

**GLAMOUR.** 

IN THREE PARTS .- PART I, CONTINUED. And then she dimly wondered what St. Faul would think of it all-of those heroes with more than Roman noses; of those fermales with so much brass upon their heads and so little clothing on their bodies; of the togas and the peplums; of those dreadful groups of Cu-pids and laural crowns, and inverted torches and souptireens-and she came to the concluand soupturcens—and she came to the conclusion that he would think himself in a heather temple, not in a Christian church dedicated to temple, not in a temple where all sense of art and beauty seemed wanting, and where carica-tures of the old Greek gods and heroes had been placed to insuit Christianity. Yet as sho looked she smiled.

ADVERTISING RATES.

City Notices, 20 conts per line 1st insertion, 15 conts pe

RÖBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

Professional Cards \$1.00 per line per year. Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, \$3

each subsequent insertion Ton lines agate constitute a square.

1 mo. 5 mos. 6 mos. 1.75 . 3.60 8.00 5.60 8.60 13.00 8.00 15.00 23.00 16.00 20.00 36.00 16.00 32.00 36.00 15.00 52.60 60.00 15.00 80.00

es, \$5.0

The next moment a hand was grasping her own, and she found herself face to face with

own, and she found hersen her where where Robert Stapleton. A flush of pleasure mounted to her brow, and she greeted him with such a atural warmth and cordiality as sent a thrill through his heart. After the loneliness, the dreary months of the last tree would be the sentence. monotony of the last two months, it was son hiorotopy of the list work months, plain face again; something to look into such friendly, trustful eyes, and to see so much pleasure shining kindly through them at her own. Her first emotion was surprise; her first dis-tinct thought, "I shall hear something of St. Vincent "

Intoit of yes, and to see so much pleasure slining kindly through them at her own.
If rist sining kindly through them at her own.
If a first emotion was surprise; her first distinct ought, "I shall hear something of St. Vincent."
But when the flush of surprise had died away from her face, and Robert Stapleton looked, at Dolores steadily, he was shocked to her, anxiously, if sho had been ill since she left Kingsmead. "No," she said, "oh no,", and then paused, as though there was something belind which she wished to say, and yet could not rightly express. But now Rept waiting a long time at Mr. Dryas the follect and the left her step-mother's noom that morning it there. As a stilled Robert Stapleton had received less money than she thought she was entitled to. The sight of Dolores conversing, on apparently intimate there, sees. She came angrily forward, and began scolling Dolores in such sirqwish, vinegary ple ws esting the sitent coldness which spread cover Dolore's lshe remember dhow Robert Stapleton had talked of the "presumption" of distinction about her, despite her was such sirqwish, vinegary ple ws esting the sitent coldness which spread over Dolores is she remember dhow Robert Stapleton had talked of the "presumption" of distinction about her, despite her simple furth at the step. The set of her children, she was such at a first distingtion about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite her simple further was such an ali of distinction about her, despite h

Poor Dolores i she rememberd how Robert Stapleton had talked of the "presumption" of his love; of how he could not dare to hope that she might ever like him; alt i he little knew how distasteful her shubby home was to her, how painful all the petty economics and her how painful all the petty economics and her flex a naughty child. "When Rebecca had done, she said, coldly, "When Rebecca had done, she said, coldly, "It is Mr. Stapleton, rector of Kingsmead, Rebecca, i he is staying in town for a week, and has been telling me all the news of annut her how for a." she said, bitterly; "we are not good

and uncle Skeffington." Somewhat mollified, Rebecca thrust out a

knuckly hand in a worsted glove, and mum-bled some sort of ungracious apology between her ungracious lips. "I will walk with you," said the rector of

Kingsmead. "We are not going to walk ; we are going

"Then let me ask your address : I shall do myself the pleasure of the vertice of the pleasure of the plea myself the pleasure of calling on Captain Skef-ington while I am in town. The squire will be glad to hear news of his brother, and also

Rebecca was biting and sarcastic when Do-lores told her she was going to be daily gov-erness to the sisters of an old school friend. "Don't talk to me about wanting occupa-tion," she said, bitterly ; "we are not good enough for you, and that's the truth of the matter; though it's nothing more than might have been expected, sending you to such have been expected, sending more than high school. You've never been contented since you went to Kingsmead" (Dolores winced) "your head was turned there. And who h winced);

to mend the clothes and make papa's shirts I should like to know, if you are going off all

should like to know, if you are going off all day long in this way?" "In the evenings I will mend and make whatever yoe like, Rebecca," said Dolores, meekly. She could afford to be gentle now, for she had one foot beyond the boundary, and to-morrow she would stand on a new

Manor was all ablaze with blossoms) and books and music. "Dolores," he said, the night before she iff, "though I have spoken no word of my lore, I am still the same; my feelings are un-changed."

changed." that superficial poetry which perfection of "And mine, too," she answered, the bright. form and feature always gives ; there were no of her smile for

YOLL AA111.
 ALLENTOWN, YA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 21869.
 "Do not be vexed with me, my dear child; is an farid 1 poke too harably; but I was supprised, ad-".
 "Here Dolores withdrew her hand.
 "Ball of your her her and of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the end of the story. "Well " show and mered the show as bern with the institute" "To the matter bad been thrown back upon lister by Mr. Bujeton's mugared de position is an institute with the show as bern with the institute" "To action, from which she its "."
 "Show of the store of the story for while she comelow." In question, from while she too her hand the ord of the show of the one well well as the ward with grant she when the the ord of the show of the one well well as the ward with mere too her her and the ord well as the ward with the show if any thing comelow. The question well as the ward with a show mere too her her and the ord well as the ward with the show if any thing comelow. The question well as the show of the show of the ord well as the show of the ord well as the show of the show of the ord well as the ward well as the ord well as the show of the show of the ord well as the show of the ord well as the show of the s

biolit's indicate and the angle of the angle of the matter no further. It seemed true that her aunt and uncle had been unkind and thought-less, and yet it was not really so. Capitain Skeffington, though a sensitive weak man,

a) to mark to say. She was so she that even inducted could of the same. Inducted could of the same the same to book at the same ter to look at them i when you feel better; I must go now."
a) more the door of the little room appropriated to he same to book at and horing the books and looked lingeringly and looking in the same same that could not have looked at them when you feel better; in must go now."
b) make her to look at them i when go now."
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c) make her to look at them i when go now." Vincent for Bessy Dalrymple (whose second season it now was) was so immersed in gaye-ties that she found few opportunities of run-ning to the school-room for a chat with her old friend and school-fellow. Dolores liked her life. She liked her carly working wak to Lowndes Square while as yet the fashionable world was stillnsleep ; she liked her pupils ; she liked her walk home, when she caught passing glimpses of the gay world, and wondered at the

wild, or uniady-like, or unconventional thing in the course of her carefully hedged-in life; she had never been rude, or cross, or impa-tient to anybody; she could not be expansive or clinging, but she was gentle and consider-ate, pure and soft, and (in a certain narrower, smaller sense) womanly. She would never love ano one with devotion or passion; she would never endure anything for abybady. when she caught passing glimpses of the gay world, and wondered at the lovely faces she saw looking out of clouds of muslin and lace, fresh, rosy, and refined, as though sin and sorrow were not and never had been. She dreamed her young dreams and saw her bright

fresh, rosy, and refined, as though sin and sorrow were not and never had been. She dreamed her young dreams and saw her bright visions, and no ripple of envy or doubt or mis-trust ever troubled she cain surface of her soul. She was so much a child, and yet so soul. She was so much a child, and yet so not the outer world. The last summer holidays she had spent at Kingsmead. Aunt and uncle Sketlington petted and spolled her as of yore; Robert Stapleton came daily to see her, brinzing her

All as summer noticity's site init spent at spen

didn't you give it to Dolores? If she is proud — and I suspect the minx has some of the old leaven in her by her going out as a govern-ress, which I only looked upon as a whim be-fore—if she is proud, she is loving as well, and she would have taken it." "But she wouldn't," said the old lady, fairly crying now; "she confessed they wanted it, but she was atraid of Rebecca," "D——tion!" said the squire, testlly. "Who are you blessing, my friend ?" asked "Who are you blessing, my friend ?" asked The rector's cann voice, and the squire tooked

"Yes," slie diswered, just a trifle coldly; "trust me as yoll would have to trust any ofti-er person who came begging and borrowing." , , lie saw that she would have no difference made between herself and any casual petition-er, aid he felt that he must have patience with this 'shrinking', impetious, sensitive nature. He took her on her fown terms, and loved her sommen, that he even accepted an I O U from her.

her. And so they went to Dover; and Dolores sat by her father on the beach, and took long solitary walks, and once again her spirit grew calm and bright. In another fortnight Mr. Stapleton would come down to Dover to fetch his young broth-er home for the holidays, and then he would take Captain Skeffington to Kingsmead with him, while Rebecca and Dolores went home to Kensington. "CASTLEWOOD.

## "CASTLEWOOD.

"Mini, while better a first provide weak weak of a second state of the second state state of the second state of the second state of the second state of the second state state second state state second state state state second state st

Stellington, though a sensitive weak man, would have taken pecuniary nessistance from any one without the slightest sense of humili-ation or self abasement in so doing ; but he had Rebecca by him, and Rebecca he had al-ways feared, and obeyed after a fushion so entirely reversed to the usual order of things) that there was no appeal against it, and thus late in the day even Dolores knew it was use-less to resist. late in the day even belores knew it was used less to resist. Mr. and Mrs. Skeflington, living their peaceful, prosperous country life, full of plen-teousness and repose, could not picture to themselves the narrowed, darkened, thread-bare existence of their brother and his two darkhore, some that there had some to them. bare existence of their orbiner and his two daughters; now that they had come to town they had begun to realize some of the sad truths, and were perplexed and dismayed, and did not know how to set about altering the state of things. In their simple, countrified, out-of-the-world way, they had always thought of their brother as a woll-to-do- man, converted, of themetaliving onicity

thought of their brother as a well-to-do- main, confortably off, though living quietly. "You know he had £10,000 when my father died," said the squire, rubbing his chin thoughtfully and anxiously as he talked the matter of his brother's finances over with his fair, comely wife, seated once more by their own fireside; "and then he had his pay, and our girl's education was paid for out of her mother's fortune, you know; so I don't see how he's got into these straits." "Poor thing I But that Rebecch gives me the horrors, John. Was her -mother like that?" horridi strict Rebecca i Have you any admitera at Dorer, ny dear i O feouras you look scornful at this, hut yon know them all by sight, I dare say. Now don't be angry; and mind you write me a dear, delightful latter about our floracce. Ever your affectionate BESST. " $\Omega$  S,—They are not to be married yet, as Let-tice is so young. Won't she look lovely as a bride f. She says she shall have white satin and Braskel's point."

Brassel's point." "Till all the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun."

"She was a great raw-boned woman whom Tom picked up in some boarding-house; or rather, she picked him up. He was always a weak fellow, was Tom." "I tried to make, Repecta take something from me but she wouldn't. She stood grimly aloof, and said they asked no one's aid, and

alcoft, and said they asked no one's aid, and that if they were poor they were honest."
'' I like her spirit, '' said the squire.
'' And I don't. It is no good spirit that sacrifices a father to gratify a feeling which is only selfishnesss and pride."
''Do not judge her harshly, love; why didn't you give it to Dolores? If she is proud and the above serve of the old.

"Till all the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun." Why did these words come singing and surging through her brain ? There she sat hopelessly, helplessly, stupidly on the beach, just where she had been when Rebecca had given her the letter hours ago; and her poor old father, was by her side; but she had no thought for him; though the blazing August sun struck thereely upon his head, and shone full upon his pale, care-worn face. Yes, the 'rocks might mell' and the 'seas gang dry,' but as long as the 'sands of life' ran, Dolores' face would never look the same again; never wear quite the same expression as it had worn that bright summer's morning before the post came in. She sat there stupefied, numbed, deadened. She could not think; she had no tears; no longing to rush away and passionately weep herheart out; no sense of impatience, of anger, of injury, of rebellion. That was all to come. For the present she sat-there. and hocked out at the gilttering sea with That was all to come. For the present she sat there, and looked out at the glittering sea with hot, dry, burning eyes, and cared for nothing. There had been a shock, and sho had been purphysical and and and sho had been There had been a shock, and sho had been rundrated a shock, and sho had been came to lead her away, she would continue

LAIDOI DI LLAN LAIDOI DI LLAN Ituitons and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Headey Euveloces, Letter Heads Mills of Lailar, Way Bille, Tags and Shipping Cards. Posters of any size, etc., etc., Frinted at Bhort Notice? was any drop of consolation in her bitter cup, it was in the thought, "No one knows of this." No, not even he who had forgotten her very

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.,

Plain and Fancy Job Printer,

No. 47 EAST HAMILTON STREET. UPSTAIRS, ALLENTOWN, PA.

NEW DESIGNS

LATEST STYLES.

nored ? No, she knew that it was a fact, and she realized and accepted it as such. And so she went back to Lowndes Square, and taught Helen and Blanche, who were un-der the care of a maiden annt, while Bessy and Mrs. Dalrymple finished a round of visits that had to be accomplished before Christmas, Captain Skeflington came home at the end of October. Robert Stapleton brought him. Dolores was cold, and the cloud which had cettled upon her face was still there, nor did

Dolores was cold, and the cloud which had settled upon her face was still there, nor did it lift while he was in town. He asked after her health, her pupils, her occupations, her amuscinents. She answered him with as much animation as though she had been read-ing a contener healt, and then hu work own ing a cookery-book, and then he went away. He saw that she avoided his gaze, and he was He saw that she avoided his gaze, and he was the foolish enough to imagine size was the hid forgotten all about it; but the sight of, him humiliated her. It reminded her of the three size her and size the three bits and the termiled when she had given unsought, and she tremiled when she asked herself, "What would Mr. Stapleton think of me if he here using the mer the here with the size in the new set is the new set." me if he knew all ?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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pers of us. Incary Bine Dealuns, 25c., others charge 3bc Hetter quality, 3lc., others charge 4bc (lood Straw Ticking, 1bc, others charge 5bc, itter quality, 2bc, others charge 5bc, itter quality, 2bc, others charge 5bc, Fine and wood Financh, 375c., others charge 6bc, Fine and wood Financh, 375c., others charge 6bc, Fine and stree from 5to 3b cents per yard by huying hese youde of us.

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Goud Stair Carpets, 25c., others charge 42. Yard wide ingrain, 5cc., others charge \$1 00. Yery heavy ingrain, 600, others charge \$1 05. These are Auction Carpets and are awful cheup We specially request our customers to bring this with hem that they may see we sell exactly as we advertise. FOSTER'S NEW YORK CITY STORE, Opposite German Reformed Church, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Mo, not even he who had forgotten her very existence; for now Dolores remembered that, though he had pressed her for some assurance of her love, she had given none, unless he could so interpret an evasive answer and a silent farewell. Had any one told Dolores that he had kissed and made love to half a hundred pretty girls since he had seen her, that he had a score of reaching and a source of hadr in he had

ELEGANT PRINTING

Nor did she reply in any wise to Rebecca's queries and reproofs on the homoward way. She said angrily to herself, "Ing its just how they are; if they think I like or care for any thing they thwart me directly. Well, I did not say I hoped he would come-I would not; but he will; and then," said the foolish child to herself, "Then I shall hear something about St. Vincent. But what will Mr. Stapleton think of that horrid paper in the parlor, and the dreadful slippery prickly horse-hair chairs, and the shabby curtains ?" The shabby curtains and the prickly chairs made no impression whatever on the rector of

not say I hoped he would come—I would not sy I hoped he would come—I would not ; but he will; and then," said the foolish child to herself, "Then I shall her something about St. Vincent. But what will Mr. Stapleton think of that horrid paper in the parlor, and the dreadful slippery prickly horse-hair chairs, and the shabby curtains ?" The shabby curtains and the prickly chairs made no impression whatever on the rector of Kingsmead. No god on Parnassus could here as tackool with her, to Bessy Dai-the control of having made the acquaintance of having made the acquaintance of howing made the solution what and here is bolores always will little parlor, and listende patiently to the poor been happier than he as he sat in that ugly little parlor, and listende patiently to the poor bod broken down half pay officer's maunder-ings. Rebecca, who grated upon him horri-bly, was seldom there; Dolores always within and shee said nothing, yet was it not something every thing, to see her, to feel her near, to knew at any rate that when he caue and when he went that firm, slender, clastic palm wolf was leaving town, and going back to Kings-mead. Captain Skeffington was unusually drowsy that afternono, and in the dusk Do-lores found courage to pour out her griefs to Mr. Stapleton. "I want to get away !' and fin e dusk Do-lores found courage to pour out her griefs to Mr. Stapleton. "I want to get away !' and fin e dusk Do-lores found courage to pour out her griefs to miter; Rebecca slave-drives me; my futter sleeps all day; I have no books to read, and no creature to speak to, and I an wretche was though he hud not been in the least starticd, ""Hut, my child," sald the rector, as calmy a stough he hud not been in the least starticd, ""Hut want change, I want employment; I want something to think of, to do, to suffer." "Do not anticipate suffering," he said; '' what do you wart?" "'I want change, I want employment; I want something to think of, to do, to suffer." "Do not anticipate suffering, ''' hesait to something to thi

comes to us all quite soon enough; though when it comes we are too apt to forget who

sends it." "Do not preach to me," cried Dolores, im-ploringly. "I was always thought clever at school; I learned more than the other girls, and carried off most of the prizes. I will be a generatory I will be a governess; I will teach, and earn my liveli-hood, and come home to spend my half-holidays, and go to Kingsmead every summer." Poor foolish child 1 Was this a promise, or

"All of rooms that " was this a promise, of "All of the second second second second second "All of the second second second second second "All, you too are cruel !" she said, vexed

"And what do your father and sister say ?" "I have not spoken to them yet, but I know what they will say. They will contradict and ourses me ?"

oppose me," "Then you ought to obey. Remember that 'little things on little wings'—" "I hate little things !" cried Dolores; "I wish every thing in my life were grand, and

nothing. In Rebecca's presence he agreed with her; in Rebecca's absence he caressed Dolores, calling her often Annunziata, and murmuring feeble words of affection and ad-miration over his wayward child. So Dolores girded up her limbs, and took her staff in her hand, and went forth to the battle of life with a confident and courageous heart. It may seem a triling circumstance perhaps. ness of her since for a moment turning the That was all. As her aunt came to kiss her that night in bed, "We shall miss you, birdie," said the sweet old lady, bending over her, as she lay the built is howaherscentred shorts, a yery in the white lavender-scented sheets, a very rose of Sharon ; "we shall miss you sorely

To see of Sharon ; "We sharin hiss you sorely at first, my dear," To which Dolores made answer by hugging her aunt in an cestatic manner, half crying as the thought her pleasant holiday was over, and yet half happy at the idea of getting back in the word of complexity was a set of the We to town, and of soon hearing news of St. Vin cent again.

"I have sometimes thought of late." began "I have sometimes thought of late," began Mrs. Skellington once more, glancing at Do-lores almost timidly as she hay back in bed, her hair somewhat disheveled and her face slightly flushed from the strict embrace where-in she had so lately held that comely form; in she had so interly held that comely form ; "I have sometimes thought, my love, that you would come and settle among us altogether." "I am coming next summer, annt," said Dolores, glancing away from the question. "For good, birdle ?" "Perlaps for bad, auntic ; who knows y or workers cally for idifferent and the solution of the settle settle

perhaps only for indifferent; and that is dreadful you know-neither hot nor cold, as

dreadful you know--neither not hor cond, as St. John says." "Well, you've time enough, my dear; you're barely twenty yet, and surely that's young enough to marry." "I'm ower young to marry yet," sang Do-lores from among her pillows, with bright orielish ulee.

"Well, good-night, and god bless you, my girlish glee. "Well, good-night, and god bless you, my girl; you know this home is always happy to have you." Dolores nestled up to her aunt again, and

Dolores nestled up to her aunt again, and the soft tears were on both their cheeks as they kissed once more and parted. In after-days Dolores was often to think of those simple kindly words, and of her own jesting reply. But the time had not come yet. Thus we speak darkly, knowing not what we say; but the future royeals to us all the import, all the meaning of those words so lightly spoken, and in them we seem to read a prophetic fore-shadowing of truths ungnessed at while we'ut-tered them.

tered them. PART II.

"Dolores," said Bessy, "St. Vincent has arrived.

as the ingister initial to be obtained a property in the ingister in the ingister in the ingister in the indicated and the initial to be an in It was early spring once more. The buds It was early spring once more. The buds were thick upon the trees, and only needed a day of sunshine and southwind to bring them out in all their fresh young beauty. There was a fire in the school-room, but Dolores drew a long slivering breath as she turned queickly round and made a sudden dish at the coals with the poker. Her back was turned to Bessy, who, in her exhuborant joy, caught Dolores round the waist, and kissed her pale check as it came up to the level of her lower horizon again. orizon again. "Won't it be delightful to go out with him

everywhere, and see all the prettiest girls mak-ing love to him?" cried Bessy, rapturously, "and all the mammas paying court to him"

and program in the stars of the

btle changes in her lovely face ; no cannotions; no thought or inquiry in those calm beautiful eyes; no light or shadow; no varying caprices and flickering waywardness about her. She was almost a creature "too good for human nature's daily food;" but it was a goodness of that negative sort which, if it makes no enemics, excites no enthusiasm.

And so it was settled he should go up to fown in some sort of an ambassador for them, it osmooth away difficulties, and prevail upon Rebeech, if she would not take her father to the sea-side, to bring him down to Kingsmead, where the eahn, pure country air and the com-plete change would be sure to do him good. Me. Studion was to be sure and smooth to makes no enemics, excites no enthusiasm. To Dolores Bessy said : "Every one wants st. Vincent to marry her ; but he says she is

Sold, and that he never could be on familiar terms with so chilly a divinity." "And she-does she love him ?" asked Do-lores, blushing at the sound of her words. "Oh no; but if he offered to her I think she would accept him. He is an excellent well you know." Mr. Stapleton was to be sure and speak Rebecca first, because she was very tenacion "Oh no; but if he offered to her I think Rebecca first, because she was very tenderon the would accept him. He is an excellent "No, I didn't know," replied Dolores; then eddad, hastily, "but I know nothing, you ec, of your—your world,"

purit, you know."
"No. I didn't know," replied Dolores; then added, hastily, "but I know nothing, you see, of your—your world,"
"St. Vincent paid her a great deal of attention when we were at Parkinads" (that had been when Lord St. Vincent came of age, the accounts of which Dolores had engerly read in the newspapers); "but still he does not seem to care for her. She was by far the most beautiful person there, and every one was saying what a splendid couple they would make. St. Vincent knows, of course, that he would not be refused if he offered to her."
"Does he?" cried Dolores, angrily, all the wound nisk Knyvett's place I would let him see that he was mistaken ! What right has he, or any man, to say that of her or any other woman ? Ah ! if I were in her place, I would refuse him point-blank, as a punishment for his conceit and vanity." about with cautions, and bristing with coun-sels like a friendly porcupine, the rector of Kingsmead departed on his mission of love, His heart swelled as he thought of his dar-ling in distress, in grief of mind—who knows ? perhaps in want of means. Yes, it behooved him to be very delicate, very gentle and ten-der, very considerate and forbearing and long-suffering, if needs be. He must not defeat the end and sim of his inverse by any inmultience.

for his conceit and vanity." "But Lettice will never do that ; she doesn't

hare up like you do. Dolores; she will accept him I'm sure, if he only offers to her. Papa and mamma and all wish it, though I think it's a pity to bind him down so soon; but then she is so beautiful and so rich that it makes a ditference, you see." But Dolores saw nothing ; she was gone.

Perhaps none of us who have ever hoped or Ferred very intensely are quite ignorant of that sensation at the heart which scemes very like suspended existence. We see the realization of our hopes—our fears—coming nearer and nearer, and we pause and shut our eyes, feel-ing that now the crisis approaches we are cowards at heart. And if this be true of fear, i ti is almost truer of happiness. In the one case we have that sort of courage born of long give us the heroism to endure the final pang, i so long anticipated, that, when it comes, our overwrought nerves drop down dead, rather would we not rather defer the realization of our give us the neroism to endure the final pang, i so long anticipated, that, when it comes, our overwrought nerves drop down dead, rather duy-dreams? Do we not instinctively feel that with realization they will lose half their beauty? We have looked forward to this su-not be more beautiful; and now that the mo-ry ment approaches we would fain hold it from us, gaze upon it with enraptured eyes, and pieture over again, and yet once again. We to us, We are awed at the imminent realiza-tion of our aspirations. We would fain hold it from us, gaze upon ti kis help of joy. Thus it had been with Dolores. Once, the was maint Vincent in the hall; he was wait ing for Bessy and Lettice, and he glanced in-to boking over the balausters in Lowndes Square, to patiently upward, sweeping Dolores with his marze as it were, yet without seeing her. "You shall lend me the money." Thus it had been with Dolores. Once, the sw saint Vincent in the hall; he was wait ing for Bessy and Lettice, and he glanced in-to patiently upward, sweeping Dolores with his marze as it were, yet without seeing her. feared very intensely are quite ignorant of that sensation at the heart which seems very like suspended existence. We see the realization

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down abashed. But it was a relief to them to confide their perplexities to him, secure of the sympathy of his large loving nature, and sure that good sense, kindliness, and judgment would guide his counsel.

"once upon a time"— " And I will come again, my love, Though 'twee ten thousand mile." -When Rebecca came and shrilly reprimand.

al her for keeping her father out so many hours, she was frightened at the white, silent face Dolores turned upon her. "Are you ill, Dorothy?" she asked, in a "Are you ill, Dorothy?" she asked, m a kinder tone than usual. "No," answered Dolores, surprised and startled at the sound of her own voice. So also was Rebeeca, it sounded so harsh and broken; she looked searchingly at her sister, and then cleared her throat. "Have they given you warning?" "Warning? No, I had no warning," an-swered Dolores, just a little wildly. Then seeing that her sister was observing her, she said, "Why do you ask these questions, Re-beeca?"

seeing init her sister was observing her, she said, "Why do you ask these questions, Re-becca ?" "Because I know you heard from Miss Dal-rymple this morning, and I thought they might not want you any more." "No; oh no," said Delores, and walked on. She did not have a fever, though she was very ill for two days; dangerously ill, the doctor said. When Robert Stapleton came down to Dover a fortnight later, he was terri-fied at Dolores's appearance. It easked her tenderly what alide her? Nothing. Then he asked Rebecca, and Rebecca gave him the same answer, "Nothing." But the eyes of love are not to be deceived. A settled weari-ness had grown about Dolores's mouth, a settled garvity on her brow; she smiled occa-sionally, but it was a mechanical, spiritless, wintry smile; pale and wan, like February sunshine. She was composed and quiet, but impenetrable and cold. Robert dared not say any thing to her; for the first time since he bad theore, and day and the feit chilled and der, very considerinte and forocaring and fong-suffering, if needs be. He must not defeat the end and aim of his journey by any impatience; r, for her sweet sake he must be as a screent and harmless as a dove. And so, pondering on all these things, a look of love, pity, and sympa-thy in his kind gray eyes, and an expression y that was not all pain about his firm mouth, Robert Stapleton made the journey to Lon-don, and did not find it long. But Reheeca was obdurate. Obdurate with a grim stoniness, with a persistent, unwaver-as perience to Robert Stapleton. No grace of manner softened her refusals, no gratitude tempered the asperity of her tone. At first she persistently recurred to the neglect which s she considered justified her rejection of all y brotherly offices on the squire's part; at last s she constituted justified net rejection of an brotherly offices on the squire's part; at last she contented herself with simply answering "No," to all Robert Stapleton's entreaties, answering any thing to her; for the first time since he had known and loved her, he felt chilled and

"No," to all Robert Stapleton's entreaties, representations, and arguments. "It went to his heart to see Dolores' face; so white, so cold, so angry. She never spoke, but she would look up at Rebecca from time to time with a facer robellion in here yets that told more than many words what was passing within. She dared not trust herself to speak. Hobert Stapleton saw this, and his heart bled for all the misery, love, anger, and humilin-tion pent up in hers. "Why," said he, gently, to her one even-ing, as Rebecca left the room, "wiy don't you, Dolores, speak, and appeal to her heart ?!" "Heart !" she cried passionately, "she has no heart; when her father nsks her for bread; pride, selfishness; but? she cried, springing up, "I will not see it, I will not bear it any longer." "You will take your uncle's gift, Dolores, and use it for your father as he wished Y? "No," she said, suddenly withdrawing he hand from his, "I can not, dare not do that; but I will tow ushat! will do-" then is to the will to be so that he store for fread, pride, selfishness; but? she cried, springing up, "I will not see it, I will not bear it any hand from his, "I can not, dare not do that; but I will tow ushat! will do-" then is to the will the you what! will do-" then is to the will the is no black?" "No," she said, suddenly withdrawing he hand from his, "I can not, dare not do that; but I will tow ushat! will do-" then is that is is not lace of the sole." the sole and the sole and the since here is to sole and the will do the sole and the so Two, to an holder subjector subjector services, representations, and arguments. It went to his heart to see Dolores' face; so white, so cold, so angry. She never spoke, but she would look up at Rehecca from time

reality almost always fall short of imagination? And is it not hard to have our ideal torn from us, trampled under foot, befouled, besmirched, so that it is hopelessly disfigured forever after-ward? I do not believe that Dolores over loved llugh St. Vincent; but in him sholoved all that heroism and genius, and chivalry and beauty, and grace of männer and chivalry and beauty, and grace of männer and chivalry and beauty, and grace of männer and chivalry and the theroism and genius, and chivalry and beauty, and grace of männer and chivalry and the outly way, she had never doubted but that heroism and genius and ever read, thought, imagined. In her wild, romantic, unworkly way, she had never doubted but that his troth was plighted to her as firmly as she thought hers plighted to her as firmly as she thought hers plighted to him. She had pletured to herself how he would plead his cause; how she would prove him after the manner in which ladies of old proved their knights, and how then she would reward his faith and constancy by the full avowal of her own love and devotion. Poor, silly, römantic, foolish child ! If she had known the world better she would never have seen these visions, worse than vanity, or dreamed such senseless, delusivo dreams. And then, too, it was a blitter pairs to her prond heart to feel that she had given it un-asked, in vain. Ble, who had scorned the idea of being lightly woole and won, was never to be woode at all by the man who had all unwitingly won her heart from her 1 She , was profoundly humiliated. She was, indeed, so solf-abashed that when the old customary longing cume, asit would come, and tormented her with glimpses of her lost ideal, sho would t cast down her eyes before that calmer, bright-er, pure self which had riser, up to judge the

her with grimpses of her loss facts, she would cast down her eyes before that calmer, bright-er, purce self which had risen up to judge the old idle day-dream, and would feel sadly and sorrowfully that the bloom and flush and the dewy innocence of life were gone forever. If in these moments of humiliation there

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