

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**A good cure—Sinecure.**  
A read organ—The human eye.  
How to mark the table linen—Upset the gravy.  
There are only 260 fast days in the Abyssinian year.  
What band is it all young ladies long to attach themselves to? A husband.  
The American lakes contain more than half the amount of fresh water on the globe.  
The ancient Scythians made quiver-covers of the skins of the right arm of their enemies. The nails were left hanging to them.  
"If the Chinese must go," asks the *St. Louis Post*, "can they take the small boy who plies the bean-shooter with them?"  
Sir John Lubbock is a great authority on the habits of ants. His views on sisters and consins have not yet been given to the public.  
What's the difference between a modern railway and an old joke? One's a steel rail concern and other's a real stale concern.—*Yonkers Gazette*.  
A young lady, gazing on her portrait just finished by a rising young artist, remarked: "I look like a canvas-back duck." He felt like eating her.  
In Philadelphia last year there were 13,346 births (9,648 males & 3,747 females), and 15,743 deaths (7,959 males). Of the deaths 7,385 were children.  
A notice in a Western newspaper ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for \$15,000 and loaded with iron. When an Afghan in the market-place asks a price for an article he will never take less; and the most innocent child may buy as cheaply as the shrewdest grown person."  
**Artemus Ward's Last Joke.**  
Admiral De Rohan, a brother of the late Admiral Dahlgren, who has a distinguished career in the service of many nations, told "Gath" this curious story the other night:  
"I was at Radford's hotel, Southampton, England, one night in 1866, when the landlady came to me and said, 'Admiral, there is an American up stairs very sick, and I am afraid he is going to die. Can't you go and see him?'  
"Madam, I replied, 'here is my supper all hot, and a friend of mine is with me; I can't see all the Americans who want to come to Southampton to die. Who is he?'  
"Oh, sir," she said, 'he is a writer, Mr. Brown; he is Hartemus Ward, the comic writer.'  
"I had never known Ward, but I went upstairs, and I found Dr. Hings-ton, Ward's business agent. Sitting in the room by a window, and reading a book absent, as if he had no idea of an impending death, was a young man about sixteen years old. 'That person,' said Hings-ton to me, 'is a great favorite of Charley Brown, and I am sure he means to leave his money to him. Steps ought to be taken to secure the young man in his rights before poor Artemus dies, for he is fast going.'  
"I stepped up to the bedside," said Admiral De Rohan, "and there I saw the long, thin, aquiline nose and the remarkable clear blue eyes of Artemus Ward for the first time. His face was thin and bleached, and he was a mere string of bones from head to foot. I leaned over him, and reached my hand under the cover and took his hand. Said I: 'Brown, I am one of your countrymen, and have come up to see if I can do anything for you.' He made a movement with his lips as if to speak, but could not articulate; yet that pair of blue eyes, without any fear in them, looked me around intelligently. I saw that he had but a few hours to live. 'What doctor have you here?' I asked. Hings-ton told me, and I said: 'That is not the best doctor in Southampton; I will send my doctor down, and see if anything can be done.' The doctor came, but shook his head in a moment. 'He is past help,' said the doctor; 'the best I can do for him is to take care of his brain, which is still alive, and I will give him some sedative, that his convulsions may be as easy as possible.' That sedative was to be administered at certain intervals, and Dr. Hings-ton, being very tired, asked me if I would sit up with Artemus Ward and give him his dose every two hours or so. I had given him one or two doses, and when I came to the third said: 'Now, Brown, here is your medicine, which the doctor has left you. It is time to take it like a man.' There was a little catch in his crescent-shaped nose, and without any tremor or fear, his pair of blue eyes rolled up to my face, and then he made the words with his lips, just audibly: 'Can't you take it for me?' I suppose that was the last joke he ever made, and traces of a smile accompanied it.  
"He died some time afterward. I telegraphed to Charles Francis Adams, American minister, Portland place, London: 'Artemus Ward, the distinguished American humorist, is dying at Radford's hotel, Southampton, England. He is a ward, aged sixteen years, who is to receive his property. Cannot you send some one down to receive his testament.'"  
—WILLIAM DE ROHAN.

**Some Statistics of Newspaper Making.**  
Referring to the fact that it had been compelled to get out a quintuple sheet (twenty pages), a New York paper of a recent Sunday says: "Apart from the great amount of extra labor required to set the immense quantity of type required by this increase of size, the single item of stereotyping reaches extraordinary dimensions. As fourteen plates are made of each page of the paper, our issue of to-day calls for two hundred and eighty plates; each of these weighs fifty pounds, so the full set requires about fourteen thousand pounds, or seven tons of metal from which to print this single edition. In round numbers about three millions of pieces of type have been picked up, one at a time, by compositors, to prepare the pages for the stereotypers, and more than a hundred and fifty men were required to set the type, make the plates and print the paper. These figures will give our readers some idea, though only an imperfect one, of the amount of work necessary to the printing of a single copy of the paper."

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

**A Slumber Song.**  
Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms,  
Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest  
Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms;  
Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blessed.  
Against thy silken, honey-colored hair  
I lean a loving cheek, a mild caress;  
Close, close I gather thee and kiss thy fair  
White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress.  
Dear little face, that lies in calm content  
Within the gracious hollow that God made  
In every human shoulder, where He meant  
Some tired head for comfort should be laid!  
Most like a heavy-folded rose thou art,  
In summer-sun reposing, warm and still,  
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart,  
I watch thy slumber; naught shall do thee ill.  
—Celia Thaxter.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Black satin dresses are fashionable.  
Embroideries of black tulle are favored.  
Mother-of-pearl embroideries are quite the rage for this season.  
Satin ribbon wrought with letters worked in gold thread is coming.  
The princess costume with a long jacket, makes a pretty street dress.  
Combs are narrow and small, and in many cases daggers are substituted.  
Neckerchiefs are fastened on the left side by sprays of roses or carnations.  
Spring suits open at the throat in shawl shape, and have lapels like a coat.  
Roses and loops of pearls decorate the crepe lisse plaitings worn at the throat.  
Silk is to be used to trim woollen suits, and watered satin to trim silk suits, this summer.  
Quirasses with paniers formed of rich fabrics are favored by some New York society ladies.  
Satin vests are worn without trimmings under the open waists; this style is very pretty.  
Colored tissue, arranged in the shape of a butterfly, embroidered with gold, is a mode dress garment.  
Crepé cashmere is very handsome, giving the pretty, crimped appearance which its name indicates.  
Peacock green and blue are the leading colors in spring silks. Wood colors are also produced in fine fabrics.  
Momie cloth is quite a novelty; it comes in soft all-wool suitings. The tints are drabs with fleckers of dark brown.  
The style of trimming for street costumes is exceedingly neat; bias bands of satin and faille, same shade as dress goods.  
Mixtures of silk and wool are very fashionable; the colors are beautifully blended, and both checks and stripes are interwoven.  
Velvet is much in vogue for walking skirts. Beiges are admired. The designs show stripes of satin, the same color as the ground.  
There are many suits for spring wear trimmed with Bretonne lace. Embroidered tulle and all sorts of white laces are deemed fashionable.  
"Double" dresses come with close-fitting backs, with side forms. The fronts are of polonaise length. The simulated vest is still a great favorite.  
Kilted skirts for little boys are worn on sleeveless waists, with a vest of the same material as the skirt. A sacque with straight cutaway front is worn over the waist.  
Perhaps the most startling surprise in the world of dress this season is the restoration of the panier of Camargo puff, as the Parisians term this bouffant costume expression.  
There are several striking features observed in the fresh designs. Both old and young ladies wear their dresses quite short in front. Both square and round trains are in vogue. Skirts are rather profusely trimmed this spring.  
The anticipated popularity of the panier model causes all dressmakers to construct costumes with roomy back breadths, and so arranged in loopings that the longest steel wire panier may be worn with becoming effect. Hair cloth paniers will no doubt be preferred to the steel paniers covered with muslin. The bouffant loopings are formed at the center of the back.  
There are many clever ideas in the basque designs. Dressy basques for house wear are often cut pointed at the front and square at the back; revers are used, and the trimming is very showy. Some of the models present vest patterns, richly embroidered; the collarette and cuffs match the vest. In thin materials a shirring takes the place of the vest. The fabric is generally lace, grenadine, tulle, or Swiss muslin.

**A Sensible Young Lady.**  
A young lady was addressed by a man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father, who would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon some distance from the house. After some time the lady broke the silence by saying: "Well, you see what proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall I do? I have left my money behind me in my room!" "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover remained below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called: "Are you coming?" When she looked out of the window and said: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not," and then shut down the window and left him to return on the double horse alone.  
There are over 67,000 Sunday schools in the country, with an aggregate attendance of 3,000,000 children.

### Careful Mr. Striker.

In case you want to send a box or parcel to the house, the twenty-five-cent express wagons are very handy things; but your directions may not always be understood. Mr. Striker had had his parcel carried all over town and then laid at a police-station; and once when he sent a wagon after a stove needing repairs, the man brought back a two-inch auger and a set of harness. When he sent him back with them, the driver missed the house entirely and left the articles at a schoolhouse. Therefore, when Mr. Striker wanted to send up a parcel yesterday forenoon, he approached an expressman and began:  
"Sir, my name is Striker."  
"Yes, sir."  
"I spell it S-t-r-i-k-e-r."  
"Yes, so do I."  
"I live at 496 Blank street."  
"Yes, I know."  
"My house is a brick, three trees in the front yard, iron fence, bay window, and a carriage in the yard and name on the door-plate."  
"Yes, sir; I can go right there, sir."  
"I want this bundle taken up," said Mr. Striker.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Remember the place—496 Blank street," cautioned Mr. Striker.  
"Ah! but couldn't I drive right to the house in the darkest night of the year?" was the indignant answer, as the man drove off.  
After driving one block he turned around and put the whip to his horse until he overtook Mr. Striker, when he called out:  
"Was it 320 you told me? 'cause I was thinking of my sick wife, and the number few on my mind."  
"496, you idiot!" yelled Striker, as he wheeled around. "Here it is on this card!"  
"Yes, sir; and I can find it like a book."  
In about an hour the man appeared at the store and inquired for Mr. Striker, and Mr. Striker indignantly demanded if that parcel had been delivered.  
"Ah! you are the man I was looking for! I couldn't find your house, Mr. Striker."  
"Stoker! you human hyena—my name's Striker!"  
"Is it? Then I made a mistake. Striker—Striker—I'll remember it if it kills me. Excuse me, sir, but I never got confused before, and I'm all right now."  
The man rattled away at a furious pace, and Mr. Striker saw no more of him until reaching home. The chap was waiting for him three doors below, and at once began:  
"Mr. Stooks, they say you don't live here, and they won't take the parcel."  
"Stooks! Why, I'll kill you! My name is Striker!"  
"Is it? Well, that beats me."  
"This isn't my house, of course. My house is 496. Didn't I give you the number on a card?"  
"Why, yes, of course. Dear me, but how confused I am. No wonder I thought your name was Slooem instead of Sirms!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

**From Single Eye to a Whole Potato.**  
"I will never be named the best special fertilizer for potatoes in one word that could be said by any man," said W. A. Armstrong at the meeting of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers club, "and I apply there either in the hill or in the earth over the seed."  
J. S. Van Duzer, who last year made many experiments in planting potatoes, found in the use of manures that the best yield was with manure put under the seed and in direct contact with it, and smooth as could have been desired, but this was attributable to the fact of the manure not being well rotted. Mr. Van Duzer also experimented with different quantities of seed, varying from a single eye to three, four or more. Hills planted with single eyes did not come up well and the yield was much less than when the seed was sown in contact with it than in others with a greater allowance of seed.  
S. Van Norman said "any kind of stable manure may be used for potatoes," to which C. D. Inman replied that so far as his observation goes it is better to put no manure on the ground the season if it is potatoes, none when they are planted, nor later. To obtain a satisfactory crop of potatoes he wants the land to be rich enough to feed seeding it with clover or grasses; then, when the sod is turned over, plant and fill well without manure. He cuts the clover in proper time and turns the aftermath in by fall ploughing. When the ground is cultivated after planting, it is well to go down to the bottom of the sod, working it up for the benefit of the man's question: "Suppose you had a field well manured and planted to corn, would you turn the corn stubble next year for potatoes and consider it a good chance?" Mr. Inman replied that it would answer very well, but he would prefer a rich sod.  
G. S. McCann last year ploughed potatoes in every third furrow and got a good crop with but little cost. For twenty years he has found that large, smooth potatoes planted whole always gives the best crop both as regards quality and amount.  
President Hoffman said that his field planting is done with whole potatoes, and has been for many years. For early use he finds cut pieces better, but not so for the general crop.

**Vestibule guards** is the latest appellation which young men receive who hang around church doors on Sunday evenings.

### Farmer Gray.

On may envy the joys o' the farmer,  
And talk o' his free, easy life—  
You may sit at his bountiful table,  
An' praise his industrious wife;  
Ef you worked in the woods in the winter,  
Or followed the furrow all day,  
With a team o' unruly young oxen,  
An' feet heavy-loaded with clay—  
Ef you held the old plow, I'm a-thinkin'  
You'd sing in a different way.  
You may dream o' the white-crested daisies,  
An' lilies that wear such a charm;  
But it gives me a heap o' hard labor  
To keep 'em from spoilin' my farm.  
You may pester the skies in their splendor  
The landscapes so full o' repose;  
But I never get time to look at 'em,  
Except when it rains or it snows.  
You may sing o' the song-birds o' summer;  
I'll tend to the hawks and the crows.  
You may write o' the beauties o' Natur',  
An' dwell on the pleasures o' toil;  
But the good things we hev on our table  
All hev to be dug from the soil.  
An' our beautiful, bright-golden butter,  
Perhaps you may never hev learned,  
Makes a pile o' hard work for the wimmin'—  
It has to be cheerfully churned.  
An' the cheeses, so plump in the pantry,  
All hev to be lifted and turned.  
When home from the hay-field, in summer,  
With stars gleaming over my head—  
When I milk by the light o' my lantern,  
An' wearily crawl into bed—  
When I think o' the work o' the mornin',  
An' worry for fear it might rain,  
While I lie to the roll o' the thunder,  
An' hear my companion complain—  
Then it seems as if life was a burden,  
With leetle to hope for or gain.  
But the corn must be planted in spring-time  
The weeds must be kept from the ground,  
An' the hay must be cut in the meader,  
The wheat must be cradled an' bound—  
For we never are out of employment,  
Except when we lie in the bed.  
All the wood must be chopped, in the winter,  
An' patiently piled in the shed;  
An' the grain must be shucked to the market,  
The stock must be watered and fed.  
But the farmer depends upon only  
The generous bounty o' God;  
An' he always is sure o' a livin'  
By turnin' an' tillin' the sod.  
When his wearisome work is all over,  
With conscience all spotless and clear,  
He may leave the old farm-house forever  
To dwell in a holier sphere;  
An' the crown that he wears may be brighter  
Because o' his simple life here.  
—Eugene J. Hall.

advancement of her only brother. It was owing to her influence that August accompanied her husband to Europe.  
Prior to the departure, Bertha had expected August to come and say good-bye and exchange the promise of a thousand times in all but words. She waited in vain; he did not come, and she received no word of farewell. She was forced to the agonizing conclusion that he had yielded to the wishes of his ambitious friends and given her up. For a year she had struggled to hide her sorrow and to make home cheerful and happy for her aged father. It had been exceedingly heavy work.  
As she sat on the veranda on the warm summer day on which our story opens, a great fear fell on her work, followed by another and another till her eyes were dimmed. Her needle went aslant and pricked her finger, and her work dropped from her hands, she gazed through the trees over at the old town hall wistfully.  
"I shall see and hear him there," thought she, "and crowds of others will see and hear him also. He is rich, happy, courted and content. How could I have believed his youthful love for me would have endured? I wish I need not go, after all; but every one would notice and comment on my absence, and so I must."

The "glorious Fourth" proved to be a very warm day. Listlessly Bertha stood by her little mirror to complete her toilet. Her dress was an organdie—a delicate lilac-hued spray on a white ground—with ruffles of lace at the wrists and throat. In place of a brooch she wore a cluster of fragrant violets. A star of white ribbons and a lilet wreath, a pair of straw-tinted gloves and a white shawl, completed her modest but elegant costume.  
She took up her handkerchief, fan and parasol, and ran down to her father, who, as usual on such occasions, was in a great hurry lest they should be a moment late.  
"El! but you look cool and fresh as a flower, Birdie!" cried he, rubbing his rubicund visage with a gay silk bandana. "Brevoort will lose his heart over again!"

Bertha laughed—poor girl—and together they crossed the street and entered the building which was rapidly filling. An usher, who knew Bertha, mentioned them to conspicuous scenes. All about them were familiar faces. Bertha bowed to a host of acquaintances, while the jolly old captain eyed her with triumphant pride.  
Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort, with their son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Murray, sat in front of them. The audience was a large and fashionable one. The platform was occupied by gentlemen of some distinction. In the midst sat the young orator of the day. Bertha gazed on the noble and beloved features with joy and pain. She scarcely caught a word of several brief addresses, nor gave the attention she ought to the Rev. Dr. Clarke's prayer, nor followed General Tremaine's reading of the Declaration of Independence, so intent was she upon her own secret thoughts.  
When August Brevoort arose there was a murmur of flattering applause. Every tone of his exquisite voice fell on Bertha's ear like softest music; every sentence of his eloquent address rang in her ears. His eyes singled her out from the crowd of beauties. She looked so modest, innocent and sweet, that a looker-on would not have wondered at his preference. Their eyes met, and she fancied that she read in his a look of reproach that puzzled her and bewildered her. Flattering applause greeted the close of his address.  
The day was very warm; and but a faint breeze stole in at the open windows. There was a cessation of fanning and a rustle of uneasiness as the Rev. Mr. Smith began a long prayer. Then all arose to sing, "The Star Spangled Banner." Suddenly, ere the singing had commenced, there was heard a low, rumbling sound, growing every moment louder, that blanched every cheek and sent a shiver to every heart. Amidst shrieks of dismay and apprehension, the end of the gallery nearest the platform fell with a terrific crash.  
The heap of debris coming with such fearful momentum, tore through the frail flooring of the platform, and rushed thundering into the cellar below, where it fell with a sickening thud. Alas for those who stood on that fatal spot!

Suddenly all was panic and dismay. People rushed wildly for the door, and were trampled and crushed in their frantic efforts to escape from the building.  
"Mrs. Brevoort is trying to make her way to the platform!" cried Capt. Howard, who had rushed to press against the crowd! "She'll be crushed to death! Now see that man! Heavens! what brutes terror makes of humanity! Stay still in your place, Bertha, until I return for you."  
Capt. Howard sprang out into the struggling crowd to rescue Mrs. Brevoort—and none too soon, for she was some dozen feet from the platform when she had been beneath the feet of the crowd. It took all the heroic strength of the gallant old captain to lift her up, and she moaned painfully, and murmured with white lips:  
"My shoulder was stepped on. I feel faint."  
Bertha stood gazing like one dazed at the awful scene on the platform. Back of the yawning chasm, from out the blinding, choking dust she could see those who had been spared alive. He was not one of them. Already men were at work clearing the ruins and digging out the wounded, but, alas! Bertha thought with a shudder—the dead also. She longed to rush forward, but her trembling knees gave way and she sank into a seat. So her father found her and led her home. He had left Mrs. Brevoort not seriously injured, but wild with anxiety as to the fate of her son.  
The brave old captain returned to the scene where he could be of service, and Bertha flung herself on the lounge and prayed with passionate tears and pleadings. She heard the tramping of feet, and men entered carrying a stretcher.  
"Your father sent us here, Miss Bertha," explained the surgeon, Dr. Ambrose. "It is General Tremaine, fatally injured. I greatly fear."  
Bertha led the way to her father's room, and moved about to do what the

### Mrs. Brevoort's Reparation.

"So, Birdie, it seems that young Brevoort is back from Europe," remarked Captain Howard, looking up from his newspaper and addressing a pretty girl of nineteen, his only child and the comfort of his old age.  
"So it seems, papa," replied Bertha's sweet voice, while the coarse sewing which she held trembled in her grasp.  
"He's to give us our fourth of July oration at the town hall. I'll be bound he speaks well. A promising young fellow, eh, Birdie?"  
"Yes, papa, I dare say."  
"His family are proud as Lucifer—ridiculously proud, seeing this world is not their abiding place. But the youngster is pleasant, as modest, well-meaning, pleasant-spoken a young fellow as you'll often meet. He was sweet on you, Birdie, a year ago. Don't whiskie him back, for I don't want him to rob my nest, even if he can put my bird in a gold cage."  
"No danger, papa, dear," replied Bertha, with a painful blush.  
"At all events, Birdie, we'll go and listen to the precious oration with the best of them."  
The captain resumed his pipe and paper, and soon Bertha stole softly out to the cool veranda with her sewing, her fan, and her book.  
Her home was a small house in the old part of the town. It stood back from the road, and was almost hidden from view by trees of magnificent growth; otherwise the location would have been unpleasant, for trade had grown up all around it, and there was no pleasant residence near. Wealth and fashion had long since taken their flight to other quarters. Opposite was the old town hall, a really venerable building, rarely used now save on the occasion of some patriotic celebration. The house had been purchased years ago, when Bertha was a baby; the only one of all her mother's babies who lived and thrived.  
Captain Howard had passed most of his time at sea, always looking forward to settling down at home as soon as he should have amassed enough wealth for comfort. But he was unfortunate. Shipwrecks, disastrous speculations, treachery from those in whom he had confided, followed each other like shadows; and so he kept following on the heels of poverty, but never succeeded in laying the detaining grasp on her. So year after year rolled by, and he was still at sea, coming home occasionally.  
Bertha, under the care of her superior, well-educated mother, developed into a beautiful girl. Her school life threw her with the best young people of the place. Her intellectual superiority and culture commanded respect; her lovely character and extreme sweetness of disposition won love. She was a prime favorite both with her teachers and schoolmates.  
At sixteen poor Bertha lost her mother, and Captain Howard returned to his saddened home. Three years father and daughter had passed together in moderate competency.  
August Brevoort had been her lover always. She had been his little favorite during schooldays, and when these ceased no one disputed with him his claim to escort her from church and evening meetings, or to parties and little entertainments. Many of their young companions regarded them "as good as engaged." But the Brevoort family were intensely proud; especially August's eldest sister. Her marriage to the son of a distinguished English family had increased her hauteur, and made her more ambitious than ever for the

tion to health and spirits! No queen was ever more proud of her distinguished consort than was Bertha of the poor weak man with feeble step and bandaged brow, who leaned on her arm as he walked for the first time in the garden.  
"Young Brevoort, Miss Bertha."  
"Oh, my God!" she moaned, with livid lips.  
"I am not dead, Bertha," came from the shutter. "Do not be alarmed."  
"He has fainted," said the doctor. "There must be no talking and no excitement."  
Bertha motioned them to her own snowy little room. In the course of the afternoon the little house became like a hospital. Bertha was kept busy, only once or twice finding opportunity to steal into her own room, carefully dressed, where lay her lover, his wounds dressed, a ghastly bandage across his brow, moaning in a sleep produced by opiates. Then poor Bertha sighed heavily and rushed out to where she was needed.  
Toward evening a carriage drove up, and Mrs. Brevoort was assisted to alight. She was still suffering from her injuries, and moved like one in pain.  
"I thank you for your good care of my son," said she to Bertha. "There is a bed prepared in the carriage, and the doctor thinks it safe to move him, so I will trouble you no longer; indeed, Miss Howard, your heart and your hands must be full."  
In truth the little house, being so near the fatal building, was filled to its utmost capacity with the wounded and their friends.  
To old Captain Howard Mrs. Brevoort extended her hand, saying:  
"I owe my life to you. I shall not forget the debt, nor prove ungrateful."  
The following week was one of gloom in the village. Several of the wounded had died, and others were slowly recovering; funerals had been of almost daily occurrence, and the bells had tolled mournfully. There had been investigating committees, indignation meetings, and the usual post-mortem proceedings.  
Capt. Howard's little house had resumed its usual appearance of quiet restfulness. We find Bertha, as she was a week ago, on the veranda, sewing. The expression of sadness has deepened on her face, and her large, thoughtful eyes have a look of weariness, as if sleep had not wooed them kindly.  
A carriage drove up and stopped at the gate, and to Bertha's surprise, Mrs. Brevoort alighted. Our little heroine, in her simple muslin dress, arose and greeted the great lady of the place with a modest dignity of her own. Mrs. Brevoort seemed much agitated, and grasped Bertha's hand almost painfully.  
"I have come to confess a great wrong," she began, in a low, almost inaudible, as she followed her into the shady, fragrant parlor. She lifted her hand as if to forbid interruption, and continued: "For a week I have watched by what I feared would prove my son's deathbed. In that week I have prayed much; I have registered many a prayer as to my duty, and should that dear son's life be spared, those vows, Miss Howard, included reparation to yourself. You look at me in surprise—you cannot conceive in what I have injured you!  
"A year ago I was aware that my son wished to marry you. I objected to the match; it was distasteful to me; but that does not justify my conduct. My son wrote to you before he sailed for Europe; I found the letter in his room, opened and read it. It was a proposal for marriage. He stated that he believed you loved him, and that he hoped to receive an answer to that effect; but that, if you sent no reply, he should know that he had mistaken the nature of your regard. A proposal so put would have been singular from almost any one else, but from over-sensitive August it was but characteristic.  
"Our coachman—whom I knew would be selected by August as his messenger—was an old family servant, and trusted my judgment implicitly. To him I said:  
"Bring the letter addressed to Miss Howard to me, and tell your master you delivered it to the lady, saw it read, and she told you there was no reply. I wish to save my son from the consequences of kindness to a designing girl."  
"The man believed I could only act for my son's good, and obeyed me. Lady Murray requested August to go to New York in advance of the others to attend to important business, and so there was no risk of a chance meeting.  
"I tried to convince myself that you were not a proper person for August. I shut my ears and my heart to the reports I heard of your virtues, accomplishments and nobility of character. I convinced myself that August felt for you a youthful fancy, and I trusted to the year which had gone by to work miracles. I thought you would tire of waiting, and marry; or that Lady Murray would dazzle August with a European connection. This past week has taught me many things. I have listened to my son's unconscious ravings, and I have come, Bertha Howard, to beg you to return with me to August—to be his wife if he lives, and the dear daughter of my love whether he lives or not."  
Mrs. Brevoort fell on her knees before Bertha, who sat with her head bowed in her hands.  
"Oh, I beg of you, don't!" cried Bertha, shocked and startled; for a noble mind is never gratified by the humiliation of another. "Pray arise—I forgive you. I am sorry for your sufferings, and I am sure God will forgive you. Let me go with you now to see August. I long to see him!"  
"Yes, my child; but you must not excite him. He knows all; he has forgiven me, and is anxiously looking for you."  
In five minutes Bertha was beside Mrs. Brevoort in her carriage, and in half an hour the news was all over the village.  
As they entered the room, August looked up eagerly and exclaimed:  
"Mother!—Bertha!—this is as it should be. I shall soon be well."  
A smile of ineffable joy shone in his eyes; but Bertha shuddered as she noticed his changed appearance, giving such a touching proof of his sufferings. There was a quiet bedside wedding, followed by three weeks of watching and care, shared by mother and wife. With what loving wiles Bertha beguiled the weary hours of convalescence! With what joy she watched August's restora-