

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIEFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME X.

Allentown, Pa., May 28, 1856.

NUMBER 35.

FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY.



THIS proposition says that in a short time the ground will be ready to sow Oats, Barley, &c. How they know this we are not able to say, but this much we will say, that when you see a man, who has had better success in a call for one of the best grain drills, and warranted at that, (no large talk about refunding money) but if the article is not as represented, it can be returned, and all matters satisfactorily arranged. Likewise, in due time the grass will be in order for hay making, and then we are prepared to furnish you with Albert Mower's splendid machine for cutting grass of any kind. And in addition, when desired, we have also the combined Mower and Reaper, of Mower's Patent, which is manufactured upon a different principle from those made heretofore, and warranted to cut grass and grain as fast as one team of horses can draw it. And further, we have the Premium Corn Shelter of Lehigh county, and no there has been sold a very large number in a short time, and have rendered universal satisfaction, we are confident in saying that it has no superior here or elsewhere. We likewise have a mill for chopping feed, which has been tested thoroughly in different sections, and all who have witnessed its operation, testify to the good qualities of the mill, and recommend it to farmers as an article to save time, and likewise grain in the amount which it has superior millers in the shape of "fall." In short we have almost any article which farmers require for agricultural purposes, such as Ploughs of various patterns, Corn Cultivators, Reaping Hay Rakes, Hay Forks, Corn Ploughs, Corn Planters, Lime Spreaders, Thrashing Machines and Horse Powers of different kinds, and all warranted to give satisfaction. Replying done in all the different branches, on reasonable terms and at short notice. Any person residing at a distance, in want of any of the above articles, can obtain them by the dressing the subscribers at No. 30 West Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.

W. H. SWITZER & SONS, 30 West Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.

CRYS SHEET REFERENCES.

David Bortz, Westerville; John Bortz, Cedar Creek; Joseph Wenner, Lower Manungy; C. & W. Eshelman, Allentown; Reuben Guckenack, North Whitehall.

FRED MILLER REFERENCE.

Charles Sogoyev, Allentown, April 2.

WARREN'S IMPROVED FIRE AND WATER PROOF COMPOSITION ROOFING.

Joseph Clewell, Allentown, Agent for Lehigh Co.

YOUR attention is respectfully solicited to the above method of Roofing, now much used in Philadelphia and vicinity, and which has been extensively used in many of the cities of the West, during more than eleven years past, during which time it has been tested under every variety of circumstances, and we confidently offer it as the most perfect Roofing material ever used in any part of the world, while it combines, in a greater degree than any other roof, with fire and water proof qualities, and durability, and security against both fire and water. This is rapidly superseding the use of all other kinds of roofs, wherever it has been introduced, giving general satisfaction, and is highly recommended by all who have tested its utility. These roofs require an inclination of not more than one inch to the foot, which is of great advantage in case of fire, and for drying purposes. They are offered at a price considerably less than any other roof in use, while the amount of material saved, which would otherwise be spent in extending up the walls and framing for a steep roof, often makes a still further important reduction in the cost of the roof, at much less expense than any other. In case of defect or injury, from any cause, there is no need of entirely replacing the material being mostly non-conductors of heat, no roof is so good in summer, or so warm in winter. Those wishing to use our roof, should give the referees a pitch of about one inch to the foot. For further information apply to Joseph Clewell, at Allentown, our agent for Lehigh and Carbon counties, who is prepared to execute all orders at short notice.

H. M. WARREN & CO., No. 4 Farquhar Building, Walnut St., Philadelphia REFERENCES.

The following named gentlemen in Allentown have their houses roofed with the above named composition, and are able to testify to its superiority over any other kind of roof:

DR. H. A. GRIM, A. M. OFFICE AT THE EAGLE HOTEL, NO. 3 WEST HAMILTON STREET, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Dr. Edwin G. Martin, ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Allentown, and is able to testify to its superiority over any other kind of roof:

PREMIUM INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, just received for sale, at the retail, at Haines' Shaving Saloon, No. 10 East Hamilton Street.

QUEENSWARTER. We have the fullest and best selected assortment of Queens and Glass Ware ever seen in Allentown, and which we are enabled to sell cheaper than it can be bought elsewhere.

THE FARM-YARD GATE. A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

PART I.

Thou dearest hast been linked to me By things which never more can be— By memories of that lovely place, That village, quiet in its grace, (Like lilies in the summer air, That stir not, knowing they are fair), And those who read those names, walks, And shared with us those woodland talks, Fill our hearts, hungry for the pain Of having to be waded against, and leaped the deep meaning of a word Which had been better never heard.

Down at the end of a long green lane that led from the substantial brick house of Farmer Shirley, swung the "farm-yard gate," called so more by courtesy than by right, since the "yard" was, in reality, some distance off in another direction, while the lane itself led the passenger out over a smoothly sloping greenward into the dusty highroad. But the place had been christened by the young and maidens of the village who had swung and seaward there as children, and who now came, in their maturer years, to walk and talk together—it may be, to breathe a row of love, or exchange an innocent kiss, beneath the shade and shelter of the tall maples that grew around. So no one thought of changing its name, and the schoolboys swung back and forth on its stout hinges with shouts of glee the old farmers leaned over it to discuss the state of the weather and the crops, or to talk politics—and the good wives of the neighborhood held a solemn convocation there now and then in the early dusk of a summer's evening, while with a kerchief or apron over their heads, they exchanged the news of the day and "spiced" after one another's family affairs.

On the evening of which I write, no one lingered at the gate, but two friends, whose home for years had been in that great house beyond it—but whose mutual home would be there no longer. It was well understood, throughout the village, that Stella Shirley was to depart on the morrow for the distant city, and with instinctive delicacy her old schoolmates and companions had made their adieux in the afternoon, in order that she might dedicate the last hours of her stay to her cousin and acknowledged lover—Justin Shirley.

They walked slowly up and down in the pale moonlight. Stella was tall, erect and agile, with eyes and hair as black as night—finely cut and chiselled features, a clear glowing brunette complexion, and an air at once gay, careless and full of a manly independence, which charmed while it subdued. She was brave and frank and generous—but she was also proud, imperious and overbearing—and the plague spot of ambition had eaten deep into her heart. Her cousin was slender, frail and graceful as a leoparding reed. Long curls of jetty hair fell around oval cheeks full pale and clear, and thick and curving eyebrows of the same hue, and his large dark gray eyes looked still darker. His mouth was small and full, and his nose, though but very slightly curved, was straight and transparent hands—the blue veins upon the sunken temples, and the slight depression around the upper lip, all told the same tale. This was a nature to delight in the noble and the high, but would escape like the perfume of a dying flower, and so go back to him who gave it.

Never was there a stronger contrast between two lovers. And when he spoke, his voice was low, sweet and exquisitely modulated, while in her firmer tones might be heard a slight metallic ring, like that of one hearing in striking a bell. This slight distinction alone would have marked the difference between the two, to an observant spectator.

"And to-morrow evening, when I come here," he sighed, "I shall come alone. You will then be in the city, Stella. You will then be the dark eyes of the girl flashed as she answered, "Yes—and by the day after, Justin, I shall be commencing my search after fame. You may think I ought not to call it so, but I am hurrying for an editor's office to another, in a state of perfect bewilderment. I shall not settle down as a writer for some days to come, I presume."

"But Stella—I have often read and heard that young authors meet with many disappointments and discouragements. If the editors should refuse your articles, what would you do?"

"He hoped and believed she would say, "I would come home again to you, Justin." When he saw her white beneath his warning words. But the next moment she threw up her splendid head with a gesture of mute defiance and said proudly, "I would burn them and write more till they did take them! I tell you, I will succeed. No one can convince me that I am made for the humdrum life your father and mother have marked out for me."

The boy colored painfully, but compressed his lips, and was silent.

"I know I ought not to call it so," she said, more kindly, "but I am not good and quiet, and I cannot help my thoughts. I love you, Justin—you and every one knows that—but I must have a larger life before I settle down as a writer in this little village. I must be famous—I must earn a reputation to lay at your feet."

"Oh Stella, you will lay it on my grave, but I shall never know it," he exclaimed, in bitter grief.

She turned away and leaned her head on her folded arms upon the old gate.

"I was wrong"—he said, a moment after—"but sickness and the grief of this parting has made a coward of me. Forgive me all anything but look so cold and gloomy, Stella, and I will never speak so again. I will try to think you will not forget me—that you will come back and that we shall spend one day together as we have spent our childhood, loving each

other, and happy as the days are long. I will believe it, Stella. Now look up and smile at me again."

Muscular man would almost have forsaken his creed, for the smile and radiant look she gave him.

"I love you best, Justin, when you do not make me unhappy by any such gloomy speeches," she said with a quiet kiss. "And now let us talk of my future—our future—because you will share it."

He listened to the oft told story of a thousand dreams and hopes. They were all of fame and wealth and the world's applause—and the home they were to have together, was always placed far on in the future? She was young and strong and vigorous—full of life and spirit—but would his father's heart and trembling limbs bear him so far on in the journey?

He shuddered to think how he might be lying cold and silent in the grave, while she still followed the mocking phantom of Fame, far away—but he said nothing of his fears, and the smile which he listened to her eager words was sweet and serious as ever.

The nine o'clock bells chimed out in the village, and for the moment they two should never stand there so again, he clasped his cousin closely to his heart, and murmured, solemnly, "Wherever you go, my darling, may God go with you! Be good, Stella—oh, be good, if you are never great! God—into Thy hands I give her up! Thou knowest what is best."

In after years, how the memory of that parting blessing wrung the woman's weary heart, even while it kept it pure and true! For womanhood showed her that human love is far more dear than fame.

PART II.

Oh now in the hush of the twilight hour When I mark with a listless eye On the grass of the meadow lie— When the sound of the evening wind is lost I weep for all I have loved and lost In loving and being loved!

Two years passed away. In the village which had always been his home, Justin Shirley, Stella was tall, erect and agile, with eyes and hair as black as night—finely cut and chiselled features, a clear glowing brunette complexion, and an air at once gay, careless and full of a manly independence, which charmed while it subdued. She was brave and frank and generous—but she was also proud, imperious and overbearing—and the plague spot of ambition had eaten deep into her heart.

Her cousin was slender, frail and graceful as a leoparding reed. Long curls of jetty hair fell around oval cheeks full pale and clear, and thick and curving eyebrows of the same hue, and his large dark gray eyes looked still darker. His mouth was small and full, and his nose, though but very slightly curved, was straight and transparent hands—the blue veins upon the sunken temples, and the slight depression around the upper lip, all told the same tale. This was a nature to delight in the noble and the high, but would escape like the perfume of a dying flower, and so go back to him who gave it.

Never was there a stronger contrast between two lovers. And when he spoke, his voice was low, sweet and exquisitely modulated, while in her firmer tones might be heard a slight metallic ring, like that of one hearing in striking a bell. This slight distinction alone would have marked the difference between the two, to an observant spectator.

"And to-morrow evening, when I come here," he sighed, "I shall come alone. You will then be in the city, Stella. You will then be the dark eyes of the girl flashed as she answered, "Yes—and by the day after, Justin, I shall be commencing my search after fame. You may think I ought not to call it so, but I am hurrying for an editor's office to another, in a state of perfect bewilderment. I shall not settle down as a writer for some days to come, I presume."

"But Stella—I have often read and heard that young authors meet with many disappointments and discouragements. If the editors should refuse your articles, what would you do?"

"He hoped and believed she would say, "I would come home again to you, Justin." When he saw her white beneath his warning words. But the next moment she threw up her splendid head with a gesture of mute defiance and said proudly, "I would burn them and write more till they did take them! I tell you, I will succeed. No one can convince me that I am made for the humdrum life your father and mother have marked out for me."

The boy colored painfully, but compressed his lips, and was silent.

"I know I ought not to call it so," she said, more kindly, "but I am not good and quiet, and I cannot help my thoughts. I love you, Justin—you and every one knows that—but I must have a larger life before I settle down as a writer in this little village. I must be famous—I must earn a reputation to lay at your feet."

"Oh Stella, you will lay it on my grave, but I shall never know it," he exclaimed, in bitter grief.

She turned away and leaned her head on her folded arms upon the old gate.

"I was wrong"—he said, a moment after—"but sickness and the grief of this parting has made a coward of me. Forgive me all anything but look so cold and gloomy, Stella, and I will never speak so again. I will try to think you will not forget me—that you will come back and that we shall spend one day together as we have spent our childhood, loving each

other, and happy as the days are long. I will believe it, Stella. Now look up and smile at me again."

Muscular man would almost have forsaken his creed, for the smile and radiant look she gave him.

"I love you best, Justin, when you do not make me unhappy by any such gloomy speeches," she said with a quiet kiss. "And now let us talk of my future—our future—because you will share it."

He listened to the oft told story of a thousand dreams and hopes. They were all of fame and wealth and the world's applause—and the home they were to have together, was always placed far on in the future? She was young and strong and vigorous—full of life and spirit—but would his father's heart and trembling limbs bear him so far on in the journey?

He shuddered to think how he might be lying cold and silent in the grave, while she still followed the mocking phantom of Fame, far away—but he said nothing of his fears, and the smile which he listened to her eager words was sweet and serious as ever.

The nine o'clock bells chimed out in the village, and for the moment they two should never stand there so again, he clasped his cousin closely to his heart, and murmured, solemnly, "Wherever you go, my darling, may God go with you! Be good, Stella—oh, be good, if you are never great! God—into Thy hands I give her up! Thou knowest what is best."

In after years, how the memory of that parting blessing wrung the woman's weary heart, even while it kept it pure and true! For womanhood showed her that human love is far more dear than fame.

PART II.

Oh now in the hush of the twilight hour When I mark with a listless eye On the grass of the meadow lie— When the sound of the evening wind is lost I weep for all I have loved and lost In loving and being loved!

Two years passed away. In the village which had always been his home, Justin Shirley, Stella was tall, erect and agile, with eyes and hair as black as night—finely cut and chiselled features, a clear glowing brunette complexion, and an air at once gay, careless and full of a manly independence, which charmed while it subdued. She was brave and frank and generous—but she was also proud, imperious and overbearing—and the plague spot of ambition had eaten deep into her heart.

Her cousin was slender, frail and graceful as a leoparding reed. Long curls of jetty hair fell around oval cheeks full pale and clear, and thick and curving eyebrows of the same hue, and his large dark gray eyes looked still darker. His mouth was small and full, and his nose, though but very slightly curved, was straight and transparent hands—the blue veins upon the sunken temples, and the slight depression around the upper lip, all told the same tale. This was a nature to delight in the noble and the high, but would escape like the perfume of a dying flower, and so go back to him who gave it.

Never was there a stronger contrast between two lovers. And when he spoke, his voice was low, sweet and exquisitely modulated, while in her firmer tones might be heard a slight metallic ring, like that of one hearing in striking a bell. This slight distinction alone would have marked the difference between the two, to an observant spectator.

"And to-morrow evening, when I come here," he sighed, "I shall come alone. You will then be in the city, Stella. You will then be the dark eyes of the girl flashed as she answered, "Yes—and by the day after, Justin, I shall be commencing my search after fame. You may think I ought not to call it so, but I am hurrying for an editor's office to another, in a state of perfect bewilderment. I shall not settle down as a writer for some days to come, I presume."

"But Stella—I have often read and heard that young authors meet with many disappointments and discouragements. If the editors should refuse your articles, what would you do?"

"He hoped and believed she would say, "I would come home again to you, Justin." When he saw her white beneath his warning words. But the next moment she threw up her splendid head with a gesture of mute defiance and said proudly, "I would burn them and write more till they did take them! I tell you, I will succeed. No one can convince me that I am made for the humdrum life your father and mother have marked out for me."

The boy colored painfully, but compressed his lips, and was silent.

"I know I ought not to call it so," she said, more kindly, "but I am not good and quiet, and I cannot help my thoughts. I love you, Justin—you and every one knows that—but I must have a larger life before I settle down as a writer in this little village. I must be famous—I must earn a reputation to lay at your feet."

"Oh Stella, you will lay it on my grave, but I shall never know it," he exclaimed, in bitter grief.

She turned away and leaned her head on her folded arms upon the old gate.

"I was wrong"—he said, a moment after—"but sickness and the grief of this parting has made a coward of me. Forgive me all anything but look so cold and gloomy, Stella, and I will never speak so again. I will try to think you will not forget me—that you will come back and that we shall spend one day together as we have spent our childhood, loving each

other, and happy as the days are long. I will believe it, Stella. Now look up and smile at me again."

Muscular man would almost have forsaken his creed, for the smile and radiant look she gave him.

"I love you best, Justin, when you do not make me unhappy by any such gloomy speeches," she said with a quiet kiss. "And now let us talk of my future—our future—because you will share it."

He listened to the oft told story of a thousand dreams and hopes. They were all of fame and wealth and the world's applause—and the home they were to have together, was always placed far on in the future? She was young and strong and vigorous—full of life and spirit—but would his father's heart and trembling limbs bear him so far on in the journey?

He shuddered to think how he might be lying cold and silent in the grave, while she still followed the mocking phantom of Fame, far away—but he said nothing of his fears, and the smile which he listened to her eager words was sweet and serious as ever.

The nine o'clock bells chimed out in the village, and for the moment they two should never stand there so again, he clasped his cousin closely to his heart, and murmured, solemnly, "Wherever you go, my darling, may God go with you! Be good, Stella—oh, be good, if you are never great! God—into Thy hands I give her up! Thou knowest what is best."

In after years, how the memory of that parting blessing wrung the woman's weary heart, even while it kept it pure and true! For womanhood showed her that human love is far more dear than fame.

PART II.

Oh now in the hush of the twilight hour When I mark with a listless eye On the grass of the meadow lie— When the sound of the evening wind is lost I weep for all I have loved and lost In loving and being loved!

Two years passed away. In the village which had always been his home, Justin Shirley, Stella was tall, erect and agile, with eyes and hair as black as night—finely cut and chiselled features, a clear glowing brunette complexion, and an air at once gay, careless and full of a manly independence, which charmed while it subdued. She was brave and frank and generous—but she was also proud, imperious and overbearing—and the plague spot of ambition had eaten deep into her heart.

Her cousin was slender, frail and graceful as a leoparding reed. Long curls of jetty hair fell around oval cheeks full pale and clear, and thick and curving eyebrows of the same hue, and his large dark gray eyes looked still darker. His mouth was small and full, and his nose, though but very slightly curved, was straight and transparent hands—the blue veins upon the sunken temples, and the slight depression around the upper lip, all told the same tale. This was a nature to delight in the noble and the high, but would escape like the perfume of a dying flower, and so go back to him who gave it.

Never was there a stronger contrast between two lovers. And when he spoke, his voice was low, sweet and exquisitely modulated, while in her firmer tones might be heard a slight metallic ring, like that of one hearing in striking a bell. This slight distinction alone would have marked the difference between the two, to an observant spectator.

"And to-morrow evening, when I come here," he sighed, "I shall come alone. You will then be in the city, Stella. You will then be the dark eyes of the girl flashed as she answered, "Yes—and by the day after, Justin, I shall be commencing my search after fame. You may think I ought not to call it so, but I am hurrying for an editor's office to another, in a state of perfect bewilderment. I shall not settle down as a writer for some days to come, I presume."

"But Stella—I have often read and heard that young authors meet with many disappointments and discouragements. If the editors should refuse your articles, what would you do?"

"He hoped and believed she would say, "I would come home again to you, Justin." When he saw her white beneath his warning words. But the next moment she threw up her splendid head with a gesture of mute defiance and said proudly, "I would burn them and write more till they did take them! I tell you, I will succeed. No one can convince me that I am made for the humdrum life your father and mother have marked out for me."

The boy colored painfully, but compressed his lips, and was silent.

"I know I ought not to call it so," she said, more kindly, "but I am not good and quiet, and I cannot help my thoughts. I love you, Justin—you and every one knows that—but I must have a larger life before I settle down as a writer in this little village. I must be famous—I must earn a reputation to lay at your feet."

"Oh Stella, you will lay it on my grave, but I shall never know it," he exclaimed, in bitter grief.

She turned away and leaned her head on her folded arms upon the old gate.

"I was wrong"—he said, a moment after—"but sickness and the grief of this parting has made a coward of me. Forgive me all anything but look so cold and gloomy, Stella, and I will never speak so again. I will try to think you will not forget me—that you will come back and that we shall spend one day together as we have spent our childhood, loving each

other, and happy as the days are long. I will believe it, Stella. Now look up and smile at me again."

Muscular man would almost have forsaken his creed, for the smile and radiant look she gave him.

"I love you best, Justin, when you do not make me unhappy by any such gloomy speeches," she said with a quiet kiss. "And now let us talk of my future—our future—because you will share it."

He listened to the oft told story of a thousand dreams and hopes. They were all of fame and wealth and the world's applause—and the home they were to have together, was always placed far on in the future? She was young and strong and vigorous—full of life and spirit—but would his father's heart and trembling limbs bear him so far on in the journey?

He shuddered to think how he might be lying cold and silent in the grave, while she still followed the mocking phantom of Fame, far away—but he said nothing of his fears, and the smile which he listened to her eager words was sweet and serious as ever.

The nine o'clock bells chimed out in the village, and for the moment they two should never stand there so again, he clasped his cousin closely to his heart, and murmured, solemnly, "Wherever you go, my darling, may God go with you! Be good, Stella—oh, be good, if you are never great! God—into Thy hands I give her up! Thou knowest what is best."

In after years, how the memory of that parting blessing wrung the woman's weary heart, even while it kept it pure and true! For womanhood showed her that human love is far more dear than fame.

PART II.

Oh now in the hush of the twilight hour When I mark with a listless eye On the grass of the meadow lie— When the sound of the evening wind is lost I weep for all I have loved and lost In loving and being loved!

Two years passed away. In the village which had always been his home, Justin Shirley, Stella was tall, erect and agile, with eyes and hair as black as night—finely cut and chiselled features, a clear glowing brunette complexion, and an air at once gay, careless and full of a manly independence, which charmed while it subdued. She was brave and frank and generous—but she was also proud, imperious and overbearing—and the plague spot of ambition had eaten deep into her heart.

Her cousin was slender, frail and graceful as a leoparding reed. Long curls of jetty hair fell around oval cheeks full pale and clear, and thick and curving eyebrows of the same hue, and his large dark gray eyes looked still darker. His mouth was small and full, and his nose, though but very slightly curved, was straight and transparent hands—the blue veins upon the sunken temples, and the slight depression around the upper lip, all told the same tale. This was a nature to delight in the noble and the high, but would escape like the perfume of a dying flower, and so go back to him who gave it.

Never was there a stronger contrast between two lovers. And when he spoke, his voice was low, sweet and exquisitely modulated, while in her firmer tones might be heard a slight metallic ring, like that of one hearing in striking a bell. This slight distinction alone would have marked the difference between the two, to an observant spectator.

"And to-morrow evening, when I come here," he sighed, "I shall come alone. You will then be in the city, Stella. You will then be the dark eyes of the girl flashed as she answered, "Yes—and by the day after, Justin, I shall be commencing my search after fame. You may think I ought not to call it so, but I am hurrying for an editor's office to another, in a state of perfect bewilderment. I shall not settle down as a writer for some days to come, I presume."

"But Stella—I have often read and heard that young authors meet with many disappointments and discouragements. If the editors should refuse your articles, what would you do?"

"He hoped and believed she would say, "I would come home again to you, Justin." When he saw her white beneath his warning words. But the next moment she threw up her splendid head with a gesture of mute defiance and said proudly, "I would burn them and write more till they did take them! I tell you, I will succeed. No one can convince me that I am made for the humdrum life your father and mother have marked out for me."

The boy colored painfully, but compressed his lips, and was silent.

"I know I ought not to call it so," she said, more kindly, "but I am not good and quiet, and I cannot help my thoughts. I love you, Justin—you and every one knows that—but I must have a larger life before I settle down as a writer in this little village. I must be famous—I must earn a reputation to lay at your feet."

"Oh Stella, you will lay it on my grave, but I shall never know it," he exclaimed, in bitter grief.

She turned away and leaned her head on her folded arms upon the old gate.

"I was wrong"—he said, a moment after—"but sickness and the grief of this parting has made a coward of me. Forgive me all anything but look so cold and gloomy, Stella, and I will never speak so again. I will try to think you will not forget me—that you will come back and that we shall spend one day together as we have spent our childhood, loving each

other, and happy as the days are long. I will believe it, Stella. Now look up and smile at me again."