

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

A Novel.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

PART I.

CHAPTER XL. (Continued.)

Charlotte was one of those women who, being of a naturally calm temperament, continue in marriage, without any purpose or any effort, the air and character of lovers. She was never expressive towards her husband; generally, indeed, she rather shrank from any warm demonstration on his part.

Edward was so agreeable, so gentle, so pressing; he begged to be allowed to stay with her. He did not demand it, but half in fun, half in earnest, he tried to persuade her; he never thought of his rights. At last, as if in mischief, he blew out the candle.

In the dim lamplight, the inward affection, the imagination, maintained their rights over the real;—it was Otille that was resting in Edward's arms; and the Captain, now faintly, now clearly, hovered before Charlotte's soul.

And yet the present would not let itself be robbed of its own unlovely right. They spent a part of the night talking and laughing at all sorts of things, the more freely, as the heart had no part in it. But when Edward awoke in the morning, on his wife's breast, the day seemed to stare in with a sad, awful look, and the sun to be shining in upon a crime.

When the party assembled again at breakfast, an attentive observer might have read in the behavior of its various members, the different things which were passing in their inner thoughts and feelings. The Count and the Baroness met with the air of happiness which a pair of lovers feel, when, after having been forced to endure a long separation, have mutually assured each other of their unaltered affection.

On the other hand, Charlotte and Edward equally came into the presence of the Captain and Otille with a sense of shame and remorse. For such is the nature of love that it believes in no right except its own, and all other rights vanish away before it.

Otille was almost what might be called open. The Captain appeared serious. His conversation with the Count, which had roused in him feelings that for some time past had been, at rest and dormant, had made him only too keenly conscious that here he was not fulfilling his work, and at bottom was but squandering himself in a half-activity of idleness.

Hardly had their guests departed, when fresh visitors were announced—to Charlotte most welcome, all she wished for being to be taken out of herself, and to her attention dissipated. They annoyed Edward, who was longing to devote himself to Otille; and Otille did not like them either; the copy which had to be finished the next morning early being still incomplete.

They staid a long time, and immediately that they were gone she hurried off to her room.

It was now evening. Edward, Charlotte, and the Captain had accompanied the strangers some little way on foot, before the latter got into their carriage, and previous to returning home they agreed to take a walk along the water-side.

A boat had come, which Edward had had fetched from a distance, at no little expense; and they decided that they would try whether it was easy to manage.

It was made fast on the bank of the middle pond, not far from some old ash trees, on which they calculated to make effect in their future improvements. There was to be a landing place made there, and under the trees a seat was to be raised, with some wonderful architecture about it; it was to be the point for which people were to make when they went across the water.

"And where had we better have the landing-place on the other side?" said Edward. "I should think under my plane trees."

"They stand a little too far to the right," said the Captain. "You are nearer the castle if you land further down. However, we must think about it."

The Captain was already standing in the stern of the boat, and had taken up an oar; Charlotte got in, and Edward with her—he took the other oar; but as he was on the point of pushing off he thought, of Otille—he recollected that this water-party would keep him out late; who could tell when he would get back? He made up his mind shortly and promptly, and shortly, sprang back to the bank

and reaching the other oar to the Captain, hurried home—making excuses to himself as he ran. Arriving there he learnt that Otille had shut herself up—she was writing. In spite of the agreeable feeling that she was doing something for him, it was the keenest mortification to him not to be seen. His impatience increased every moment. He walked up and down the large drawing-room; he tried a thousand things, and could not fix his attention upon any. He was longing to see her alone, before Charlotte came back with the Captain. It was dark by this time, and the candles were lighted.

At last she came in beaming with loveliness: the sense that she had something for her friend had lifted all her being above itself. She put down the original and her manuscript on the table before Edward.

Edward did not know what to answer. He looked at her—he looked at the manuscript. The first few sheets were written with the greatest carefulness in a delicate woman's hand—then the strokes appeared to alter, to become more light and free—but who can describe his surprise as he ran his eye over the concluding page?

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "what is this? This is my hand!" He looked at Otille, and again at the paper: the conclusion, especially, was exactly as if he had written it himself. Otille said nothing, but she looked at him with her eyes full of the warmest delight. Edward stretched out his arms.

"You love me!" he cried; "Otille, you love me!" They fell on each other's breast—which had been the first to catch the other would have been impossible to distinguish.

From that moment the world was all changed for Edward. He was no longer what he had been, and the world was no longer what it had been. They parted—he held her hands; they gazed each other's eyes. The woe on the point of embracing each other again.

Charlotte entered with the Captain. Edwardly smiled at their excuses for having stayed out so long. Oh! how far too soon you have returned, he said to himself.

They sat down to supper. They talked about the people who had been there that day. Edward, full of love and ecstasy, spoke well of every one—always sparing, often approving. Charlotte, who was not altogether of his opinion remarked this temper in him, and jested with him about it—he who had always the sharpest thing to say on departed visitors, was this evening so gentle and tolerant.

With fervor and heartfelt conviction, Edward cried: "One has only to love a single creature with all one's heart, and the whole world at once looks lovely!"

Otille dropped her eyes on the ground, and Charlotte looked straight before her. The Captain took up the word, and said: "It is the same with deep feelings of respect and reverence; we first learn to recognize what there is that is to be valued in the world, when we find occasion to entertain such sentiments towards a particular object."

Charlotte made an excuse to retire early to her room, where she could give herself to thinking over what had passed in the course of the evening between herself and the Captain.

When Edward sprang on shore, and, pushing off the boat, had himself committed his wife and his friend to the uncertain element, Charlotte found herself face to face with the man on whose account she had been already secretly suffering so bitterly, sitting in the twilight before her, and sweeping along the boat with the boat in easy motion. She felt a depth of sadness, very rare with her, weighing on her spirits.

The undulating movement of the boat, the splash of the oars, the faint breeze playing over the watery mirror, the sighing of the reeds, the long flight of the birds, the stiffl twinking of the first stars—there was something spectral about it all in the universal stillness. She fancied her friend was bearing her away to set her on some some far-off shore, and leave her there alone; strange emotions were passing through her, and she could not give way to them and weep.

The Captain was describing to her the manner in which, in his opinion, the improvements should be continued. He praised the construction of the boat; it was so convenient, he said, because one person could so easily manage it with a pair of oars. She should herself learn how to do this; there was often a delicious feeling in floating along alone upon the water, one's own ferryman and steersman.

The parting which was impending, sank on Charlotte's heart as he was speaking. Is he saying this on purpose? She thought to herself. Does he know it yet? Does he suspect it? or is it only accident; and is he unconsciously foretelling me my fate?

A weary, impatient heaviness took hold of her; she begged him to make for land as soon as possible, and return with her to the castle.

It was the first time that the Captain had been upon the water, and, though generally he had acquainted himself with its depth, he did not know accurately the particular spots. Dusk was coming on; he directed his course to a place where he thought it would be easy to get on shore, and from which he knew the footpath

which led to the castle was not far distant. Charlotte, however, repeated her wish to get to land quickly, and the place which he thought of being a short distance, he gave it up, and exerting himself as much as he possibly could, made straight for the bank. Unhappily the water was shallow, and he ran aground some way off from it. From the rate at which he was going the boat was fixed fast, and all his efforts to move it were in vain. What was to be done? There was no alternative but to get into the water and carry his companion ashore.

It was done without any difficulty or danger. He was strong enough not to totter with her, or give her any cause of anxiety; but in her agitation she had thrown her arms about his neck. He held her fast, and pressed her to himself—and at last laid her down upon a grassy bank, not without emotion and confusion—she still lay upon his neck—he caught her up once more in his arms and pressed a warm kiss upon her lips. The next moment he was at her feet; he took her hand, and held it to his mouth and cried, "Charlotte, will you forgive me?"

The kiss which he had ventured to give, and which she had all but returned to him, brought Charlotte to herself again—she pressed his hand—but she did not attempt to raise him up. She bent down over him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said: "We cannot now prevent this moment from forming an epoch in our lives; but it depends on us to bear ourselves in a manner which shall be worthy of us. You must go away, my dear friend; and you are going. The Count has plans for you, to give you better prospects—I am glad, and I am sorry. I did not mean to speak of it till it was certain; but this moment obliges me to tell you my secret."

Since it does not depend on ourselves to alter our feelings, I can only forgive you, I can only forgive myself, if we have the courage to alter our situation."

She raised him up, took his arm to support herself, and they walked back to the castle without speaking.

But now she was standing in her own room, where she had to feel and know that she was Edward's wife. Her strength and the various discipline in which through life she had trained herself, came to her assistance in the conflict. Accustomed as she had always been to look steadily into herself and control herself, she did not now find it difficult, with an earnest effort, to come to the resolution which she desired. She could almost smile when she remembered the strange visit of the night before. Suddenly she was seized with a wonderful instinctive feeling, a thrill of fearful delight which changed into hope and longing. She knelt earnestly down, and pressed the oath which she had taken to Edward before the altar.

"Friendship, affection, reannunciation, floated in glad, happy images before her. She felt restored to health and to herself. A sweet weariness came over her. She lay down, and sunk into a quiet, calm sleep.

CHAPTER XLII.

Edward, on his part, was in a very different temper. So little he thought of sleeping that it did not once occur to him even to undress himself. A thousand times he kissed the transcript of the document, but it was the beginning of it, in Otille's childish timid hand; and the end he scarcely dared to kiss, for he thought it was his own hand which he saw. Oh, that it were another document! he whispered to himself; and, as it was, he felt it was the sweetest assurance that his highest wish would be fulfilled. Thus it remained in his hands, thus he continued to press it to his heart, although disfigured by a third name subscribed to it. The waning moon rose up over the wood. The warmth of the night drew Edward out into the free air. He wandered this way and that way; he was at once the most restless and happiest of mortals. He strayed through the gardens—they seemed too narrow for him; he hurried out into the park, and it was too wide. He was drawn back towards the castle; he stood under Otille's window. He threw himself down on the steps of the terrace below. "Walls and bolts," he said to himself, "may still divide us, but our hearts are not divided. If she were here before me, into my arms she would fall, and I into hers; and what can one desire but that sweet eternity!"

All was stillness round him; not a breath was moving—so still it was, that he could hear the unresting creatures underground at their work, to whom day or night are alike. He abandoned himself to his delicious dreams; at last he fell asleep, and did not wake till the sun with his royal beams was mounting up in the sky and scattering the early mists.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"PRETTY bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes; but it's a fine overhaid," responded the other. "True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."

Why is a lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot iron over a suit of clothes? Because he is pressing a suit.

You can now use a postage-stamp twice. The first time it will cost you three cents—the second time, fifty dollars.

Why are all shopkeepers bosiers? Because they have a stock-in-trade.

A chin that's never shaved—An urban.

THE TOLEDO MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

TOLEDO, OHIO.

ORGANIZED IN APRIL, 1873.

PAID UP CAPITAL

\$120,000.00.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

- Hon. W. W. JONES, Pres. C. B. SCRIBNER, Hon. C. A. KING, Hon. W. A. COLLIER, WM. BAKER, F. J. KING, S. H. BERGEN, C. H. COY, O. L. LUCE, FERRY CRABBS, J. E. SWIGART, ROBERT CUMMINGS, JOHN CUMMINGS, L. T. TRAYER, FRED EATON, J. R. OSBORNE, WAGNER SWATNER, CLARENCE MORRIS, J. W. ROSE, E. W. E. KOCH, PELING T. CLARKE, W. S. WAITE, CHAS. COCHRAN.

OFFICERS.

- S. H. BERGEN, President, F. J. KING, Vice President, CHARLES COCHRAN, Secretary, J. E. ARIE, Assistant Secretary, W. W. JONES, Medical Examiner, WILLIAM BAKER, Attorney.

THE TOLEDO MUTUAL

WILL ISSUE ALL THE

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POLICIES

USUALLY ISSUED BY

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES,

At the usual rates charged by others.

Reliable Companies.

Those insured in this Company are permitted to travel by the canal routes, to or from any portion of the Western Hemisphere, north and including the United States, or to or from any portion of Europe, and to reside within said limits of travel, without extra charge.

AN EXCELLENT FEATURE.

UPON SURRENDER OF AN

ORDINARY LIFE POLICY

At any time after the payment of one

ONE FULL ANNUAL PREMIUM.

The holder of such policy will be entitled to just

AS MUCH PAID UP INSURANCE

As any other man of like age can

OBTAIN FOR A CASH PREMIUM

Equal to the

VALUE OF THE POLICY,

Computed in accordance with the rate of

Mortality and Interest

That may have been adopted as the standard to the State for the

EVALUATION OF LIFE POLICIES

CHAS. B. HURST'S INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENCY,

INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENCY,

(Near the Depot.)

ROCHESTER, PA.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCE:

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE; "Anchor" and "National" Lines of Ocean Steamers; "dams" and "Union" Express Agent.

All kinds of Insurance at fair rates and liberal terms. Real Estate bought and sold. Deeds, Mortgages, Articles, &c., written; Depositions and Acknowledgments taken, &c., &c. Goods and Money forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada. Passengers booked to and from England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany.

ETNA INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CASH ASSETS \$8,000,000. Losses paid to Jan. 1, 1873, \$78,000,000. One of the oldest and wealthiest Companies in the world.

NIAGARA INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

CASH ASSETS \$1,000,000. "By their fruits ye know them."

ROYAL INSURANCE CO., OF LIVERPOOL, ENG.

CASH ASSETS GOLD \$1,000,000.

LYCOMING FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF MUNCY, PA.

CASH ASSETS \$1,000,000.

ROCHESTER FIRE INS. CO., OF ROCHESTER, PA.

GEO. C. SPYERER, President. M. S. QUAY, Vice Pres. JNO. GRUBBING, Secretary. H. J. SPYERER, Treasurer.

If you want HOME INSURANCE procure a policy in the ROCHESTER INSURANCE CO. at this Agency.

ALPS INS. CO., OF ERIE, PA.

CASH CAPITAL \$250,000.

HOME LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

CASH ASSETS \$3,500,000.

TRAVELERS' LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CASH ASSETS OVER \$2,359,948.

Representing the above first class Insurance Companies, acknowledged to be amongst the best and most reliable in the world, and representing a gross cash capital of nearly \$16,000,000. I am enabled to make insurance to any amount desired. Applications promptly attended to, and Policies written without delay, and at fair rates and liberal terms. Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid. INSURE TO-DAY! By one year's delay you may lose the savings of years. Delays are dangerous, and life uncertain; therefore, insure to day. "One to-day is worth two to-morrow." Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be among the best and wealthiest in the world. "As ye sow that shall ye reap."

Grateful for the very liberal patronage already bestowed, I hope—by a strict attention to a legitimate business—not only to merit a continuance of the same, but a large increase the present year.

Mr. Stephen A. Craig is duly authorized to take applications and receive premiums at Freedom and adjoining townships.

CHAS. B. HURST, (Near the Depot.)

ROCHESTER, PA.

13-17-73

BEAVER COUNTY, Pa.

In the Orphan's Court of Beaver County, Pa. In the matter of the petition for settlement of the real estate of Polly H. H... of the township of Hanover, in said county, deceased.

And now to wit: June 15th, 1873. Rule on the behalf of legal representatives of said deceased, viz: Joseph Minesinger, residing in Fulton county, Pa.; Samuel Minesinger, residing in Beaver County, Pa.; Samuel Minesinger, residing in Westmoreland county, Pa.; David Minesinger, residing in Venango county, Pa.; Harry Minesinger and Abigail Minesinger, residing in the State of California; Ruth Minesinger, residing in Beaver County, Pa.; Elizabeth Minesinger and Martha Minesinger, residence unknown; Henry Minesinger, residing in Montana Territory; Henry Minesinger, C. A. Minesinger and Martha Neidham, residing in the State of Illinois; Mrs. Minesinger, nee Barham, residence unknown; Alice J. Minesinger, residing with Alexander Minesinger and his wife in the State of Indiana, and all others entitled to show cause, if any they have, why request to make partition of the real estate of said deceased should not be awarded as set forth in the bill, to be held in Beaver, in and for said County, on the first Monday of September next, 1873. A true copy of Rule. JOHN C. HATT, Clerk of the Orphan's Court. CHAMBERLIN WHITE, Sheriff. Sheriff's office, June 23, 1873—174-23

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF CORNELIUS SHANE, DECD. Letters of administration on the estate of Cornelius Shane, late of Greene township, Beaver County, Pa., deceased, having been granted to J. B. Shane, residing in said township, to-wit: to all persons indebted to said estate are requested to present payment of the same, to the undersigned, who will make known the names of debtors to the administrator, JAMES B. SHANE, Administrator.

WAGES FOR ALL WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK.

Any person, old or young, of either sex, can make from \$10 to \$30 per week, at hours day or evening. Wanted by all. Suitable to either city or country. No reference to any party. This is a rare opportunity for those who are out of work, and out of money, to make an independent living. No capital required. A few dollars will enable you TO MAKE A LIVING, giving full particulars sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address: A. BURTON & CO., Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y.

BEAVER COLLEGE.

MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

New Building, School and Recreation Rooms now ready for use.

FALL SESSION, SEPT. 9, 1872.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT

A permanent feature of the Institution. Appropriate for illustrating the Scientific method of teaching with cut of new building. June 6-11. R. T. TAYLOR, Pres.

\$50,000 REWARD.

Will be distributed to subscribers to the AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE in 1873. It is the only Workingman's Paper Monthly, has a large quota page, with illustrations.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER GETS A PREMIUM.

Varying from 25 cents in value to \$50 in premiums. Among the premiums are two of \$50 in greenbacks; two of \$25; ten of \$10; one hundred of \$5; five hundred of \$2; five Patent Sewing Machines, \$25 each; ten Sewing Machines, \$10 each; fifty American Watches, \$40 each—besides many new kinds of fancy premiums. Only \$1.00 per year; sent on trial three months for 25 cents. Send for specimen to

CAMPBELL & CO. Box 8, Pittsburgh, Pa.

KEEP IT HANDY.

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Cramps, etc., quickly cured by the use of

JARDELLA'S Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root and Rhubarb.

An old, well tried remedy, entirely vegetable, pleasant to take, quick and certain in effect, and so depended on in the most urgent cases, that it is given to the youngest infant as well as to the aged.

NO CAMPHOR OR OPIUM.

It is a pleasant extract and readily taken by children. It has often saved life when physicians had despaired. Keep it in the house and use a child. All we ask for it is a trial. Don't let your dealer put you off with something else. Buy only the Jardeella Compound. Prepared and bottled throughout this State. Prepared only by

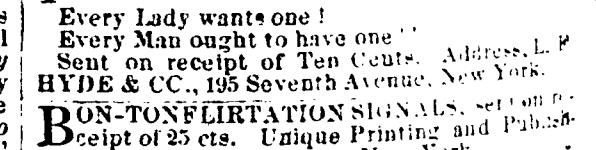
HANSELL & BRO., 300 Market St., Philadelphia.

STEVENSON & FOSTER, Stationers, Printers, Blank Book Makers and Wholesale Dealers in

Printers' Stock.

Flat Papers, Book Papers, Ruled Blot Books, Letter Heads, Cards, Printing Ink, &c., always on hand. Give us a call. Sor. Wood St. and Third Ave. and 23 and 47th Sts., Pittsburgh, Pa. je20-1m.

HOW TO CATCH FISH.



The New Patent Spring "NEVER MISS EM" FISH HOOK. This is the greatest invention ever contrived by man, and catches fish with such a plidity that it astonishes all who see it operate. It is tied to an ordinary line, baited and cast, and creates somewhat like the cock of a gun, as soon as the fish touches it, but the spring catches the hook and it is caught. Sent by mail post paid upon and a receipt for \$1. Address IRVIN & CO., NOVELTY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. je21m

AGENTS everywhere to sell our new and improved Sewing Machine, to the New York City, N.Y., and to the Erie, Pa., agents.

THE PARLOR COMPANION. Every Lady wants one! Every Man ought to have one. Sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Address, L. P. HYDE & CO., 135 Seventh Avenue, New York.

BON-TON FERTILIZER SIGNALS, sets on receipt of 25 cts. Unique Fertilizer, containing all the elements necessary for the growth of plants. "One to-day is worth two to-morrow." Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be among the best and wealthiest in the world. "As ye sow that shall ye reap."

Sold cheap, and sent by Mail when freight is paid. Effect of a permanent cure in a few weeks. Day effect of a permanent cure in a few weeks. Sold cheap, and sent by Mail when freight is paid. Effect of a permanent cure in a few weeks. Day effect of a permanent cure in a few weeks. Sold cheap, and sent by Mail when freight is paid. Effect of a permanent cure in a few weeks. Day effect of a permanent cure in a few weeks.

Nobody uses Metal Spring Trusses; too painful they slip off too frequently. 80 DOLLARS agents to commission business with, and a commission allowed for selling. Address J. S. CONOVER, Coldwater, Mich. je22-3m

THE BECKWITH \$30 PORTABLE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, 30 DAYS TRIAL. Many advantages over all. Satisfaction guaranteed, or 20 refunded. Sent complete, with full directions. Beckwith Sewing Machine Co., 23 Broadway, N. Y.

JOHN W. FRAZEE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR OF PATENTS. NO. 309 SEVENTH STREET WASHINGTON, D. C.