The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. Morthimer, Jr Publisher. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

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H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

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May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

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Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 15-y1

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DR. G. T. FOX
Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to
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Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and office hours from 9 in the forenoon until 3:30 in the afternoon. Also attends to Refraction of the Eye for the proper adjustment of glasses, and for the relief and cure of optical defects.
May also be consulted at his office in BATH, Wednesday and Saturday of each week, at BANGOR on Monday, and at EASTON on Tuesday. jan 2 85 1y.

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CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR.
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The Carbon House offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-y1.

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Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
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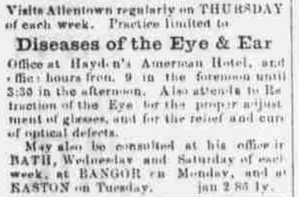
This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.



D. J. KISTLER
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for
Funerals Weddings or Business Trips
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel Lehighton. (ian22-y1

WE WILL PAY
$2 00 A DAY to a reliable party, lady or gentleman, to receive orders for our publications. Any person applying for this position, who cannot call on us personally, must send photograph (which will be returned), and also names of 3 responsible business men as reference. Address Elder Publishing Co., 344 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. July 11, 1885.

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—GET THE VERY LATEST SPRING STYLES OF—
Wall Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations,
Gilts, Mica, Flats, &c.,
at rock bottom prices. Call and see! No trouble to show Goods at
Thomas' Drug Store,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa. Reber's Block.

Physicians Perscriptions
Carefully Compounded

T. J. BRETNEY,
Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage
at very reasonable prices. By prompt attention to all orders he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Residence, corner of Pine and Iron Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Orders for hauling left at C. M. Sweeny & Son's Store will receive prompt attention.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1881-3m.

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CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE.
READING MUTUAL FIRE.
WYOMING FIRE.
POTTSVILLE FIRE.
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

E. F. LUCKENBACH.
DEALER IN
WALL PAPERS,
Borders & Decorations,
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.
Window Shades & Fixtures,
Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies.
No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,
Below the Broadway House.

A PRESENT!
Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping and names of two book agents, will receive FREE a *Steel Finish Parlor Engraving* of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including CLEVELAND, size 22 x28 inches worth $4 00
Address Elder Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

☞ Subscribe for the Advocate, only $1 per year.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

☞ CLINTON BRETNEY, fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker, Bank St. Lehighton. All work warranted.

THE ADVOCATE
JOB PRINTING HOUSE,
A new and complete line of all the latest novelties necessary for artistic workmanship.
BANKWAY, LEHIGHTON.
BEST WORK! PRICES LOW!

—Among the features of the Colonial Exhibition in London next summer will be aquirium tanks, containing as many of the fishes and marine productions of the colonies as can be brought alive to England. Turtles will be kept in one tank, and their conversion into soup become a matter of public observation and sale.

Why do Doctors Prescribe Liquors?
Because they know not what else to do; or because sometimes a little liquor serves to kindle the exhausted fires of digestion. But this liquor perscription is bad business for the patients, for it makes drunkards out of a large majority of them. Brown's Iron Bitters does not kindle a temporary fire. It nurishes enriches, strengthens, purifies. It drives out debility and dyspepsia, and sets the invigorated system at work on a basis of health.

—A blind boy preacher, 16 years old, is causing some excitement in Raleigh. A week ago he told his father that he had received a divine command to preach the Gospel, and would be made blind for a period of some days. On Wednesday, Jan. 13, he was smitten with blindness.

—Jay Gould gave up whiskey twenty-five years ago, since which time he has made fifty millions of dollars. Some men will, it seems, sacrifice everything for money.

—Of course when a man is sound and well he don't care a copper for all the medicine on the face of the earth. He has no use for it. But when disease is eating his life out he wants the right perscription and he wants it right away. For that reason all who know what Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is turn to that for help, and it never disappoints them. And it is just as beneficial to new friends as it is to old ones. Pleasant to the palate, and gentle in its action.

—Gen. Lord Wolseley's appearance is decided effeminate, and when he speaks he accompanies each remark with a nervous shake of the head. He is disposed to be sociable, but is not a favorite with the "rank and file."

—When Clara heard that one of her friends had married the three-armed man from California she exclaimed: "What bliss!"

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.
Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1.00. At Thomas' drug store.

—The divorce cases in Lane county, Oregon, for 1885, outnumbered the list of marriages twelve to one, according to a San Francisco exchange.

—The butcher bird, a small spotted bird, resembling the common mocking bird, is the foe of the domestic canaries on the Pacific coast, and destroys vast numbers of them.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box, at T. D. Thomas'.

—It has been a current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted with spectres and apparitions, a notion indeed that prevailed as far back as the times of heathenism. Ovid speaks of ghosts coming out of sepulchers and wandering about.

—A soft answer turns away no wrath from a girl when she is busy on the popping question and means business.

An End to Bone Scraping.
Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."
Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by T. D. Thomas.

—A new word has been coined which has probably come to stay—hellegram—meaning a message by telephone.

—A statue recently discovered in a bed of the Tiber proves to be a Bacchus, He stands six feet high, is cast in bronze, with ivory eyes, is exquisitely modelled, and in excellent preservation.

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.
A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists. Williams M'f'g. Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

—"A genuine patriot," said an election orator recently, "must at all times be ready and willing to die for his country, even though it should cost him his life." (Cheers.)

—Women swallow flattery as babies swallow buttons, without any idea of the trouble that may follow.

—"Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds and declare it a positive cure." Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

—A Kansas boy earned a nice Bible by committing ten hundred verses to memory and then he traded his Bible for a shotgun and he accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

—A door belle—a pretty and attractive maid servant.

—According to the Darwinian theory our ancestors were all tail-bearers.

Pop Porous Plasters are sold by all druggists and country merchants. The best in the world.

—There is no great difference between the average young lady possessed of a musical education and the squeaking toy. They both have to be pressed to sing.

RED STAR COUGH CURE
TRADE MARK.
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A RECEIPT.

SUITABLE FOR THE SNOWY SEASON.

Take a cutter the size of a rocking chair—
You will find it will readily hold a pair—

Take a horse that can lift his hinder heels
Inside of three minutes behind the wheels—

Take a moonlight night, when the air's so chill
It would make a cucumber's pulses thrill.

Take a buffalo robe—or maybe two—
For the chill is likely to strike right through

Take a seal-skin cap with a mansard roof,
Lined with satin, and weather proof—

Take a muffler around your neck to go,
With a chest-protector concealed below—

Take your overcoat out of your uncle's care;
It's full of camphor and needs the air.

Take a pair of hot bricks for a pair of neat,
Tiny, tender-toed feminine feet—

Take a good cigar that won't go out
When a breeze from the north comes flying about—

Take a hundred dollars—or rather more—
To pay the bill when the ride is o'er.

Take the road—you know which road is best—
The road where the bridges are frequentest—

Take the sweetest girl in the whole broad land—
And learn to drive with a single hand—

Take a nip of Bourbon to make you bold—
Season with kisses and serve up cold.

LITTLE AH SID.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that began
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And he braided his cue
As his father used to
In Chinaland far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn,
That Ah Sid played upon
A bumble-bee flew in the spring.
"Melican butterfly!"
Said he, with a winking eye,
"Me catchee and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap—
This innocent bumble-bee..
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans;
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee um butterfly sure."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki-yu! Ki-yip-ye!"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from the spot.
"Ka-yi! Yuk-a-kau!
Dam um Melican man—
Um butterfly belly much hot!"

The Denham Feud.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

How long ago, or just why, Francis John and John Francis Denham, half-brothers, began to quarrel with each other, would be hard to say. There was only two years' difference in their ages, and, when they were children, they were fond of being together.

As boys, at school, they remained good friends, though not so intimate as before; but when they entered college a coolness rose between them. Frank, as Francis John was called, was open-hearted, impulsive, quick to speak, and quick to repent; generous and kind. Francis, as the other was called, was equally honorable and upright, but not at all impulsive.

He made up his mind before speaking it, and consequently had not nearly so much to repent of as his brother. Yet, for all his goodness, he was not so lovable a boy, at first sight, as Frank—poor, heedless Frank, who went stumbling through life, stepping on other people's feet in pure carelessness, but apologizing so instantly, and with such charm of repentence, that he was always forgiven.

When Francis blundered—to speak more accurately, made a mistake—it was a serious matter with him. First of all, he had to decide that he was wrong. This being settled, he at once, and conscientiously, made what reparation he could; but his very effort to be just had in it something so rigid and uncompromising, that people felt none the more kindly for it. "He would not explain at all," said they, "only that he was obliged to."

Francis realized this feeling on the part of others, without understanding it.

"Why is it," he sometimes mused, "that I do my duty, and am disliked for it, while Frank, who never thinks of his duty, is loved?" But it took him a lifetime to find the answer to his question.

Meanwhile, the "little rift in the lute" grew larger. Frank got into debt; Francis, with strict justice but little mercy, said he could not spare the money to help his brother out. Then, both boys contended for a prize. Francis toiled, hard, but Frank, by a lucky stroke, won. Next, they fell in love with the same girl; and though the attachment was not deep, and the young lady married a third lover, yet, for the time, it was Frank who was favored.

So gradually their enmity grew, until when commencement day came, they had nothing in common but a speaking acquaintance. Two years later, even this ceased, for the boys' grandfather died (their parents were already dead) and left a will that was the cause of complete estrangement between them.

His property was shared equally by them, but certain heirlooms—especially a valuable ring which had been in the family for several generations, was left—in the words of the will—"to my dearest Francis."

It was known that he had intended to make another will—the same in principle, but reducing the property by one or two public bequests; but, if made, it was not to be found, and every one thought that death had surprised him before he could carry out his intentions. Had such a document seen the light, the ambiguity of "my dearest Francis" might have been cleared up.

As matters stood, each claimed the heirloom. Frank had been the old man's favorite—all knew that. Still, he had tried his grandfather sorely of late, by his heedless ways and extravagance; and beside, no one ever called him Francis. As for the other, he was always called Francis, and had been more of a favorite lately than at first; then, too, he was the older.

So each young man urged his claim, and defended it, although, in his secret heart, Francis did admit that he was not "the dearest," just as Frank felt assured he was. And Frank, with his usual impulsiveness, spoke out, and strongly, and after this, it was hard for either of the two to give up the case.

Still, it might have been settled, if the matter had not been discussed one day in public. In the excitement of the talk, Frank at length called Francis a designing scoundrel. To be sure, he retracted his harsh speech, but the apology was not accepted, when an officious friend reported the matter to Francis.

"Designing, am I?" said he, grimly. "Very well. You may say to Frank Denham when you meet him again, that I am designing enough to get and hold my own. The ring is mine, is in my possession, and no court of law in the land will adjudge it away from me to him

No court did take it away, though Frank went to law to establish his claim.

Francis said the ring had always gone to the eldest son; in fine, it was in his possession, and no one could prove that it ought not to be there.

This settled the matter, though not the feelings that had been roused. The brothers had now nothing whatever to do with each other. They lived in the same town, belonged to the same church, and married neighbors' daughters eventually; yet they met as strangers. After a while, each went into business in Boston and moved there. They still attended the same church, but met less frequently than before.

In business, the difference of character showed itself at once, in their methods, and consequently in their success. Francis became quite wealthy; Frank, though not poor, was never prosperous. His children became something of a trial to him as years went on. The hereditary impulsiveness led them into all manner of difficulties, some of them expensive; and in marked contrast were the sensible boys of Frank.

The latter had two sons and one daughter, named Alda; while Frank had seven boisterous boys.

In little Alda Denham, lay all the hidden grace and unexpressed tenderness of her father's nature. She was the poem of his life,—the fair-haired Alda he called her, dimly remembering some old Saxon heroine.

She was, indeed a wonderfully lovely child, rather silent, passionately fond of her father, devoted to mother and brothers; yet with room in her gentle heart for a nameless host of pets. She knew about the family trouble—had heard it talked of—all the more since her brothers met their cousins at the public school.

The latter, to do them justice, would have fraternized in rough-and-ready school-boy fashion, but Francis Denham's two sons drew back. They had their father's disposition in some degree, and reserve was more natural to them than hasty friendship. Beside they knew about the trouble, and thought their Uncle Frank had behaved in a very unjust fashion. So when Frank's children reported at home how "stuck-up" and insolent Herbert and Morris Denham were, their heedless father burst out before them with violent expressions of hatred.

"Don't, father," said his wife; "don't talk so before the boys. It does them harm, and does you no good."

"Bother the boys!" said Frank; "they are always around when I'm at my worst." Then, relenting, "See here, lads, your mother is right; I ought not to speak against your uncle to you in this way—but—then—he would make a saint mad!"

Naturally enough, an amend of this mixed nature did not change the boys' feelings. They did not actually hate their prim, scholarly cousins, but did enjoy irritating them. Space is lacking to tell their ingenious proficiency in this art. They soaped the floor, to see Herbert measure his length on it. They tripped up Morris, and chalked big letters on his back. Finally, Willie Denham put chalk into Herbert's inkstand. Of course the ink effervesced, and ran all over the desk, spoiling among things of less value the Greek theme which Herbert had just with some pains, completed. This piece of mischief was traced home to its perpetrator, and he was soundly whipped.

Small good came from the punishment, however, for the offender was over petted at home to make up the indignity; and Herbert's father was not satisfied, and thought Willie should have been expelled. If anything could have widened the breach, it would have been this; for paternal feelings as well as brotherly were in conflict. But after a while, things settled down into the old groove. There was less active annoyance in school, though a strong undercurrent of dislike was always present.

Thus matters were, when the little fair haired Alda was eight years old. Two things happened this year. Frank Denham's two youngest sons were drowned when out skating, and Francis Denham had a dangerous illness. He was terribly grieved by his brother's misfortune and would have made up the quarrel if he could; but by this time it was beyond his power. He did try to say a few words of sympathy when they first met, after the accident, but the mourning father repulsed him.

"No, sir," said he, sternly, and not without dignity; "when things went well with me, you passed me by; now that my boys have left me, and my heart is broken, you need not intrude. The grief is mine, not yours, and God will give me all the comfort I deserve.

"The grief is mine, too," began Francis, and this was much for him to say; but his brother had passed out of hearing, and he made no further attempt. Still, in secret, his thoughts were upon him, and when he had a fever, they were the burden of his delirium, and retarded his recovery.

Alda was with him a great deal during his convalescence. Her quietness and gentleness made her peculiarly in place in the sick room, and half-unconsciously to himself, she became her father's confidante. They had always been intimate from the time she could talk, and very naturally, in his weakness, he talked to her of the past.

There was a magnetic something in the child that inspired trust in all. It was not that she was older than her years, for she delighted in dolls and childish sports. It was more as though she were a child of some high order, free from the usual pettiness and narrowness of youth. She was full of life, while at the same time sensitive and thoughtful—simpatica, as the Italians say.

Now in the sick room her father found strange comfort in the unburdening to her the thoughts and feelings that hitherto he had kept locked in his own heart. He felt that she understood him, yet did not sit in judgment. He was her father—her dear father; mother did not think of it, or the boys; but she knew well that he was not happy.

It did not enter into the case that he had been to blame; the question, how to make him happy again. These thoughts however, she kept to herself—the family had no idea of them.

"And so you see, Alda," he said one day, "you must be careful how you begin anything, for the ending is often out of your power."

"It might be in somebody else's power, perhaps," said Alda, half to herself.

"Ah, yes," sighed her father, "just there is where the trouble lies. You can argue with and persuade yourself, but it is so hard to influence another. Frank—your uncle, dear—was a good boy, but I suppose I was too stiff; and so we drifted apart. I could never laugh, unless I saw something to laugh at, but Frank would laugh just for the pleasure of it."

"Perhaps," said Alda, cheerfully, "you'll be laughing that way yourself some time."

"If I only could!" he moaned. "But it is no use, dear, while I have that ring." turning it restlessly on his finger. "I don't see how I can."

"But the ring is your own, papa."

"Do you know, dear," he began, then checked himself. "I must be out of my mind," thought he, "to talk like this to the child."

But Alda, in her own sweet way, understood and went on. "I know the ring is yours, papa, but perhaps you think, after all, Uncle Frank ought to have it."

"Exactly," said he, with eagerness, led on by this sweet sympathy. "I do think so, but Frank wouldn't take it now. If he only would!"

Here Mrs. Denham came in, and the conversation was broken off for the time.

Alda had heard enough, however, to make up her mind. If Uncle Frank had the ring, her papa would be glad, and Uncle Frank would like it. Still, her papa could not give it himself, so some one else must give it for him, and that some one should be herself, just as soon as she could bring it about. She would not ask for the ring yet; she felt that for one reason or another she might be refused. And besides, she had a feeling that if she watched for it, a chance might appear, and all would be well.

Some time slipped by, however, and the coveted opportunity did not present itself.

Her father grew better, and resumed business once more, but he was less absorbed in it than formerly. He found a good deal of time for Alda, and took her to ride, and especially to concerts, the little lady being fond of music. They were a noticeable pair—the tall, bearded, stately father, and the delicate child, with her transparent, vivid beauty. Many a person would turn to look at them at they passed, and in Mr. Denham's place of business a visit from the child was the event of the day. She took all this attention with a kind of serene unconsciousness; it neither excited nor troubled her.

One still, cold afternoon in January Francis Denham made haste home.

"Why, papa!" cried Alda, running to meet him. "What brings you home so early?"

"You, my pet," he answered, gaily. "Be quick, there's a good girl, and have Janie wrap you up warm. Mamma lying down, is she? Well, you tell her that I am going to take you to hear Wilhelmj, and will bring you back safe and sound."

No second bidding was needed. Alda flew like a fairy, and in a few minutes the carriage had left them at the Music Hall. Their seats were on the front row of the first gallery, about midway. They were hardly in their places and Alda's wraps unloosed, when Wilhelmj entered, and all her attention was centered on him.

It was wonderful playing; clear, firm, masterly, yet with an undercurrent of passionate life. The spirit of music was there, as well as its body.

Her father felt the beauty of the performance, but his strongest emotion, after all, was pleasure in Alda's pleasure. Now and then she looked up, long enough to appropriate his sympathetic smile, but was silent until the intermission. Then she chattered joyously, for the music had set free her happy little tongue, and he answered, more gravely; still, it satisfied her.

Now and then she made an absurd pretence of looking through his opera-glass, and bowing to some imaginary acquintance thus recognized. Next, she leaned her fairy arm on the balustrade, to peep down at the people below. Her glance roamed idly at first, then all at once grew earnest, for directly beneath sat her Uncle Frank.

The thought rushed over her: My chance at last! and at this moment her uncle looked up. His worn, tired, haggard, face met full the young and lovely one of his little neice. Something in her gaze arrested him; an indescribable expression of love and joy and longing.

He felt no anger toward her—who could?—and he smiled faintly in response to the pleading of her eyes.

Alda drew back. The orchestral accompaniment of the next concerto began with a crash, as she pulled her father's head near to listen, and whispered, breathlessly, "Now, papa, now is the time, and Uncle Frank will take it!"

No explanation was necessary. Her father understood, for he too has seen his brother's upturned face.

He held out his hand, and with eager fingers she pulled off the ring. Once more she bent over the railing, and once more, drawn by some secret impulse toward good, her uncle looked up.

He saw two faces above him—the man's grave, yet entreating, the child's radiant with beautiful intention. And she held out the ring! The next moment it was it his feet. No one heard her say it, yet he felt sure that her lips formed these words: "It is your own, dear uncle. I give it to you from my dear papa."

The old, hard anger melted from his heart like ice in the sun; he felt no impulse to refuse; on the contrary, he gently lifted the ring and put it on, then looked up at Francis and his daughter. No mean triumph touched his smile; the brotherly kindness of old days lighted up his face.

Then Alda, her work accomplished, leaned back and said:

"It is all done, papa. Now we'll listen to Wilhelmj."

Very few persons noticed this little episode, and those who did see, thought nothing of it; a child's freak, that was all. But when the concert was over, and Alda, muffled to the chin in white fur, like a snow-sprite, came down the stairs with her father, and there was Uncle Frank waiting for them.

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, but though the brothers exchanged a hand-clasp that spoke volumes, no words were possible till they were out of the crowd.

At the carriage-door Frank said rather huskily, "Did you mean it, Francis?"

"Frank," replied his brother, "I do mean it with my whole heart, and may God forgive me for not having done it before!"

So the great Denham feud came to an end. The boys found each other delightful comrades, and wondered that they had never fraternized before. The wives exchanged receipts and confidences; the brothers renewed the amity of early days.

As for Alda, if she was not completely spoiled, it was due to the inherent sweetness of her nature, and not to her relatives, who thought nothing that could be done was enough for her.

"She hasn't a fault!" said her Uncle Frank.

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