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...or to weakness, but prefer to let the poor child give you the full explanation herself."
"Oh, Will, if mamma had only lived to see this day!"
A shadow crossed the young man's brow, as he answered, "Yes, Gertrude, she would have believed at last that I was guiltless of that vile crime of betraying her poor innocent daughter's trust!"
"She knows now that you are innocent, Will, she is an angel in Heaven, and can rejoice with us in her blissful abode that our dear darling Gypsey will soon be ours again!"
A silence.

...by Dr. DeVere saying, "Gertrude, when I have restored your sister to you, may I ask you to bestow that on me I am not worthy of, but which I shall prize above life itself?"
"So you still love her, Will? What a strong, what a mighty, what an undying affection must be yours!"
"Oh, Gertrude," he said, moving nearer, so that he stood over her in all the strength of his grand, manly beauty, "I have been so blind—so very blind. I was a fool in those days. I mistook for love a feeling that was unworthy of the name. 'Twas the physical beauty that affected my senses—I discovered afterwards that what I had thought the strongest, highest love was only a far less noble sentiment. I never knew what pure, holy love was until I enthralled you in my heart, Gertrude."
The blood left her cheek, and she trembled like an aspen leaf as his meaning slowly dawned upon her. But she spoke not a word—her feelings were too deep for utterance. He made a motion as if he would have folded her to his heart, then as suddenly controlling himself, he continued, "I cannot say that you are the first woman I ever asked to be my wife, Gertrude, but you are the first woman who has ever made me feel unworthy of myself and anxious to rise to a purer, nobler and better life. I have tried to be a better man ever since I knew you. If I am anything to-day it is due to you. As I said on a certain occasion many years ago when with you, I forget that I am a man; is only remember that some day I shall be an angel. I offer you, dear, the true, pure, devoted love of a heart you have helped to make a faint reflection of its Maker's. I know that I am not worthy of you—no man is, Gertrude—but I will try to be as worthy of you as a man can be of a good woman. Gertrude, I await your answer."

The beautiful, tender hazel eyes looked up—and—need I say what the answer was?

"Oh, God, my punishment is greater than I can bear! O mother in Heaven—oh my own dear, patient, angelic mother, now a saint in Paradise—plead for me, plead for me! O Blessed Virgin intercede with thy Blessed Son for a poor, lost, undone sinner! O Blessed Lord, have mercy! have mercy!"

She approached the steps, as if to ascend them, then suddenly, seeing the reflection of the light upon surrounding objects from a side window which had not been closed, tottered in that direction. What she saw as she looked in that win-

...nity with his life, and whatever of nobility now exists in this world is the special property of the daughters of Eve. Yet Will is a fine fellow, after all, and I know he will make her happy, if any man can! O God! what happiness! throw away—and all for what? O pitying Heaven, I stand here, this cold, bleak night, alone to enter what was once my home, like a Peri banished from Paradise, and I am dying! dying!"
The winds seemed to take up the wail, "Dying! dying! dying!" and just as the poor, suffering wanderer fell to the earth, unable longer to contend with the storm, she saw the light of day.

...atoning in alarm.
"Great God! that was a woman's voice!" he exclaimed. "Did I not hear a fall?"
"It was her voice, Will. For God's sake be quick! Even now she may be dying out there, stiff, stark, dead!"
A few moments later, and Dr. DeVere and Gertrude stood over the apparently lifeless body of her whom they both had loved so devotedly—beautiful, high-spirited, misguided, unfortunate Lenore Tremaine.

(To be continued in our next.)
Crescent City Notes.
"THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR DAY" AT CENTRAL CHURCH.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sept. 13, '86.
In this letter I will note the sights of Silver Day, which fell on Sept. 6th, from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m. This is a new name given to this celebration day by the pastor and congregation of the Central Church. It means a day open to benevolence and charity, and the sum of one silver dollar is asked to be given to them as a means to aiding them in paying off the debt they owe, by each philanthropist of the race and public in general. The old church, which was once owned by the white Episcopians of this city, was purchased four or five years ago by the American Missionary Association, for the benefit of our people. The same association has also built one of the largest universities South, situated in our city, and known as Straight University, and, it is said, has spent over \$15,000,000 since 1846 in behalf of the race throughout the South. The church is a very fine brick edifice, and is the largest and finest colored church South, having a seating capacity of over two thousand. Rev. Geo. W. Bothwell, M. A., is the pastor, and the professor of the university. The professor is a young man of much ability, and has won the affection of our people, not by his words, but by his deeds, which has so wed our hearts, that we have placed him as our leaders "for better or worst." Thus far he has led our people like a Moses out of a land of darkness, and with us lifts up his voice in praising God from whom all blessings flow. All praise is due to him for this great work we now behold. The church has been entirely renovated. The ceiling is brilliantly bespangled with stars, like the sky, and in the rear stands a cross, where once hung our Savior; but his image is gone; all alone it stands, with a wreath of thorns and a crown, which he wore. The white dove,

There is a rumor South that the National Republican Congressional committee and Hon. Frederick Douglass intend starting an exodus among our people in this section shortly to Western parts of the country. We, or the majority of us, do not favor any such movement. "Tis true that we are treated as no more than a 'dish rag,' yet this is not the way out of this difficulty, and we do not think it wise for our people to 'jump out of the frying pan into the fire.' There are other things to be thought of besides political life, which do not open its doors to the colored people of the West.

...for running away his past. Here in the South our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers lie buried; and the time is not far distant, although the dark clouds of adversity seem to hang over us, before long a ray of sunshine will loom up around our pathway.
Dr. A. McKay, the famous root and herb doctor of this city, is lying dangerously ill at his residence, 996 Camp St.
Our city has just awakened to the true state of affairs concerning the great earthquake at Charleston, S. C. Although the shock was not felt at the Crescent City, still we believe in the manner of our people, a great many of them had their minds struck by a cyclone; all kinds of stories are told of the cause and the origin by the so-called knowing ones. W. B. R.

The Public School.
READ BY MISS J. A. SIBONE, OF LINCOLN INSTITUTE, AT THE COLORED STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, RECENTLY HELD AT KANSAS CITY.
(Missouri School Journal.)
Conclusion.

Given all the mechanical appliances which go to make up a school, it still remains that the teacher is the motive power in the class-room.
Sound judgment demands that the teacher shall be noble, conscientious, for the sake of the moral influence inevitably exerted over the child; while intellectual and physical development require him to be especially trained for the work of teaching.
It is as culpable to trust the development of little children in the hands of those who have no special training or qualifications for such work, as to trust one's health in the hands of an untrained physician. You would hardly do the latter, the former is often done and the results are a strong plea for the normal training of teachers.
No state should feel that its duty to the cause of education is, or can be faithfully discharged, unless it contains at least one first class normal school, warranted to turn out teachers who possess the necessary equipment for their work who comprehend with some degree of thoroughness the great principles underlying the philosophy of teaching; who know how to study the child, and from this study deduce methods of teaching adapted to the peculiar needs of different children.

The true teacher is possessed of large sympathies; figuratively speaking, is able to enter the heart of cold life, ten-

...tion to the Charleston sufferers was \$41,000.
—That the gentleman who is the greatest critic in this city is by no means the greatest scholar in the city.
—That there is one more gallant among the gentlemen to be added to the snare number.
—That he was seen driving last week with two different ladies.
—That a beaver is very becoming to that young man, notwithstanding his youthful appearance.
—That the Associated Press presented \$500 as a gift to the reporters of the News and Courier of Charleston, S. C. for their covering the stony eld.

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...during the earthquake.
—That Prof. Gurney, of Harvard College, died on Monday.
—That Hon. J. C. Chappelle has recently secured a well-known young lady to a position as cashier.
—That Clement Morgan, who graduated from the Boys' Latin School this term, will enter Harvard.
—That Mrs. Selika's stage costumes are made by women.
—That Rev. J. H. Winston, pastor of the 7th Baptist Church, of Washington, is charged with embezzling church funds.
—That all the churches were requested to take up funds last Sunday for the relief of the Charleston sufferers.
—That Jeff Davis is writing a new book.
—That Rev. W. W. Downs is soon to open a jewelry store on Washington St.
—That "Count" Lytton is the guest of the city at Charleston.

...English yachtsman and owner of the *Galatesa*, prefers to live in a cutter's cabin rather than in a hotel or a shore residence.
—That Ex-Governor Kendall appeared with the specialty troupe at the Howard Athenaeum last week, wearing the identical suit that he used in swimming the Niagara whirlpool.
—That there was many a slip 'twixt the cup and the yacht.
—That Edwin Booth sent \$1000 to the Charleston sufferers.
—That the number of colored men in the labor procession, on Labor Day, was infinitely small.
—That ere long another "rising young lawyer" will be added to the already long list.
—That one of our recent lady visitors is very wealthy—an heiress in her own right.
—That the Student Aid Society has had a long recess.
—That Roman Catholics are not allowed to join Cremation Societies, as cremation has been declared against by the Holy Office, at Rome.
—That one of our school girls has been taken off the list. She will not return to school.
—That a certain young lady received and entertained twenty callers last week Sunday.
—That it was not a Boston lady. By any means.
—That it will be a very brilliant wedding. The wedding that takes place the last of the month.
—That most of the republicans in state government and congress sent in their regrets on the evening of the Douglass banquet. But Mayor O'Brien, a democrat, was there.
—That everybody likes this column.
—That the same overcoat fits both gentlemen.
—That the handsomest colored gentleman in Washington is one of the Washingtonians who so recently visited Boston.

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