

Literature.

THE GYPSY'S PROPHECY.

(Continued.)

III.

It was the custom of the Calif family, during the summer vacation, to combine its several branches in a visit to some cool retreat by the sea, lake or mountain, and to enjoy a season of delightful ease, in a very scenic way, varying the scene each year. To effect this, avoiding localities, they would secure some large farm-house, furnished, and, taking along their servants, would enjoy all the comforts of home amid the delights of scene and atmosphere, apart from the world and yet near enough to it to be aware of its existence, and admitting of immediate return to it if necessary. One summer they had secured a farmhouse of the description named, and were making arrangements for their flight, when "Uncle Abel," as he was affectionately called, dropped down among them, suggesting the hospitable thought that he should be one of their party.

"And will you go?" said Mrs. George eagerly. "Certainly I will," replied he; "I have just concluded a literary case at law, and need recreation. But where is the spot you have chosen for your retreat?"

"Oh, I don't know, but George will tell you all about it. He is just a little place, with such mountains and such brooks and such grand woods and such—well, here he is," and George entered, laden with articles he had been instructed to procure.

He welcomed his friend heartily, and assured him of the pleasure it gave him, when he heard of his coming.

"It is," he said, "a fine place—the best we have found yet. Bear mountain looms majestically in front of the house a few miles distant, a charming lake lies at its foot, trout brooks full of fish abound in every direction, while a forest of grand old trees stretches away beyond a green meadow, which lies before the house. Say, do like the picture?"

"As the bee upon the flowers hang I upon the music of thy eloquent tongue," said he, quoting Melville, in sentiment if not exactly in words.

"Well, you will go with us?" "Yes."

"Enough said; and now for the preparations." These were soon effected, having been begun some time before, and at the close of a warm day, the party found themselves at their destination in the old large farmhouse with the surroundings as described, the mountain in the near distance, the meadow and forest in front, and the gleaming sun like silver. It revealed in the index the whole volume of charms which was to be enjoyed in the weeks to come.

The farmhouse, the property of a widow lady named Marlow, had been built as a princely residence in days of abundance, but adversity, attended by the death of her husband, had left this as her all, excepting a trifle by way of interest, and she was glad to surrender the most of the premises in the warm season to sojourners, who found the Marlow family, who were the new owners, were received courteously by Mrs. Marlow, who informed them that she had reserved two rooms for herself and daughter, in a retired part of the house, and that she desired to be as secluded as possible. She then conducted them through the rooms they were to occupy, including the kitchen, which Biddy, the servant girl, pronounced "illegant," and left them in possession.

"The farm" was not an apology for the name, the meadow in front and about as much land in the rear for cultivation comprised the most of it, but it was bounded by the lake on one side and by the country on the other, and the higher neighbors, and no more retired spot could be desired. There was a good stable for the horse and carriage which he had brought with them on the train, and with the assurance that needed supplies could be had with little inconvenience, they settled down to the business of enjoyment.

The children were especially delighted. An old mastiff which had grown up on the premises immediately took them under his charge, and followed them, wherever they went, with a most hospitable wag of his tail, and among other things, to warn a pompous and belligerent looking turkey that these were young friends of his that it would not be safe for him to interfere with them, and that his neck and got upon his back, which seemed to give old Towser great satisfaction, and confidential relations were established between them from the start.

The sporting attractions were great, and were improved by Abel, who was more than a theoretical sportsman, and often availed of such sport was too much labor, and he would rather drive with his family, or sit in the shade and rest, contented with the sight of his friends, and the sight of the lake, which seemed to give old Towser great satisfaction, and confidential relations were established between them from the start.

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He admitted no confidants to the state of his feelings, and imagined that his anxiety was unobserved, as the young party, riding, which hid its head under a leaf, doubtless imagined its body all hidden; but Mrs. George, with a woman's insight, saw it all. At length, finding all schemes unavailing, his self-pride led him to abandon his hope, and the fish bit better than ever.

One day, sitting beneath a tree arranging some flies, he was startled at hearing a short distance from where he sat, the sweet notes of a joyous song, in a female voice, which lent a charm to the solitude. When the song had ceased, he arose and moved softly toward the point from which it had proceeded, and there, through an opening amid intervening bushes, sat the object of his former meeting, engaged in weaving a garland of leaves. Her straw hat lay on the grass by her side, and her long, dark hair, falling in waves over her shoulders, gave her the presumed appearance of a forest nymph. Abel waited but a moment, and then broke the ice by breaking through the bushes and stood before Alice Marlow, who started with much surprise at his sudden apparition, but did not suspect her employment.

"Good morning, Miss Marlow," said he, "believe I am right in this naming you."

"You certainly are, sir," said she, "and I respond to your salutation: Good-morning. We abide under the same roof, I think," she continued.

"Yes, happily," he replied; "and Abel Dorne which means the individual before you is rendered more happy by becoming acquainted with the charms of your co-tenant."

"You are very polite to say so. It requires very little to make some people happy."

"But when opportunity is denied, happiness may be painfully deferred."

"Maybe so; but will you please oblige me by bringing me some of those leaves which overhang the brook. My lap is so full it is inconvenient for me to move."

"Yes, if you will sing me the song you were wasting on the desert air just now."

"I will," and she broke into a strain of most bewitching cadence, which continued until the leaves were brought, when mutual thanks were voted and accepted, and then throwing himself upon the sword, Abel attempted to imitate her in manipulating the leaves, but found it more intricate than law.

"There," said she, seeing his difficulty, "fold the leaf in this way over the preceding one, and then thrust the stem through both, and then fold them up in place; then add other leaves in the same manner, and the art is learnt."

"I see. Folded thus."

"No, you fold the leaf wrong. There turn it this way, with the gloss outside."

"Yes, yes; now I know."

He sat and worked diligently, with his bright brown eyes now and then glancing down upon him, until the garland was completed, when she gathered the whole green fabric about her, and then, more like a wood nymph than before, and left him, with a smiling farewell, to his meditations. His reflections took a new form, and that form was Alice Marlow. The little incident of a moment enhanced to his mind all the sunlight and wild beauty of the woods, and the grace of a country girl was installed as a sylvan goddess. It was a happy day for fishing, and he returned with an empty creel but a full heart. His face bespoke his happiness.

"She's a jewel," said he to Mrs. George. "To whom do you allude?"

"Our neighbor, Miss Alice."

"You have met her, then?"

"Yes, this morning in the woods, and my skill helped achieve that garland which I see around the jewel."

"She is, indeed, a jewel."

"Perhaps," said George, laughing, "she may be that missing thread which has so provokingly failed to put in appearance."

"Indeed," replied Abel gaily, "we cannot return to the subject of our conversation. By Jove, it would turn red hot love to love and ban all hope to think of them."

"Yes, but I must take their chance, remember, said Mrs. George."

Notwithstanding the acquaintance had been so happily begun, the interdiction was not lifted, and Abel found himself still shut out from the carved communion. His pride revolted, and he sought to remove the barrier, but to him, he left his friends with a promise to join them a week or so before their return, to finish up the docket, as he professionally termed it. He had a lurking hope that some inquiry might be made for him and some regret felt for his departure, and it was not very gratifying to his self-esteem, but George, who knew that the only regret had been felt by his friends, and not a word expressed by any regarding his absence. He was absent a week, and during that time, he had gone to Pleasant Cove, at Bald Cliff, in hope of meeting the gypsy or of hearing something relating to the old-time affair, which some day, he thought, must have known; but he was not gratified, yet the stone he found where it was cast, though nearly covered with moss, was a monument to the terrible fact.

He was received joyfully by the Calif family on his return to them, and the next day George proposed to join him in a ramble through the woods, but George, who was nearly all day, making much noise with their guns, but killing very little, when, on their return, they came in view of the farmhouse through the trees. Finding in his pouch George found two rifle bullets, and banded Abel on a trail of skill in marksmanship, challenging him to compete for a trifling reward. They selected the knot of a pine tree, at a convenient distance, for the target, and drew lots for the first chance. Abel won, and, taking aim, he fired, and the bullet was moving to where his shot had struck, when there came from the house a piercing shriek, and a great commotion was manifest there, and women were seen running about as if frantic, and a young girl came bounding across the meadow, waving her hands, her hair wild with blowing about her ears, shouting before she reached where they stood.

"Miss Alice is shot dead!"

They waited to make no inquiries, but, throwing down their guns, rapidly ran toward the house. Mrs. Calif stood in the door calling upon them to hasten, and pointed wildly to Mr. Marlow's rooms. They rushed in upon a scene of fearful grief and distress. They found the floor where she had fallen, and bleeding profusely, lay the young lady, beside whom her mother knelt in all the bitterness of grief, holding the hand of the motionless and uttering words of the deepest tenderness, her mind wandering under the terrible calamity.

Abel, though overcome by the sight, retained his presence of mind, and, stooping over the prostrate girl, found that her heart still beat, and applied himself to learn the extent of her injury. His early education aided this, and calling for water, he washed the blood from her face which he found to proceed from a wound in her forehead, just covered by her hair. The bullet had ploughed it to the bone, glanced off, and lodged in the window, causing across the room. Neighbors had rushed in, the most of them skilled in rural leechcraft, and when he called for styptics, with which to stop the flow of blood, they were ready with their astrin-gent herbs. These, after a few applications were applied, the young lady opened her eyes intelligently and was removed to a sofa, and after applying plaster from his own resources, Abel called for the mother, who had recovered from a fainting fit which had been induced by reaction of feeling at her daughter's restoration.

The bullet, which had been fired from a shot gun, had glanced from the tree, through the foliage of the house, and wrought the mischief described. Abel's joy at the escape of the young lady was mingled with a feeling of delight that, through this accident, he had obtained entrance to the coveted precinct, and as she had escaped, he was radiant with happiness.

"Do you catch any glimpse of the mystical thread in this adventure, Abel?" asked George.

"I don't dare to seek it," said Abel, at once grown serious; "for there must be another risk of sinister, according to the prophecy, and rather than subject one I loved to such a peril as I would leave my passion behind me and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth."

"All must take their risks, Abel," said the oracular Mrs. George.

"What is to be of it?" said George sentimentally.

Abel made no further reply. The next day he had an invitation from Mrs. Marlow to visit his patient, whom he found sitting up, but pale and languid, the wound concealed by her hair. She extended her hand to him as he came in, and gave him a smile of welcome. The mother was profuse in her demonstration. He told her the story of the accident, and joined with her in an expression of gratitude at the young lady's marvelous escape. Then he had some soothing words to say to the patient from which the proper effect, and after a short visit he left, promising to come again, after an urgent invitation from the mother, supported by a look from the invalid, that she had fully recovered brought him daily to the Marlow's, or the singular number would express it better, that he was not in love as he understood the passion, but that he could not describe his feelings, and that prophetic thread of destiny loomed in his mind as large as the cable of a suspension bridge. They walked, rody and sat together, with full and free communion, but they made no talk of love. One day he looked over the top of the house, arranging a box of what she called precious mementoes and his gaze was attracted by a little blue shoe which lay half hid among the flowers.

"Please allow me to look at that," he said in an agitated manner.

"Certainly," she replied, and looked with anxious surprise at his pale face as he examined it.

"What was this little shoe be a memento of?" he eagerly asked.

"Oh, of an early adventure of my own, in papa's prosperous days, when we went to the beaches; and at one time I came near losing my life by a stone which was wickedly rolled down from the top of a hill, but leaped over my head and fell into the sea. On leaving the beach with my nurse I lost one of my shoes, and have kept this ever since as a memento. I have forgotten the name of the beach."

"Will you please excuse me for a few moments?" he said, and without waiting to hear her consent, he hurried from the room, greatly to her surprise.

He rushed madly into the apartments of his friends, tore up to his chamber, dashed open a trunk with the ferocity of a baggage master, seized a small shoe from the nook where it for years had rested, and ran back in a very short space of time. He threw himself into the chair he had left, and plucked up the shoe, the "memento" "its mate!"

The young lady, startled by his agitation and strange conduct, and seeing the shoe, could only say:

"What does this mean?"

His face was lit with joy. His eyes, suffused with tears, beamed on her with intense tenderness, and he spoke in a tone of chivalry which always appears in the old romances in such cases, he dropped on his knees before her.

"I am, my dear, a poor man, but I have found a thread of existence to twine with your own, and I am, without fear of threatened annihilation, means a future of unselfish love, to devotion to the wife of my choice. To you, the only woman I have ever loved, whom twice I have nearly destroyed, I offer an honest and faithful affection."

She gave him her hand confidently and then, her first plunge being taken, she sat and talked steadily and happily regarding the past and the future, during which the mother came in, who was very much surprised and informed of the step taken, but could only shed tears as she was very glad to learn, and invoked the wife's blessing on the twain.

Then he led her to the apartments of the Calif family, where an announcement of his happiness was necessary, as his face revealed it, and a rapturous welcome was extended by his friends, who hailed the union of a most delightful couple to the summer's enjoyment.

"But," said George, "how about that prophecy? How could you be brought to incur the risk, Abel?"

"He is the fulfillment of the prophecy," he replied, showing the little blue shoe, "and here is the Cinderella who has come to claim her slipper and reveal to me the fact that the risk is passed. Twice tried by fate, the cord that has been twisting all these years has no break to fear in the future, and my gypsy's prophecy is fulfilled to the letter."

Those little blue shoes, shined in an ornate case of crystal and gold, form a prominent and attractive ornament in the home of Abel Dorne, and the tale has often been told of the perilous adventure at Bald Cliff.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. One is a jewel and the other is a treasure.

The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of ink can be made from them.

The Highland Brigade appear, as usual, to have excited considerable terror in Egypt, one newspaper describing them as "devils in armor" and the tale has often been told of the perilous adventure at Bald Cliff.

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I have been troubled with Asthma for twelve years, have employed skillful physicians of Boston, also two of the leading physicians of Augusta, without effect. I have felt nothing of this trouble since taking Adams' Kidney-Wort.

The man that is born to be hanged will never be drowned, but it is best not to venture too far beyond your depth, young man, for all that.

LADY BEAUTIFULS.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or benefactors of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

The most dangerous fevers are typhoid bilious, malarial, and cholera. These all originate in the stomach, liver or bowels, and may be easily prevented. One of Parnell's Purgative Pills each night for a week will drive disease from the system.

FATHERS should read and think more and work less. If they were forced to sixteen hours a day, but do not earn so much as the mechanic who works but ten hours. And the mechanic says the day should be reduced to eight hours.

FLIES AND BUGS. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, fleas, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by Rough on Rats. 15c.

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ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and Every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, including CONSUMPTION.

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Gout, Stiffness of the Joints,
Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings
and Sprains, Burns and
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**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
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Is a Positive Cure
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A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman.
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2 cases, containing the following:
German Work and Lunch Baskets,
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A NICE LOT OF
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Diagonals,
BROAD CLOTHS,
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TWEEDS,
Diagonals,
BROAD CLOTHS,
DOESKINS, Etc.**

**JAS. R. HOWIE
HAS RECEIVED HIS
SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHS,
British and Canadian
TWEEDS,
Diagonals,
BROAD**