

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY MISS MULLICK

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HER STORY.

My father must have been well aware of our preparations, for we did not attempt to hide her; the household knew only that Miss Dora was "going a journey," but he knew better—that she was going to leave him and her old home, perhaps forever more. Yet he said nothing. Sometimes I caught him looking earnestly at me—at the poor face which I saw in the looking-glass—growing daily more white and heavy-eyed—yet he said nothing.

Penelope told me when, hearing me fall, she had run into the library that night, he bade her "take the child away, and say she must not speak to him on this subject any more." I obeyed. I behaved all through those three weeks as if each day had been like the innumerable other days that I had sat at my father's table, walked and talked by his side, if not the best-loved, at least as well loved as any of his daughters. But it was an ordeal such as even to remember gives one a shiver of pain, wondering how one bore it.

During the daytime I was quiet enough, being so busy, and, as I said, Penelope was very good to me; but at night I used to lie awake, seeing, with open eyes, strange figures about the room—especially my mother, or some one I fancied was she. I would often talk to her, asking her if I were acting right or wrong, and whether all that I did for Max she would not have once done for my father; then rouse myself with a start, and a dread that my wits were going, or that some heavy illness was approaching me, and if so, what would become of Max.

At length arrived the last day—the day before my marriage. It was not to be here, of course, but in some London church, near Mrs. Ansell's, who was to meet me herself at the railway station early the same morning, and remain with me till I was Dr. Urquhart's wife. I could have no other friend; Penelope and I agreed that it was best not to risk my father's displeasure by asking her to go to my marriage. So, without sister or father, or any of my own kin, I was to start on my sad wedding morning quite alone.

During the week I had taken an opportunity to drive over to the Cedars, shake hands with Colin and his wife, and give his dear old mother one long kiss, which she did not know was a goodbye. Otherwise I bade farewell to no one. My last walk through the village was amid a deluge of August rain, in which my mournful vanishes, all mist and gloom. A heavy, heavy night, it will be long before the weight of it is lifted off my remembrance.

And yet I knew I was doing right, and if needed, would do it all over again. Every human love has its sacrifices and its anguishes as well as its joys—the one great love of life has often most of all. Therefore, let those beware who enter upon it lightly, or selfishly, or without having counted its full cost.

"I do not know if we shall be happy," said I to Penelope, when she was cheering me with a future that may never come; "I only know that Max and I have cast our lots together, and that we shall love one another to the end."

And in that strong love armed, I lived—otherwise, many times that day, it would have seemed easier to have died.

When I went, as usual, to bid papa good-night, I could hardly stand. He looked at me suspiciously.

"Good-night, my dear. By-the-by, Dora, I shall want you to drive me to the Cedars to-morrow."

"I—I—Penelope will do it." And I fell on his breast with a pitiful cry. "Only bid me good-by! Only say 'God bless you, just once, father.'"

He breathed hard. "I thought so. Is it to be to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

I told him.

For a few minutes papa let me lie where I was, patting my shoulder softly, as one does a sobbing child; then, still gently, he put me away from him.

"We had better end this, Dora. I cannot bear it. Kiss me. Good-by."

"And not one blessing? Papa, papa!" My father rose, and laid his hand solemnly on my head: "You have been a dutiful girl to me in all things save this, and a good daughter makes a good wife. Farewell! Wherever you go, God bless you!"

And as he closed the library door upon me I thought I had taken my last look at my dear father.

It was only six o'clock in the morning when Penelope took me to the station. Nobody saw us—nobody knew. The man at the railway stopped us, and talked to Penelope for two whole minutes about his wife's illness—two whole minutes out of our last five.

My sister would not bid me good-by, being determined, she said, to see me again, either in London or Liverpool, before we sailed. She had kept me up wonderfully, and her last kiss was almost cheerful, or she made it seem so. I can

still see her—very pale, for she had been up since daylight, but otherwise quiet and tearless, pacing the solitary platform—our two long shadows gliding before us in the early morning sun. "And I see her, even to the last minute, standing with her hand on the carriage door—smiling."

"Give Dr. Urquhart my love; tell him I know he will take care of you. And, child," turning round once again with her "practical" look that I knew so well, "remember, I have written 'Miss Johnston' on your boxes. Afterward, be sure that you alter the name. Good-by—nonsense, it is not really good-by."

Ay, but it was. For how many, many years!

In that dark, gloomy London church, which a thundery mist made darker and stiller, I first saw again my dear Max. Mrs. Ansell said, lest I should be startled and shocked, that it was only the sight of me which overcame him—that he was really better. And so when, after the first few minutes, he asked me, hesitatingly, "if I did not find him much altered?" I answered boldly, "No; that I should soon get accustomed to his gray hair; besides, I never remembered him either particularly handsome or particularly young;" at which he smiled; and then I knew again my own Max! and all things ceased to feel so mournfully strange.

We went into one of the far pews, and Max tried on my ring. How his hands shook! so much that all my trembling passed away, and a great calm came over me. Yes, I had done right. He had nobody but me.

So we sat side by side, neither of us speaking a word, until the pew-opener came to say the clergyman was ready.

There several other couples waiting to be married at the same time—who had bridesmaids, and friends, and fathers. We three walked up and took our place—there was no one to pay heed to us. I saw the verger whisper something to Max, to which he answered "Yes," and the old man came and stood behind Mrs. Ansell and me. A few other folks were dotted about in the pews, but I only noticed them as moving figures, and distinguished none.

The service began, which I—indeed we both—had last heard at Lisabell's wedding, in our pretty church, all flower adorned, she looked so handsome and happy, with her sisters near her, and her father to give her away. For a moment I felt very desolate; and hearing a pew door open and a footstep come slowly up the aisle, I trembled with a vague fear that something might happen, something which even at the last moment might part Max and me.

But it did not; I heard him repeat the solemn promises—how dare any one make them lightly, or break them afterwards?—to "love, comfort, honor, and keep me, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep me only unto him, so long as we both shall live." And I felt that I also, out of the entire trust I had in him, and the great love I bore him, could cheerfully forsake all other, father, sisters, kindred, and friends, for him. They were very dear to me, and would be always; but he was part of myself—my husband.

And here let me relate a strange thing—so unexpected that Max and I shall always feel it as a special blessing from heaven to crown all our pain and send us forth on our new life in peace and joy. When in the service came the question, "who giveth this woman, etc.," there was no answer, and the silence went like a stab to my heart. The minister, thinking there was some mistake, said again: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

"I do."

It was not a stranger's voice, but my dear father's.

My husband had asked me where I should best like to go for our marriage journey. I said to St. Andrew's. Max grew much better there. He seemed better from the very hour when, papa having remained with us till our train started, we were for the first time left alone by our two selves. An expression ungrammatical enough to be quite worthy, Max would say, of his little lady, but people who are married will understand what it means. We did, I think, as we sat still, my head on his shoulder and my hand between both his, watching the fields, trees, hills, and dales fly past like changing shadows, never talking at all, nor thinking much, except—the glad thought came in spite of all the bitterness of these good-byes—that there was one good-by which never need be said again. We were married.

I was delighted with St. Andrew's. We shall always talk of our four days there, so dream-like at the time, yet afterward become clear in remembrance down to the minutest particulars. The sweetness of them will last us through many a working hour, many an hour of care—such as we know must come, in ours as in all human lives. We are not afraid; we are together.

Our last day in St. Andrew's was Sunday, and Max took in to his own Presbyterian church, in which he and his brother were brought up, and of which Dallas was to have been a minister. From his many wanderings it so happen-

ed that my husband had not heard the Scotch service for many years, and he was much affected by it. I too, when, reading together the psalms at the end of his Bible, he showed me, silently, the name written in it—Dallas Urquhart.

The psalm—I shall long remember it, with the time it was sung to—which was strange to me, but Max knew it well of old, and it had been a particular favorite with Dallas. Surely if spirit, freed from flesh, be everywhere, or if permitted, can go anywhere that it desires—not very far from us two, as we sat singing that Sunday, must have been our brother Dallas.

"How lovely is thy dwelling-place, O Lord of hosts, to me! The tabernacles of thy grace, How pleasant, Lord, they be! My thirsty soul longs vehemently, Ye, fountains, ye courts too see; My very heart and flesh cry out, O living God, for thee."

Blessed are they, in thy house who dwell, Who ever give thee praise; Blessed is the man whose strength thou art, In whose heart are thy ways; Who, passing through Beck's vale, Therein do dig up wells; Also the rain that falleth down The pools with water fills, Thus they from strength unreared go Still forward unto strength, Until in Zion they appear, Before the Lord at length."

Amen! So, when this life is ended, may we appear, even there still together, my husband and I!

Contrary to our plans, we did not see Rockwood again, nor Penelope, nor my dear father. It was thought best not, especially as in a few years, at latest, we hope, God willing, to visit them all again, or perhaps even to settle in England.

After a single day spent at Treherne Court, Augustus went with us one sunny morning on board the American steamer, which lay so peacefully in the middle of the Mersey, just as if she were to lie there forever, instead of sailing, and with her one little half-hour—sailing far away, far away, to a home we knew not, leaving the old familiar faces and the old familiar land.

It seemed doubly precious now, and beautiful—even the sandy flats, that Max had so often told me about, along the Mersey shore. I saw him look thoughtfully toward them, after pointing out to me the place he knew, and where his former work had lain.

"That is all over now," he said, half sadly, "Nothing has happened as I planned, or hoped, or—"

"Or feared."

"No. My dear wife, no! Yet all has been for good. All is very good. I shall find new work in a new country."

"And I too?"

Max smiled. "Yes, she too. We'll work together, my little lady!"

The half hour was soon over—the few last words soon said. But I not at all realize that we were away till I saw Augustus wave us good-bye, and heard the sudden boom of our farewell gun as the Europa slipped off her mail tender, and went steaming seaward alone—fast, oh! so fast.

The sound of that gun, it must have nearly broken my heart many a time! I think it would have broken mine had I not, standing close-clasped, by my husband's side, looked up in his dear face, and read, as he in mine, that to us, thus together, everywhere was Home.

THE SULK.

"The sulks are catching," I used to hear an old lady say in my childhood, and never was a truer word spoken. If any one does not know what "the sulks" are, I should be happy to give all the information in my power. They are no low spirits, grief, or even temper.

When one person is low-spirited others may attempt to cheer him up. When he is in grief they may feel sorry for him, and give him cheerful themselves. A fit of bad temper may cause a quarrel, but the sulks are something different from all these—a moody, grumpy, disagreeable condition, to which nothing in nature is so much akin as a wet day in November.

Let one person of a family come down to breakfast with the sulks, and persistently remain in that condition, and before the meal is over every face at the board will look long and sorrowful, and every eye dull. Requests for "more coffee" will be growled out as though they were petitions for more poison. "Pass me the butter" will be uttered as though the speaker meant pass me the poniards. Every dish will fall under a ban, and the very eggs seem blighted.

Finally, those who go out will get their hats with a sort of sigh, put them on solemnly growl "good morning," and leave those who remain in a state of gloom, which causes them to retire to their chambers to weep.

CANADA GOSSIP.

Why Princess Louise Doesn't Like the Country—Lorne's Forthcoming Resignation—His Government a Political Failure.

Ottawa, cor. N. Y. Sun.

The Princess Louise will soon be with us again, but there will be no enthusiasm over her return. The princess has not taken with us, or it would be more candid to say we have not taken with her. She is an intellectual woman, of educated and aesthetic tastes, who dotes upon fine arts and loves to be with those who practice and encourage them. Canada is an untamed wilderness to her. The best we can offer is beneath her notice. She abhors Canadian society, nor can she be much blamed for that. When she first came among us there was a magnificent ball given, and the conduct of many of the guests so offended and disgusted the princess that she has never forgiven the country for the ill-breeding and gross behavior displayed on that occasion. It was a most scandalous affair, Canadians, who are proverbial for their enthusiasm whenever one of the royal family comes among them, were this time intertemporarily so. Politicians, militia officers, the bar, and even the gravities of the bench succumbed to this paragon of loyalty. Think of it, the judicial ermine reeling in its steps gloriously drunk. The scene became a disgraceful revelry, and the princess, who insists upon the respect due her imperial origin, was accosted with the rudest and most vulgar familiarity. It is an open secret that she soon acquainted her royal mother of her horror of the country and begged her permission to return to England. Her life here has been exile to her, and only the threat of THE QUEEN'S DISPLEASURE which is no easy thing to lie under, and the remonstrances of the English pre-empted open disobedience on the part of the princess. At last the accident, where she was injured by the upsetting of a sleigh, was made a sufficient excuse for her return to England. Now we have a report that the marquis of Lorne has determined to resign the governor-generalship. The pretence is that he, with his father, the duke of Argyll, is not in accord with the Gladstone government on the land bill. The truth is that the princess is determined not to live in Canada. She is of masculine character, which her childless married life has perhaps in some degree developed, and the marquis is the most obedient of husbands. Of course it would never do to have them live apart, and the marquis must go. The princess will probably come over to superintend the packing, and to show, for the sake of appearances, some consideration for the tender feelings of the Canadians. The viceregal court was only a fleeting joy. The princess was a stickler for etiquette, such as she has been accustomed to at home, and the Canadians, utterly unaccustomed to the court forms, were so awkward and slow in acquiring them that they in turn became disgusted, and the whole thing was abandoned. The princess had her page to carry her train, and left herself aloof, and that was all that remained to show we had one of the blood royal with us. Like her mother, she inherits the spirit of thrift, and

PARSMONY HAS RULED at Rideau hall. When Lord Dufferin retired to recommend his cook to the princess and the marquis, who engaged him. Under Lord Dufferin his pay and his perquisites had netted him about \$6,000 a year; but under the new regime he found there was no money in it, and gave up the situation. The princess kept the keys and watched the larder. The marquis politically has been a failure, and succeeding as he did Lord Dufferin, the most dexterous politician who ever visited Canada, the failure should have been anticipated. His father, the duke, came over, but he did not take at all. He is by no means a fool, but on the contrary a sensible, pleasant unaffected gentleman, with very democratic manners, and liked by all of his domestics, which is a good sign that his manners are genuine. But he is not a man by disposition of habit who can stand constantly in the public glare like Dufferin, and feel at home. The report of his intended resignation is denied by the government. But this is a mere evasion. The departure of the marquis has only been deferred. I shall own myself a poor prophet if the fall does not see him homeward bound.

Barefooted Belles.

Barefooted belles, says a correspondent, are seriously promised for the next summer at the seaside resorts. The princess Beatrice slipper, of beaded satin, dainty and delicate, and shaped like a sandal, is intended to be worn without stockings, but the idea will fall in practice, and I will tell you why. No one woman in ten has feet that will bear bearing. They may be small and shapely, and look fine in stockings, but without covering they would reveal a corn here, a bunion there, toes overlapping each other, scars of ingrowing nails, and other blemishes.

Capt. John Dennison, formerly of Ottawa, was killed by a bear on Madawaska River on the 6th inst.

Bits of Political History.

The Toronto Mail's attempt to injure Mr. Blake by calling him a conspirator against Mr. Sandfield Macdonald only recalls upon its own friend. The more that the fall of John Sandfield Macdonald's government is discussed, the worse it appears for the Conservative party.

We have already stated two facts not generally known. One is, that previous to the election of 1871 Mr. Sandfield Macdonald obtained a pledge from his Conservative colleagues in the cabinet that they would use their influence to bring moderate men into the field as government candidates—moderate Liberals and moderate Conservatives, willing to support the government. His colleagues broke that pledge, and where- ever they were able to do so the Conservatives brought out and elected extreme party men. The other fact is, that there always subsisted between Mr. Sandfield Macdonald and Blake a strong bond of sympathy, and that only a short time before his death Mr. Macdonald said he respected no man in the Dominion more highly than Mr. Blake. And now a third fact is, that after the defeat of his government, when asked by his Liberal followers what they should do, Mr. Macdonald said: "Support Mr. Blake; have nothing 'to do with them'; they have played false to me." These facts should forever dispose of the Mail's familiar charges of seduction and conspiracy, so far at least as they relate to the conduct of the Liberal leader.

Failures of the Country.

That you can have the waggonee whenever you like.

That you are sure of getting plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit.

That some beautiful village or lovely view is about two miles off—whereas it turns out to be nearer four.

That in the country you will accomplish what you have long contemplated—the study of the Spanish or Sasatchewan language.

That there will be abundance of cream and new-laid eggs.

That you will have ample time for reading, and that you will get through a great many books which you have long intended to study.

That you will take up botany, or ichthyology, or some other scientific pursuit.

That you are sure to find rare wild flowers, ferns, insects, lepidoptera, etc., in abundance.

That you will rise at a much earlier hour than is your custom at home.

That you will have an enormous appetite.

That you will be able to clear off your arrears of letter-writing.

That you will not require your dress clothes.

That you will return home from the country the picture of health and strength.

BRUSSELS.

LACROSSE CLUB.—About 20 persons joined the new club last week, at its organization. The following officers were elected: Dr. W. Graham, Honorary President; W. A. Taik, President; H. Hewitt, Secretary and Treasurer; Geo. Leadbeater, Captain; D. Smale, A. Strachan and W. Wright, Committee of Management. We wish the club every success.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY ORGANIZED.—The adjourned meeting for the purpose of organizing a Caledonian Society in Brussels and receiving the report of the committee appointed to draft by-law and a constitution, was held in the Council Chamber on Monday evening last, and was well attended. The constitution and by-laws, as reported by the committee, were adopted. One rule of the society is (and we think it a very good one), that its members shall be composed of persons of any nationality who shall uphold the object of the society, and not exclusively of Scotchmen and those of Scottish descent, as laid down by most societies. The membership fee was fixed at \$1; life members, \$10. The society starts with a roll of 80 members.

The following officers were elected: John Alexander, Chief; four chieftains, D. Scott, Jas. Drewe, D. Stewart, and T. Fletcher; F. S. Scott, Secretary and Treasurer; C. R. Cooper, Assistant Secretary; Auditors—J. Leckie and A. Hunter; Executive Committee—J. R. Smith, R. Laird, P. Scott, W. J. Kerr, C. Vanstone, and Alex. Strachan; Pipe Major, T. Ballantyne; Pipers, D. Stewart and P. McArthur. A resolution was passed, to be presented to the Council, offering them if they would put a proper seven feet picket fence on the park, that the society would pay the corporation 10 per cent, on the net cost of the fence, and 50 per cent, of any balance they may have in hand at the close of their annual games, yearly, until the fence was paid for. A new fence is very much wanted, and it is hoped the offer will be entertained.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough and a twenty-five cent bottle has cured many a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest. It is the grand specific for all throat and lung complaints leading to Consumption.

Why become a suffering mart to Headache, when BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER will surely cure the cause of all varieties of either Sick or Nervous Headache, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone the Nervous system, and distressing headache will be unknown! Sample Bottles 10 cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.

There being no further appeals the assessment roll as revised was finally passed.

JOHN COOKE, Clerk.

"THEY ALL DO IT.—To beautify the teeth and give fragrance to the breath use 'Teaberry' the new toilet gem. Get 5 cent sample. 1763

Lacknow.

PERSONAL.—Mr. D. E. Cameron, our popular banker, has just returned from an extended trip through Western Ontario, taking in most of the largest towns and cities. He reports having enjoyed himself immensely, and certainly looks better for it.

DEBASTROUS RUNAWAY.—A runaway of a most serious nature occurred on Saturday last. Mr. Wm. Irwin, with his wife and sister in law, Mrs. Graham, was driving into the village by the Goderich road, and when opposite the gravel pit at the top of the Ross street hill, his horses, a large spirited team, took fright at a dog, and sprang forward, detaching the tongue from the neck-yoke. This added to their fright, and the terrified animals dashed furiously down the hill, the tongue ploughing along the road at their feet. Opposite Lawrence & Co's blacksmith shop they ran foul of a post, nearly tearing it out of the ground, and sending the unfortunate occupants of the wagon with great force to the ground. The sufferers were conveyed to a house near by, and Dr. Mackie was soon on scene and attended to their injuries. Mrs. Graham was found to have sustained the severest injuries. Several ribs were broken, her arm was badly fractured, her spine injured, together with various cuts and contusions on other parts of her body. Mrs. Irwin also had a her arm and a number of ribs broken. Mr. Irwin escaped with a broken rib and some slight internal injury. The collision stopped the horses, one of them being thrown to the ground, but neither of them were in any way hurt. It is probably well that the post stopped their career, or we might have been called upon to record a more serious disaster.—[Sentinel.

ASHFIELD.

The Council met 28th May, at Martin's hotel, Dunganonn. All the members present. The minutes of last meeting were read and signed.

Moved by Mr. Whitley, seconded by Mr. McMurphy, that John Echlin, Charles and William Echlin, William and James McKnight, William Carey and William McWhinny perform their road work on S. L. 6 and 7 con, 1 and 2.

Moved by Mr. Clare, seconded by Mr. McMurphy, that John Hackett be pathmaster instead of George Campbell, on S. R. and 10 con, 9 and 10; Donald McNeven instead of John Kennedy McGreggor; Richard De Long instead of J. H. Courtney and that Paul Reed be pathmaster on S. R. and 7 con, 12 W. D. Mr. Taylor and Kenneth and Donald Finlayson to work under him's mill.

Moved by Mr. Clare, seconded by Mr. McMurphy, that Thomas Hackett be granted \$8 as charity, and the widow Griffin \$5.

The council adjourned until 3 o'clock p.m. 3 o'clock the council met, pursuant to adjournment. Letter from Randall Graham; letter from Paul Reed; letter from John Stevenson. By-law No. 12 amending by-law No. 11 was read and passed.

Account of Hart & Rawlinson for printed forms account of James Warren P. L. S. and description of road through lot 38 L. R. Notice from Reuben Tiffin.

Moved by Mr. McMurphy, seconded by Mr. Clare, that John McLennan be paid \$85 being his salary as assessor.

Moved by Mr. Clare, seconded by Mr. McMurphy, that William Harper be paid the sum of 11.10 for planking and spiking bridge over Nine Mile River con. 10.

Moved by Mr. Griffin, seconded by Mr. Whitley that C. and W. T. Fellow be paid one hundred dollars for cutting hill on T. R. south of Pellow's mill.

Moved by Mr. Griffin seconded by Mr. Whitley that a sum not exceeding \$75 be granted for the purpose of removing the mud thrown up by the dredging machine and using it for filling and leveling on Huron street leading to the harbor and that the money be expended by the road commissioner.

Moved by Mr. Whitley, seconded by Mr. Clare, that this council grant the sum of \$200 to repair the northern grange road, if the council of West Warranash will grant a like sum.

The following accounts were paid: Thomas Hackett, charity \$8; widow Griffin, charity \$5; John McLennan, salary \$85; William Harper, planking and spiking bridge over nine mile river 10 con, \$11.10 con. C. and W. T. Fellow, cutting hill near Pellow's mill \$100.

The council adjourned to meet at De Long's hotel, Port Albert, on Thursday the 30th day of June next, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The council met in court of Revision pursuant to notice. The appeals were taken up in order.

John Jamieson and William McBride's assessments sustained, Nicholas Husey entered on the roll as farmer's son, James Robinson's assessment sustained, William Holland's assessment reduced to two hundred dollars, Patrick O'Connor was assessed for 118 acres instead of 123 his assessment on 75 acres was reduced \$675; Mrs. William Graham's assessment sustained John Stevenson assessed as owner for lot 11 W. London road, Port Albert instead of Edward Pierce, Paul Reed assessed as owner for the S. part 7, con 12, W. D. 70 acres, at \$700, Mathias and Jacob Fisher assessed as owners of E. half of E. half 6, con. 12, E. D. instead of Cameron and Campbell, James Young possessed as owner for property in Port Albert instead of William Dougherty; William Telford assessed as owner for S. quarter 13 con. 14 W. D. instead of Murdo McKenzie, James Young for lot 2, con. 2, W. D. instead of James Young Junior, William Longhead as owner for W. half and E. three quarters 3, con. 7, E. D. instead of William Pierce, William John Black as owner for E. part 8, con. 3, E. D. Joseph O'Connor's Farmer's son; James Holland as Farmer's son.

There being no further appeals the assessment roll as revised was finally passed.

JOHN COOKE, Clerk.

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Miss Wilson, of the milliner, past two years. By Mrs. Berry iness.

SKIFFLE OF Young perf on Mr. Alex. M