

STAND BY THE RIGHT.

BY CALLEN DUNN.

Stand by the right, where'er you be; In honor place your true friend!

Stand by the right when faces as all March! March with bravery on you!

Stand by the right, e'en though you find There's trouble in your path!

Stand by the right, and never swerve From duty's plain decree!

Stand by the right, and you will find Success and glory in the end!

Stand by the right, the skies may lower, But you will find that in the storm God's hand hath placed a blessing warm!

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

BY WALTER GARDNER, ESQ.

Emily Wharton was the pet and pride of Rivendale. The old men reverently called her "The Village Angel"; the young men admired her by day and dreamed of her by night; and even her companions of her own sex felt for her a pure regard free from the least taint of envy or jealousy.

It was one summer afternoon, when sitting with her mother on the piazza of their elegant cottage, that Emily saw a young man staggering under the weight of a heavy barrow filled with vegetables.

Surprised and not a little embarrassed, he regarded her a moment in silence, then with grateful shame from his dark eyes he replied: "You are very kind miss; I thank you."

"My mother thinks you have not been long in our village," said Emily, shyly.

"No—only three days, I'm a stranger, you see, and I don't get much work, but I shall by-and-by, I think; and a faint smile passed over his features.

"Thank you, my name is Thomas Warren, and—and I live on the flats." He spoke hesitatingly, and blushed as he mentioned the name of the poorest locality in town.

"That name draws her off," mused Thomas, as he went on with his load. "Well, I don't wonder—it is a low place. But she was kind; there are mighty few girls that would do what she did."

That evening, while Emily and her father were conversing—she trying to find out if he knew anything of the Warren family, and he wondering what "the darling little witch was driving at"—the neighbor across the way came in, and shortly referred to the incident of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you, Emily, very good; but they are rather low people—these Warrens. They lived in Devonshire before they came here; in fact the old man died there. He was a hard one, it is said, and drank himself to death. I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if the boy took after him, for he won't work steady. I hired him the first day he came here, and he was off in the afternoon; and the next morning he looked pale, and his eyes were red. I really don't believe he is of much account."

Emily, who was very far from sharing the caller's suspicions, was about to say that other things than drink caused pallor of the features and redness of the eyes, but thinking that time used in argument is generally thrown away, she held her peace, and resolved to ascertain the facts for herself.

Slipping quietly out of the room, she assumed her habit, and then ordered her poney saddled. As it was nothing unusual for her to ride on moonlight nights, neither of her parents asked a question, and she galloped away on her mission undisturbed. Reaching the flats—a place she had often visited upon errands of mercy—she dismounted and inquired in what house Mr. Warren lived. The woman directed her with an ominous shake of the head, and Emily, reflecting upon the force of prejudice among all classes, pursued her way on foot, leading the poney by the bridle.

The smallest, oldest, and dirtiest of all the habitations on the flats was the one which had been pointed out to her. Hitching the poney to a staple in the window-sill—for there was no

other place, not a tree or shrub growing in the vicinity—Emily knocked upon the door, and awaited with peculiar feelings the answer. It soon came in the person of Thomas, who, for a moment, was rendered speechless by surprise, then, in a voice which revealed both pain and mortification, he said:

"Will you come in; you will find it a wretched place, but we can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but followed him into the house. In the first room were a table, three chairs, an old cooking-stove, and an old-fashioned washstand. In one of the chairs, curled up asleep, was a little girl of about five summers, her long black hair falling over a thin, pale face, on which tear-stains were yet visible. Thomas saw Emily glance at the child, and he simply said, "my sister." But there was anguish in every accent. "My mother is in the next room. Would you like to see her?" he added, presently. The maiden inclined her head, and followed him into the chamber, where, upon a low cot bed, lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her skin was nearly transparent, and her eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brilliancy, weird, almost frightful. As Emily entered, the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

"Curiosity is sometimes cruelty. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met as a friend," answered Emily with gentle reproof, at the

morning and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze followed her until she was no longer visible, and then, returning to the house, he dropped on his knees beside his mother's bed, and thanked his God for the friend who had been sent to them when starvation seemed inevitable.

The next day, and every day for a week, Emily Wharton brought the sunlight of her presence to that wretched abode, and cheered and comforted the invalid and her children; not forgetting to enlist the services of the village physician in the same cause. But he could do little for the sufferer; she could only be made easy during her brief stay on earth—she could not recover. And at length the time came when his words were to be verified, and Tom Warren, standing at the side of the little couch, knew that his mother would not live an hour, if Emily would only come! He could not bear this terrible blow alone, with little Alice clinging to him in fear. And still the terrible minutes dragged on, at length Emily came and stood by his side; and to make him stronger she took one of his hands in her own. Together the three looked down upon the blanched face and wasted form of the invalid, and saw the chest move with labored effort, and the lips part as if praying for air. Great sobs shook the son's breast, and tears rolled down his cheeks, and at intervals the words came forth in convulsive whispers: "O God! God! must I lose my mother?" She heard him once and tried

and her parents wondered, for of late she had been pensive and listless. The day drew to a close, and, just at twilight, a carriage dashed up to the door, and immediately there alighted a tall, noble-looking man, who presently assisted a very beautiful young girl to alight. Together they came up the steps and into the house, Emily, standing in the parlor, pressed her hands to her heart, and grew faint with anticipation. Presently the door opened, and the gentleman entered.

"Emily! my own! my love!" "Tom! O thank Heaven!" "At last, my darling," he repeated, kissing her pale face and smoothing her hair. "At last! O how I have prayed for this hour. I've been far away, Emily, in foreign lands, but the star of home has always shone bright. I knew you'd be true, Emily, for God gave you to me when he took my mother."

"And I knew you'd come back, dearest." "Six weeks later Emily became Mrs. Warren, and a happy home that theirs does not exist. Little Alice lives with them, yet, but ere long she too will have a home of her own."

SKELTON LEAVES.

Mr. J. F. Robinson describes in Hardwick's Science Gossip a simple method of preparing skeleton leaves, which seems preferable to the old and tedious method of maceration, and which he recommends to all young botanists, especially to his fair friends, who take up the science of botany more as an intelligent amusement than for severe study. First dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked quicklime, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow the solution to cool; afterward pour off all the clear liquor into a clean succession.

When the liquor is at its boiling point place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour, adding from time to time enough water to make up for the loss by evaporation. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off between the finger and thumb beneath cold water, boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but very gently beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed.

The skeletons, at first, are of a dirty-white color; to make them of a pure white, and therefore more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime—a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water; if a few drops of vinegar is added to the solution, it is all the better, for then the free chlorine is liberated. Do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching liquor, or they become too brittle, and cannot afterwards be handled without injury. About fifteen minutes will be sufficient to make them white and clean-looking. Dry the specimens in white blotting paper, beneath a gentle pressure.

Simple leaves are the best for young beginners to experiment upon; the vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves make excellent skeletons. Care must be exercised in the selection of leaves, as well as the period of the year and the state of the atmosphere when the specimens are collected otherwise failure will be the result. The best months to gather the specimens are July and August. Never collect specimens in damp weather; and none but perfectly matured leaves ought to be selected.

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MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Sept. 13th, 1872. Breadstuffs market closes quiet. Flour active, at an advance of 15 to 20c on Supers for the week; wheat nominal. Provisions—Pork firm and dearer; butter and cheese quiet. Ashes—Pots dearer, and Pearls steady.

The following were the latest telegrams received on Chicago:—

Table with columns for Flour, Red Wheat, Red Winter, etc., and prices for Sept 12 and Sept 11.

Flour.—Buyers were more disposed to operate this forenoon, and a fair amount of business was reported at full rates. The scarcity of Supers continues, and an advance of 10c is noted. 4,000 barrels of Welland Canal Supers changed hands last night at \$6.60 to arrive.

Table with columns for Superior Extra nominal, Extra, Fancy, etc., and prices.

WHEAT.—Market quiet. A cargo of No 2 Milwaukee Spring to arrive brought \$1.45; a parcel on spot moving at \$1.47, two ears of U. C. Spring bringing \$1.40.

OATMEAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Upper Canada, \$1.50 to \$1.60. Sales 200 barrels at \$1.50.

PEAS, per bush of 66 lbs.—Firm at 90c to 92c.

OATS, per bush of 42 lbs.—Quiet at 30c to 31c.

COIN—Cargoes are held at 85c in store and 60c afloat.

BUTTER, per lb.—Market quiet at 15c to 17c, for fair to choice Western; and 20c for Eastern Townships; old nominal at 7c to 9c.

CHEESE, per lb.—Quiet; Factory fine 11c to 11 1/2c.

PORK, per barrel of 200 lbs.—Market firm; New Mess, \$16.25 to 17.50. Thin Mess, \$15.50.

LARD.—Winter rendered firm at 11 1/2c per lb.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.—Pots firm. Firsts, at \$7.00. Pearls quiet. Firsts, \$6.00.

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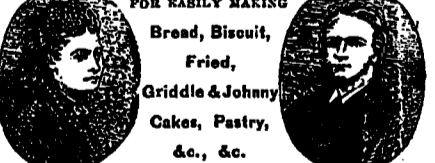
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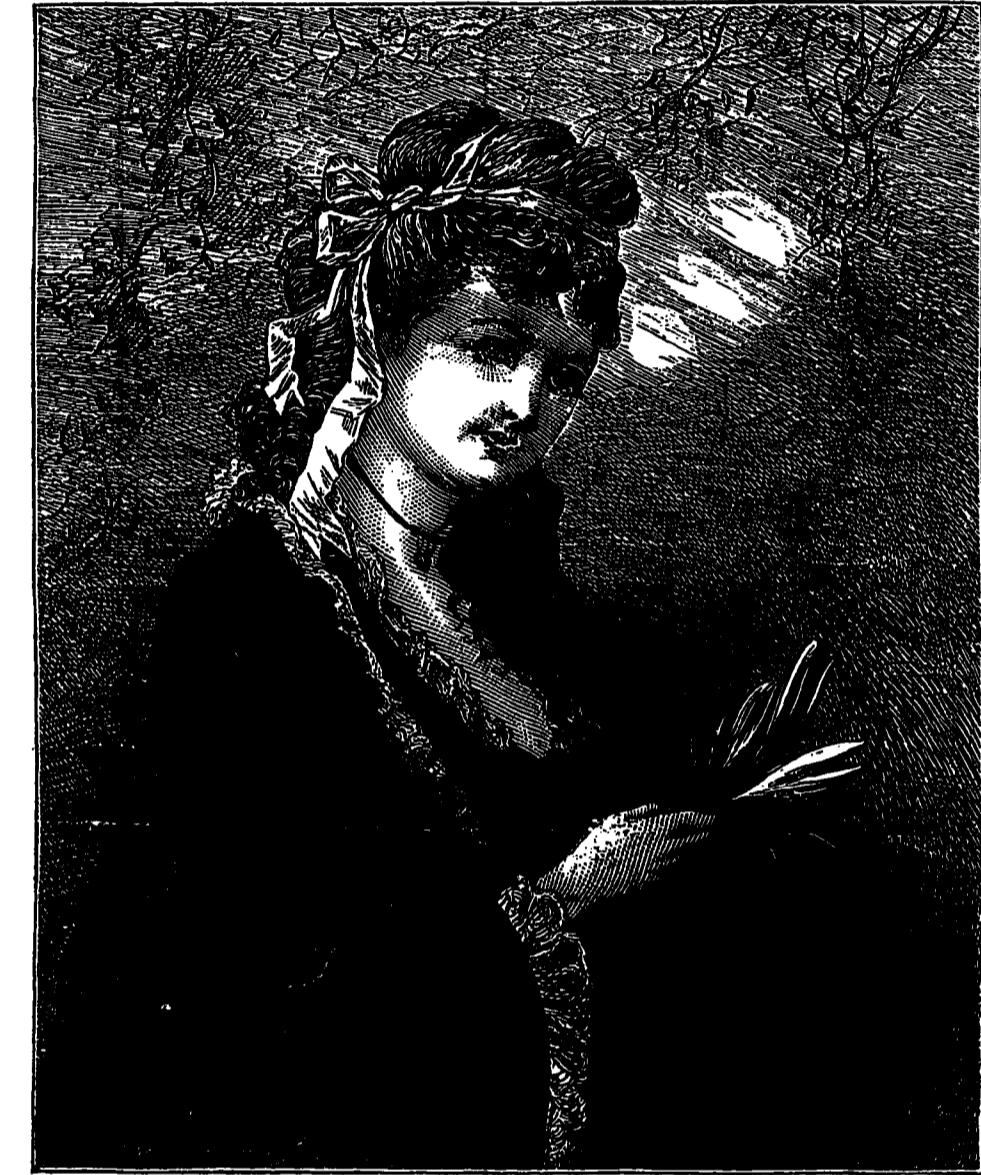
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THE CROCUS.

same time placing her hand on the sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me—but there is so much coldness in this world—so little love. Oh I remember now, you are the young lady who helped Tom this afternoon. Poor Tom, he is nearly worn out. He tries to work outside and take care of Alice and me too; but he can't do it all, so he has to let outside work sometimes, and then I suppose his employer thinks he is idle. It weakened me very much, and I have not been so well since. What do people say of us, Miss?" She paused for an answer, but Emily evaded the question, and then the woman went on: "Yes, it is always so. You wish to spare my feelings; your motive is good, but I can see through it. My husband's misfortunes first set him on the downward path, and then by degrees poverty came, until all was lost. Now we must bear his unfortunate reputation, but not long—not long." She raised her eyes heaven ward, as if imploring death.

"Dear mother, do not speak so—you are all I have on earth," said Tom, in a tremulous voice.

"My dear boy—my life—my blessing," she murmured, tenderly.

Emily's eyes filled with tears as she saw the mother's wan hand caress the jetty curls that fell on her son's brow. Then, hoping to cheer them, she said: "You will be better soon Mrs. Warren. Do not give away to sadness. Remember, I am your friend." The invalid smiled faintly and shook her head. "Knowing that further conversation would be injurious to her, Emily bade her adieu, closing the chamber door as she went out. Once again in the first room, the maiden said: "Mr. Warren, will you do me a favor?" He acquiesced wonderingly, and Emily, placing a \$10 note in his hand, added: "Run down to the store and buy what your mother needs—be sure not to forget fruit and lollies."

"God bless your bright face!" he murmured, in a choked voice, and impulsively pressed her hand.

"I will stay here until you return," she said, as he took his hat and hurried away. When the young man returned, he found the kettle singing over the fire, and the table set, while little Alice, who had been awakened by the cheerful sound, sat up in her chair gazing at Emily in amazement. "You are too good, Miss; I did not believe there was one left in the world as good as you are," said Tom, regarding her as if she was something more than human. "Don't praise me, but take out your bundles, and I'll have supper presently. Of course you got some steak?" "Yes, though I was afraid I was doing wrong," Emily reproved him for that sentence, and then went on with her preparations. In a short time a repast, which to Tom and Alice seemed a banquet, was placed on the table and Emily departed, saying she would come on

to smile, but she had not the strength, and instead she worked her hand along the counterpane until it touched his. That destroyed the last particle of his self-control, and, sinking upon his knees, he wept as only a man can weep when anguish makes him a child before his Creator. "Tom," said Emily in a low voice. He arose just in time to see the last pulsation of his mother's heart. She had gone forever. Weakened by grief he turned toward Emily, and gazed upon her imploringly.

"Be calm, dear friend," she said tearfully. "O Emily, you are all I have left! O Emily, if I dared to love you—? He paused, and his body shook like a leaf. Again he spoke: "Emily, next to her I loved you—I shall always love you, May I?"

"Yes, Tom," and thus they were betrothed in the presence of death.

Five years had passed since the night when Emily gave Tom her promise at the bedside of his dead mother. Very long and weary had been those years; many heart-aches, some doubts, and many tears had come and gone only to come and go again. Emily was now twenty-three years old and looked upon by the villagers as an old maid, not that she was less attractive, but because she had refused so many lovers, some distinguished and some rich.

"My child, my dear Emily," said her father one evening when they were sitting on the piazza, in the very same place where she had first seen her only accepted lover. "I think you have done your duty in waiting. Your life is your own, and from the fact that you have not heard from Tom for two years, it is likely that you will never hear from him again."

"Don't father! O, please don't," said Emily, shuddering.

"My precious daughter, I would not pain you for the world. It is only my love for you that causes me to speak thus. You proved to me that Tom was good, else I should not have mentioned the engagement. He went away to make his fortune, taking with him his little sister. It is sad to think of anything having happened to him, but time and silence indicate something."

"He will come back, father," she replied, a far-off dreamy look in her eyes. "Tom will come back."

The old gentleman shook his head, and rising, went into the house. He felt that his daughter was throwing her life away, and such a noble life as hers! It made him unspokenly sad. Still time went on, and six months passed, but Emily only grew stronger in her belief that Tom would come back. "It is a monomania with her," the villagers said, and with grief, for it was dreadful to see the fairest flower thus withered. But one morning Emily came down stairs slaying, and looking like her former self;