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Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

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4 "	3.25	5.00	6.75	8.50	10.25	12.00	13.75	15.50	17.25	19.00	20.75	22.50
5 "	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00	22.00	24.00	26.00
6 "	4.75	7.00	9.25	11.50	13.75	16.00	18.25	20.50	22.75	25.00	27.25	29.50
7 "	5.50	8.00	10.50	13.00	15.50	18.00	20.50	23.00	25.50	28.00	30.50	33.00
8 "	6.25	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	27.00	30.00	33.00	36.00	39.00
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Sept. 12, 28-17.

Poetry.

The Worth of Hours.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.
For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass;
But if in earnest care you would
Meet out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.
Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content;

And more—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—
If then a painful sense comes o'er
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,
Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain,—
Upon your heart this truth may rise,
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies;

So should we live, that every Hour
May die as does the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;
Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

Twice Loved.

"Do not return to the Grange, Etsy
Come with us to Newport; the beautiful Mrs. Langsley will be the rage there, as she has been in Philadelphia this winter, even though she does keep close." Etsy's lips curled with something of the haughtiness of early days.

"I cannot, Aggie. I am tired of gayety. Oh, this is a hard world to get through. I am so tired of it—tired of living!"

"What, Etsy dear! tired of life at twenty-five?"

"Even so, Aggie; fatherless, motherless, and a deserted wife—it is enough."

"Not deserted, Etsy; you have twice refused to join him."

"Yes, I know, we have both erred—we are both too proud. In some of my moods I do not blame Lionel. I am so changed, so sorrowful, and bony, and homely; and then I could never forgive him that unconscious start and shrinking away. I had loved only Lionel in my life, and I forgot for a moment how changed I was, and how to meet him. He recovered himself in a moment, but it seemed as if it changed my whole nature, and I grew cold and disdainful; but a great pain was at my heart, even when I seemed the most indifferent. I have the same pain tonight."

The crimson lips grew scornful, and then tremulous.

"Yes, I have never loved any one else. You will think me mean-spirited, Aggie?"

"No, Etsy; I honor you for it. But we will not talk of it. Papa will go anywhere I wish. I have never been to Niagara. If you would like, we will go there, where all will be strangers to us."

So they went to Niagara—Mr. Warner, Agnes and Etsy. Laying the ladies in the reception room, Mr. Warner went to register their names in the hotel book of entry, but returned in a few moments with a face from which every vestige of color had flown.

"Etsy, when I went to write my name, a gentleman was just returning his pen to its case, and the ink was yet wet with the name of Lionel Peyton."

"My husband?"

"I fear so; but do not grow so pale, my child. I thought, perhaps, you might wish to leave this place, and so did not register our names."

The beautiful, pale face was pitiful to see.

"Stay; let me think. It might not be my husband; and yet I never knew a Lionel Peyton out of our family. Was the gentleman's face anything like this? and poor Etsy took a miniature from her jewel case."

"Yes; it was very like, only this face is more youthful. The face I saw was bearded and bronzed, and care-worn looking."

"If I thought he would not know me, I would stay and see him for myself—I would like to."

"He would never know you, Etsy. You are as unlike the Etsy of fifteen as you are unlike the wife of twenty. I think you might remain with perfect safety; and it may not be your husband after all."

So Etsy stayed, and on the book of entry was written Mr. Etsy Warner, daughter, and Mrs. Willis.

"We will call you Essie, and then if it is your husband, he will never know you."

Mr. Warner was right. Lionel Peyton could never recognize in this brilliantly beautiful woman either the rosy school-girl of fifteen or the wife of twenty. Etsy at twenty was tall and stately, with a clear, dark skin, brilliant color, and large, shadowy, haunting eyes, in whose depths lay a great pain; you felt it as soon as you saw her. It was her husband; Etsy knew him the moment she saw him. It was in the dining room she first met him. He looked at the party entering, as any gentleman would look at pretty women, his gaze resting longest on Etsy, her gorgeous Eastern beauty overshadowing the pale loveliness of Agnes Warner; but it was very evident he did not recognize her.

He was bronzed and bearded, and something more than careworn—sad, Etsy began to question whether he, too, hadn't suffered. They sat at the same table day after day, this husband and wife, till poor Etsy's heart was like to break.

By and by Mr. Warner made Mr. Peyton's acquaintance in the reading room, and together they traveled over Europe—where Mr. Warner once spent many years of his life—Mr. Peyton's great descriptive powers painting, as with a pencil, every subject he touched upon.

One day Etsy, said, half scornful, half earnestly:

"What do you think of my husband, Mr. Warner?"

His answer surprised her:

"I admire him more than any man I ever knew, Etsy. I wish I could understand what it is keeping you apart."

That night he sent for the ladies to join him in the parlor. To Etsy's surprise he introduced them to Mr. Peyton, who threw the charm of his conversation over them, as he had over Mr. Warner, and the evening passed ere they had begun.

Time passed on and other evenings were spent together, and it soon required but a careless eye to see that the beautiful face of Etsy Peyton was the only face on earth to their new friend.

"Essie, your husband is falling in love once again," Agnes said, but she said 'Essie' made no reply.

One night Mr. Peyton said to her:

"Mrs. Willis, your face haunts me; it reminds me of some one I have seen before, perhaps it was in my dreams."

And Etsy only answered 'Perhaps.'

She sat on the veranda one night, waiting for Agnes and her father. They were to leave for New York the next day, and there was a great ache at Etsy's heart.

Mr. Peyton stepped through the window, and stood beside her. He merely bowed his stately head, and she never spoke—she dared not.

"You are sad to-night, Mrs. Willis. Are you sorry to leave Niagara?"

For the life of her she could not have answered him, but, without waiting for one, he sat down by her side.

"I, too, am sad to-night, but my sadness has a deeper meaning than yours. At my heart are tugging love, remorse, regret and a wretched quarrelling with fate. I wish I dare lay bare my heart to you, for my soul is famishing for human sympathy."

"You may."

"And you will not think less of me because I have sinned and suffered?"

"I will not."

"Five years ago—nay, I must begin further back. Ten years ago I knew and loved a young girl. She was a loving child, tender-hearted and winning. She consented, and when we parted, she hung round my neck and wept so bitterly that I found it very hard to leave her. I went back to Germany and afterward carried with me all over the Continent the memory of that beautiful face, and more than that the memory of the gentle, loving heart. I returned five years later, to a find a cold-hearted, haughty woman, who repelled my tenderness, and threw back upon my aching heart the love I would have felt for her if she had been but tender and patient. But I must be just—I found the lady so changed in her personal appearance that I did not know her at first, and doubtless my manner seemed cold to her for I was mourning for my beautiful little Etsy, and could not believe this cold pale woman was she. We were married within an hour of my arrival, and though at first my soul sickened, I did strive, before God, to give her my love, but I verily believe she hated me, for she grew more and more disdainful every day, till I had with sorrow and regret, I left my home to wander, disconsolate and sad, all over the earth. Twice remembering that she was my wife, I wrote, begging her to join me, for I could not return to the Grange, where

a' knew my sad history; but she haughtily refused, saying in her last letter that she feared our paths would be happiest far apart. You, too, have known sorrow, Mrs. Willis, but it is better to mourn for the dead than the living."

Lionel Peyton loved Mrs. Willis, and it required all his honor and manhood, all his self-control, to keep him from taking her in his arms and telling her so. He did not, but continued:

"Later, I met with one who, before I was aware of it, crept into my heart—a beautiful, regal woman, with a passionate, tropical nature, entirely suited to mine. I loved that woman, but I dared not tell her so, my honor forbade it; and yet I loved her! Oh, my God! Thou knowest it all!"

As the white lips grew calmer he said:

"To-night, for all my battling, this wild love is clamoring to be heard; all the anguish and regret are harder to bear because unspoken. I thought I must speak or die, but when the storm was at its height a great calm came over my spirit, and something like 'God's great pity' fell upon my tempted soul, and once more it was able to overcome. I have come to say good by, Essie. There is only one course to pursue. I must rejoin my poor wife, and, if she is willing to receive the prodigal, try my best to make her happy."

"Did you love her so much—this beautiful woman of whom you spoke—better than any beauty of Italy or Spain, or any one you met in your wanderings?"

His face flushed and then paled.

"Better than any woman on earth—better than anything, but my honor and my God, and he held with an iron grasp the small white hands he had taken in his."

"Love her! ah, it would be heaven to be always by her side! to watch the flash and gleam of those proud eyes, and the sweet trembling of the red lips, and the shining dark hair, and the proud throat, white as snow."

"It must have been very hard to give her up."

"It was hard. What would you have done so circumstanced?"

"I would have been true to my honor and my God, as you were."

"God bless you Essie! now we must part."

Essie had been merciless, but her starving heart craved all she could hear of the love he bore her. But the strain had been too great, and when he rose to go she faltered, and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. He seated her again and brought a goblet of water.

"You know who the woman is, Essie, that is so dear to me?"

"I have known it from the first."

"And you still advise me to return to my wife?"

"I do."

"And if she will not receive me?"

"Then return to Europe and work for the good of others and for God's glory."

He drew her close to his heart.

"This once let me hold you here; and now farewell!"

A moment more and she was alone, and Lionel Peyton was wildly pacing his chamber floor, with broken words of prayer on his lips.

A week from that time found Etsy at the Grange, where she found a letter awaiting her, announcing the arrival of her husband on the following night.

"Oh, Etsy, if you only loved Lionel!" said his disappointed mother.

"Perhaps I may, mother; perhaps he may find me more worthy to be loved."

He came at seven o'clock. The long drawing room was lighted in honor of his coming, and the servants, at least, with bright, new suits and shining faces, showed joy at his return.

He was shown into the reception-room, while a servant went to 'appraise Miss Etsy.'

He returned in a moment, saying she would see him in the drawing-room.

Lionel bit his lip and followed the old servant with a proud step.

"At least she might have been here to welcome me," he thought.

Under the brilliant gaslight stood the beautiful Essie he was trying so hard to forget.

Again—must he again battle with his spirit to keep down that mad love which haunted him every hour? What could have brought her to the Grange?

She sprang to meet him.

"Oh, Lionel I am so glad! And bending back her beautiful head, she held her lips for a kiss."

"I cannot, Essie—I dare not. I am glad and yet sorry we have met."

But she fettered him with her white arms, and drew his face close to hers.

"Lionel, if you will take me I am yours—for I am Etsy Peyton!"

The strong man staggered and would

have fallen had she not supported him. Need we describe the joy of the wanderer or can you imagine it for yourselves? How the past seemed like a hideous dream, whose memory he was trying to forget, and the future so rich with immeasurable hope, and how two souls came out from the fiery crucible purified.

"Twice loved!" Etsy whispered softly to herself. "It was a triumph after all, and oh, I am so happy!"

The Keely Motor.

FIRING A GUN AND RUNNING AN ENGINE WITH A GILL OF WATER.

About twenty gentlemen prominent in trade, manufacture and finance witnessed some experiments in Philadelphia on Monday morning last, says the *Record* of a recent date, at the workshops of John Keely, the inventor of the famous Keely motor. In every respect the experiments were surprisingly successful. The generator was first shown to be entirely empty by opening its cocks and cut-off. A gill of water drawn from a cooler was then poured into the machine, after which a couple of movements of a small lever and the turning of a cut-off developed about 18,000 pounds of energy, as indicated by a heavily-weighted lever. Mr. Keely claims to have shown a power of 54,000 pounds in the same way on this machine, and to be able to do it at any time. The elastic nature of the 'etheric vapor' generated was next demonstrated by experiments in gunnery. A peculiarly constructed cannon, of 14 inch bore, was connected with the generator by a copper tube of small bore, and at each expulsion of vapor (induced by the turn of a cut-off) a bullet would be driven with terrific force and with a loud report into a target. Four inches of lumber were pierced with the greatest ease, although Mr. Keely claimed that only a low degree of force was used. He can discharge the gun about eight times in a minute. There is neither recoil, heat nor smoke. The vibratory engine was next put in motion by means of vapor conveyed twenty feet or more through thin pipes, a large wheel was made to revolve slowly and with great force, the strength of a man exerted by means of a four-foot lever was unable to stop it. One gill of water is said to be sufficient to run the engine for six hours. In demonstrating the power of vibration to produce motion, Mr. Keely caused a copper globe, ten inches in diameter suspended by centre-points in a metal ring and supported by short legs, to revolve with great rapidity, although it was completely insulated by heavy sheets of plate glass, and the vibrations were conducted to the glass through a solid steel rod three feet long. Mr. Keely says the only thing that now stands between him and the complete success of his labors is the perfection of some minor features of his engine. Those present last night were unanimous in expressions of wonder at what they saw, and no one pretended to explain the phenomena presented. There seemed to be no opportunity for trickery of any kind, and every facility was afforded for the most thorough examination of the machine in working order.

How Postage Stamps are Made.

Postage stamps are printed from engraved plates on paper especially prepared for the purpose. At every motion of the press two hundred stamps are printed. The colors used in the inks are known as 'ultramarine blue,' 'Prussian blue,' 'vermillion,' and 'carmine.'

The sheets are gummed separately. They are placed, back upwards, upon a flat table, and the gum is applied with a wide brush. It dries quickly, and then the sheets are pressed. Each sheet is cut in half and then it is ready for the perforating machine. The United States Government bought the patent of the machine in 1852, paying the inventor, Mr. Archer, \$20,000. After they have been perforated, the sheets are pressed heavily so as to make them smooth.

Where She Will Go.

"You must have enjoyed yourself very much at the shore, this summer," said young Modestus as he twirled at the piano where his mustache was supposed to be.

"Oh, very much indeed; but I don't think I should care to go there another year," was the reply, as she obscured her face with her fan.

"I should think you would like to enjoy yourself again."

"So I would. But another year I intend to go to—the kissing spring that has been recently discovered in Arkansas. The ice being thus broken, there was no special need of such a journey—not that evening."

There is occasionally a woman who has such a controllable temper that when a man steps on the train of her dress, she can smile sweetly and say, "Oh, I don't mind it. There is no harm done. Pray don't apologize. It is all right. Very awkward?" Oh, no! Such a woman is a first-class accomplished hypocrite.

"Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Grand Central depot in New York of a lounging. "I don't know," was the doubtful reply. "I see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

"What," asks a correspondent, "causes the hair to fall out?" Before we answer we must know whether you are married or single. This is important to a true understanding of the case.—*Recorder*.

Venno's Predictions!
For this Month's Weather, prepared expressly for
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