

Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVI.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1857.

No. 1873.

PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

IT HAS WORKED MIRACLES!
That all the bald and gray can be restored perfectly to original growth and color, so far as their locks are concerned, does not admit of doubt; besides it will cure every possible disease of the scalp, whether developed as dandruff, itching, or in the shape of cutaneous eruptions—even scald-head—and in no possible case will it fall out of curling as if by magic, nervous or periodical headache, and it used twice a week by the young, regularly, it will preserve the color, and keep the hair from falling, to any imaginable age. Read and judge.

Millford, Worcester Co., Mass., Nov. 1855.
Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir—(I take pleasure in bearing voluntary testimony to the magic effects of your wonderful Hair Restorative. As far back as 1836, my hair commenced falling out, until the top of my scalp became bald and smooth as glass, and it has continued to fall for a great many years, notwithstanding I have used many celebrated preparations for restoration. Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to give your article a trial, and to my utter astonishment, found, after a few applications, that my hair became firmly set, and assumed a glossy and beautiful appearance; and by the time I had used a quart bottle, my bald head was covered over with a young and vigorous growth of hair, which is now from one to two inches in length, and growing fast.

Henry Goodrich,
Charleston, Mass., August 6, 1855.
Gentle—Nothing but a duty and sympathy that I feel to communicate to others that are afflicted as I have been, would induce me to give this public acknowledgment of the benefit I have received from Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. When I first commenced using it, my hair was quite gray, and in spots entirely bald. I have now used the Restorative about five months, and my hair is entirely changed to its original color, brown, and the new hair is over three inches in length on the spots where it was bald. I have also been much gratified at the healthy moisture and vigor of the hair, which before was dry, and it has ceased to come out as formerly. Respectfully, yours, &c.,

Mrs. R. A. Stoddard,
[From Mrs. Ingalls, a well known nurse in Boston.]
Boston, October 19th, 1855.
Gentle—At your request, and being so highly pleased with the effects of the Restorative, I am free to state that my hair had become quite thin and entirely white. I have for the last five years been in the habit of using dye, but hearing of the extraordinary effects of this article, I was induced to try it. My hair has been restored to its original thickness, and also to its former color, which is light brown. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Ingalls.

The following is from the Pastor of the Orthodox Church, Brookfield:
Brookfield, Mass., Jan. 12, 1855.
Prof. Wood—Dear Sir—Having made a trial of your Hair Restorative, it gives me pleasure to say, that its effects have been excellent in removing inflammation, dandruff, and a constant tendency to itching, with which I have been troubled from my childhood, and has also restored the hair, which was becoming gray, to its original color. I have used no other article, with anything like the same pleasure and profit.
Yours, truly,
J. K. Bragg.

[From the Jersey City Telegraph]
WHAT IS IT FOR?—THIS WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. It is a question asked daily by hundreds. We answer without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that it is the only article known which will do all it promises for the human hair. It will restore its growth—it will stop its falling—it will restore its natural color! It is not a Hair Dye, but a speedy and efficacious Restorative.

O. J. Wood & Co., Proprietors,
312 Broadway, New York, and
114 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Sold Wholesale by Parcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond, Va.; and by Long & Cain, Hillsborough, N. C., and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.
December 10 68—

JAS. STOKLEY, ALEX. OLDMAN,
STOKLEY & OLDMAN,
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
September 8 65—

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.
Raleigh & Gaston R. R. Office,
Raleigh, Feb. 8, 1856.

AS THE NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD is now completed to Charlotte, notice is hereby given, that goods or produce brought down that Road, intended for transportation over the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, will be received by this Company at the North Carolina Railroad Depot in Raleigh, (owned jointly by the two Companies), and will be transported there without duty or extra charge, and goods designed for the Western Merchants and others along that Road, will likewise be delivered at the same point.

All dues for freight must be paid at Petersburg or Portsmouth, and in any freight, which must be paid in advance or on delivery of the goods.
Every effort will be made by the officers and agents of the Company to give satisfaction in the transportation of goods and produce.
Orders and shippers of goods are requested to have them distinctly marked, so that their destination may be known.
R. A. HAMILTON, President,
February 16, 1856—

SOMETHING NEW
Ambrotypes and Photographs.
The latest and greatest Discovery of the Age.

E. HUNT would inform the public that he has opened rooms permanently in Chapel Hill, where he is prepared to execute these beautiful pictures in the highest style of the art. The Ambrotype is taken on Glass, and, unlike Daguerreotypes, without being reversed. The superiority of this picture in point of beauty and durability, has placed it at the head of the Fine Arts. It can be seen on any light without reflection, as it is free from the points of the silver plate; it cannot get dusty, and it is impervious to water, air or acids, and will last for ages.
Every lady and gentleman is particularly invited to call and examine his specimens. Cloudy weather as good as sunshine. Instructions given in the art of Ambrotyping, and Apparatus furnished.

E. HUNT,
March 11, 1857—

To Wool Growers.
MY Machines are now in order for Carding wool and making good rolls. Those bringing their wool well prepared may depend on getting good rolls. Prices for carding, 75 cents per pound for unsorted, 1 1/2 cents per pound for mixing, or one fifth of the wool. Corn, wheat, faxseed, berewax, tallow, bacon and lard will be taken in payment for Carding, and even money will not be refused, as something will be expected in payment before the rolls are taken from the machine.

JOHN F. LYON,
F. NICHOLS,
My Grist Mills are in the best order, and can dispatch work at short notice. Barrels kept on hand for customers. The best prices paid for Wheat and Flour Feed.
JOHN F. LYON,
June 24, 1856—

Mrs. F. H. Cooley, DRESSMAKER.

RESIDENCE at Mr. D. D. Phillips', one door west of the Orange Hotel.
December 24, 70—

Valuable Land and Mills, in Orange, FOR SALE.

THE undersigned, wishing to engage in other business elsewhere, offers for sale their Land and Mills, situated on Eno River, about seven miles east from Hillsborough, and within one mile of the N. Carolina Railroad. The above tract is in a fine and perfectly beautiful situation, having on it a Merchant Mill, (three sets of stones,) with a good custom, Saw Mill, Work Shop with water power attached, Store House, two good Dwellings, and within one mile of the N. Carolina Railroad, and three Tenant's Mills, with excellent facilities at each. The houses, mills and shops are new and in complete order, the mills making as good flour as any in the State.

The land is suited to the cultivation of grain or tobacco, and contains about five hundred and fifty acres, about two-thirds of which are in woods and well timbered. It also has on it a young orchard of choice fruit. As long time will be given for payment as may be desired by the purchaser.

J. C. & W. McCOWN,
October 28, 62—

WANTED,

TOW and Cotton Cloth, Plain and Striped Linsey, Homespun Jeans, Dried Apples, Flax Seed, Feathers, and all other kinds of Country Produce, in exchange for Goods.
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON,
November 7, 61—

Driscoll's Balm of a Thousand Flowers, for purifying the Complexion, removing Pimples and Ringworms, and cleansing the Teeth.—Price 25 cents.

Rosemary and Castor Oil, for preventing the Hair from falling out, and for strengthening its growth.—Price 25 cents.

Driscoll's Coloring Fluid, for changing gray hair to its original color, without staining the skin or hands in its application.—Price 50 cents.

For sale by
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON,
October 20, 61—

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

September, 1856.

I AM now opening a very large Stock of almost every thing, including about \$1000 worth of

READY MADE CLOTHING.

which I have bought at low prices and will be pleased to show and sell on accommodating terms, either for Cash or on general barter.

All kinds of dealers wanted for goods.
JAMES WEBB,
September 20, 56—

WANTED,

RIGHT AWAY in exchange for new Goods

500 yards of Woolen Jeans,
300 " colored plain wide Linseys,
300 " white " " Do.
800 " of Tow and Cotton Cloth,
400 " of Blue-striped Cotton Cloth,
200 pairs of Wool Socks,
200 lbs. home-made Shoe Thread,
Dried Fruit, Corn, Meal, Flour, Flax Seed, Peas, &c.

For sale by
JAMES WEBB,
October 20, 56—

HOUSE and LOT for Sale.

I offer for sale, on accommodating terms, that desirable House and Lot on Queen Street, now occupied by Dr. Washington.

THOMAS WEBB,
October 20, 61—

FOR SALE,

A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the store houses of M-Leon & Hamer and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.

THOMAS WEBB,
January 28, 62—

For sale at the Drug Store,

6 DOZEN Cod Liver Oil,
6 doz. Holloway's Pills,
6 doz. Holloway's Ointment,
1 doz. Ballard's Sugar Worm Drops,
1 doz. Clough's Tricopherous,
6 Walle's Schusaps,
2 Congress Water,
1 Balm of Thousand Flowers,
1 Durke's East Powder.

Also, a large assortment of Medicines, Perfumery, Pains, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c. &c.
November 12, 60—

For sale at the Drug Store,

COLOGNE, Toilet Vinegar, Lavender Water, Verbena, Geranium and Bay Water.

Fine Extracts, Balm & Hair-Balm, Ess. De Bote, &c.,
Chlorine Tooth Wash,
Eau Lustrate, a very fine article for the Hair,
Jap Stave,
Fancy Soaps,
Shaving Creams,
Cold Cream,
Egyptian Hair Dye,
Fancy Letter & Note Paper,
Pocket Inkstands,
Envelopes,
Mead Pens,
Letter and Foolscap Paper, Ink,
Writing Desks,
Port Monies,
Work Boxes,
November 12, 60—

JUST RECEIVED—1 bbl. Lamp Oil,

2 doz. Thermometers,
AT THE DRUG STORE,
December 10, 60—

JUST RECEIVED—24 cans Potash, for soap,

AT THE DRUG STORE,
December 10, 60—

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having engaged in the BOOT and SHOE Business, will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. He has employed Mr. James Parks to conduct the same, as his Agent.

D. C. PARKS,
October 28, 62—



RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil, Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour O'er every land."

TILLERING.

BY A NORFOLK (ENGLAND) FARMER.

On this subject most, if not all of the writers have fallen into a singular mistake as to the origin of the tillers of cereal plants. It is laid down by them as an established fact that the tillers proceed from the coronal roots, which invariably form on the plant just below the surface of the soil. This is so confidently laid down by every writer I have consulted, that I took it for granted that it was correct; until having recently had extensive opportunity of examining for myself, I have at once discovered, what any other person may do with very little trouble, that the tillers do not spring from the coronal, but the seminal roots; and that, in point of fact, the former, so far from being an accidental appendage to the plant, are entirely accidental in their formation. They proceed from the first knot or joint formed in the stem, provided that knot is beneath the surface; but if, as is frequently the case, it is above the surface of the soil, no coronal roots are formed, and the plant is wholly supported by the seminal roots, which in all cases constitute the main source of nourishment to the plant. I have now under examination the stubble of a number of plants of this year's growth, some of which have from twenty-five to thirty stems. In all these the tillers spring from the seminal roots, without any exception. Some of them throw out coronal roots; but others, which have no knot below the surface, have also no coronal roots, but are equally strong in the stem and heavy in the ear.

I have laid the more stress upon this circumstance, because even Le Conteur has fallen into the same error, and written upon the presumption that the coronal roots are an essential and invariable part of the plant; leaving his readers to infer, that without them there would be no tillering. This also has led to another error, namely, that after a certain time (supposed to be the month of April) the seminal roots cease to impart nourishment to the plant, which then and after derives its support from the coronal roots alone. It was in an investigation of this assumption that I discovered the errors regarding the tillering question; and I therefore request those who have taken up of the commonly-received view of the case, to do as I have done—examine for themselves—and they will have no difficulty in discovering the true state of the case. The best way will be to wash the roots first from all the mold, and let them afterwards dry, when the examination can be made with more ease and precision.

The establishment of this fact greatly strengthens the arguments in favor of deep sowing, by which the chance of the formation of a joint below the surface is rendered more certain, which also insures the formation of coronal roots. These undoubtedly are of great utility in imparting a more firm hold upon the soil, as well as additional nourishment to the plant, and consequently lessens the danger of the corn being lodged. The fecundity of the cereal plants, and their reproduction by transplanting the offsets or tillers, is truly wonderful. We read of from forty to one hundred and twenty ears being grown from one root or grain; and there is an account in a work by Sir Kenelm Digby, written in 1660, of a plant of barley in the possession of "the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine" at Paris, who kept it for many years as a curiosity. This plant, which was the produce of one grain, had 249 ears, from which were counted 18,000 grains of barley. In the Cambridge case, which is mentioned above, if the plants were set at one foot distance, it would insure a crop of ten quarters per acre, which under the circumstances was not an apocryphal produce; and as the average number of stems was forty-two, less than a foot would leave them very much crowded. Thus, there are in an acre 43,560 feet, which, divided by 500, gives 87; then multiply this by 31 pecks, the produce of the 500 plants, and we obtain 2707 pecks, or about ten quarters per acre. The soil on which this was raised was a light blackish one, with a gravelly subsoil; part was well manured, and part without any manure whatever; but there was no perceptible difference in the strength of the straw or size of the ear.—Farmers' Magazine.

How RAILROADS INJURE FARMERS.—Not long since a farmer of our State was bitterly complaining of a railroad to one who was connected with the management of the road. "Why," said the farmer, "I was fool enough to take stock to the amount of five hundred dollars, and I have lost every cent of it. And besides, the cursed thing runs through my farm."

"And has greatly injured it, I suppose," added the other, smiling and looking the old farmer full in the face.

"Injured it?" repeated the farmer. "To be sure it has. Why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"How much damages were you paid by the corporation?" asked the other.

"In the neighborhood of six hundred dollars," the farmer replied. "But it was not half enough."

er question. What could you have sold your farm for a dozen years ago?"

"I was once offered twenty-five hundred dollars," replied the farmer.

"And what can you sell it for now?" inquired the other.

The fellow scratched his head; and, after some hesitation, he confessed he had been offered recently four thousand.

"Just as I expected," was the reply of the other. "Now let us figure up a moment, if you please. You have lost five hundred in the stock, and the railroad has added to the price of your farm, according to your own showing, fifteen hundred, so that you fairly owe me — Railroad six hundred. Am I right?"

The farmer was compelled to confess he had made money out of the railroad, notwithstanding he had lost five hundred dollars in his original stock. Thus it is, and what shall we say to those croaking farmers who never paid a cent for the making of a road, and whose farms have been nearly doubled in price and value by it? There are hundreds such, and yet they are constantly heaping curses on railroads and their management.

The above, which we clip from a northern contemporary, is alike applicable in almost every quarter of the country. It is well to look into the mirror sometimes, and we advise the querulous and fault finding to take a chance, and at least risk one eye on it.

SHelter WANTED.—Shelter is a want of the first necessity in our climate of cold and storm, and no farmer may neglect, with any show of economy, sundry provisions of this nature. A portion of these wants are everywhere conceded—others are carelessly forgotten and neglected. We too often see farms upon which no provision has been made for the shelter of a portion of the stock through the winter. Sheep, colts, young cattle, and, perhaps, the cows, are left to shiver unprotected. Does the farmer know that he can ill afford the loss which results? To keep an animal exposed to the weather in good order requires nearly double the food necessary when comfortably sheltered. And the increased value of the manure will repay the trouble attending the extra care then required. There is a heavy loss in the exposure of manures to the weather. The chief value of a fertilizer lies in that part which water will dissolve. Let it lie and bleach through the winter and spring, and a good share of its worth is gone; shelter it in beds and cellars, and a saving will be made—proving this the truest economy where manure is valued and good crops desired.

From the New York Dispatch.
THE WATCH OF NEW-YEAR WEEK.
BY JOHN OF HURLEY.
(Concluded.)
II.

It was New Year's Eve in the great city; with all the solemn thoughts it brings to thousands who remember that the turning pages of the year are but so many records of their own wasted time; with all the quiet happiness it brings to those who can look back upon well-spent years, the last still nearer their ideal than all before; with the unmeaning riot and revelry of the mass who seem rejoiced that one more milestone is passed in the swift march of a useless life, toward the black oblivion of a dishonored death.

Alice Deforest sat alone, except her child, a brown-haired cherub of two years, that slept in the cradle by her side. She kept no domestics now—their straightened circumstances not permitting the doubtful luxury. And so the vigils, which the lengthened absences of her husband entailed upon her, were lonely, indeed. Poor Alice! there was a relief—questionable as might be its propriety—for the unappiness of her husband; there was an escape into the world, its pleasures and its intoxications; there was none for her. What there had been of old opportunity, had long since passed away. Her family, her fashionable friends—all were gone now, or only seen dimly and at times long apart, as some star in a sky of heavy cloud, overcast in a moment.

The young wife was very wretched! Months of sorrow and comparative shame had done a good work in the midst of all their bitterness, and deepened her character. The world had ceased to be all visionary and superficial to her. In her lonely hours she had read—thought—studied. She had begun to see, as with a far-off glimmering perception, the sources of her unhappiness. She had begun to realize how, with certain conditions changed, all this need not have been; and with the widening of her scope of vision had come an added knowledge of the worth of that wedded happiness which seemed passed away forever.

Could these steps all be trodden back again? she asked herself, as she watched the hours in her vigil of that night; but the terrible reflection came back again. No! no! he would not take me home to his heart, even if I would! And then followed the suggestion of her pride. He has wronged me far worse than I could have injured him! There can be no peace between us henceforth! I can but suffer—he can but go on to ruin; and we can both be die! And something of the old haughtiness of the millionaire's daughter came back to the curling lips of the wife who was so sadly changed in feelings and circumstances from what she had been.

It was nearly midnight when John Deforest entered. He had been mingling with the low and the base, and his eye was heavy with wine, and his breath hot with the fumes of partial intoxication. He took a chair moodily, leaned his head forward upon his bosom, and would have slept.

with an impulse greater than she had ever known before, towards that stern and inconsiderate man, fallen from his best estate, cold and cruel towards her, fast becoming a slave to the demon of appetite and passion?

Was it, indeed, an angel's wing that touched her as it went by, or did she look at the old clock ticking above the mantel, see that the hand was nearly on the hour of twelve, and bow to the hallowed influences of the season?

Who can tell?

The poor wife arose from her chair, crossed the room to her husband, touched him lightly on the shoulder, and spoke one word—

"John!"

He moved uneasily in his chair, roused himself with a gesture of impatience, and replied gruffly:—

"I do not wish to be disturbed—what?"

For a moment the same expression of haughty pride which had been on the lips of Alice half an hour before, curled there again, but it passed away, and she answered kindly:—

"I wish to talk with you, husband, for a little while. See," and she pointed to the clock over the mantel, "see, it is within a few minutes of midnight. The year is passing! Pray do not sleep—talk with me!"

There was something so unusual in this address, that the dull apathy of the hard man went off for a moment, but it gathered again, and he answered snarlingly, without looking up—

"Alice Deforest, go to bed! I am in no humor for talk, and do not wish to be disturbed."

Was the wing of the angel touching her yet in its flight, or did the holy influence of the time still urge her forward?

"John, dear John! I have something to say to you. Do listen to me!"

The dulled eyes opened, but they emitted no cheerful or pleasant light. There was a dull glare of sensuality and repulsive feeling, but he looked at her as he said:

"More of your complaints, I suppose! Something more that has gone wrong? Something more that I have done that displeases your dainty ladyship?"

"No, John, no," was the reply, with an effort at self-control that had never before so convulsed that slight form, "but the New Year is coming, and I think that something in both our lives should be changed. Will you listen?"

Had any other demon than that of intemperance held partial possession of John Deforest, he might have melted at a speech so tender and so true. But this fiend, the last and worst—has no mixture of good; it is evil altogether. The sweet appeal was met with a sneer.

"Oh! mistress! so you feel that you are getting the worst of it, do you? I warned you of this long ago, but you had no ears to listen! Why did you drive me to be what I am, if you did not wish to drink the cup you mixed yourself? They are too late, now, mistress—all your fine words and New Year's eve repentances!"

The poor wife flung herself on her knees before him, and burst into tears, as she said:

"Oh, John, do not cast yourself and me both away. If I have been wrong I will try to amend, and if you will drink no more—"

John Deforest rose from his chair, the glare of his bad passions in his eye, and stood over the kneeling woman with a fierce and insulting energy.

"So I am to begin the reform, am I? You wish me to drink no more! I tell you, Alice Deforest, that I love the cup a thousand times better than ever I did you. You never satisfied my thirst—the cup never refuses me. You refused to be more than the shadow of a wife to me—you lived a life apart in my wealth; you have been a grumbling, discontented sharer in my prosperity. You have clogged me like a millstone, and all this is too late late! But you are of a piece with all your whining, snarling brood—you starve and freeze the little child that cries to you for warmth and food, and when he is dead you mourn over him as if you had not murdered him! Let me hear no more of this! You have made your bed—lie on it!"

The angel's wing had passed by, and the hand of the clock had passed the hour of twelve. All the old pride that so strong a struggle had laid to sleep in the breast of that proud woman, started to life again, and a fierce indignation overmastered her as she sprang to her feet, and cried:

"As you say, then, John Deforest, let it be! I have humbled myself to you—reprobate—drunkard, as you have grown to be—"

Was it the very demon of intemperance and dissolute life that possessed that man—once so noble? Could it be possible that his hand was raised against a woman, and that woman his wife? Yet so it was! As if with a motion half involuntary, half demonic, the clenched fist was raised, suspended a moment, but did not fall. The quick eye of the wife saw it, her arms were flung suddenly upward as if that poor defence could avail her, and with a shuddering cry she fell senseless to the floor.

How suddenly a terrible excitement can sober an intoxicated man, when every other means of awakening him has failed! One moment had not elapsed from that in which poor Alice Deforest sunk with that pitiful cry to the floor, before the husband was sober— with every gross film cleared away from the heart and brain. On what a sensation of abasement overcame him! Greet God! had it come to this? that he, who had once held communion with the great minds of old, and spoken of knightly daring and chivalric tenderness, should have come to bear the murderer's thought against the wife of his bosom? No, no! it could not be! Alas! yes—there was the proof—the senseless form before him—the pale, cold face.

What did it mean? that sudden dropping on his knees! that convulsive clasping of the hands? that groan which went upward for a

moment? And then John Deforest arose, laid the form of his poor wife upon the bed, and through long hours of silent agony watched over her, striving to recall her back to life and consciousness. At times the little one in the cradle moaned, but he stilled it with a momentary motion of his hand, and kept on his heavy vigil. Could this be he, so brutalized, so harsh, so cruel, a few hours before? Oh, helplessness and suffering, how ye soften even stony hearts!

III.

The first grey dawn of the New Year day came into the little room as Alice Deforest opened her eyes to full consciousness. The moment that she did so, the husband who had so struggled with death in her behalf through the long tedious hours, left the bedside. He could not meet her eyes, then, at the first moment of their opening. He passed gently out of the door, and stood in the cold wind on the little piazza of the humble house. Strange! that wind of morning brought him more of life and hope than it had done in many a long day, and the fever of his brow seemed to cool away as with an angel's touch.

He realized that it was New Year morning, and thoughts of what other New Years had been to him—when a struggling boy—a struggling man—a man of wealth and honor—a beggar and dishonored—all these came back to him, and in that hour it is not too much to believe that something of the same holy influence that of old came down upon the moonlit plains of Palestine, descended into his heart, softening his nature, making him more alive to the needs and sorrows of others, fitting him better for the purposes of coming life?

A few moments, and the husband came back into the room where he had left his wife. She was still there, but he saw that she was making preparations for her departure. In the early morning light she had arisen, dressed her child, arranged her own disordered garments that had been unchanged all the night before, and was tying on her bonnet when he entered. She spoke no word to him, but he approached her tenderly and said:—

"My dear Alice, where are you going, so early, to spend your New Year?"

"Home!" was the single word, and it sounded like a death knell through the great heart that had been so long clouded by passion and lacerated by wrong.

"Home! Alice? and is not this home?"

"My home no longer!" was the reply, and the big tears came down the pale cheeks, and bursting sobs filled the room. "I am going home to my mother! I have no where else in the world, now!"

"Do not stay so, Alice!" said the poor heart-stricken man, "do not leave me! stay with me! be mine yet, unworthy as I have been of you!" and he stood before her with beat head, and hands crossed humbly on his breast, lowly as a very child.

"No, John, no!" said Alice, through her chinking sobs; "this New Year is a day of happy re-union to many, let it be a day of parting to us. I had different hopes last night. I tried to put away all my pride, and would myself to what I thought would be your will. I thought that at that still midnight, when the old year was dying, I might win you to forget all that I had done contrary to your will, and pray you in the name of God to put away all your unworthy courses, and that we might once more be happy. It is too late, now!"

"Too late! too late!" said the stricken husband, in a choking voice, "do not say so, Alice! Oh! let it never be too late to repent!"

"Too late, John!" and the poor wife's voice was so broken and husky that the tones could scarcely have been distinguished except by the ear that was listening in such agony. "It was never too late until you raised your hand to strike me! That broke all bonds between us. I can never trust you again?"

"Oh, God forgive me!" said the strong man, dropping upon his knees, and covering his face with his hands, "that ever I have been so far tempted by my evil passions! What can I do to prove to you that I am not all degraded? Forgive me—trust me—even as I should have forgiven you more and trusted you more! Will you not, Alice?"

"I cannot, John, I cannot!"

John Deforest rose, went to the little bookcase on the wall, took down the little clasped bible, and read, "And forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive those who trespass against us!" Then he replaced the book, turned his face to the window, and was silent, though choking sobs convulsed his frame.

There was a rustle of garments, though he scarcely heard it, but the next instant his wife was lying on his breast, her arms clinging close around his neck, and her face buried in his bosom, while she repeated:

"But I say unto you seventy times seven! Husband, forgive me, too, all that I have been, all that I have failed to be! The past may never be recalled, but it may be atoned."

"If may, wife!" spoke the husband through his fast falling tears and his chinking sobs; "It is New Year! let it be a New Year to us! Oh, how much each of us has misunderstood the other—how much of life we have wasted! God help us to live for each other and not for ourselves, and then we shall fail no more in the great struggle."

"I understand you, husband," said the wife; "I know where we have both erred. Let us err no more, but live for each other!"

"I have asked you to forgive me, dear Alice," said John Deforest; "but I do not ask you to trust me without a trial. This New Year day, let the week that opens is