
Even at this late day there are fathers and mothers who refuse to believe in the earnestness and reliability of the love which their daughters bestow upon their last lovers, and who, although they have heard the same story told ten times with confirmatory tears, yet heartlessly refuse to believe it in any given instance. It is the curse of our modern artificial manner of life. If a girl wants to marry anybody she would better go right ahead and do it; and if a man would hold the affections he has won, he should not wait an hour to make his love legally his own. Because John D. Philbrick, of Montpelier, Vermont, knew not of this, he now is plunged in sorrow. He was engaged to be married to Clara C. Bailey; the wedding day was set, but, as the hour drew near for consummation, lovely Clara found to her surprise that it was W. H. H. Lombard for whom her soul burned. Lombard heard of this and flew to wed her, and on Philbrick's would-be wedding eve, poor Phil went to his beloved girl's house and found her in the arms of Lombard, swearing that he, Mr. P., was a ojas creature, whom she never, never could love. A scene followed, over which in mercy let the curtain fall.—*N. Y. World.*

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