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**TWO BRIDES.**  
BY L. S. S.  
"You think, then, it will be for my  
happiness to give Edward back his free-  
dom?"  
"Yes, dear friend, I do. Your nature  
is so sensitive with the peculiar dis-  
position of Edward that would never be  
happy."  
"I think you are right, but then it is a  
little difficult, because I think I am or  
fond of him."  
"More girlish fancy, Phoebe, I assure  
you."  
"It is so nice to have a friend such as  
you are, Amelia, you know I always  
depend upon others for everything, and  
there are many who would take advan-  
tage of my weakness, and render me mis-  
erable, but you—"  
"I have tried to be indeed a friend to  
you, in fact to both of you. I knew Ed-  
ward so much longer than you that I  
considered him in the light of a brother,  
and have talked to him as such; but it is  
useless—only yesterday, when I was re-  
monstrating with him in regard to his  
conduct to yourself, his reply was that  
you were too frivolous and childish to  
contribute to aught but the discomfort  
of a selfish man. I then made up my mind  
that you should not throw yourself away  
and it is for that reason, dear Phoebe,  
that I speak to you. Forgive me, love?"  
"You are a treasure, Amelia, and if  
there is anything to forgive, I will prove  
my forgiveness by telling Edward I don't want  
to marry him. There he is now; I can see  
him out of the window; he looks melan-  
choly enough, at the thought, I suppose,  
of marrying me. Let me run now and tell  
him he is quite free. I hate to see him  
look unhappy."  
"I will go with you down stairs, and  
when you have told him, come to me and  
tell me the result of the interview, darling.  
Come, let us hasten."  
Hand in hand Amelia and Phoebe  
went to the room of the latter, who was  
the happiness of one who, as a man, was  
in near perfection as exists in the world.  
Phoebe had lost her mother when quite  
a baby—the only child, her father would  
never suffer her out of sight. She was  
educated at home, and was a thorough  
conceivable comfort and luxury, she had  
never permitted to even think of her-  
self as a mistake which Monsieur Rouen  
was now reaping the benefits of, seeing  
the child he would have every one idolize  
often ridiculed, and her very innocence  
and artlessness designated as affection.  
All, however, courted her for her wealth,  
and many were the persons assembled at  
her country residence from the commence-  
ment of the summer until its close.  
Phoebe cared for none of them, except  
Amelia, who had, though some seven years  
her senior, been her playmate and com-  
panion since childhood.

So necessary had Amelia become to  
Phoebe that she insisted she would never  
leave her. Monsieur Rouen saw that the  
presence of Amelia, who was a thorough  
woman of the world, would be of great  
value to Phoebe, and consented, and for three  
years she had been an inmate of his house.  
Some two months before they had  
left town for the country, Amelia had  
begged to introduce her friend Edward  
Lelan, a friend of course her request was  
granted, and from the moment Edward saw Phoebe  
he loved, which fact Amelia instantly saw,  
though Phoebe was unconscious of it. Two  
months passed, and Amelia, with rage and  
hatred, learned that the man, for whom  
she would have laid her life down, had  
proposed and been accepted by Phoebe.  
Such a result had never been imagined by  
her, she felt secure of Edward, and had  
introduced him for the purpose of being  
invited by Monsieur Rouen to his country  
residence.

That such a brainless fool as Phoebe  
should win him, or even attract his notice,  
except to show respect due to her as  
hostess, Amelia took as an insult to her-  
self. She was bent on revenge; and her  
plans were quickly formed. She smiled  
her brightest smile, and congratulated  
both her "dear friends" when told of the  
coming event; mentally she vowed it  
should never be. She had influence enough  
with both to disgust one with the other.  
As the accepted suitor, Phoebe, Edward  
was, of course, one of Phoebe's friends,  
and she, of course, one of Amelia's oppor-  
tunities to point out to him all Phoebe's  
defects—her awkwardness and her fan-  
tasy to comprehend his deep nature, and  
her constant avoidance of him. Edward  
was credulous; he had always found  
Amelia a true and faithful friend, and her  
apparently genuine pleasure at the success  
of his suit with Phoebe, went to confirm  
him in the belief that all Amelia said was  
of pure platonic affection for him. Little  
did he know that Phoebe was always  
monopolized by Amelia purposely, and  
that all she did awkward or undignified  
was dictated by Amelia.

As time went by he did not cease to  
love Phoebe; but he regretted he had  
loved her. He was too honorable to break  
the engagement, and the thought of separa-  
tion was more than he could stand; but  
to deny that night his misery would  
spring from a union with her was impos-  
sible.

Amelia watched all with eagerness, con-  
stantly irritating Phoebe against Edward,  
until she had so blinded her that the rest  
was easy; and great was her feeling of ex-  
ultation when Phoebe declared that she  
would give Edward up. It was with light  
heart and fond, reassuring words that she  
led Phoebe to the spot where her lover was  
and kissing her, whispered in her ear,  
"All have courage; it is only a few words,  
and a worthless man will have his free-  
dom."  
Left alone within a few yards of Ed-  
ward, Phoebe's courage almost forsook  
her; in her agitation she knew not what  
she did. She turned quickly, stumbled,  
and but for the timely assistance of Ed-  
ward would have fallen.

"You are not hurt, Phoebe, I trust,"  
coldly inquired Edward, when Phoebe had  
regained her footing.  
"No, I am not hurt. I want to speak to  
you, Monsieur Lelan, and took this oppor-  
tunity," feebly replied Phoebe, the oppor-  
tunity totally forsaking her face.  
"In regard to what," inquired Edward,  
offering his arm and leading the way to a  
summer-house close by.  
"In regard to ourselves; Amelia says—I  
mean I think you are not as good as I  
thought you. Are you?"  
"I have yet to learn what you thought  
of me."  
"Did I like you very much, but you are  
so quiet and disagreeable; and then you  
blame me for all."  
"All what?"  
"The misunderstanding there is."  
"The fault is with you, Phoebe, I trust."  
"You should be more womanly, more kind and  
considerate to your friends and father."  
"Friends—father," echoed Phoebe, ab-  
tutely nonplussed.  
"You treat me with disdain. You deny  
me your presence and tyrannize over  
Amelia."  
"Monsieur Lelan, I am weak, silly and

cowardly; but I will not tolerate insult.  
I came here to tell you I wish to be  
considered as unworthy the con-  
sideration of even such as I. You have  
my wealth you, and openly avowed it was  
I think heaven for the friend that opened  
my eyes."  
"It was more than Phoebe had ever in her  
life said at one time and when she had  
concluded she was unable to move.  
"Who is your friend, Phoebe? Tell me  
quickly, I begin to see it all clearly—no  
doubt."  
"Amelia," faintly she replied.  
"Oh, false, deceitful woman! Phoebe,  
Amelia has done it all. It is she who has  
been heartless, frivolous woman; to you she has  
been jealous. Her motive could be but  
jealousy. I knew her long ago, and might,  
had I not seen you, have wed her. She  
sought revenge for the slight, but thought  
of your very artlessness one of her instru-  
ments of revenge. Her perfidy has been  
brought to light. Don't shrink from me,  
Edward. We will yet triumph, but it  
must be done quickly. Come, tell me you  
do care for me, and let us commence our  
love again, and right."  
Then and only then Phoebe knew her  
heart. How dear Edward was to her she  
learned in that moment, and she timely  
told him what he wished to know.  
"Now, run into the house, Phoebe. Let  
Amelia fancy her purpose is accomplished.  
I will hasten to your father, tell him all,  
and beg his consent to our immediate mar-  
riage. Leave Amelia to me; listen to all  
she says, but heed her not. Her punish-  
ment shall be great."  
Phoebe from that moment knew no will  
but Edward's as she, feeling Amelia, told her  
she had done what they had both thought  
best.  
"You good, obedient darling, now let  
me hasten to Edward. If you will be ridi-  
culed to his taunts, sneers and ridicule  
of yourself, but then it will do me good to  
see his mortification."  
"For two hours Amelia sought Edward,  
and finding him just where Phoebe had  
left him, she concluded that he had not  
moved since the interview.  
"Oh, Edward! I have looked every-  
where for you. I know all; that deceitful  
little mix told me."  
"To you, Amelia, I turn for consola-  
tion and to assist me to revenge such de-  
ceit."  
"Gladly—but how?"  
"First tell me you think such wicked-  
ness deserves the worst punishment pos-  
sible."  
"I do."  
"Will you be ready then to be married  
to-morrow at 3? There will be no one  
present but Phoebe, her father, yourself  
and myself."  
"This is greater happiness than I anti-  
cipate. You must shield me from their  
unjust suspicions."  
"Leave all to me at three, remember."  
And, without another word, Edward  
walked away.  
"Cold as ice, but once more he shall love  
me sincerely," soliloquized Amelia.  
Entering the house, she met Phoebe, but  
pleading a headache, she avoided her, and  
not again that day did she see her.  
Phoebe had by her father been informed  
that she should be married on the morrow,  
and all concerning Amelia had been  
omitted; she was merely cautioned not to  
reveal aught to her, but to be punctually  
in the summer-house at three, attired  
simply as a bride.  
The morning came, and punctually at  
three, Phoebe, accompanied by her father,  
and attended by the summer-house, went  
to find her amusement, Amelia leaning  
on the arm of Edward, attired also as a  
bride.  
"You forgive me sufficiently to be my  
bride—maid, dear Phoebe?"  
"I do."  
"Silence," whispered Monsieur Rouen.  
A dead silence of a few moments follow-  
ed, and the ceremony was performed.  
Amelia, Phoebe and Edward were married.  
After the ceremony Edward gave Phoebe  
in charge of her father and uncles, and  
left to leave. When alone he raised the  
wretched woman crouching down by his  
side.  
"Amelia, your punishment has been  
great, but no greater than your sin. I  
will serve to make a good woman of you.  
Remember, you sanctioned the severest  
punishment for such perfidy. Phoebe, my  
wife forgives you, I likewise—farewell."  
Until dusk did Amelia remain concealed,  
and then returned to the house to make  
the necessary preparations for her im-  
mediate departure.  
Whether her punishment did her good  
or ill was never known; but, two years  
after this, Edward and Phoebe received  
a large picture of Amelia dressed as a bride,  
in conjunction with her cards. They took  
it as a proof of her affection, and they  
were never again spoken of by the merry  
little ones who in time played about the  
summer-house where so much had trans-  
pired.

"Frozen Facts" is a purely American  
expression, and one, too, of recent origin.  
It has the merit of attracting attention,  
and also seems to bear conviction of truth-  
fulness on its face. We make room in our  
issue of to-day for a fact of this character.  
A correspondent, Henry Whiting, Esq.,  
of Boston, Mass., says: "Dr. R. V. Pierce's  
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case of a fever of some two years standing.  
Please accept our gratitude." We believe  
it to be a fact, whether "Frozen" or other-  
wise, that America needs more men like  
Mr. Whiting, men who act, men who in-  
vestigate truth, and seize opportunities.

When to-day I saw the "great ball" roll  
majestically along, it seemed a shame that  
man could not move like it. All dignity  
and grandeur has something of the un-  
dulatoriousness of the sphere. It is the  
secret of majesty in the rolling gait of the  
elephant and of all grace, in action and in  
rest. The fine of beauty is a curve.

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might say that the eye was always original  
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the individual and not of the family; in  
twins still different. All a man's privacy  
is in his eye, and his expression he cannot  
alter more than he can alter his character.  
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its original color, and gives it a beauti-  
ful, soft glossy and silky appearance.  
The wood thrush launches forth his  
singing strains from the midst of the pines,  
and whistles the moderation of this market.  
There is nothing treacherous in his song.

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we came to a country store, where, on asking  
for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL.  
"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since  
then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by  
me, for family use, and I have found it to be  
an invaluable remedy for throat and lung  
diseases.  
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