The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

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ANSWER TO "FAREWELL THEE, WELL."

The following poem, which is said to be a true copy of Lady Byron's Answer to Lord Byron's "Farewell to Her," has been exhumed from oblivion by the relatives of the lady. It has never been published this side of the Atlantic; therefore, as a curiosity, it is now produced:

Yes, farewell—farewell forever,
Thou thyself has fixed our doom;
Endless pain is great bloom without
Ne'er for me again to bloom.
Unforgiving man has called thee,
Didst thou ever say forgive?
For the wretch whose wiles beguiled thee
Thou alone didst seek to live.

Short the space which time had given
To complete my love's decay;
But man's love is as driven
Soon thy heart was taught to stray;
Long for me that fickle tender
Which thy force in vain shall show
From my arms why did'st thou wander,
My indelicate why forego?

Of too late thy breast was barred;
Of too soon to me 'twas shown
That thy love thou but sharest
And already it has flown.
Wrapt in dreams of joy abiding,
In the breast my head has lain,
In thy love and truth confiding—
Bliss I ne'er can know again.

That dark hour did first discover
In thy soul the hideous stain,
Would these eyes had closed forever,
Ne'er to weep thy crime again!
But the impious wish, O Heaven!
From thy records blotted be;
Yes, I yet would live, O Byron!
For the tie that I've born to thee.

In those lovely features, tell me,
All my weakness here confess;
Whilst the struggling tears permit me,
All the features I can trace—
He whose image never leaves me;
He whose image still is here,
Who, the bitterest feeling gives me,
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow, rather,
When our child's first accents flow,
I will teach her to say "Father!"
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.
Whilst to morrow and to morrow,
Make me, from a widowed bed,
On another's arm my sorrow,
Will thou feel no tear it shed?

I the world's approval sought not,
When I tore myself from thee;
Of its praise or blame I thought not—
What its praise? or blame to me?
He so prized—so loved—adored—
From his heart my image drove;
On my head could not my sorrow
And preferred a wanton's love.

Thou art proud: but, mark me, Byron,
I've a heart as proud as thine;
Soft to love, but hard as iron,
When contempt is shown to thine.
But, farewell! I'll not upbraid thee,
Never, never, wish thee ill.
Wretched tho' thy crimes have made me,
If thou can'st be happy still.

A REVENGE.

A fine, invisible charm stole out from Claiborne's woods. It was the wild honeysuckle in blossom. And the tulip bed in Miss Claiborne's garden with a mass of flame, for it was May weather.

Miss Claiborne stood upon the terrace, talking with her servant.

"You will put the horses to the carriage by five o'clock, Jackson."

"Miss Violet is coming in the six o'clock train, Miss Claiborne?"

"Yes dr by the express, fifteen minutes earlier. Be punctual."

The man bowed respectfully, and turned away. Miss Claiborne, wrapping her shawl more closely about her, paced to and fro on the terrace in the sun.

A stern, haughty woman of forty, still handsome, with regal features, and jetty hair.—Cold as marble, she was called. No one knew her history. It would seem that she could not always have been so hard and proud, but no one at Clayville had ever seen her otherwise.

It was three years since Claiborne Hall had been put in repair and occupied. For nearly a score of summers it had stood untenanted, the whistling in the poplars, the walks black with fallen leaves in the autumn rains. At last, workmen were seen laboring within and without the old mansion; and while a gray haired gardner directed men hither and thither in the garden's wilderness, a carriage, containing two ladies, and followed by a suit of servants, arrived.

The gossips of Clayville knew little more than this, only that the new comers were Claibornes and soon after their arrival, the younger of the ladies, who has long brown curls, and could not have been more than fifteen years old, went away to school. During the interval she had not come home.

Only the oldest of the servants noticed anything unusual about Miss Claiborne that day. At noon, when she was called to lunch, there was traces of tears upon her cheek. She had come in from the terrace and shut herself in her room for three hours. Usually, she spent her mornings in her pony carriage, driving along the lake, and to some town or village.

She went restlessly about the house, recalling and countermanding her orders, until Janet, the old housekeeper, was half demented. The house was to be set in fresh order, the best chamber refurnished in amaranth pink, the drawing room drapery changed, the library restocked and thrown open. Contrary to her usual custom, Miss Claiborne supervised those changes, and saw that they were completed before nightfall. Then she went to her room, and dressed carefully.

She swept down into the drawing room at last, and seated herself at a window. She wore her usual manner. You would not have dreamed that she could have wept as she had done that morning.

At last, in the fading light, the carriage turned the bend of the road, and came slowly onward. Very slowly. The snail's gait was what first attracted Miss Claiborne's attention. Why should Violet ride so negligently to the home she had not seen for three years?

As the carriage advanced, she perceived that her sister was alone. A man, carefully wrapped in a cloak, reclined upon the back seat. Jackson held the horses in a measured walk. Miss Claiborne started to her feet, and went out upon the terrace, perplexed and bewildered. Unaccountably to herself, she was trembling from head to foot.

The carriage stopped below the terrace. The slight figure of the girl came flying up the steps, with arms outstretched. Her face was like a rose for beauty, and full of unspoken appeal; yet Miss Claiborne looked beyond it to where Jackson was unfolding the afghans.

"Violet who is there?" she said, in a husky tone.

"A gentleman—a stranger." The young girl's arms were clasped about her stately sister.

"There was a slight accident on the railroad, and he was hurt. The carriage ran off the line. We were thrown forward, and he was stunned. He had been polite to me, and I told them to put him in the carriage when it came. He is conscious now, but we shall have to send for the doctor."

Clutching Violet's arm, yet holding her off, Miss Claiborne looked past her to where the servants were lifting the injured man from the cushions. As his cloak slipped from across his breast, she turned suddenly and entered the house.

When they entered the portals, she met them, and directed them to carry him to one of the chambers.

She went to her own room, then, followed by her clinging sister.

"Edith! Edith! you have not kissed me!"

Miss Claiborne suddenly clasped the young girl in her arms, and kissed her forehead and cheek.

"Darling, welcome home!"

Violet nestled to her sister's proud neck, and stroked the ebon hair.

"Did you send for the doctor for the poor gentleman, Edith?" Violet presently asked.

"Yes. Meanwhile, Thompson—meaning one of the men servants—will take care of him. We need not trouble ourselves, little sister."

Yes, as Violet went on chatting of her journey, the accident, and her school days, her sister seemed sometimes to be inattentive and listening to the sounds about the house.

Violet went to rest at last, sleeping like a wearied child. Miss Claiborne sat by her until near midnight, gazing fixedly at the beautiful face, now and then rising and stilly walking the floor.

The clock struck twelve as she left the room, and sweeping along the passage, softly opened the door of another chamber. The servant was asleep upon the couch beside the bed; a light burned softly upon a table, showing the feverish but insensible face upon the pillows of the luxurious bed. It was the face of a man near forty years old. The brow was massive; the features regular and handsome.

As Miss Claiborne watched the form moving in half delirium, his shapely white hand clinched itself upon the lace curtains of the bed like a vice, and her face grew hard and fixed in every line. Suddenly the sick man stirred and moaned, and she retreated.

She paused in the passage, and heard him ask for water, and the servant rise and give it to him. A shudder went over her at the sound of his voice.—In the darkness, she clinched her hands above her head.

The next day when she returned from driving, accompanied by Violet, she was informed that the sick man wished to see her. She went alone to the chamber he occupied. He turned feebly on the pillow and looked at her with weary eyes.

"I thought, perhaps, you would wish to know whom you had befriended, lady. My name is Severn. I might have been taken to the hotel, but the young lady——"

He paused. A contortion of pain passed over his face.

Miss Claiborne bent her stately head.

"The hospitalities of the house are free to you, Mr. Severn. You have only to order whatever you may require."

He made as if he had spoken again, but the words seemed to die on his lips. An expression of bewilderment clouded his face.

Miss Claiborne bowed, and passed from the room. She went her proud way, showing no signs of anxiety for the stranger.

At length he appeared below stairs. He was very pale; his arm was in a sling. But the exertion of walking made Severn faint, and he fell upon a sofa.

Violet sprang to his side, held her vinaigrette to his nostrils, and bathed his forehead with eau-de-cologne. For a moment he had lost his senses, but, when he lifted his heavy eyes, they met the sweetness of Violet's brown orbs.

"There, you are better," she said. "I think I must be a very good nurse to cure you so quickly."

The young girl, in her innocence, did not see the wistful wonder and delight that followed her fairy figure. She showered upon him a thousand little graces of hospitality.—She ordered lunch for him, showed him her treasures of books and flowers, exhibited the graces of her pet kitten, and talked of herself, her intentions and desires, with a fascinating vivacity and frankness.

"You must not get well before Jackson teaches me to drive Mr. Severn, and then I will take you to see our echo cave. It is full of hanging moss, and all along the bank of the lake the anemones are in blossom. It is beautiful!"

How utterly engrossed Severn was with the childishly-fair lovely face Miss Claiborne, entering the room, drawn by her sister's merry laugh, saw

The Ring in trouble.

Insane Asylum.

The Investigation.

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Honesty is the Best Policy.

"Violet, Violet!" he said, tremulously.

"Let me die! Let me die! too!" was her only answer.

Revenge has its retribution. To-day Edith Claiborne goes to and fro upon the earth, leading her young sister from one watering-place to another, seeking the health that terrible shock seems to have injured permanently. It is probable that Violet will die of consumption.

Honesty is the Best Policy.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close, unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to keep open until later. The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few light duties, for which he received the sum of fifty dollars annually. He was the "boy" but if he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers, his employers, his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there was something that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him circumstances with which his employers were not acquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources, and they were indeed but slender.

There was an older sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's salary, constituted the entire income of the family. Yet, by means of untiring industy, they had contrived thus far to live, using strict economy of course. Yet they had wanted none of the absolute necessities of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew sick. She had taken a severe cold, which had terminated in a fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own labor, but also prevented her mother from accomplishing as much as she would otherwise have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been grateful to her.

It is hard, indeed, when we are obliged to deny to those we love what would be a refreshment and a benefit to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this and so did Edward.

"I only wish that I could buy you one, Mary," said Edward, just as he set out for the store. "Next year I shall receive a larger salary, and then we won't have to pinch so much."

"Never mind, Edward," said Mary, smiling faintly, "I ought not to have asked for it, knowing how hard you and mother find it to get along without me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary," said Mrs. Jones, soothingly, though her heart sank within her at the thought of her empty larder. "Only get well, and we shall get along well enough afterward."

It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning.

All around were boxes of rich goods representing thousands of dollars in money.

"Oh," thought he, "if I only had the value of those boxes, how much good it would do poor Mary." And Edward sighed.

The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse.

But as he passed the desk of his employer, his attention was attracted to a bit paper of lying on the floor beneath.

He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten dollar bill.

The first thought that flashed upon him was "How much good this will do Mary. I can buy her that orange she wants, and she will have some every day; and perhaps she would like a chicken."

But a moment later his countenance fell.

"It isn't mine," he sighed. "It must be Mr. Hubbard's.—This is his desk, and he must have dropped it."

"Still," urged the tempter, "he will never know it. And after all, what are ten dollars to him? He is worth a hundred thousand."

Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not, was not the question. It was rightfully his, and must be given back to him.

"I'll go to his house and give it to him this very night," said Edward. "Otherwise I will be tempted to keep it."

He determined to go to Mr. Hubbard before he went home. The sight of his sister would perhaps weaken his resolution and this must never be. He must preserve his integrity at all hazards.

He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived. It was a fine-looking house, on a fashionable street. He had passed it several times, and wondered whether a man must not feel happy who is able to live in such style.

Without unnecessary delay, therefore, he went to the house and ascending the the steps, rang the bell.

A menial servant came to the door.

"Well?" he said.

"Is Mr. Hubbard at home?"

"Yes, but he has just come in, and I don't think he can see you," was the supercilious reply.

"I am in his employ," said Edward, quietly, "and I have come from the store. I think he will see me if you mention this to him."

"Very well, you can come in."

Edward was left standing in the Hall, while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the servant.

"Well?" he said impatiently "has anything happened?"

"No, sir," said Edward, "but I picked up this bill near your desk; and I suppose you must have dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly."

"You have done well," said Mr. Hubbard, "and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing in a business career. Hereafter I shall have perfect confidence in your honesty."

Edward was gratified by this assurance, yet as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street the thought of his sister sick at home again turned upon him, and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he regretted that he had been honest. There was satisfaction in doing right, but I think my reader will understand his feelings without explanation.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away. "I thank you for taking the trouble to make it, mother," she said, "but I don't think I could possibly eat it."

"Is there anything you could relish, Mary?"

"No," she said, hesitatingly, "nothing that we can get."

Mrs. Jones sighed—a sigh which Edward echoed.

It was with a heavy heart that Edward started to the warehouse next morning. He never felt the cravings for wealth before that now took possession of him.

He set about his duties as usual. About two hours after he had arrived at the ware house, Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in about an hour summoned him to the office, which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious rooms in which goods were stored.

He smiled pleasantly as Edward entered his presence.

"Tell me frankly, did you not feel an impulse to keep the bill which you found last night?"

"I hope you won't be offended with me, Mr. Hubbaad," said Edward, "if I say I did."

"Tell me about it," said Mr. Hubbard with interest. "What was it that withheld you? I should never have known it?"

"I knew that," said Edward.

"Then what withheld you from taking it?"

"First, I will tell you what tempted me,' said Edward.

"My mother and sister are obliged to depend upon sewing for a living, and we live but poorly at best. But a fortnight since Mary became sick, and since then we have had a hard time, Mary's appetite is poor, and she does not relish food, but we are able to get her nothing better. When I picked up that bill I could not help thinking how much I could buy with it for her.

"And yet you did not take it?"

"No, sir, it would have been wrong, and I could not have looked you in the face after it.'

Edward spoke in tones of modest confidence.

Mr. Hubbard went to his desk and wrote a check.

How much do I pay you now? he asked.

"Fifty dollars a year, said Edward.

"Henceforth your duties will be increased, and I will pay you two hundred. Will that please you?"

"Two hundred dollars a year!" exclaimed Edward, his eyes sparkling with delight.

"Yes, at the end of the year, that will be increased, if, as I have no doubt you will, continue to me it my confidence.'

"Oh, sir, how can I thank you?" said Edward, full of gratitude.

"By preserving your integrity. As I presume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one quarter in advance. Here is a check for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And, by the way, you can have the rest of the day to yourself.

Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudden riches hastened to the market, where he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste to announce his good fortune.

A weight seemed to fall off the heart of the mother and daughter as they heard his hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her son those good principles which had brought this great relief.

And Mr. Hubbard slept none the worse that night that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity and gladdened a struggling family. If there were more employers as considerate as he, there would be fewer dishonest clerks