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JOB PRINTING,
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal
Forms, Cards, Tickets,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Plain & Fancy Job Work
Executed with neatness and Dispatch and
at the Lowest Rates.

A KISS AND NOTHING MORE.

In a valley fair I wandered,
In its meadows always green,
Where the rippling stream flowed by,
Like the spirit of the ocean:
I met a lovely damsel,
With her basket brimming o'er,
With sweet buds and so I asked her,
For a flower and nothing more.
I wandered on beside her,
And raised her hair and eyes,
Till like roses in her basket,
On her cheeks she blushed in bliss,
When with timid looks and glancing
She said will you kiss me before,
But I said now all I wanted,
Is just a smile and nothing more.
She shyly smiled upon me,
And we still kept wandering on,
What with smiling, chatting, blushing,
Soon a half hour had gone,
When she told me I must leave her,
For she saw the cottage door,
Not I until I rifled
Just a kiss and nothing more.

Barberry.

DOCTOR MAURICE OLDFIELD, a rising young physician, and a good-looking and agreeable man, dismounted from horse-back and stood upon the pavement watching with such interest Dick the office boy, as that young gentleman climbed into the saddle for his five minutes' excursion to the stable, that Dick nearly tumbled over the other side of the horse in his eagerness to acquit himself creditably, and finally rode away wrathfully muttering, "If you don't like my style, old man, you kin see me to ride in school, as soon as you er mind ter." But boy, horse, and grievance passed before the eyes of the young doctor as they had been things of naught; for he was deep in meditation after this wise:

"I dare say Mrs. Scott is right; at any rate she is one of my oldest friends and best patients, and she says it is essential that I marry. I suppose it may be so. I can afford it well enough; but as for Miss Halstead, or Minnie Warren, or any of the girls she named—even if they were silly enough to have me—and they are silly enough for most things—no, I want a right-down, sensible, good-hearted, well-bred, and well-educated girl, not too young, say twenty-three or four years old, and yet I think I would like her to be pious a little. I'm far enough out of that track myself to want a little counter-influence in the family. There now, there's a girl coming down the street who might be the future Mrs. Oldfield, and as I live, with a prayer-book in her hand. Ah, yes, that's a girl worth watching."

And Dr. Oldfield, who had lived in Canfield street for more than five years, discovered for the first time that a quiet little brown-stone building upon the corner was an Episcopal chapel, and was open every evening at five o'clock for a vesper service.

The young lady whose appearance had passed close beside him, giving ample opportunity for admiration of her smooth, light brown braids, clear pink-and-white complexion, pale blue eyes, and rather thin, but well-shaped mouth. Her figure, tall and slight, might have had a little more curve to it, but feet and hands were slender and elegantly shod, and her gait and motion were dignified and modest.

As she passed, our young sultan turned and looked approvingly after her. "A very nice and lady-like girl," murmured he, "and I will try to make her acquaintance. Perhaps I might go to chapel too, for once in a way; I suppose it don't last a great while."

Slowly following, and critically watching his bride-elect, Dr. Oldfield saw her slightly incline her head as she reached the chapel door, and out from the porch, as if in answer to the salutation, bounced the slight figure of a young girl, coquetishly although carelessly dressed in a suit of crimson and black, and her hair powdered, her head covered by a rather ornamented by a black velvet sailor-hat, with a great bunch of barberries tied jauntily at the back, and drooping down upon the shining, disheveled coil of black braided hair, almost too heavy for the little head that carried it. Dr. Oldfield, his mind being turned maiden-ward, examined this specimen also, rapidly yet critically. A figure too slight and undeveloped as yet for beauty, yet promising richness of contour, and well proportioned; a dusky, creamy skin, beneath which came and went a glow like that of tropic seas; bright lips for ever parting over gleaming teeth; great, dark, gleaming eyes, with long lashes, and straight brows of ink blackness; an infinite capacity for fun, for sauciness, for defiance, lurking in every curve and every glance, and every motion of the little active body and rest less eyes, and with a suggestion of depths of sadness never yet sounded in her bright experience of that little young life, but waiting, waiting, surely as waits the future.

Dr. Oldfield glanced disapprovingly at the sailor hat, the tumbling hair, the careless dress, and one unglazed hand reddened by exposure to the frosty air, and said to himself, "Now there's the sort of girl I don't want. What a contrast she makes to the other—to my girl—let me see; Edith I think I'll call her till I know her name; and as for that barberry girl—"

service mechanically, Maurice never took his eyes from the slender form before him, and marked with approval the exactness with which Edith followed the prescribed forms of her devotions, rising, kneeling, sitting just at the proper instant, joining modestly in the singing, with rather a thin but high soprano, and inclining her head gracefully but not excessively as she repeated the creed with her eyes upon the book. Barberry sang also, but it was in a rich and rebellious contralto voice, swelling in moments of enthusiasm to a volume that drew the trouble of her companion, and that that of the singer dying away altogether, while the saucy gray eyes wandered about the chapel, or fixed themselves in evident comment upon the figures of the little congregation, mostly of women.

The psalms not appearing to interest her especially, she neglected to turn the page or respond for some time, and then, turning herself with a start, she hurriedly turned the leaf, and dropped the book with a loud noise; and picking it up petulantly, threw it upon the seat, and repeated the rest of the service *verboten*, bowing so low as almost to kneel in the creed, and remaining upon her knees at the end of the service long after Edith had risen, and stood ready to pass out.

"Superstitious little monkey!" commented Dr. Oldfield. "In mischief all day long, I'll be bound, and thinks to make up for it by kneeling in everybody's way."

And quite annoyed that his Edith should be kept waiting for such an unbusiness-like young man, he turned out, and was speaking to the sexton, when the two girls came through a side door, and stood in a nook of the porch near some stairs leading up to the gallery and the rector's study. A woman waiting by these stairs accosted them, with one of the murmured whispering stories so pitifully common, as when a young lady is named.

"Yes, I know, my good woman," interrupted Edith's calm voice; "we can't do anything for a moment, and you can speak to him; we give our charities in that manner, you know."

"Nonsense! Don't you do any such thing," broke in a deeper, richer, and less cultivated voice. "The rector has enough to attend to and more too. Give me your address, and you'll be seen to."

"Yes, by your going and asking the rector to attend to it, and his giving you money to help her in your own name," said Edith sharply. "I don't believe in talking the credit of good deeds I don't do."

"Well! I like that," ejaculated Barberry angrily; but Edith walked away without another word; and as the medicament rector's whining petition, Barberry caught sight of the doctor's attentive face, and roughly replied: "I have nothing for you—nothing at all; and I don't believe you are willing that I should see your master come worrying the rector. There, you'd better go."

The woman crept away without a word, and Barberry, passing by Maurice to go out of the front door, met his look of disapproval with a swift glance of stormy defiance, and went her way.

lonely down the street. His wounded feelings received an unexpected balm, however, in the course of the morning for in calling upon a poor crippled girl, one of his charity patients, and a very day, or sufferer, he found her happy and amused, with an illustrated story just published. Asking where she got it, for the family were dimly poor, the invalid answered brightly:

"Such a nice young lady came to see me yesterday, and when I said I longed for something to read she gave me this book, which she had just bought, and not so much as cut the leaves of. She said I should have the first reading. See, there is her name on the cover."

"E. Winter? Why, is it Miss Winter—Ellinor Winter?" exclaimed the doctor in pleased surprise. "How did she hear of you?"

"She goes to see the woman up stairs, and visits to her an hour or two every afternoon, and she told her how sick I was, and how poor and all, and she came in," explained the cripple, her eyes fixed so longingly upon the book, that the doctor asked no more except professional questions, and soon after took his leave.

That day Miss Winter received a copy of the book in question. With Dr. Oldfield's compliments, and that evening, the doctor called. Edith thanked him in her guarded fashion for the book, and hinted inquiry as to the especial motive of sending it.

"Good deeds are sometimes found out, even if covered up never so modestly," replied the young man with meaning. "I met Mrs. Mary Norcross yesterday, and found some aged mercy had been before me. I thought you might like a new copy better than one that had been in the hands of so ill a person too."

"You are very kind, I'm sure, Doctor. I did not know that you were Mrs. Norcross's physician," said Edith calmly; and perceiving that she wished to change the subject, the young man politely did so, even while admiring the modesty thus proven.

The next afternoon, in passing by a Roman Catholic church, Maurice saw among the throng of entering figures a slight and careless form, a little head, and a black velvet hat trimmed with barberry blossoms, and which were familiar to him; and impulsively he followed them into the church, and soon perceived their owner kneeling before a side shrine, her face buried in her hands, her whole form shaken with emotion. Moved by a dozen conflicting feelings, Maurice stood and watched her until she rose, bowed to the altar, and passed out, starting a little, and looking stormily at which were familiar to him; and impulsively he followed them into the church, and soon perceived their owner kneeling before a side shrine, her face buried in her hands, her whole form shaken with emotion.

"Did you see me laughing then?" "Laughing! I saw you weeping bitterly as you knelt before that altar. I was so glad to see you, and I was crying. You are a mere child, and I am by profession a guardian of other people's bodies if not souls. I cannot bear to see you here, and your emotion shows."

did not know as yet under any other name than that of Barberry.

But now there came upon the city where all these people lived one of those cases of pestilence those fatal fevers, only known to the doctors in cities, where constant personal contact with strangers is almost inevitable; so that one never walks the streets, rides in a horse-car, enters a shop, attends a place of amusement, or even one of worship, without feeling that the seeds of suffering and death to himself or those he loves may be about him, and that he is but a step from the door of his own death.

Dr. Oldfield found in this great necessity his opportunity, and soon became known throughout the city as one of the few men who understood, and cured, under God's control, the plague; so that his days and nights were soon full of over-riding, not only among the wealthy and influential, who sought him out, but among the poor and wretched, for the healing he might bring to their loved ones, but among those humble and friendless ones whose blessings and prayers were their only wealth.

Poor Mary Norcross was one of these, and the daintiest lady in the city received no tender or more constant care from the young physician than did the poorest and most wretched of the appointed door for her escape from suffering, and poverty, and loneliness, and she passed through it, her hand in Maurice's and saying with her latest breath: "Give my love to dear Miss Winter. She and you are all I leave on earth—and she loves you."

Upstairs also they told him of Miss Winter's constant attendance and devotion to the sick, and again, in another plague-stricken home, and in yet another he heard her name, and always coupled with praise, and blessing, and gratitude. At last, one evening, he called to see and to thank her as well as to refresh himself by an hour's respite from his painful labors. A quiet and unassuming woman, who was waiting alone in the drawing-room, and when the young lady appeared, it was with such uncertainty and hesitating manner, and so powerful an odor of disinfecting drugs hanging about her clothes, and she so decidedly withdrew from his offered hand, that Dr. Oldfield stared in surprise, and at last said:

"I do not fear you, Miss Winter. I am not afraid of you, Miss Winter?" "Oh, certainly not, Doctor. I suppose of course you change all your clothes after coming out of those dreadful places where they say that you go."

"And they say that you go too, Miss Winter," replied Maurice, smiling tenderly. "I do change my clothes, and I wash and disinfect myself, and I take the risk of infection during every one of your visits, in which, by the way, I never can catch you, than in seeing me. I came tonight on purpose to warn you, and at the same time to thank you over and over again for the noble work you have done among my poorer patients. Everywhere that you go, you bring comfort and relief to the stories of your courage and devotion. But—you are all!"

"A little wait—excuse me—another day I will apologize, but now—"

And with a gesture of leave-taking, Edith tottered from the room, her face white as the eolone-saturated handkerchief which she held over her mouth and nose, and her hands so numb that she could scarcely hold the door.

Maurice Oldfield looked about him; a girl's room this, with its white maidens' couch and hangings, its little prettiness, its childish trifle, and hints of dawning womanly tastes; its volumes of fiction, its poetry, and its shelf of worn school-books not yet quite done with; upon one corner of the mirror hung the black velvet sailor-hat, with its bunch of barberries, and on the other was leant a rosary with a prayer-book, at which Maurice frowned, and he perceived that it was too elaborately arranged for one of the kind taken down upon a table by a book which he had just seen in the hands of Mary Norcross, with the words "Miss Winter" written across the cover; but here his observations were cut short by a low laugh from the sick girl, as she said:

"Just in time to escape the doctor. Ugh! How the clothes in this closet smell! Why they had the fever in them. When I get up, but I won't come out till he dies, if it's all day. He shan't find out Miss Winter yet. Oh, dear, it's so warm, and the clothes smell so feverish! Maurice, Maurice! What a pretty name! I wonder if Ellinor Winter will call him Maurice. He never came to see me and see me though he goes there. Never mind, I wasn't a very nice girl, but I never loved him, and shouldn't have spoken so, and looked so. It breaks my heart. Oh, it breaks it, breaks my heart!"

And she broke into a passion of grief whose sounds reached her mother's ears, and brought her rushing back to the sick room, crying:

"Christie, Christie, darling! Oh, for God's sake, Doctor, do something for my child. She said you could. It was almost the last thing she said before she went out of her head. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I have the fever, and I shall be very ill. Send for Dr. Oldfield; and let them write my name upon his slate, Christie Love, although I do not believe he knows who she is; but I will have my own name for once.' Those were her very words, to God, and what she meant I don't know; but I did just as she said. I always do."

Maurice did not reply. A strange light had broken upon his mind, and he was busy, even while tenderly caring for his patient, in recalling their few brief and stormy interviews, and tracing the carefully hidden, but never hidden, yet most mainly nature which had so carefully hidden all its own best side from one who had misjudged it, and which had taken a perverse delight in deepening the false and bad impression accidentally given at first.

All that night, and for a great part of the next day, Maurice Oldfield stood or sat beside the bed, battling with the fever, and with the life and death struggle, but battled yet with the life-destructor, for this far young life which each had determined to make his own—all night and all day; and when night came again he knew that he was vanquished, and most yield; but still he sat and knelt beside that white couch, now become a death-bed, while the faint light of day broke and only, and fixing her gaze shadowy eyes upon the floor beside him, that like Edgar in the wilderness, she might not look upon her child's death.

The delirium was over now; the fever had burned itself out in exhausting the springs of life, and from the stupor in which he thought she would have passed away, she awoke, and only, and only, and fixing her gaze shadowy eyes upon the floor beside him, that like Edgar in the wilderness, she might not look upon her child's death.

"I am glad you have come at last. I sent for you when I was first taken sick, for I knew then that I should die, and I didn't want you always to remember me as what I pretended to be. I thought I might have claimed you, so I wrote her name upon the book, and left it for you to see; and then I felt so badly that I fancied going into that Roman Catholic church to ask a little help, as they do. It was foolish perhaps, but I didn't like to go to our own best some one should see you, and you thought I was a hypocrite, and I was Miss Winter everywhere—and Maurice, I think Ellinor likes you, and she is a right good girl, and never does improper things like me, and—I am so tired—so tired and faint!"

Eighteen months after this Maurice Oldfield married Ellinor Winter. Why, do you not see directly to the point? It was not a matter of chance, but a matter of necessity. It was not a matter of chance, but a matter of necessity. It was not a matter of chance, but a matter of necessity.

Cleopatra's Needle.

Mr. John Dixon, C. E., the engineer who has undertaken the task of removing from Alexandria and erecting in London the Cleopatra obelisk, lately gave an interesting lecture at the United Service Institution, on the subject of his arrangements for the conveyance of the stone to England, and the plan he purposed adopting for placing it upon its pedestal, when a suitable site shall have been determined upon.

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney presided, in the absence of General Sir James Alexander, and read a communication from that officer, detailing his initiatory efforts to secure the removal of the obelisk.

Mr. Dixon premised his lecture by observing that, as this was his first opportunity of speaking in public since the accomplishment of the first portion of his task, it was his duty to thank the place on record a warm acknowledgment of the kindness and liberality of the Khedive, who had afforded them every facility for carrying on the work to a successful issue, and also of the assistance so readily rendered, first by the Hon. Mr. Vivian, our consul general in Egypt, and then by the Hon. Mr. Dromgoole, the last occupied by the prostrate obelisk. Cleopatra's Needle, as it has been termed, was the oldest monument existing which recorded upon its face a history dating from its birth, and as some persons had questioned the utility of taking such pains to preserve it, he might, he thought, bring to the recollection of a few of the principal dates to which the monument was associated. Fifteen hundred and fifteen years before Christ, Thothmes III, the greatest monarch of his time, caused this stone to be quarried at Sye, some seven hundred miles up the Nile, and erected in the City of On, in celebration of a high festival, and engraved upon it his hieroglyphic communications, and the names of his hundred years after Christ, Thothmes III, the greatest monarch of his time, caused this stone to be quarried at Sye, some seven hundred miles up the Nile, and erected in the City of On, in celebration of a high festival, and engraved upon it his hieroglyphic communications, and the names of his hundred years after Christ, Thothmes III, the greatest monarch of his time, caused this stone to be quarried at Sye, some seven hundred miles up the Nile, and erected in the City of On, in celebration of a high festival, and engraved upon it his hieroglyphic communications, and the names of his hundred years after Christ, Thothmes III, the greatest monarch of his time, caused this 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