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Dec. 5, 1881, 40-ly.

Greensboro, N. C.

Salem James a nice lot at

SCOTT & DUNNELL.

OPPIUM.

And MORPHINE Habit-

cured in 10 to 20 days. Ten years es-

tablished. 1000 cured. Warrington

Dr. Marge, Quincy, Mo.

I have such a pretty suite of rooms at

home! Nannie went on. Papa had

ERNEST WYETH'S IDOL.

The last motion not of a slow people had floated through the still air of the little village church, and was echoing faintly from the pale, painted walls, when Mrs. Warrington swept up the aisle, followed by two young ladies. The smaller and elder of these attracted looks neither of surprise or curiosity, her pale quiet face, with its sober gray eyes, was too well known for that; but both were expressed in the eyes of the congregation as they followed the other figure in her ascent to the Warrington pew. That she was a stranger was evident, and strangers were rare occurrences in the church of —, especially such pretty, elegant strangers as this one was.

During the service there were many curious glances bestowed upon the blue-robed figure who sat so straight and still between Mrs. Warrington and her daughter, Eve, with her young face upraised and her eyes resting on the earnest countenance of the preacher. During the discourse the eyes of the Rev. Mr. Wyeth, wandering over the listening audience, fell upon the face of the young stranger and rested there. With the upturned blue orbs, the small, childish mouth and waving golden hair, adorned with the sunnier sunshine of youth, it looked not unlike the face of a Madonna, so fair in purity, so innocent in fairness.

At last the service ended, the organ ceased its pealing, and out in the fiery Mrs. Warrington stood, introducing with calm grace her niece, Nannie Russell, to the young clergyman.

The Warrington residence was but a short distance away, and Mrs. Warrington did not consider it worth while to bring her carriage into requisition; so the party of four started down the gravelled walk together.

'Mr. Wyeth,' Mrs. Warrington began, laying her hand on Nannie's arm, and stepping back, thereby leaving a significant vacancy beside her daughter, 'will not disturb him, auntie.'

But Nannie interrupted her with a little gesture and a low, rippling laugh. 'Mr. Wyeth entertaining me with an interesting little anecdote,' she said; 'do not disturb him, auntie.'

With a bow Mrs. Warrington passed on and walked in stately silence beside her daughter. She was displeased, and took no trouble to conceal the fact; but by the time the little party reached the iron gates of the Warrington estate she had assumed her bland, society manner again, and bade the clergyman good day, in very friendly tones.

I have asked Mr. Wyeth to come here tomorrow afternoon and enjoy a game of croquet,' Nannie said, as she stood before the mirror, muting the silken strings of her bouquet.

'Were you aware that Eve is going to-morrow?' asked Mrs. Warrington insinuatingly.

'Oh, yes,' Nannie replied innocently; 'that's common, you see. I would be lonely enough left to my own resources, and wanted some one to amuse me.'

Audience entered her ears, but she made no comment about it.

When Nannie left the room Mrs. Warrington turned to her daughter, saying—

'Is she not a pretty girl? But you shall stay at home to-morrow.'

'Oh, mamma!' said Eve, pitifully, 'I'd much rather go! I do dislike being in anybody's way.'

But Mrs. Warrington was firm, and on the morrow, when the clergyman arrived, he found two young ladies waiting to receive him.

As she rose to greet him in her winsome, unembarrassed manner, Ernest Wyeth experienced the thought that had come to his in the pulpit the Sunday before—that this fair young creature was as far apart from the ordinary people as the moon above the earth; she was a woman above women, an idol to be worshipped from afar, a—how much higher his thoughts would have soared then!—she could hardly be compared to any other woman.

'It is ready on the lawn now, Mr. Wyeth. Suppose we indulge in a game of croquet?'

'I'm afraid,' the clergyman replied, with a smile at Nannie, who smiled in approval.

'I had so much rather be out in the fresh air to-day, as they strode across the lawn. 'Tis close, confined atmosphere a dazzling room like this, with startling distinctness, that this woman has grown to be a part of his gay life, and now he must renounce her for ever.'

A second entry was made in his little journal that night, as follows:

'She whom I believed perfect has proved false and treacherous. What

they furnished for me and his taste is excellent. They are the perfection of soft colors, flowers, birds and sunshine. Still I like the outdoor world best; I think a Bohemian life would suit me, with a soft little laugh.'

'No I think not,' contradicted Mr. Wyeth, in apologetic tones. 'You could not endure the fatigue and hardships

of it.' This was there in women how weak are human natures, how blundered by a pair of tender, trusting eyes, wrecked on a mighty squall. No, I will never have again!

Then his thoughts turned, and he scolded himself for judging her so harshly.

'But he could not bring himself to forgive her, although he buried the journal that contained the severe, bitter words.

On the following Sabbath many of the congregation remarked that their minister looked pale and haggard, and we bore a weary, dejected air. And one was surprised to hear of his illness a few days later.

For many days he hovered between life and death, each struggling for victory; and throughout all Mrs. Warrington nursed him carefully until the crisis was passed and the physician said that he would live.

In proof of his gratitude Ernest

Wyeth should have married the poor, patient girl; but he did not. Instead, he thanked her for her kindness and goodness, and went in search of another partner.

He Was a Splendid Son!

They were seated together, side by side, on the sofa in the most approved lover fashion—his arm encircling her tapering waist.

Lizzie, he said, you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you.

'Yes, Fred, you have certainly been very attentive.'

'But, Lizzie, darling, do you love me?

'Your wife, Fred? Of all things, no!

'No, indeed, nor any one else.'

'Lizzie, do you mean me?'

'Yes, what I say, Fred, I've two married sisters.'

'Certainly, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner are good husbands, I believe.'

'So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all.'

'Lizzie, you astonish me.'

'Good-bye, Fred, I've had over twenty-five sleepless nights this winter, thanks to you and my other gentleman friends.'

'How many do you think my sisters have had? Not the sight of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nell were too, and no much attention at they used to have.'

'Now, Lizzie—'

'I am fond of going to the theatre occasionally, as well as a lecture or a concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like it if I proposed attending any such entertainment to be invariably told that those were hard and sweet reverses.'

'So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all.'

'And when I go to the theatre, I'll take my husband with me, and he'll be sure to be with me.'

'Early in the autumn Ernest Wyeth decided to visit Lizzie. So it happened that a few hours later he sat in Nannie's parlor and awaited her coming.