonel—I're made my last voyage. The hull a store in, it will soon go down, and—I want to tell you—to pray for me. I've been an awful wicked boy—I've broke oven an awdu weed boy—Ive broas-my mother's heart—years and years ago, and I was so bad that my sister never dared tell anybody that I was her brother. She was good to me, tho. After mother died, she tried to make never dared tell anybody that I was her brother. She was good to me, the same the wanderer had left her—and After mother died, she tried to spake me do right, but I would't, and so they had to send me off to sea, to try if I well gift, her weary journey thither, but I would be better. She put a little Bible in my chest, and sometimes in the great storms I tried to read it, but the men laughed at me, and then I drank and swore. And then—I ran away and swore. And then—I ran away and the word when the storms I was the swore with the same swore. And then—I ran away and swore word was the swore word when they same the swore word word was the burs when Paul chest of darking the swore when Paul chest of darking the swore when Paul chest of the blurs when Paul chest of the blurs when Paul chest of darking the swore when Paul chest of the blurs when Paul chest of the swore when Paul chest of the blurs when Paul from the ship, and Captain May, and listed—oh, water. How the sea tosses to-night, and how dark it is—Nina told me once about how Jesus made the tempest stili.

stern warrior. The was no means to harder. With size bowed in private animosity, and the pressure was bithands, and the heavy dew on his somewhat coldly returned, and the sad, foshead, Col. Kinault sat alone with dark fabe grew luminous for a brief the dead; face brother—Paul Aymar—moment. But memory brought too the Paul of that fatal desam—the Paul

thehands lovingly on the breast, and closed the eyes so like her's-Nina's been given. Stand fast, mea !"

Krieding there, he felt that in the light
And like an iron statue, Col. Rinault proudly sheld his place, and, the might even have kissed
with eyes fixed on his, the soldiers
her,lifeless lips; but—ugh! the river, Keeling there, he felt that in the light of this new revelation he would be thankful if he might even have kizeed

rain—a wall?—a the burrying bullet! No. The heron's plume is train was coming. There was no resisting that mad stampede.

"Retreat!" and with ashy lips the companion, and a weary blank was all that followed.

Rinault, with one bound had leaped from his horse and gathered up the slight figure. It was no easy work to mount or ride with his burden, but what Col. Rinaulk undertool, he always performed, and away they sped.

"Water, water," moaned the wounded man. They "were almost beyond range of the guns—they should soon track to tell, and his brain to reel with a range, dizzy sensation, yet on on, is so weak—yith a strange, dizzy sensation, yet on on, is so weak.

"I water the wound had been the wound the wou the name softly himself. Was it only the wind that seemed to whisper in return! Was it a dream that ever his eyelids, ever and anon, there came the light touch of soft lips? So weak. Then the old strong na-

ture asserted itself; he would look; a strong will should guide weak eyesight. Fairer, paler than a lily, her thin hands clasped together, those wondrous eyes on his, there seemed to rise before him a vision of lost Nina. And yet no vision, for soft tones fell on his ear. Dear Earnest." and a soft touch

and with gentle tears she kissed the withered daisies—that were all the legrom the ship, and Captan May, and Aloua, or Cognier Annua, as was obtained.

In the state, How the sea tosses his title, spent an hour, and told again only the sea one about how Jesus made the sea one about how Jesus made the wounded friend beside the dead boy, more started at the familiar names and how, in hastening for sid, he met sai since, but did not speak to intertopt the words that would be few.
"I wonder if he would let me come
"I wonder if he would let me come

for the fallen here and the sailer boy.

Nina Rinault was a pale, quiet wid-w-alone, without father or mother, sister or brother. For friends, great generous hearted cousin George, w generous hearted coursin teering, whom we know as Capitain May, and Paul. At Ernest's grave there was no truer mourner than he, and like a brother, quietly and gravely his eare still watched her footsteps with unobtrusive sympathy and unoffensive friendly love.

nome and snetter, or a brown tressed head, weary and aching, fillowed on his breast, to rest forevermore, of a tremu-jous hand within his own, while the strange dark eyes were uplifted—of the answer he had waited so long, clear and low from the loved lips, "Yes, Paul."
Ah, it was no dream, or rather like the visions of the morning watch, that sooner or later must come true.

An English Woman's Experience in America.

"When we first came to this country," she said, "we settled in York State, in a small town, where I had two married sons living. They brought their wives at once, of course, to eall on me, and quite a number of the neighbors also called. Well, I had returned their calls, and then my daug ters in law hinted that it was now m duty, according to their custom to invite them all to tea. As I was afraid I might make some blunder, I told them to send the invitations and set the day, and I'd try to be ready for them. They did so, and sent me word them. one Monday, that on Wednesday some one Monday, that on Wednesday some balf-dozen gentlemen and their wives would come and 'drink tea' with me. I was very glad to have them all come, I am sure, but I didnt' know what to have for tea! I, of course, had never "Dear Exmest," and a soft touch pushed back his hair, that she might leave a kiss on his pale forehead.

Ah; thou few happy days, when the surgeon promised life—albeit the good right arm was gone forever; when, in the long twilight, each proud heart was bowed in contrition, and the cheads of distrust were swept away forever; when, in leaning on her shoulder, he told her of the erring brother, and his dying hours; and with gentle tears she kissed the

such a tea as I would nave one on England, and let it go at that.

"On the appointed day my company came, and at tea time I invited them to the diuther-room. I'm afraid there were a few smiles when they saw my old-tanhoned china and surver that has been an heir-loom in my husband's family for many generations. I had good bread siliced very thin, good butter, and some goed old English cheese, brought from the old country—and that was all there was on the table

"In England I should have thought the fair face of his odd love going to the two works that would be few.

"It wonder if he would let me come to him. Nina said I might, and if she were here she would pray for me to him. Nina said I might, and if she were here she would pray for me to him. Nina said I might, and if she were here she would pray for me to him. Or she were here she would pray for me to him to reary. Colonel?" Under that I summer sky, with the dying soldier beside him, rose up the words of that prayer so old, yet so new—"Our Father." It was finished, and the white him are not weaknes; but, shi the shadow was coming. Fever burned in the sick man's veins, weakness held him down—even lave and happiness.

The table was covered, with a snow. it all quite nice, but I knew by the faces of my guests—though as I said

to off a daisy. "If you ever see my sign Nina, tell her't sent her this and stowly with the autumn leaves the will and fittul nature went to sleep hap been so bed—no good to anybody. Golonel. You've been very man le had wronged so deeply, and go't to me Nobody but Nina will yet whom he teved so well. They had him heads the lad whose name had made so great s blotch on Ernest's life, and the soft music of the wader to more. With face bowed in bithands, and the beavy down on his hands, and the heavy down on his trees never ceased to sing a dinge fruit cake, gold and silver eaks."

\*\* Well; there I sai, complètely publicands, and the best out of the lam hero and the sailer boy. "Well; there I sai, complètely publicands, and the beavy down his thands, and the beavy down his thands, and the lam hero and the sailer boy. "Well; there I sai, complètely publicands, and the leave to sail didn't know. In

zled. What to eat I didn't know sled. What to eat I didn't know. In England we never have pies at ten, and we very swidon eat preserves to any time. We put them in puddings some-times, or have them on the table after dioner with the dessert, but they are not considered healthy by the mass of the people there. It's a fact, I actually did not know what so eat, but family made my meal of bread and butter and metr heads as the passed them, rank and file revered her name and breathed a benison on her mission, and dying to be the series of the series a very small piece of the plain cake However, I soon got as bad as the res

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the bosts of some English and Brench artists about the wonderful genins of their respective countrymen, at last broke ent, and said, 'O, pabawl yeou git sout! Why, there's Bill Devine, of our village, who kin paint a pleoe of copt so 'zeutly like marble,' that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom jes' like a stone.'

Legal Notices.

MORTGAGE SALE. BORNTOGAGE SALES.

BY vitters of authority between that March this 1986, Closer A, Kanyon and Richen, Mi he lytis, of the town of Wist, countryfor Allegary and State of the Wist of the Countryfor Allegary and State of Predication, or Friendship, country and Bate afforestic, certain predicate described in said indentry, as follows town of Wist, country of Allegary and State of Key York, distanguished by Seight and Company's paradagained by Seight and Seight a

W. Achason and Charles Crandall.
Said moffgage with the power of she thereis
contained, was recorded in the Clerk's Office, o
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of t three dellars.

Now Therefore, Nottle is hereby given mortgagal premises will be sold at public the highest bidder, on the 94th 1d 1860 at 10 clock, r. x., at the front door though in the village of Belmont, Alles IBAIR JOHDAN,

Bheriff's Sale.

Driving of one writ or electrical learning to the band, ments of John L. Lewis, Lenan R. Lewis, L

low-lowed with the sale town of Amity, sale ing according to a map and surrey made by Samuel Van Wickle, surveyed in the therk's office of Allegar which map and survey reference is tain the location of sald lot 98; which the there is no sale of the bighest bidd public Vandue to the highest bidd. no 18th de court M. of this day.

J. t. DAVIS Sherff,

RUFUS SCOTT,

Attorney,

EUFUS BCOTT, Attorney, M. H. BEWIT, Deputy.



13

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