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The subscriber invites attention to his large and well-assorted stock of

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After Many Years.

"I don't say he stole it," said Mr. Harrington, dubiously shaking his head. "I wouldn't like to make any assertion of that sort respecting my fellow-beings. But I do say that matters look very suspicious. He was the only one who knew where I kept my pocket-book, and that pocket-book has disappeared!"

"Shall you go to law about it?" asked Dr. Dornfield.

"No; I don't care to go to any extreme measures as that," said Mr. Harrington. "His father and I were old friends, and I should have supposed Edward Arkwright to be the very last person in the world to commit such an action as this. No I shall not go to law."

"Of course then you will dismiss him from your service as copying-clerk?"

"Certainly I shall."

"Then his prospects in life will be as utterly ruined as if you put him in gaol."

"Probably so," said Mr. Harrington, shrugging his shoulders; but that is the boy's look out. He has made his bed to suit himself; now let him lie on it."

"He is very young," said Dr. Dornfield pityingly.

And then he chirruped to his horse, and drove on to the house of the next patient, thinking no more of the human life whose interests were trembling in the balance.

Dolly Dornfield was peering peaches in the shadow of the gnarled old apple-tree just outside the kitchen door, where the well-sweep made a pencilled line of shade across the short green turf, and the tiger-lilies nodded their imperial heads like so many turbaned Turks.

She was a tall handsome girl, more like Juno than zephyr-like Titania in style and shape, with abundance of hair so dark but for the bronze tints reflected from it here and there, you would have almost been inclined to call it black, and eyes of the deepest and softest brown, while her cheeks rivalled the crimson of the peaches in her lap.

"Dolly!"

She started, and stopped in the song she was murmuring softly as she worked. Edward Arkwright had stepped from the shadow of the stone wall beyond into the green area at her side.

"Oh, it's you is it?" said Miss Dolly, stooping to recover the knife she had just dropped, and beginning afresh upon the velvety side of a great sun-flecked peach.

"I did not know whether you would speak to me or not," said young Arkwright bitterly.

"Why shouldn't I speak to you?" said Dolly.

"Because people call me a thief."

"Do they?" said Dolly. "Well, you see, I am in the habit of thinking for myself."

A sudden light flashed into the dark Castilian face of Edward Arkwright.

"Dolly!" he cried breathlessly; "tell me that you don't believe it!"

"Not one word of it," said Dolly emphatically, nodding her head. "I should as soon believe that Mr. Harrington stole his own pocket-book—the cross-grained odious old wretch!"

"Thank you for that, Dolly," gasped the young man, advancing hurriedly to her and pressing his lips to the dimpled back of one of the white peach-stained little hands.

Dolly snatched it away with reddening cheeks and an ominous sparkle in her eye.

"Mr. Arkwright!"

"Forgive me, Dolly; but I am going abroad to-morrow."

"Is that any reason why you should kiss my hand?"

"Dolly, I love you!" he faltered. "You have carried my heart dangling in that same little hand these many weeks."

"Oh," said the maiden, looking intently down at her peaches, "that's quite another affair. How can I help that?"

"Won't you say that you love me a little," he pursued, growing red and white in the intensity of his emotion. "Won't you give me a morsel—the nearest crumb—of hope to live on while I am gone?"

"No, I won't," said Dolly, tossing her pretty head. "How ridiculous all this is!"

"Do you think it ridiculous, Dolly?"

"Of course I do."

He turned away with a deep sigh.

"At all events, Dolly, you cannot prevent my loving you. I shall carry that love in my heart wherever I go, until I hear that you have given yourself to some other man."

"You will do nothing of the kind!" flashed out Dolly Dornfield indignantly.

"I will not allow it!"

"There are some things, Dolly, that even you have no power to alter," said young Arkwright sadly. "Good-bye!"

She heard his footsteps crushing down the honey-sweet blossoms of the white clover. She heard him scale the mossy stone wall through the tumultuous beatings of her own heart. And then she sprang up, scattering the red freight of peaches right and left into the grass.

"Edward—Mr. Arkwright!"

But it was too late—he was gone.

"No matter," thought Dolly, trying to still the rebellious quivering of her upper lip; "I shall see him at church this evening. Only—only I wish I hadn't spoken quite so crossly to him. Of course it was very wrong of him to dare to kiss my hand; but then, if he really is going abroad—"

And the chances are, at that relenting moment, that if Mr. Edward Arkwright had returned to the shadow of the old apple-tree, he might have kissed Dolly's pretty coral red lips, and not been chided too severely for it.

But Dolly Dornfield had let the fast-rushing tide of opportunity slip by. She went duly to church, but she saw nothing more of Edward Arkwright. And the next she heard, he had gone to that Utopia of the young and hopeful in this overcrowded sunrise side of the world—out West.

"Well, papa, is there any news?" said Dolly, her usual nightly question, as she sat down opposite the doctor to pour out the tea. For Dr. Dornfield was a philosopher after the order of Dr. Johnson, and much liked the draught which cheers but not inebriates.

"Why, yes," said the doctor, taking a mighty swallow. "At least, I suppose you gossip—" "Papa!"

"Would call it news," went on the old gentleman. "Harrington has found his pocket-book."

Dolly fairly jumped to her feet.

"Found it, papa!"

"Or rather it has been returned to him. It was in the pocket of an office-coat he had sent to the tailor's to have re-lined and vamped over generally. The tailor had a great many other orders on hand, and somehow mislaid the coat until yesterday, when he commenced to rip it up. And there was the pocket-book, unopened."

"It was a lucky thing that the tailor was an honest man," said Dolly breathlessly.

"Why, yes, rather so—for young Arkwright. Poor boy! and we all suspected him wrongfully!"

"I never did, papa," sparkled out Dolly.

"Didn't you, my dear? Well, then, suppose you give me another cup of tea, with a little less sugar in it this time."

Ten years had passed over the peaceful little village since the tongue of general rumour was rife with the story of Edward Arkwright and Lawyer Harrington's missing pocket-book before Edward Arkwright came back again.

No longer the slender boyish-looking young fellow, struggling against the intangible shadow of a great suspicion, but a portly, bearded, handsome man, with the prestige of wealth, and the title of "Judge" before his name. He had prospered greatly in the far-off Utopia, and the world of his boyhood bowed down and worshipped him accordingly.

"I saw him myself, Dolly," said Mrs. Jenkinson, talking to Miss Dornfield about the all-engrossing topic. For the doctor's daughter had not married, much to the astonishment of all the village, and remained Miss Dornfield still. "And the Prince Royal couldn't look more the gentleman. And there's a party of gay folks with him at the hotel from New York and Chicago, as I've heard tell, and one of 'em—Miss Ingoldsby, from New York—is the lady he's to be married to."

"How do you know?" Dolly asked rather faintly.

"They say so," answered Mrs. Jenkinson, satisfied that she had rendered the best possible authority.

Dolly cried quietly up in her own room that afternoon, just as the twilight was deepening into dark.

"I know I have been a fool," she sobbed to herself; but I did think he would remember the old days a little. It was my fault, and I must bear it; but I hope he will be happy with Miss Ingoldsby."

And Dolly wiped the wet drops from her long eyelashes, and went down stairs to sit in the starlight, under the old apple tree, where she had pared peaches ten long years ago.

Back, back she went, along the echoing corridors of memory, to that self-same afternoon. She could smell the purple phlox; she could see the orange turbans of the tiger-lilies, and hear the dreamy singing of the insects in the summer air.

So long since; yet such a brief time! Like a dream, yet so real!

"Dolly!"

Just as it had sounded then, his voice broke on the silence, and once again she started and colored, and asked herself if this were indeed reality.

"Edward—I beg pardon, Judge Arkwright."

"Never 'Judge Arkwright' to you, Dolly, only 'Edward.' Do you remember the last time we were here together?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Do you remember the question I asked you then? Dear Dolly, I have come to ask it again. Will you be my wife, Dolly?"

And Dolly, forgetting all about Miss Ingoldsby, answered:

"Yes."

Dealing with a Jury.

A distinguished judge once addressed the prisoner as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in confinement for one day, and, as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

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