ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
One Square,	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.00	10.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	5.50	10.00	16.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.00	8.00	15.00	20.00
Six Squares,		8.00	12.00	20.00	35.00
Quarter Column		10.00	20.00	35.00	50.00
Half Column		15.00	32.50	50.00	80.00
One Column		25.00	50.00	80.00	150.00

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00.
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion, 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

WILLS & IREDELL, PUBLISHERS.
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

WILLS & IREDELL,
Plain and Fancy Job Printers,
No. 47 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
UPSTAIRS,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING,
NEW DESIGNS,
LATEST STYLES.
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

VOL. XXIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1869. NO. 11

Financial.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

AND

CENTRAL PACIFIC R. R. CO.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Over *fifteen hundred* (1500) *miles* have been built by two (2) powerful companies: the Union Pacific Railroad, beginning at Omaha, building west, and the Central Pacific Railroad, beginning at Sacramento, and building east, until the two roads shall meet. Less than two hundred and fifty miles remain to be built. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the through connection between San Francisco and New York will be completed by July 1.

As the amount of Government aid given to each is dependent upon the length of road each shall build, both companies are prompted to great efforts to secure the construction and control of what, when completed, will be *one and the only grand Railroad Line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.*

One Hundred and Ten Million Dollars ($110,000,000) in money have already been expended by the two powerful companies engaged in this great enterprise, and they will speedily complete the portion yet to be built. When the United States Government found it necessary to secure the construction of the Pacific Railroad, to develop and protect its own interest, it gave the companies authorized to build it such ample aid as should render its speedy completion beyond a doubt. The Government aid may be briefly summed up as follows:—

First. The right of way and all necessary timber and stone from public domain.

Second. It makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which when the road is completed, will amount to twenty-three million (23,000,000) acres, and all of it within twenty (20) miles of the railroad.

Third. It loans the companies fifty million dollars ($50,000,000), for which it takes a second lien.

The Government has already loaned the Union Pacific Railroad twenty-four million and fifty-eight thousand dollars ($24,058,000,) and to the Central Pacific Railroad seventeen million six hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars ($17,648,000), amounting in all to forty-one million seven hundred and six thousand dollars ($41,706,000).

The Companies are permitted to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as they receive from the United States, and no more. The companies have sold to permanent investors about forty million dollars ($40,000,000) of their First Mortgage Bonds. The companies have already paid in (including net earnings not divided, grants from State of California, and Sacramento city and San Francisco), upwards of ($25,000,000) twenty-five million dollars of capital stock.

WHAT IS THERE YET TO BE DONE?

In considering this question it must be remembered that all the remaining iron to finish the road is contracted for, and the largest portion paid for and now delivered on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad, and that the grading is almost finished.

WHAT RESOURCES HAVE THE COMPANIES TO FINISH THE ROAD?

First. They will receive from the Government as the road progresses about $9,000,000 additional.

Second. They can issue their own First Mortgage Bonds for about $9,000,000 additional.

Third. The companies now hold almost all the land they have up to this time received from the Government; upon the completion of the road they will have received in all 23,000,000 acres, which at $1 50 per acre would be worth $34,500,000.

In addition to the above the net earnings of the roads and additional capital, if necessary, could be called in to finish the road.

WAY BUSINESS—ACTUAL EARNINGS.

No one has ever expressed a doubt that as soon as the road is completed its through business will be abundantly profitable.

Gross earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for *six months*, ending January 1st, 1869, were upwards of $3,000,000
The earnings of Central Pacific Railroad, for six months, ending January 1st, 1869, were $1,750,000 gold
Expenses $550,000 gold
Interest 450,000 "
1,000,000 "

Net profit of Central Pacific Railroad, after paying all interest and expenses for six months $750,000 gold
The present gross earnings of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads are $1,200,000 monthly.

HOW LARGE A BUSINESS IS IT SAFE TO PREDICT FOR THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD?

We would give the following facts derived from Shipping Lists, Insurance Companies, Railroads and general information:—

Ships going from the Atlantic around Cape Horn, 100	80,000 tons.
Steamships connecting at Panama with California and China, 55	120,000 "
Overland Trains, Stages, Horses, etc., etc.	30,000 "

Here we have two hundred and thirty thousand tons carried westward, and experience has shown in the last few years the return passengers from California have been nearly as numerous as those going.

HOW MANY PASSENGERS ARE THERE?

We make the following estimate:—

110 Steamships (both ways)	70,000 (actual for 1868.)	
200 Vessels	"	4,000 estimated "
Overland	"	100,000 " "

Present price (averaging half the cost of the steamships) for both passengers and tonnage, gives the following result:—

174,000 passengers at $100	$17,400,000
460,000 tons, rated at $1 per cubic foot	15,640,000
	$33,040,000

Basing calculations upon the above figures, without allowing for the large increase of business, which can safely be looked for, then estimate the running expenses at one half and we have a net income of $16,520,000; which, after paying the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds and the advances made by the Government, would leave a net annual income of $9,000,000 over and above all expenses and interest.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company are both, principal and interest, payable in gold coin; they pay six per cent. interest in gold coin, and run for thirty years, and they cannot be paid before that time without the consent of the holder.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad for sale at par and accrued interest, and First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad at 103 and accrued interest.

DE HAVEN & BRO.,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, ETC.

NO. 40 S. THIRD ST.,

PHILADELPHIA. [jan 27

THE GIRL WHO SANG, AND THE GIRL WHO WAS SILENT.

The girl who was silent sat close by the window, her profile clearly cut against the sunset light. She was calm and still. Mark Akenside wondered, as he watched her, whether it was "in her" to be anything else—whether any man's voice could deepen that delicate rose-flush on her cheeks, or make the long lashes quiver which shut in those quiet eyes, blue blue seas, or stir the lips to a thrill of longing. She was like a morning sky, all rose and azure, and pearl, with hair golden as sunlight. Who could prophesy of her high noon, her crimson sunset?

Of the other one's capacity for emotion Akenside never doubted. She was a blonde, too; but then she was intensified in every particular. Her eyes were not blue, but amber; her golden hair had red lights in it—real Guinea gold, you know; and the color on her cheeks came and went like a breath of flickering flame. She was more petite than the tall, stately girl who sat by the window—a little firefly, a flashing humming-bird, anything else tiny and tropical. She sat now in the waning light, and sang to a dreamy air—

"I am weary of rowing,
Let me drif—let me drift?"

Akenside had been watching them both for awhile, sitting nearest to Blanche, the silent Miss Desmond, who was by the window. Now he got up and crossed over to the singer.

"When did you ever do anything but drift?" he asked. "Did you ever have a strong, fixed purpose in your life?"

He was startled at the look of passionate earnest which answered him. Her voice fell into a low key, as if it were her soul which was speaking to his.

"Yes, one—most certainly one."

"And that was—will you tell me?"

"Never, Heaven help me?"

"Why how tragic you are."

"Life is tragic, I think."

She got up then, a little creature, satirized by the yard-long train of heavy silk which rustled softly after her, and went across the room and out on the piazza, where she sat down within sound of a raised voice, but rather out of ordinary ear-shot. Akenside looked around at Miss Desmond with a smile.

"What a piquant child Maud is!" he said.

"You are mistaken," the elder sister replied cooly. "Maud is in some respects a very strong woman."

They fancied they knew each other well, these Desmonds, as sisters who have lived all their lives together are apt to fancy; but they were often puzzled about each other, notwithstanding. Maud used secretly to wonder whether Blanche had any heart, and Blanche gravely questioned in her own mind whether Maud had any soul.

As for Akenside, he had been near neighbor to them all the early part of his life; but his last six years had been passed in college and in foreign travel, and now he was getting acquainted with the girls afresh—really acquainted for the first time, he fancied.

I wonder if there be not in every man a secret spice of the Mormon? There was in Akenside, certainly. Marriage involves a good deal; and perhaps he would not have been quite ready to marry them both, even if the law had allowed. But whenever Maud's *ignis fatuus* light beguiled him away, Blanche's eyes, clear-shining as stars, brought him back again; and between them both he felt like a pendulum. He sat and watched Blanche now—the cool, clear-cut face coming between him and the sky, looking as if in the whole range of surprises there were not one which could change her calm sweetness by a shade. Truly, she was a very beautiful woman. But, could she ever love?

Careless and impulsive always, his thought sprang to his lips—"Do you th[illegible] man could ever ruffle your stately ca[illegible] Desmond, or trouble your heart-beats?"

Miss Desmond smiled. "I think you have had too much of science, when every woman appears to you as material for experiment. So much love and so much sorrow—this and this combination—what will be the precipitate? What the residuum? It may be well enough to sacrifice birds and fishes to the instinct for discovery, not women."

"Oh, if you put it in that ghastly light, I have nothing to say. All the same I *should* like to understand your capacity for emotion."

"*I* should not. I pray Heaven never to discover it to me."

Akenside looked at her. Her words held the passion and power of some unexpressed consciousness, but her face was still and calm as ever. What triumph it would be, he thought, to deepen by ever so little the rose on those cheeks, to make those level-fronting eyelids droop. Then he looked out at Maud.

"Titania!" he said.

The girl heard him, and rising, faced him like a queen; the silken sheen of her robes trailing round her, the golden hair crowning her small, stately head, which she bowed slightly.

"I left you a child when I went away to college, Titania, you and Blanche both. After six years I come back to find you—yourselves. Out of the congruity between what you are, and my recollection of you, has arisen a singular mistake. I packed a portmanteau with gifts for you during my travels; some for you and some for Blanche; a relic from every spot where I pitched my tent. If you had been grown up when I went away, I should not have ventured on the audacity. As it is, what am I to do with the things I brought home for two little girls? My mother wears black, and I have neither sister nor sweetheart."

Miss Desmond did not speak, but Maud's curiosity passed the bounds of her will.

"What were Blanche's, and what were mine?" she asked.

A little gleam of triumph shot from Akenside's hazel eyes.

"So you condescend to be curious? May I show you the trifles? If I bring them over in the morning, can you answer for your sister as well as for yourself, that they shall be inspected, and fair judgment passed upon them, as to how my taste and your peculiarties accorded?"

Miss Desmond began to utter a protest, but Maud put her hands over her lips.

"Yes," she said, "I *am* curious. You shall bring them and we will look at them—I answer for both of us. It is something to have been remembered among the beguilements of the far, fair foreign lands. We shall be grateful for the memory, at least."

"Thank you."

Akenside made his adieus then, and started to walk down the path, and Maud who had not quite finished something she had to say, walked to the gate with him. He looked back once, and saw Miss Desmond sitting still where he had left her, in her glistening white robe and thought that she suggested an angel. Might she not be destined to be the good angel of his life? And then a moment after, as Maud's syren-sweet tones stole to his ear, and he looked into her flushed, changeful face—did he want an angel after all? Would not a woman, a warm, radiant woman suit him better? There was little of the celestial in him, Heaven knew.

Do you complain of Akenside already? You are fortunate if the majority of the men you have met in your life have not been of his kind. It is not the heroic type, certainly. Once in awhile one finds a man whose life is pitched above the level of the common place—for whom one is forever the beloved woman, the only possible woman—but we shall wait, perhaps, till the millenium before their number is legion.

The world was very well contented with Mark Akenside as he was, and did not stop to wish him more of a hero. He was a great, strong, handsome fellow, with his curling hazel hair, his sunny hazel eyes, his well-cut features, and his head like a Greek statue's. He was Greek in his temperament, too—beauty-loving, pleasure loving, quaffing existence like wine, with just enough of Teutonic mysticism thrown in to make him imagine that he aspired for something beyond the life he so thoroughly enjoyed. A gentleman born and bred, he was rich also. So were the Diamonds. On neither side could there be any temptation to be mercenary; and I sometimes think that the truest loves are where both sides are too poor to expect any. Akenside was free to bring home a bride, tocherless or not, as it suited him. To know, beyond a peradventure what did suit him would be his only trouble.

The next day was warm, with the tender, brooding warmth of perfect June. The sky was deep blue, flecked here and there with fleecy white, and over the shining fields, causeless, uncertain shadows, of those clouds, perhaps, wavered and went out. All the roses were in bloom, and the climbing vines around the veranda glowed with crimson-hearted blossoms.

Miss Desmond had gathered some of the palest, and put them in her hair. They drooped low, and their perfect pink heightened a little the softer bloom of her cheeks. She wore them also in the belt of her white dress, and other ornaments she had none. Akenside coming up from the gate, and seeing her lean against a pillar, thought that so Miranda might have looked when Ferdinand saw her for the first time. The fancy was inconsequent and idle, as most of his fancies were, for there was a speculation in Miss Desmond's eyes, and insight into men and things, which was never caught in Prospero's enchanted isle.

Just as he reached her side, Maud flashed out, a perfect Fay Vivien, in brilliant green. Her beauty was of that piquant and fascinating kind, which is constantly changing, and seems, with every change, to have taken on new radiance. Akenside had been poetizing to himself about Blanche just before; but somehow Maud, all glint, and grace, and sparkle, put his fancies to flight with the first gleam of her presence.

A man had followed him with a portmanteau, which, at a sign from his master, he put upon a chair on the veranda, and then vanished. Akenside took out a key and flourished it.

"Now, ladies," he said, "imagine me a magician. I can give you, being so, whatever you may wish. What will you have—silks, laces, cashmeres, jewels."

"A heart," Maud answered saucily.

He turned the key, and lifted the cover of the portmanteau. Then he drew out the daintiest of inlaid boxes, in which he touched a little spring and revealed an Etruscan chain of the most exquisite workmanship. From this he silently took off and replaced in the box a coral hand, carved with the daintiest art of the Neapolitans, and left on the chain, sole pendant, a heart of the most perfect shade of pink coral, wrought also with the exquisiteness you find nowhere out of Naples. Then, with the utmost gravity, he hung the chain round Maud's neck.

"It is your turn now," he said to Blanche. "What will you have?"

"A lily," Miss Desmond answered, smiling. "You used to call it my symbol."

She thought that now she had put the magician to his trumps; but there was a curious light in his eyes. He bent towards his coffer, and said over some foreign words, which might have been an incantation. Then he took something from it, and laid something in her hand. It was a little cask, of carved ivory, which opened and disclosed a brooch and ear-rings of pearls—each ring the loveliest drooping lily-bell, the brooch a cluster of them.

"The poor magician did not forget the lily of home," he said, not venturing to put on Miss Desmond's ornaments, as he had her sister's, but looking at her entreatingly. She had meant to take none of his gifts; but this one, so exquisite in itself, so delicately suggestive of the remembrance in which he had held her, she could not refuse. So she hung the rings in her ears, and clasped the brooch at her throat, and there was, or Akenside thought so, a shade more of bloom upon her cheeks, a gleam more of brightness in her eyes.

For Maud there were ornaments of the carven coral to match her heart—roses exquisitely cut, and over one of which a bee hovered, fastened by art so delicate that he seemed poised in air. Maud had been the rose of the old time, as Blanche the lily, and now in her turn a gay triumph glanced in her eyes. He gave her sandal-wood, also, for she liked powerful odors, and otto of roses, each drop holding the distilled sweetness of an eastern garden; but Blanche would take nothing more. In vain he shook out Oriental silks, shawls heavy with patient stitches, laces like cobwebs. He had to put them all back again. Even Maud protested that she should care nothing for her coral roses and carved sandal-wood, if she had to be weighed down with gifts like a Chinese idol. So silks, and shawls, and laces, were packed up, and Maud told him they must be kept for the only woman who could ever wear them with propriety—his wife.

"And if she never come?" uttering a last remonstrance as he turned the key.

"Then you may leave them to me in your will."

"What a satire it is on our belief in immortality," Blanche said, "that we can take gifts so much more readily from the dead than from the living. We are all heathen in our instincts, and fancy those who have died out of our sight are mere dust and ashes, done with forever."

"Perhaps you women shrink from the gifts of the living lest the giver should claim too much in return," Akenside ventured, bending towards Blanche, and sending his eyes down through hers into her soul, to search out, if he might, its secrets thrills.

Maud had not noticed this by-play. She had brought out her hand-mirror, and was looking into it at herself and her coral roses.

"What could you ask that I would not give in return for these, even to the half of my kingdom?" she cried, gayly.

Akenside turned to her then, and saw the amber eyes which some new radiance kindled, the cheeks flushed with soft bloom, the red-gold hair, tumbling out of its silken net, such as Titian painted for his bella-donna ages ago, and if Blanche had swayed him a moment before, a yet more powerful magnetism drew him now to Maud.

Was soul or sense strongest in this man? This was the question the Fates were trying to solve, using these two women as tests. But he did not know it. He was conscious merely of a strange confusion of ideas. If only he could be in the world with one of these two, without the other!

The Fates smiled, and gave him, in effect, this opportunity also. Maud was sent for by her godmother; not a fairy godmother, but a rich old aunt of her father's, who had named her, and from whom she had great expectations. The girl cared very little for money, having never known the want of it. She would willingly have thrown up the whole affair, let the great aunt nurse her rheumatism and her wrath in solitude, and make her will in favor of the other branch of the family, for the sake of remaining herself in the neighborhood which the presence of Akenside had begun to make profoundly interesting to her. But her father and mother had more worldly wisdom, and insisted on her obeying the summons which had been sent her. She was whirled away, therefore, as fast nineteenth century steam-witch-craft could hurry her; and Miss Desmond, in her white robes and her calm graciousness, was the only one to speak Mr. Akenside's welcome when he went over to Woodside that night, as usual.

There had been for him something dazzling about Maud—a gleam too bright for clear-seeing; but now that the sun was withdrawn for a time, the calm moonlight stole into his soul, till he wished that it might never be high noon again.

Oh! those July days, in which they haunted together the dusky, aromatic woods, or surprised the water-lilies in their haunts, or learned new song from the thrush breaking his heart with melody; those short, swift summer nights, when they watched the red sunsets, the rising moons, and then Arkenside went home to dream. In those days and nights he thought he had found the gate to a new Paradise.

One day—the last one of July—he told this to Miss Desmond. She heard him at first with a shadow of doubt in her eyes. Maud was expected the next day. She wished he had waited, and said these things after he had seen Maud again. At last seeing no escape, she told him so.

"Do you think I do not know myself?" he asked her proudly. "I am no boy, and I have never yet been tempted to say to any other woman, what I say to you now. The only question is, can you love me?"

"It is not the only question," she answered, mournfully. "I love you well enough; but what if I should fail to satisfy you?"

"And I swear to you, that if you love me enough you will not fail."

So, urged by his pleading and her own hope, Blanche gave up the point, and allowed herself to be happy. She seemed to be re-created. Even Maud would never have questioned, seeing her now, whether she had any heart. The deep calm of her nature was broken up at last. New light was in her eyes, more vivid bloom upon her cheeks. She was pure as a pearl still, but radiant as moonstone.

A telegram came that Maud would stay away a week longer—a sennight which was long enough for Blanche to drain the bubbles from this too sparkling cup which her lover was holding to her lips.

He came over the next morning after he had won Miss Desmond's confession that she loved him, with triumph in his eyes, with the mien of a king who has been crowned, a hero who has won a victory. He brought with him the little, exquisitely-wrought hand he had detached from the chain which he gave to Maud.

"I kept this back," he said, "because I could give my hand to but one. It seems to me symbolic. Will you wear it?"

"Your heart did not seem symbolic, I suppose, or the gift of that could be multiplied infinitely," she retorted, softening the words with a smile, however; and bending over for him to fasten the gift round her neck. But she thought, with a sharp and sudden pang—"He gives his heart to Maud, and his hand to me."

Still she banished the prophetic pain, which seemed to her at once morbid and ungenerous; and perhaps she was happy enough in the seven days which followed to balance fairly some sad hours to come. Is there not an alchemy in young true love, which can distill into a week bliss enough for a life? After Egypt had melted her pearl and drank it, she would have been inconsequent indeed to expect to see it shining clear upon her bosom.

The second week in August brought Maud back at its beginning. The understanding between Akenside and Miss Desmond was so new, he was so careless and she so delicate, that it had not yet been talked about as an engagement, or even come to the understanding of the father and mother on either side. Mrs. Desmond was an invalid, and of necessity left her girls so much to their own devices that she had utterly failed to discern even as much as was patent to clear-seeing Maud at once.

"He either loves her, or thinks he does," she said to herself, the first night.

The thought was bitter to her. She had begun to care for him before she went away, and the tedium of her absence had nursed her fancy into something she believed to be the love of her lifetime. Had she lost him by that absence? She determined to watch them both narrowly. She went to the piano in pursuance of this thought, and sat down at it. It fronted the wall, so that as she sat before it she could face the room. She commenced playing a dreamy nocturne, in which he seemed absorbed; and, so sitting and watching, she saw some looks, heard some tones which told her their own story. At last she began to sing.

Her voice had no wonderful power or wonderful sweetness; but it had a curious, prevailing individuality of its own. With singular pathos in her tones, she sang a song, in itself full of despair:—

"We're all alone, we're all alone!
The moon and stars are dead and gone;
The night's at deep, the wind's asleep,
And thou and I are all alone!

"What care have we, though life there be!
Tumult and life are not for me!
Silence and sleep about us creep;
Tumult and life are not for thee!

"How late it is since such as this
Had topped the height of breathing bliss!
And now we keep an iron sleep—
In that grave thou, and I in this!"

Before the first verse was over, some power he was not strong enough to resist, had drawn Akenside to the piano. Listening with his soul, he looked with his eyes. This girl was beautiful, surely, with the red glint in her golden hair, the full tide of light in her great amber eyes, the lips that sang, and the voice that charmed. Was there anything as satisfying, any such fulness of emotion in his quiet Blanche? The next moment he looked at *her*, pearl-white and pure, as she sat silently by the window, and hated himself that he had asked the question.

But the days and the nights went on, and Maud glittered forever before his eyes, or sang her way into his heart; and he felt himself growing helpless, besieged in his stronghold by fate.

One day, in a mood of desperation, he proposed to Blanche to make their engagement known, and ask her parent's consent to an early marriage. He thought that this disclosure would serve to bind him—to impress upon him his obligations, and strengthen him in his conflict with himself. But, to his surprise, Blanche determinedly refused. They would wait a few weeks she said. This gave him an opportunity to reproach her with want of love. She only smiled. She thought to herself—"Let him think I do not love him, if he can. It may help him to forgive himself more easily when the time comes."

By which you will perceive that she loved him so well, she was ready to lay heart and life alike under his feet. If Maud had quite understood her quiet, silent sister, she might have been more merciful, though she had never much regarded any law save her own will: but there were some riddles she would never guess, and youth and love were strong within her. So she glittered on, and after awhile Mark Akenside's eyes were dazzled, and he saw nothing clearly.

"I wish I had stayed away from him," she said one day, petulantly—she was often petulant to Akenside now.

"By Heaven! *I* wish you had never gone!" he cried in sudden passion, and then he turned and met the steady, calm gaze of Blanche, who was just coming into the room. He was not too brave to quiver in every nerve. Had she heard him? What had he done?

Maud shrugged her pretty shoulders with an air of ennui, and went through a low window, down a walk soft with pine needles below, dusky with pine boughs above.

Akenside waited for Blanche to speak. She was above all pettiness or dissimulation. She looked at him with sad, kind eyes, and a patient smile which pierced him like a sword.

"You see I was wiser than you," she said. "I always feared that I knew you better than you knew yourself. But you must not think I blame you; I know you have been fighting a battle."

By this time she had taken off the little carved hand, and now she laid it in his palm.

"You see that it was more truly a symbol than you knew. It belongs where the heart had gone before. Heart and hand are joined by divine right, I think."

Mark Akenside had never loved any woman as passionately as he hated himself just now. He believed that in giving up Blanche he gave up the good angel of his life: and he longed to catch her escaping robes, to kneel in the dust of humiliation at her feet, and force his way into her heart again by the very force and passion of his supplication. But something in her look forbade him, and made him sure that it would be worse than useless.

"You were too good for me," he said slowly; "and yet, if you had had patience enough you might have made a better man of me than I ever shall be now."

She did not answer him save with a gleam of tender pity in the clear, kind eyes, which had shed bitterer tears for him than he would ever guess or know.

"He really thinks now, with Maud out of his sight, that he is in earnest," she thought, as he went away, with a gentle compassion for his weakness which only the strong sweetness of her own nature saved from being touched with scorn. "Poor fellow, how ungrateful he would be some day if I had taken him at his word!"

He went away from her, but he did not follow Maud on her shady path. In bitterness of spirit he went home, with self-contempt stinging him sorely. When he laid up the little coral hand which he had brought with him, he persuaded himself that it was forever, unless in time his remorse and his constancy should win for him Blanche Desmond's pardon.

He stayed away from Woodside a whole week, nursing the aforesaid constancy and remorse; but when he went back there again Blanche was gone. She had chosen this epoch to make a long-delayed visit, and leave the field clear for Maud. That young lady received him coldly. He wondered whether his absence had piqued her, or whether her sister had told her any secrets; showing by this latter conjecture how little he really knew of Blanche after all. Like a man (not like a hero), he wanted to solve this mystery, and so set himself at work to break down the barrier of Maud's coolness. And again she wove around him her subtle, glittering meshes. In two weeks he was more hopelessly her captive than he had ever been her sister's.

One day, moved by some superstition, he carried to her the hand of carven coral, and hung it on her chain. "When heart and hand have gone together, all must be right," he said to himself.

This time his engagement was made known at once, and received the parental sanction. It saved his pride that these ruling powers had never been certified of the other one.

He asked his betrothed, after she *was* his betrothed, what had been the strong fixed purpose of her life which she had once so earnestly asserted, and so resolutely refused to tell him.

She smiled archly in his face, with her answer—"To make you love me, dear."

Blanche came home in time to help with the wedding preparations. Akenside had wondered once whether it was "in her" to love. It was not in her, certainly, to parade her woes, or hang out any signal of distress. She was calm, and stately, and gentle—mistress of herself through all. Maud, who has not one-twentieth of her capacity for unselfish loving, will probably go on to the end, doubting whether her sister has any heart.

As for Akenside, he will see sometimes from afar, the calm and stately lily he had not discernment enough to gather, with a pang of regret and longing; just as doubtless he would have sighed now and then for Maud's butterfly beauty and glittering grace, if he had married her sister. I told you, in the first place, that he was not cast in a heroic molud, and I hardly fancy it was in him to be perfectly and unswervingly satisfied with any woman. Still he makes Maud a good husband, and she rules him by her stronger will, with an unconsciousness of the sway on both their parts, which is beautiful to see. She feels no lack. The one who was best and noblest among the three suffered most; but that is the way of the world. Would you rather, for that reason, be Maud than Blanche?

The "sugar wedding," occurring thirty days after a marriage, is the last matrimonial novelty.

—An encounter with natives—Opening oysters.

IMPROVEMEMT IN AGRICULTURE.

The following is an abstract from a paper read by Wm. Day, of Morristown, N. J., before the Farmers' Club. He said: In view of the growing wants of a great and growing people; in view of their ease of production and enormous yield; in view of the partial and, I trust, temporary deficit of the oat and potato crop; in view of so desirable a comfort and convenience to the wants of the table, the more extended and general cultivation of the root crop, as it is called, is a great national desideratum. Some writer in a late number of the *Tribune* very justly remarks that we are "entering an age of ideas." The truth is, our ideas are too aged already. The time has undoubtedly come when progressive improvement is the necessary order of the day. Improved implements of culture must offset the continually increasing scarcity and consequent rise in value of good land, skilled labor, and fertilizers. Hence the common farmer must switch off and come up in the right track, or the profit margin will grow beautifully less.

INJUDICIOUS MANAGEMENT.

The faults of ordinary management are first: The impoverishment of the soil by continued over-cropping; second, the omission of a suitable preparation of the soil by reckless and indifferent plowing.

Such an apparent violation of well-known principles, nature abhors, and very soon asserts her better judgment, by withholding the desired increase. Begging your pardon, gentlemen, I only quote the words of another when I say "Nature knows better than man what the roots want." Root crops, as they are called, delight in a kindly soil, and gentle and careful treatment. They bask in the sunshine of our most favored season; that season is but a short one. Hence every possible encouragement should be given. All garden-pulse or edible vegetables should have a quick and strong growth to insure that succulent, tender sweetness so much prized. On most farms, after a fair preparation of soil, the crop is planted, in rows of course, but generally too close together for profitable working. The extra labor required comes at just the time when the farmers can illy afford it, and this I consider one of the most serious drawbacks to root-growing. This ambition to compete with the New York City market gardens is only a successful failure, as it involves too great a division of interests, a fact too often over-looked. Now what is the remedy for this defect? Give the crop reasonable space, enough to allow working by horse-power not less than two feet, and for broad-leaved roots even three feet will oftentimes be found practically advantageous. This question of agricultural labor is becoming a matter of no small importance, as out of it grow fifty per cent. of the issues of life or death to farming. It is the farmer's mint where he coins his gains and his losses. The hired farm laborer gets say $28 per month, or counting eleven months' actual labor performed, $308 per annum. It would take but a meagre calculation of figures to show that the ordinary farmer who depends upon his profits to make both ends meet, must practice the most stringent economy. And with labor above high-water mark, and most thoroughly unskilled at that, he makes a virtue of necessity, procures a skeleton or narrow mold-board plow, "sinks it in to the hub," cuts off the feeding-roots, and ruins his crop.

PULVERIZATION OF THE SOIL.

The preparation of the soil I consider a matter of the highest importance. If we select a site unadapted to fruit, ever so much money, skill, time and patience only grievously add to breadth and depth of certain failure, and forthwith fruit-growing is decried as a doubtful investment. What incalculable advantages might have been reaped had this point been as deeply impressed upon our mind at the outset of life as years of sad and disastrous failure have fully demonstrated it. Never plant roots in ground ill prepared. Better wait till "the right time of the moon" goes down and comes up again, than plant in soil not properly prepared. It is a well-known axiom also that soils acquire fertility by exposure to the influence of the atmosphere; hence, after a tedious and protracted spell of unfavorable weather how often do we see the whole force of the farm summoned to subdue the army of weeds that are holding wild revel over the infant crop. Now one hour's efficient working of some labor-saving implement would be as beneficial to him as days of delay would be disastrous, enabling him not only to save his crop, but putting it in his power to do just the right thing in just the right time. For the relative and comparative value of the root-crop for both nourishing and fattening purposes, a few brevities condensed from writers of authority may suffice. One says all roots have "valuable nutritive qualities," some to a surpassing extent. Of the high value of the potato we need scarcely speak. Suffice it to say, two pounds of raw potatoes afford as much nourishment as one pound of good hay. Yet I believe better results invariably follow a judicious variation of food, to man and beast as well as to land. Five pounds of carrots and 6 pounds of oats are considered equivalent to 10 pounds of oats. The average cost of raising carrots in the old way may be reckoned at 15 cents a bushel. [illegible] bushels of mangolds have been raised per acre at a cost of 7½ cents per bushel, of which, according to experiment, 400 pounds were equivalent to 100 pounds of hay. Allowing 60 pounds to the bushel, the crop produced was equal in nutritive value to 12 tons of hay. To grow its equivalent in hay on an acre would, of course, be impossible.

AN ACRE OF CABBAGE.

Take one more very familiar illustration: An ordinary crop of Winter cabbage, planted three feet apart each way, an acre will yield 4,785 heads, which, at the retail price, now selling at 15 cents a head, would net $715.75, and even at 10 cents a head, would bring $478.50. I propose to show how this crop may be grown with scarcely one-tenth the labor usually bestowed upon it. As a necessary connection, therefore, to the important work of cultivating root crops, I suggest the use of a more efficient and labor-saving implement than any known to the trade. Every one knows how much better is the preparation of the garden by forking up and raking than by turning with plows and harrowing, and the implement desired now—in the place of the plow—is one that shall *dig*, *fork* and *rake* at one operation; stirring the ground to sufficient depths, leaving it as nearly as possible in the condition of a garden bed prepared with a fork and rake. Such an implement I have invented, and propose to introduce. To this small model of it I respectfully invite the attention of this Club. The essential features aimed at in the strawberry or root culture is to stir the soil without turning any furrow. Efficiency without complication is the golden rule for farm implements. The faults and vices of complication are prominent causes of many and repeated failures. Symplicity is usually economy, especially in agricultural implements. For obvious reasons farmers are not always mechanics, nor is the field a machine-shop. The delay occasioned by breakage is a serious source of vexation and loss. On surfaces moderately smooth and clear of fast stones and of roots, the only description of soil where it would be sensible to grow roots, I claim new and remarkable excell[illegible] in the working of root crops—strawberries, corn, cotton, tobacco and hops—for "Day's Improved Cultivator and Horse-hoe."

DELIGHTFUL MEN.

"Isn't he a delightful man?" This question was addressed to me by a lady in company, concerning a gentleman who had rendered himself, during the evening, peculiarly agreeable. Before I answer that question, I said, I would like to see him at home. I would like to know if, when he jars his wife's feelings, he says, "Beg pardon," as smilingly and promptly as when he stepped upon yonder lady's dress. I would like to know if, when he comes home at night, he has some pleasant little thing to say, such as he has scattered about so lavishly since he entered this room this evening; and whether the badly cooked dish, which he gallantly declared "could not have been improved," would have found a similar verdict on his own table, and to his own wife. *That is the test.* I am sorry to say that some of the most agreeable society-men, who could, by no possibility, be guilty of a rudeness abroad, could never be suspected in their own homes of ever doing anything else. The man who will invariably meet other ladies with "How very well you are looking," will often never, from one day to another take notice of his own wife's appearance, or if so, only to find fault. How bright that home would be to his wife with one-half the courtesy and toleration he invariably shows to strangers. "Allow me to differ," he blandly remarks to an opponent with whom he argues in company. "Pshaw! what do you know about it?" he says at his own fireside and to his wife. Children are angels when they belong to his neighbors; his own are sent out of the room whenever he enters it, or receive so little recognition that they are glad to leave. "Permit me," says the gallant male vis-a-vis in the omnibus or car, as he takes your fare; while *his* wife often hands up her own fare even with her husband by her side. No wonder she is not "looking well," when she sees politeness is for every place but for home-consumption.

"Oh, how men miss it in disregarding these little matters," said a sad-eyed wife to me one day. And she said truly; for these little kindnesses are like a breath of fresh air from an open window in a stifled room; we lift our drooping heads and breathe again! "Little!" did I say! *Can* that be little which makes or mars, the happiness of a human being? A man says a rough, rude word, or neglects the golden opportunity to say a kind one, and goes his selfish way and thinks it of no account. Then he marvels when he comes back—in sublime forgetfulness of the past—that familiar eyes do not brighten at his coming or the familiar tongue voice a welcome. Then, on inquiry, if he is told of the rough word, he says: "O-o-h! *that's* it—is it? Now it isn't possible you gave *that* a second thought? Why, *I* forgot all about it!" as if this last were really a palliation and a merit!

It would be ludicrous, this masculine obtuseness, were it not for the tragic consequences—were it not for the loving hearts that are chilled—the homes that are darkened—the lives that are blighted—and the dew and promise of the morning that are so needlessly turned into sombre night.

"Little things!" There *are* no little things. "Little things," so called, are the hinges of the universe. They are happiness, or misery; they are poverty, or riches; they are prosperity, or adversity; they are life, or death. Not a human being of us all, can afford to despise "the day of *small* things."—*Fanny Fern in the N. Y. Ledger.*

A WOMAN'S DREAMS.

She sat alone in the moonlight, her beautiful cheek resting upon her hand, so soft and white and dimpled. You could tell, as you looked at her, that her thoughts were far away, and that she was thinking of something beautiful. Her eyes were wistful; the dimples in her cheeks had died out, and only the dimple in her chin remained, that little rosy cleft, the impress of Love's finger. She was less glowing than at times, but none the less lovely. I thought to myself, as I looked at her, that she was nearer heaven than we coarser mortals, and I longed to know whither her pure heart turned itself. I approached her; she did not hear me. I spoke; she did not answer. I touched her softly on the arm, she looked up and smiled, a far-away smile, such as an angel might have given.

"You are thinking very intently," I said.

She answered, "Yes," in a subdued tone of voice, as though that which was on her mind was too holy for discussion. But I persisted:

"Will you tell me what your thoughts were?" I asked.

She shook her head. "*You* could not understand," she said.

"I could try," I said, humbly. "I am coarse and rude, I know, but I could still strive to comprehend."

She smiled sweetly, but still with that far-away look in her dark eyes.

"No, not *coarse*," she said, "but you are a *man*. It is so different with men: were you a woman you would understand at once. Now, perhaps, you may smile, may laugh at me."

"Believe me, *no*," I whispered; "I adore the beautiful, the true, the pure. Let me know your sweet thoughts."

She gave me her hand. "I will tell you," she said. "I have thought of nothing else all day. Last night I lay awake thinking of it. I am sure I must be right; but if I am wrong, oh! if I am wrong, Edgar, I tremble to think of it."

"*You* cannot be wrong," I said.

She gave me her other hand.

"You think not?" she said; "ah! but you cannot be so good a judge as a woman. think—I believe—"

"Yes, yes," I whispered, bending nearer; "yes, Angeline."

"I am almost *sure*," she said, in accents softer than the ripple of falling water, "almost sure, Edgar, that blue fringe will look better on my new walking suit than purple velvet. Don't you think so?"

—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—"What do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good, heavy coat of flesh on him?" asked a friend of an Irish carman, referring to his horse. "A heavy coat of flesh, mavourneen! Be all the blessed powers, now, when the poor craythur can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im!"