

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Tuesday, June 26, 1871.

[From the Latvian Monthly.]

**SUBSTITUTION.**

Thanking her warmly for her kind intentions, St. Clair said that it would be impossible for him to avail himself of her offer. He gave no reason, but Charlotte knew very well that only pride stood in the way of his accepting it, and she employed Robert as an ambassador to urge his father to reconsider this refusal.

The young man met with no better success than she had done, but Charlotte was not to be daunted. "Tell your father I wish he would come and see me," said she.

Rainford came as requested, but stood firm. "I have nothing but my self-respect left now, Lottie," he said; "you mustn't take that away from me too."

"St. Clair," she began, and then paused. Her voice was very low, and her eyes fixed on the floor. He waited patiently for her to go on, looking at her meanwhile with a half-smile.

"If—if you won't take the money without me—why, then—you may have me too!"

He took her own engagement-ring out of his pocket and put it on her finger. The rogue had brought it on purpose.

It was again Christmas-time. Charlotte brought down the enamelled box in which she had laid the reliques of her old love, and which had never been opened since. The box was somewhat rusty, but at last she turned in it, and she drew forth a pair of embroidered slippers, their colors but little dimmed by the passage of twenty-two years.

"There is your Christmas-gift," said she. "It has been waiting for you a long time!" And an early day in the New Year found those whom fate had kept apart so long, united under one name and one roof.

**THE THREE FRIENDS OF VAUX VILAINNE.**

An Episode of the Late War.

By F. M. P. SKENE.

In the month of July of this last fatal year there did not exist a more tranquil sunny spot in all France than the little village of Vaux Vilaine. Very rural and primitive it was, and the echoes from the great tumultuous world without were few and faint among the green fields and purple vineyards, where the birds sang so merrily and the summer winds sighed so softly through the rustling trees.

It possessed several substantial farm-houses among its humble cottages, and a pretty little church, served by an old curé, who in his broad hat and black soutane, walked bivouac in hand from house to house, and was a veritable father and friend to every woman, man, and child in the place. The population was entirely agricultural, and the main-gates of the village were a few thatching farmers, who sent their sons to the cure for a few hours daily teaching, which gave them some intellectual advantages above the rest of the jemmes of Vaux Vilaine.

Among these farmer's sons were three young men about the same age, who were for some time past in the priest's tuition, and who had as the period of their boyhood contracted a friendship for each other; which they had preserved intact through the years that had intervened since then.

Sunday, the 10th of July, 1870, was a glorious summer day, but intensely hot; and when the benediction service, at which the curé generally gave his people a little address, had ended over that evening, these three young men, Mariel Lepellier, Jules Desnauts, and Evariste Rosel, scurried away to a large tree which stood in a retired part of the churchyard, and threw themselves down under its spreading branches to enjoy the soft evening air, while they conversed together in free and happy innocence.

Now their talk was of the future; it is not often of anything else, with most of us in these happy days of youth, when the unknown life is full of golden possibilities, and no shadow from failure or disappointment has dimmed the sunshine which expectant fancy sheds on all that is to come.

"How gloomy the bon-pere was in his sermon to-night!" said Mariel, a stalwart youth, with blue eyes and curling fair hair, and bright frankness in his face; "he could talk of nothing but the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of preparing ourselves for all sorts of possible trials and troubles. Ma foi! je ne voie pas d'incertitude in it, and I do not anticipate any trials. My fate is settled for me, and I am very well contented with it."

"I might think so indeed!" said Jules, who was tall and slender, with keen dark eyes, and a look of intense intelligence and vivacity. "I would wish anything better than to have that *genteille* Vevette for dance, and the prettiest farm in Vaux Vilaine for your home and possession; Your father gives his home up to you when you marry, does he not?"

"Yes, he means to retire to my grandfather's old home, and leave me to manage the farm; you will all see what success I am to have. I have some famous plans, which will astonish all our old farmers, not a little, I expect."

"And your wedding is to be on All Saints' Day, is it not?"

"Yes, on the 1st of November, without fail. I wanted it sooner, but Vevette's mother declared she could not possibly have that date, but the 1st of November is the nearest we can get for our new master."

"In the mean time, you are Vevette every day, so you are not much to be pitied, mon ami!"

"No indeed, nor you either for the matter of that, Monsieur Jules. I suppose you will be off to your uncle as soon as my marriage is over."

"That is shall." Parat! Parat! exclaimed Jules, starting up, and taking a flying leap over the narrow grassy bank to the right, where the very name of the gay capital woke in him. "I promised to dance at your舞会, Mariel, so I will wait for that, but I do not stay here a day after it. My uncle said I might come in November, and he will have the honor of receiving me on the 2d of that month."

To be continued.

**Caution to the Public.**

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE SUGAR-CURED  
"DUPEE HAMS!"

Are packed, via  
the C. H. DUPEE COMPANY (only)

ANOTHER brand than the above, with a similar name, is a fraud on the public. The "DUPEE HAMS" in 1864, in Chicago, these unscrupulous dealers seek to pass off as Dupee's original and genuine "DUPEE HAMS"! I am compelled with the other dealers, to say other firms in the course of time, have sold "DUPEE HAMS"! I have given due attention to preventers to

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PAPER & TWINE**

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All kinds of Paper Made to Order.  
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New York, and 10 & 12 Harrison St., San  
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**TABLE CUTLERY,**  
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**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

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**BURTIS & FRENCH,**  
Importers and Jobbers of  
**CROCKERY!**

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No. 12 Broadway St., NEW YORK  
2 doors below Astor House.

**RANDALL & WILLIAMS,**  
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**TRAVELING BAGS,**

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Factory, No. 149 to 160 Front St., NEWARK, N. J.  
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Send for all Machinery, Machinery for

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G. B. DUPEE,  
Manufacturer of

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in use

4,000 made and sold per week

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impractical to their being partially or utterly

unusable.

It is simple, compact, durable, beautiful, quiet,

strong, and capable of a wide range and variety of work never before attempted upon a machine of this size.

The Singer is the only machine

equally successful in every branch of

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