ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t.	1mo.	3mos.	6mos.	1yr.
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	22.00
Six Squares		8.00	15.00	25.00	40.00
Quarter Column		10.00	20.00	35.00	50.00
Half Column		15.00	32.50	50.00	80.00
One Column		25.00	50.00	80.00	150.00

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

The Lehigh Register.

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

VOL. XXIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1869. NO. 31

Clothing.

THE VERY BEST
THE CHEAPEST,
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
AND MOST DURABLE
CLOTHING,
AT
KEYSTONE HALL.

BALLIET & NAGLE

Have the largest, best and cheapest stock of CLOTHING ever got up in this city, and sell Goods in their line, such as

COATS,
PANTS,
VESTS

and all other Goods pertaining to MEN'S WEAR
FOR LESS MONEY,
than you can buy elsewhere in Eastern Pennsylvania
No Slop Shop made Goods sold.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

We keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GOODS, from which customers can make their selections and have them made up on short notice.
Their Cutting Department is under the supervision of
GEORGE K. REEDER,
who has had many years experience in the tailoring business and who will be pleased to receive the calls of his former patrons.
All work warranted to be of the very best.
Call and see our new SPRING STOCK, received at the
KEYSTONE HALL,
No. 24 West Hamilton Street
next door to the German Reformed Church, ALLENTOWN, PA.
A full assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods always on hand.
AARON BALLIET, JOSEPH NAGLE
may 12-tf

GREAT ATTRACTION!
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
GRAND SPRING AND SUMMER OPENING.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
T. OSMUN & CO.,
Successors to Metzger & Osmun.
BARGAINS
AT THE
GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM
IN REIMER'S BUILDING,
NO. 43 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

We would inform the citizens of Allentown and the surrounding country that we are prepared with a large stock of goods for
SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR,
and offer them to the public at reasonable prices. To those who buy their Clothing ready-made, they are prepared to offer BARGAINS.
WHOLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER!
COATS, PANTS AND VESTS
Cut and made in the latest style, and by the best workmen.
OUR STOCK OF
CLOTHING, CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
is larger than it has been before, and we intend to sell very SMALL PROFITS, and give our customers the benefit of our low purchases.
Great quantities and varieties of
NECKTIES, CUFFS, COLLARS,
And everything in the line of
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS', and CHILDREN'S
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Don't forget the place, No. 43 East Hamilton street, third door above Sixth street.
T. OSMUN, JACOB H. SCHOLL, MARTIN LYNN
mar 24-tf

Agricultural.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON
SEED WHEAT AGENCY.

We furnish Farmers with the
BEST SEED WHEAT IN THE WORLD
Perfectly free from insectiform or other impurities; grown from AUSTRALIAN and CHILI Seed, yielding, on good soil,
SIXTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE,
And weighing
65 POUNDS TO THE MEASURED BUSHEL.
The Ears of Wheat, when mature, are usually eleven or twelve inches long.
Put up and securely tied and sealed in linen bags, and sent by mail free to all parts of the country, on receipt of price.

PRICES:
SAMPLES 10 CTS. EACH | BAGS 50c. and $1 EACH
Or in larger quantities at reasonable rates.
Address—
CALIFORNIA AND OREGON
SEED WHEAT AGENCY,
SAN FRANCISCO,
eb 10-'69-tf CALIFORNIA.

BOWER'S
COMPLETE MANURE,
MANUFACTURED BY
HENRY BOWER, Chemist,
PHILADELPHIA.
Made from
Super-Phosphate of Lime, Amonia and Potash.
WARRANTED FREE FROM ADULTERATION.
This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who used it, also by distinguished chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities. Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. each.
DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
AGENTS,
39 South Water and 40 South Delaware Av.,
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For sale by WILLIAM REYNOLDS, 79 South Street, Baltimore, Md. For information, address Henry Bower, Philadelphia. feb 10-'69-1y

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.
REMOVAL.
JACOB HARLEY,
JEWELER,
Invites his patrons and the public generally, to his New Store, No. 1320 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, where they will find a large and well selected stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER and PLATED WARE, at Moderate Prices.
N. B.—WATCHES and JEWELRY carefully repaired.
JEWELRY and SILVER WARE of all kinds made to order. july 14-6m

NOTICE.—THE ANNUAL MEETing of the stockholders of
THE THOMAS IRON COMPANY,
and an election for Directors will be held at the office of the Company, at Hokendauqua, on TUESDAY, the 3d day of AUGUST next, at 12 o'clock M. Polls open from 12 to 1 o'clock. J. T. KNIGHT,
july 21-2t Secretary.

Dry Goods.

FOSTER'S
PRICE LIST.

Coats' & Clark's Cotton, 7c., others charge 10c.
Ladies' White Hose, 12½c., others charge 18.
Better quality, 18c., others charge 28c.
Finer quality, 25, 30, 35 and 45c.
You can save on Hosiery from 5 to 20c. a pair by buying of us.
Splendid Yard-wide Muslin, 12½c., others charge 18c.
Fine as Wamsutta, 15c., others charge 20c.
Best Wamsutta Muslin, 22c., others charge 28c.
Heaviest Brown Sheeting, 16c., others charge 20c.
You can save from 3 to 6 cents per yard by buying Muslins of us.
Best Merrimack Prints, 12½c., others charge 16c.
Best Paper Muslins, 12½c., others charge 18c.
Double-width Alpacas, 31c., others charge 50c.
Finer quality Alpacas, 37½c., others charge 60c.
Very fine Alpacas, 50c., others charge 80c.
Still Finer Alpacas, superb goods, 60, 75, 85c., and $1 00.
You can save from 15 to 50 cents per yard by buying Alpacas of us.
Best Spring DeLaines, 18c., others charge 25c.
Plaid Dress Goods, 25c., others charge 38c.
Unbleached Table Diaper, 50c., others charge 80c.
Extra Wide and Heavy, 75c., others charge $1 00.
Bleached Snow Drop Diaper, 65c., others charge 90c.
Damask Table Diaper, 75c., others charge $1 00.
Very fine Damask, $1 00, others charge $1 50.
You can save from 20 to 50 cents by buying Table Diapers of us.
Heavy Blue Denims, 25c., others charge 30c
Better quality, 31c., others charge 40c.
Good Straw Ticking, 18c., others charge 20c.
Better quality, 25c., others charge 35c.
Very Heavy and Good, 30c., others charge 45c.
Fine all wool Flannel, 37½c., others charge 50c.
You can save from 5 to 20 cents per yard by buying these goods of us.
Best Kentucky Jean, 40 and 45c., others charge 60.
All Wool Cassimeres, 75c., others charge $1 00.
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 50 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.
Heavy Black Silks, $2 25, others charge $3 00.
Very heavy Corded, $2 50, others charge $3 50.
Handsome Silk Poplins, $1 00, others charge $1 75.
Plain Colored Silk Poplins, $1 37½, others charge $2 25.
Colored Dress Silks, $2 25, others charge $3 00.
You can save from 50 cents to $1 00 by buying Silks of us.
Good Stair Carpets, 25c., others charge 45.
Finer quality, 45c., others charge 60c.
Yard wide Ingrain, 55c., others charge $1 00.
Very heavy Ingrain, $1 00, others charge $1 65.
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.
FOSTER'S
NEW YORK CITY STORE,
Opposite German Reformed Church,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

WHITE GOODS.
BELOW REGULAR RATES.
PLAIN, PLAID AND STRIPED NAINSOOKS.
PLAIN, PLAID AND STRIPED ORGANDIES.
VICTORIA AND BISHOP LAWNS.
PEKIN PORTES, New Style, and Choice for Dresses.
PIQUES, in all grades.
SOFT AND HARD FINISHED CAMBRICS.
SHIRRED MUSLINS. A Choice Stock.
EMBROIDERIES.
FINE NEEDLE WORK EDGINGS and INSERTINGS at ONE-HALF VALUE.
HAMBURGS, in SWISS and CAMBRIC. A Full Stock.
RUFFLINGS of all kinds, as MAGIC, EMPRESS, &c.
LACES.
REAL and IMITATION GUIPURE,
" " THREAD and VALENCIA.
BOBINETS and WASH BLONDS.
GRENADINES FOR VEILS. The New Colors.
LADIES', MISSES', and BOYS' CUFFS and COLLARS.
LEMAISTRE & ROSS,
212 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.
July 7-'69

"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

Carpets and Oil Cloth.

THE CARPET AND OIL CLOTH
EMPORIUM OF
E. S. SHIMER & CO.,
NOS. 5 AND 7 WEST HAMILTON ST,
ALLENTOWN PA.
REPLENISHED
in all its latest varieties, styles and patterns.
PRICES REDUCED!
We keep for sale all the following popular makes
BODY BRUSSELS,
5 FRANK ENGLISH,
5 FRANK BIGELOR,
5 FRANK HARTFORD,
ENGLISH TAPESTRY,
CROSSLEY'S TAPESTRY,
STODDART TAPESTRY
SMITH TAPESTRY,
HARTFORD & LOWELL, extra 3 ply,
IMPERIAL, extra 3 ply,
MEDIUM SUPERFINE, 3 ply,
SMITH TAPESTRY INGRAIN,
PHILA. SUPERFINE do.,
PHILADELPHIA FINE INGRAIN,
PHILADELPHIA COMMON INGRAIN,
PHILADELPHIA WOOL INGRAIN, do.
WINDOW SHADES
AND
CURTAINS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, STYLE AND PRICE!

MANHOOD; HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY, and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.
The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *postpaid*, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cts.
Address the Publishers, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
jy21-1y 127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 4,586.

I. S. WATERMAN,
Proprietor of WATERMAN'S COCKTAIL AND TONIC BITTERS, Wholesale and Retail, No. 1106 Market St., Philadelphia.
The tonic properties of those 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.

GLAMOUR.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

THERE are some women who can face anything unpleasant. Rebecca was such a woman. She did it unflinchingly, rather enjoying in anticipation the work she had set herself to do. She had on a pair of black cotton gloves. She sat in that prickly arm-chair usually reserved for Captain Skeffington's sole use. The gloves told their tale plainly enough. Miss Skeffington did not mean to employ herself with any sort of feminine trifling. The work she had on hand was of a different nature, and she had concentrated all her forces on the one point, and did not mean to have them distracted by knitting or crochet. She had spread a course linen pocket-handkerchief over her knees, and she was waiting; she was, in fact, prepared to wait; she had taken up her position like a skillful general, and could afford to do so; for Dolores had been sent to Hampstead to visit an old servant and Rebecca knew that her victim would soon arrive. There was nothing of the Minerva about her; she was simply an ugly, disagreeable old maid in black cotton gloves, about to do an unwomanly thing in a peculiary unpleasant manner.

Robert Stapleton's knock was heard at the door, and the next moment he was shaking two of Rebecca's drum-sticks, which she had liberally extended to him as a sacrifice to hospitality. Having gone through the preliminary rites she rasped her throat, and with some asperity begged him to be seated.

Robert seated was more get-at-able than Robert standing. He was a tall man, with wide shoulders and a fine deep chest, and he had a way of smiling down upon his enemies which was not always exactly soothing to his antagonists. Rebecca had seen that smile. She declined to be smiled upon after his fashion. Having caught and caged her lion, she must torture him at her own convenience; he might be sat upon, but she must not be smiled upon. So she got him on to one of the slippery chairs, and then she told him to put his hat down, as what she had to say would take some time. He did as he was bid, carefully repressing the offensive smile.

"And now," said Miss Rebecca, "I am going, Sir, to ask you a plain question. What are your intentions toward my sister?"

"I should say my intentions were 'good,' but for that proverb about the paving stones," answered he, smiling, but not the worst smile.

"Because," continued Rebecca, disregarding the frivolous interruption, "I must beg you not to come here as you have been doing. You seem always to be here since that unlucky day we met you in St. Paul's. You brought my father up to town in October, you took him to Kingsmead in August, you were at Dover while we were there, and here you are again."

She wound up as though reproaching that inevitable personage who appears so faithfully in every Christmas pantomime.

"And is there any reason why I should not be here—I mean in London.

"Every reason. Dolores is a vain, thoughtless girl, neither better nor worse than others, perhaps! but I can not have her head turned by this kind of thing. She is in a good situation, and if she loses it through your fault it will be a difficult thing for her to find another."

"Miss Skeffington," said Robert Stapleton rising, "I honor your sisterly solicitude, and I will set your mind at rest. I am going to Kingsmead the day after to-morrow. In calling here so often, I have obeyed your uncle and aunt's wishes quite as much as the dictates of my own heart. I have the friendliest feelings towards your father. I am sorry if I have unduly intruded as far as Dolores is concerned—well I have asked her over and over again to be my wife. She does not love me; I do not complain. Any man might be proud to win and wear her; but I have no claims to her regard beyond my devoted disinterested attachment to herself, if that may in any wise be so regarded. I shall never ask her to be my wife again; but I shall not cease to watch over, to care for, and to love her. There you may have my confession. I make it for Dolores's sake. You have no right to know her thoughts or mine; and if I had not loved her as I do, I would not have spoken as I have done. Had I not loved her at all, pray believe me that your questions of to-day would not have forced me into marrying her. There is nothing so indelicate as a woman asking a man what are 'his intentions.' Good morning, Miss Skeffington."

So that was the end of it. He had called her indelicate, and had had the indecency himself to declare to her face that he loved Dolores, and would continue to love her. "Disgusting!" said Rebecca to herself; "but it shows what deceitful a minx that girl is."

Of the interview, however, she said nothing to her sister; and as Dolores was too pre-occupied to ask any questions, Robert Stapleton's name was not mentioned between them, nor his visit in any way alluded to. The following afternoon he came while Rebecca was up stairs with her father, who was again temporarily indisposed. Dolores was glad to have an opportunity of speaking to him alone, for Mrs. Dalrymple had paid her debt, and she was anxious to discharge hers.

As she gave the bank notes into Robert Stapleton's hand, and just as he was rising to take leave, the door opened, and Rebecca, wiry and irate, walked in.

"This is most dishonorable conduct, Mr. Stapleton!" she cried, shrilly, and walking up to Dolores seized her angrily by the arm, holding that delicate member in a grim and merciless grip the while. "What did you tell me yesterday: and on the strength of that I have foolishly allowed you to come here to-day? Is it part of a minister's duty to lead silly young girls astray? She is a heartless, vain, flirting coquette, and I will not have these goings-on!"

Pain roused Dolores. She wrenched her arm from the vice in which it was held. Her eyes flashed fire, her color rose, her voice trembled and was full of tears; she looked defiantly at her sister. Then glancing across to where Robert stood—ah, wise, patient Robert!—she moved toward him. Her hand slipped through his arm; he never looked at her. "Rebecca!" she cried, "how dare you talk in that way? Leading me astray?" Why, he is the only friend I have, the only one who ever loved me. He has been a son to my father; he has been a brother to me. How dare you insult him in this house, where he has come as a benefactor, where he has every right to expect gratitude? He has nobly asked me to marry him. I have refused, because I am not worthy of such love as his; but I should be the last and the lowest among the lowest and the mean, if I stood by and tamely submitted to hear him insulted." The tears were rolling over her cheeks, and she did not know what she was saying.

"Things have come to a pretty pass, Miss, when you are bold enough to speak like this," sneered Rebecca. "You need not be so anxious to defend the young man; he can fight his own battles."

The "young man"—ah, wise Robert Stapleton, to stand by silently and see the destiny worked out for him by two women—the obligatory third was invisible—the "young man" smiled for an instant that exasperating smile which his enemies called sardonic, but spoke no word.

"Bold enough?" repeated Dolores, with a sob that was half laugh, "I will be bolder than that. See, Rebecca, in your presence I ask him to forgive me for all my blindness and hardness of heart, for all my—"

His arms were about her, his kisses on her lips; it was only when Rebecca banged the door in passing out that Dolores awoke with a start to a sense of what she had done.

There is immense rest in a great affection. It is like some vast sea, on the unruffled calm of which we may float and dream, a blue sky above us, and illimitable space around. There is great repose in a strong, true faithful love. We rest upon it, and do not need to buffet the waves; we feel that it holds us up above the chances of this troublesome world; and when we perchance strike on this quicksand or that hidden rock we turn to our life-buoy and let the waters go over us, for we know we are safe.

Thus it was with Dolores. She often told herself that she was selfish in accepting Robert Stapleton's love; she often resolved to tell him why she could not love him as he ought to be loved; but she never did it. He seemed so happy, so content with the measure of love that she was able to mete out to him, that it would have been cruelty in those early days to disturb the serenity of his heaven.

He had gone back to Kingsmead the day after his last happy interview with Dolores, and his daily letters breathed the happiest spirit. To her this correspondence was alike a great pleasure and a great relief. In his presence she would have been shy, constrained, and ill at ease; unwilling to see him as a lover, and yet fearful of wounding him by coldness and reserve. But she could write freely; and she felt in this correspondence that they were learning daily to know each other better and better. But in the back ground the ghost of some strange passionate emotion hovered, haunting her in her happiest moments.

"I would not willingly deceive you in any thing," she wrote to him, "not even when the deceit might be a pleasing one; and, believe me, it costs me pain to say that I fear a kind of selfish gratitude is the strongest feeling toward you in my heart, just as I believe that pity has been the mainspring of your affection for me. You must not think otherwise of me than I am; at least I will not help you in your idealities. I am so anxious you should believe that I am grateful. I should like to be able to do something for you. I should like to perform all the little prosaic duties of life for you; to wait upon you, and nurse you, and mend your stockings, and make your tea. I do not wish for any greater things than these; I feel that the great things must be given by you and received by me. Your heart is full of pity, and mine is full of gratitude; have we not built our friendship on good foundations? I should like to hear you always; to look up to and lean upon you; to hold your hand and walk by your side. I am so safe when you are here; and, believe me, I am so humble and dutiful to you in my heart (whatever my manner may be) that I know no greater pleasure than in pleasing you."

And simple Robert Stapleton read the letters, and never saw, in his happy blindness, how much at variance such humility and submission were with Dolores's natural character. He wrote back, and told her he had been happy in loving her aimlessly, how far happier now with a prospect of their one day being forever together, the dearest and nearest friends on earth. Had he seemed only the least bit suspicious she would have confessed; but how could she do it now? She had not the courage to break down his simple trust and cheerful unquestioning faith; and so she let it go by. But to herself she often said: "Ah, if he would only ask questions! If he would only unlatch the door I would push it boldly open." But Robert was content, and the door remained shut.

And so the spring came, and the season was at its highest, and Dolores walked to and from the house in Lowndes Square, with a sense of rest and calm at her heart that was infinitely soothing. She shuddered when she looked back and remembered all the passionate emotions that had convulsed her being; and she blushed to think how she had, in her wild delusion and folly, spurned the pure, noble love of this simple, honest, manly heart. He was so gentle and so patient, so tender and so strong; so full of care for her, so anxious to let her feel that her wishes and her welfare must ever be his first consideration, that she felt humbly and sadly she could never half repay his devotion.

The more she saw of this crystal soul the more she felt her own unworthiness and littleness. "I am so sure of you," she wrote; "that is what makes me so happy. I do not mean sure of your affection to me, sure of your unselfish devotion, but sure of you. It makes me glad to think that such as you are; and that with, or without me, and leaving my relationship to you entirely out of the question, I know you to be perfectly upright and honorable, loving, and true."

In the rectory garden at Kingsmead a happy man walked to and fro; he now and then drew forth her letters and kissed them. Ah, what golden wishes those kindly gray eyes saw in the bright future; what heavenly dreams they dreamed! And now it was July, and soon Dolores would have her holidays, and would come down to the Manor; and there would be no more letter-writing (here he kissed those dear letters again) but a real living presence—a soft, warm hand to clasp, a shy heart to tame. Ah, how gentle he would be with her! he would not press her, or hasten her in any way. Had she not nobly come to him of her own accord? And when he thought of all the generous indignation that had flashed out of those dear eyes, and remembered how she had come to him so frankly, putting her hand into his with such perfect confidence, his heart melted, and his eyes filled with tears and he told himself that she surely loved him.

"Bessy!" cried a gay, ringing voice; "Bessy, where are you and your conscience? I can wait no longer! Why do you hide yourself in such obscure holes and corners?"

The schoolroom door burst open, and on the threshold stood a young man with a flower in his coat, and a saucy smile on his handsome, good-tempered face. Opposite the door was a book-case; some one was reaching books down, but as the door burst open, a face with large dark eyes, that looked half scared and wholly astonished, turned and gazed upon the intruder. There was a moment's pause, during which the books fell down, and neither of these two young people spoke. Then Dolores, seeing there was no escape, recovered her presence of mind, and turning to St. Vincent as though she had never seen him before in her life, she said, gravely, but with exquisite politeness, "Miss Dalrymple is not here; if you will allow me, I will ring the bell and inquire whether she is at home."

Her heart gave one great bound, which brought the color to her cheeks; otherwise she stood there as calm, as cold, as composed as a queen giving audience to a subject.

St. Vincent stared, hesitated, blushed. "Allow me to pick up those books," he said, glad to stoop down and hide his confusion. "I thought—I—oh," cried the young man, looking at her once again, "it is you—I can not be mistaken; you have not forgotten me, Dolores?"

"I am Miss Dalrymple's governess," said Dolores, coldly; "you are very kind to remember me, Lord St. Vincent."

"Kind?" he cried, coming toward her with that gay, winning, natural, assured manner that stole its way into every one's heart. "Kind? How could any one forget you? I never have, though I'm a thoughtless, forgetful fellow enough; I remember every thing about you; and the old barrack you were living in down at what's-his-name, and that old fellow who led this bear, you know, and—"

There was not the slightest response in Dolores' face. Her eyes looked grave and severe. He stopped, and then went on again as though all were right. "What a jolly little girl you were! It's ages ago, you know; and what a time we had during the hay-making! Do you remember that brown frock, and the awful tear you made in it, and your head—your hair, I mean—getting so full of burs and bits of hay? Wasn't it all fun?"

"Very good fun for children," said Dolores, seriously; "but if you will allow me, my lord, I will ring to inquire for Miss Dalrymple."

Something in her tone stopped him. What right had this young person to give herself airs? Why did she put on the manner of a nymph or goddess? He wasn't used to that kind of thing; women were never like that to him, and he wouldn't stand it. Some people thought St. Vincent's impertinence charming. He would try its effect on Dolores.

"No, don't ring," he said, laying his hand on hers as she was going to pull the bell; "I'll find Bessy; just tell me how all my old friends down there are; they were very good to me, you know."

"They are all quite well," said Dolores, softening.

"And—the roses? Do such 'red, red roses' bloom there still? You remember the roses, Dolores, and—the kiss?"

His bright blue eyes were looking mischievously into hers, and his beautiful curly head was an inch or two nearer than it need have been. If he hoped to have disconcerted her he was disappointed.

"I must bid you good-afternoon, my lord," she answered, quietly, "since you will not allow me to be of any use to you;" and bowing to him, with serious eyes, she left the room.

She tied on her bonnet resolutely in the little room where her walking things were kept (bonnets were worn then), and pulling her veil over her face, went down stairs and out into the quiet square. St. Vincent stood where she had left him—*plante la*, as our friends say. He took the flower out of his button-hole and chewed it up. Such a thing had never happened to him in his life before. "By George!" he said to himself, "who'd have thought that little wild girl was to grow into this? I was awfully spooney upon her, I remember. Regularly gone. But she's a splendid-looking creature. There's race, fire, life, flesh and blood there; I always did hate your moonshiny, silvery, placid, milk-and-watery sort of woman." he continued (obligingly thinking of Lettice), "they are so wearisome; it's like a perpetual simper, it palls. But this is a glorious creature. What eyes! what hair! what a figure! and what an air! Quite absurd, and very much out of place, for a governess to have grand manners of that kind. But that kind of thing's born, I suppose, not made—as some intelligent person once observed of some one or another. Very sly of Bessy and Lettice, though, to keep the governess so dark. But girls *are* sly; especially your quiet girls with pale eyes and fair complexions. Spiteful, you know, and so on." But here her affectionate cousin excepted Bessy, and felt viciously towards his placid elegant betrothed, and nourished an impression, which was soon to grow into a feeling, that he owed her a grudge. "But if they are sly, I can be silent," he said to himself, and walked out into the park and found his aunt's carriage, and made himself so charming and agreeable that honest Bessy's eyes beamed over with delight every time they rested on his handsome face, and even Lettice smiled a trifle less languidly than usual.

There is something inexpressibly and infinitely touching in the sight of a man of riper years giving up his whole soul, his whole faith and devotion, to some one human being; laying his life and its results, his future and its possibilities, at that creature's feet, and laying them there gladly; not as a sacrifice, but as a free-will offering brought by love to the beloved one's shrine. At the touch of that soft young palm which had been laid in his, Robert Stapleton's heart trembled into blossom again, full of all the emotions of a holier, happier, brighter spring than it had been given to his youth to know.

To Dolores there was something sacred and full of awe in thinking that the care, the future of this divine soul was hers; a responsibility, a blessing to be acknowledged and accounted for hereafter. It was a solemn thought, and at times the "burden laid upon her seemed greater than she could bear," and she would fain have shaken off the responsibility.

A word from her could make or mar the happiness of a human life. Not mar that life itself, because, as she knew, there are lives that can not be marred; and Robert Stapleton's was one of these. About this time she wrote to him: "If I ever lose your friendship, I shall know that I have deserved to do so." A pang of chill apprehension closed round Robert Stapleton's heart as he read these words. "Why does she say these things?" he asked himself. "Can I ever cease to love her, or she to trust me? If so I am not worthy of her." And he put his dismal thoughts away, writing more cheerily than usual, and passing over in silence all those parts of her letter which jarred upon him, and made him ill at ease.

About this time, too, he began to be haunted by visions such as had never troubled his repose before; night after night he lay down to rest, and night after night the same dreams disturbed him. He saw Dolores unhappy; Dolores in tears; Dolores pleading; Dolores resisting; Dolores yielding; Dolores—ah! here he awoke with a start, and the cold drops of mental agony were on his brow; for in all his visions there was a second, another besides Dolores; and when she had disappeared over the precipice, when she had been drawn into the whirlpool and sucked down by the hungry pitiless waves, when she had vanished in the flames, that other, that man whose face he never could see, remained, unscathed, unmoved, safe and free. And nightly he said to himself, "I will go to London; I will tell her all my fears and all my torment;" and then when morning came, he said, "She will be offended; she will think I mistrust her; she surely does love me. No! I will be patient, and I will wait until she comes."

And Dolores? It seems cruel to tell this part of her history, knowing what is to follow: but do not let us judge her too harshly, do not let us utterly condemn this poor weak deluded soul. There is no excuse to be offered for her; none. Only let us remember that divine saying, "Neither do I condemn thee;" not forgetting that if to our happy lives there has come no temptation, yet that "to err is human, to forget divine," and that he who really conquers himself is "greater than he who taketh a city."

Day by day St. Vincent followed her. If such a nature as his might be called capable of love, he loved Dolores. Out of opposition, out of obstinacy, out of vanity it may be, he followed and persecuted her; he, who had been *choyé* all his life by women, met with nothing but coldness here. He was piqued. He tried impertinence; he tried gay good-humor; he tried tender, respectful gallantry; they glanced harmless off the armor wherewith Dolores had clothed herself. She was impenetrable. A secret feeling of anger against the two girls for having so far mistrusted him as to "keep the governess dark," added a pleasant spice of revenge toward Lettice in his pursuit of Dolores.

He smiled to think what fools women and girls are in their cuttings and contrivings, and how easily outwitted. There was to him a pleasant dash of malice in the thought of how he had circumvented them. Dolores avoided him; but he always knew where and how to find her. He wrote her a letter which she put into the fire unread, and told him that she had done so. He said she should have another; and that, she declared, she would send to Miss Knyvett; so he thought better of his threat, and contented himself by not only meeting her on her homeward way, but by crossing her path as she went to her daily duties in the morning. She told him that she supposed she was obliged as a governess to put up with his insults, because, if she complained to her employers, the blame would rest with her all the same. He answered her, she was a wise girl to see things so clearly; and that as to his insulting her, she was not the sort of woman any man would dare insult, with her "grand air" and tragedy-queen manners.

"Laugh at me," cried Dolores, passionately, "turn me into ridicule, my lord, as you have always done. I am only the governess."

He told her he had not expected such pretty sentiments from her; and that hers was the pride that aped humility. Perhaps he was not altogether wrong.

"And I expect you to leave off this cowardly conduct!" she cried. "I will bear it no longer."

"Dolores!"

It was all he said. He was a horrible young man; but then no one thought so, that was the worst of it. There was a something about him which all his young-lady friends called "adorable," and which led even his elders to look leniently on his follies. It was a terrible power, this secret indefinable gift of fascination; it makes the plain beautiful, the beautiful divine. It lasts long after youth has faded and spring-time has flown; it conquers us against our reason, against our better judgment, against our determination. We all of us succumb to its influences. I have seen its magic attraction draw a roomful of men from young and beautiful women to a retired corner, where, unpretendingly dressed, not handsome or even pretty, but possessing an attraction infinitely beyond these qualities, one of the high-priestesses of fascination sat, and wove, it may be unconsciously, her magic spells. It is so subtle in its influences that custom, habit, principles even fall before it. We, even as its most devoted victims, do not know why we are so; we can not define the mystic spell; we feel, though we can not explain it.

"And Miss Knyvett?" said Dolores.

"As long as she is Miss Knyvett, does not enter into my affairs at all,"

"If those are your sentiments you will probably find it strange that I should think it right to tell you I am engaged."

For a moment St. Vincent looked crestfallen. But the next he had recovered himself, and said, with a slight smile, "May I ask who is the happy man?"

"Mr. Stapleton."

"What, the pious Æneas! The old original bear-leader?" and St. Vincent laughed till the tears ran down his face.

Dolores flushed up resentfully.

"Nothing is sacred to you!" she cried, her eyes filling angrily.

"Well, not old Stapleton certainly," replied St. Vincent, "nor his servant nor his maid, nor his ox nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

She was disgusted. A feeling of utter repulsion sickened her as she looked at this thoughtless young man, and remembered how she had invested him with every ideal virtue and noble sentiment, and had worshiped the image she had set up.

For a week she remained at home. At the end of that time Mrs. Dalrymple wrote, begging her, if her indisposition would allow of it, to return to her duties in Lowndes Square.

St. Vincent met her with a face of such tender concern, with a manner so gentle and respectful, that she told herself she had been harsh and needlessly severe. He, for his part, had come to a desperate resolution. He had grown to hate the lovely Lettice, with her stereotyped smile and her conventional manners, her irreproachable toilette and colorless skin. He loved Dolores's old brown cloak and simple bonnet more than all the glories of the Devys or Ellises of those days. He told himself that he was young and rich, and that he could risk something to gratify what was more than a whim. He knew the world—his world—well enough to know that it would forgive him, even for marrying a governess; that it would call him an amiable eccentric, and welcome back the prodigal son, though he brought a penniless nobody of a daughter-in-law with him. And then he smiled to think how Dolores's rich glowing beauty would become the St. Vincent diamonds, and how she would by her brilliant appearance outshine and eclipse the pale beauties of the town. You see, he never doubted of his success. Perhaps in this perfect self-confidence lay the secret of his power.

I would not, if I could, tell the history of what followed. When that sweet madness once siezes the human mind farewell to all that may be judged by common rules. St. Vincent made Dolores believe every thing. What all Robert Stapleton's manly worth and noble heart could not do his nameless fascination and charm of manner effected. She hated and despised herself from beginning to end. She saw all her falseness, her want of truth and single-heartedness throughout; she wept as she thought of that noble heart. But the glamour was upon her; and when Hugh, with passionate, beseeching eyes, said, "Do not sacrifice us both to a fiction which the world calls honor, Dolores; do not do a good man a mortal injury by fulfilling your promise to the ear and breaking it to the heart; do not drive me into marrying that pale, soulless puppet whom I never loved, and whom I should then inevitably hate—" it was herself and not him she blamed. "Oh, Dolores!" cried the young man, who had nothing to recommend him but a handsome face and that nameless winning charm of manner which no woman had ever yet resisted, "you have always loved me—always; and I have always loved you. Shall our two young lives be spoiled forever because we have both made mistakes?"

"I have made no mistake," she said, sadly, "the mistake was—his—in loving me."

"But he does not love you as I love you, Dolores; he can not. His spring-time and his youth are gone. He feels friendship, esteem—"

Dolores shuddered. She would write to Robert Stapleton that night and frankly tell him all. It was late in the day to confess her sins, but better late than never; it was hard to wound that tender honest heart, but that must be her punishment.

"There's nothing the matter, I hope, Sir?"

"There is much the matter, Mrs. Stevens. My brother Jamie is dangerously ill at school. I am going to him immediately; and if any letters come, don't forward them; I shall bring Jamie back with me if the doctor will allow it. As it is, I must hurry, or I shall miss the train to Reading and Dover."

Mr. Stapleton hurried away, leaving care behind him, carrying care with him, going to meet fresh care. For his young brother had the scarlet-fever; and his heart was heavy about the lad, and about other things too. He took out Dolores's last letter and read it. It brought him no comfort. "I am in a state of mind," it said, "that will not bear examination or description. I am not satisfied with myself or my conduct. If you were here—But it is as well you are not; I must feel differently before I can see you. I am unworthy of your great unselfish love. There has come a moment of doubt and hesitation in my inner life—a moment when I would fain be alone, and would commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still." These were not reassuring words. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "I lay too much stress on these moods of my darling; it is a part of her nature to change from sunshine to clouds, and back again to sunshine. *Souvent femme varie*, as King Francis said, and my Dolores has an 'infinite variety' about her which 'age can not wither' nor 'custom stale.'" But still the "thick-coming fancies" knocked at his heart, and made him sad and anxious.

Dolores had mentioned her meeting with St. Vincent, though not the manner of it. His name had recurred more than once in her letters of late, though not in a way to arouse Robert Stapleton's suspicions; and yet he knew, though he would not know, that this young man's reappearance on the scene had been in some way inimical to his own happiness. I will not wound her by unworthy suspicions, or ruffle her pride by seeming distrustful," he said to himself; "she will be here soon, and then if she likes to speak she will. I will ask no questions, lest fear, or pride, or shame should make her false, and she be tempted to speak what is not true. In her own good time she will tell me all. Meanwhile this journey, this care for Jamie, will take me out of myself, and prevent morbid thoughts."

But Robert Stapleton soon found that "naught can minister to a mind diseased."

Dolores was to go to Kingsmead. She bade her father and Rebecca good-by. At the Great Western Terminus St. Vincent met her.

"We will start by the mail train this evening, my darling," said Hugh, looking at her with bright, beautiful eyes, in which love and pleasure beamed; "we shall cross by the night-boat, and we shall be in Paris to-morrow. I will leave you with my friend Mrs. Gray, and then—we shall be married."

They went up stairs into a sitting-room, and St. Vincent ordered some dinner while they were waiting for the train. He was full of gay triumph; Dolores was sad beyond words, beyond tears. She had written a full confession to Robert Stapleton, and he had never answered her. He had cast her off and thrown her from him as we fling away an old glove. She had waited for a letter, a token, a sign; but it had never come. He thought her unworthy even of a reply. Then she had taken that final fatal resolution which had now brought her hither. She felt deeply humiliated; all her treachery to her employers, her want of faith as from woman to woman as regarded her behavior toward St. Vincent's cousin and his betrothed, all the shame and misery of her conduct, were gnawing at her heart with a thousand fangs; how could she laugh, or be happy and triumphant? And, oh! with what remorse she thought of Robert Stapleton! "I suppose you'll be too much occupied with Mr. Stapleton to write to us," had been Rebecca's valedictory remark. "I shall not write unless I have something particular to say," replied Dolores, evasively. And now she stood at the window of that huge hotel, and looked down the railway platform at the blaze of lights, and the crowd rushing to and fro, and beyond at the red and green signals hanging in mid-air; and her heart was full of tears, and her lips were silent. With the goblet of life in her grasp, and its ruby wine touching her lips, she already tasted all the bitterness of its very dregs. St. Vincent's gayety jarred upon her. She felt the awfulness of the step she had taken, the horror of its incalculable consequences to others; and she could not respond to his jubilant satisfaction.

At length they reached Dover. It seemed to Dolores as though they had been traveling for months. It was a damp, foggy night. She went down into the ladies' cabin, sick and faint. "Leave me," she whispered to St. Vincent; "I am not well." He left her, after many entreaties, and went to the fore-part of the vessel to smoke his cigar. "Tell my brother, please, that I am going to sleep, and that I do not wish to be disturbed until we reach Calais," said Dolores to the stewardess, dropping half a crown into the woman's hand. Then, when the messenger had gone on her errand, she drew her cloak round her, and swiftly passed up the companion-ladder. They had been a long time getting under way, but now the vessel was beginning to move. "You can't pass, miss," said a man at the gang-way.

"But I must," she said; "I have only been to see some friends off;" and with a spring she reached the pier.

Why? On her way down to the vessel she had met Robert Stapleton, or Robert Stapleton's ghost. A pale face, with great, earnest gray eyes, had looked reproachfully at her through the mist. She had killed him, and his spirit had come to save her. She trembled, and clung fast to Hugh. "It is cold, my love," he whispered, "and you are tired." Then those eyes had given her a look which she could never forget—which would haunt her to her dying day; and the face had gone out in darkness.

As Dolores stood all alone on the pier, and heard the Dover clocks strike midnight, it seemed to her that the end of her life had come. She had no thought, no hope, no fixed or definite purpose.

Robert Stapleton led her away. "Come, my dear child," he said, speaking as a kind father might to some tired darling; "come." And she went. "I ought not to touch you, my dear," he said, "for I come from Jamie's fever-bed, and that is the reason I have not written to you lately; they tell me even paper can carry the infection. But I will see you into the train, and you had better go down to Kingsmead to-morrow—no, this morning, as you had intended. Your aunt need not know that you have been to see me; she will think you overanxious, and she will fret about you!" No word of St. Vincent; no allusion to what he had seen!

Silently, like one in a dream, she obeyed him. But at Kingsmead she had a long, long illness; and when she got up she found that little Jamie Stapleton was dead and buried. Robert Stapleton, gray-haired and sadly altered, went about his duty, and came and saw Dolores; but no word of love ever escaped his lips.

Squire Skeffington wrote to Mrs. Dalrymple, telling her of his niece's serious illness, and of the determination they had formed of not letting her leave them again.

Two years passed before ever Robert and Dolores spoke of the past. Then he once more asked her to be his wife. Her father was dead, her uncle and aunt in failing health, and Rebecca had not softened with age.

The tears welled up in Dolores' still beautiful eyes, and she caught his hand and kissed it with a reverence and love that thrilled his heart-strings. But she said that could never be!

Then, in a voice wild with all regret, she cried, "Oh, why did you never answer that letter?"

"I never received it, my dear, until I came back after my poor Jamie's funeral."

"And you could forgive me all I had done?"

"I could have forgiven you for worse than you did, my child," he said, gravely. "Love forgives every thing. You never loved me—it was not to be supposed you could; but, you know, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' I gave my whole heart unreservedly to you once for all, for better for worse; not reserving this right or that privilege. What was I that I should judge you? You were never more noble and more lovable in my eyes, Dolores, than when you recrossed that narrow plank alone."

She drew a deep breath. Only that narrow plank between her and what might have proved perdition! The tears welled from beneath her closed eyelids, and ran over her pale cheeks.

"And the letter?" she said.

"It is here, Dolores, unopened. Shall I burn it?"

"Oh no, no! read it," she cried, the fervent blushes mounting to her brow.

"I do not need to read it, love."

"Read it! she said again.

That night he read it.

A month later they were married.

Before the end of the year Dolores stood a widow by her husband's grave. Her home was left unto her desolate—that was her expiation.

In due time she became the lady of Kingsmead Manor.

Lord St. Vincent came back from a five years' tour, handsomer, gayer, more fascinating than ever. He had adopted many foreign customs, and declared no unmarried woman was ever worth speaking to. He is a professed marriage-hater, and serious people do not like his talk.

Five years ago, the world said, he had been engaged to the beautiful Miss Knyvett, now Mrs. Egerton, you know; but he found out that a marriage with her would not conduce to his happiness, and so went away on his travels. As he wisely left no address, brothers, uncles, and cousins could not pursue and chastise him. Miss Knyvett took the affair philosophically, and married Mr. Egerton the following year, soon after which her husband obligingly died, and left her a very handsome fortune in addition to her own.

Mrs. Stapleton and Lord St. Vincent never met again.

As I sat by her side yesterday she told me all her story. I knew by the sound of her voice that she was crying.

"Never trifle with sacred things, my love," she said, bending over and kissing me; "and remember that every pang we cause a loving human soul is a sin against the divinest and most sacred thing which God has given us on earth to know."

A GOOD NIGHT KISS.—Always send your child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be the Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherd and swelling up in the heart will rise the thought; "My father and mother loved me?" Lips parched with fever will become dewy at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

—A son of the Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., was recently ordained in Illinois, and the officiating clergyman addressed him in the following impressive manner: "I charge you never to forget that you are the son of your father, the grandson of your grandfather, and the nephew of your uncle."

—An English clergyman recently tried to persuade one of the black sheep of his flock to come to church, on the plea that he had seen his wife there on the previous Sunday. "I hope you'll try to come now, James." "Well, Sir, I think I'll try, for our Mary says you're a hell of a preacher."

—Auber recently attended the funeral of a friend in Paris, and was going away after the ceremonies in church were over, when some one asked, "Do you not accompany us to the cemetery?" "No," was the reply, "I go no further than this for other people's funerals; it will be time enough for the churchyard on my own account."

—The rumored marriage of Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, the sister of Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, is officially contradicted. If Barnum is to be trusted, the Commodore, when Miss Lavinia Warren was married, devoted himself to perpetual celibacy. Miss Minnie is at home with her parents in Middleborough, Massachusetts.

—A gentleman had a parrot which was very apt at talking. To a stranger he generally said, in a very consequential tone, "Who are you, sir?" There was in the neighborhood a black cat which had a very bad character for honesty, and which, in search of prey, often made excursions into the room where the parrot was kept. In the course of time Miss Pussy got the name of "the black thief." Polly heard this, and of course caught it up. One morning a chimney-sweep came into the room, when Polly called out "Who are you, sir?" and then, after a pause, added again and again, most vehemently, "You black thief!" The poor man naturally stood aghast at being thus accused, and for some time the owner had great difficulty in setting his mind at rest.

ONE OF THE BOYS.—"Where were you, Charlie?" "In the garden, ma." "No—you have been swimming—you know I cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair how wet it is." "Oh, no, ma, this is not water; it is sweat." "Ah, Charlie, I have caught you fibbing; your shirt is wrong side out." Boy, triumphantly—"Oh, I did that just now, ma, *climbing the fence.*"