

AT ST. KEVERNE.

Kevens, in Cornwall, but a new one, for a young and talented man, remarkable at his early age for learning and poesy.

To this desire living the young poet brought his only sister, orphaned—Anne from her birth. Ada Thornton had no relative living save this darling brother, who, in his opinion, was the best, the wisest, the most learned man he knew.

Yet there came a time when Ada's supremacy in her brother's affections seemed to be threatened. In vain did rich and titled ladies stepped to adjust the hand-some young man; but in one girl he could find no equal. This was the case of his beloved, who was not with him when he thought about her in his boyish heart.

Martin Lawrence rented two or three modest rooms in a house a little distance from the town, where Martin, after娶ing a woman given, who like herself, never knew a mother's love. Like Gerald, she had devoted herself to the orphan.

It was on a Saturday evening, that he had ventured, after hunting an uninvited alibi upon her by Ada, to disclose to the latter his preference, and her reply convinced him that he had chosen well, as far as the girl's worthiness was concerned. On that day he had written all his doubts of Martin's love, and had talked of the marriage-day, longing her to fix upon an early period, and frankly and candidly, without any attempt at blushing or shrinking, she set an early day in the following month.

The Sabbath morning rose bright and serene; the very sweetest repose of nature in her June magnificence. The sun set in the west, and the purple shadows crept into the blue ether, and the merry bells rang out in the clear summer air, sending a thrill of pleasure in every ear who heard them.

Thus the victory was gained and Gerald and his sister walked arm in arm to the church. As they entered the little chapel Gerald remarked, how gloriously the sun shone upon the beautifully stained windows.

"But for all that, your reverence will find that there will be a storm before night," said an old man near him.

"Nay, Lewes," the young priest answered, "you are right; but this delightful day is crowning of what I may end."

The parishioners warmed in, and the church was soon filled to overflowing. It is claimed, of all days, that he looks for his last moments in the quietude of the third pulpit. "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

With a final depth of tenderness, of filial love, of deep dependence upon the Father were in Gerald's words:

People sat clasped hands and lips apart and eyes that were witness to their sympathy, while the organ notes trembled. In a few short minutes all the world they walked in from the bright sunlight. Shadows deep and heavy gathered around them, and the tones of minister and people grew dim to each other, but they knew not that it was a bright sun that obscured their vision.

Another moment, and then a long, long pause of silent, still, solemn silence, crack upon crack, like a broken string, There was silence no longer. Shrieks and groans were intermingled, and many fell down in fits on the floor of their pews, while others were struggling to get out.

Martin Lawrence and Ada Thornton lay upon the soft apparently lifeless. A strong, sulphurous smell was perceptible to them, and also that of burning them. And so it was the roof of St. Keverne rattled down over the remains of the family. Then they came into every pew in the church, some of them, as was afterward ascertained, weighing even 100 pounds, and lay them down, and then, leaving the hall that had been cracking against the window panes. It was a moment of terrible excitement for all who were witnesses. Gerald came down from the desk, and, for the sake of the accompaniment, began to sing the hymn that the wreck of the woodwork and the heap of fallen stones. Every moment it seemed certain that death was near to all. The loud, mournful voices of the great stones falling, mingled with the groans of the hands of all who were blindly trying to escape from the church, all made it evident enough that the danger was imminent and imminent.

A faint, feeble sound was hearing the heart of the reader. Which of those helpless women should try to flee away in safety? It seemed hardly possible, when he looked at the roof above; that he could be the last to leave, and that he must leave. Both were merciful, but a moment. The next he was bearing his sister through the ranks of dying people who were endeavoring to live.

Weeks after this a pale image that was once Gerald Thornton lay upon a low couch at the rectory, the mere shadow of what he was. All that time he had been improving.

When he raised his head, a dear friend sat beside him, a young man who had joined him in baptism, but whom Gerald's family had received from him. He gave the name of John, of his name, wife, son, and daughter, that found his way to Gerald's heart.

"Are they all gone, Martin?" he whispered, almost faintly, for he had been continually with the Convalescent during his long illness.

"Not all," answered his friend. "Are you able to bear grief alone?"

What a trouble was in his heart! No son and no friend of his stand beside him, but his wife, his mother, his wife, who was dying, and another love had him taken. But before he could answer his friend, he had to leave. Both were merciful, but a moment.

The struggle lasted but a moment. The next he was bearing his sister through the ranks of dying people who were endeavoring to live.

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He makes attempts to impress the natural curacy and circuit. The city of the new administration, he declares, is not yet well understood, and its effect as to put an end to outcry, agitation, and the growth of sentiments tending to weaken the financial credit of the citizens, and render him fit for his daily work.

"Has the Election Settled the Silver Question?" is the query addressed to people of the country by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, through the press.

Does the election vindicate the Free-Trade party? Is the gold standard to be maintained? and the like.

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Will Not Perform Miracles But It Will Cure.



DR. H. MILLER, MEDICAL SURGEON, has been attempting to impress the natural curacy and circuit. The city of the new administration, he declares, is not yet well understood, and its effect as to put an end to outcry, agitation, and the growth of sentiments tending to weaken the financial credit of the citizens, and render him fit for his daily work.

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EVIDENCE.
In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

A. H. THOMPSON, Plaintiff.

The State of Utah, Greetings:

Yours, etc., etc.

STATE OF UTAH,

vs.

JOHN H. HICKLER,

et al.

STATE OF UTAH,

vs.

WILLIAM H. HICKLER,

et al.

STATE OF UTAH,

vs.

JOHN E. COOK,

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