

# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

VOL. 3.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1869.

NO. 1.

C. S. WILLIAMS, Weymouth, Mass.



A COMPLETE SUCCESS After a great many experiments the REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. have succeeded in inventing this collar, which reflects much credit to the manufacturers.

New Bicycle or Velocipede Collar AS IT IS A Cloth Collar lined with Paper, THIS SECURING STRENGTH, DURABILITY, & CHEAPNESS

C. S. WILLIAMS' Dry Goods and Clothing Store, WEYMOUTH LANDING, and purchase a box of the "BICYCLE."

CHEAP! CHEAPER! CHEAPEST!

Great Inducements are now being offered to CUSTOMERS AT

C. S. WILLIAMS' Dry Goods and Clothing Store, WEYMOUTH LANDING.

Having marked down many of the Dress Goods from thirty five and forty cents to twenty-five cents, we would call the attention of the Ladies to the

New Twenty-Five Cents Dress Goods Counter, which is well filled with a large and desirable assortment of new and stylish Dress Goods, including Double width Alpaca, Poplins, Chinese Cloths, Robe-de-Voyages, Ergos, Clene Moulins, Alaid Alpaca, Lyons, and a variety of other desirable Dress Goods, which are usually sold for thirty-five and forty cents.

In the Clothing Department, THERE IS NOW A good assortment of CLOTHING! Which will be sold at the Lowest Living Rates.

NOTROUBLE TO SHOW GOOD.

QUALITY AND PRICE. WE SUFFER ADVERTISE UNLESS WE DO AS WE SAY.

Weymouth Gazette. Published every Friday Morning, by C. G. EASTBROOK.

Original Serial. Grace Waldron, THE FALSE DAUGHTER. A TALE OF NEW YORK.

A STRAY ANGEL.—Rather practical people those who manage the little details connected with public worship at the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church.

It was a wild night. The few who were obliged to be abroad drew more closely their garments around them, and bent their heads, for the wind which blew a gale, and the rain which fell in torrents, together were almost blinding.

Standing on the corner of Broome street was a human figure, but whether of man or woman could not have been told, for a long cloak which covered the head of the figure and descended quite to the feet, completely disguised its features.

Without all was brilliant, as without all was dark, and cheerless, and the music of a piano accompanying a rich female voice, met his ear. That voice known to him was, too well.

"Has the gall got fire?" asked an old farmer, who had passed to see a young lady go through with her calisthenic exercises in the garden.

"No," replied the servant-girl, "that's plain-matics." "So?" said the farmer in a pitying tone. "Poor thing! how long she had 'em?"

He turned to leave the room, and with a bow which might have graced a queen, she was gone.

Victor Stanhope stood like one asleep; he had heard the words, but he had understood their meaning; but still it seemed as if he had been struck by a bolt of lightning, and he felt as if he were in a dream.

More than that he would not disclose, but Victor was troubled with no more doubts. He had his own yearnings to know the truth, but his adopted father forbade his speaking on the subject, saying that when the proper time came he should know.

After a brilliant course at college Victor had studied law, and at the age of twenty-three, some six months previous to the commencement of our story, he was engaged to be married to a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished family.

For a moment he struggled with himself. The report of a marriage seemed to him to be a blow, for he had just lost to him; then rousing himself he spoke in a voice choked with emotion.

"You have ridiculed me with my poverty," he said. "You have made me the companion of your rich acquaintances; and your heart, Grace, your heart is mine and I know it. All your address, all your slighted cannot efface from my memory one evening, one blissful evening at Nahant, and though you read me from your ivory tower and denounce my every prayer shall be for your happiness, Grace, I love but once and forever."

My love, Mr. Stanhope—you speak to me strangely. True, as the expected heir of Mr. Walter Stanhope, and with the knowledge that he had given his word that you were a gentleman by birth,

She turned to leave the room, and with a bow which might have graced a queen, she was gone.

After a month of fruitless search, he became satisfied in his own mind that Mr. Stanhope had allowed so to many others here done, his great intentions to run away with his prodigious, and although he believed that his guardian meant to have done him justice, he became convinced that it was useless to hope further for any clue as to his parents' whereabouts.

"I tell you, Ned, I can't hold out much longer; my purse is running awfully low. My lack for weeks has been all about me, and as a last resort, I am thinking of taking a ticket in a lottery."

"A ticket in a lottery, Harry? What on earth has got into your crazy head now? I am a poor hand to give advice, but were I situated as you are, with a rich uncle willing to assist you in business, and with talents of no mean order, the only condition being that you should give up drinking, no glass of intoxicating liquor should ever pass my lips again."

"You are a good fellow, Harry," said Harry Liston, "but I'm not in the mood to save your money, my boy, and let the sherry alone. But about a ticket in a lottery—what were you driving at?"

"Ob, Ned, you know Grace Waldron. Well they say old Waldron is worth not less than half a million; his lovely daughter is his only child, and will be a rich heiress to his property. He and my father were many years ago, in business together, and when Grace was born, and I was a young gentleman of four summers, the old folks got their wise heads together and cooked up a match between us two babies."

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J. PEAKES, and Paper Hanger, EAST WEYMOUTH. ... WAREHOUSE ... BICYCLE COLLAR ...

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A TALE OF NEW YORK. CHAPTER IV.

Frederic Waldron had at the age of twenty-five married a young and beautiful girl whom he met with her parents at Saratoga. He had fallen desperately in love at first sight, and without enquiring into the circumstances of her connections or studying her character, he had loved her for her beauty and for that alone.

Frederic Waldron was not only a daughter, she was not an only child. There was a brother, Eugene, two years her senior, a high-spirited, generous-hearted boy, he had been spoiled by his break-neck mother, and after getting into disgrace after disgrace he had robbed the money fund of his father, and dreading the result of a discovery he wrote a letter to his father in which he acknowledged his crime, but he desired that his name should be kept secret, and he begged that he should never hear anything of his father and mother.

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round a ball-room in the voluptuous walks of the still more despicable park. This is no place, perhaps, for a treatise on morals, but to one who passes through the world with open eyes there appears no more artificial invention of the arch-enemy to lead woman from those paths of virtue in which she was born to shine. Some things he had learned from the corrupt schools of Europe. And how many a man of common sense can look on and see wife, sister or daughter lying in the embraces, often of an almost perfect stranger, while the very music serves to lull to sleep all consciousness of wrong, passes by, and he is left with a heavy heart, and a guilty conscience.

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ROAD-MAKING.

The town of Newton recently appointed a committee to consider the expediency of employing a competent engineer to superintend the work of the town, with a view to changing the system of management which there as elsewhere in Massachusetts now secures bad roads at the highest cost. From the report of this committee we make the following extracts:—

"They are satisfied that the true interests of the town will be best promoted by employing the best attainable engineering skill by having the roads over which heavy teams travel macadamized with broken stone, and also by having the gravelled roads, as well as the broken stone roads, constructed in all places where springs manifest themselves, or where higher land adjacent to the road makes it wet and muddy. The test of a road is its condition in bad weather and its power of sustaining heavy teams without being cut up in spots, or of holes; and certainly some of the roads in Newton, although in a fair condition in dry weather, are not able to resist rains or sustain heavy teams. Should the town purchase a stone-crusher, and decide to repair with broken stone, it will be no less necessary to drain, or in some cases to level, the road-bed of water, or the macadamizing will not be effectual.

"It may be apprehended that these recommendations, if carried into effect, would involve a large if not useless outlay. In answer to this it can be stated, by way of illustration, that the first-rate engineer, Mr. J. H. Shedd, for superintending the work of Brookline was but \$312 for an entire year. It will doubtless cost more in the outset to repair or build a road with broken stone, but the work, if properly done, will last for but slight repairs for years.

"The town of Wallingham macadamizes its principal streets. It keeps ten to fifteen men under constant employ, and much of the time on the roads; one of these men has thus been engaged for twenty years. Their superintendent of roads has held his situation for six years; his salary as road master is \$800; he also paid 100 as highway surveyor. Wallingham, in 1865, had 21 miles of road, and for the previous years its road had cost the town an average of \$3227 a year, or about \$66 a mile. It can be seen that the town the past year for repairs of roads and clearing of ditches, has expended for the same time on clearing of snow in the same time on clearing of snow the sum of \$14,623, or \$176 a mile. It will thus be seen that our system of partial or incomplete repair is almost twice as expensive as the more narrow view of the subject. An official in a recent Boston paper says:—'The heaviest part of our highway tax is no doubt that which is levied upon us by the destruction of horseflesh, the impeding of public travel, the wear of vehicles, and the increased cost of the heaviest burdens resting on the people of Massachusetts, and of New England, borne by those who rank among the most thrifty and progressive people on earth, and who nevertheless in this everyday matter are demonstrably rather more than two thousand years behind the times. That this is no imaginary statistics show General Morin found, by careful experiment, that carries on springs, drawn upon a new road covered with gravel five inches thick, required in tractive force one-eighth the load; upon a solid causeway of earth, with gravel one and a half inch more than fifty years ago, a heavy load, upon a very good condition, one-twenty-sixth the load; upon a broken stone road, very smooth, one-forty-fifth the load; upon a broken stone road, moist or dusty, one-thirtieth the load; upon a broken stone road, with rut and mud, one-twentieth the load; upon a broken road, with deep ruts and thick mud, the tractive force required was one-tenth the load. It will thus be seen that the smooth causeway of earth, very good condition, required but one-twenty-sixth of its weight in tractive force to draw it while the smooth broken stone road required only one-forty-fifth the weight of the load in tractive force.

"Before the invention of railways the attention of engineers in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe was largely given to the construction of common roads and turnpikes, upon which the heavy travel of those nations depended. The first built, more than fifty years ago, 800 miles of road in the highlands of Scotland, still admirable and in constant use. The roads built by the French engineers of the first empire are still among the finest in the world. One that has travelled over the Simion road, the Mermaid road, or the road to Martigny, or all round the Bay of Naples to Sorrento, on a road built by Murin and which the lazy Italian have had the grace to let alone, can possibly resist the claims of a good hard road. It adds new charms to scenery and imparts a fresh zest to life. The same back again statistics. MacNeil constructed a machine to test the amount of tractive power required on different roads. This was carefully tested by many very eminent engineers. Their experiments showed, uniformly, that force of traction is, in every case, nearly in exact proportion to the strength of the hardness of a road. They found on a road made with a thick coating of gravel, a load which required the power of 147 pounds to draw it, could be drawn on a broken stone road of broken of 65 pounds; and on a road of broken of 25 pounds; and on a road of broken of 10 pounds of great hardness, it was a foundation of large stones set in form of a pavement the power required to remove the same load was but 40 pounds; and this last road effectually resisted frost.

"On the sixth last a your committee visited Wallingham and found the broken stone road there in a very bad way. It will sustain loads of six tons without being cut into ruts. Returning we came through Wallingham street, and, observing the instant of passing from town to town in the changed character of the road, we passed on to Newtonville over our first road again. The road required no more than our usual load. The last was cut up with ruts and full of mud, and work was being done to level it. On the road it required more than one-fifth the weight of the load (20 lbs.) its tractive force to draw it. It was a foundation of the good, rich soil of Newton, it would have required one-eighth the weight of the load (10 lbs.)

Advertisements.

Old Colony & Newport Railway.

DIRECT ROUTE to Newport, Fall River, Taunton, Plymouth, New York, Boston, and the South Shore.

NEW YORK, Monday, April 1, 1867, trains for Boston, Fall River, Taunton, Plymouth, and the South Shore.

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BRADLEY'S Superphosphate OF LIME.

Warranted Uniform in Quality. THE ANIMAL MATTER CONTAINED IN THE SUPERPHOSPHATE IS THE MOST CONCENTRATED FORM, MAKING A COMPOUND OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY.

W.M. L. BRADLEY, 24 Broad St., Boston. Carefully, N. H., Nov. 12, 1868. Dear Sir:—You may see by the foregoing that the utility of Bradley's Superphosphate, whether or not it has been used, will go through the last five or six years, and is fully convinced that the crop more than doubly pays for it.

Secrets of the Great City.

From the owner of the celebrated Station G.N. W. L. BRADLEY, Proprietor, North Vassalboro, Me., Dec. 8, 1868.

Dear Sir:—I met you in Portland, I was glad to answer to your queries as to the utility of Bradley's Superphosphate, as my crop was not harvested. I am gratified with the result of its application upon your crops, and have no doubt but that it will be a great benefit to you for the coming season.

Book of the Day.

Wanted Agents for the most popular book of the day, 'The Secrets of the Great City.' It contains the most interesting and profitable information ever published.

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Musical Instruments at Cost.

The subscriber having made arrangements with the large manufacturing establishments in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to purchase at wholesale prices, and sell at a low rate, the following instruments:—

New and Second hand Instruments. For Sale or Let. Baker & Randall, Providence, R. I.

Wanted Agents for the most popular book of the day, 'The Secrets of the Great City.' It contains the most interesting and profitable information ever published.

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The Attention of Musicians. ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT, Washington Square, (opposite the Bank), N. Y. OYSTERS FOR SALE.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE. SAMUEL CURTIS, Weymouth Undertaker, Coffins, Robbers, Plates, etc., of every description, finished at the shortest notice.

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VOL. 3. C. S. V. C. S. V. C. S. V.

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**CHARLES RESTAURANT,**  
 Kingston Square, (opposite the Bank),  
 WYEMOUTH.

**RESTAURANT FOR SALE**  
 OYSTERS FOR SALE  
 suitable for suit purchasers.

ALSO,  
**CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, & C.**

**SAMUEL CURTIS,**  
**OFFIN WAREHOUSE**

**FRISHING UNDERTAKER,**  
 Weymouth Landing,  
 NE, ROBES, PLATES, etc. of every description,  
 furnished at the shortest notice.

**JASON SMITH,**  
 Cabinet Maker,  
 Front street, near the Old Burying Ground,  
 WYEMOUTH.

**JOHN M. WALSH,**  
 carriage Painter & Trimmer,  
 AND HARNESS MAKER,  
 corner No. 15, Weymouth & Braintree Has  
 harness on hand and made to order. Work  
 in the best style.

**SPEER'S STANDARD**  
**Wine Bitters!**

**STANDARD**  
 PURELY  
 VEGETABLE  
 REMEDY

**THE WEAK,** FOR THE PALE,  
**THE SICKLY,** FOR THE AGED,  
**FEMALIS,** FOR SPRING USE!!!  
**No Bitters equal to them!**

**Speer's Standard Wine Bitters**  
 of Wine, Herbs and Roots.  
 Speer's Wine, so well known, with  
**CULINARY BARK,**  
**CHAMOMILE FLOWERS,**  
**SNAKE ROOT,**  
**WILD CHERRY BARK**  
**GINGER**  
 each other HERBS and ROOTS as well  
 in cases of indigestion, promote the Secretions  
 in the natural channels, and give  
 and give to the system  
 and Old, Male and Female.  
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 and Old, Male and Female.

**ALFRED SPEER,**  
 No. 1, and 241 Broadway, New York.  
 or by A. S. WHITE & CO., Weymouth  
 Store, 212

**"Old Castle" Nursery.**  
 The subscriber respectfully informs the inhabi-  
 tants of Weymouth and the adjoining towns  
 as Agent for the celebrated firm of T. C.  
 Lewis & Bro., of Geneva, N. Y. he is pre-  
 pared to furnish, in any quantity, all of the  
**BEST VARIETIES FRUIT TREES,**  
**Dwarf and Standard,**  
 Grape Vines, Natives and Foreign,  
 Evergreens, Ornamental Trees,  
 Shrubs and Plants, Bulbs, &c.  
 from his long experience in the business he  
 is confident of giving perfect satisfaction  
 to all who may choose to deal with him.  
**S. P. CUSHING,**  
 26 WYEMOUTH LANDING.

**FOR SALE AT**

**Antiquique Wharf,**  
**EAST BRAINTREE,**

All kinds of  
**Pine and Spruce Lumber,**  
**HARD PINE AND SPRUCE**  
**FLOOR BOARDS,**  
**PLANED AND JOINTED.**  
**Pine & Spruce Clapboard,**  
**And Shingle**  
**OF ALL KINDS,**  
**LATHS AND PICKETS.**  
**St. Johns Pine Lumber**  
**MICHIGAN & BURLINGTON**  
**SHEATHING AND SHELVING.**  
**HENRY GARDNER,**  
**AGENT.**

**Having marked down many of the Dressed Goods from thirty-five and forty cents  
 to twenty-five cents, we would call the attention of the Ladies to the**

**New Twenty-Five Cent Dress Goods Counter,**  
 which is well filled with a large and desirable assortment of new and stylish Dress  
 Goods, including Double width Alpaca, Poplins, Chinese Cloths, Robe de Vignes,  
 Serges, Chevre Mohair, Plain Alpaca, Lyonsese, and a variety of other desirable  
 Dress Goods, which are usually sold for thirty-five and forty cents.  
 All goods in this counter will be sold for

**Twenty-Five Cents per yard,**  
 Thus affording all an opportunity seldom offered to obtain Dress Goods at such  
 low prices.

**Children's Handkerchiefs,** 02  
**Ladies' "** " 02  
**Ladies' Hose, plain or ribbed,** 06  
**Best Prints,** 12 1-2  
**Bleached Cotton,** 08  
**Unbleached Cottons, yard wide,** 12 1-2  
**Cashmere De Laines,** 15  
**Spool Cotton,** 02

**Victor,** hesitated. If he should join  
 the army, and go off to the war, and  
 could not return to Grace—how would  
 Edward Morton act?—but Edward  
 Morton cut short his meditations,  
 by seeing his arm, and hurrying him  
 away. In a few minutes he was in the  
 presence of Colonel Bland, to whom Ed-  
 ward Morton introduced him and then  
 left them.

"I feel under obligations to my friend  
 Morton for mentioning you to me," said  
 Colonel Bland. "I have known of you  
 as a very enthusiastic member of our  
 seventh regiment. I intend to have a  
 real fighting regiment and I know that  
 to make men fight well, is to have them  
 commanded by men whom they can love  
 and respect. I have no doubt, I can ob-  
 tain for you a commission as Captain, and  
 I shall want you to commence recruiting  
 at once, as I am anxious to fill up my  
 ranks. Morton says you, too, are anx-  
 ious for the cause." "Yes," continued  
 Victor, "I think there is no doubt of obtaining

**C. S. WILLIAMS,**  
 WYEMOUTH.



**A COMPLETE SUCCESS**  
 After a great many experiments the REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. have  
 succeeded in inventing this collar, which reflects much credit to the manufacturers,  
 and will add thousands to the number of those now wearing Paper Collars. All  
 having had experience with this indispensable article are well aware that the  
 best fault with Paper Collars in the past has been their liability to tear out at the  
 button holes, but now no such objections can be urged against this

**New Bicycle or Velocipede Collar**  
 AS IT IS A  
**Cloth Collar lined with Paper,**  
 THIS  
**SECURING STRENGTH, DURABILITY, & CHEAPNESS**  
 three very essential qualifications, and making one of the most stylish and economi-  
 cal Collars ever offered to the public, put up in neat square boxes, with the  
 engraving heading this advertisement, stamped in gilt on every box.

**C. S. WILLIAMS'**  
 Dry Goods and Clothing Store,  
**WEYMOUTH LANDING,**  
 and purchase a box of the "BICYCLE."

**CHEAP! CHEAPER! CHEAPEST!**

**Great Inducements are now being offered to**  
**CUSTOMERS AT**  
**C. S. WILLIAMS'**  
**Dry Goods and Clothing Store,**  
**WEYMOUTH LANDING.**

**In the Clothing Department,**  
 THERE IS NOW  
**A good assortment of CLOTHING!**  
 Which will be sold at the Lowest Living Rates.

**NOTROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.**  
 All are invited to call and examine the goods, and see for themselves the  
**QUALITY AND PRICE.**  
**WE NEVER ADVERTISE UNLESS WE DO AS WE SAY.**

**Original Serial.**  
**Grace Waldron,**  
 OR—  
**THE FALSE DAUGHTER.**  
 A TALE OF NEW YORK.

**CHAPTER VIII.**  
 The next morning but one after his inter-  
 view with Edward Morton, Victor  
 Stanhope sat alone in his office, waiting  
 impatiently for his friend to call as  
 agreed, to introduce him to Colonel Bland,  
 for since the subject had been broached  
 to him, he was anxious to be at work.  
 Some one knocked on the door. "Come  
 in," said Victor, not doubting for a mo-  
 ment it was Edward Morton, but instead  
 of that gentleman's manly form, and good  
 looking face, there entered a woman,  
 poorly clad, and with gray hair, and a  
 bent form. Victor supposed she was a  
 person begging charity, but the woman  
 spoke.—"This is Mr. Victor Stanhope, I  
 presume."

"Men call me by that name," said Victor,  
 hastily. "What do you want with  
 Victor Stanhope?"  
 "Are we alone?" she asked, throwing  
 her eye towards an inner room.  
 "There is no one else here," he said;  
 "but if you have anything to say to me  
 you must speak quick as I am expecting  
 a visitor momentarily."  
 "I will speak," she said, stepping his  
 arm. "You loved Grace Waldron. She  
 has turned you away from her father's  
 house in the storm because she believed  
 your poor, and nameless. I was driven  
 from that same father's house years ago,  
 and my life has been one of storm, and  
 sorrow ever since; but I have the power  
 to revenge myself and you. It is for you  
 to assist me to make use of that power  
 and bring the proud Grace to your feet."  
 "Woman you are insane. I have not  
 and will not allow myself to have the  
 curiosity to ask what mighty secret you  
 have, but if you think I have any desire  
 to injure Grace Waldron, or cherish any  
 hopes of revenge against her, you mistake.  
 Show me in what way I can do  
 her a service, and you will find me ready.  
 But woman, who are you that you  
 know so well in regard to my affairs?" he  
 asked, his curiosity excited notwithstanding  
 the fact that she had just said—  
 "A shade of very deep disappointment,  
 passed over the woman's face. The man  
 she had counted on had failed her, but  
 still she never faltered in her purpose.  
 "You will not assist me then," she  
 said. "Well then I must depend upon my-  
 self; but I have such proofs that when  
 the time comes the world shall know."  
 She paused.  
 "Know what?" questioned Victor, now  
 deeply interested in spite of himself.  
 "Ah! you may well ask. Great right  
 she has to hold her head so high. But it  
 is not at her head to strike; it is her  
 heart we must hurt. I would wring—but  
 you say you will not help me, you say  
 you will not assist me."  
 "Woman, who and what are you?"  
 "Will you give me your assistance to  
 right myself and revenge you?"  
 "Not if I must do anything to injure  
 Grace Waldron or any one connected  
 with her. I have told you I have nothing  
 to revenge."  
 "Very well then I must work alone,  
 and when my work is done, you and many  
 others will know some strange things.  
 I admire your constancy to one who  
 despised and rejected you, when fortune  
 changed," she said with a biting sarcasm  
 that caused her hearer to wince. "But her  
 heart must now be made to feel the  
 father's heart; and the blow will fall, even  
 though you decline to inflict it."  
 She had gradually drawn nearer the  
 door as she spoke, and before Victor  
 could answer, she was gone and had  
 closed the door. He started after her,  
 but when he reached the street she was  
 nowhere to be seen. He returned to his  
 office and sat down and mused over what  
 he had just heard, and though he tried to  
 look upon it as the ravings of a crazy  
 woman, there was a dread at his heart  
 lest there might be truth in what she had  
 said, and that Grace might be made to  
 suffer. He had never heard the story of  
 Frederick Waldron's earlier life, and  
 thought as Grace Waldron herself did  
 that her mother died when Grace was an  
 infant; and could consequently form no  
 idea, what the woman meant by saying  
 "great right she has to hold her head so  
 high." A less noble heart than his  
 would have felt a triumph at the hope  
 that she would strike her almost broken  
 heart, should be made to feel the  
 father's heart; and the blow will fall, even  
 though you decline to inflict it. But what  
 could he do? If he wrote to  
 Grace his name would be returned un-  
 read; if he called upon her, he would be  
 denied an audience. He was buried deep  
 in thought, when Edward Morton enter-

your commission are you ready?"  
 Victor stood upon the steps of the Astor  
 House. A few feet from him, standing  
 with his back turned towards him, was  
 young man smoking a cigar. Victor saw  
 Edward Morton approaching and stepped  
 forward to meet him, but as he did so  
 the young man had noticed, turned, and  
 advanced towards Morton, almost brushing  
 past Victor, and almost pushing him  
 aside. It was Harry Liston. Victor  
 was a little puzzled. Could Morton have  
 made two appointments for the same time  
 and place? And then he felt that Liston,  
 who since his grandfather's death had never  
 noticed him, meant the rudeness as an in-  
 sult, and his hand nervously grasped the  
 handle of his sword. Morton was trou-  
 bled at the circumstances, but he spoke.  
 "Victor," he said, "it was the first time he  
 had ever addressed Stanhope by his  
 first name, and he did so now with the  
 double motive of arresting his attention,  
 and at the same time of showing to Harry  
 Liston, that he considered him an  
 intimate friend." "I beg you will excuse  
 me a few minutes," he said, stepping into  
 the room and I will be with you shortly."  
 There is plenty of time for our little en-  
 gagement. "Go," he whispered in con-  
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 tempt, but make no quarrel with him if you  
 love me."  
 Victor considered himself as already  
 commissioned, and spent the remainder  
 of the day, in arranging his own affairs,  
 and placing some business in the hands  
 of a brother lawyer. When the evening  
 came, he called at the rooms of Edward  
 Morton, and found him there expecting him.  
 "Excuse me, Mr. Stanhope, for not  
 giving you more time this morning, but  
 now I will speak, and be anxious to hear  
 what you have to say."  
 Victor Stanhope told him of his inter-  
 view with the woman at his office that  
 morning, and Edward Morton listened at  
 first with an incredulous smile, but when  
 he remembered what Harry Liston had  
 said, and the mystery in regard to Frederic  
 Waldron's wife, he began to look more  
 grave. Could it be, he thought to him-  
 self, that there was truth in the woman's  
 story, and was he to be a witness of a  
 romance in real life. But he did not let  
 his companion know his thoughts.  
 "Excuse," said he, "that woman has  
 heard in some way, probably from the  
 servants, who never meant to discover  
 what you don't want them to, that you  
 are for the present discarded by the lady  
 Grace, and made up a story, hoping in  
 some way to make money by it; give  
 you no heed to the tale."  
 Victor spoke confidently much more so  
 in fact than he felt, but Victor was some-  
 what reassured by what he said, and he  
 talked long on various subjects, Edward  
 Morton always looking on the bright  
 side, and showing to Victor, that so long  
 as he had joined the army, he would feel  
 his happier, and more contented, to give  
 his whole mind to his military duties,  
 and let other men's stories go for what  
 they were worth.  
 Very good advice Mr. Edward Morton,  
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 If he could not aid her, he had at least  
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 "There must be good deal of red tape  
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 not only secured them, but their respect  
 and affection also, and at the end of two  
 weeks, when his commission was ready  
 and handed to him, he was able to inform  
 Colonel Bland that the color company  
 was full.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
 "Good morning, Captain Stanhope,"  
 said Edward Morton, with a little em-  
 phasis on the title, as they some days  
 after met, "Bland tells me that his ranks  
 are filling rapidly, and he expects to be  
 ordered off very soon. How do you like  
 the service so far as you have seen?"  
 "Very well, but I shall be glad  
 when we are ordered off, to see you,  
 Morton, you must let me hear if anything  
 does happen to Grace. If I could rid  
 my mind of the belief, which in spite of  
 your philosophy I still entertain, that  
 there was truth in that woman's story,  
 I should feel easier, but remember, I  
 shall not advise you to keep yourself  
 and me advised of her doings."  
 "Certainly! I shall, as I told you, look  
 after all of your interests in your absence  
 faithfully, and I trust when you return  
 having won a name, it may be in my  
 power to prove to you that you had an  
 honorable man, and not a hireling, to  
 do me a favor, and make a deal with me  
 this evening on a lady friend. Don't  
 say so," as Victor shook his head, "I  
 have very particular reasons for asking it."  
 "Oh! very well, if you wish it, Morton,  
 you certainly have a right to command  
 my time; but who is the lady, do I know  
 her?"  
 "Those questions I will answer this  
 evening; meet me at the Astor House,  
 at eight o'clock, without fail."  
 Just then Harry Liston passed them;  
 he was about to stop and speak to Ed-  
 ward Morton, but when he saw who his  
 companion was, he said, "Good-morning  
 you Ned," and walked on. Edward  
 Morton felt something stronger than dis-  
 gust at the man who had wronged, insulted  
 the woman he loved, and who had  
 threatened to insult, with an officer of his  
 regiment, the woman whom Victor  
 loved, and he felt that he would  
 do all in his power to avenge her.  
 The young lady Morton wanted Victor  
 to call on with him was Rosa Ingersoll.  
 Victor was acquainted with her, and Ed-  
 ward Morton desired his company as he  
 had not seen Rosa for some weeks, and  
 he felt that a queer sensation as calling  
 her for the first time that he might look  
 upon her as a prize that he might strive  
 to win.

Victor stood upon the steps of the Astor  
 House. A few feet from him, standing  
 with his back turned towards him, was  
 young man smoking a cigar. Victor saw  
 Edward Morton approaching and stepped  
 forward to meet him, but as he did so  
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 and affection also, and at the end of two  
 weeks, when his commission was ready  
 and handed to him, he was able to inform  
 Colonel Bland that the color company  
 was full.

**WHAT IS TAPIOCA.**  
 Many persons are familiar with this  
 as an article of diet, who do not know  
 how it is obtained, or what it is. It is  
 the product of the Cassava root which  
 grows in Africa, the West Indies and  
 South America. There are two vari-  
 eties of the Cassava plant, the one is  
 bitter, the other is the sweet Cassava,  
 which is used for food. The first is  
 its natural state is highly poisonous, and  
 the Indians are said to have used the  
 juice for poisoning their arrows. It is  
 from this cassava that tapioca is made,  
 but with all the poison removed, but  
 the poisonous principle has been found to  
 be very volatile, hence, by submitting  
 the root to the action of heat, it is all  
 driven off; it is only when eaten raw  
 that it is highly dangerous.  
 The roots are first washed, then re-  
 duced to pulp, and the juice allowed to  
 drain out. The pulp is then heated in  
 a pan until it becomes slightly browned,  
 then it is run off the starch washed,  
 and all the moisture driven off, it is all  
 put in on hot plates until it is dry.  
 It is afterwards granulated in sieves, and  
 in that state forms the tapioca of which  
 excellent puddings are made. The heat-  
 ing of this starch on hot plates drives off  
 all the poison.

"Oh! pretty little Rosa Ingersoll—I  
 should like to see her; she was always  
 one of my favorites, and I should like to  
 see her again before I leave; besides  
 Grace always loved her, and she may  
 speak to Grace of me. Yes, I say so,  
 and if we find ourselves de trop, we can  
 make my going away an excuse for the  
 day."  
 "Grace—always Grace," said Edward  
 Morton smiling; but he was pleased to  
 see Victor take an interest in anything,  
 and his going stage, they pro-  
 ceeded towards Mr. Ingersoll's house.  
 "I will precede them here. Seated  
 in the drawing-room, were Mr. Ingersoll  
 and his wife; in the next room were  
 and at some distance were May, the  
 third daughter, and little Lizzie the  
 youngest.  
 "I cannot keep up much longer, Mary,"  
 Mr. Ingersoll was saying to his wife,  
 "those faculties, but I have never taken  
 away my energy. There is a man here  
 he is dead—who would have gladly as-  
 sisted me, with his counsel, and with his  
 means. Were Walter Stanhope alive, I  
 should have one on whom I could depend.  
 I already owe to his estate, two thousand  
 dollars, and he has no children, and  
 with my other obligations too, and Mr.  
 Morton, his successor, will be forced to  
 press the claim. I shall do my best, but  
 failure stares me in the face, and we  
 must be prepared for the worst."  
 "I will do the best I can, my dear George,"  
 said his wife. "We are together, and  
 our dear children, God bless them, will  
 do us no hardship a sacrifice if shared  
 with their parents. There is the bell.  
 Oh! dear, I hope we shall not have call-  
 ers this evening."  
 Edward Morton and Captain Victor  
 Stanhope, said Mr. Ingersoll as the ser-  
 vant handed him two cards. "It is unfor-  
 tunate, but we must see them. Ask  
 the gentleman to walk in."

After the ordinary salutations, Edward  
 Morton said, "Captain Stanhope is soon  
 to leave with his regiment, and wished  
 to have his respects to Rosa, before his  
 departure; but I do not see her. She is  
 well, I hope."  
 "She is not very well, I am sorry to  
 say," said her mother; "but I know she  
 will be pleased to see you, and feel com-  
 plimented, that Captain Stanhope should  
 remember her. May, call Rosa."  
 "She will be down in a few minutes,"  
 said May, re-entering the room; and the  
 conversation continued on the current  
 topics of the day. Edward Morton's  
 heart beat very fast, as he listened for  
 the light footsteps, and looked towards  
 the door for the form he loved. Soon  
 the came, and alas! what a change since  
 he had last seen her. Pale, thin, and  
 with an appearance of weariness, she was  
 not the same Rosa he had seen when he  
 called with Harry Liston, and his heart  
 sunk at the thought of what had caused  
 the change. If she had loved Harry Lis-  
 ton so deeply, there was small chance  
 for him, he thought.  
 "Captain Stanhope, I feel flattered,  
 that an officer of our glorious army should  
 call on me to say good-bye," said Rosa,  
 with an effort to appear cheerful. "It is,  
 I believe, the first time the blue uniform  
 has appeared in our house. I trust you  
 are as well as usual, and I have the pleasure  
 of seeing it here often." But she seemed to  
 shrink from conversation with Edward  
 Morton.  
 "Come, Lizzie, it is time for you to  
 go to bed," said the mother, to the little  
 curly headed fairy, the pet of the family.  
 "Come, say good night, and go with sister  
 May."  
 "Thank you, dear mamma, for letting me  
 sit up so late," said the child, and she  
 passed round the room, to give her good  
 night kiss to her parents, and Rosa.  
 "Can't I have a kiss too?" asked Ed-  
 ward Morton, holding out his hands as he  
 spoke.  
 "Oh! you, I will kiss you for I love  
 you, and I know you are real good,"  
 replied the child, as she sprang into his  
 lap.  
 "I wish you were my brother; isn't it  
 funny I haven't got any brother? Then  
 I could tell you good night, every night."  
 "I wish I were, with all my heart,"  
 said Edward Morton, with great earnest-  
 ness, but his eye caught Rosa's as she  
 spoke, and he colored to his temples.  
 "But," he went on, "you may call me  
 brother, Lizzie, and though you cannot  
 kiss me every night, you can kiss some  
 one else for me."  
 "I know who I'll kiss for you," said  
 Lizzie, looking towards Rosa. "If you  
 are to be my brother, I can't call my  
 brother Mr. Morton. What is your other  
 name?"  
 "Edward, call me brother Edward, I  
 never had a little sister before. Now do  
 not forget. Good night, sister Lizzie."  
 "I will not forget, May hand, sister Ed-  
 ward," said Lizzie, holding up her  
 hand, taking May's hand and went laugh-  
 ing to bed.  
 "Oh! many a shaft at random sent  
 Finds mark the anchor near meast;  
 May he would the heart high broken."  
 "Really, Morton," said Victor Stanhope,  
 "a very keen compliment, the little lady  
 paid you. I cannot pick up relations  
 with her, but I added with a trifle of his  
 old bitterness.  
 "I am afraid you will think our little  
 Lizzie rather forward, Mr. Morton, but  
 you know the youngest is always a little  
 spoiled."  
 "Oh! not at all," said Edward Morton.  
 "I feel very much flattered, I assure you,  
 but I cannot consent to being made  
 brother to all of your daughters."  
 "Oh! yes you must," said Victor Stan-  
 hope, "since you had little Lizzie  
 adopt you as a brother." Mr. and Mrs.  
 Ingersoll, I congratulate you on obtain-  
 ing so promising a son."  
 "For my part I accept the new com-  
 mission gladly," said Mr. Ingersoll, still  
 keeping up the little pleasantry; but  
 Rosa was silent, and Edward Morton did  
 not dare to look towards her. He felt  
 too deeply in his heart, the wish that lit-  
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Here it would be well to remark, pre-  
 liminarily, that the first couplet of this  
 poem, "Old Mother Hubbard, &c.," etc.,  
 originally suggested to Gould Brown,  
 Esq., (author of the remarkable treatise  
 on Philology, that bears his name), the  
 first note under the title, which touches  
 on "a pronoun which the poet used in  
 connection with words which belong more  
 properly to the antecedent, or to another  
 pronoun." How little we know how no-  
 torious and odious we may be to future  
 generations!

Her next steps led her to the bakers  
 for bread—but this was useless, except  
 that it saved her the trouble of purchas-  
 ing "funeral baked meats" for which it  
 was substituted, for when she returned,  
 life was extinct in the faithful animal,  
 and his summer was ended, at least his  
 dog-days. So thought the poor dame,  
 and she wept for the departed heart she  
 set out for the undertakers.  
 There is a truce-like state, which of-  
 ten arises











