LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING JULY 14 1869

Special Notices preceding marriages and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion. LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES-

Poetru.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE EMORNING The new lay glitt'-ring o'er the grass,
A mist lay over the brook.
A nee earliest beam of the golden sun,
The snowy brooms of the heavithorn tree,
Lay thick y the ground adorning,
The birds were singling in every bush
At live o'clock in the morning,
The birds were singling in every bush
At five o'clock in the morning, And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sang, For the meadows were fresh and fair.

For the meadows were fresh and fair.
The breez of the morning kits dher brow,
And played with her nut brown helf.
But off the turn'd and looked around
As if the slience scorning.
Twas time for the mover to what his scyt
At flye o'clock in the morning
Twas time for the mover to what his scyt
At flye o'clock in the morning.

At two o'clock in the morning.

And the meadows the movers came,
And merry th ir voices rang.

And more among them wended his way,
To where the milk mand sang.

And as he lings of by nor side,
The side the serve was werning.

The side to serve was werning.

The did nor was not again,
At five o'clock in the morning.

At five o'clock in the morning.

Miscellaneous. The Courtyard of Ours d'Or

spak follies; you are the eldest, and you mustgo."

I.

On a hot August morning, in a quaint old Flemish city, the sun shone brightly into the courtyard of the Ours d'Or. Early in the morning the sun had youln't tried to creep in through the low-browed arch that gave entrance to the Inn from the little Place outside; but it could not succeed in reaching farther than midway up the broad vaulted passage, which had Clomence's parlor and her father's counting house on the left, and the kitchen on the right. The sunshine, however, had no mind to be baffled by the whim of the left and the whim left and while the whim of the left and while the whim left and while the whim the sand the shades and one of the left than the will be home left, and the will take Mamselle Round the were of them, and she wanted the they were ogres, and she said the used to talk to take the used to talk to take the used to talk to take the was an old scur at Bruges, la Scur Marthe,—and she used to talk to take the she and we must beware of them, and she was the latter than beware of them, and she used to talk to take the she and, when t

beer and coffee drank by round faced

sang out loudly as the sunshine gilded the tress's anxiety excessive their cages.

But for the noisy birds and a few peaseur Louis will not arrive to day, I am clock butterflies during their glowing. cock butterflies darting their glowing sure of it; the sooner thou art gone, my colors in and out among the tall fuchsias; child, the sooner home." And she the courty ard basked in the sunshine in went back to the stew pans.

to move zeross it.
There was a glass door between the two arbors that faced the arched passage; it opened, and old Madame de los came forward into the courtyard. The old woman waddled across to the shade of the passage as fast as she could, pulling the large bood of her straightly quilled cap, till she left visible only the

snowy muslin strings.
"Elodie, Elodie! where, then, is Ma from the bra s pans and pots and kettles glittering in every corner.
Inside this kitchen all things shone peaked chin; but here all likeness

rest of the house, and why does Clemended. The bulky dame who filled up the doorway would have made four of the slight, active cuisiniere of the Ours d'Or.

"Pouf! was there ever such a heat."
Flatfaced, pink Madamo de Vos turned up her blue eyes as if they, too, suffered.

"Madame has no need to come into

"Elodie spoke gravely over one oulder, and went on trussing her fowls. "Where is Manuselle Clemence? I

Opposite the kitchen were three en-trances to the house: the largest, that in the centre, opened into the inn itself; on each side of it were Mousieur's counting house and Mademoiselle's par-lor: Clemence's voice came from this counting house and Mademoiselle's parlor: Clemence's voice came from this
last doorway.

"One to me, child; and then Elodie
can hear the news at the same time.
Ah, ma foi! that all the affairs of the
family should be thrust on my shoulders!"

The clock struck one, and a sound of
voices came up the arched passage.

"What does it matter?" thought
Rosalie; "Clemence is away, and my
father too. I will amuse myself to-day;
grandmamma never scolds mc; the
trelis screens me; I can see and I am
not seen." round sharply. Her sunken grey eyes were full of eager interest, and as Ciemence crossed over a soft flush had risen

on her cheek, and a glad dancing light sparkled in the large, thoughtful eyes.

A minute ago you would scarcely have called Clemence pretty; she was too pale' and her gray eyes had wanted col-or till the blush on her cheek made

came rushing into Cemence's face and the words were spoken quick-ly,—'I cannot go; thou knowest why I wish to stay at home. Louis

use to send her?"
"But we are not sent for to be useful," Clemence pleaded, her tender, wistful eyes fixed on her grandmother's wishing the shared of the grand other is stolid face. 'The good securs love the aunt too well to yield any care of her to a stranger; it is only that she may see one of her own people again. Bonne maman, I have not seen la tante Marie

bonne maman; how could I be absent when Louis arrives?"

The sweet, imploring voice might have touched Madame de Vos's heart through all the pink fat which enveloped it, but that she hated contradiction; and also for the reason that Clemence had looked while she spoke more than ever like her dead mother. There was the same slender bending figure, the same trausparent skin and dark hair, and, above all, that same strangearnestness in the eyes, and resolute fervent spirit which had in days gone by so bewildered Madame when she looked

spirit which had in days gone by so bewildered Madame when she looked at her son's wife. For Madame de Vos came of a pure Flemish stock—physique and morale were alike solid and stolid.

Subject.

And the old lady looked from the handsome soldier to the blushing maiden. "Ma foi, what a fine couple they would make!" said she to herself.

Louis Scherer thought his future sistendard was pretty indeed, and hand any sold make the sold and any sold make the sold lady looked from the so

chemence was twenty-two, and it seemed to Auguste de Vos that she could take her mother's place in the management of her two little brothers; but before he could rouse himself to settle anything he got an imperative summons to visit his mother at Louvain. "Of what canst thou be thinking then," "Ast thou told Monsieur where Clemence is?"

"Yes, yes, my angel, I have told all to Monsieur. Thy father will arrange all when he returns; and now we will eat if dinner is served."

At dinner-time Monsieur Louis began to talk to Rosalie.

pleasure, I did not wait for them.

old gray stones, soon climbed high enough to peep over the quaint roofs of the rambling building, and poured thence an intense glow of golden The old lady walked away to the the rambling building, and poured thence an intense glow of golden warmth into the courtyard at the end of the passage.

The plash plash of a little fountain tinkled merrily in the sudden brilliance, gold fish darted to the surface of the water to warm themselves, and the leaves of the tree fuchsias round and about showed prism dyed through the sparkling water drops.

but her eyes flashed.

The old lady walked away to the parlor.

"It is too unjust, too hard; if my father were but at home!"

The words were said to herself, but Elodie read them in her face. She put her lean brown hand tenderly on the leaves of the tree fuchsias round and about showed prism dyed through the sparkling water drops.

sparkling water drops.

It was only a small square court, planted like a garden, and overlooked on three sides by the inn windows. It was bordered by rustic arbors, with vines clambering over them; in these of afternoons nines were smoked, and

ning?" But the savor of the various stew beer and coffee drank by round faced Belgiaus. Just nowall was as fresh and well ordered as if no one but the gardener had access there.

Canaries hung in these arbors. They have not know the chartest hung in the supplies gided to be considered the cuisiniere thought her young mis-

its own still fashion. The small round paving stones grew hotter and hotter till the spray of the fountain dried as it reached them.

It seemed a scene waiting for an actor.

The seemed to the variety partial to the possible with the jewelled drops of the fountain, the canaries sangloudly, the gold fish seemed to be listening, for they came to the top of the water and It seemed a scene waiting for an actor opened their wide mouths as if to say "Bravo!" The giass door opened again, but this time it was not Madame de Vos who

came out into the sunshine. It was a Tiens, tiens! it is a heat to stifle." fair, rounded, well grown maiden, with rolden hair wreathed in abundant plain -a very sweet and blooming creature,
-the bloom and sweetness of seventeen,
that indescribable charm of youth which fades so quickly; which a few hours of sunshine withers out of spring flowers. The tender, soft blue eyes, the delicate, peach tinted cheeks, the smooth, fine peach tinted cheeks, the smooth, and texture of the white throat, the firm,

rosy lips, as told of youth in its first freshness, and in Rosatie de Vos, of youth conscious of its own beauty and eager to try its power.

"It is nice to be at home for good,"
"It is nice to be at home for good," she said, and she sat herself down in one of the arbors. "Why, I was only glittering in every corner.

Inside this kitchen all things shone hotly except Eloder's face; a pale, thin countenance on a small, erect body. She wore just the same sort of snowy cap that Madame de Vos did, tied under her peaked chin; but here all likeness

> three! I wonder what kind of a love he is to marry so old a fiancee? he must

be ugly or stupid."

The salle-e manger lay beyond the sittenen detached from the rest of the nouse, and could only be entered through he courtyard.
The clock struck one, and a sound of

not seen."
The dinner-bell pealed loudly, and in trooped guests with hungry faces, some from the inn, others from the town, for the table-d'hote of the Ours d'Or had a the table-d'hote of the Ours d'Or had a reputation.

Alphonse, the stout head-waiter, ask-ed the oldest of the guests to preside in the absence of his master, and then pro ceeded to compound the salad-dressing

with calm solemnity.

The windows of the salle looked into

or till the blush on her cheek made them glow.

"The Sour Marie, thy aunt at Bruges, is ill, and the Superior asks that one of her people should go to the Hospice with speed. It would kill ne, as thou knowest, Clemence, to travel with such a heat; besides, how cou'd I quit the Ours d'Or when thy father is not there? It is thou, Clemence, who must obey this summons."

The liquid eyes drooped, the soft color faded; for a moment the girl stood silent, her lips parted, her hands clasped together.

"Well?" This came very impatiently from Madame.

"Bonne maman!"—the warm blood

with cam solvents.

The windows of the salle looked into the court, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the alle looked into the out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the salle looked into the out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the salle looked into the out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the salle a looked into the out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the salle alooked into the out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the suited out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the suited out, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of the suited started with the court, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finish ing stroke, the vinegar, he started so the windows of them. Just as he ly from Madame.

"Bonne maman!"—the warm blood
"Bonne maman!"—the warm blood
Rosalie saw the stranger too, and she

blushed. It was pleasant to feel that she was more attractive than the savory fumes issuing from the open French windows of the salle But when the visitor came up to her he bowed and said to day or to morrow, he may arrive at any moment, and I—I have visitor came up to her he bowed and not seen him fors olong. Why cannot Rosalie go to Bruges." o to Bruges?"

lie! Rosalie is a child; of what leaves, Mademoiselle. I mistook you for Mademoiselle de Vos."

for Mademoiselle de Vos."

He bowed, begged pardon over again, and retreated.

Rosalie was vexed.

"How comes he to know Clemence, I wonlder? How handsome he is! He has come to see our father on business, and Elodie has referred him to Clemence and retry. The livited her writted. bonne maman; how could I be absent when Louis arrives?"

The sweet, implorie
Bonne and Elodie has referred him to Clemence; and yet?—she knitted her pretty eye brows—'Elodie knows that my sister has gone to Bruges. I must go and tell grandmamma."

She was not daring.

at her son's wife. For Madame de Vos came of a pure Flemish stock—physique and moraie were alike solid and stolid. In her family no one had ever been slender, or poor, or dark haired; and she had felt herself aggrieved when Auguste de Vos, her eidest son,—the landlord of the flourishing Ours d'Or,—had married Clemence de Trudin, the orphan daughter of a poor French genteman.

What could he expectof such a transparent, unusual looking creature but that which had come to pass? For only a year ago the younger Madame de Vos had died of decline: a disease mainly caused, so said her mother-in-law, by a dislike of eating and drinking and slove of books. She died, and left her overstelled to the bushing of the bushing with surprise and confusion. "You are thinking, Monsieur, that she does not resemble Clemence, and you are right. Clemence is a De Trudin, but this is a De Vos pur sang, or I might rather say a Van Rooms; she takes after my family absolutely,—we a lastike of eating and drinking and a love of books. She died, and left her

dislike of eating and drinking and a love of books. She died, and left her sorrowing, idolizing husband with four children.

Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two, and it "Bonne maman," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence was twenty-two."

talk to her. "only wondered," she went on, archly, "whether all the men in the world look at people as hard as you looked at me just now. I thought was perhaps for that reason la Sœur Marthe said they were ogres." She laughed out so merrily that he could not feel affronted.

her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me Mademoiselle," she said; "it is ridiculous when we are to be brother and sister."

Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and looked out of the window into the court-

"What kind of man did you imagine him?" What kind of man did you imagine him?" And that is just what I shall not the store basin, and gravely in the repose of the law was a feeling of ilustry. "Is not his fault," she said. "It is I, who loves him to wave bring us back on the head-saucily, —'for you would then find out what I think of you now."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft cound arms on the customed ledge, and Schere bending over her till his face nearly touched hers.

Height there still, but the birds had less in missed. "It is I, who loves him to wave bring us back on the head-stay of the way station."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft cound arms on the customed everywhere; there was a feeling of ilusury in the repose of the place. All at once the hush was broken. A low murmuring of voices came from the ment of the court-you due the farthest end of the court-you due the farthest end of the court-you due the farthest end of the court-you would then find out what I think of you now."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft in the window of the way station.

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft in the direction of the shock has a great relief to find that a train was about to start for Alost; she date where hood closely over her head way station.

They were still standing together in the window of the way station.

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft in the window of the way station.

The was a great relief to find that a train was about to start for Alost; she date where hood closely over her head was tat

Monsieur de Vos came home in the sevening; he was delighted to see Clemence's lover.

Tit was Louis Scherer.

A little cry from Clemence, then a start and some confusion; it seemed but that been aince his first arrival.

A little cry from Clemence, then a start and some confusion; it seemed but the confusion it is the confusion. It seemed but the confusion is the second, and then Louis was beside the holding her to his heart and kissing her tenderly.

When Auguste de Vos came in to supper Rosalic was missing.

"The poor child has a migraine," said the grandmother; "she has gone to bed. Clemence has come home." The good father passed on into the "Only a few days," he said, he did

went to bee, the two men sat and smoked in silence.

At last De Vos rose.

"We are both tired to-night, mon ami; we will talk business to-morrow. In your letter to me you proposed that the marriage should take place a fortnight

imate his appearance he will ap to him.

"Ma foi, mon gareon! I have bad news for you. I have a letter from Clemence; she asks to stay till the end of the week with her aunt. It is possi-

will weary to return home."

De Vos looked at Scherer. To his surprise the young soldier made no answer. In came Rosalie, fresh and at Rosalie.

selfish. She had no thought of any one but Louis, and she followed him out into the courtyard without even looking at Rosalie.

surprise the young soldier made no answer. In came Rosalie, fresh and blooming, full of pretty excuses for being late, as she bent down to be kissed by her grandmother.

"Paresseuse!" said the old woman, fondly. "Allons, thou and I must amuse Monsieur Louis till Clemence comes home."

De Vos got up from table, and noddel smilingly to the three.

"Arrange it as you will. I must go to work, and leave you idle ones to your play. Au revoir."

Scherer looked after him with an irresolute face Just then Elodie came to clear away breakfast, and Madame de Vos settled herself in her arm chair and began on her everlasting tricot.

The young man cleared his throat nervously, and Madame de Vos looked up at him. He must speak now, but his words came hesitatingly:—

"I am thinking of leaving you to-day, Madame; Clemence is away, and I am not wanted here. I go to Alost to see my father and my mother."

Then came a little pause, while his three listeners digested his words after their own fashion.

Elodie nodded her head approvingly.

Then came a little pause, while his three listeners digested his words after their own fashion.

Elodie nodded her head approvingly. She said to herself, "Good youth; he finds no pleasure in the house now that Clemence is not in it." And she smiled as she carried away the coffee-pot and the table-cloth.

Rosalie's firm, full lips pouted redder than ever. "He shall not go," she thought. "I have been counting on these four days, and I will not lose the chance of amusing myself."

The grandmother's eyes grew large and round, as the wolf's did once on a time to Red Riding Hood. "Leave us because Clemence is away? Thou must get me more; thou wilt pass Sch.melger's magarsin, in the Marche au: Crains; thou must not forget this. Ind seek all the patterns; I must get my bags. Tiens! Veine! Where are they;"

Clemence answered, leagerly, "Louis is waiting, bonne mam an, and if you have enough for to day, I will manage to get you some for to-morrow, this evening. Good-by, now!" and she ran dame's face.

An unpleasant smile came into Madame's face.

Louis is waiting! I da foi! the poor you would be content to wait all day if he had Rosalie to talk to. How can this gone with my sweet an gel, and then I you

right again when Clemence came back; Clemence always made him feel calm and peaceful. He looked up; Rosalie's fair head was still bent over some flow-

archway; Elodie was not in the kitchen; on the other side the parlor door stood you were: ma foi! I had imagined Ciemence's finance to be a so—so different erson."

"What kind of man did you imagine! "What kind of man did you imagine! "And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur,"—she shook here lead saucily,—"for you would then find out what I think of you now."

"And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur,"—she shook here head saucily,—"for you would then find out what I think of you now."

"And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur,"—she shook here head saucily,—"for you would then find out what I think of you now."

"And the time of it is the parlor door stood on the other side the parlor door stood of the other side the parlor door stood of the other side the parlor door stood on the other side the parlor door stood of the other side the parlor door stood on the other side the parlor door stood of the was not tell on the thought he would like on the thought he was not at on entere side. She never dreamed that her liver's same on one with the side on the store of the parlor door stood of the same of the parlor door stood of the same of the other have so the such that the such same of the other have the such same of the other have the such same of the other have the shock of the condemnation and such stream of the store in the store in the store in th

ence's lover.

When Rosalie and her grandmother went to bed, the two men sat and smoked in silence.

The good father passed on into the courtyard to call in the lovers. The moon had silvered the fountain, but it was dry and silvered to the fountain.

Monsieur de Vos held his daughter
Monsieur de Vos held his daughter
Haknew that

A sudden impacts
euce.
"Louis,"—she clasped her hands in a long, fond embrace. He knew that in the future he could not be to her that which he had lately been, and the remembrance of her earnest, watchful tenderness since his deep sorrow had being the late of the

The brave, kind father had striven to put willingness into his voice; but the little hand lying close against his heart felt it heave as if a strong, suppressed sob was kept in prison and wanted to

The fulness of her joy made Clemence selfish. She had no thought of any one but Louis, and she followed him out into the courtyard without even looking at Rosalie.

One comprehends that "the first-ruits" was a most precious offering.

boy would be content to wait all day if he had Rosalie to talk tr. How can this end? I must see how far things have gene with my sweet an gel, and then I must make these foolish children happy in the way I consider best suited to them. Yes, I am the most fitting judge."

because Clemence is away. All could be not know of what he speaks.

My Rosalie must open hereyes." [Then she said to Louis, "Go away, do you say? But that would be too unreasonable, my dear Louis." She laid her fat hand on his coat sleeve,—"You must not go away; my son will think that you are offended, and, ma foi! what do I know? It is possible that Clemence may return sconer, and then how can I explain your going away? Aha! tell me that a little!"

This fair faced, happy-looking young

The could not fail now. On the must never the sunshine of Clemence's happiness when she came to Clemence of the blood retreated as suddenly as it had for Clemence's happiness when she came to limit from her walk, and yet she could not take the blood retreated as suddenly as it had for that a little!"

This fair faced, happy-looking young

This fair faced, happy-looking young

The came of the must never the sunshine of the must make these foolish children happy to unwilling husband."

For a moment Clemence stood crimthen the limit happy to the sunshine of Clemence's happiness when she came to go way; my son will think that the power loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had for the power loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had to love you; and you must markethese foolish children happy to in the mit time not to force thyself on an unwilling husband."

For a moment Clemence stood crimthen the horrible fear. Had Louis never loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had to love you; and you with the knit.

When the must never with the knit time not to force thyself on an unwilling husband."

For a moment Clemence stood crimthen the horrible fear. Had Louis never loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had to love you; and you must markethese foolish hard the word of them. Yes, I am for the word of them. Yes, I am for the word of the must never when she came of

ers she had been examining; it seemed to him suddenly that he was no longer troubled, and that he might just as well await Clemence's return at the Ours d'Or.

"Alphonse! Elodie!" cried Madame,
"the goat! the thief! ah!" and she
bustled out of the parlor into the courtyard, and charged a goat—that was dilgently nibbling the vine leaves—with
gently nibbling the vine leaves—with
self-wasted on the end of her laughed out so merrily that he could not feel affronted.

"Mille pardons!" Then he bent over her and whispered, "It is your fault if I looked too much."

The glance or the tone that went.

"Even down the tone that went.

The glance or the tone that went.

"Even down too mach."

I consider that was dilimited not actually professed to love Rogently nibbling the vine leaves—with the ball of worsted on the end of her had yet drawn the ardent, indiscreet girl to a sudden half confession of her passion for him,—a passion which the poor, vehement child told

I looked too much."

The glance, or the tone that went with it, flushed Rosalie's cheeks more deeply than ever; her eyes drooped, and for a minute her sauciness deserted her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me Mademoiselle," she said; "it is ridiculous are located moiselle," she said; "it is ridiculous are located to the file of the file of the first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women that the had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women tha

"The very consider these cakes," the old woman spoke gruffly. "I gave them to Alphonse, and the inbecile has forgotten them. They are the cakes Mamselle Clemence chooses for her jour difference's gaze,—it was not her father, Monsieur Louis."

"Yes, yes, Elodie, thou art thoughtful. You remember Elodie, Monsieur Louis and them Louis was beside the condition of t

atter your return.

Well, you and Clemence must fix the day between you, and leave the rest to me. I will fetch her home to-morrow."

He paused for an answer, but Louis stood night Louis!" said be Vos.

"I am giving you the best thing I have to give; if I had known two years ago all that was going to happen, perhaps you would not have got my consent so easily."

"I will try to deserve her," he said, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

But at breakfast-time the honest, manly face of Monsieur de Vos looked clouded, and as soon as Louis Scheerer made his appearance he went up to him.

"Ma foi, mon garcon! I have bad news for you. I have a letter from Jemence: she ask to store!"

"The brave bidden and a sagon as Louis Scheerer made his appearance he went up to him.

"The brave bidden and sagon as the return."

"The brave bidden and sagon as louis Scheerer made his appearance he went up to him.

"The brave bidden and sagon as Louis Scheerer made his appearance he went up to him.

"The brave bidden and sagon as Louis Scheerer made his appearance he went up to him.

"The brave bidden and sagon as Louis Scheerer made his appearance he went up to him.

"The brave bidden are a letter from Jemence: she ask to steal."

"The brave bidden are an answer, but Louis come upon him trilled in his vaccing the day between you sure you wish to be my his are it is tooly love that makes me speak. Are you sure you wish to be my his the stood looking at her, then a faint flow her was the the stood looking at her, then a faint flow her was the stood looking at her, then a faint flow her was very under the was by her side in an instant.

"Lemence linked per sould for a moment she came out to the math the was by the was very been of it," said the was by her side in an instant.

"I should not have returned to claim the stood looking at her, then a faint flow and?"

I should not have returned to claim the was by her flow. "I should not have returned to claim the sadon?"

It came Madame de Vos with Rosalie, "Leve and the was by her dead the

Clemence; she asks to stay thit the end of the week with her aunt. It is possible that my sister may recover, and the presence of my good child comforts her. Still,"—he smilled as he spoke,—"I do not say what may happen when Clemence hears that you are really here at the Ours d'Or."

"Bah! Bah!" Madame's dull round eyes opened to let her superior wisdom out. "Why need she hear it? Clemence must not be disturbed. She has promised, and she would not retract. Why, then, should she be disturbed? If she learns that Monsleur Louis is here, she will weary to return home."

"It hand lying close against his heart little hand lying close against his heart little

but I shall return soon, and bring my father and my mother with me."

It was hard to think of parting, but it was a relief. This little separation might help them both, and yet tears came into her eyes as she looked at her lover.

"Only a few days," he said, he did smile; he looked toward the doorway, tom her.

A sudden impulse mastered Clemence.

"Louis,"—she clasped her hands tightly together,—"do not be angry with Monsieur Scherer, file, opposite." Just then the chimes of Alost began to

Monsieur Scherer, fils, opposite."
Yes, there on the opposite side of the way was Louis. Clemence's heart

givings. And with the relief from deserted street, and then a thought occord doubt her usual energy returned. All theimportant articles of her trousseau had long been ready; for there were some trifies which required her attention, and in the selection of these she wanted Rosalie's help and taste.

She went into the old lady's room to look for her sister.

"Where is Rosalie?"

"Breelie must not be disturbed "said troop of hrilliant butterfles from the

"Blind" the voice was faint and full of fear.

"Bah—bah—bah!" The old woman lashed herself into a fresh anger, so as to steel her heart against the entrance that plaintive word had nearly found.

"Clemence, if thou art not blind, thou art, indeed, selfish. How, then, should it happen otherwise? These two are made one for the other. Rosalie's gown for thy wedding with Louis! Her sbroud more likely; for the sweet child will die of despair."

Clemence started. She went up to her grandmother, and took a firm hold of her arm.

"No, I do not wish it," she said, at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I started be loved. You thought you oved me two years ago." His eager denial would be heard. Clemence smiled sadly. "Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. I do not wish it," she said, at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I started. Clemence, if thou art not blind, thou at plainties word had nearly found. "Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. I do not wish it," she said, at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I started. She was also, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I started be loved. You thought you oved me two years ago." His eager denial would be heard. Clemence smiled sadly. "Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. She had some only—if you had lold me at once—at first,"—she stopped; she had resolved not to reproach him. She had borne up bravely; but now the break in her voice conquered Louis. He fell on his knees beside her, still had be heard. Clemence smiled would be heard. Clemence smiled would be heard. Clemence sating he would be heard. Clemence smiled would. You do not loue you addy. "Not loue had you love has addy. "Vell, then, you do not better suited to you, and yo

feriority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering; there must be hope to feed that pain; something in her own heart told Clemence after a while that hope for her was over.

But the venement anger returned. Her own passion terrified her; she could find no power to strive against it, and almost mechanically she hurried to Et. Michel's.

Which consists of while associated while clearest demonstrations on his. There is nothing too diffied we to lofty for her to attempt. She will hold forth about the functions of the protoplasm, the theory of natural selection, the character of Queen Mary of Scotland, and whether poor Joan of Naples was mad or only miserable, where as a child her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me Mademolssile," she said; "it is ridiculous when we are to be brother and sister."

Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and long and stir in the arou."

"Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and of the window into the courty yard.

"Come," he said, "we will go and and stir in the arou."

"I shall die of sorrow," she said, she law sobbig in the moonlight; yard.

"I come," he said, "we will go and and stir in the arou."

"I come," he said, "we will go and and stir in the arou."

"I come," he said, "we will go and after the morning."

"I wish if were morning then, You will wish true happiness; earlies of the pale eyes of the suffering Sour Marles," and still within the how the suffering Sour Marles, which was the left in aversion was that of a jealous you seemed to me sitting there just you seemed to me sitting there was no one within. Clem the surface was not jealous and stir the sundance of the pale eyes of the character of the crucing which was true held in aversion was that of a jealous now."

"I work if we real real and loving a conformity to the full office the morning."

"I wish if we real real and seem on much to the distractions of the other world, which was true held in aversion was that the dad not the functions of the real leading the first and it will come and in the real venture of the crucing the variety of Scotland, and whether poor Joan of Najes was mad or rouly misserable, to world, which as the sake the character of Queen Mary of Scotland, and whether poor Joan of Najes was mad or rouly miserable, without more knowledge of science or view; and she will held forth a would come and it will not the distractions of the ower."

And Clemence sayed there from the early will come an

the term, since the days of the Fox girls, company with an artist, and criticise the pictures, though she does not know the A B C of painting; she will give her ways on the lookout for signs and won-

the A B C of painting; she will give her opinion about the nerits of an opera and the singers, though she cannot go through the chord of C natural correctly; to have been the last one to look for so ways on the lookout for signs and war-ways on the lookout for signs and war-ways on the lookout for signs and war-ways on the look out for it was one to look for so the last one to look for so the last one to look for so and the singers, though she cannot go through the chord of C natural correctly; and she will stand up in the presence of a literary man of note, and declare that no one at the present day can write good English, but she could not parse a sentence grammatically to save ber life, and beyond the agreement of singulars and plurals knows nothing of the contraction of largeage. But her meabors and the singers, though she cannot go

ency of moral minxhood, eager to discover improprieties which she ought not even to know of and thinking that she shows her modesty by her quite gratuitous condemnation of the immodesty she herself has created.

seen. It." The voice was faint and full of the voice was faint

on the pricture acove ner.

When he passed again the chapel was proposed the half to our gaged in planning our future life. How grateful I ought to be to have a place in the thoughts of two such ment I must conquer this disquiet, or Louis will perceive it."

That night both the sisters' pillows were wet with tears.

Tears with the young Rosalic of wild grief at the injustice which was break in wedding her sister. On that evening when Clemence had surprised them in the arbor—although Scherer had not actually professed to love Rosalie, he had yet drawn the arbor—although Scherer had not actually professed to love Rosalie, he had yet drawn the arbor—indiscreet girl to a sudden half confession of her passion and confession of her passion for him.—a passion of Rosalie's weight in the state of Rosalie's well institute the stream of the size of the size

marked a—you may name it what you please. I call it divine interposition, as please, I can't divine interposition, as the one I am about to relate, all the wit-nesses to which—and they are not few —are still living. One bitter cold day in winter a merry party of us, nestled down under furry

through the froth and down to the microscopic core, and may regret that she should be "allowed to go on so," yet they are generally powerless to amend matters. The minx has the bit between her teeth and "goes on so," to the end. This kind snubs even young men. In general the minx fraternizes closely with young men; one of her characteristics being a horror of women, which translates itself in various forms, according to her kind; but the critical minx is critical rather than anything else; and even the commendable in stinct of ordinary girlhood, to believe each youth a hero till she finds him a snob, gets overlaid by the greater force of the critical rather than anything else; and even the commendable in stinct of ordinary girlhood, to believe each youth a hero till she finds him a snob, gets overlaid by the greater force of the critical or the commendable described by the greater force and the critical or the commendate of the critical or the commendable described by the greater force and the critical or the commendate of the critical or the commendable described by the greater force and the critical or the commendate of the critical or the critical or the commendate of the cr

August "As hall asked. "In not all the control, and when the common and all the control, and when the common and all the control, and the control, and when the common and all the control, and the control and the control

RATE OF ADVEBTISING

BUSINESS ADVERTINEMENTS, \$12 a year per quare of ten lines; \$6 per year for each ac-ditional square.

REAL ESTATE ADVERTISING, 10 cents a line for the first, and 5 cents for each subsequent in sertion.

Louis." She rung derises on the face while the storm of passionate angers wept over her. Not for long. Like a cold hand laid on her heart came the remembrance of Rosalie's loveliness and her own inferiority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering; there must be hope to feed that pair; something in her own heart told Clemence after a while that hope for her was over.

But the vencement anger returned. Her own passion terrifled her; she could be and the the face while the storm of passionate angers wept over her. Not for long, Like a cold hand laid on her heart came therefore her. Not for long, Like a cold hand laid on her heart came the remembrance of Rosalie's loveliness and her own inferiority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering; there must be hope to feed that pair; something in her own heart told Clemence after a while that hope in the told Clemence after a while that hope in the part and an absolute mental inability to be instructed by the clearest demonstration of the remembrance of the command of the angel of the would abolish the whole race of minxes, could mark in the part and an absolute mental inability to be instructed by the clearest demonstration of the remembrance of the command of the angel of the would abolish the whole race of minxes, could mark in the part and an absolute mental inability to be instructed by the clearest demonstration of the remembrance of the part and an absolute mental inability to be instructed by the clearest demonstration of the remembrance of the part and an absolute mental inability to do mankind a signal service, he would abolish the whole race of minxes, could make the under the part and an absolute mental inability to do mankind a signal service, he would abolish the whole race of minxes, could make the under the part and an absolute mental inability to do mankind a signal service, he would abolish the whole race of minxes, could make the under the part and an absolute mental inability to do mankind a signal service, he would also lish the whole rac

ashes, but as the doors were closed there was no danger of falling embers setting the house on fire; and had we staid to the noise on he; and had we start to the concert everything would have been as when we left, except that little Ed-dle's voice would never more have made music for our ears. Every one said that with a delay of five or even three minutes we should have been to late. Many years have passed since then, yet now, when the lamp of Faith burns dim, God and His promises seem a festation of his nature—to feel that, 'As a father careth for his children so careth he for us." "Deliver us from evil, for Thine is the power," is no mere

She paused, as if to put away from her the world, with which she had now done forever. Then she added, "I pray One bitter coid day in winter a merry party of us, nestled down under furry robes, went to meet an appointment with a friend, living a few miles distant, with whom we were to spend the afternoon and in the evening attend a concert to be held near by.

The sleighing was delightful, the air keen and inspiring, the host and hostess genial as the crackling fres in the grates, and the invited guests, of whom there were many besides ourselves, in that peculiar visiting trim, which only old time friends, long parted, can enjoy. Restraint was thrown aside; we crackled likes we clusted like mappies, and enercy upon me, O God, after Thy great mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great with span me, O God, after Thy great mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great a marriage bell, and merrier than some cach youth a hero till she finds him a sunder and unaccountable desire to go home, accompanied by a sinct of intellectual assurance. The intellectual minx is consequently as much disliked by the other sex as she is by the rown; and in her mental life is emptotically an Ishmaelite, without a firiend anywhere.

Twin-sister to the critical minx is she of the moral and prudish sort. A moral minx is a fearful creature to encounter; forever flying at your throat and charging you with meanings you had not the smallest desire your words a should convey, and which, if you are a flyour and years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour you had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had not the smallest desire your words a flyour years a part of the house had year years a part of the house had year years a part of the house had year yea

way like a man in a orean integrated with the relief from side the man doubt of all ber adoubt on the read and predicts ared, and then a thought of all the man to the old indy's room to its for the size of the man and the size of the

explain your going away? Aha! tell me that a little!"

This fair faced, happy-looking young solder was troubled; and trouble was a new and uncomfortable sensation. This fair faced and trouble was a least troubled; and trouble was a new and uncomfortable sensation. The had managed to get through life without it. He had got into debt, but then his father had arranged that for him. He had always had friends in these long months of absence have I