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ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

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ROBERT IREDELL, JR.,
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
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Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, has been in successful practice for a number of years in various parts of the United States; will promptly attend to all branches of his profession at his rooms,
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Very fine Alpacas, 50c., others charge 80c.
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Very fine Damask, $1 00, others charge $1 50.
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You can save from 5 to 20 cents per yard by buying these goods of us.

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Splendid qualities, at $1 00, others charge $1 50.
Black Doeskin Cassimere, $2 00, others charge $3 00.
Plaid Shirting Flannels, 25c., others charge 45c.
Fine Linen Napkins, $1 00 per doz., others charge $2 50.
Finer qualities, $2 00 per doz., others charge $3 00.
You can save from 15 to 75 cents per yard by buying these goods of us.

Black Silks, $1 50, others charge $2 00.
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Yard wide Ingrain, 50c., others charge $1 00.
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These are Auction Carpets and are awful cheap.

We specially request our customers to bring this with them that they may see we sell exactly as we advertise.

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NEW YORK CITY STORE,
Opposite German Reformed Church,
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"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, Sepline, 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

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE
AT
CHARLES S. MASSEY'S,

No. 23 East Hamilton street, opposite the German Reformed Church. Just received from New York and Philadelphia, all the latest styles

GOLD WATCHES.
He has the largest and best assortment of Gold Watches, and at lower prices than can be found elsewhere.

SILVER WATCHES.
He has a larger and better assortment of Silver Watches than can be purchased anywhere else.

GOLD JEWELRY.
He has the largest and best assortment of all kinds of Gold Jewelry.

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He has a larger and better assortment of all kinds of Gilt and Plated Jewelry than can be found elsewhere.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.
He has a splendid assortment of Silver and Plated Ware. Any person desiring goods in this line can not fail to be suited.

CLOCKS.
A larger assortment than at any other establishment.

MELODEONS.
A splendid assortment of Prince's Melodeons, the best in the world.

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A splendid assortment of all kinds of Accordeons.
His establishment has lately been fitted up, and is now second to none in New York and Philadelphia, and ahead of anything outside the large cities. He has a larger stock of fashionable goods in his line than all others in Lehigh county combined. To convince yourselves of the above call and see.

KELLER & BROTHER,
NO. 27 WEST HAMILTON ST.
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CLOCKS,

well regulated and warranted. All sizes and prices, from $2 upwards. A larger assortment of

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

than can be found in any other store in the city.

JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS,
SILVER WARE,
of every description.
☞ Watches repaired on Short Notice.

GEORGE WENNER,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT
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☞ Particular attention given to Eastern shipments.
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aug 25-1y

J. JEANES, PHOTOGRAPHER,
(Late of Philadelphia,) has taken the Gallery,
No. 11 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
Formerly occupied by R. P. Lamereux, where persons can get FIRST-CLASS PICTURES taken at REASONABLE PRICES. A trial is all that is needed to satisfy every one. COME ONE! COME ALL! If you want Photographs, Cartes de Visites, Vignettes, Photo Miniatures, Ambrotypes, Melainotypes, Ferrotypes, etc. Give us a trial.
J. JEANES,
19-1y jun Successor to R. P. Lamereux.

(FROM HARPER'S BAZAR.)

GLAMOUR.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

Yes, her name was Dolores; and yet how could one associate ideas of grief or pain with so bright a creature? There was a sort of breezy freshness about her, a sunny ardor, that made her the type of all that was joyous and brilliant; and as she stood in the porch, with a great bunch of violets in her hands, from time to time plunging her face into the fragrant purple and inhaling long breaths of spring perfume and delight, she seemed a creature sorrow could not touch or care dim.

There she stood in the sunshine, looking out from beneath the fringes of her thick eyelashes at God's beautiful world, singing unconscious hymns of gratitude and love, rejoicing in the beauty of the spring with a radiant fullness of rejoicing.

She was no vaporous golden-haired blonde, but a firm healthy brunette, with a cheek that was "like the Catharine pear, the side that's next the sun;" her eyes were long and brown, her teeth small, white, and regular; her smile bewitching, her pout irresistible. She had the figure of a young nymph; and her feet, of the true Andalusian type, as well as her slim form and easy carriage, she had inherited from her Spanish mother. She had an air of nobleness above and beyond her beauty—which was positive enough—that made her slightest gesture harmony, grace, delight. And then that wild, fresh, breezy carelessness—how irresistible it was!

Now she stood with her nosegay in her hand and her face grew serious as she thought of her poor, weak, spiritless old father, in his small poky suburban house; of her hard, stingy, narrow-minded half-sister, who managed that meagre household, and who had never got over her father's second marriage, though his beautiful young Spanish wife had died during the Peninsular War, soon after the birth of Dolores in Spain. Rebecca had never seen her step-mother, but she resented her half-sister's existence as a personal injury, and was unjust and hard upon the young girl, preaching at her by day and night, year in year out, with "a pretty hoard of maxims," well calculated to make that young ardent nature writhe beneath the yoke.

But, fortunately for Dolores, her mother's small fortune had been devoted to her education, and she had been sent to school, where, among girls of a class superior to her own, she had formed friendships and imbibed a grace of manner and address which seemed strangely out of place in the murky little house at Kensington.

Oftentimes it seemed to the old doting father as though the beloved and beautiful Annunziata of his middle age had come back to lull him once more with sweet, soothing caresses, or to enliven him with bewildering flights of graceful caprice; but all these things he hid in his heart, fearing the cold and unsympathetic eye of the more prosaic Rebecca.

And now Dolore's education was completed, and at seventeen she had come down to visit her uncle and aunt, who lived in a quaint Elizabethan dwelling under the shadow of Edgehill, farming their modest acres, with flocks and herds, gathering their apples and honey, and enjoying the unbroken calm of a tranquil existence, with all the simplicity of guileless unemotional characters.

Dolores did not look more Spanish than half a hundred English girls I know. Rebecca called her Dorothy; her Aunt and Skeffington, "Dolly;" her father, "Dolores;" and Stapleton, "Miss Skeffington." "Don't call me Miss Skeffington," she said to him one day, "that's Rebecca's name; call me Dolores." "But would that be proper?" "Yes, for you it's quite proper," she said, "because you are old, and all that kind of thing, you know." Mr. Stapleton winced, and never called her any thing (to her face, at least) but Miss Skeffington. He overheard his pupil, Lord St. Vincent, call her "Dolores," with secret wrath and pain, as the two young people were sportively mocking and teasing each other in the garden; but as he only overheard it, he could give no sign, unless calling St. Vincent into the house in an angry voice almost immediately afterward might be so designated.

"There's the pious Æneas howling after me," said St. Vincent, calmly, "where he leads this bear must follow, you know."

"He's a cross old wretch," answered Dolores sweetly; "but I wish you wouldn't call me 'Dolores;' you're not old enough to do that."

"But never does."

"Well, give me that rose—

"My love is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June."

She gave him the rose. He struck it in his button-hole with that gay, debonair manner which was destined five years later to captivate so many fine ladies' hearts, and bowing gallanty to Dolores, who laughed, and asked him "who was his dancing-master?" departed.

Robert Stapleton's heart gave a great throb, and his brow was gloomy. "Come," he said, "it is time that we should be going; you have scarcely worked at all to-day."

As the two men strode away through the evening sunshine, Lord St. Vincent turned, and gracefully raised his hat to Dolores, who stood in the porch watching them. Mr. Stapleton turned also; he saw his pupil's graceful greeting, he saw the answering smile and nod, he saw the "red, and rose" flaming in St. Vincent's button-hole. He had seen enough; his voice was harsh and dry when next he spoke. "We must not be so idle," he said; "your guardians will be disappointed, my lord, if I do not fulfill my part of the agreement; great things are expected of you; you must study more and idle less."

St. Vincent looked surprised. Mr. Stapleton only called him "my lord" when he was displeased; but the easy-natured young man put it down to "Stapleton's crankiness," and whistling gayly, said something about the weather being so "confoundedly hot."

Meanwhile Dolores had turned into the house. Her good-natured placid aunt was knitting a bedquilt; Mr. Skeffington was yawning over the county paper.

"Good-night, aunt," said Dolores, looking round her rather drearily; "I am tired, and think I will go to bed."

"That's right, Dolly; beauty-sleep is the best cosmetic. I wish, child, you wouldn' go so much in the sun without a hat or bonnet."

"The sun does not burn me, aunt; I'm the same color summer or winter. That's one advantage being dark, you know."

"Never mind, my girl; you'll wear well," said her uncle from his arm-chair.

"I don't mind, uncle," said Dolores; "I like it; my mother was so; I like to be like my mother."

"Good-night, child, and don't think too much of your looks."

"No, uncle," said Dolores; but as she walked up stairs she sang ly to herself:

"My love is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

Then, when she got into her room, she set down the candle before the looking-glass, and untwisted the heavy coils of thick black hair which were wound round her graceful little head. The shook the long snaky coils out over her white dressing-gown, and then looked at herself once more in the glass.

"I mustn't think too much of what he says," she whispered to herself; "perhaps he is only laughing at me, and trying to see how vain I am. I will write to papa, and then I shall forget what I ought not to remember."

She brought out her little desk, and was soon busily occupied in writing to the fond, foolish old man in the shabby little house at Kensington:

"DEAR PAPA"—she wrote—"I have been very idle about writing lately; but the weather has been so fine and so warm that I have lived out of doors. They are very kind to me here, and I should be quiet happy but for the thought of you, and the fear that you may be dull without me. I hope you go into the Kensington Gardens every day; are not the trees and flowers beautiful this year? But London trees and flowers can not be like these, where the air is so soft and pure, and where there are no smoky chimneys and no horrid dust. I hope Rebecca does not give you rice-pudding too often. It often seems to me that I am very selfish eating so many good things and enjoying so many pleasures without you. But then I may as well eat and enjoy as leave them; for in that case neither of us be the better. I am very tired tonight, so I will only say once more that I am very happy, and often think of you. Give my love to Rebecca. Uncle and aunt told me always to send theirs when I wrote. I kiss your dear old bald head a thousand times, and remain your
"DARLING DOLORES."

"P.S.—Mr. Stapleton, who is our clergyman, and his pupil, Lord St. Vincent, are here sometimes. Mr. Stapleton is very severe and has gray hair. Lord St. Vincent is a boy, and a good-natured one. I was at school with his cousin, Miss Dalrymple."

With the tears standing in his weak old eyes, Captain Skeffington read this letter at breakfast to his daughter Rebecca, discreetly omitting the allusion to the rice-puddings.

"Saucy little minx!" he said, fondly, "there's a lord making love to her, and she cares no more for it than though he were a wagoner."

"I don't see any thing about making love," said Rebecca, curtly; "but if you think so, you'd better have her home directly; her head will be turned by all this folly and nonsensical admiration."

"No," cried the old man fondly, "her head won't be turned; she's been used to it all her life. Didn't my poor fellows carry her about, and pass her from one to another when there was no woman to look after her; and didn't she reign over us all like a little queen?"

"Stuff," said Rebecca, impatiently.

"And now," said the old man, still rambling on about his ewe-lamb, and entirely disregarding his Regan's contemptuous interruption—"now isn't she fit society for any one? Wouldn't the greatest nobleman be proud of such a jewel in his coronet? And is she not more graceful, and cleverer, and gayer and better than any other girl? Why should I take her away when she is so happy?"

"By all means let her remain," snapped Rebecca; "she can scarcely be in a worse school than this."

The poor man was willing, and the harvest-moon was high in the heavens, and a soft warm breeze was moving the dusty fragrant air, as she stood at the end of the garden, and leaned upon the fence which divided it from the field below. She was soon to go home; she was to leave her gay, happy, careless life behind her, and was to return to that small daily tread-mill routine, so bare, so hard, so wearisome. She shivered as she thought of all the small economies of Rebecca's pinching and saving; of the nipping of lights and screwing of fires; of the tallow-candles and rice-puddings. No more morning sunshines upon her fragrant lavender-scented bed; no more joyful springs-up with that sense of enjoyment in the coming day which seemed to include all happiness in itself; no more lingering over ample breakfasts, where the cream and the eggs, and the bread and the butter, tasted as no mortal food surely ever tasted before; no more wanderings over the fields; no more moonlight walks or merry hay-makings, or harvest homes; no more fragrant breath of placid cows or cooing of wood-pigeons; no more cakes and ale; no more sparring with Lord St. Vincent, or silent listenings to Mr. Stapleton's graver and more polished talk. Poor little Dolores! her heart was very heavy and as she sighed a hand was placed upon her own. It was St. Vincent's.

"My lord!" she said, startled, and with something of shy dignity; "I thought you had left an hour ago with Mr. Stapleton."

"So I did, Dolores; but I left my stick behind me, and have come to fetch it. Besides, I wanted to say something to you. Dolores, I am going away."

"And so am I," said Dolores, ruefully.

"Ah, but that is different. I am going on the grand tour, as they call it, and sha'n't be back for two years or more; and I want you to promise you won't forget me, Dolores."

"I shall never forget this happy summer."

"Nor me?"

"Nor any body."

"I don't care about any body. I want you to promise to remember me."

"I shall often think of you and Mr. Stapleton."

"Oh, hang Stapleton!" said the young man, impatiently.

"But I like Mr. Stapleton," said Dolores; adding simply, "he has been very good to you."

"Good to me! Of course he's been good to me; but I haven't been bad to him. I don't want to hear about him now; I have had enough and to spare of him any time during the last three months. I want you to say you won't forget me."

"No; I won't forget you."

"Say, 'I won't forget you, Hugh;' then I shall believe it."

But Dolores made no more professions; she stood silently looking into the field with a mist before her eyes, and a dim, dull, aching pain at her heart, and kept saying to herself, "Two years, two years, two years." Her face grew white and rigid. She saw with cruel distinctness all the dreariness of that scrap-and-nag existence which must be hers; her heart felt cold, and her eyes glittered.

"I must be going," whispered St. Vincent. "I have your promise, Dolores, not to forget me, and I will take this rose to remember you by, and this kiss from your sweet lips!" cried the audacious young man, suddenly clasping her in his arms, and kissing her pretty mouth, "and every night and every morning I will kiss my 'red, red rose,' and whisper the name of Dolores; for

'As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.'"

And his curly head came close to hers again, while he tried to look into Dolores's downcast eyes. Was he laughing at her, or did he really mean it?

"You won't understand me, Dolores," he said, plaintively; "and so I may as well go; only don't pretend when I come back that you have misunderstood me, as young ladies are apt to do."

She looked up, her eyes brimming with indignant tears.

"Well," he said, "don't be angry; and remember my farewell words,

'Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well a while;
And I will come again, my love,
Though 'twere ten thousand miles!'

But it isn't as far as that, you know."

There were footsteps on the gravel.

"Dolly, Dolly!" called her aunt from the terrace above, "'tis damp, and uncle is waiting supper; come in, child, or you will take cold!"

"Yes, aunt, yes; I'm coming!" Dolly faintly called through the gloaming. St. Vincent had her in his arms. "Put me down!" she cried, all flushed and trembling; "let me go!"

"But not in anger, dear Dolores?"

"Let me go!"

"Say you are not angry."

"Let me go!"

"Darling Dolores!"

"Let me go!"

"Only say you are not angry."

There was a moment's silence, during which Dolores glanced timidly up at that handsome face (ah, how handsome, and loving, and mischievous, and kind, and triumphant it was!); then with a sob she said, "But I ought to be."

The next moment she had slipped through his arms and fled from his embrace.

Dolly sat once more in the little parlor at Kensington. Her body was there, but her soul was wandering to and fro on the face of the earth, and could find no resting-place. The dull, stagnant, spiritless life was hateful to her. She reproached herself, and tried to take an interest in her surroundings; but she sickened and turned away from them with a loathing that frightened her by its very intenseness and pertinacity. It was winter-time. The small fires, and the tallow-candles, and the cheese that seemed always to be a shaving of rind; the long hours when Rebecca would not allow lights, and when Dolores sat hopelessly in the dusk, with her hands clasped round her knees by the comfortless hearth, listening to her sister's shrewish tones below, as she scolded the little household drudge; while her father snored in that horrible prickly old horsehair arm-chair on the other side of the little black-grate—gave the girl ample time for reflection. "I can not bear it, I can not bear it!" she would cry passionately to herself, her great brown eyes filled with angry tears of impatience and pain. She longed so for something bright and beautiful to come to her life. She wanted light, and air, and sympathy; she pined for the green fields and the country sounds; she wanted companionship and young talk, and occasional laughter. Her mind went wandering from Paris to Rome, from Berlin to Brussels in her restless wanderings where all was so confused and formless and indistinct, her thoughts would finally hover over the old familiar hill-tops, and settle down in the gray-stone manor-house, where her aunt was still knitting her quilts, and her uncle still yawning over the county paper. They were very quiet, simple folk, and yet she had never felt dull there. The movement, the freedom, the thousand small interests, the competence of that life, had seemed to her like absolute happiness itself. She had never wanted anything beyond what that homely daily routine afforded; she had rejoiced in the birds, and the beasts and the flowers; she had cajoled her uncle and patronized her aunt; she had made friends with all living creatures about the place, and knew every child in the village by name. She had trotted on her aunt's charitable errands, and had known so well how to win the hearts of the simple laboring folk, that she had dwelt in a continual atmosphere of love and attachment, which made itself felt in a hundred ways, though no flattering expressions conveyed it to her outward ear.

Dolores loved her father; but as she looked at him under his yellow silk handkerchief, she told herself bitterly that he had no need of her. He had got used to this dull, monotonous, ugly, threadbare life; and if he could doze away the afternoons, and have an occasional evening paper, his wants were gratified, and he was content. With that ingratitude which seems inherent in the young, Dolores longed, at any cost, to get away into a new state of existence, telling herself that it would cost her father nothing to lose her. "I would come and see him on half-holidays," she said, "and then I shall feel he was pleased to see me; whereas now he scarcely seems to notice I am here, unless Rebecca is worrying me more than usual."

So she sat, and rebelled with a godless rebellion, and hungered and thirsted for a change, with an angry sense of injustice and cruelty that made her eyes glitter and her heart swell.

At night in her little room, with its painted furniture and snowy curtains, she would look in her glass and the hot tears would come, and she would bury her head in the pillow and stifle her sobs, lest Rebecca, who slept close by, should hear.

When the nights were moonlight she would put out her candle (that candle which Rebecca insisted must last her a fortnight), and wrapping herself in an old shawl, would sit by the open window, though the nights were cold, and gaze up at the heavens, studded with innumerable stars, flooded with that serene argent light, and wonder, and gaze, and wonder, until often sleep surprised her, and she would wake with a sudden start feeling chill and stiff, to creep to her little hard bed and so finish her rest.

These were her happier hours. There was something in the calm, serene, passionless stillness of the broad moonlight which at once subdued and soothed the poor child's eager, rebellious heart. She felt awed; all was so pale, so pure, so grand; the heavens seemed to declare the glory and might and majesty of God to her, and to show her, better than a hundred sermons could have done, how vain, how impious, how sinful were all such petty human rebellions and repinings; how futile such resistance against His kingdom and power and glory.

She was no longer the careless, light-hearted, spoiled darling of whom that feeble old father had spoken so fondly only a month or two back; she was mostly moody and thoughtful now, as one who broods on some absorbing subject, select and self-contained. She scarcely answered Rebecca's taunts and jeers; she never played off prankish tricks upon her now, as once had been her want; they met on equal grounds; and Rebecca began to wish she had the impish, freakish child back again, in place of the silent, resolute, handsome girl who set her face so firmly, and was so little to be moved by scoldings or reproaches.

There was little talk of the manor-house after the first. Old Captain Skeffington had listened to all Dolores could tell him about his brother and sister-in-law, with a certain feeble interest (for his boyhood had been spent in the old gray house); but after a day or two even that faint interest in the place of his birth had died out, and he spoke of it no more. Rebecca disapproved of all such talk on principle; she thought Dolores had been made far too much of at Kingsmead, and she considered it good for that young person to be discouraged from dwelling on so frivolous a portion of her life.

And so Dolores sat and thought, and rebelled. And day by day, as these thoughts, which she kept to herself, grew stronger and more pertinacious, her secret rebellion waxed more and more fervent, and her heart more sore and angry.

After Lord St. Vincent had left Kingsmead Dolly had still stayed on. Her uncle and aunt had got so used to her bright young presence in that childless home that they declared they could not spare her; and she was well content to remain.

"Though you have lost your play-fellow now, child," said kind Aunt Skeffington to her one night, as Mr. Stapleton looked in on his way home to tell them that he had heard from his pupil, who had joined a very pleasant party, and was enjoying his first foreign experiences immensely.

Mr. Stapleton heard the remark.

"Yes," he said, "St. Vincent is little more than a boy; but he will have great responsibilities with his great wealth, and I can only hope his volatile character may steady down during the next two or three years."

"Not much chance for a young man to steady down scampering over the Continent with plenty of money at his command," observed Mr. Skeffington.

"I don't know. His present tutor has just the qualities in which St. Vincent is deficient, and possesses the talent, or gift rather, of attaching the young in an eminent degree."

Dolores sat listening to all this with eager eyes. She longed to ask if those cousins with whom Lord St. Vincent was traveling were pretty? and how old they were? and did they sing? But she prudently held her tongue, and pondered all the more on these things in secret.

As Mr. Stapleton was going away that night, her uncle sent her to fetch his stick and hat.

"You can go as far as the iron gate, Dolly," said her aunt; "it saves Mr. Stapleton a good quarter of a mile; and mind you lock it and bring the key back."

At the iron gate they stood a moment; then, letting him pass out, Dolly locked it after her companion, and reaching her hand across the iron-work to him, "Good night, Mr. Stapleton," she said; "you will come again soon, won't you? Uncle and aunt like visitors in the evening."

He said he would come, and he came—again, and again, and again, much to the old folks' delight, who told them when he had a letter; and the kind old couple, who had regarded the young man with that sort of simple admiration which they would have accorded to some beautiful young animal, never failed to inquire for him.

And so the days grew shorter and the nights longer, and it began to be cold and damp and wintry at Kingsmead.

The leaves were falling very fast one Sunday afternoon as Dolores walked through the village to bid good-by to some of her poorer friends there. There was a faint, damp smell of decay, and the air was still and heavy; and now and then a yellow leaf came floating silently down, and laid itself to rest with its brethren and companions on the moist ground. It seemed like a voluntary act; no angry wind tore it from the branches; it had borne its solitude as long as it could, and had now flown calmly down to rest with old and loved companions gone before. This going away, this saying good-by, the farewell pangs, the silent regrets, all swelled Dolores's heart; and then the solemn words of that afternoon's sermon, "So soon passeth it away, and we are gone," Mr. Stapleton had spoken so earnestly, so solemnly, with such unutterable love, with such tender pleadings, that as Dolly sat in the green-baize pew she had shed floods of tears. They had relieved her at the time; but the burden of them seemed still to lie upon her poor little heart, and as she walked along with her eyes fixed upon the ground an agony of regret seemed to rend her soul.

Some one stopped her. It was Mr. Stapleton.

"I will go with you," he said, in answer to her observation that she was making a round of farewell visits; "for I have a word, Dolores, to say to you."

He called her by her Christian name, and his tone, though gentle, was very serious. She, vaguely wondering why it was so, said to herself, "I can not feel more miserable than I do; so let him scold or preach as he likes." She walked on silently, her eyes still upon the dead leaves, and her thoughts dwelling sadly on her numbered hours. She never looked at Stapleton, although she had been thinking of his sermon. He and his sermons were two totally different things, and though she hated being "preached to," yet, it must be confessed, she preferred the pastor's preachings to himself. If she had looked at him she might have seen that he was disturbed and troubled; that there was a wavering light in his eye that went and came; that he evidently wanted to speak, but was perplexed (not being able to choose the right words), and knew not how to begin. But she was to self-absorbed to feel the need of conversation, and so she walked on, thinking her own thoughts, and unheeding her companion's silence.

"Dolores," he said at last, and she looked up. At a glance she saw that he was agitated, deeply moved, and striving vainly after his usual self-possession. What could he be going to say to her? Was St. Vincent dead? or was he coming back? or had he fallen ill? She looked up eagerly, inquiringly. Then, fearing lest he should have read too much in her eyes, the lids fell, and a flush mounted to her brow.

"Yes?" she said, timidly, in a low, gentle voice, as one who hop