

SORROW.

I would not weep because the roses die, I do not mourn when the leaves fall; But when blue best goes mourning to the sky, I weep above my soul, and that is all.

BITTER-SWEET.

A symphony of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly-built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body when alone in the presence of a long-remembered friend.

Windborough is a country town, seated in the middle of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction.

Most of our lives are bitter-sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlatives, it is when love takes possession of soul and body.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving but his daughter and her mother, a stern and stern woman.

It is unique this village, with its hundred steep hills and down to the gray and the shingle shore.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-scented room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, now fully leaved, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones.

He, Margaret's husband, had never felt this delight in her? Might he not have made some other woman his wife, or of whom he would possibly have been tempted to repeat his marriage?

He was a good man, upright and true; but he had often played at love before his marriage. "He came back in the night time one," and he was being pushed now, he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendly-ness which he had given before, and she was absorbed in the child.

She was, then, one of those women in whom the instinct of motherhood is stronger than all other? He worshipped her now with the fervor of a man in his manhood, and was his own child to come between, and shut him away from her?

They lingered on till the honeysuckle wove the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a bright day, with two being at the window, the woodland path overhanging the sea.

John asked Margaret to be his wife. It was the sweetest time of the afternoon, and the sun was in the sky, calm, and the sea was dimmed by a soft haze.

And now into her loneliness there came another human presence—a young man, earnestly whistling, treading gently over moss and flowers till he reached the rivulet, and passed on the farther side, looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft gray gown, crowned by the brown hair and wistful face.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE! THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED! FROM COL. L. T. FOSTER.

FROM THE ONEONTA PRESS, N. Y. Early last summer, B. J. Kendall & Co. of Enosburg Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the Press for a half column advertisement for our "Kendall's Spavin Cure" for Horses and Mares.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. B. J. Kendall & Co., Genl. You will find Kendall's Spavin Cure and find all who use it are pleased with its results. It may send you more advertising matter, and a few nice cards with our names on them.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. B. J. Kendall & Co., Genl. I am using your Spavin Cure for a horse spavin, (thought of Conley & King, Druggists, Columbus, Ohio.) I find it just the thing to look for the lump to leave. The one bottle was worth to me ten times as much.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. B. J. Kendall & Co., Genl. I have the highest opinion of Kendall's Spavin Cure, removing enlargements. Yours very truly, C. E. BRADLEY.

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