THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 51—No. 18. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, [illegible] 5, 1869. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements not exceeding one square of $1,00 per square for first 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 not under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

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

THE BEAVER ARGUS

Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 00 per year 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.

Business Cards.

DEN. K. PHILLIPS, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Professor Taylor's in Beaver. [april:4:

D. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square. mar31:1y.

BEAVER SEMINARY AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

I will make corresponding reductions in Tuition and Music for pupils who may use the cars to reach us for instruction. Term opens April 1, '69.

R. T. TAYLOR.

mar.17:3t.

The Darlington Academy High School will open on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1869. Term, thirteen weeks. Classes formed in the classics, Higher Mathematics, and Com. English. Fall term opens Sept. 1st.

J. BRADFORD RHODES, Principal.

Rev. S. Patterson, Pres. Board of Trustees.

mar31:6m5.

Shingles LATH AND FLOORING Constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest rates in the market. Frame timber sawed to order.

feb10; tf J. & H. DARRAGH.

G. L. Eberhart, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, New Brighton, Pa. Surveys, Maps and Profiles made on short notice. [jan7,'68.

Drs. J. Chandler & Sons, Dentists, Rochester, Pa. Office in Beaver Station building. All work warranted. Prices moderate. Give us a call. [nov4'68:1y.

Dr. H. S. HIBBARD, Third street, Beaver, Pa. Especial attention given to the diseases of women and children. Office consultation and prescriptions free. The Doctor can always be found at his office except when attending to professional duties. [Jan'69-1y.

Beaver Seminary and Institute.—Spring session opened April 1st. 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.

Shingles! Shingles.—The undersigned is manufacturing and will always keep on hand a large stock of No. 1 and No. 2 18 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.

jan11:69.

Coal, Coal.—The undersigned is prepared to deliver good burning Coal to all persons needing the article. Orders will receive prompt attention.

S. P. CUMMINGS.

Dec. 2, 1869.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.

sept9'68:1y.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Right" to use the genuine GOODYEAR'S 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.

Feb'6:1y.

AMAHANTH Lodge No. 294, I.O.G.T., meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Coffin's Hall. [feb10;1

P. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 3d st., Beaver, Pa. (In room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order. The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

april7'68:3m.

Miscellaneous.

T. C. MORGAN.

SUCCESSOR TO

SHALLENBERGER BRO'S.

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.

aug19:68.

NOTICE.

NEW BAKERY,

J. C. WILSON'S OLD STAND,

Third street, 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 accomodate them.

Fresh Bread,
Cakes,
Crackers,
Nuts,
&c., &c.

Confectionaries of all kinds

NO. 1. FLOUR,

Made from Fall Wheat, by the barrel, sack, or retail.

Jan. 6, 1869.

E. W. CLARK & CO.

BANKERS,

No. 35 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, $1,000,000, FULL PAID.

Liberal terms offered to Agents and Solicitors, who are invited to apply at our office.

Full particulars to be had on application at our office named 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. 35 South Third St.

New Spring Dry-Goods

J. W. BARKER & CO.,

59 Market Street, Pittsburgh

Are now opening a Large stock of

New Spring Goods

They wish particularly to call attention to their large and complete stock of

Silks and Dress Goods,

in which will be found all the latest styles adapted to the season.

Cloaks, Eastern and of their own Manufacture. Ladies' Suits made to order.

Shawls in endless variety. Housekeeping Goods of Every Description.

Purchasers can rely on finding every article in this establishment at the very lowest prices. Ministers and their families allowed a liberal discount.

J. W. BARKER & CO.

59 Market st., bt. 3d & 4th avenue.

mr10tf

Wall Paper, Window Shades,

Patterns New,
Prices Low,
Variety Endless.

DEZOUCHE & Co.

Cor. Fifth Avenue, 112 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Packages delivered at R. R. Depots, &c, free of charge.

mar10:3m.

New Advertisements.

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 Terpentine,

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.

His terms are CASH on delivery of Goods.

Jan1,'69.

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. B. HIBBARD & CO.

Jan. 6, 1869.

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, "walk 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 and 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.

[jan6.

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 1834. 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 sides 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 those 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 22 South 5th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

sept9'68:1y.

Lumber FURNISHED AT THE LOWEST RATES AT DARRAGH'S, Beaver, Pa.

feb 10;tf]

Dry Goods.

SPRING STOCK.

CARPETS

Oil Cloths, Etc., Etc.

M'CALLUM BROTH'S.

51 Fifth Avenue, above Wood street,

PITTSBURGH, PA

Have on hand

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARKET.

From the Finest Qualities to the Very Lowest Grades.

WINDOW SHADES,

Fine and Common Table Covers, &c., &c.

Prices uniform to all, and the lowest.

M'CALLUM BROS.

mar24:1y.

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. B. BRIGGS, MANAGER, R. BLUNT SEC. AND TREAS.

sept18 68:tf,

DRUGS, DRUGS!

WM. BUECHLING,

IN THE DIAMOND,

Rochester, Beaver County, 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 FOR

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 Jas. A. Fortune's Dry Goods Store,

IN THE DIAMOND,

Rochester Penna.

Formerly Buechling & Brehm.

feb17:3m.

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 is proof positive to other kinds, is a sure guarantee of its value. Price $34 per ton. Send for a pamphlet! Address—The Alta Vela Guano Company, 57 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT

Zingari Bitters.

A Safe Blood Purifyer,
A Splendid Tonic,
A Pleasant Beverage,
A CERTAIN CURE
AND
PREVENTATIVE OF DISEASES.

The ZINGARI BITTERS are compounded from a prescription of the celebrated Egyptian Physician Dr. Cheopus who, after years of trial and experiment, discovered the ZINGARNI 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 the other valuable properties of which the ZINGARI BITTERS are composed, will cure

Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Billious Fever, Cholic, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, in its first stage, Flatulency, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Acute and Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera, Typhoid and Typhus Fever, Scrofula, Diseases of the Kidneys, Habitual Costiveness, &c., &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 cases had been pronounced hopeless by our best physicians. Principal Depot,

F. RAHTER & CO.,

No. 6, N. 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 McSherry, and others, "

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

feb10:

Miscellaneous.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS.

Cast Factory Building,

NEW BRIGHTON, Penna,

Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Summer Pieces,

CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THIS COUNTRY.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

FIRST PREMIUM 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,	19.50
" 2, " " "	16.00
" 3, " " "	17.50

HEATING STOVES,

No. 2, Ribbed Egg, very heavy,	9.00
" 3, " " "	10.00
" 4, " " "	15.00

Enameled Grate Fronts,

No. 93, Grate 15½ inch,	$2.40
" D, " 17 "	2.65
" 21, " 19 "	2.95
" 75, " 19 "	3.25
" C, " 20 "	3.50
" 211, " 21 "	4.00
" 12C, " 21½ "	4.25
" 3, " 21½ "	4.75
" 123, " 23½ "	5.40
" 78, " 23½ "	5.50

FENDERS.

No. 72, Plain Rod, Wide,	.75
" 73, " " Narrow,	2.75
" 14, Fancy " "	2.75
" 11, " " without Rod,	2.75
" 22, Plain Rod,	2.00
" 22, Box, without Rod,	1.75
" 20, " " "	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.

oct1'68.] MERRICK & CO.

J. C. HAMMOND,

Dealer in

Flour, Feed, and Grain,

ROCHESTER, (ON THE HILL.)

Flour at prices to suit all, in regard to PRICE 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-'68 J. C. HAMMOND

WALL PAPER.

WALL PAPER.

WALL PAPER.

The largest and cheapest stock of Wall Paper in Beaver County.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

A large assortment of Miscellaneous, School and Religious Books, constantly on hand at Publishers' Prices.

Gift Books Suitable for the Holidays,

ON HAND.

STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY,

An extensive variety of Paper, Envelopes, Lead Pencils, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Ink Stands, &c., &c.

We are the Agents for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this County; those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

We are the Agents for this County for Krider's Photograph Mat'rial Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as we can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwaters School Government for sale at Publishers' prices.

We have constantly on hand Floor Oil Cloth in large variety.

WINDOW SHADES,
WINDOW OIL CLOTH,
RUSTIC & PAPER SHADES.

—ALSO—

on hand Toys and Variety Goods suitable for the Holidays.

J. F. PRICE,

Dec31 Broadway, New Brighton

FAIRBANKS

STANDARD

SCALES

of all kinds.

ALSO, BAGGAGE BARROWS WAREHOUSE TRUCKS.

COPYING PRESSES.

IMPROVED MONEY DRAWERS.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.,

102 Second Avenue, near Wood St., Pittsburgh.

SCALES REPAIRED PROMPTLY.

apr7:6mos.

BREAD! BREAD!

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he is still engaged in the Baking business at his old stand, on Market Street, Bridgewater, Pa. He warrants that nothing is used in his bakery to make white bread out of dark flour. Persons leaving their orders at his bakery will be supplied at their houses daily if so desired with the best of bread, &c.

J. G. YOUNG.

apr14:3mos.

Millinery & Dress Making.

Mrs. Z. Moore having returned from Ohio, informs her former customers and the public generally, that she has removed to the office formerly occupied by W. B. Clarke, Esq., one door west of Mr. Barclay's store, where she intends carrying on Millinery and Dress Making in all their branches. Bonnets and Bonnet Trimmings in great variety constantly on hand.

apr14:4w.

SELECT P[illegible]

THE SONG OF A[illegible]

(Who cares for [illegible]
Sit down, good fellow, [illegible]
me.)

With a cordial [illegible]
We will laugh at the p[illegible]
gone by.

He laughs at power, [illegible]
He laughs at victory [illegible] at
shame.

He laughs at hope and [illegible]
At memory's dead leaves [illegible]

He laughs at the future [illegible]
Nor earth nor Heaven [illegible]

O that is the command[illegible]
He cares for nothing! [illegible]

Free is the soul of the [illegible]
Sit down, good fellow, [illegible] chine.

For I heed not contempt [illegible]
I care for nothing I swear.

In every city my cup I [illegible]
And over my liquor I [illegible] laugh.

I laugh like the crued [illegible] wave,
I laugh in the church [illegible] laugh at the
grave;

I laugh at joy, and well I [illegible]
That I merrily, merrily [illegible] woe.

I terribly laugh, with [illegible] and a sneer,
When I think that the [illegible] of death is near—

For I know that death [illegible] divine,
Who shall drink my [illegible] as I drink
this wine.

And he cares for nothing [illegible] king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and [illegible] with me!

With you I'll drink to th[illegible] past,
Tho' the cup I drain sha[illegible] be my last.

I will drink to the phantom of love and
truth!

To ruined manhood and [illegible] youth.

I would drink to the wi[illegible] who wrought
my woe;

In the diadem morning [illegible] ago.

To a heavenly face in a[illegible] repose!
To the lily's snow, and [illegible] blood of the
rose!

To the splendor caught [illegible] from the orient
skies,

That thrilled in the dar[illegible] hazel eyes;

Her large eyes, wild wi[illegible] the fire of the
south,
And the dewy wine of [illegible] warm, red
mouth.

I will drink to the th[illegible]ht of a better
time;

To innocence, gone like a death-knell
chime!

I will drink to my soul in its terrible
mood,
Dimly and sorrowfully [illegible]derstood.

And, last of all, to the [illegible]earch of sin,
Who has conquered th[illegible]ence and reigns
within.

My song is passing, [illegible] away;
I cannot tell, is it night or day?

My heart is burned, and [illegible]cked with pain
And a horrible darkness crushes my
brain.

Thro' awful chasms I plunge and fall.—
Your hand, good fellow, I die—that's all.

I cannot see you—the end is nigh!
But we'll laugh together before I die!

Then cover me—will you?—with grassy
sod,
The feared of man, the accursed of God!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A BOY'S LOVE.

I.

'And so you like West Point?'

'Oh, so much—it is lovely!' and Miss Levering clasped her pretty little diamond covered hands with an affectation of rapture. 'And I like the—what do you call them—dear me, how odd I cannot remember the—the—'

'The parade,' suggested Harley Goddard, whose thoughts were generally centred on military matters.

'The parade, of course,' she replied, 'but I mean the—the—the—the—cadets.'

'Oh!'

And Harley felt conscious that he had taken the compliment to himself and was coloring in a very boyish way.

'Yes,' continued Miss Levering, 'they are splendid; they are so lovely in their uniform, and have such a firm, independent look—'

'Louise, my dear,' said her mother, 'what are you raving about?'

'Nothing, mamma,' replied her daughter, paying no further attention.

'Oh, Mr. Harley—I beg pardon—I mean Mr. Harley Goddard'—and she became delightfully confused—'is not the view of the river charming from here?'

They were on the piazza of Rowe's Hotel. It was afternoon, the place was crowded with promenaders, the air was balmy, and the sun was going down behind the hills, leaving the sky radiant with golden light.

Harley made some boyish reply, and the flirtation continued.

'Who is that girl?' asked a lady of a gentleman as they passed the handsome cadet and his companion.

'She is the wealthy Miss Levering, of New York, the *protege* of Colonel Houghton, who, on dying, left her a fortune. She is considered beautiful, but there is something about her I cannot admire. Besides—'

The conversation became more confidential.

'Come,' said Harley, 'will you walk over to the library building? I want to show you the pictures—'

He was in earnest, but Miss Levering thought it was an excuse for a continuation of the flirtation, which, inasmuch as she had only known him three or four days, was advancing in a wild and wonderful manner; so she said, 'Yes,' and went off without noticing her mother's warning: Louise, you had better take your shawl. The evening dew will soon fall.'

'Mamma is so stupid,' she said, as they crossed the green sward.

Harley looked surprised, but said nothing, and she rattled on.

'Is not the sunset sublime? Oh, I could gaze at it forever!'

'I think it would hardly consent to that neat arrangement,' replied Harley practically.

She tapped him on the arm with her fan.

'Monster!' she said, giving him a look out of the corners of her eyes, which was intended to mean, 'Oh, you dear delightful fellow!' and which made Harley's heart palpitate strangely.

'Here we are,' he said, as they reached the picturesque library building. 'Come in; it is not too late to see the pictures.' She looked a little surprised at his persisting in what she considered a mere *ruse* to get her away from under her mother's eyes, but entered.

'I know you will like the grand full length portraits of Monroe and Jefferson,' he continued; 'they are by Sully, one of the greatest painters our country has ever produced. He used to come here every summer until lately, but now remains at his home in Philadelphia. Are they not superb specimens of color?'

She murmured 'Yes,' evidently not understanding or taking interest in the subject.

'These kit-kats are by Sully also,' he continued; 'this full length is by Weir—'

'Very nice,' she said, 'but I like colored photographs better.'

Harley was somewhat shocked at her want of taste, and they turned away without any further inspection of the library, and went down the path, past the chapel. Twilight was approaching, and already the full moon made luminous the shady walk.

'Do you know,' said Miss Levering, suddenly, 'I like you!'

'Do you?' replied Harley, his breath almost taken away.

'Yes—you are not angry, are you?'

'Angry?' he stammered.

'Please don't be angry with me,' she pleaded, in her childlike way; 'I want you to be my friend; will you? oh, say you will!'

'If you will permit!'

'If I will permit? Why of course I will! and now I want you to do me a favor.'

'Anything you desire, I—'

'Anything I desire! Oh, how splendid! How kind—how good you are! Well—give me one of your military buttons for my *chatelaine*.'

Out came Harley's knife, and he recklessly chopped a button off and presented it to her.

'Is one enough?' he asked, preparing to sacrifice another.

'Yes, thank you, plenty,' she answered, 'How pretty it is! It will look well on my *chatelaine*, I think—don't you? Please tell me frankly; do you think it will look well?'

She regarded him in an appealing manner, and Harley told her that he thought it would look *very* well.

'You say that because you know it will please me,' she said plaintively.

He assured her he did not. Whereupon she laughed gayly, and called him a wretch.

'Now,' she said confidentially, 'I want you to give me a piece of advice. Will you?'

'With pleasure.'

'Really?'

Harley smiled.

'Yes.'

'Then—then—don't laugh—please don't laugh at me.' This was said with great earnestness.

'I am not laughing,' replied Harley, sober as a judge.

'Oh, yes you are,' she persisted; 'I see it in your eyes—there—there—'

And she made a little *move* at him, which caused him to burst into a laugh, in which she joined, and it was at least a moment before they could stop.

'You fiend in human form,' Miss Levering finally managed to say, 'listen. Tell me what color ribbons I shall wear to-morrow night at the hop at Cozzen's.'

Harley said, without hesitation, 'Pink; you wore it the other day, and you looked—'

He paused, he had not the courage to pay her the desired compliment, but she helped him on.

'Did I look well?'

'Perfectly lovely!' he exclaimed, with the strongest emphasis.

Miss Levering uttered an hysterical little cry.

'Oh, you naughty creature!' and do you really like me?'

She had taken his arm and looked up into his face with a glance that sent the blood dancing through his veins. The sky had deepened into the tender blue of the evening, the moon illuminated the pathway, with mysterious effulgence, and in the bright light his eyes met hers and remained fixed upon her as if fascinated.

'Do I like you?' he repeated, with boyish impetuosity. Yes—I do.!'

'Be my friend,' she said, her voice trembling while her hand pressed his arm. 'I am so lonely, so sad sometimes. No one cares for me—they smile upon me, and then go away and forget me. You will not do that, will you, Harley—I mean Mr. Goddard—you will not do that?'

'No,' he replied, unconsciously pressing her hand. 'I will be your friend always—forever!'

'How good you are,' she whispered.

'It is you who are good and beautiful,' he murmured, 'and I—'

'Louise!' said a calm voice.

Mrs. Levering on the arm of a gentleman barred their pathway.

'Mamma!' cried Louise.

'And some one else,' said the gentleman. 'Louise—'

'Oh!' exclaimed Miss Levering, 'when did you arrive? What a surprise! You wrote you would not be here.'

'But I am, you see,' said the gentleman with anything but a friendly glance at Harley. Miss Levering nervously introduced him. They shook hands coldly.

'I must leave you now, Mr. Goddard,' said Louise. 'Good night, and many thanks for your kindness.'

She extended her hand warmly, took the gentleman's arm, and the party turned towards Rowe's leaving Harley alone in the moonlight filled with conflicting emotions.

II.

Harley did not sleep that night. He tossed restlessly hour after hour, thinking over his interview with Miss Levering. 'She must like me,' he argued—'I am sure she does; while I—I love her!' And the poor boy did not exaggerate. Louise had fascinated—captivated him. 'How beautiful she is!' thought the cadet, 'and what a sweet voice!' Then he paused, while a thrill ran through him. 'She is very wealthy, and I—well, I am not poor—my father is prosperous and—I could support a—a wife!' Ah, Harley, thinking of marriage already—before you have graduated! How fast boys run on—American boys especially! How bright the skies are to youthful eyes! A storm may come—but at the first glimpse of sunshine the gloomy past is forgotten and hope smiles once more. Harley felt sure Miss Levering liked him very much—for had she not asked him to be her friend—and had he not accepted the trust—and would he not fulfill it nobly?

He fell asleep at last and dreamed of her—dreamed that she called him 'Dear Harley,' and told him that she loved him, and awoke with a start just as the *reveille* sounded.

He thought of nothing but Miss Levering all day, and when on parade she waved her handkerchief to him and smiled, he felt that every one was looking at him and envying him, and that he was the happiest fellow in the world.

As soon as his duties permitted, flushed and impatient, he hurried to Rowe's. Miss Levering and the gentleman she had the evening before introduced as Mr. Wilton were laughing and talking on the piazza. Harley was somewhat taken aback, but his angel held out her hand graciously, and said, 'How well you looked on parade, Mr. Goddard!' To which Mr. Wilton, who had nodded to Harley in a condescending manner not very agreeable to him, added, 'Yes, the cadets drill well, and are a fine set of boys.'

The sneer was so evident that Harley smiled, and Miss Levering, tapping Mr. Wilton on the arm, called him a monster, and asked him to get her a glass of water. He arose lazily, and departed to obey.

'Who is that man?' asked Harley, abruptly.

Miss Levering laughed.

'That man, as you are pleased to call him, is my affianced husband.'

Harley drew back slowly, his hands fell to his side, and for a moment he did not move. Miss Levering, in order to give him time to recover, gazed tranquilly at the river, until at last Harley spoke.

'You are to marry him?' he whispered, in a choked voice.

'Yes.'

'Do you love him?'

'Hush! He is here.'

She took the glass of water from Mr. Wilton and sipped it leisurely. Harley regarded her stupefied. Everything seemed in a whirl before her. He rose mechanically.

'Are you going?' asked Miss Levering, lightly.

'Yes,' he answered, and with a slight bow, turned away and hurried to the barracks. He threw himself on his bed, and lay there for an hour without moving. She was to marry another! No, no, it could not be—it *should* not be. He would prevent it. He must see her, and have an explanation. When? How? Ah—the hop at Cozzens'—she would be there. He would go also.

Night came, clear and beautiful. As Harley entered the ball room the first object his eyes rested upon was Miss Levering, with pink ribbon in her hair, looking to Harley the most beautiful girl in the world, though other people were naughty enough to say she used the slightest possible ting of rouge, and pencilled her eye brows: but the world will talk. Miss Levering motioned him to come over. She knew she had made him wretched, her vanity was gratified, and she felt magnanimous. Besides, cadets are always in demand among the young ladies at West Point, and as Harley was one of the handsomest, Miss Levering liked to be dancing with him because it attracted attention, and made the other girls envious. So she said, with more than ordinary warmth:

'Mr. Goddard, I have n't forgotten my promise to dance with you' so you may put your name down for the fourth.'

Harley took the book. Mr. Wilton was down for the first dance. With a bitter smile he added his name for the fourth, and sauntered off. He lounged among a number of the cadets without speaking, watching Miss Levering dancing.

'Why don't you dance, Harley?' asked one of his companions, 'there are lots of pretty girls anxious to know you.'

'Shall I dance and flirt with some one else, and see if I can make her jealous?' he thought. But Harley's nature was too honest to attempt such a thing: so he said: 'No, thank you; I have a partner for the fourth dance.'

And he waited patiently until the fourth arrived. It proved to be a gallop.

'How well you dance!' said Miss Levering, leaning on his shoulder affectionately as he pioneered her through the whirling crowd,

He did not reply, but as they were near one of the windows, drew here out on the piazza.

'I want to talk with you,' he said: 'Let us take a short walk.'

'We must n't be gone long,' she replied, 'or mamma will make a dreadful row. Lend me your handkerchief to put around my neck.'

He did so, and for a moment they walked silently along the moonlit path.

'Louise!' he said at last.

'Well?'

She was not angry at the familiarity. She rather liked it. She knew that Harley loved her, and thought it would be good fun to keep up the flirtation.

'I love you!' he continued.

'Don't say that,' she whispered, at the same time hoping that he would go on.

'I must,' he replied firmly. 'I can not live without you! Oh, Louise, do not break my heart and destroy my peace of mind forever!'

'Oh, no, Harley,' she murmured, 'you are young: for you the world is bright and beautiful.' She had read this in a novel, and thought it a pretty sentiment. 'Remember I am always your friend—'

'Never!' he cried, fiercely. 'I love you too well to see you the wife of another. I am not wealthy, but I have a fair income—do not refuse me, Louise—do not cast me off! Why must you marry this man?'

'Because I have promised,' she answered, hurriedly.

'Promised?' he echoed, bitterly.

'Yes,' she said; 'it is too late to retract.'

They had reached a little summer-house, and she sank gracefully on a seat.

He took her hand and covered it with kisses.

'Must I lose you?' he groaned.

She regarded him with a kind of pity.

'Poor Harley,' she said, softly.

'If you knew how I loved you—' he almost sobbed in his anguish.—'Oh, Louise! Louise! why did you lead me to suppose that you cared for me?'

She arose and pressed a kiss on his brow.

'Because—I love you,' she replied. He clasped her passionately in his arms.

'You love me! you love me!' he repeated, deliriously.

She let him kiss and embrace her for a moment, because she rather liked being kissed by a handsome young man, and then drew herself from his arms.

'I love you,' she said—then came a long pause—'but I can never be your wife.'

The words were theatrically delivered; but Miss Levering had practiced the sentence on several victims before, and knew how to produce an effect.

'Never be my wife,' Harley repeated, stupefied.

She moved so that the moonlight could fall upon her face and make her look seraphic.

'No!' she answered. 'No!'

'Why not?'

'Because you are unable to give me the position in the world I seek. Do not be angry, Harley. Let us be friends—warm friends always—but let us forget to-night.'

He arose sternly.

'Let us return,' was all he said.

She took his arm.

'Harley,' she murmured.

'Well?'

'You forgive me?'

He did not answer.

She detached a bow of pink ribbon from her hair, and, to the last true to the instincts of a coquette, offered it to him.

'Take this,' she said, 'and remember that, though I shall marry another, I shall never cease to love you.'

It was wicked, hartless, to say this; but it was the truth for all that. In her light, selfish way she cared more for him at that moment than any man she knew.

Still Harley did not speak.

Miss Levering endeavored to weep, but paused, remembering that it would not do to re-enter the ball room with red eyes.

'Harley,' she said, 'we must not part in anger.'

'No,' he exclaimed at last, his better feelings touching his heart; 'not in anger, Louise—I forgive you.'

'Of course you do,' she replied, with an effort to recover her gayety. 'Now take me back to mamma, or I shall be dreadfully scolded.'

She looked at him stealthily as they entered the ball room. He was so handsome, so noble, but so pale and silent.

'How he loves me!' she thought, and she felt a little sorry for him; but this was by no means her first flirtation, and his anguish did not affect her deeply.

'You will not forget me?' she whispered, as he led her to where her mother was seated. 'Think kindly of me, Harley.'

She remembered making the same speech to several men with whom she had trifled in a like manner.

'I will try,' and turned away.

She watched him leave the ball room, and then with a little shrug of her shoulders turned to Mr. Wilton, who had been looking on with anything but a pleased expression, and began talking gayly until she had pacified and amused him, and then let him put down his name for the next dance.

III.

The week passed slowly enough for poor Harley. He bore up bravely like a true soldier, but he went near Miss Levering no more. She was present at parade every day, and tried to catch his eye and smile, but he looked resolutely away, with a choking sensation in his throat; and instead of lounging around Rowe's with the other cadets, remained in the barracks. Poor fellow! He did his best to overcome his love for Louise, but it was useless—he loved her too earnestly to recover in a day. His passion for the girl—his first love, honest and pure as that he bore his dead mother—increased in force.—Her image was constantly before him. The bow of pink ribbon she had given him—his handkerchief which she had kept—her avowal of love for him—all tortured him beyond measure.

'False-hearted creature!' he muttered, savagely; 'she loves me, and yet she sacrifices all for position.—Curse her!' Then, with a revulsion of feeling, he cried: 'No, no, I can not hate her—I love her too deeply for that—too wildly.' Poor Harley, poor noble-hearted boy!

A few days after he received a little note, which ran as follows:

'Have you forgotten me, Harley? Why will you not come to me? Ah, the heart of man! It can transfer its affections easily—but the heart of Woman *always* remains faithful.—

L.'

This dramatic epistle had been concocted with the aid of another young lady whom Louise had triumphantly let into her secret. 'My dear,' she had said, at the same time munching a *bon bon*, 'if this don't bring him to my feet, he is—well, I won't say what.'

Harley read and re-read this note, kissed it, and believed it—yet paused.

'Is she acting honorably?' he thought, and he shook his head sadly. Yet love was too strong within him to resist the appeal. 'I must go to her,' he said; and he went. Miss Levering was not in her usual place on the piazza, but as he was about to turn the corner he heard laughing vo