THE WEEKLY ARGUS

Is published every Wednesday morning in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per annum in advance.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, Beaver Pa.

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are to be charged at the rate of $1.00 per square for six insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged invariably ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Cards.

JOS. H. GREER,
Architect, Mechanician and Engineer of Arts and Manufactures. Office and Residence, Rochester, Pa.

B. MULHEIM, dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Carpets, Toys, &c. Store on Bridge Street, Bridgewater, Pa. Dec. 12, 1868—1y

G. L. Eberhart,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor, New Brighton, Pa., Surveys, Maps and Profiles made on short notice. Jan17'68.

Drs. Marquis & Cunningham,
Practicing Physicians, Rochester, Pa. Office two doors east of Ankeny's Hotel. Prompt attention given to all calls. apr29-68-1y.

Beaver Seminary and Institute.
Fall session opened September 8, 1868. This school so long and successfully conducted by Prof Taylor, and able assistants, offers extensive courses in the Classics, English and Music. For Catalogues address R. T. TAYLOR

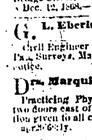
T. J. CHANDLER & SONS,
DENTISTS,
Rochester, Pa.,
Office in Beaver Station building. All work warranted. Prices moderate. Give us a call. Nov 4, 1868.—1y.

Law Partnership,
J. H. CUNNINGHAM, E. P. KUHN.
CUNNINGHAM & KUHN,
Attorneys at Law. Office Third street, Beaver, Pa. Especially.

Miscellaneous.

Industry Salt Company
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
TABLE & COARSE SALT,
INDUSTRY, BEAVER CO., PA.,
All salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction.
All orders promptly attended to.
S. S. BRIGGS, MANAGER. H. BLUNT, SEC. & TREAS apr28y.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Reinman, Meyran & Seidle,
No. 42 5th Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
This firm beg leave to inform their patrons and the public generally that they have just opened an immense stock of Goods, especially imported for the coming Holidays—comprising the richest and latest designs in Fine Jewelry.
Pure Solid Silver Ware, Bronze in Groups and Statuettes, Diamonds, Pearls, Watches, Tea and Dinner Sets, Musical Boxes, French Clocks in Marble, Bronze and Alabaster Cases, Parian Ware in Groups and Statuettes, Silver Plated Ware in great variety, Paris Fancy Goods, Jewel Boxes, Gold and Silver Headed Canes, &c., &c.
NOTE.—Our connections with Eastern and Western manufactures and our frequent visits to their markets enable us to sell goods in our line, either who lesale or retail at lower prices than any house west of New York. Dec56



We do not wish to inform you, reader, that Dr. Wonderful, or any other man, has discovered a remedy that cures Consumption, when the lungs are half consumed, in short, will cure all diseases whether of mind, body, or estate, make men live forever, and leave death to play for want of work—and is designed to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise to which Heaven itself shall be but a side show. You have heard enough of that kind of humbuggery, and we do not wonder that you have by this time become disgusted with it. But when we tell you that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will POSITIVELY cure the worst cases of Catarrh, we only assert that which thousands can testify to. Try it and you will be convinced. We will pay $500 REWARD for a case of Catarrh that we cannot cure.

Sold by most Druggists Everywhere.

PRICE ONLY 50 CENTS. Sent by mail, post paid, for SIXTY CENTS. Four packages for $2, or 1 dozen for $5. Send a 3 cent stamp for Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh. Address the proprietor.
R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
mar2-6m.

FARMERS!
TRY THE
ALTA VELA PHOSPHATE.
IT IS COMPOSED PRINCIPALLY OF THE celebrated GUANO from
ALTA VELA.
Contains three per cent. of
AMMONIA!
An ample quantity to give activity (without injury to the vegetation, and a large quantity of soluble
Bone Phosphate of Lime,
Together with POTASH and SODA, the essential elements of a
COMPLETE MANURE.
The high estimation in which it is held by many thousand farmers who are using it in preference to other kinds, is a sure guarantee of its value. Price $56 per ton. Send for a pamphlet. Address—The Alta Vela Guano Company, 37 Broadway, New York.

DR. W. H. Sutherland.
DENTIST,
Third Street, Beaver, Pa. (OVER THE LOAN OFFICE.) He has just returned from Ohio, where he has been engaged in the practice of his profession, with one of the best dentists in the country. All work executed in style and at prices defying competition. apr24'68 1y

E. W. CLARK & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 33, South Third Street, Philadelphia.
GENERAL AGENTS
FOR
Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey
OF THE NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
of the United States of America.
The National Life Insurance Company is a corporation chartered by special Act of Congress, approved July 25, 1868, with a cash capital of $1,000,000, full paid.
Liberal terms offered to Agents and Solicitors. Persons are invited to apply at our office.
Full particulars to be had on application at our office, located in the second story of our Banking House, where circulars and pamphlets, fully describing the advantages offered, by the Company may be had.
E. W. CLARK & CO.,
No. 33 South Third St.
R. S. RUSSELL, Manager.

DENTISTRY—
DR. J. MURRAY, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Night" to use the genuine GOODYEAR HARD RUBBER; consequently he does not use the "Dry Rubber," or Soap-stone, as a base for teeth.
Gold and Silver Fillings put in of the best material, and all work warranted.
feb3,1869—1y

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES COALE,
HAS OPENED A STORE IN
NEW BRIGHTON,
To WHOLESALE and RETAIL
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,
GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, NAILS,
Mixed Paints,
Colors, in Oil and Dry,
Carbon Oil, Boiled Oil, Neat's Foot Oil, Lard Oil, Spirits Turpentine,
COACH BODY VARNISH,
COPAL VARNISH, FURNITURE VARNISH,
DAMAR VARNISH, SHELLAC AND BLACK VARNISH.
Coale's Patent Japan,
ARTIST'S MATERIALS,
PICTURE FRAMES, (to order,)
LOOKING GLASSES,
Looking Glass Plates,
FRENCH AND PLATE WINDOW GLASS,
FRENCH ZINC,
ENGLISH AND GERMAN GLUE,
SAND PAPER, &c., &c.
His Terms are CASH on delivery of Goods.
Jan 1, 1869.

THE GREAT
Zingari Bitters.
A Safe Blood Purifyer,
A Splendid Tonic,
A Pleasant Beverage,
A CERTAIN CURE
AND
PREVENTIVE OF DISEASES.
THE ZINGARI BITTERS are compounded from a prescription of the celebrated Egyptian Physician Dr. Cumming, who, after years of trial and experiment, discovered the ZINGARI HERB—the most remarkable vegetable production the earth, perhaps, has ever yielded—certainly the most effective in the cure of disease. It, in combination with other valuable remedies, of which the ZINGARI is the chief, cures Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Chills, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, in its first stage, Flatulency, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Acute & Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Cholera, Typhoid and Typhus Fever, Scrofula, Diseases of the Kidneys, Habitual Costiveness, &c. &c.
In the prevention and cure of the above diseases, it has never been known to fail, as thousands of our most prominent citizens throughout all parts of the country, will testify. Let the afflicted send for circular containing testimonials and certificates of those who have been cured after their case had been pronounced hopeless by our best physicians. Principal Depot.
F. Rahter & Co.,
No. 6 S. Front Street, Philadelphia.
Recommended by
Ex. Governor David R. Porter, of Pennsylvania.
Hon. Robert J. Fisher, of "
Hon. Edward McPherson, "
Hon. Joel B. Danner, "
Hon. William McSherrry, and others, "
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
febl0ly

DR. H. S. HIBBARD, W. A. SMITH.
TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION
It is a positive fact that
DR. H. S. HIBBARD & CO.
H. B. Anderson's Old Store
BEAVER, PA., have
Drugs and Groceries,
Which they sell as cheap as can be bought in Pittsburgh. They have on hand and are daily receiving
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY,
Patent Medicines of all kinds, Legal, Cap, Letter, and Note Paper, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Fancy and Domestic Soaps,
Pure Wines and Liquors,
for Medical purposes ONLY.
Burning Oils, and other articles usually kept in first class Drug Stores.
The Doctor having had a practice of ten years, feels confident of his ability to give satisfaction in the prescription department, which is under his special charge. He charges nothing for advice and prescriptions.
Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours Day and Night.
We also have an assortment of
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Canned Fruits, Spices,
Flavoring Extracts, Jellies, Candies,
RAISINS, CHEESE, CRACKERS, &c.
Our goods have been bought low for cash, selected with great care, and will be sold at the very lowest prices. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
H. S. HIBBARD & CO.
Jan. 6, 1869.

T. O. MORGAN,
SUCCESSOR TO
SHALLENBERGER BROS.
DEALER IN
Fine Family Groceries.
Queensware, Hardware,
NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME.
COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Goods.
Goods Delivered Free of Charge in all the Villages.
BRIDGEWATER, Pa., Aug. 19, 1868.

Stoves, &c.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS.
Car Factory Buildings,
New Brighton, Pa.
Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Summer Pieces,
CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THE COUNTY.
LOOK AT THE PRICES!
FIRST PREM., COOK STOVE
RUBY.
No. 7, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, $14.50
No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 16.50
No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 18.50
Franklin Parlor Stoves
No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy, 10.25
" 2, " " " 13.00
" 3, " " " 17.00
HEATING STOVES.
No. 2, Ribbed Map, very heavy, 8.00
" 4, " " " 10.00
" 7, " " " 15.00
Enameled Grate Fronts,
" 93, Grate 15½ inch, $2.00
" 92, " 17 " 2.65
" D, " 18 " 2.75
" 97, " 19 " 2.85
" 75, " 19 " 2.95
" C, " 20 " 3.50
" 121, " 21 " 4.00
" 120, " 21½ " 4.75
" 5, " 21½ " 4.75
" 127, " 22½ " 5.00
" 78, " 23½ " 5.00
Fenders.
No. 73, Plain Rod, Wide, .75
" 72, " Narrow, 2.75
" 14, Fancy " 2.75
" 82, Plain Rod, without Rod, 1.60
" 82, Box, without Rod, 1.75
" 88, " " " 1.50
Pressed Sheet Iron Summer Pieces.
Plain Enameled, $1.25
" " with Ornamental Centre, 1.50
All Work Warranted. Give us a Call.
TERMS, CASH.
MERRICK & CO.
oct14'68

EXTRAORDINARY.
GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION.
IN BEAVER,
could not be more astonishing than the fact that
SIMON SNITGER & CO
keep the best, largest and freshest stock of
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, &c,
in Beaver county.
And although it takes gas to make a Balloon rise, you will find, if you visit their establishment that they don't have to resort to gas to make their Goods go. To all, we would say, "rush in" and examine our stock! We have on hand the finest and best
TEAS, COFFEE, SUGARS, PURE SPICES,
Molasses, Syrups, Soaps,
also the best brands of
Tobacco & Cigars,
to be found in the place.
We make a specialty of
FLOUR & FEED,
buying and selling none but what are known to be the very best varieties in use. Our establishment enjoys a well-earned reputation in this particular, and we intend in the future as in the past to maintain it.
WE DEFY COMPETITION.
Don't mistake the place. We are still at the "Old Stand" west end of 3d St., Beaver, Pa.—Come and see us.
Jan. 6, 1869.

CARPETS.
CARPETS!
M'CALLUM BROS.
51 Fifth Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Are now opening a very large stock of
Velvets, Brussels, Three Ply, Two Ply
—AND—
COMMON CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, RUGS, &c., &c.,
And every thing belonging to the
CARPET TRADE.
M'CALLUM BROS.
Dec9 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Coal, Coal.—The undersigned is prepared to deliver good burning COAL to all persons needing the article. Orders will receive prompt attention.
Dec. 3,1862. S. P. CUMMINS.

NOTICE.
NEW BAKERY
—IN—
J. C. WILSON'S OLD STAND,
Third St., Beaver, Pa.
JOS. M. REED,
Takes pleasure to inform his old friends that he is established in business at the above stand, where he will be glad to meet and accommodate them.
FRESH BREAD, CAKES, CRACKERS, NUTS.
Confectionaries of all kinds.
NO. 1 FLOUR,
made from fall wheat, by the barrel, sack or at retail.
Jan. 6, 1869.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Beaver, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the profession, and flatters himself to be able to give general satisfaction in his business.
Office in the old "Gormly Hotel" building, Third street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one year.
jan1'69-1y. S. GUSHMAN.

Miscellaneous.

The Howe Sewing Machines
ARE THE
OLDEST ESTABLISHED
OF ANY IN THE WORLD!
They being the first SEWING MACHINES ever made, and have been manufactured continually under the supervision of the original inventor,
Elias Howe, jr.,
Since their first introduction 1854. The improvement upon these machines made within the last two years and their rapidly growing popularity attests the fact that they have reached the very acme of perfection and that they are not only the oldest established but the best in the world.
These machines do perfect work upon all fabrics whether fine or coarse, making a stitch; also, the invention of Mr. Howe alike upon both of the fabric, Sewed. The tensions, new, novel and unvarying, can be adjusted to any degree of tightness, and after being adjusted do not require changing, except for different threads.
To those who have used the Howe Machine, it is not necessary for us to speak; and we would only add to others who wish a perfect machine to be sure and see these machines before buying any other. Send for circular. Applications for agencies must be addressed to
SIBLER & STOOPS,
Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia.
Office 23 South 5th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
sept9'68-1y.

J. C. HAMMOND,
—DEALER IN—
Flour, Feed, and Grain,
ROCHESTER, (ON THE HILL.)
Flour at prices to suit all, in regard to RICE and QUALITY. Mill Feed, of all kinds.
CORN MEAL, RYE FLOUR, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, CORN AND OATS,
constantly on hand. Also, a cheap and convenient
Wooden Pump,
the cheapest in use. A quantity of the celebrated Alta Vela
GUANO OR PHOSPHATE
on hand, which will be sold cheap, in order to introduce it.
I buy for CASH, and sell for the same. Cash buyers will find it to their advantage to call.
☞ *All Goods Delivered Free.* ☜
Jan 20-69 J. C. HAMMOND.

G. W. Martin,
(SUCCESSOR TO R. A. WILSON.)
DEALER
Boots, Shoes
&
Rubbers,
At the old stand, in the
DIAMOND,
Rochester, Pa.
GREAT BARGAINS.
ALL WORK
Warranted.
G. W. MARTIN.

DRUGS! DRUGS!!
WM. BUECHLING,
In the Diamond,
ROCHESRER, Beaver Co. Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand, and has now, the largest assortment of Drugs, chemicals, &c. in Beaver county.
PURE DRUGS,
Patent Medicines of all kinds, Paints, Oils Dye-Stuffs, Perfumeries, Toilet and Fancy Articles,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS
by the box or in less quantities.
Physicians' Prescriptions
Compounded at all hours—day or night.
ALSO,
SOLE AGENT OF BEAVER COUNTY
Dr. Betzel's Patent
TRUSSES.
All other kinds of Trusses will be delivered in a short time, when called for.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
Next Door to James A. Fortunes,
Dry Goods Store,
On the Diamond,
Rochester Penn'a.
Formerly Buechling & Brehm.
Feb 17:3m

ROHRER'S WILD CHERRY TONIC BITTERS.
ARE THE
BEST IN USE.
Use Rohrer's Tonic Bitters,
The very best in the Market.
R. E. SELLERS & CO.,
No. 45 Wood streets,
Opposite St. Charles Hotel, also entrance No. 105 and 104 Third street.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Wholesale Agents for the West.
For sale by JOHN MOORE, Beaver, Pa. jel7'69.

SHINGLES! shingles!!
The undersigned is manufacturing and will always keep on hand a large stock of No. 1 and No. 2, 16 and 18 inch SHINGLES, which he will dispose of at moderate rates. The mill is located near Beaver Station, on the C. & P. Railroad.
D. SHUMAKER.
jan 31, 1869.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at private sale, two good family horses and a five spring wagon—one for two horses, and the other for one horse. Call soon.
JOHN BORDER, Beaver, Pa.

POETRY.

[LOVE SONGS.]

Alone. (A Midnight Reverie.)

BY REV. [illegible] STATES REED, D. D.

I am alone, [illegible] Not alone,
For thoughts [illegible] me.
Did I dream?
Methought [illegible] kissed my fevered brow,
Methought [illegible] nothing at my side,
Thy circling arm [illegible] on my own,
As when, [illegible] thy whisper
Pressed [illegible] fading love.
The pen which [illegible] vagrant thought
Dropped from my fingers. All unconsciously
I turned to seek the [illegible] of thine eyes,
To feel the warm [illegible] endearing smile,
To grasp the hand whose touch, in answering touch,
Signalled whole volumes of unfaltering Trust!
Ah me! 'twas but a dream! Thou art not here!
No eyes, like stars, [illegible] imploring glance,
No smile, like sunshine, [illegible] me in its beauty,
No touch responsive thrills. I am alone!
Alone! how [illegible] to be alone!
I never knew, believed, till then was taken,
The meaning of that bitter word, alone!
I feel it now in all its desolation!
What time I stood beside the open grave
And heard the clods fall jarringly and heavy,
Upon thy coffin lid, my beautiful,
Oh, then my heart, within, with sudden bound,
Seemed to leap from my body, and stretch out
Its yearning arms towards thy enshrouded form
And take its place beside thee. There it lay,
Clasping thee in its grasp of passionate grief;
It would not be divorced, not even by Death!
For when I turned and [illegible] the parting crowd
Refuelled closer to thy [illegible] cold clay.
The living with the dead. *It lies there still!*
Leaving me desolate in the world—Alone!
Nay, let me chide this sudden burst of sorrow,
It is not well to be betrayed by passion
Into this wild forgetfulness of reason.
'Twas but what seemed thy self that day we buried
And 'tis not wise to speak thus of the dead
Whom Christ has taken. Thou art living still,—
Oh, my own love, art thou not with me now?
Looking upon my midnight hour of grief
With eyes compassionate?—It may be wondering
That this poor heart will [illegible] be comforted,
And longing to uplift the darkened curtain
That veils thee from my vision? I alone!
Thy spirit still holds fellowship with mine;
I talk with thee and find my woe assuaged;
Find something soothing in these hours of silence
When thou and I sit talking thus together
In sweet soul-converse, while the world is dark.
For thou, mine own, art a perpetual presence
About my pathway. In my restless dreams
Thou comest to sooth the weary hours of Night,
And when the cheerful Sun looks through my curtains,
His first beams light my soul to thoughts of thee,
And of thy Home, where Day all glorious reigns
And Night holds no dominion. Not alone!
Nay, thou art with me. I am not alone.
I have no picture of thee, dear departed,
I have no semblance of thee—it is well!
No artist skill could paint thee. Not the Sun
Himself could catch the life of thy sweet face,
And it would mar my joy to look upon
A blank, expressionless and fading toy.
And call it by thy name. 'Tis I have pictures
Hung in the deathless Hall of Memory,
Which time can never dim! In rarest framework
These pictures all stand out before my vision,
And bless me with their beauty. Girlhood's smile,
Which won my love, and woman's gentle bearing,
Which left its impress on my rudest nature,
And hallowed me to sweet companionship
With thee, whose heart was full of tender grace,
As flowers of Spring are full of sweet perfume.
Oh, those are pictures which can never fade!—
I look upon them till my tears are kindled
Into a blaze of joy, and I forget
The wildering sorrow of our separation
In blissful recollection that to me
We given a love so rare and excellent.
Still other pictures linger round my path,
Thine eyes—are they not glancing upward daily,
Set 'neath the sunny curls of a sweet face,
Fair as its mother's. Thy expressive smile—
Is it not left upon thy children's features
Still to illumine my soul's hours of sadness,
And bathe me in the warm light of thy sweet love?
Oh, yes, at morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
Some light, some [illegible] of the dear departed,
[illegible] They are here
Ch[illegible]—not lifeless, alas!
Intenser love since thou art gone!
With these speaks of thee and of thy beauty!
Good-night, sweet [illegible]
Now disembodied—[illegible] grave!
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
Shall summon thee to join the radiant host
Of God's elect, and stand, in form Immortal,
A bright transfiguration!
In my dreams
Still come to me beloved, and let me feel
That I am not alone,
With these communings,
I bend me to the Father's will, and wait
With patience and submission that glad hour
When we shall meet again, and death no more
Dissolve the tie that binds us. Now good-night!
I sleep to dream of thee!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

The Girl Who Sang and the Girl Who Was Silent.

The girl who was silent sat close by the window, her profile clearly cut against the sunset light. She was calm and still. Mark Akenside wondered, as he watched her, whether it was in her to be anything else—whether any man's voice could deepen that delicate rose-flush on her cheeks, or make the long lashes quiver which shut in those quiet eyes, blue as blue seas, or stir the lips to a thrill of longing. She was like a morning sky, all rose, and azure, and pearl, with hair golden as sunlight. Who could prophesy of her high noon, her crimson sunset?

Of the other one's capacity for emotion Akenside never doubted. She was a blonde too; but then she was intensified in every particular. Her eyes were not blue but amber; her golden hair had red lights in it—real Guinea gold, you know; and the color on her cheeks came and went like a breath of flickering flame. She was more petite than the tall, stately girl who sat by the window—a little firefly, a flashing humming bird, anything else tiny and tropical. She sat now in the waning light and sang to a dreamy air—

"I am weary of rowing,
Let me drift—let me drift!"

Akenside had been watching them both for awhile, sitting nearest to Blanche, the silent Miss Desmond, who was by the window. Now he got up and crossed over to the singer.

"When did you ever do anything but drift?" he asked. "Did you ever have a strong, fixed purpose in your life?"

He was startled at the look of passionate earnest which answered him. Her voice fell into a low key as if it were her soul which was speaking to his.

"Yes one—most certainly one."

"And that was—will you tell me?"

"Never, Heaven help me."

"Why, how tragic you are."

"Life is tragic I think."

She got up then, a little creature, satirized by the yard-long train of heavy silk which rustled softly after her, and went across the room and out on the piazza, where she sat down within sound of a raised voice, but rather out of ordinary ear shot.—Akenside looked around at Blanche with a smile.

"What a piquant child Maud is!" he said.

"You are mistaken," the elder sister replied coolly. "Maud is in some respects a very strong woman."

They fancied they knew each other well, these Desmonds, as sisters who have lived all their lives together are apt to fancy; but they were often puzzled about each other, notwithstanding. Maud used secretly to wonder whether Blanche had any heart, and Blanche gravely questioned in her own mind whether Maud had any soul.

As for Akenside, he had been near neighbor to them all the early part of his life; but the last six years had been passed in college and in foreign travel, and now he was getting acquainted with the girls afresh—really acquainted for the first time, he fancied.

I wonder if there be not in every man a secret spice of the Mormon? There was in Akenside, certainly. Marriage involves a good deal; and perhaps he would not have been quite ready to marry them both, even if the law had allowed. But whenever Maud's *ignis fatuus* light beguiled him away, Blanche's eyes, clear-shining as stars, brought him back again; and between them both he felt like a pendulum. He sat and watched Blanche now—the cool, clear-cut face coming between him and the sky, looking as if in the whole range of surprises there were not one which could change her calm sweetness by a shade. Truly she was a very beautiful woman. But, could she ever love?

Careless and impulsive always, his thoughts sprang to his lips—"Do you think any man could ever ruffle your stately calm, Miss Desmond, or trouble your heart beats?"

Miss Desmond smiled. "I think you have had too much of science, when every women appears to you as material for experiment. So much love and so much sorrow—this and this combination—what will be the precipitate? What the residuum? It may be well enough to sacrifice birds to the instinct for discovery, not women."

"Oh, if you put it in that ghastly light, I have nothing to say. All the same I should like to understand your capacity for emotion."

"I should not. I pray heaven never to discover it to me."

Akenside looked at her. Her words held the passion and power of some unexpressed consciousness, but her face was still and calm as ever. What a triumph it would be, he thought, to deepen by ever so little the rose on those cheeks, to make those level-fronting eyelids droop. Then he looked out at Maud.

"Titania!" he said.

The girl heard him, and rising faced him like a Queen; the silken sheen of her robes trailing round her, the golden hair crowning her small stately head, which she bowed slightly.

"I left you a child when I went away to college, Titania, you and Blanche both. After six years I came back to find you—yourselves. Out of the incongruity between what you are and my recollection of you, has arisen a singular mistake. I packed a portmanteau with gifts for you during my travels; some for you and some for Blanche; a relic from every spot where I pitched my tent. If you had been grown up when I went away I should not have ventured on the audacity. As it is what am I to do with the things I brought home for two little girls? My mother wears black, and I have neither sister nor sweetheart."

Miss Desmond did not speak, but Maud's curiosity passed the bounds of her will.

"What were Blanche's, and what were mine?" she asked.

A little gleam of triumph shot from Akenside's hazel eyes.

"So you condescend to be curious? May I show you the trifles? If I bring them over in the morning can you answer for your sister as well as for yourself, that they shall be inspected, and fair judgment passed upon them, as to how my taste and your peculiarities accorded?

Miss Desmond began to utter a protest, but Maud put her hands over her lips.

"Yes," she said, "I am curious. You shall bring them and we will look at them—I answer for both of us. This something to have been remembered among the beguilements of the far, fair foreign lands. We shall be grateful for the memory at least."

And Maud, who had not quite finished something she had to say, walked to the gate with him. He looked back once and saw Miss Desmond sitting still where he had left her, in her glistning white robe, and thought that she suggested an angel. Might she not be destined to be the good angel of his life? And then a moment after, as Maud's syren-sweet tones stole to his ear, and he looked into her flushed, changeful face—did he want an angel after all? Would not a woman, a warm, radiant woman suit him better? There was little of the celestial in him, Heaven knew.

Do you complain of Akenside already? You are fortunate if the majority of the men you know, met in your time have not been of his kind. It is not the heroic type certainly.—Once in awhile one finds a man whose life is pitched above the level of the common-place—for whom once is forever, the beloved woman, the only possible woman—but we shall wait perhaps to the millenium before their number is legion.

The world was very well contented with Mark Akenside as he was, and did not stop to wish him more of a hero. He was a great, strong, handsome fellow, with his curling hair, his sunny hazel eyes, his well cut features, and his head like a Greek statue's. He was Greek in his temperment too—beauty-loving, pleasure-loving, quaffing existence like wine, with just enough of Teutonic Mysticism thrown in to make him imagine that he aspired for something beyond the life her so thoroughly enjoyed. A gentleman born and bred, he was rich also. So were the Desmonds. On neither side could there be any temptation to be mercenary: and I sometimes think that the truest loves are where both sides are too rich to need any addition to their fortunes, or too poor to expect any. Akenside was free to bring home a bride toctherless or not as it suited him. To know beyond a peradventure what did suit him would be his only trouble.

The next day was warm, with the tender, brooding warmth of perfect June. The sky was deep blue, flecked here and there with fleecy white, and over the shining fields, causeless, uncertain shadows, of those white clouds, perhaps, wavered and went out. All the roses were in bloom, and the climbing vines around the veranda glowed with crimson-hearted blossoms.

Miss Desmond had gathered some of the palest, and put them in her hair. They drooped low, and their perfect pink heightened a little the softer bloom of her cheeks. She wore them also in the belt of her white dress, and other ornaments she had none. Akenside coming up from the gate, and seeing her lean against a pillar, thought that so Miranda might have looked when Ferdinand saw her for the first time. The fancy was inconsequent and idle, as most of his fancies were, for there was a speculation in Miss Desmond's eyes, and insight into men and things, which was never caught in Prospero's enchanted isle.

Just as he reached her side, Maud flashed out, a perfect Fay Vivien, in brilliant green. Her beauty was of that piquant and fascinating kind which is constantly changing, and seems, with every change, to have taken on new radiance. Akenside had been poetizing to himself about Blanche just before; but somehow Maud, all glint, and grace, and sparkle, put his fancies to flight with the first gleam of her presence.

A man had followed him with a portmanteau; which, at a sign from his master, he put upon a chair on the veranda, and then vanished.—Akenside took out a key and flourished it.

"Now, ladies," he said, "imagine me a magician. I can give you, being so, whatever you may wish.—What will you have—silks, laces, cashmeres, jewels?"

"A heart," Maud answered, saucily.

He turned the key, and lifted the cover of the portmanteau. Then he drew out the daintiest of inlaid boxes, in which he touched a little spring and revealed an Etruscan chain of the most exquisite workmanship. From this he silently took off and replaced in the box a coral hand, carved with the daintiest art of the Neapolitans, and left on the chain, sole pendant, a heart of the most perfect shade of pink coral, wrought also with the exquisiteness you find nowhere out of Naples. Then, with the utmost gravity, he hung the chain round Maud's neck.

"It is your turn now," he said to Blanche. "What will you have?"

"A lily," Miss Desmond answered, smiling. "You used to call it my symbol."

The thought that now she had put the magician to his trumps; but there was a curious light in his eyes. He bent towards his coffer, and said over some foreign words, which might have been an incantation. Then he took something from it, and laid the something in her hand. It was a little cask, of carved ivory, which opened and disclosed a brooch and earrings of pearls—each ring the loveliest lily-bell, the brooch a cluster of them.

"The poor magician did not forget the lily of home," he said, not venturing to put on Miss Desmond's ornaments, as he had her sister's, but looking at her entreatingly. She had meant to take none of his gifts; but this one, so exquisite in itself, so delicately suggestive of the remembrance in which he had held her, she could not refuse. So she hung the rings in her ears, and clasped the brooch at her throat, and there was, or Akenside thought so, a shade more of bloom upon her cheeks, a gleam more of brightness in her eyes.

For Maud there were ornaments of the purest coral to match her heart—roses exquisitely cut, and over one of which a bee hovered, fastened by art so delicate that he seemed poised in air, Maud had been the rose of the old time, as Blanche the lily, and now in her turn a gay triumph glanced in her eyes. He gave her sandal-wood, also, for she liked powerful odors, and otto of roses, each drop holding the distilled sweetness of an eastern garden; but Blanche would take nothing more. In vain he shook out Oriental silks, shawls heavy with patient stitches, laces like cobwebs. He had to put them all back again. Even Maud protested that she should care nothing for her coral roses and carved sandal-wood, if she had to be weighed down with gifts like a Chinese idol. So silks, and shawls, and laces, were packed up, and Maud told him they must be kept for the only woman who could ever wear them with propriety—his wife.

"And if she never come?" uttering a last remonstrance as he turned the key.

"Then you may leave them to me in your will."

"What a satire it is on our belief in immortality," Blanche said, "that we can take gifts so much more readily from the dead than from the living. We are all heathen in our instincts, and fancy those who have died out of our sight are more dust and ashes, done with forever."

"Perhaps you women shrink from the gifts of the living lest the giver should claim too much in return," Akenside ventured, bending towards Blanche, and sending his eyes down through hers into her soul, to search out, if he might, its secret thrills.

"What could you ask that I would not give in return for these, even to the half of my kingdom?" she cried, gayly.

Akenside turned to her then, and saw the amber eyes which some new radiance kindled, the cheeks flushed with soft bloom, the red-gold hair, tumbling out of its silken net, such as Tiffan painted for his bella-donna ages ago, and if Blanche had swayed him a moment before, a yet more powerful magnetism drew him now to Maud.

Was soul or sense strongest in this man? This was the question the Fates were trying to solve, using these two women as tests. But he did not know it. He was conscious merely of a strange confusion of ideas. If only he could be in the world with one of these two, without the other!

The Fates smiled, and gave him, in effect, this opportunity also. Maud was sent for by her godmother; not a fairy godmother, but a rich old aunt of her father's, who had named her, and from whom she had great expectations. The girl cared very little for money, having never known the want of it. She would willingly have thrown up the whole affair, let the great aunt nurse her rheumatism and her wrath in solitude, and make her will in favor of the other branch of the family, for the sake of remaining herself in the neighborhood which the presence of Akenside had begun to make profoundly interesting to her. But her father and mother had more worldly wisdom, and insisted on her obeying the summons which had been sent her. She was whirled away, therefore, as fast as nineteenth century steam witch craft could hurry her; and Miss Desmond, in her white robes and her calm graciousness, was the only one to speak Mr. Akenside's welcome when he went over to Woodside that night, as usual.

There had been for him something dazzling about Maud—a gleam too bright for clear-seeing; but now that the sun was withdrawn for a time, the calm moonlight stole into his soul, till he wished that it might never be high noon again.

Oh! those July days, in which they haunted together the dusky, aromatic woods, or surprised the water-lillies in their haunts, or learned new songs from the thrush breaking his heart with melody; those short, swift summer nights, when they watched the red sunsets, the rising moons, and then Akenside went home to dream. In those days and nights he thought he had found the gate to a new Paradise.

One day—the last one of July—he told this to Miss Desmond. She heard him at first with a shadow of doubt in her eyes. Maud was expected the next day. She wished he had waited, and said these things after he had seen Maud again. At last seeing no escape she told him so.

"Do you think I do not know myself?" he asked her proudly. "I am no boy, and I have never yet been tempted to say to any other woman, what I say to you now. The only question is, can you love me?"

"It is not the only question," she answered, mournfully. "I love you well enough; but what if I should fail to satisfy?"

"And I swear to you, that if you love me enough you will not fail."

So, urged by his pleading and her own hope, Blanche gave up the point, and allowed herself to be happy. She seemed to be re-created. Even Maud would never have questioned, seeing her now, whether she had any heart. The deep calm of her nature was broken up at last. New light was in her eyes, more vivid bloom upon her cheeks. She was pure as pearl still, but radiant as moonstone.

A telegram came that Maud would stay away a week longer—a sennight which was long enough for Blanche to drain the bubbles from this too sparkling cup which her lover was holding to her lips.

He came over the next morning after he had won Miss Desmond's confession that she loved him, with triumph in his eyes, with the mien of a king who has been crowned, a hero who has won a victory. He brought with him the little, exquisitely-wrought hand he had detached from the chain which he gave to Maud.

"I kept this back," he said, "because I could give my hand to but one. It seems to me symbolic. Will you wear it?"

"Your heart did not seem symbolic, I suppose, or the gift of that could be multiplied infinitely," she retorted, softening the words with a smile, however; and bending over for him to fasten the gift round her neck.—But she thought, with a sharp and sudden pang—"He gives his heart to Maud, and his hand to me."

Still she banished the prophetic pain, which seemed to her at once morbid and ungenerous; and perhaps she was happy enough in the seven days which followed, to hallance fairly some sad hours to come. Is there not an alchemy in young true love, which can distil into a week bliss enough for a life? After Egypt had melted her pearl and drank it, she would have been inconsequent indeed to expect to see it shining clear upon her bosom.

The second week in August brought Maud back at its beginning. The understanding between Akenside and Miss Desmond was so new, he was so careless and so delicate, that it had not been talked about as an engagement, or even come to the understanding of the father or mother on either side. Mrs. Desmond was an invalid, and of necessity left her girls so much to their own devices that she had utterly failed to discern even as much as was patent to clear-seeing Maud at once.

"He either loves her, or thinks he does," she said to herself, the first night.

The thought was bitter to her. She had begun to care for him before she went away, and the tedium of her absence had nursed her fancy into something she believed to be the love of her lifetime. Had she lost him by that absence? She determined to watch them both narrowly. She went to the piano in pursuance of this thought, and sat down at it. It fronted the wall, so that as she sat before it she could face the room. She commenced playing a dreamy nocturne, in which he seemed absorbed; and, so sitting and watching, she saw some looks, heard some tones, which told their own story. At last she began to sing.

Her voice had no wonderful