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THE VALLEY BROOK.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

Fresh from the fountains of wood
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glided on for many a rood,
Flushed with morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh, and soft, and sweet,
The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,
And wet with dew-drops at my feet
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard,
Amid those pastures, lone and still,
Save the faint chirp of an early bird,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced the rivulet's winding way—
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of fresher verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah! happy mountain stream," I said,
"Calm glides thy wave amid flowers,
Whose fragrant round thy path is shed
Through the joyous summer hours."

"Oh, could my years, like thine, be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I could dwell and sleep at last,
Far from the bustling haunts of men."

But what new echoes greet my ear—
The village schoolboy's merry call,
And 'mid the village hum I hear
The murmur of the waterfall.

I looked! The widening vale betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished steel,
Where the valley stream was stayed
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah, why should I, I thought with shame
Sigh for a life of solitude,
When even this stream without a name
Is laboring for the common good?

No longer let me shun my part
Amid the busy scenes of life,
But with a warm and generous heart
Press onward in the glorious strife.

THE SHADOWED LIFE.

BY C. P. INGRAM.

Claudine, the beautiful wife of Dr. Irving, the distinguished physician, drove through the Park in her handsome carriage, and with her servants in livery. One of the handsomest houses in the city was hers, and in society she was a petted belle, for her husband, twenty years her senior, allowed her free rein, and heaped about her every luxury that wealth could purchase.

But was she happy—this regal looking, beautiful woman, not yet twenty years of age?

Let the sequel show, and watch her lovely face as she rolls through the Park, in her gilded coach, bowing sweetly here and there to those whom she meets who are her friends. Suddenly she starts, and the quick blood leaves her face and rushes to her heart, her colorless lips quiver, and the dark violet eyes are fixed upon the form of a man who, mounted upon a handsome horse, is cantering slowly by.

Firmly he sits his horse, but turning slightly he catches the look of Claudine Irving, and his own face pales, and for an instant he seems dizzy; but an effort recovers him, the spurs sink deep into the flanks of his horse, and soon the man and the woman are lost to sight in the busy throng of carriages.

"He here? Edwin Mountjoy alive, and here? God knows I believed him dead!" And as she drove on through the beautiful Park her thoughts turned far away, and again she roamed a happy girl among the New Hampshire hills; again she romped about the old farm of her father, drove the cows home from pasture, rode the old plough horse, attended the country school-house on the hill, and through all had for her constant companion, her devoted slave, the brave, bright boy, Edwin Mountjoy.

But years went on, and brought changes, and the little Claudine grew up to womanhood, and yet the lover of her youth was with her still, sharing her joys and sorrows as in by-gone days. She, the belle of the county, was loved by all who knew her, and her regal beauty was on every tongue; but yet so beautiful, she was not too good nor too lovely to become the wife of Edwin Mountjoy, who had then been appointed the village schoolmaster.

Edwin was as good and noble as he was handsome; and when he asked the old folks at the farm for their daughter Claudine, they gave a ready consent; and, happy in each other's love, the days passed pleasantly.

But a change came. A wealthy physician from New York sought the New Hampshire hills for his health, and engaged rooms at the old farm-house. With his brilliant conversation, his gentlemanly manners, horses and servants, he soon turned the head of the fair but fickle Claudine; and when Dr. Irving asked her to become his wife, poor Mountjoy was forgotten, and she consented.

Dazzled by his wealth, the good old folks were but too willing to see their daughter marry the "great city doctor," and in their happiness, none thought of broken-hearted Edwin, until it was said that he had left the village.

Word soon came that he had sailed from Boston in a vessel bound to China, and then only did the fickle girl find out how dearly she had loved the friend who had been to her lover and brother from her earliest childhood.

They were married, Claudine and Dr. Irving, and she not yet seventeen, and the lovely bride accompanied her husband on a European tour.

A year after, she settled down, the head of her magnificent establishment in New York. Her husband, though wrapped up in his practice, was devoted to society, and it gave him pleasure to see his wife, entertain his numerous friends, and thus she became a married belle.

A rumor had come to her from New Hampshire that poor Edwin had been lost at sea, and then did she deeply mourn her conduct toward him, and too late find out that no other love could ever cause her to forget him. As years went by she became a contented woman, a good wife; but happiness such as a true woman craves was not hers; there was always that dull, saddening pain at her heart.

Is it a wonder then that she halted and turned pale when she recognized Edwin Mountjoy on horseback, and within a few feet of her?

Though changed greatly from the Edwin of his youthful days, still he was the same to her; and her throbbing heart told her there could be no mistake.

"Drive home, John." And as the beauty gave the order to her coachman her voice sounded strange to her.

Once in her palatial boudoir, Claudine threw herself, robed as she was, upon a divan, and shed bitter, scalding tears, and thus her husband found her when he returned home at midnight.

"Frank, take me to Europe again. I wish to leave America, at least for awhile," she sobbed to her husband.

"Certainly, my dear. But why this fit of weeping and sudden desire to go abroad?" asked the kind and indulgent husband.

"Oh! I am so tired of New York, and wish to go to Europe for a year or two."

"Well, make your preparations, and next week we will start."

A month later, Dr. Irving and his beautiful wife were domiciled in handsome apartments upon the Champs Elysees, in Paris.

For a few months all went pleasantly, and then Dr. Irving was summoned home from a dining party to attend his wife, who had been brought home from the opera, whither she had gone with a company of friends, and was supposed to be seriously ill.

It proved merely a fainting fit, and though no one ever knew the cause,

it was from discovering, in the box opposite to her own, the well-known face and form of Edwin Mountjoy, his dark eyes fixed calmly upon her.

From Paris, Dr. Irving and his wife sought the court at St. Petersburg, and yet only for awhile was Claudine contented there; the same form and figure attended her, for in the gilded halls of Russia's Emperor she met face to face the playmate of her youth—the man whom she had so cruelly deceived. Distressed at the unaccountable conduct of his wife, Dr. Irving again returned to America, hoping that household cares would divert her mind from the evident trouble that rested upon it; but still the shadow followed her, even in her own home, for picking up a book just published, from the table, she read the title, "A Woman's Heart, by Edward Mountjoy."

"My God! my God! will my life be ever thus shadowed? And yet I deserve it all, for I wrecked his life and drove him forth upon the world. Oh, Edwin, you know not how I have suffered for giving up your love, and how dearly I have loved you, from the time we were children in the old New Hampshire hills until now. Now, when 'tis too late, there is a fixed gulf between us, which you and I can never pass. This gay life is mockery to me. I will leave the city, and return to the dear old farm, and cheer the old age of my parents."

No entreaties, no threats could make Claudine change her mind; and at last the doctor gave a reluctant consent, and accompanied her to her girlhood's home, where he left her with her parents. Not long did she cheer the old hearth-stone, though, for her health failed, and in one short year she slept in the village church-yard.

And of Edward Mountjoy? Almost broken-hearted at Claudine's treatment of him, he left America. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked, but he with a few others was saved. Possessing a literary talent, he went to England and devoted himself to labor, and in a few years began to make a reputation as a writer. After meeting Claudine in the Park, a morbid desire to be near her seized upon him, and he sought her round the world. When at last she returned to the old homestead and gradually faded away and died, he returned also to the home of his youth, and while devoting himself to his literary labors, keeps a jealous watch upon her lonely grave.

THE FATHER OF TWENTY-FIVE SONS.—Hiram T. Rees died recently at his residence in Franklin county, Pa., within a few months of ninety-two years of age. He was the father of twenty-five sons, twenty of whom are yet living, the eldest being 36 and the youngest 24. His first wife had six sons, his second eleven and his third eight, and six of the children were twins. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and had nine sons in the Union army during the late war, two of whom were killed at the first battle of Bull Run, a third at Ball's Bluff, and a fourth was drowned during Banks' ill-starred Red River expedition. He was a remarkable robust man, and never but once during his life did he take medicine.

FRENCH OCCUPATIONS.—Fifty-three per cent. of the population of France are engaged in agriculture, 26 per cent. in manufacturing and other industries, 14 per cent. in trade and 4 per cent. in the liberal professions, and the remainder being returned as of no occupation.

Who is it that ever was a scholar that doth not carry away some verses which in his youth he learned, and which, even to old age, serve him for homely lessons?

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Men may be compared with the stars that shine out on a clear evening in the blue dome of heaven. Some are grand and brilliant, and the glorious light of their fame may be seen unchanged by the march of time, in all the civilized countries of the globe, while others are so dim, and at such remote distances from the path of fame that we can scarcely discern. To the first class belongs the name of Frederic the Great, one of the grandest characters that Prussia ever produced.

Let us open the book of history, and look at the picture of his life. First we see him a little child, smiling upon the beautiful world; then a young man, king of a mighty nation, surrounded with riches and power, and yet living only to promote the welfare and happiness of his people. The scene changes, and we find him in the great seven years' war, combating alone with nearly all the countries of Europe, but still standing forth in the glory of his strength with his honor untarnished. And then the battles are over, and he returns to his kingdom crowned with triumph. Last scene of all, we find him in the quiet old palace at Sans-Souci, alone with a few trusty servants and his cherished books; then death comes and his eventful history is ended.

Life is truly short, but we may build up a name that will live long after we have passed into the impenetrable beyond. Frederick the Great made the German nation what it is to-day, one of the leading powers of Europe. His noble deeds and actions will ring through the vast halls of posterity, and his fame extend to the end of time.

AN ANCIENT TOMB.

Of the tombs of Consular Rome, nothing remains except perhaps the sarcophagus of Scipio; and it is only on the eve of the empire that we meet the well-known one of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus, which is not only the best specimen of a Roman tomb now remaining to us, but the oldest building of the imperial city of which we have an authentic date. It consists of a bold square basement about 100 feet square, which was originally ornamented in some manner not now intelligible. From this rose a circular tower about ninety-four feet in diameter, of very bold masonry, surrounded by a brace of ox-skulls with wreaths joining them, and a well profiled cornice; two or three courses of masonry above this seem to have belonged to the original work; and above this, almost certainly, in the original design rose a conical roof, which has perished. The tower having been used as a fortress in the middle ages, battlements have been added to supply the place of the roof, and it has been otherwise disfigured, so as to detract much from its beauty as now seen. Still we have no tomb of the same importance so perfect, nor one which enables us to connect the Roman tombs so nearly with the Etruscan.

There lives in Franklin county, N. C., a man 49 years old, who never heard a sermon preached, never fired a gun, and never saw a white man married.—N. Y. Herald. There is a man in Hillsdale County, Mich., who never saw a horse, never heard a comic song, never read a newspaper paragraph, never saw a boat and never spoke to a woman. He is deaf, dumb and blind, poor man.—Free Press.

Twenty-four Princeton boys were locked up in the Trenton guard house for drunkenness and disorder, Saturday evening, Jan. 18th.

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Thanking the public for the liberal patronage given me heretofore, I pledge myself in the future, as I have tried to do in the past, to treat everybody right and give them the worth of their money. Very respectfully,

D. MCCAULEY.

Chapel Hill N. C., May 18, 1878.

Rev J B Cheshire