POETRY OF THE TIMES.

A Lament Long ago, when I was younger, then I didn't have to hu the 'Rou d to buy my wife a bonnet every time the fashion changed; Or the latest thin s in stockings, or a new self-acting bustle-I m deranged.

Long ago the hand that cl. sped mine had the other clasper broken, Buying various colored dadoes and French clocks that wouldn't go. I shall ue'er forget the word that she might just as well have s, oken, namely:

The Fall of a Boston Girl. She was a pretty S mth End girl -All South End girls are fair -Wata eyes like dismonds teeth like pearl, Red cheeks and wealth of hair, As down the avenue she tripped Her dainty feet, so small, Upon the icy pavement slipped The presty maid did fall.

Some gentlemen were standing by And all of them displayed A great nxiety to try To give the ma den And when she sa d he wasn't hurt They all were very giad. She thank sd them as she brushed her skirt And walke 1 off very mad.

Yes, mad. "Twas not the falling down Had made h r feel so grim, But that it disarran ed her gown And showe i a nether lim's. And whe her walk she did propos . Loase leggings she did don, They hid the fifty dollar hose, She at that time had on.

Laboring Under Difficulties

-Boston Post

The room was poorly lighted He couldn't see, he said, And when he trie l to kiss her mouth He almost lost his head Because 'twas open wile, you see -Her lips were rosy red-But when he went to kiss that mouth His head fell in, instead. -Derrick

Batore and After.

Before marriage, With wondrous care, She seeks the mirror And bangs her hair. After marriage, With angry glare, She grabs her slipper And bangs her heir.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

Six years to-day? Impossible! But it is thou th, for you are thirty-two today, and you were only twenty-six then, John Preston. I never look look back to the year following my twenty-sixth birthday without an involuntary prayer that I may never have such another year's trouble and hours of misery those heedless words despair to go through.

Six years to-day I took a temporary Weeks and months dragged their weaknowing so little, have said nothing. leave of my mother, and made my real start in life. "First impressions, dwelling hopelessly on the Improbability of ever meeting my darling my dear boy," she had said, "are again. Sometimes in my despair I al everything,"-and with my paper open on my knee, left the unending bustle Mason, asking the true particulars of and noise of the big city behind, my Miss Bertram's departure, and stating ing forth all the time on the dreadful mlnd dwelt in anticipation on the new my reasons for so doing. But would

a person to be obeyed simply because | my heart seemed to catch and stop alit was a pleasure to obey her, and this together as I drew nearer and recoglatter fact would in no degree weaken nized my darling-my lost love-of the former; delicate but perfectly whom I had never ceased to dream. marked eyebrows complete the face, Forgetful for the moment of everywhich, framed in rippling bands of deep brown hair, smiles at me whenthing but that we were once more face to face, I exclaimedever I open my case to feed on its contents. Must I confees my weak-"How happy I am to see you again!" ness, or have I not already confessed Then I suddenly thought that this it? Looking back, I know that I must be the Mrs. Freeman for whom had been fetched, and the bitter oved her there and then, as I stood talking in the hushed shadowy hall. knowledge that she was another man's I did not know then why it was that wife rushed across me. I stood mute I falt so much tender pity for her in her responsible position-I did not know why in addressing her I invol-

untarily dropped my voice in emulabered her abrupt departure from Mrs. tion of her own soft tones, or why, in Mason's. Could there be any cause meeting her eyes, mine took an earnfor mystery-for silence as to the past? I stood waiting. est expression, no matter how trivial the subject under discussion. "Have you then met my niece ba-Each day found me hastening to fore, Mr. Breston?" said Mr. Talbot,

my anxious duties like a school boy to sharing the surprised expression on his play, and, when Mrs. Mason re-turned at the end of ten days and her face. "No," I stammered. "That is, I found her darlings on the road to rethought ---- " then, seeing she was decovery, thanks to the unwearied at termined not to acknowledge a pretention of their kind nurse, I awoke vions acquaintance, I recovered my self-possession by a desperate effort. "I mistook Mrs. Freeman for some to the discovery that I loved deeply and passionately. No pa sing fancy for a beautiful face was this, but allone else," I said, bowing "She will excuse my mistake-indeed the likeenduring love, such as a true man seldom feels but once in his life. ness itself is sufficient excuse; it is The days slipped by all too quickly, until the return of Fred when there marvellous!" She never flinched, but with the old

was no longer the slightest excuse for sweet smile, held out her hand, saymy daily visits to my patients. I heard | ing: from him of Mrs. Mason's departure "I wish I could claim old acquaintwith her family, and I lived on the ance; it is always so pleasant to meet

hope of future meetings on their reunexpectedly; but, as it is, I hope we turn. I hastened my mother home a shall soon be good, though not old week sooner than she wished, greatly friends." to her mystificatinn, that I might not I bowed-words would not come miss one chance of seeing my darling, just then-this perfection of action asfor I had determined, short as our actonished me so that I became absolutequaintance had been, to ask her if she ly silent. I took her hand, glad of coold care for me enough to wait for the few moments respite, while I felt for her. to ask if she could consent to "She arrived only last night," said

brighten the world for me, and me for Mr. Talbot-"has been traveling, althe world-to give me an object, an most without stopping, a long distance and I expect has over-exerted herself. aim in life-to render myself worthy of her. After a week of patient wait-Oh, Mary?" ing, I ventured to question Fred. as "Strain on the nervous system," I to Mrs. Mason's movements, assummuttered through my parched lips. ing a would-be air of nonchalence. Quietness, rest and tonics will be won-"Oh, they are in town again!" he ders." Then, rising in a helpless way,

said. "But that pretty governess is not with them"-this with a sidelong glance at me. "Mrs. Mason said somebade them good morning, and groped my way out of the house. 'Oh, heaven," I cried, i the anguish thing about family affairs and a runof my heart, "why am I thus made the away match-but that woman does run play hing of fate?" on so that I can never follow her." I felt myself reeling, as the full I felt the treacherous blood leaving

misery oi my position rushed across my mind, and instantly caught at the "Was Miss Bertram one of the parrailings of the house I was passing to ties concerned in the runaway match?" save myself from falling. "Jonn Preston," called a cheerful "I don'dthink so," said Fred, "but I cannot assert anything, because I paid

little cracked voice from the other side of the hedge, "what is the matter? Are you going to faini? Don't stand there in that dazed way-come in." So saying, the rector's sister, a kind ttle spinster, who had constituted

pretended te think me, into her own little sanctum. She insisted on my most resolved to write frankly to Mrs. | drinking a tonic, and began chafing my temples and hands vigorously, hold

inconvenience of my being ill.

would cloud it for a moment at some And I, looking at the sweet face indefinable change in my darling's before me, saw that a close struggle character. The old steadfastness was between life and death was at hand, wanting, the strength of will I had so and feeling all the happy hopes of the much admired, and in its place there last few months fading with each word, was a reliance on others which I should | I answered quietlyhave thought impossible in her; the "Your happiness must always be of

very thought seemed disloyal, and with an impatient sigh I resolutely stamped it down.

combry of the speech.

time.'

One morning, on calling on Mr. Talbot ou parish business, and finding to get some rest." Having told her news, she seemed he was expected home every minute, more contented and quiet, and after some few directions, I went down I was shown into the dining room to await his return. Mrs. Freeman was stairs, feeling as though I had lived . in the garden. How lovely she looked | life in that quarter of an hour of deep, in the bright June sunlight, as, in her | bitter sorrow, but determined, heaven heavy black dress, she stood by a willing, to fight and overcome this love which had now become a sin. large old fashioned ross bush, reaching up to pluck some wite cluster Mr. Taibot was standing in the dinroses which hung almost beyond her ing-room, a letter in his rand, and his face radiaut. reach

"Read that, John Preston," he "Wait one moment, Mrs. Freeman said, pushing it across the table; "you let me help you," I called out, exultant at the prospect of a few short mohave been a great comfort to the poor thing in her trouble-'tis but right ments' tote a-tete, and sprang through you should share the rejoicing ' the window on the open lawn.

"This letter is addres ed to Mrs "How do you do, Doctor? I want some of those white reases for my v. some of those white reases for my rather not -" "Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed "Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed

"Yes, when it enables me to be of he old man- 'read it; 'tis but a few the slightest service to you," I said, words." Slowly and reluctantly, as though

interest to me, my dear Mrs. Free-

man; but you must let me talk to

Mrs. Price a lit le now, while you try

and then I hated mys If for the coxabout to strike my own death-blow, I "Ah, yes," she replied, quietly took the sl avolding the compliment, "to be of service to those who want help My Own took the sheet from its flamsy envelope

My Own DEAR WIFE: Virtue for once is triumphant, and vice hideth must be the noblest use of strength. "You should know that feeling its head. James Burton has been well," I said, my mind full of her untaken and convicted of murder; and, considering that he might as well be selfish devotion in those former days of our acquaintance. hung for a sheep as a lamb, he has

"Why? I have never been of service confessed his share of the Buliss to any one; on the contrary, I have Creekrobbery, and completely cleared always been an anxiety to every- me; so, my darling, I am only waiting to realize, and then for merry Eugbody." Would she, even when alone with me, maintain that barrier of reserve Uncle Ben. Tell him I shan't want

to run away from him and the mill about the past? "And indeed it seems as if I am to any more. I've had enough of rovcontinue so to the end of the chapter; ing too last all my life. Just time to for when every one thought they had save the mail. How I long to see

got rid of him, here I am in less than you. Your devoted husband, a year back again, as dependent as EDWARD FREEMAN.

I placed the letter in its envelope ever, and this time upon my husband's relatives. Oh, dear, I wish I again, and laid It on the table. I was strong-minded enough to face the never see a foreign envelope even world and work for a living for a now without a vivid memory of the misery I then felt. Mr. Talbot, talk-

"Why should you feel dependence ing to himself in disjointed sentences, a burden," I blurted out, "while I was pacing the room in too excited a The dignified astonishment state to notice my abstraction.

on her face stopped me, and I com-"So the boy's coming back to live like a christian in the land of his pleted my sentence by adding, "even fathers! Ah, I knew how it would , great strong fellow that I am, have end! Poor girl! She always said it beeu dependent on my mother until a would come right. Well, John Presfew months since."

"Ah, a mother is so different!" she ton, isn't it great-isn't it grand? said, a toucning sadness creeping into Now you know why we have never talked of poor Ned Thank heaven her voice. "Inever knew my mother." I felt a passionate longing to take the disgrace is wiped off the old man! her into my arms and ask her to let How about my little girl up stairs, me fill the void, to tell her my love ch? Ah, wel!, she'll have another was vast enough to supply all deficdoctor soon-Ned will soon put her right! You don't look at the thing. lency, to satisfy every want of affection she had ever felt; but the rebuke con-Have a glass of wine? No? Then stay veyed by her manner after my last and eat some dinner with me. Well, outbreak restrained me, and I took you know best;" and so the hospitable refuge to the universal topic, the old man literally taiked me out of weather. ear-shot.

"Ah, yes!" she said in reply to my Oh, fool, dolt that I had been, remark on the storm of the previous | blindly to accept that view of matters night. "But you never have a real which pleased me most, without as-HENRY HORNBERGER, storm here; you should see as I have suring myself of the truth of wast heard! Ah me, I was punished now seen in Africa, when I was at those terrible diamond fields." for my credulity! For many nights I "Were you nervous? Did you not went to my sleepless bed cursing my face, hating my kind, and wondering "Home!" she exclaimed, turning why heaven dealt so hardly with me, **BLATZ'S MILWAUKEE BEER** upon me with flashing eyes. "My until everybody asked, "What has home was in my husband's presence, come to Jchn Preston lately? He In Kegs and Bottles. and his love was my civilization; my looks quite an old man." The agony only nervousness was when he was of those few days lined my face and Special Figures to the Trade. Families Supplied at Reasonable bent my back more than ten years' cruelly taken away from me." She hid her face in her hands Her Prices. Office, 239 Douglas Street. Omaha work would have done. Strive as I

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THE DAILY BEE: JANUARY 1, 1881.

life before me, and my new sheet dropped disregarded.

Would my dear father, had he lived, have approved of this start of mine in life? Should I accomplish, or be near accomplishing, my desire to make a nums and standing in my pro-fession by its means? What kind of people would I encounter in the course of my professional duties, and would any of the said people condescend to admit the struggling young doctor into the select circle of their intimate acquaintance? These and a thousand and one conjectures kept my mind fully occupied during the hour and half's ride between home and my destination, a picturesque village nestling at the foot of the --- mountains.

Six months before I should have started with nothing but bright hopes on my journey, and without one regret to shadow my future. As it was -well, it could hardly be called a regret, for this country practice might enable me to decide for my ultimate happiness and misery, instead of re-maining in town and taking friends' practice during their occasional holi-days, as I had been doing for two or perienced much the same sensation as three years. It was while engaged in the last of these undertakings that I had found cause for my present regret at leaving here. My old friend Fred Hughes, who had been fortunate enough to step into his father's prac tice upon his retirement, called on me one morning full of his intended vacation.

"I should be off this day weak if I could only get some one to look after my patients just for three weeks. Do you think you could do it for me, old

boy?" "Certainly," I replied, "if my mother does not mind putting off her intended visit for a time." "Oh, I couldn't let you do that,

you know!" "Nonsence," I said, "we can go af-

terwards, but unless you go now, I know you won't be able to go later." "You are a trump!" exclaimed Fred, giving my hand a mighty tqueze.

My duties as substitute were not very heavy. One evening a hurried note was received, requesting Mr. Hughes' immediate attendance at a distant house, and signed "M. Bertram " Fearing something serious, I stated at once, and on my ar-rival found the household in a state of anxious excitement.

"Mrs. Mason is away and left the children under the care of the governess. Miss Bertram, and the two younger ones are certainly sickening of some fever," the housemaid informed me, upon opening the door.

Miss Bertram, when she heard from my enquiries who I was, came forward to meet me. Shall I draw a word-picture? From my own memory it is impossible. It would be compo ed of sweet hues and nameless graces-the features of a person form, after all, such a very small part of her individuality. But I have a miniature, and that I can describe to you. A sweet, pansive, clear, oval-shaped face looks at you with kind, thoughtful hazel eyes, which often look black from the deep shade of heavy lashes-but that is not in the miniature-the mouth is gentleness and firmness combined-rare combination! Looking at it you would natur-

my worldly position justify such a "Just now of all times, when there step? Had I any right, supposing is a charming young widow staying in such a thing porsible, to bind a beau-tiful and accomplished woman by a moment you fainted outside my gate I promise which she might not be called upon to fulfill for years? No-better the woman I love.

my faceas I asked:

so little attention to what was said."

My old friend, had you known the

would cause me, you would certainly,

Then a country practice was offered ought to be---' me on most advantageous tarms by one of my father's old friends. More to please my mother than from any my eyes everly upon her face. "For interest I felt in the future, I accepted it, and was now on my way to commence legitimately my professional career. My predecessor Dr. Black, remained a week with me.

"I must introduce you to my patients and some of their little peculiarities, for a knowledge of the latter is quite as essential to your success, my Do we have so many charming widows boy, as any diploma in the world. The evening on which he left me is still fresh in my memory. As I write, the scent of wood-violets, com-

ing through my open window, takes me back to the walk to the station thankfulnesswhen I bade the kindly old man farewell. At last, then, I was "the doc-

on the occasion of my first visit to church alone-an overwhelming sense of the importance of the occasion, mingled with a strong desire that no

budy should share with me the knowl ed e of the novelty of my position. Events crowd on my memory as] look back to the first morning after Dr. Black's leave taking. I was sitting over my solitary breakfast, wondering what the day will bring forth to take me ont of myself, when a res-

pectable servant-man come quickly up the walk, haste visible in every move-ment. "Now for my first patient," I said to myself, as he was shown in. "Please, sir, Mr. Talbot says will

you step up at once? His niece. Mrs. Freeman, is very bad with her heart -a swoon I think they called it." "I will be there as soon as you," I

said, looking around for my hat. "Which is Mr. Talbot's?" "The large square stone house t'other end of the village, sir."

"Very weil, I will come at once."

Benjamin Talbot is a member of the Society of Friends, and, in spite of his many eccentricities, is as true ly, "I must not stay here talking hearted a man as ever breathed. Though he lives rigidly by the rules ing her warmly for her kindness. I set of his sect himself, he always readily off, leaving her still in a state of conmakes allowance for others' laxity, and his views upon things in general are invariably distinguished by the absence of all narrow-minded sectar-

lan prejudices. He cime to meet me in the hall, his pleasant face clouded with arxiety, of the morning. My love was here, and at once burst into an explanatory near to me and free. I questioned explanation of matters entirely incomprehensive to me.

"Poor young thing-broken hearted -no wender-journey too muchnever ought to have gone-only six months married." At last, despairing of gaining any

satisfactory information, I interrupted him. "Don't you think it would be bet-

ter for me to see the lady at once," I suggested. "Yes, doctor, yes. Come this way.

But she is better now." We crossed the hall and entered the

sombre and darkened dining-room. At meant "Mary." How long ago that the far end, reclining in a large easy morning appeared! What a lifetime chair, was a lady in deep mourning, of wretchedness I had lived since who rose languidly and turned as we then! Yet, in the midst of my happially infer that the owner thereof was came up the room. The machinery of neas, a keen pang of disappointment the room.

was planning a nice little tea party for the express purpose of introducing you that I should endure anything than claim such a sacrifice at the hands of charming creature, I believe; and to

be a successful doctor, you know, you "What do you mean," I exclaimed. catching both her hands, and fixing meaven's sake put an end to my misery! Is Mrs Freeman and this

widow you wish me to marry the same person? For pity's sake, don't keep me in suspense!" And in my excite-ment I almost shook the little woman. "Why, bless the man I believe he's

mad! Yes, of course, its the same. at this out-of-the-way place that there should be two at a time?" I jumped up and astonished the

dear old sonl by fairly hugging her, and exclaimed in a voice of deep "Thank heaven-oh, thank heav-

en!" "Dear me, dear me, what can you be so thankful for?" she said, looking

more bewildered than ever, as she set her cap straight after my uncouth car-

Here was a dilemna! My darling-I might call her so now-evideoutly wished our previous meetings to remain a thing of the past; so I stammered something, indistinctly, about brain fever, and changed the conversation by asking how long Mrs. Freeman had been here.

"Only came last night. I have not seen her yet, you know. She married poor Ned Freeman-a runaway match, the only son of Mr. Talbot's only sister. He was a shocking young scapegoat, and went off to the diamond fields with his young wife.' "How long has he been dead?" I asked.

"I don't know how long; but I think he must have met his death in some disgraceful manner, for Mr. Talbot never speaks of him voluntarily, and if his name is mentioned, he only says, 'Poor Ted, poor Ted!' Enough

to break herheart, poor young thing!' "Well, Miss Golding," I said briskscandal one minute more." So, thanksiderable doubt as to my fitness for attending to other ailments.

With what intense relief I found myself once more in the solitude of my own little home, and sat down to think over as calmly I could the events aught as to her autecedents, ther life since we had first met; she was free for me to woo and win if I could. My love swallowed all prudent scruples, all worldly wisdom, at one gulp, and there remained but the one fact that there she was; and I res lved to risk

all to win that one love of my life. Some short happy weeks passed by; we met frequently, and I felt that the pleasure of these meetings was mutual. The little note signed "M. Bertram" was my most precious pos-session. "Mary Bertram"-I had always seemed to know that that "M."

long for home and civilization?"

sorrow maddened me, and I was jeal- would-and I did strive-my ous of the dead. To my relief, Mr. fate was too heavy for me. Talbot's cheery voice called to me The daily visits to Mr. Talbot's from the window. I bent down to her and whispered: tried me almost beyond en-durance. When Mrs. Freeman awoke

"Forgive me, dear Mrs. Fr eman; I from the stupor which had succeeded would rather give ten years of my life | the excitement, her only inquiry was than willingly cause pain." "I am awful stilly, she said, smiling quietly by and listened and I felt as a

through her tears; "you have done murderer in my heart. I must have nothing to need my forgiveness. Make broken down if this had lasted much haste in, or uncle will wonder what we longer. Once more I wearily dragged are talking about."

I silently pressed the little hand she held out to me, and left her this occasion she was better, and, with standing by the rose bush. I fear a hard set smile, I listened to her rap-Mr. Talbot was somewhat dissatisfied tures on the prospect of Ned's speedy with my arguments that morning, my arrival, and my poor breaking heart kept time to the music of her voice, thoughts were so far afield. At last, with an impatient sigh, we adjourned as I held her hand in mine, and rethe discussion, and with a weary heart solved to find some one to take my I took my leave. Alas! poor mother. | practice for a time, that I might go September came, touching the trees | away and fight against my weakness

with wondrous warm tints of beauty, myself. As I listened hazily to her little and found me still alternating bepurs of delight I heard, as in a tween hope and fear. My darling dream, an echo of her voice in the seemed to avoid meeting me alone hall below, and my poor worn out now; yet sometimes she would smile so bright a welcome at my coming as brain endeavored to argue that I must be asleep and in the land of dreams literally to intoxicate me with hope. One evening a country lad came for to hear her thus in two places at me hurriedly-"Some one is ill up at once. I passed my hand wearily t'house, and have frightened t'master across my forehead and determined to It was not until we stopped leave on that day, for surely my reaawful.' at Mr. Talbot's that I discovered for | son must be giving way to play me such tricks

whom my services were required. said, "received a letter this evening- ing?" she said, observing my action. "Mrs. Freeman, the housekeeper, a foreign letter-and after opening it she fainted away; no sooner did she | sity for reply-roused me. recover from one faint than another succeeded; so I thought it best to send for you sir, as her heart has been so awake. Could it be that I was going bad lately." Why did I seem to feel an icy pang

and grew more distinct. "Who is that I hear?" I at length at my heart? What was this fear that was creeping over me like the shadow asked, fearing she might tell me it was of death, shutting out all light and n body, but only my fancy.

joy from my life forever? Resolutely I crushed my own feelings, and asked Mrs. Price if she knew the nature of "Oh, don't you know? Haven't you Mrs. Price if she knew the nature of the communication Mrs. Freeman had seen my double? That is my sister, received. duce you."

"No," she said, "no one does-not even the master himself. We have been too busy attending to Mrs. Free-

man to think of anything else." Quietly I followed her up stairs to where my darling lay ss white as the pillow beneath her. Mr. Talbot was sitting at the head of the bed, looking as I turned to the bed again, in mute miserably worn and anxious. Mrs. Freeman's eyes were unnaturally large | across me. and bright, and the painful catching of her breath at once convinced me of

her crit cal condition. "Oh, Mr. Preston," she exclaimed, are come. They won't let me speak go mad. It is all quite clear now; he | ingis coming back to me without suspi cion or blame, my own Ted, my dear Mr Preston.' husband. I know you will be glad to hear of my happiness-you have al- other?" asked Mrs. Freeman. ways been so kind."

"Of course," muttered Mr. Talbot. springing from his chair-"the letter -Ted's writing," and he hurried from

self-reliance I had missed in her sister, wondering each moment more and mere at my own stupidity, in the aclence of juy too deep for words, there was a sound of wheels. They stopped at the gate, and Mrs. Freeman started as to the arrival of the mail, and I sat up, exclaiming-"What is that?"

I hastily crossed the room to close the door, fearing any excitement, but it was too late. myself into the presence of that other

"Where is she-where is my birdman's wife whom I still loved. On ie ?" a loud, jolly voice called out. A painful cry of "Ned, Ned-my

dear Ned!' came from the bed, and a big broad-shouldered fellow came bounding up the sairs.

I made way for him, and then we two went out and quietly closed the door; their joy was too sacred to be intruded upon.

Then silently I drew Maud to a deep window seat, and imbued with the spirit of time, in hurried whispers I told her my tale of love and sorrow. She listened in silence until a pause occurred, and then, looking up, she

"Are you quite sure it is me you

"How can you ask such a ques-

"Are you feeling well this mornbe you.' "And the other," she asked, with a

"Well, I just wondered, and was disappointed at the change; but tell me, Maud, do you think you can ever

She raised her fearless, truthful eyes to mine, and said:

John." I am ashamed to say that Mr. Tal-

looked highly scandalized at our next proceeding, until I explained matters in as few words as I could. When I came to my mistake, he exclaimed-"Why, bless my heart, if Ned had standing in the doorway as in a frame been dead, as you thought, you might have married the wrong woman!"-

being unpleasantly probable "Well, Maud," I said, as we sat

lovers, "you are not going to make me wait for years for happines in deciding how long you want to make yourself magnificent-and let it be soon, darling. I shall never feel sure of you

friends. So my dear mother and Mrs. Mason, and Fred. Hughes and

write, I see coming down the village street, my wife, holding our oldest boy by the hand; and must close my deak to play the host, for by my side I see another of my birthday guests-My FIRST PATIENT OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

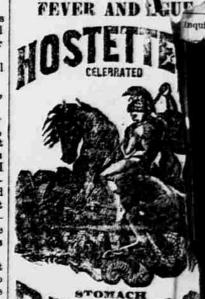
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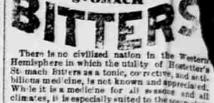
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THE WEEKLY BEE

One For Year.



asked, quietlylove, and not my sister?"

tio: ?" I exclaimed. "I loved you from the first moment I saw you, and then when I saw your sister I loved just that part of her which seemed to

The personal question-the necesmerry smile.

"Yes, quite well, thank you." I could +peak-then I was really mad? Still that echo came nearer care for me?"

"I have always cared for you,

The nandle of the door turned as she bot, who appeared at that moment, my twin sister, Maud; let me intro-Then as I turned, I saw a lady

> which was a view I had taken of the matter before, and that struck me as

that evening in the twilight so dear to

So it was settled that there was to be a wedding on that day month; but the wedding festivities and the five years of true, bright happiness that have succeeded them must be imag ined. To day is, as a have said, my birthday, and that absurd wife of mive has insisted on a gathering of old TWO DOLLARS WILL SECURE

-a lady the sight of whom set my blood rushing through my veins like a astonishment, the whole truth flashed

"Is it not a remarkable likeness?" said Mrs Freeman, laughing merrily. My heart gave a great bound of joy as I stumbled across the room to meet

when I entered, "I am so glad you Miss Bertram, who came forward, until you are indeed my wife." with the old sweet, firm smile on her -and I must tell some one or I will face-what a dolt I had been !- say-

> "I am so pleased to meet you again, "D, you two people know each

She must have understood something from our manner, for she ceased abruptly.

As I stood there holding her hand, his young wife are coming to-day to tracing all the strength of will and eat their dinner with us. And, as I

