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	33.00
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, $2.00.
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.

VOL. XXIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1869. NO. 16

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.

Dry Goods.

"SUDDEN CHANGE."

WILL LOW PRICES INFLUENCE YOU?

OLD TIMES AGAIN.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES!

THE OLD CORNER

Just opened an enormous

STOCK OF SPRING GOODS,

Which as usual for

STYLE, VARIETY, AND LOWNESS OF PRICE

shall and cannot be surpassed.

☞ *Competition defied With any other Establishment outside of the larger cities.* ☜

SPACE WILL NOT PERMIT OF NAMING such an immense stock of goods, but let it suffice to say that we have the most COMPLETE assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, Dress Silks, Poplins, Shawls, Balmorals, House Furnishing Goods, Ladies' Cloaking Cloth, Men's Wear in Cloth, Cassimeres, &c., and everything that is kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS STORE in endless variety. I do not "QUOTE PRICES" as some houses do, but will guarantee

ASTONISHING FIGURES.

The difference in prices of goods to-day, and a month ago, is really painful for those who have been caught with large stocks on hand at high prices, but as that is not the case with me, I shall as heretofore make the OLD CORNER

THE GREAT PLACE OF INTEREST AND HEADQUARTERS

for the masses to get their goods at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

I fully realize that no permanent success can be achieved unless the promises held out by advertisements are found to be fully sustained on a visit to the store. Nor can it be a large success without scrupulously reliable and fair dealing at all times and uniform courtesy to every customer, and the endeavor to make every buyer a constant dealer. All I ask is simply to decide by *actual trial* whether or not it is to your advantage to become a customer.

Respectfully Yours,

M. J. KRAMER,

"OLD CORNER,"

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE HOTEL.

April 14 —tf

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES

IN

WOOLEN GOODS.

LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY SPRING CASSIMERES,

FLANNELS, JEANS, CARPETS, &C.

In consequence of the abundance and over stock of the above Goods in the City Markets, they cannot at present be disposed of except at a loss to the manufacturer and many Woolen Mills are either closed or working on half time. Under these circumstances, wishing to keep his mill running,

HENRY GABRIEL,

AT THE

ALLENTOWN WOOLEN MILL,

END OF SOUTH SEVENTH STREET.

Having a large and fine stock of the best styles of Fancy Cassimeres for men's and boy's wear, as also a variety of other Woolen Goods and Carpets suitable for the season and desired in every household, has concluded to

RETAIL

AT THE PRESENT LOW

WHOLESALE PRICES.

His entire stock of Woolen and other Goods, among which are several hundred pieces of

ALL WOOL DOUBLE AND TWIST

CASSIMERES,

FLANNELS,

JEANS, &c.,

Of all grades, and at prices greatly reduced. Also a splendid assortment of

INGRAIN,

LIST,

RAG,

AND OTHER

CARPETS,

As low as 50 cents a yard.

BALMORAL SKIRTS,

at 75 cents.

WOOLEN CARPET YARN,

all colors. Best quality reduced to 90 cents.

BED COVERLETS.

All kinds, White or Fancy, at greatly reduced prices. *CASH BUYERS*, or those having Wool to exchange, will certainly find it to their interest, in examining the Goods at his house or factory, where he has fitted up several rooms for showing the same, and respectfully invites the Public to call and judge for themselves.

HENRY GABRIEL,

ALLENTOWN WOOLEN MILL,

South End of Seventh Street, Allentown, Pa.

April 14-2m

FOUR HUNDRED FARMS FOR SALE, ranging in price from $8 to $50 per acre, according to improvements, location &c. Good soil, genial climate, and near markets. These farms are situated in Virginia and Maryland, some in the immediate vicinity of Washington and others from 20 to 70 miles distant from the Capital. Address or call on J. D. GANGWERE 455 Massachusetts Avenue, near Sixth street, Washington, D. C.

MACUNGIE SAVINGS BANK.

The Macungie Savings Bank (nearly opposite the Allentown National Bank) receives money on Deposit in any sums, on interest of 6 per cent. per annum.

Deposits may be withdrawn partly or wholly at any time during the year for which interest will be allowed according to the time the same may have remained.

Government Bonds are taken, for which the highest premiums and accrued interest will be allowed.

Money loaned out at desirable rates at all times.

TRUSTEES:

Benj. Fogel, Geo. B. Shall, John H. Gogel,
David Schall, Wm. Herbst, M. D. John R. Schall,
Daniel Clader, Wm. H. Fogel, Henj. Bastian,
WM. C. LICHTENWALNER, Cashier.
BENJAMIN FOGEL, President.

FINE CUSTOM MADE BOOTS AND SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN.

All the leading styles on hand or made to measure Prices fixed LOW FIGURES on Illustrated Price List with instructions for self-measurement sent on receipt of Post Office address. WM. F. BARTLETT,

33 South Sixth street, above Chestnut

aug 18-1y Philadelphia.

I. S. WATERMAN & Proprietor of WATERMAN'S COCKTAIL AND TONIC BITTERS, Wholesale and Retail, No. 1102 Market St., Philadelphia.

The tonic properties of these Bitters have been certified to by some of our most eminent practising physicians, as the best tonic now in use, and the Cocktail Bitters is the universal favorite among judges of a good gin or whisky cocktail.

Dry Goods.

NO LIE

WILL EVER APPEAR HERE

A great many advertising lies are told now-a-days. So wide-spread has this evil become, that the public are beginning to lose confidence in the advertisements of even upright, honorable merchants. We pledge ourselves that no lie shall creep in here. Whatever we propose to sell, *that will we sell.* Whatever we propose to do, *that will we do.* We want, we intend to deserve, and *we intend to have* the entire confidence of this entire community.

Thus, briefly, we make our bow to the good people of Lehigh and Northampton counties. Now for business.

BUY CHEAP! SELL CHEAP!

AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO LET THE PEOPLE KNOW IT, is one of our mottoes. *We shall stick to it!*

Incessant war upon the

ROTTEN CREDIT SYSTEM,

that makes honest people pay for the Dry Goods that rogues wear, is another principle upon which we do business. *We shall stick to that, too.* Remember, then, we buy for cash and so *must sell for cash.*

DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES!

THE NEW YORK FOSTERS ARE COMING.
NEW YORK DRY GOODS ARE COMING.
NEW YORK PRICES ARE COMING.
MAKE WAY FOR THEM!

Our prices here are to be as low as at our three New York City stores—as low as at our store in Troy, N. Y.—as low as at our store in Newark, N. J.—as low as at our store in Fort Wayne, Indiana. We retail nearly a million dollars worth of Dry Goods yearly. We can buy on this account immense lots, and so are often enabled to *sell* our goods less than other merchants *buy* theirs. We propose to revolutionize the Allentown Dry Goods trade—to crush out high prices—to do away with the rotten credit system, and to sell you many goods for about half the prices now being charged by "slow shilling" merchants.

Unless stormy, we shall open MONDAY, APRIL 12th.

Look out for a grand rush. Look out for the cheapest goods ever seen in your city. Special bargains will be offered on that day. Many goods will be sold at cost. Among other bargains; these: Splendid yard wide muslin, 12½ cents; Best Merrimack Prints, 12½ cents; Handsome Fringed Towels, 12½ cents; Large Linen Napkins, $1 50 per dozen; Wide Table Linen, 50 cents, sold in town at 80 cents; Coates' Best Spool Cotton 7 cents, sold in town at 10 cents; Double Width Alpacas 37½ cents, sold in town at 65 cents.

NO. 19 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
Opposite the Reformed Lutheran Church.

FOSTER'S

ONE PRICE NEW YORK CITY STORE.

apr 7-1y

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

HO! HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS!

O, NO! O, NO! NOT SO!

The Corner Store and others can't sell cheaper than

SCHREIBER BROS

NO. 10 EAST HAMILTON ST.

AROUSE TO YOUR INTEREST, INSCRIBE ON YOUR BANNER

GOOD GOODS & CHEAP PRICES.

Let us have Peace, in other words go to Schreiber Bro's for

DRY GOODS.

Hear ye! Take notice old and young, male and female, rich and poor, high and low, bond and free, all are summoned to appear to render a good and valid reason why they should not purchase their

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRESS GOODS

OF

SCHREIBER BROS.

A failure to appear and answer is a forfeit of $50 to your pocket. But we call your attention to our assortment of

BLACK DRESS SILKS, all qualities,
PLAIN SILKS, all colors;
IRISH POPLINS,
FRENCH POPLINS,
ALPACCAS,
PLAIN AND STRIPED MOHAIRS.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

The very largest assortment of shawls that we have opened—all the new styles.

Ladies' Sackings of all kinds, both plain and figured, at all prices.

Balmoral Skirts, the cheapest ever brought to Allentown.

DOMESTIC GOODS, such as bleached and unbleached sheeting muslins, bleached and unbleached sheeting ticking, cotton and linen table diaper, ginghams, checks and calicoes, as low as the lowest.

Marsallas quilts and cotton covers of all descriptions. Our stock of Mourning Goods is in such endless variety that it would be impossible to enumerate.

We would respectfully invite attention to the fact we are determined not to be undersold, and will sell cheaper than any establishment in Allentown. Ladies of Allentown and adjoining counties you are paying too much for your goods. Study your interest, and make up your mind, and go to Schreiber Bro's for bargains in dry goods. We have marked our goods down and propose to do a cash business. Our motto is "A nimble penny is better than a slow shilling." A call is all we ask—you will leave satisfied. Yours respectfully,

mar 17, '69 SCHREIBER BROTHERS.

IMPORTANT TO BUYERS OF

DRY GOODS.

THE "BEE HIVE,"

THE POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE,

920 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

For many years conducted as the

"PARIS CLOAK AND MANTILLA EMPORIUM"

BY

J. W. PROCTOR & CO.,

Will offer the coming season at POPULAR PRICES FOR CASH, an entirely New Stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

Including Spring and Summer Dress Goods, in the largest variety.
Black and Colored Silks,
Laces and Embroideries,
Linens, White Goods, and Domestics,
Hosiery, Gloves of all kinds,
Mourning Dress Goods,

CLOAKS, SACQUES, &c., in this department an unrivalled assortment, at prices from $5 upwards.

SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS,

Including Lama Lace Cloaks, Sacques and Points, and various other goods adapted to the Popular Trade, which will be sold at

ECONOMICAL PRICES.

We respectfully solicit an examination.
Our prices are marked in plain figures—no deviation.

J. W. PROCTOR & CO.,

THE "BEE HIVE,"

NO. 920 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

mar 24-3m

ALLENTOWN SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

(Organized under State Charter in 1860.)

Money received on Deposit, and 6 per cent. interest allowed for one year. For shorter periods special rates will be paid.

ALSO, MONEY LOANED OUT ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Banking House—HAMILTON STREET, mid-way between the Court House and American Hotel, opposite side, Allentown, Pa.

WILLIAM H. AINEY, President.
JACOB S. BILLINGER, Cashier.

TRUSTEES:

Charles S Bush, John D Stiles,
Christian Fruit, Francis C Samuels,
George Probst, Samuel Sell,
Benj J Hagenbach, Nathan Peter,
William H Ainey. mar 31

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Well—well! this is a comfort, now—the air is mild as May,
And yet 'tis March the twentieth, or twenty-first, to-day,
And Reuben plows the hill for corn; I thought it would be tough,
But now I see the furrows turned, I guess it's dry enough.

II.

I don't half live, penned up in doors; a stove's not like the sun.
When I can't see how things go on, I fear they're badly done;
I might have farmed till now, I think—one's family is so queer—
As if a man can't oversee who's in his eightieth year!

III.

Father, I mind, was eighty-five before he gave up his;
But he was dim o' sight, and crippled with the rheumatis:
I followed in the old, steady way, so he was satisfied,
But Reuben likes new-fangled things and ways I can't abide.

IV.

I'm glad I built this southern porch; my chair seems easier here:
I have't seen as fine a spring this five and twenty year!
And how the time goes round so quick!—a week, I would have sworn,
Since they were husking on the flat, and now they plough for corn!

V.

When I was young, time had for me a lazy ox's pace,
But now its like a blooded horse, that means to win the race.
And yet I can't fill out my days I tire myself with naught:
I'd rather use my legs and hands than plague my head with thought.

VI.

There's Marshall, too, I see from here; he and his boys begin.
Why don't they take the lower field? that one is poor and thin.
A coat of lime it ought to have, but they're a careless set:
They think swamp-mud's as good, but we shall see what corn they get!

VII.

Across the level, Brown's new place begins to make a show;
I thought he'd have to wait for trees, but, bless me, how they grow!
They say it's fine—two acres filled with evergreens and things;
But so much land! it worries me, for not a cent it brings.

VIII.

He has the right, I don't deny, to please himself that way.
But 'tis a bad example set, and leads young folks astray;
Book-learning gets the upper-hand and work gets slow and slack,
And they that come long after us will find things gone to wrack.

IX.

Now Reuben's on the hither side, his team comes back again;
I know how deep he sets the share, I see the horses strain:
I had that field so clean of stones, but he must plough so deep,
He'll have it like a turnpike soon, and scarcely fit for sheep.

X.

If father lived, I'd like to know what he would say to these
New notions of the younger men, who farm by chemistries:
There's different stock and other grass; there's patent plough and cart—
Five hundred dollars for a bull! it would have broke his heart.

XI.

The maples must be putting out: I see a something red
Down yonder where the clearing laps across the meadow's head.
Swamp-cabbage grows beside the run; the green is good to see,
But wheat's the color, after all, that cheers and 'livens me.

XII.

They think I have an easy time, no need to worry now—
Sit in the porch all day and watch them mow, and sow, and plough:
Sleep in the summer in the shade, in winter in the sun—
I'd rather do the thing myself, and know just how it's done!

XIII.

Well—I suppose I'm old, and yet 'tis not so long ago
When Reuben spread the swath to dry, and Jesse learned to mow,
And William raked, and Israel hoed, and Joseph pitched with me:
But such a man as I was then my boys will never be!

XIV.

I don't mind William's hankering for lectures and for books;
He never had a farming knack—you'd see it in his looks;
But handsome is that handsome does, and he is well to do;
'Twould ease my mind if I could say the same of Jesse, too.

XV.

There's one black sheep in every flock, so there must be in mine,
But I was wrong that second time his bond to undersign:
It's less than what his share will be—but there's the interest!
In ten years more I might have had two thousand to invest.

XVI.

There's no use thinking of it now, and yet it makes me sore;
The way I've slaved and saved, I ought to count a little more.
I never lost a foot of land, and that's a comfort, sure,
And if they do not call me rich, they cannot call me poor.

XVII.

Well, well! ten thousand times I've thought the things I'm thinking now;
I've thought them in the harvest-field and in the clover mow:
And sometimes I get tired of them, and wish I'd something new—
But this is all I've seen and known; so what's a man to do?

XVIII.

'Tis like my time is nearly out, of that I'm not afraid;
I never cheated any man, and all my debts are paid.
They call it rest that we shall have, but work would do no harm;
There can't be rivers there, and fields, without some sort o' farm!

Hearth and Home.

NOTHING BUT A BABY.

BY SARA KEABLES.

"She's nothing but a baby, Widow Smith, and will never be anything else. Now, just look at her, dancing along, swinging her hat in her hand, as though that was what it was made for, and as though the world was formed for her to dance through, and for nothing else."

And the speaker closed her thin lips determinedly, and shook her head with an energy that seemed to impart itself to a cluster of cork-screw curls, causing them to tremble with a silent eloquence.

Every village has its maiden ladies: some, with their hard, dry faces that have never been kept soft and tender by a baby's kisses; and others, grown old with care, but bearing in every wrinkle the smile of their younger days, and greeting the village children alway lovingly, that come to hear "Aunt Debbie's" stories.

But those who seem cold and hard we must not judge harshly, forgetting how the frosts of many a winter have fallen upon their lives: we know not how these scenes of sorrow have changed the merry girl into a saddened woman; so let us think gently of every loveless life, and pray for those who are thus alone.

"Well, Miss Flint, I suppose you're right; them gals ought to be hum, every one on 'em, this afternoon, instead of tramping out to the woods, tearin' their frocks and splittin' their throats a hollerin'. Now, when I was a gal, we didn't cut up any such fandangoes; well, well, this is a world of change! Surely! surely!"

"Widow Smith," as she was generally called, had "dropped in to tea" with Miss Sophronia Flint; and as they sat with their sewing by the front windows, three merry girls went laughing by, toward the grove just beyond. It was a lovely day, and the song of birds and gentle breezes would woo almost any one from their dwellings to revel in the beauties of nature,

The petite figure of Nellie Alders seemed to float as she moved. No care dwelled upon her brow, and her song was as sweet as the birds around. Swinging her hat in her hand, the breezes tossed her curly hair in wild confusion; and tinged the round cheeks with the hue of roses.

"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower," sang her sweet voice, as they entered the lovely grove, and wandering down a narrow path, came to a great tree whose branches shaded a massive rock, half covered with moss. Here they seated themselves, and Maud, the eldest of the three, gathered the little form of Nellie in her arms and said, laughingly:

"Here, little one, you've got to keep still a moment and talk; what a little bit of a thing you are, any way! Did you hear old Miss Flint's speech when we came by there? Well, I don't wonder the old lady thinks you're nothing but a baby."

"*Old* Miss Flint! Do you hear the girl talk! old! old! I should like to see those curls shake if she heard you. But, oh, girls, I couldn't help laughing the other Sunday when she tripped into church in that pink silk bonnet with white feathers. Why can't people learn how to grow old gracefully!"

"Yes, Miss Nellie, I saw you laughing—and Parson Grey saw you, too. That man laughs as easy as you, Nellie Alders; I do believe, for he actually could hardly get through the hymn he was reading.

"Well, it puzzles me to know how a body can keep from laughing when anything comes up comical. I thought I should die the other day in church, when old Tommie Warner fell asleep and lost off his wig; and when he started out of his nap and found it off, did you see him clap it on? but what made it worse, he had got it on 'hind side before,' as the boys say. Well, now, who wouldn't have laughed at that?"

"Yes—I acknowledge that was as much as I could endure; but Carrie didn't laugh,—did you, Carrie?"

"No,—I didn't see it; poor old man! how he must have felt!"

"Oh, you dear, good soul! I wish I was just like you; but every one says I'm nothing but a baby, and they expect such things from me. But, may be, one day, I'll be good for something. Oh, I'll tell you, girls, let's say what we'd like to be in the future. You commence Maud; but I know what you would be, for I heard Mr. Pierce say that time you took the character in that play at school so perfectly, 'What an actress that girl would make!'"

"Yes, Nellie, if I could have my choice, I would study for the stage immediately; but father never will consent to it, and you know I am all he has now, and so I shall devote my life to him."

"Oh, Maud," said Carrie, "I wish that I might have some work of love like that! In a few days I must go back to my city home with my cousins. I shall educate myself for a teacher, for you know I am poor; but if I only had some one to work for, then the task would not seem so hard. I don't think I would care for riches, but I do long for some one to love me."

"And what says our little doll, — what would you be in the future, baby Nell?"

"I? let me see. I guess I shall have to marry some rich man, who would let me do as I'd a mind to, and give me everything I want, because, you see, as I'm nothing but a baby, I should have to have some one to take care of me."

The supreme hours unnoted come,
Unfelt the turning tides of doom,
And so the maids laughed on,
Nor dreamed what Fate had done.

Even then, Destiny was marking out paths in life, far different from their anticipations.

The summer leaves have faded, and in the grove where the young girls sat that warm, bright day, the snow now lies thick and untrodden. The three friends are at school in New York, but Nellie is expected home to-night, and there all is in readiness. The warm fire blazes in the wide fire-place, and as her father puts on his great-coat and prepares to go to the boat to meet her, he says, "How nice it will be, wife, to have our baby home again!"

But the night wears away and brings no Nellie. For many hours the anxious father has been waiting at the pier for the steamer which was to bear his darling to his heart. The waves plashed coldly against the wharf, but tell no tales of the missing boat; the lights twinkle and flash from the surrounding hills, but no approaching light comes over the waters. A crowd gathers round and excitedly they talk of "shipwrecks," "burning steamers," etc., till every heart is fluttering with nervous agitation.

"Hurrah! hurrah! here she comes!" and proudly a stately vessel sails up to the pier,—a *stranger* vessel,—what does it mean?

"The 'Ocean Breeze' has gone down with all on board!" shouted a voice from the deck.

Silence in that dreary home: the fire has died out in the yawning fire-place, and alone in the tomb-like room sit the unhappy parents, dead to all outward objects save the one terrible thought—"Nellie is drowned."

Now and then a twig or leaf taps against the window, and they start nervously.

The morning dawns—the neighbors come in with acts of love and pity.

"Poor little baby!" sighed old Widow Smith. "To think o' that curly head a lyin' at the bottom of the river. Well, well! this is a world of change. Surely! surely!"

The long day approaches to its close; the departing sunbeams look cold and pale.

"Father, mother, here's your baby, spared a little longer to tease and bother you. Why, if they aint both crying! Sorry I've been saved, I'll warrant. Here, mother, father, look up and thank this gentleman for saving me; for if it had not been for him, your little Nell would indeed be lying at the 'bottom of the river!'"

Oh, blessed transition from grief to joy! The setting sun goes down in a great sea of blood; the room is filled with a glorious radiance; the great log rolls over on the brass andirons, and the flames laugh and leap for joy.

Again the summer has come and gone, and another winter weaves its wealth of frost-work. There is to be a wedding in the village. He who, one year ago, saved a precious life from death, now takes that life into his keeping, and in the village church this morning Nellie Alders unites her fate with that of Harry Wellsford, "for better or worse, in sickness and in health, till death shall part."

Miss Flint, in her gay bonnet, is there, and as she comes down the aisle after the ceremony, Widow Smith accosts her with, "Well, the baby is married!"

"Married? yes, and I consider it a perfect child's play. Why, she's nothing but a baby; just as gay as she ever was; a pretty wife she'll make for that young fellow!"

"Yes,—I s'pose you're right, Miss Flint,—but they love each other; and how pretty they did look, standin' there, side by side," whispered the widow, while a tear shone in the faded eye, it may be, brought there by a vision of her own bridal day, and the loved one who now sleeps in yonder church-yard.

O, the strange, unfathomable future! How often do we fall in our judgment of another! how often do we pass carelessly by some tree in the vineyard of life, saying, "It is worthless, it will never bloom!" and lo! we come again, and the tree is laden with its fruit.

The sweet face of Nellie was long missed in the little village. She had been petted and loved by all; growing up like some tender flower that would die if touched by a chilly wind. No striking trait of character had ever manifested itself in her; and, child as she seemed, it is no wonder that a few should tremble for her future and her inexperienced husband.

So, through a tender joy, Nellie was led into the thronging crowd which ever swells and throbs in the streets of our great city, and nowhere in its vast recesses was there a happier heart than that of Nellie, the little child-wife.

While she became a dweller here through joy, an overwhelming sorrow brought her friend Maud into the same busy streets.

How different must have seemed the city to these two girls!

One, clothed in gay, wedding robes, leaning on a beloved arm, the echo of her marriage bells yet ringing in her ear.

The other, robed in mourning garments, with no earthly arm to lean upon; the funeral bell still echoing in her soul, while evermore her father's grave seemed opening before her, as if it fain would receive her therein.

O Maud, Maud, come not into these busy haunts! O come not with your beautiful face and talents! The stage is a hard place for you. Do you still persist? Then may Heaven guide you, oh, poor orphan girl! May the angels screen you and keep your heart pure, though all around is boldness and corruption!

And Carrie, where are you? Teaching, that you may earn your daily bread? or has some one gathered you in his arms and shielded you from the rough intercourse with the world? Yes, such has been your happy fate; and never was there a better minister's wife than you have made—so unselfish, thoughtful, and tender, a blessing to your husband and the community. I know not which accomplishes the most good—your husband's sermons, or his wife's sweet face, Christian life, and winning ways.

Four years have come and gone since Nellie left her village home, a bride. Her good, honest parents have passed away, happy in the thought that their darling is safe from care and trouble.

In Nellie's home a beautiful child is seen, and the patter of little feet is heard in the hall. "Tick, tick," goes the little French clock on the mantle-piece, and darker and darker grow the shadows in the room. Little Willie leaves his play, and says, "Why don't my papa come?" Then Nellie sings:

"Oh, our life is as happy and free
As the dancing waves on the bright blue sea."

Sing on, poor Nellie. The waves of your life have indeed been happy and free, but does not forshadowing of the future creep over you to-night? Do you see not the clouds in the far-off sky? Soon, too soon, shall the sea roar and be troubled!

"Tick, tick, tick," beats the monotonous time; it seems to make her nervous; she goes to the window, pulls the curtain aside, then turns, lights the gas, and again takes up her sewing, while Willie goes back to his toys.

"I wonder what can keep him," she says, half aloud; "he never was so late before. Ah, here he comes now; I know his step." Run to the door, Willie—papa is coming. And her face lights up; the clock ticks merrily; the lights seem to burn more brightly; the old Carlo wags his tail and gives a grunt of satisfaction.

"O, my wife, my poor little baby-wife, how can I tell you?" he moans, as he staggers into the pleasant room.

"O, child, child!" he groans, great sobs shaking his whole frame.

It is terrible to see a strong man weep. We look for tears from the weak and helpless, but when a man thus sinks down crushed and heart broken, it is terrible.

"Nellie, oh, why did I save you from the waters that night but to bring you into the waves of trouble and poverty!"

"He is insane!" she thinks, and a pallor overspreads her face. "O, Harry, don't, don't; we are not in trouble; we are not poor. See our little boy; and see how well and happy I am—don't frighten me so."

"Darling, do I frighten you? come here—hide your face on my shoulder, and I will try to tell you all. But oh, do not turn away from me when you know the worst; for I were to lose you, Nellie, then earth would indeed be a dreary place. Suppose I were to tell you, Nellie, that I had lost all my property; could you comprehend it? I have. I am a poor man to-night, and heavily in debt."

The poor child passed her hand slowly over her face. "O, but we have this house, you know, and—and—"

"No, Nellie, not even this house; we must leave this pleasant place for a smaller one. Can you bear it, darling? I care not for myself, but for you and my boy. I can not bear that you should suffer,"

And now the true woman's soul speaks. "Never fear for us, Harry; I have health and strength, and while you are near I shall not be unhappy. We will work together, my husband. Come, our tea is waiting; you are faint and weak, and must eat something. Don't look so sad; you know I married you 'for better or worse.' I do not fear. God will lead us."

Is he dreaming? Is this the child he married four years ago? are these noble, womanly words from those lips that seemed formed only to sing and laugh?

Ah, Harry Wellsford, you have yet to learn what a grand soul and noble nature dwells within your little girl wife. Four years ago you thought you took a baby to your heart. Only God knew what an angel He had given you, and the trials which now lie in your pathway will but tend to develope in her those traits of character which no one ever dreamed she possessed.

Days creep away, and in a humble home Nellie again awaits her husband. There is a look of meagreness about the apartment, though she has tried, poor child, to make it look pleasant. The little French clock ticks as steadily as before, and old Carlo sleeps as sweetly on the coarse carpet as he did on the velvet.

Out of work! Day after day Harry had been seeking some employment—seeking with thousands of others for labor to buy bread for his family;—still no success. This morning he had gone forth with a heavier look of care on his broad brow, his whole face the picture of despair.

Nellie sits to-night waiting for his coming, and trying to plan some way by which she could help him.

"Perhaps I can write," she thought; for she knew there were many who thus supported themselves; but visions of hours of toil came before her—hours which, to bring success, must be spent alone, and she knew her household duties and little baby would claim her presence. Slowly she thought of the long catalogue of women's employments. What could she do!

Oh, how many women in this great city are even now asking that same question; looking down at their small hands and black dresses of woe, gazing away out over their humble surroundings to some far off grave where lies some darling loved one! And what is there that many of them can do?—shrinking, with their sensitive natures, from applying to strangers for work. God pity them all, and open to each one a way of deliverance!

And does He not? Have there not been records of noble lives that inspire us as we live? lives that never would have thus shone forth if there had not been the fire and the sword to develop them! And when His children reach forth their hands to help themselves, does not the Infinite Father behold, and pity, and aid them.

Nellie has decided; she remembers the fine embroidery she used to love to do, and determines to make her needle add to their scanty purse.

How care-worn that little face looks when alone! Ah, there is his step on the stair; she smiles—her eyes light up, and hurrying to the door, "Welcome, Harry," she begins: but the smile dies away; the light fades out of the blue eye, and, retreating slowly, she allows her husband to pass in, staggering not now with a mind harassed by fears, but under the weight of as fearful a woe as ever cursed a broad humanity!

"O God, must my husband be a drunkard? Heaven help me to do my duty and not to hate him!"

Let us pass over that night of shame and morning of repentance and new resolutions. Would that never again might come such a night to Nellie Wellsford; but when a man once yields to the tempter that looks out from the wine-cup, it needs a powerful will never to approach it again; and so that once noble man fell lower and lower, day after day, bringing wretchedness to his wife's soul.

"O God!" she cries, "turn this great sorrow away, if it be Thy will. Father, help me to reclaim him."

It seemed as if this was meant to be the one object of her life, for one night God took to himself the little boy that had been to her so great a care, and yet so precious a treasure. And now all her thoughts and attention must be given to that erring man whom she had married for "better or worse."

Oh, woman's love! How it endures through scorn, and peril, and misery, and degradation! Heaven pity that man who has no gentle face to smile upon him, no tender voice to encourage him, no sister's affection or mother's counsel, no wife's devotion and unselfish prayers. For such, the world extends a cold aspect, and life must be aimless and selfish, and oft-times sad.

Oh, Harry Wellsford, throw not so carelessly by this wealth of woman's love which is yours! Can you not see you are killing her you promised to love and cherish? When you revel with base companions in low grog-shops, does no vision of a pale-faced wife come before you? Can you not see the sweet face of your little dead boy, and hear his dying words:

"Papa, you'll come too, by-and-by, and bring mamma, won't you, into that beautiful world?"

Reader, you may have seen a pale-browed woman in the streets, hurrying to dispose of her labored work. You may have seen her as you passed her window, bending to catch the fading light of day over her embroidery. Oh, dreary hours! No little baby voice to comfort her, no little soft hands to twine around her neck with the lisping words, "Willie loves mamma." "My God," she cries, over and over again, "help me to reclaim him."

This became her prayer night and day. For this she put on that patient, happy smile when with him, trying, with many a loving device, to keep him at home evenings. Oh, man, is the tempter stronger than that angel-wife? Are you indeed past redemption?

Night after night that devoted wife went forth and led her husband away from scenes of debauchery and ruin, seeking him among the vile and degraded; seeing none, caring for none but him; loving him through it all, making excuses, ever, in her heart, for him; never upbraiding him, when, in his sober moods, he wept like a child before her.

One night, on returning from some low drinking saloon, he passed by a threatre which had just closed; the crowd had passed away; but as he went by the door a woman came out, and seizing him by the arm, hissed in his ear: "Murderer, villain! go home to your pale wife and be a man. Was it for this you saved her from the floods, only to be plunged in a more terrible sea of griefs? Go home, and look how that childish face has become worn and wrinkled with the care you have brought upon her. See how those little hands are pricked and blackened by the work that you have forced her to do. Go home, I say, and behold the work of your hand."

The figure vanished in the darkness, and only the night-winds caught the moan. "O Nellie, my poor little baby friend—friend!—friend! Who would call me, the desolate outcast, a friend! Wretch that I am! still, night after night I must deck myself in gaudy robes, and, with paint and forced smiles, go forth before the multitude a living lie. Alas! who would recognize in this faded, haggard woman the once bright and beautiful Maud?"

Away in the darkness of night the poor woman rushes.

Heaven be merciful to the sinning—pitiful with the poor.

And does this warning check him in his mad career? No, no; and still goes up that wailing prayer—weaker and more feeble than at first—"Oh God, help me to reclaim my husband!"

Harry Wellsford, can you not behold the misery you are causing? Can you not foresee the shadow approaching? Know you not that the angel you took into your home is going to a better country?—even now the wings are forming; soon they will bear her from all trouble and care.

"Let me live to see my husband reform."

One night he comes home earlier than usual; but as he approaches the door the unusual silence chills him—he enters—all is darkness; the clock has ceased its voice, for there were no little hands to set it on its daily way—no figure sits by the window stitching the fine embroidery; the faithful dog has crept in, and now whines upon the floor.

"Harry, is it you?" whispered a faint voice. "I have had to lie down to-day; somehow I feel strangely weak and tired. Harry, get a light, please."

"There, now; come and sit by me. I think I am dying. Nay, do not sob so. I shall never rise again from this bed, but gradually grow weaker and weaker, till my breath ceases forever. Hush, be calm. It may be weeks before I leave you, Harry, and during that time I want to see you the man you was when we were married. Will you promise, dear, to be a true man again? Promise, for I know a vow made to your dying wife will never be broken. Do you? will you, Harry?

"Heaven helping me, I never will touch another drop of liquor as long as I live!" He spoke solemnly, on bended knees, his eyes upturned to that heaven from which he invoked aid.

A sweet smile stole over her face. "I believe you, dear; and now, while I can talk, there are some things I want to say to you. Do you remember the two friends I used to think so much of? I want to see them before I die. Does the word pain you so?—then I will try and not say it again; but I have thought of it so long that it has grown familiar to me.

"You will find Maud in the city somewhere; perhaps you had better advertise. Say, 'Maud, little Nell is dying. Come to see her, and hold her in your arms, just as you used to do when she was nothing but a baby.'

"Carrie is in the little village where I used to live. Tell her to ask her husband to come too; I should like to see a minister.

"You will take me there when it is all over, Harry; and I should like, if you are willing, to wear the bridal dress you thought I looked so pretty in.

"I am tired now. Sit just as you are, all the evening, with your hand in mine. Take the Bible first, and read awhile. Harry, I'm sorry I haven't been a better wife to you. You will find the embroidery I have been making half finished, in the stand-drawer, between the windows. I have a fancy that I would like you to keep it. The thimble is there, too—the little gold one that mother gave me; and the needle is in the work, just as I left it. You didn't know what a little seamstress you had for a wife, did you? Yes, I have done a good deal of that kind of work. I knew it was hard for you to find work now that there are so many looking. But I would like you to keep this little piece, and think, when you look at it, how with every stitch is woven thoughts of you. Oh, don't sob so. Don't condemn yourself so bitterly. I do not; I never have. I know you did not mean to make me unhappy and I don't know as you have. I have loved you all the time, and if I could only have made you happier, I should have been more contented. But I was young and inexperienced, you know, and I suppose not very strong. No, no; do not say you have killed me. It must be I never was strong and able to endure much, and I missed little Willie so, you know. I suppose that wore on me. But now, read, and I will sleep."

Day after day Nellie lingered. Maud came and watched constantly by her. They had written to Carrie, but received no answer.

Paler and more wan grew the little, sweet face; and the patient hands seemed smaller each day.

Her husband was ever near, ever attentive to her wants. God had answered Nellie's prayer. She had indeed reclaimed him.

Slowly the hour approaches when the last good-bye must be spoken. Maud sits near, while in his arms Harry Wellsford holds his little girl-wife for the last time.

The old clock ticks on as before; the old house-dog keeps his faithful watch.

There is a rustle in the hall. A beautiful lady enters, followed by a gentleman, and Carrie kneels by her dying friend, while the minister prays for the precious soul about to cross the river.

"I am glad you have come, Carrie. Dear girls, do you remember how we used to sit together in the grove at home? We shall never wander thus again; but I hope, one day, we shall roam over the meadows of the Better Land. Harry, good-bye. When I am gone, try to live so that you may meet Willie and your little child-wife above.

"Are you near me, Harry?—I don't seem to feel your arms around me. I think I am going now. Why, how light it is getting!—the morning dawns—mother, father, Willie—yes—coming—home——"

Silence, how dead! "Tick, tick, tick," goes the clock on the wall. Carlo looks wistfully up; a stray sunbeam falls across the bed and nestles in the golden curls; a little bird peeps mournfully outside; some