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PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

BY MRS. D. H. HOVEN.

"The presumption and ingratitude displayed toward myself by your conduct, I will pass without comment; but when it comes to your shameless endeavoring to entrap one of my guests and honored friends into the disgrace of an alliance with the daughter of a convicted felon, it is time to stop."

"Stop!" the dark blue eyes seemed to emit a lightning-like flame, before which Mildred Warren's cold glance fell in momentary confusion. "For years I have submitted to every form of indignity and persecution at your hands—but the limits reached. Say to me, do to me hereafter what you will—my fingers upon your lips! As for me I will take the most effectual way to end this cruel injustice. Look out for another drudge, companion, dress-maker, maid and victim! I, who have been all these years your house to-night—within an hour but ere I go, let me tell you that Malcolm Cleve knows all—everything—and that the fact that my beloved father is suffering from the infatuation and perjury that attended a crime on him of which he is innocent although enduring its shameful penalty, may not deter him from offering me his loyal love. He has heard the whole story from my lips, and his only answer is that if possible, he loves and honors me more highly than he did before."

"If looks could kill, the glance that shot from Mildred's eyes would have slain her companion where she stood, but in an instant the passion was subdued, and a slow, scornful smile curled the thin lips.

"He has heard all your version, I doubt not," she repeated in cutting irony. "I will take care he hears the true account, and have very little doubt that it will effect a radical alteration in his present sentiments, or rather, transient infatuation. As for the other part of your announcement—that you intend to leave this house—you cannot put it into operation so soon for my complete satisfaction. Let me add that it will give me equal pleasure never to be called upon again to receive you as a guest or otherwise."

"I grant you that most willingly, on your proviso," was the slow steady reply—"that when I stand again in your presence voluntarily, it will be when I have emerged from the dark cloud of dishonor, that now hangs over my dear father, in the clear light of established and acknowledged innocence. And I have faith that that day will come."

"Never!" was the mocking rejoinder.

Then, turning, after one glance of deadliest hatred and malice, Mildred swept from the room, and up to her own apartment, to pace the floor, and beat her hands together in a very transport of rage and passion.

"She shall rue this to the last day of her life," she exclaimed at last. "She may leave my roof if she will, but I will find some way to ruin and disgrace her, as her father is ruined and disgraced. Malcolm Cleve shall never call her wife—never, while I have a brain to plot, or the power to work mischief between them."

Motionless as a statue Elinor Wrayburn stood as her tormentor had left her, for the space of several minutes, then her chest heaved convulsively, and a swift rush of color streamed into the marble-like face.

"Oh, father, dear father!" she exclaimed, stretching out her arms as if to clasp him. "If this be the price of my fidelity to you, I can welcome it, and more for the hope that still inspires me of being able in some way to prove your innocence and re-establish your good name. To-day I go out from this house without a friend to turn to or a roof to cover me—with less than fifty dollars between me and utter destitution; and in going out I must also renounce that sweet hope that has come in to brighten my life—defer it for a time, perhaps forever—and oh! may Heaven guide me toward the way I seek—the way that leads to your restoration to my arms, and to your unsullied honor and integrity."

For a brief space she stood there with her arms outstretched, her lovely face, transformed with its mingled love and grief, upraised to the clear sky without; then with slow trembling steps—the step of one who is leaving so large a portion of life's best happiness behind her—she went softly to her room.

Opening her writing tablet, she penned a few words to the man who the night before had seemed to open heaven by the offer of his love and life—words blotted and tear-stained, but marked by a resolution that nothing could shake.

"In a moment of weakness I had almost consented to let you share

the pain and toil and shame of the task that lies before me, but I realize now its folly and sin. In this darkness I must walk alone. When I come into the light, may your dear face and hands be the first to greet me and clasp mine in the joy and thankfulness of my restored honor—the richest dower I could wish to bring you as your wife. Until then, our ways lie apart. If you love me do not try to seek me out, or turn me from my purpose.

ELINOR.

She packed a small valise that held all she owned, and leaving her room, slipped her little note under the door of Malcolm's apartment.

He was absent and was not to return till evening, which would enable her to make her escape without the need of a fuller explanation, then with one mournful, backward look, she passed down stairs and out of the house.

Half an hour after she had gone, Mildred Warren sat bending over the note she had discovered and abstracted from beneath the door.

"Fate plays into my hands this time," she muttered as she carefully copied the writing. "When Malcolm reads the note I shall prepare, he will dismiss my designing cousin from his thoughts forever."

Meanwhile Elinor was speeding along in the train she had been in time to catch with but one thought clearly in her mind—to go to the home of a former school-mate, where she might remain until she could decide what to do.

While occupied with her sad reflections she heard the place called, and springing up, hurried from the train.

Then as it went thundering past, she glanced up at the lonely little station, only to find she had alighted at the wrong place—a spot totally unknown to her.

"When will the next train be due?" she asked, approaching the station-master.

"Not till after midnight. Got off at the wrong station?" he queried kindly.

"Yes. Could you direct me to a house where I can find accommodation until morning?"

"Well, there's a pretty decent place a piece back here. Here, Jim," he added to a red-headed boy, "bring near the stove. Show this lady to Ryan's place."

In another moment Elinor was following her guide, who gallantly relieved her of her valise.

For half a mile they went on through the darkness, finally halting before a rather shabby-looking house.

A vigorous summons by the boy's knuckles brought a worried-looking woman to the door.

"Yes, come in, if you like," she answered, in response to Elinor's application. "We don't make much account of boarders, and you'll find it plain."

To utterly fatigued and dispirited to offer any comment, Elinor followed the woman to the room designed for her, and as she went to prepare supper, sunk upon the bed, half fainting.

But in another moment a sound aroused her which set all her senses quivering; the voice of a man, evidently in delirium, coming from the adjoining room.

"Don't look at me so Charles Wrayburn—your eyes scorch me through! I will tell all I will! It was I that had the quarrel with him, I that entrapped him to his death, and sold you to save my own life! Mercy—mercy and I will confess all."

"Oh, thank God!" burst from the lips of the excited girl. "This is why I was permitted to lose my way that I might find it more completely. This was the hand that seemed so unpropitious, that led me, ay, forced me into the way I have so long sought in vain."

"I don't know who he is," the landlady said, in answer to Elinor's excited query a moment later. "He was brought here by some friends, apparently, who paid for a month in advance, and then cleared out one night and left him. I am afraid to go near him when my husband isn't home."

"Send for a doctor, and a notary, and I will give you twenty-five dollars," said Elinor, opening her purse. "I have been miraculously led to the very man I have been trying for years to find."

Stimulated by the offer, a messenger was found and dispatched, half an hour later three persons gathered around the sick man's bed.

All night long he raved in delirium then just at day break there came a lucid interval, long enough for the confession that was rapidly taken down, signed and witnessed, and then he sunk back in the throes of death.

Standing in the door in the gray

light of the morning, Elinor saw a figure approaching from the distant station—a figure that grew clearer to view until she knew it for Malcolm Cleve.

"Did you get my letter?" she faltered, as he seized her hands.

"No," he answered. "But one purporting to be yours, hinting at a darker disgrace that must separate us; but it only had the effect to send me at once in search of you. I traced you easily enough, and I come to insist that no barrier shall supervene between us."

She raised her face to his, glorified with its new peace and joy.

"There is no barrier now. It is down forever. Out of the darkness in which I came to this place, divinely led, has arisen the light of a morning that shall know no setting. And yours, as I asked has been the first face to greet me, the first hands to press mine and share with me this joy and thanksgiving."

And when Mildred saw her would-be victim she knew that her prophecy had been richly fulfilled.

From Bad to Worse.

The ordinary treatment of contagious blood poisoning is to drive one poison from the system by introducing another. The result, in most cases, has been that which usually follows a leap from the frying pan into the fire. To put it mildly, mercurial and other mineral poisonings have disadvantages which are hardly less serious than contagious blood poisoning. In either case the system is wrecked; and yet there is no reason why humanity should continue to suffer. It is the office of S. S. S. to cure contagious blood poisoning. For that disease the medicine is surely a specific. And it is also its office to cure mercurial and other mineral poisonings. In short, S. S. S. is the great blood purifier. It destroys the germs of contagious disease, and expels from the system all forms of mineral poisoning. It restores health and strength to the sufferer.

Melange of Dots.

It is said that some people like whip-poor-will, never sing anybody's praises but their own.

It is said that some people can see the rip in other folks' clothes, but not the tear in their own.

It is said that the wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth living.

It is said that one's age should be as tranquil as one's childhood should be playful; hard work at either extremity of human existence seems out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at mid-day the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.

It is said that, as flowers carry dewdrops, trembling on the edges of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of the wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving, and at the first breath of heavenly flavor, let down the shower perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

It is said, not the good we have done, but the good that we ought to do, should have our attention and interest. No one of us has done so well as he might have done; therefore there is cause for satisfaction in looking backward.

Every one has something before him that is well worth his doing; hence there is reason for dead earnestness, lest another duty be neglected in its season.

As variety is the spice of life, I will here relate in Mr. Barnum's own words, how he became a tetotaler:

"One evening in 1847 I went to Saratoga with a party of friends, and, without noticing what I was coming to, suddenly found myself talking thick. I knew that I was boozey. The next morning I said I never should drink a drop of liquor, and I never have. I did not at the time stop drinking champagne. I did not then consider that drinking. I became from that day very much interested in the cause of temperance, and was instrumental in getting the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin to lecture on the subject at Bridgeport. To my surprise the chief target of his eloquence was moderate drinkers and champagne sippers. It changed my views considerably, and the next morning I took Dr. Chapin into my wine cellar and told him to look at the effect of his arguments. I had knocked the heads off all my champagne bottles. He was astonished and said he thought I was a tetotaler."

"I am," I replied.

It is said that a pure heart at the end of life, and a lowly mission well accomplished, are better than to have a great place on the earth and have a staine soul and a wrecked PHILANDER.

What Your Great Grand-mother Did

She hatched the flax and carded the wool, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fire-place and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap. Her grand-daughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities; cures them if they already exist; keeps the life current healthy and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek; the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step. Sold by all druggists.

Mirth and Merriment.

Mamma! That Elinor how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" Flora. "Oh no mamma. But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him."

"Ah love, I would like to listen to you all night," said Clarence as he arose to go. Six months after they were married he chanced to stop out fifteen minutes after his hour, and he had his desire gratified.

He: "How did you know I was at the door? I didn't pull the bell." She, admiring the circle just placed upon her finger, "I heard the engagement ring."

Maiden, who had been reading of the French way of conducting matrimonial alliances. "Mamma, you knew papa quite well before you married him, didn't you? Mamma: "I thought I did."

"Yes, Augustus, we believe it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. It is better for the jeweler and florist and sometimes the lawyer."

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages to which he replied: "No sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

"It is so cold in Sweden" said a returned traveler, "that in winter time I invariably put on my gloves to wash."

"And now we are engaged, Frederick; I think it only right to make a confession, I love onions."

Sausage: "Women are married to fashion." Rodd: "Yes, and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully."

"Is your wife of a sunny disposition?" "Yes she makes it pretty warm for me sometimes."

Great Presence of Mind.

If you have got any remarks to make before we jerk you up, announced the leader of the band of regulators, we will listen to them."

Will you give me a minute? pleaded the condemned horse thief, just one minute?

Yes.

I haven't much to say, faltered the wretch, his eyes dim with tears, but I should like to sing a song—a little song that carries me back to my innocent childhood days.

"She's my sweetheart, I-I'm her."

This was all he sang. At the first note his persecutors sprung on their horses in wild, maddening haste, and the sound of the retreating hoof beats, growing fainter and fainter, came to his ears from far, far down the valley. He was saved.—Chicago Tribune.

The Result of Lying.

A Georgia Court was reminded by the judge that he was to tell the whole truth.

Well, yet see boss said the dusky witness. He stroked to tell the whole truth for four I might tell a lie.

Judge (to witness)—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Witness—Sah.

Judge—Do you understand what you are to swear?

Witness—Yes, sah; to swear to tell de truth.

Judge—And what will happen if you do not tell the truth?

Witness—I expects our side will win the case, sah.—Boston Traveller.

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