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The Plaindealer

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GILBERT B. MANLEY, Proprietor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 wk.	2 wk.	1 mo.	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	yr.
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Three in.	2.75	3.75	4.50	6.50	8.50	12	18
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1 col.	11.00	14.00	18.00	27.00	35.00	50	90

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To Advertisers.—Advertisements should be handed in as early as Tuesday afternoon of each week.

SAWYER & RUSSELL,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in New Bank Building, Canton, N. Y.

ROGER BAMBER & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants, 65 Broad St., New York. Butter, Cheese, Hops, Malt, &c.

JOHN F. BUGBEE,
Attorney at Law and Insurance Agent. Office over Conkey & Sherman's store, next door to the Bank, Canton, N. Y. v18n28

E. E. FISHER, M. D.,
Homœopathic Physician. Office over Ingalls' store. Office hours from 10 to 11 A. M., and 2 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M. v18n14y1

T. E. CLARK,
Manufacturer of Lumber and Spring Wagons, and Sleighs. ☞ Repairing promptly attended to. Shop next door to Bailey's Blacksmith Shop, Water Street, Canton, N. Y. v19n35

SANFORD HOAG, M. D.
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office in Matthews' Block, second story, West end. Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 2 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

MISS EMMA MURPHY
Is now prepared to do all kinds of hair work such as making Switches, Braids, Puffs. Switches dyed on short notice. Come and see for yourself. At the residence of F. C. Murphy on Water Street. v20n26

MISS ROXA STOWELL
Would respectfully inform the citizens of this place and vicinity, that she is prepared to do all kinds of hair-work in the line of making Switches, Puffs, Braids, &c. Switches dyed on short notice. The highest price paid for human hair. Also makes hair jewelry. Residence on Court Street. v19n8

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Photograph Gallery and Copying House,
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Fine Photographs from painted negatives, giving the resulting picture a tendency to flatter. Photographs in India ink, either from life or small pictures, in sizes from 8x10 to 30x40 inches. Old pictures copied and enlarged in a superior style, at lowest prices. Compare our work and prices with ANY GALLERY, ANYWHERE. v18n53

The New Firm.

LAWRENCE & TAYLOR

FURNITURE DEALERS!

AND UNDERTAKERS,

We are prepared to furnish

Caskets and Coffins of All Kinds,

And a good HEARSE, if desired.

WE ALSO HAVE A FULL LINE of SHROUDS AND HABITS.

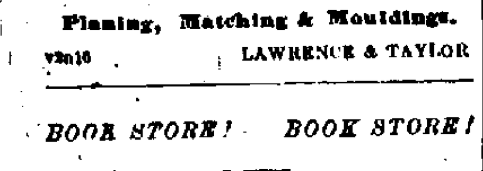
Those wishing the services of Mr. Lawrence in laying out the dead, will find him ready at all times.

All kinds of

Planing, Matching & Mouldings.

v20n16 LAWRENCE & TAYLOR

BOOK STORE! BOOK STORE!



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DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF SCHOOL BOOKS

USED IN THIS SECTION.

Miscellaneous Books kept on hand, or ordered if desired. A good variety of

Law Blanks,

Diaries, Blank Books,

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WRITING PAPERS,

various styles and qualities, which will be sold very low, with envelopes to match. Writing Fluids, Black, Blue and Red Inks. A good assortment of Gold and Steel Pens. Just received,

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Cutlery, Yankee Notions, Hair Oils, Toys, Confectionery, Walking Canes, Traveling Bags, Baskets, &c., &c.

TOBACCO for smoking and chewing; also choice cigars. These goods will be sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.

Agent for the American Express Company and General Ticket Agent.

JOB PRINTING done at the PLAINDEALER Office with neatness and despatch, and at the very lowest living rates! Send in your orders.

ECHOES.

When out upon a lake one day,
I listened to the echoes play,
As, wakened from their slumber,
They answered from the rocky wall,
In accents clear, my every call,
In mockeries without number.

"What shall we use to gain the shore?"
Quickly we heard the answer, "Oar!"

"Which wishes first to gain the beach?"
The laughing echo answered, "Each."

"What shall I use to win the heart
Of her I love?" He shouted, "Art!"

"Ah! you have worldly wisdom, sprite!"
The echo quickly answered, "Right!"

"Where lies her worth if I can win her?"
The clever echo whispered, "In her!"

"Who such a lady's hand would sue?"
The merry fellow shouted, "You!"

"How would she treat love proffered slightly?"
The honest echo answered, "Lightly!"

"How long, by faithfulest endeavor,
Will love respond to kindness?"—"Ever!"

LANIER'S CENTENNIAL CANTATA.

Following is the cantata written for the centennial by Mr. Sidney Lanier, of Georgia. The author entitles it

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

I.

From this hundred-terraced hight
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years:
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the moveless base
Far below my resting-place.

II.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within *Farewell dear England* sighing,
Winds without *But dear in vain* replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
No! It shall not be!

III.

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee Albany—
Winter cries, *Ye freeze: away!*
Fever cries, *Ye burn: away!*
Hunger cries, *Ye starve: away!*
Vengeance cries, *Your graves shall stay!*

IV.

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—
Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

V.

Hark!
Huguenots whispering *yea* in the dark,
Puritans answering *yea* in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial,
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new-dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

VI.

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

VII.

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

VIII.

O Music, from this hight of time my Word unfold:
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold:
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

BY S. C. HALL.

From the Waverly Magazine.

Why looks the mother so lonely with in her cottage home—her own home—even at the very moment when the prayers of her first born ascend to the throne of the Almighty, and her cradled infant is calmly sleeping by her side? It is a kindly and a quiet evening; the setting sun mingles his rays with the light, fleecy clouds that sail along the sky; the gentle breeze wafts the fragrance of a thousand flowers through the open casement; and the voice of nature is calling upon every heart to be cheerful, and to be happy; yet is the mother more than pensive as she looks forth along the far-spread heath; and in her chamber there are tokens that she waits the home-coming of one, in whose presence alone her eye can brighten, and sadness and solitude be no more felt. For hours has she listened to hear his step along the gravelled pathway that leads from the main road to her humble dwelling on the plain, and she is weary with the heaviness of hope deferred.

At length her ear catches the welcome and well-known sound of his tread; in another moment he has passed the threshold of his door, and the anxious wife is in the husband's arms; he has kissed her fair forehead, patted her cheek, and gazed intently on his babe; but he has spoken no word, and there is a cloud upon his brow; his eyes appear sunken, and his lips are firmly compressed, as if he broods over some plan of more than ordinary moment, as he takes his accustomed seat by the cheerful fireside, and partakes of food slowly and in silence; looking now and then toward the clock, that with its melancholy note, alone breaks the dreariness of the scene, giving awful notice that another moment is gone with the past. The wife is sitting opposite the husband; her clasped hands rest on her knees, and she is earnestly watching the outward signs of the struggle she knows to be passing within the breast of her beloved; but she does not intrude her speech upon his thoughts, until, with a deep and heavy sigh, he takes her small hand, gently presses it, and gazes fixedly upon her quivering lip.

"Is there any trouble that I may not share?" she inquired, in that gentle tone which comes to a wounded spirit like the summer breeze over a sick man's brow, when for the first time he has left the heavy atmosphere of his chamber—"or am I less the friend than the wife?"

"Nothing, nothing, Ellen," he replied, at length, "but that my spirits are low—and yet in truth I know not why," he continued, assuming a look, and attitude of gayety and carelessness—"for my labor of to-night is not a new thing with me, but one which I have often done in safety, and with success. The Bessy is expected in to-night," he added, in a whisper; "we have certain news that she will land her cargo when the moon goes down; but strange does it seem that what should make me joyous, weighs down my heart as if its veins were filled with molten lead!"

"Then go not to-night, Herbert! Oh! go not with these fearful and reckless men; pursue no longer a course that may lead to death, but listen again to the warning you have so often heard from my lips."

"Nay, Ellen, soon will thy daily prayer be answered; but to-night must see me on the shore; I am pledged to be there before the midnight comes; but, take the word of one who never deceived you, the morrow's dawn shall see me an altered man—never again shall the smuggler hail me his companion. And now farewell, this will be my last night." Herbert kissed his sleeping babe, breathed a parting prayer over the couch of his boy, pressed his wife to his bosom, and paced rapidly from his dwelling.

She watched him until he had reached the jutting of the road that led down to the beach. Then, sighing heavily, she echoed her husband's words, "his last night!" and, leaning her head upon the cradle of her child, wept bitterly, as she prayed earnestly that his farewell sentence might not have an awful meaning.

Herbert hurried onward, nor paused even for a moment, until he stood before a large mansion that nearly skirted the beach; its broken windows and unweeded garden showed it to be without inhabitant. It had once been his own—it had descended to him through a long line of ancestors, and a very few years had passed since he had been greeted as one of the wealthiest men along the whole coast of Devonshire. One of the happiest he had certainly been, for his hopes of the future soared but little beyond the possession of the present; his pleasures were those of a domestic hearth, and all his ambition sought for was even within his grasp. But it is not the daring and the speculative alone that adversity visits; in an evil hour, but more from a natural kindliness of disposition than from feelings of a selfish nature, was Herbert induced to permit a quantity of goods to remain in one of his cellars until their owners had contrived some means of conveying them to the neighboring town of Barnstable. These were discovered by the officers of excise; the unfortunate gentleman was prosecuted, exchequered in an enormous sum, and utterly, and, as it appeared, irretrievably ruined. The lofty mansion in the dale was exchanged for the humble cottage on the moor; but as a recompense for poverty and loss of character, he had then a conscience void of offence, and the knowledge that in adversity and in prosperity his wife was still the same; there was hope in every tone of her sweet, gentle voice, in every glance of her mild blue eye; the smile of affection was never for a moment away from her eloquent countenance, and the dwelling he had shuddered to think upon, became happier and more cheerful than the abode from which he had been driven—an exile within sight of home.

Partly from necessity, and partly because he conceived himself a wronged and injured man, he was induced to form a connection with one of the lawless bands that infested the seacoast of Devonshire; and from a suspected smuggler, became one in reality.

Notwithstanding the continued exertions of his wife to wean him from a course of crime and danger, he had persevered, until much of the wealth he had lost had returned again to his coffers; and when he spoke of the re-purchase of his ancient home and estate, it was not as a far-off prospect, but as an event almost within his reach. It was this feeling and this hope that came over him as he stood before the broken door of the deserted house.

"Soon shall ye be my own," he exclaimed, as he paused at the threshold; "my own, once more; and in your spacious halls shall my Ellen sit as meekly and as gently as in her humble cottage on the moor; soon will ye be my own again, home of my fathers!"

He whistled; the sound was answered and in a few moments he was in the midst of a band of resolute and daring men, who welcomed him as their leader.

"Comrades, the moon wanes; have you any one on the lookout?"

"Ay, sir, ay," replied a stout, hardy seaman; "Jack Minns is up aloft with the night glass; and I warrant me Jack will see her ten knots off."

"Is there any one upon the watch on the main road, and to the left of the hill?"

"Ay, sir, ay, all that is cared for, and I warrant me the bonny Bess will land her cargo safe enough, long before the morning breaks."

The gang were carousing merrily, but Herbert sat apart. His thoughts were with his lone wife in her cottage; well he knew that the night would be to her sleepless as to him; and it was with an aching heart and a burning brow that he looked upon the calm heavens, and then toward the moor that lay shrouded in darkness, and breathed a low and solemn prayer that the innocent might not suffer with the guilty. It was a vain and foolish prayer; it was a solemn mockery of justice, and he knew it. The husband and the father should have remembered that in his dishonor was the children's shame; that in his misery they must participate; and that the consequences of his crime could not be visited alone on him. It was thus he reasoned, when such reasoning could avail him nought.

In about an hour Jack Minns descended from the roof of the house, and gave notice that the Bessy was in the offing. Instantly the party were in motion, and on the way to the shore. Silently and steadily they passed down the rugged and broken cliffs, and stood at the water's edge. Soon a solitary spark was seen dimly burning for an instant upon the surface of the ocean; so faint was it, that by those only who looked for it, could it be discerned. It pointed out where the vessel lay. The signal was answered from the shore; a flash from a pistol-pan informed the smugglers where they might land, and, in a few moments, the muffled oars were rapidly bearing a boat to land. A brief greeting was exchanged between the seamen and their associates, and the work of unloading commenced.

In a space of time almost incredibly short she was on her way toward the ship, when a sound that resembled a stifled scream, passed along the waves, and the boatmen stayed their oars, first looking along the sea, where their own vessel rode tranquilly upon the waters, and then toward the land, where they could discern, in the dim twilight, an unusual and ominous bustle among the party they had left.

It was not the ordinary stir of their employment that engaged the smugglers on shore. Herbert had given his directions, and along the craggy cliffs were the tubs and bales borne in a place of safety, when he perceived a stranger among the group, and instantly pointed him out to Minns, who advanced, laid his hand upon him, and attempted to force his slouched hat from his head. The attempt was resisted, when the smuggler drew a pistol from his belt, and said, in a low tone,—

"Friend or foe?"

The stranger replied by knocking the pistol out of the hand that threatened him, and pushed up the cliffs, followed by a number of the party, one of whom fired his pistol at the spy. The sound echoed from rock to rock, and as it died away, the voice of Jack Minns was heard in a kind of hissing whisper, that passed through the group.

"Comrades, we are betrayed! Off! off!"

But ere they could resolve on what course to pursue, a party of soldiers bent their bodies over the precipice, and pointed their muskets at the gang beneath. The click of their firearms was distinctly heard, and the gleam of their brightness met the gaze of the smugglers as they looked upward and shuddered. The next sounds were the fearful warning. "Yield, in the king's name!" and the reply of some daring and reckless man, "Come and take us!"

The smugglers had shrunk under the partial shelter of the overhanging cliffs, but as they looked to the right or left they saw that every pass was guarded. They had brief time for thought; the soldiers with their fixed bayonets were marching in order to the strand, and a signal fire was instantly blazing on the heights.

"They are but few now," exclaimed Minns; "let us fight it out before the rest come on us."

Herbert made no reply. Every nerve was paralyzed; his countenance became pale as death, and a hollow groan came from his bosom at the very moment when Minns, struggling with the foremost soldier of the band, received the contents of a musket through his heart, and with a loud shriek fell along the shore.

The contest was brief, but did not terminate until more than one soldier had been wounded, and several smugglers stretched upon the crimsoned sand. Almost broken in heart, and wounded—for he had fought like a tiger in his lair, when he found the hunters press hardly upon him—was Herbert led, a gyved prisoner, along the road toward the dwelling that was once his own.

The morning was breaking over the earth, and still as a prisoner, with a felon's death before him, lay Herbert, beside his once cheerful and happy hearth, when a gentle tap was heard at the casement; with a faltering step he approached, looked beneath, and beheld his wife; she made a sign to be cautious, and having first ascertained that his guards were sleeping, Herbert carefully opened the window, and in another moment she was in his arms; a few brief whispers served to tell the purport of her visit.

"Oh, Herbert, this is no time for reproach—to save the erring father of my children am I here. Oh, if my warning voice had been heard on the fatal night that is now fearfully passing!"

Her object was soon explained, and in a few seconds Herbert had taken her cloak, wrapped her in his long and heavy coat, placed his hat on her head, pressed her to his bosom, and he was crawling away under the shadow of the trees. In the already dawning twilight he could perceive her at the window, pressing her hand to her brow, and her raised finger was directing his course toward the beach.

The whole transaction was scarcely the work of a minute, but it was an eventful one, for she had scarcely closed the window, ere one of the soldiers awoke, turned, and looked carefully around the room—the prisoner was seated in a corner, leaning her head upon her arm, and about an hour passed before the escape of Herbert was discovered by his keepers.

In vain did they search every portion of the old mansion and scour the neighboring hills and plains—the object they sought was nowhere to be found; and although Ellen was led to the nearest town and examined, her bondage was brief—she was suffered to return to her children.

Nearly a year had passed, and she had received no tidings from her husband—hope had at length gone from her—in sorrow and solitude did she spend her days, and even the sweet smiles and gentle accents of her children failed to call back comfort to her heart and dwelling. A long weary winter and a cheerful spring had gone by, and summer had again decked the land in beauty. Driven from her humble cottage, and pointed at as the smuggler's wife, in the neighboring town of Barnstable, in which she at first sought refuge, she had traveled along the coast—poor, and friendless, and deserted, with no comforter but that religion which had never left her, either in the lofty dwellings on the strand, the humble cottage on the moor, or during her wanderings along the public highways—depending for existence upon the poor pittance that the cold hand of charity might fling to her. At length, in a dark and cheerless lodging in the outskirts of Illfracombe, did Ellen find shelter, and, by the labor of her hands, did she bring up those who were more desolate than orphans.

Morning, noon, and night, did she fervently pray that, wherever her husband wandered, the light of truth might visit him, and that deep adversity might teach him the lesson of honorable contentment he had failed to learn from the precepts and example of his wife.

One evening, when her children were at rest, she laid aside her work, and the Book of Truth lay open on her table; she had been comforted by its pages, that speak so strongly to the faithful of reward, to the desolate of hope, when the latch was gently raised, and Herbert met the gaze of his wife—pale and haggard, and in the garb of extreme poverty, did he stand before her, and listen to the throbs that came from her bosom, mingled with grateful thanks to the Giver of all good that he was yet alive.

Her prayers had been heard. The hand of affliction had been heavy upon him in the far distant land to which he had escaped; but affliction had been mercy; the bread that had been cast upon the waters had been returned after many days; the prayers of the righteous had availed much; in heart changed did he once more tread the shores of his native land, and seek out those beloved ones for whom he might again hear the blessed words of husband and father.

All the night long did they sit, hand in hand, and speak their gratitude to God, who had made adversity the handmaid of religion; and in calm confidence they spake of the future as more full of hope than of fear. Steadily purposing to lead a new life, did, the out-lawed smuggler detail to his trusting and virtuous companion the trials he had encountered—trials that had worked together for his good. And the early morning beheld them, with their boy and babe, journeying from the town.

In the metropolis, to which they travelled, Herbert, under another name, soon obtained employment, regained his lost character, and by a course of unremitting industry and integrity, arrived, step by step, to a respectable and lucrative station in the office of an extensive merchant, whose partner he became after the lapse of a few years.

Many persons are there in the county of Devon who have received from their fathers the above story of Herbert the smuggler. The circumstances will be familiar to some of them, although nearly a century has passed over the transaction—for it has been recorded, as nearly as possible, after the manner in which it was related to the writer, as a true tale.

Parted in Anger.

"Agnes, you silly little wife, you are not really out of temper about such a trifle! Look up, and laugh, or I shall think you are pouting in earnest."

The young husband of two months' standing put his hand under his wife's chin, as he spoke, and strove to raise the pretty face that was hiding its charms under a frown. But Agnes Ray shook off the loving hand, and turned away coldly.

"You may call it out of temper or pouting, which ever you choose," said she; "but I am annoyed with you, and don't feel at all inclined to laugh. You promised to take me to the Morrises' ball; and now, when I have been looking forward to it, and preparing my dress, and promised myself several dances, you say you cannot go because your father is ill. He is no worse than he has been, and will probably linger on in this state month after month. Do you suppose I am not to go out all through the winter?"

"I don't know, dear Agnes," replied her husband, gravely. "I hope my father may get better soon, but at present he is in a very precarious state, and I could not with propriety go to this ball, or let you go. But can you not make yourself happy at home with me, so early after marriage, my darling? You used to say you preferred a quiet evening with me to any ball, and you see nothing of me all day. Will you give me a kiss before I go?"

"Nonsense, Edmund! I never expected you to be so unkind," retorted Agnes, angrily. "I had better have stayed with papa, who never refused me any pleasure, than have married to be tyrannized over like this. I wish I hadn't married."

Edmund Ray's pleasant, good-looking face darkened with pain and annoyance at his wife's fretful, angry words, and he struggled to regain his temper before he answered her.

"You are saying what you do not mean, Agnes," he said, coldly, "and you will be very sorry for it afterward. I shall come home by the five o'clock express, and if you have recovered your temper you can order the horses, and we will go for a ride before dinner. Good by."

Leaving the house, for the first time since their marriage, without a parting kiss, Edmund Ray wended his way to the station, and was soon being whirled along toward his office in New York; while Agnes, struggling hard to repress the tears that would force their way to her pretty blue eyes, stood by the window, listening to the sound of the train dying away in the distance.

They had parted in anger, and, woman like, Agnes would have given worlds now to have recalled all that she had said, and to have given the kiss of peace he had asked for in vain. She loved her young husband very dearly, and knew his worth. But she was a spoilt child; and he, in his deep love, was fostering her willfulness and impatience by yielding and ministering to her every wish.

Edmund Ray was a barrister, living some thirty miles from the city, in a pretty part of Westchester, and consequently Agnes passed many hours of the day alone; but never had she felt them so long and wearisome as they were that morning. She ordered the dinner, rearranged the flowers in her vases, wrote her letters, and a note to Mrs. Morris, to say they would be unable to come to her ball, and long before it was necessary put on her riding habit, that she might be ready for Edmund when he came home; then, ordering the groom to bring the horses round at five o'clock precisely, she took a book, and sat down in her pretty little drawing room, to while away the time till she heard the train approaching that was to bring her husband home. She had no fears as to their meeting after their quarrel. She knew well enough that she had only to give a smile to receive one in return from her loving young husband, and with a happy light in her eyes she took up her book, and was soon deep in its absorbing pages."

Ever and anon she would raise her head to listen for the roar of the approaching train; but it did not come, and she resumed her reading. The tramp of horses feet aroused her, and going to the door, she found the groom standing there with the two horses, ready saddled.

"You are too early, Baynes," she said. "It is not five yet, and your master is not come home."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," replied the man, touching his hat, "but it's ten minutes past five; and I didn't know whether may be you'd ride to the station for master. The 'spress ain't in yet."

Agnes paused, and hesitated. She rather wished to meet her husband quietly at home, that she might tell him how sorry she was to have behaved ill to him; but her pretty chestnut mare was prancing and curveting; and, gathering her skirt round her, she said:

"Very well, Bayne. Bring Zuleika near, and you can mount Julius, and walk home from the station."

The man obeyed, and they rode gently to the little country station. As they approached it she saw her father (Mr. Wyniard) who lived a few miles off, riding towards it, and turned her horse to meet him.

"Well, Agnes," he exclaimed, smiling, "are you come to meet your husband, like a dutiful wife? I am expecting Linton down to spend a few days with me, and am come to look after him. How late the express is! I'll run in and see how soon they expect it."

He dismounted from his horse and entered the station, while Agnes sat outside watching the people coming to meet their friends or depart themselves. Mr. Wyniard staid several minutes in the station, and when he rejoined her, there was a look on his pale face that made his daughter's heart give a dull thump at her side, and made her feel sick and faint.

"Be brave, my girl, and make up your mind to bear a little suspense," he said, laying his hand quietly on hers. "There has been an accident on the line. The five o'clock express has gone over the embankment, and several passengers are killed and wounded. I am going up the line now on an engine they are going to send, and I'll bring Edmund back with me, I hope. Trust in God, my child. He may be all safe and sound. Go home, and wait as patiently as you can."

Agnes heard him through. Her heart was beating with slow, heavy pulsations, and a numbness stole over her whole body; but she did not cry or faint. One deep heavy breath she drew; then in cold, hard tones, she said:

"May I not go on the engine with you?"

"My poor child!", said Mr. Wyniard, "you must not. Edmund would not wish it. Probably he is staying, to help the wounded. Go home, my child; I must be off. Be brave!"

She stooped and kissed him quietly and silently; and then, with fixed, unseeing eyes, and pale stony face, rode home. Home to the empty house, the loud-ticking clock, and the dull gnawing agony of her fearful waiting! Slowly and calmly she passed up the steps, through the hall, and into the drawing-room. She took her hat from her burning head and passed on to the window, where she took her stand to watch—for what? Alas! poor young wife, not for her husband! She felt no doubt about his fate. From the moment that she had heard her father's words a deadly certainty that she should see him no more alive took possession of her. They had parted in anger for the first time, and she felt sure that, by one of those strange fatalities, they would never meet again.

The sun shone as brightly as ever, a bird sang gaily in a neighboring tree, and her kitten was playing happily with a floating feather. But life was over for her. Edmund was dead,—those kind dark eyes closed for ever—that loving heart cold and still! The clock—a wedding present from her father—ticked gaily on, and chimed the quarters three times unheeded by her before the garden gate creaked, and her father, with slow, reluctant step, passed up the gravel path. She stood still, merely turning her pale, face and dreamy eyes on him as he entered the room. The tears stood in his eyes as he put his arm gently round her and the hand that took her cold one trembled violently.

"Agnes, my poor child," he said, in broken tones, "I can give you no hope. The bodies are not all recovered yet, but he is not among the wounded or safe, and he was seen to enter the train some minutes before it started. Heaven help you, my child! It is a fearful, fearful blow!"

Agnes spoke not—a shudder ran through her whole frame, and she raised her head and shook it, as if trying to shake off some bewildering weight. Her eyes were dry, though the tears fell fast from her father's, and she turned her gaze once more on the gate, as if expecting somebody else to come. Alas, poor young wife! was she looking for that dreadful procession that was to come—the shutter, with its ghastly burden, so stiff and still beneath sheet or cloak that hid it from the public gaze?

It was long before her father could get her to quit her dreadful post of silent watching, but when she at length threw herself on the sofa with wild cries of agony, it was still more terrible to see that white, despairing face, as she raised it, tear-stained and convulsed, to her father's, saying, through the choking sobs:

"And we parted in anger!"

Oh, careless words, so lightly spoken! what agonizing fruit were they bearing now! Poor Agnes! they could not induce her to go to bed through that long, weary night.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed. "I must still stay up till—oh, Edmund! Edmund!" and the shuddering pause spoke more plainly than words could speak.

But few such nights could come to any woman, and, thank God, in His mercy, such agony can last but one night in a lifetime. The arrow may remain in the wounded heart year after year, but the fearful thrill of its entrance can come but once.

The dull gray light broke at last. The rising sun tinged the soft gray clouds with rose and amber; the little birds twittered gaily and blithely once more among the dew-spangled trees, and life proceeded on in its accustomed way, taking no heed of that weary, widowed young heart—that future robbed of every hope!

Agnes threw up the window, that the fresh morning breeze might cool her aching, burning brow, and leaned out to gaze with heavy, swollen eyes on the lovely scene before her, though all unconscious of its loveliness. Her father, worn out with sitting up hour after hour, in vain endeavors to soothe her wild agony of grief, lay sleeping heavily on the sofa, his wrinkled face looking more wrinkled, and his gray hair grayer in the clear light of the early morning.

Oppressed by the dull stupor that follows excessive weeping, Agnes stood leaning against the window, listening to the whistle of the passing laborer, or the clang-clang of the gardener's sharpening scythe, as he mowed the lawn, unconscious that his master was a mangled corpse, and his mistress a widow, for he had left his work before the sad report had reached the servants' ears.

The distant roar of an approaching train struck on her ears, and Agnes shivered at the terrible sound, and, cowering down on the stone step of the window-sill buried her face in her hands to shut out sight and sound, and all that reminded her of the terrible grief that had come on her young life. She so far succeeded, that she heard nothing of the approaching step on the gravel, but sat on, buried in her bitter thoughts, till the sound of her name in a well-known voice made her spring to her feet with a wild cry, and in another moment she was in her husband's arms!

"My own Agnes—my darling! what does this mean?" he asked, in bewildered surprise, which was certainly not diminished by her excited answer:

"Oh, Edmund, Edmund!" she cried, "they said you were killed! Edmund—my husband!"

"Who did?—when?" asked the astonished young man; but he could gain no answer, till Mr. Wyniard, roused from his sleep by his daughter's cry, came forward, and asked how he had escaped the smash up of yesterday's express.

"Because I never was in it," he replied, "Did not Agnes get my note?"

"No, Agnes got no note," replied her father; "and one of the passengers told me he had seen you enter the train some minutes before it started. You were in one of the first carriages," he said, "and they were smashed and nearly all the passengers killed."

"That is quite true," replied Edmund, with a grave face; "but before the train started I received a telegram to say my father was worse, and to beg me to come to him immediately. I wrote a line on the leaf of my pocketbook, to tell Agnes what had happened, and gave it to poor Southey who was sitting by my side, begging him to let Agnes have it at once; but I suppose the poor fellow was killed. I then went to my father, who died at two o'clock this morning, and as soon as I could get away I came home. So my poor little wife has passed a night of widowhood and misery. Agnes, have you no word for me now I have returned?"

Agnes raised her pale, tear stained face to his with a look of tremulous joy, too deep for words, whispering:

"Oh, Edmund! it made it so trebly dreadful to think we parted in anger!"

A Stupendous Enterprise.

In one of the recent bulletins of the Bureau of Agriculture reference is made to a revival by the Dutch people and Government of the long contemplated project of draining a part or the whole of the Zuyder Zee. The successful execution of this grand scheme would give an enormous area of new territory to the Netherlands, inasmuch as this great inlet of the North sea covers about 1,290 square miles in the Northern part of the kingdom. Of course the undertaking is one which involves extraordinary expense and engineering skill, to say nothing of the length of time it will take even in case of final success. Upon the latter point estimates range from twelve to sixteen years. But should the project be carried out as at present contemplated, the result would be a new province (making the tenth of the kingdom) covering an area of 753 square miles, and constituting about one-eighteenth of the surface of Holland.

The present proposition (based upon a legislative appropriation for surveys and soundings) is to reclaim about half the surface of the Zuyder Zee, certainly; but, should circumstances favor, the whole will be reclaimed. An enormous dyke, forty kilometers, or 24.85 miles long, is to be constructed from Kampen, near the mouth of the Yssel river, on the eastern shore, to Enkhuizel, on the western shore. The dyke is to be twenty-three feet above the water surface, with an upper parapet sixteen and one-half feet high and ten feet wide on the top, sloping down to an exterior berm, or bench, sixteen feet wide and six and one-half feet above the water. An interior berm will serve first as a tow path to a canal, and afterward as a track for a railway after the reclamation shall have been finished.

What is Actinism?—Some Curious Facts.

Actinism is the chemical power which is necessary to excite germination in plants. It emanates from the blue ray of the spectrum, and is the same power which operates on the sensitive silver in photography; photography being, by the way, an entire misnomer, since the pictures are drawn by the actinic power, and not by the luminous ray. Nay, more, the blue, the luminous ray, is, like the red, a positive hindrance to the working of the actinic power. It is most difficult to obtain good photographic results under the bright sun of the tropics. Moreover, if a spectrum be thrown on a prepared photographic surface, there will be two points only where the paper is preserved positively white, namely, the points on which the red and the yellow rays are respectively collected in the spectrum. Neither will seeds germinate so long as they are exposed to bright light. Again, by another experiment it can be satisfactorily proved that the trail in the blue ray alone renders that power which is the sole agent in photography; for if we exclude the blue rays by passing all the light admitted through a yellow glass, the most sensitive photographic material may be exposed to the strongest sunshine without undergoing any change whatever.

The result of experiment is, that germination is excited by the actinic power of the blue ray; the formation of leaf and wood by the luminous power of the yellow ray; and the development of flower and fruit by the heat of the red ray. How the actinic ray reaches the seed in the ground is hard to understand; but that it does penetrate where the luminous ray is unable to reach is plain from experiments, which go also to show that the exclusion of the luminous ray is necessary for the operation of the actinic. Shade is always, absolute darkness sometimes, necessary for the success of the germinating process. Plant cress seed an inch deep in three plots; over the first a blue, over the second a yellow, and over the third a red, glass. The seeds under the blue glass will be up days before those under the red; and of those under the red a few only will germinate. Those under the yellow will not germinate at all. It is found that those seeds which come up under a white glass, in from eight to fourteen days, will, under a blue glass, be up in from two to five days; that where thirty per cent. of seeds came up before, sixty per cent. can now be raised, and that some seeds from tropical countries, which could not formerly be raised in this climate under a white frame, will germinate freely under a blue one. It would seem that the depth to which the air can penetrate the soil is the measure of the depth of germination. This is the practical result. There appears to be no limit to the duration of the dormant vitality of seeds, so long as they are preserved from chemical change. The mummy wheat sprang up again under the actinic ray, after it had been sealed from the air for nearly three thousand years. The seeds in the coal measures have, unfortunately, undergone great chemical changes; otherwise there would be no reason why we should despair of seeing the indigenous palm groves of this land flourishing once more.—[*Poetry of Science.*