The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXV. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20. 1871. NO. 50.

ADVERTISINGR ATES.

	3t	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.00	12.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	6.00	9.00	20.00
Three Squares	4.00	5.25	9.00	17.00	25.00
Six Squares		11.00	17.00	28.00	45.00
Quarter Column		18.00	28.00	40.00	60.00
Half Column		30.00	40.00	60.00	110.00
One Column		50.00	80.00	110.00	200.00

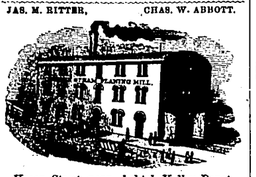
Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

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

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
No. 602 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGAN NG
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

Coal and Lumber.

JAS. M. RITTER, CHAS. W. ABBOTT.



Union Street, near Lehigh Valley Depot, Allentown.

RITTER & ABBOTT,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Outside Blinds, Inside Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets Balusters, Pickets, Stair Railings Window Frames, Door Frames, &c.
SCROLL SAWING, TURNING, PLANING, MATCHING, FLOORING and SLIPPING
DONE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
ALSO, STAIR BUILDING done and HAND RAILING made to order.
Having now had almost five years' possession of the Mill, refurnished it almost wholly with new and improved machinery, and having our full experienced workmen, we are prepared to defy competition from at home and abroad, both in price and workmanship.
Do you contemplate building? Call at our Factory and satisfy yourself with personal examination.
Drawings for buildings, brackets, patterns for ornamental work, scroll- for porches, can be seen at all times by calling at our office. Any information to the builder furnished cheerfully and freely, by calling at the Manufactory, on Union street, at the Jordan Bridge, Allentown, Pa., or by letter through the post office.
aug 3-1y] RITTER & ABBOTT.

A. FILBERT. E. OTTO. E. M. OTTO. G. W. MILLER
FILBERT, OTTO & MILLER,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
MILL ON CANAL, WEST OF MAYNARD STREET
OFFICE AT THE MILL
W F CRANE AGENT. 4 aug 70-1y

REVIVAL!!
The subscribers having leased the "Old Hope Coal Yard," would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allentown and the public in general, that they have just got
IN
a superior assortment of
COAL
Consisting of Stove, Egg, Chestnut and Nut from the BUCK MOUNTAIN MINES
Orders left with A. Huber, Sieger & Hottenstein, at the Eagle Hotel, Hope Rolling Mill, or the Yard will be attended to in a
BUSINESS
like manner.
Orders for Coal by the car filled at short notice the lowest prices.
Always on hand a large stock of
BALED HAY,
which will be sold at the lowest market prices.
L. W. KOONS & CO.,
at the "Old Hope Coal Yard,"
Hamilton Street, corner of Lehigh Valley Railroad,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
L. W. KOONS. R. E. DONAGHEY.
oct 18 —1y

Carpets and Oil Cloth.

RICH AND ELEGANT
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.
S. C. FOULK.
NO. 19 S. SECOND ST., PHILA.,
(First Carpet Store below Market, East side.)
Invites attention to his splendid assortment of Imported and American CARPETS, which will be sold at a very small advance. Goods warranted as represented so that all can buy with confidence and satisfaction.
nov 23-1f

Spectacles.

SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!!
EYE GLASSES, &c.
A large and complete assortment of all kinds of Spectacles, Eye Glasses, &c., at
CHAS. S. MASSEY'S,
NO. 23 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
Having devoted a great deal of care and attention to the Spectacle business for these last few years, I find that my business in that line has increased so much that I have determined to make it a SPECIALTY. There is no article manufactured to which there is so much deception practiced as there is in Spectacle Glasses. Knowing that the public have been frequently humbugged by parties pretending to have a superior article of Glasses, and charging exorbitant prices for them, thereby trafficing upon the necessities and infirmities of age, I have taken pains to select a large and complete assortment of the finest and best Glasses ever manufactured, thus affording all persons needing Spectacles an opportunity of purchasing at reasonable prices. Persons having any difficulty in being suited elsewhere will do well to give me a call, as I feel confident that none will leave dissatisfied. Remember the old stand, No. 23 East Hamilton street, opposite the German Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa. jun 23 '68 tf

Clothing.

GREAT ATTRACTION!
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
CLOTHING! CLOTHING
GRAND SPRING AND SUMMER OPENING.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
T. OSMUN & CO.,
Successors to Metzgar & Osmun.
BARGAINS
AT THE
GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM
IN REIMER'S BUILDING,
NO. 605 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
FALL AND WINTER 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 at 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. 605 Hamilton street, third door above Sixth street.
T. OSMUN. JACOB H. SCHOLL. MARTIN LYNN
mar 24 tf

HUTTON & M'CONNELL,
FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
NO. 809 MARKET STREET,
North Side
PHILADELPHIA.
PARLOR, DINING-ROOM,
AND
CHAMBER FURNITURE.
Of the Latest Style and Best Manufacture.
ALSO,
Feather Beds and Mattresses.
Sept 6-3m

CONSHOHOCKEN
BOILER AND COIL WORKS,
JOHN WOOD, JR.,
MANUFACTURER OF
TUBE, FLUE AND CYLINDER BOILERS BATH AND STEAM CIRCULATING BOILERS.
All kinds of Wrought Iron Coils, Tuyers for Blast Furnace, Gasometers, Smoke Stacks, Blast Pipes, Iron Wheelbarrows, and everything in the Boiler and Sheet Iron line. Also, all kinds of Iron and Steel Forgings and Blacksmith work, Miners' Tools of all kinds, such as Whim Buckets, Picks, Drills, Mallets, Sledges, &c.
Having a Steam Hammer and set of tools of all kinds, and skilled workmen, I flatter myself that I can turn out work with promptness and dispatch, all of which will be warranted to be first-class.
Patching Boilers, and repairing generally, strictly attended to. apr 19

CLEAR THE TRACK!

Kramer is in the Field

FOR TH

FALL AND WINTER
OF 1871!

WITH ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCKS OF

DRY GOODS!

To be found in the City embracing the Latest and Newest Novelties of the Season, adapt-able for Ladies' and Men's Suitings, guaranteed to be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES!

October 11-

THE ATTENTION
OF
MANUFACTURERS, DEALERS & IMPORTERS
IN
Iron, Steel, Hardware, Railway Supplies, Lubricating Oils, White Lead, &c.,
IS INVITED TO THE
IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER,
THE
Largest Metal Price Current
IN THE WORLD.

The leading journals of this country and Europe recognize it as the Representative paper of the American Metal Trades.

The publishers have ever since this journal was established, employed the ablest corresponden ts and editors to be procured; expending more money for their salaries alone than the entire expenses of many prominent newspaper establishments. Ten thousand dollars per year is paid out for original matter. The revision of the Iron World is far greater than that of any similar publication in this country.

ACCURATE QUOTATIONS AND REPORTS OF THE LEADING IRON AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

The best Talent is Employed, and in Commercial, Paper and Typographical Appearance, Second to None.

Located in the very centre of the metal interests of the United States, with correspondents at the leading cities of the East, West and South, we do not err in claiming that it is the REPRESENTATIVE JOURNAL of the Metal Manufacturers, Workers and Dealers of this country. As a journal for machinists and metal workers it has arrival and contains every week the choicest selections from engineering, mining and scientific publications of this country and Europe. Its motto is "PROGRESS," and it has compelled other journals, of a similar character, to FOLLOW IN ITS LEAD. Its readers comprise Iron and Steel Manufacturers, Mechanics, Founders, Hardware Dealers and Miners, Gunsmiths, Plumbers, Cutlery Manufacturers, File Manufacturers, Saw Manufacturers, Boiler Manufacturers, and leading Railway Officials.

ONLY $4.00 PER ANNUM.

If you are in the metal trade, take a metal paper. It will save you more than its cost. If you are a manufacturer take the journal that advocates your interests.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS

From a large number of notices from the press, we select the following:

(From the Chicago Journal of Commerce.)

THE IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.—A Representative of American Metal Manufacturers, Workers and Dealers. This is the title and descriptive character of a neatly printed and profusely illustrated folio of thirty-six columns, published by the IRON WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Pittsburgh. The issue before us is volume 2, No. 14. Its editorials, descriptions of manufactures, recent improvements, correspondence, market reports, etc., indicates industry and ability. It deserves the patronage of all interested in the prosperity of American manufactures in general. It will, however, be more particularly interesting to those engaged in the iron and hardware trades. Such will welcome its weekly return as an essential aid to every department of their business.

From the Cincinnati Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bulletin.

A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER.—We are pleased to note the evidences of success in the IRON WORLD, of Pittsburgh. It is young, healthy and vigorous, and has vastly improved in appearance and tone during the past three or four months. It is now one of the most attractive business organs in the country. It is edited with marked ability, and, as its name implies, is devoted to the iron and metal interests of the country. Its mechanical matter, hardware, manufactures, &c., are very full, complete and reliable. It is paying it high, but merited compliment, to say that it is the leading organ of the iron and metal interests of the United States. Manufacturers and metal dealers everywhere should subscribe for the IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.

SAMPLE COPIES MAILED FREE.

ADDRESS,
IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,
Iron World Building,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE GREAT TARIFF JOURNAL
FOR WORKINGMEN,
SENT ON TRIAL three months for 25 cents. The AMERICAN WORKING BOYS is one of the finest publications in the world. Contains 16 pages or 64 columns of reading matter, designed to interest, instruct and advance the best interests of workingmen.
Illustrations of prominent workingmen in each issue. Numbers in thousands of subscribers. Only $1.50 per year, or on trial three months for 25 cents. Write your name, Town, County and State plainly, enclose the money, and address,
IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,
IRON WORLD BUILDING, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents wanted on Salary or Commission.
nov22-3t d nov29-4t w

DRS. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
Proprietors of the
Gallery of Anatomy and Museum of Science.
697 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.
Have just published a new edition of their celebrated work, entitled, the SCIENCE OF LIFE, or self-preservation, adapted to both married and single of both sexes, treating on the causes of premature decay, with REMARKS on the various evils that result from MARRIAGE, and the various impediments to it, such as impotence, barrenness, &c., with the best means of removing the same, and the most CONVINCING TREATISE on the subject ever published, containing 200 pages. Mailed free to any address for Twenty-five cents.
Address Drs. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
CONSULTING OFFICE,
1625 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
sep 20-1y daw

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
J. & W. JONES,
No. 42 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
BRANCH OFFICE, COR. 9TH AND VINE.
Dye Silks, Woolen and Fancy Goods of every description. Their superiority of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant and plain colors. Crape and Merino Shawls cleansed and look like new. Also, Gentlemen's Apparel, and Curtains, cleansed or redyed. Kid Gloves cleansed or dyed to look like new. Call and look at our work before going elsewhere.
aug 26-2m w

(Written for The Register.)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY ESTELLA DU NORD.

A young girl was tying up the rose bushes that twined around the porch of a fine old farm house. So much absorbed was she in her congenial task that she did not notice the gentleman coming up the broad walk towards her. She was not a beauty, this little girl whom we propose to make our heroine: her figure was too short and chunky, her features too irregular and her mouth a trifle too large to be in strict accordance with the rules of beauty, but the pink and white complexion and the deep, winy brown eyes were perfect in their way; and the mouth had a pleasant trick of smiling that made amends for its size. On the whole she was just such a sweet, cheerful comfortable girl as you would never tire of having around, not even in a lifetime. Her dress of pale pink lawn, the loose sleeves falling away from her dimpled arms, and edged at the throat with a delicate lace ruffle, was so perfectly becoming that it seemed a part of herself. That was Georgia Wayne, the mistress of the old homestead, and the young man coming towards her, with such an eager, delighted look on his handsome face, was Harry Holbrook, the nephew of her step father and Miss Georgie's abject slave ever since he came among them a miserable object in roundabouts. He approached noiselessly from behind and pinioned both the restless little hands in his before she was aware of his presence.

"So you have come back, little queen of roses," he said gaily, "and it was high time too; I should have come for you in a day or two."

"Come for me, why? Of course I knew you and papa would be glad to have me back, but I did not flatter myself that you would miss me that much. You have been well all along?"

"Oh yes, but to be left to the mercies of Letty for three mortal weeks, and compelled to eat her admirable compounds."

Georgie laughed merrily.

"So after all it was only your digestion that suffered; excuse me, Harry, I really imagined it was my society you missed. Aunt Mary would not let me come sooner," she added, standing on tiptoe to reach a refractory vine.

Mr. Holbrook came to her assistance saying as he placed it in her hand.

"You know well enough that we missed *you*, Georgie, only Letty's cooking added to our general discomfort. Nobody ever could make a pudding or an omelet just like you. I wish you would not find it necessary to visit your aunt Mary so often."

"Often! Why Harry, it is a year since I was there last, and you forget how she kindly took us into her own household, before we came to live here. And now please excuse me, my epicurean friend, unless you want your tea spoiled again."

Saying which, Georgie picked up her scissors and strings and hurried into the house, while Harry threw himself lazily into the easy chair she had occupied during the afternoon. He was joined shortly afterward by Mr. Wayne who rubbed his hands complacently.

"Well, Harry, our housekeeper has come back at last, and I am glad of it; the house looked scarcely habitable with no one to straighten things up. How was business today?"

"Very brisk, sir, I assure you. I have every thing in good running order," answered the young man cheerily.

"You do not regret your venture then?"

"Not at all. I see now that I was intended for a business man rather than a professional one."

For, be it understood that our friend Harry had just set out in the mercantile life, having opened a store in the flourishing village of Lynnville close by, that threatened to eclipse the older and less pretentious establishments of the kind in the place. The gentlemen conversed for some time longer on business topics before they were interrupted by the summons to tea. It was a very delicious repast to which they sat down, fresh biscuits of Miss Georgie's own baking, golden butter, transparent jellies and delicate brown tea cakes supplemented by strawberries gleaming bright and luscious in their snowy china saucers. At the head of the table Georgie was pouring the tea, finishing unconsciously a very pretty home picture.

"Whom do you think I met at Marston's papa?" asked Georgie all at once.

"I am sure I don't know, my dear; unless it was a former lover."

"Former lover indeed! as if I had ever had one. No, it was Cora Boudinot. You remember her, don't you?"

"Do you mean the sallow, black eyed girl who spent one of her vacations with you several years ago?"

"Sallow! oh papa how can you? I dare say you will change your opinion when you see her."

"So we are to have the honor of your friend's company. You will not tell her I called her sallow, will you? I remember she used to have a temper," looking up deprecatingly from his tea.

"If you will be good and let us ride your best horses and ask Harry to escort us, I will tell no tales."

"My horses are at your disposal of course, but Harry is a business man now, and will hardly have time to wait on you and your friends as he used to years ago."

"Oh, I shall tear myself away from the store once in awhile and be at your service, and at this Boudinot's too for that matter," making a wry face which Miss Georgie fortunately did not see. "Let me see," she added respectfully, "I believe I was not at home on the occasion of her former visit; at least I have no recollection of her."

"No, you were spending your vacation with one of your college chums."

"And when do you expect her, Georgie?" inquired Mr. Wayne.

"In a few weeks at the farthest. I was so glad to see her. Aunt Mary and I were to the depot to see Mr. Lange off, when some one called me from the car window and who should it be but Cora herself."

"So all your negotiations must have been very promptly executed, unless Miss Boudinot remained at Marston."

"No, she went right on. I had only time to ask her to come and to introduce Mr. Lange. I dare say they had a nice time on the way. They both live in New York, you know."

"And who is Mr. Lange, pray?" asked Harry a little uneasily.

"Mr. Lange? oh he is a friend of Aunt Mary's. He spent several days at her home, she thinks he is perfection, and indeed so he is, very nearly. Perhaps he will visit us some time during the summer."

Harry did not seem to be as delighted at the prospect of a visit from Mr. Lange as Georgie expected, for he became very thoughtful and finished his strawberries in silence, showing her and her father to discuss Miss Boudinot's expected visit.

That evening Harry returned from the village an hour earlier than usual. Mr. Wayne was in the library and Georgie was practicing some of her music which had been neglected during her visit. She looked up quickly as she heard his step.

"You are early this evening, Harry," she said smiling; "is it in honor of my first evening at home, and am I to entertain you?"

"Yes; that is I have something to say to you."

"What is it?" she asked innocently, looking up and flushing a little as she noticed the grave look in his eyes.

"I love you, Georgie, and I shall be miserable till I know that I am more to you than a mere brother."

"Oh, Harry! The flush on her cheek deepened to a vivid crimson at a declaration so utterly unexpected.

"You will not disappoint me," he went on eagerly, "I always meant to win you some day, but I never knew how dreary the world was without you till now. I could not bear to have you away always."

"But I am not going away. I never intended to," she said, her surprise overcoming her confusion.

"I know you do not intend it now, but how do I know that some meddlesome fellow will not come along sooner or later and carry you off," urged the young man, an unpleasant foreboding of Mr. Lange's threatened visit flitting across his brain.

"Oh, nonsense, Harry! I shall not go with any one. Please don't say any more about it, but go and get your violin and we will go over that mazurka," running her fingers over the keys and smiling into his gloomy face.

"I don't believe you care a straw for me, Georgie; I really don't."

"Yes, I do, Harry, a great deal, but can't you wait till we are both a little older before you talk about it."

But Harry refused to listen to reason that evening. In vain she urged her want of beauty and such accomplishments as he would like in his wife, and assured him that he would some day repent of his precipitancy. He pleaded his long friendship, his deep respect, and more than all his great love for her, and in the end he had his way. There was a look of proud tenderness in his beautiful eyes as he stooped to kiss her that did not leave him all evening, even though they went over their favorite duetts and blundered awfully all along as might have been expected under the circumstances.

* * * * * * * * *

"My friend, Miss Boudinot, Mr. Holbrook."

Harry looked up lazily from the paper he had been reading. He knew that Georgie's visitor had arrived but had not seen her as yet. His look, half indifferent, half annoyed, changed quickly to one of involuntary surprise as his eyes rested on the loveliest face he had ever seen.

In spite of himself he was embarrassed, for this young lady was so completely different from the awkward school-girl he had expected to see, and try as he would after the compliments of introduction were over and they drifted into a familiar conversation he could not keep his eyes from her face. The dark, passionate eyes, the pure, perfect features, and the strange fascinating smile, playing like a sunbeam over them at rare intervals, each had a separate charm, and every moment brought a delightful change.

"Is she not beautiful, Harry?" asked Georgie that evening, after her guest had bidden them good-night, and Harry was absently turning over the leaves of an album.

"Yes, so beautiful that one could look upon her forever," he answered dreamily.

Well, it was the old story—the wiles of an accomplished and beautiful coquette pitted against the love of a simple-hearted girl, only in this case there was no intentional harm, for Miss Boudinot was ignorant of the engagement existing between her little friend and Mr. Holbrook, else the fine sense of honor underlying her careless nature, as well as her sincere friendship for Georgie, would have kept her coquettish impulses in check; and in this case, too, there was no degrading jealousy on the part of the injured party, since Georgie, pure-hearted and unsuspicious, never thought of constraining Harry's attentions to her guest into anything more than was due to her in her position; and in her character of hostess she had so much to do, that many little things that might have betrayed the situation of affairs quite escaped her notice. So the days passed very pleasantly to her as well as to the others, for there was no lack of amusements in a place that could boast as much gay company as Lynnville during the summer months. Till one evening a month after Miss Boudinot's arrival, in passing through the hall, Georgie stopped before the large glass near the parlor door to arrange her hair. The door was half open and she was on the point of joining Harry and Cora, when she heard the former saying,

"I love you, Cora, you only, listen to me only for a moment."

Georgie's heart seemed to stand still. For an instant she stood, her eyes dilated, her face white as marble, then she turned and flew noiselessly up the broad stair case into the seclusion of her own room.

"He loves her—he loves Cora!" she kept repeating in a mechanical, bewildered way, utterly unable to grasp the extent of the treachery that was shutting out the sunlight from her young life. She had never dreamed of this. Harry had been so entirely her own ever since their childhood that she would as soon have doubted her own existence as his constancy. At length a flood of crimson swept over the fair face, her small hands were clenched, her eyes flashed indignantly.

"Oh, how I hate her—how wicked and false she is." She stopped short. "She does not know how he belongs to me, and Harry—she is so beautiful, he cannot help preferring her to me." She sat down by the window, her eyes strangely quiet and thoughtful, fixed on the glowing western skies, her mind occupied with painful thoughts. If only Harry had waited a few weeks longer before he had spoken to her as he did. She fancied it would be easier to give him up if he did not know she loved him. For an hour she sat thus, and when she arose to go down stairs she seemed to herself to be oh! so much older and stronger than she had been when she sat down.

"Georgie! Georgie! where are you?"

It was Cora's sweet ringing voice that called her.

"I am coming, Cora," she answered.

"Have you forgotten that we promised to spend the evening with May Talbot?"

"No, but if you and Harry will excuse me, I think I shall stay with papa. You know I have been out every evening this week."

"May will be so disappointed and indeed so will I. Can't your papa amuse himself alone this one evening?"

"No," said Georgie, smiling but resolute. "I shall stay at home and read to papa. May will excuse me, and papa has been so indulgent lately that I feel as if I ought to make some return for his kindness. Ask Harry to excuse me, please."

"You are a better girl than I ever shall be, little pet," said Miss Boudinot, throwing her arms around her friend with sudden tenderness, and kissing her fondly.

Georgie's last resentful feeling vanished before that kiss, and as she turned to go to the library, she felt an earnest hope that they might be happy. She found her father seated in the deepening twilight, his book closed before him.

"What, are you not going out my child?" he inquired.

"No," she answered, the tears springing to her eyes at the kindness in his voice. "I am going to read to you. We haven't finished 'Ivanhoe' yet, you know."

"True, and it seems so much more interesting when you read it to me, than when I read it myself, but it seems hard for you to stay at home on an evening like this."

"I had rather stay at home than go out this evening," she answered, truthfully enough, as she lighted a lamp and selected a book. "I have neglected you so badly for some time past that I desire to be punished."

It was late when Harry and Cora returned, but they found Georgie still in the parlor.

"I think I shall go up stairs at once. I feel completely worn out," observed Cora, throwing off her wrap and lighting her lamp; in a few moments they heard her ascending the staircase.

Georgie's cheek paled a little at the task before her, but it was best to go through with it at once, she thought, as she went up to Harry who was standing by the open window gazing listlessly into the moonlight night. Without a word she slipped the costly engagement ring he had given her from her finger. He shrank back guiltily.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"To release you from an engagement you are sorry now for having formed."

He took the ring saying stiffly: "Perhaps you will favor me with an explanation."

"Certainly; I happened to hear you tell Cora this evening that you loved her, you will do me the justice to believe that I was not an intentional listener."

"I shall never consider you capable of any meanness," he replied quietly.

"I heard nothing more than that one simple declaration, and indeed her answer is of no consequence since my course would be the same were it favorable or otherwise. I should have released you sooner had you asked me as you should have done before speaking to her."

"I never meant to speak to her at all. I was carried away against my will, or rather she led me on to it, and even as it is I should not have broken our engagement if you had not done it."

"What! you would have given your hand to one loving her all the while?" Her deep clear eyes were lifted to his with a red sparkle in them he had never seen there before, her lip curling with a scorn Cora Boudinot herself could not have matched.

"Do not look at me in that way, Georgie; do not despise me, you do not know how I have been tried. At heart I am true to you even now, but in her presence I am powerless."

"I do not blame you for loving her; the heart will not be controlled, but I do blame you for wishing to marry me when your heart belongs to her."

There would be no harm even in that, since I know that when she is gone the old love will triumph over this infatuation."

"There is no need that it should. Since you cannot be true to me, at least be true to her. Win her if you can and be assured that I shall be your friend still."

She took up her lamp and walked towards the door, but came back in a moment.

"You are not angry with me, Harry; I did my duty. To-morrow you will thank me for it. And now good-night.

He took the hand she extended but he did not kiss her as usual. When she was gone he stood where she had left him, thinking and wrestling with his conflicting passions, the chilly night-air swept plump over him till the old clock in the dining room struck one; then he aroused himself from a kind of stupor into which he had fallen and sought his own room unconscious as in a dream of a dull pain in his

The next morning Harry was in a high fever. Long days and nights of delirium followed in which Georgie's watchful care did as much for him as the ministrations of the nurse who had been summoned. Cora still remained at Georgie's earnest entreaties; when Harry was once convalescent it would be pleasanter for him to have her around, was Georgie's unselfish thought.

One morning a new source of perplexity presented itself in the shape of a letter from aunt Mary's servant, begging Miss Wayne to come to Marston at once, Aunt Mary was down with a severe attack of neuralgia and called for her favorite day and night. Georgie laid the case before her father and Miss Boudinot.

"Impossible!" was Mr. Wayne's decided answer. "You are quite unfit to go through another term of nursing. I cannot let you go. You are pale and weak now."

"I am stronger than you think, papa. My Aunt is in trouble and there is but one course open to me, I must go. Fortunately Harry is out of danger, so that I shall not be missed much here."

"Mrs. Watson will remain a few weeks longer if we wish it and I shall see that Mr. Holbrook wants nothing," put in Cora, willing for once to put herself to some inconvenience, seeing how anxious Georgie was to go.

The latter thought of the scores of little things the exacting invalid would require which neither Cora nor Mrs. Watson would ever think of, but she put aside all demurs and having obtained from her father a reluctant consent set out on her mission, followed to the very door by Harry's complaints.

A week sufficed to bring Aunt Mary's neuralgia to terms, and laden with many blessings the weary little nurse prepared to go home.

She found things in a terribly mixed up condition. The nurse had been called away unexpectedly two days before, and her father, Lettie informed her, was upstairs in Harry's room, trying to fill the place of the departed functionary. In the parlor, the only habitable room in the house, she found Cora sublimely tranquil, deeply absorbed in a volume of poems from Mr. Wayne's library. Georgie threw off her things hastily anxious to see how poor pevish Harry was faring.

She took a peep into the library on her way upstairs. The air was redolent of tobacco smoke, for her father was an inveterate smoker, and no one had thought of airing the room; the floor was littered with papers and cigar stumps. A heap of apple parings, on which a swarm of flies were regaling themselves, lay on one window, and a bouquet she had placed there a week ago stood on another. The proprietor of the room had evidently been reading late without a lamp, for the blinds were pulled up as far as they would go, and one of the strings was broken, which gave the window a lopsided appearance positively painful to behold.

Harry's room looked no better. The remains of his breakfast, and possibly of several other meals, occupied the stand by his bedside; the yellow September sunshine lay in blazing squares on the carpet and was beginning to creep up the sides of the bed; the windows were all closed and the air hot and stifling. Her father was asleep on the easy chair with an extremely dirty handkerchief over his face, while Harry, his face flushed and feverish, was tossing on the ill-made bed. He started up as Georgie's cheery face appeared at the door, crying eagerly,

"I am so glad you have come, I want a drink—have been wanting one for an hour past."

She hastened down stairs and returned in a moment with fresh water and a clean tumbler, confident that the one in his room had not been changed since she left. He took the water eagerly, while Georgie threw open the windows and drew the blinds, allowing the cool, sweet air to steal into the room. Then she went and laid her hand on the flushed forehead of the sick man. He caught it in his, pressing the cool soft fingers on his brow.

"Oh, I have wanted you so much, Georgie," he said, with actual tears in his eyes; "They neglected me shamefully."

"I am sorry; if I had known that Mrs. Watson would be obliged to leave, I should have come sooner."

"Don't talk to me about Mrs. Watson, she only gave me disgusting medicines and dish-water tea."

"Harry!"

"It is true, and was asleep whenever I wanted her—just like uncle there," with an impatient glance at the unconscious sleeper.

"Poor papa is worn out with watching, you know."

"Possibly, he is about the only one that ever pretended to watch. Miss Boudinot only entered my room once."

"I was so sure she would see that you were comfortable or I should never have left. Perhaps she did not know you needed anything."

"Oh, she used to send me what she fancied I needed, only she always happened to hit on the wrong thing; besides she cannot make a decent cup of tea, or a piece of toast fit to eat."

"You are tired and irritable now; I will arrange your bed for you and you must try to sleep."

She made him comfortable, darkened the room, and moved noiselessly about restoring the room to something like order. Harry followed her for awhile with his eyes, but soon dropped asleep. Georgie stole downstairs, to give her orders for dinner and to sweep and dust her father's room, she also replaced the faded bouquet by another and mended the broken blind, leaving the room neat and comfortable as it was wont to be.

When she returned to Harry's room he was still sleeping sweetly, looking very thin and pale now that his eyes were closed and the flush gone from his face. Mr. Wayne was awake and looking about him in a bewildered manner. He smiled approvingly when he saw her and nodded his head as he glanced around the room.

"I knew all the time that something was wanting, but could not determine what," he whispered. "It takes a woman, and a gentle thoughtful one at that, to make the sick room endurable."

"Thank you, papa, and now I will dismiss you for fear you may disturb my patient. I have put a pillow on the lounge in the library, if you have not had your nap out."

Georgie's presence had a salutary effect on Harry. She asked no questions, but seemed to know by a sort of instinct what was good for him and what he wanted, and so nettles as he watched her at her work which she frequently brought to his room, he questioned whether he had not made a serious mistake in transferring his affections from this tender, unobtrusive girl to the brilliant useless lady down stairs. And the worst of it was that he had given up a real happiness for an exceedingly intangible hope, for Miss Boudinot, although she had not refused him, had yet only given him the hope of winning her. How was he to know whether she did not intend this as a mere summer romance to be thrown aside as soon as she returned to her gay city life. However, when at length he was able to leave his room and sit in a great easy chair in the pleasant parlor all day long, with Cora as his companion, every doubt was put to flight, for she was kinder and more anxious for his comfort than ever Georgie waited on by one so beautiful, so pleasant, that he forgot how she had kept aloof during the dark hours of his illness, or thought tenderly that one so lovely ought to know nothing of life's trials. As for Georgie, she kept unselfishly out of the way, knowing that she had done all that was required of her and feeling that Harry might wish to renew his suit. In the latter conjecture she was quite correct, but try as he might to touch upon the subject, Miss Boudinot always foiled him and that, too, with such consummate tact that he invariably felt as if he himself had defeated his purpose.

Matters were at this point when Georgie's friend, Mr. Lange, arrived on the spot. He was stopping in the village on business connected with his firm, he told Georgie when in returning from a walk she ran right against him at the gate, adding "I could not resist the temptation of calling on your little friend."

She held out both her hands in joyous welcome, not caring to disguise her pleasure at seeing him, her life had grown so cheerless of late, that the sight of a true friend was a pleasure indeed.

"You shall come right in, Mr. Lange. My father will be most happy to meet you and your visit will be a delightful surprise to Cora. Did you know Miss Boudinot was here?"

"Yes! that is I knew she purposed visiting you. But I supposed possibly she had left ere this."

So they entered the parlor where Harry and Cora were engaged in a game of chess. The latter blushed slightly as she expressed her pleasure at renewing her acquaintance with Mr. Lange. Harry bowed courteously in acknowledgement of Georgie's introduction, at the same time taking a hasty survey of the new-comer, of whom he had heard so much. He was neither very young nor yet very handsome, but there was that in his appearance, in his manners, in his very voice—deep, musical and carefully modulated—that proved him at once to be a gentleman in the noblest sense of the word; just such a generous, high-bred, honorable man as one meets but once or twice in a life-time, and having met, remembers ever after. Harry's quick perceptions told him this in a moment and he felt very insignificant, indeed! but recovered himself before he knew it under the influence of the stranger's genial, unassuming conversation—for Harry, although he might lack weight and stability, could lay claim to a sprightly wit, a graceful adaptation to the circumstances around him to which this dignified man of the world was a stranger. They were very unlike, these two men, and yet both had their good points and in spite of his prejudice against Mr. Lange, Harry was attracted to him. Mr. Wayne joined them shortly after and the little party spent a delightful evening.

"You must come often during your stay in the village, Mr. Lange," said Georgie, as that gentleman rose at length to take his leave, "for, better still, I wish you could persuade yourself to accept papa's invitation to make our house your home for the time."

"That is impossible, but you will no doubt see enough of me yet," he answered laughing, "since it will take but a very slight excuse to take me frequently into such congenial society."

"Pray do not seek an excuse, but come whenever you feel so inclined," said Mr. Wayne.

"Thank you, sir. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon in the village, Mr. Holbrook," he added, turning to Harry who had followed him to the door.

"Thank you. I expect to be able to venture as far as the store very soon."

A few more words closed Mr. Lange's visit, the first of many others, for a day scarcely passed in which he did not "happen in," as he expressed it. And indeed he was always a welcome visitor, his presence stimulating all to new animation and enjoyment, all except Miss Boudinot, on whom it seemed to have a depressing effect. Georgie had thought with a smile what a promising subject he would afford for one of that young lady's inevitable flirtations, and had feared that Harry would be cast off for this new victim. Yes, *feared*—for although he had deserted her she had not forgotten that his troubles had ever been her own and in the generosity of her warm, womanly heart, she had long since forgiven his inconstancy. However, Miss Boudinot's penchant for conquests seemed to have met with a check, for she manifested not the slightest inclination to engage Mr. Lange's attention, and once, when he chanced to be her escort for an excursion on horseback, she seemed so truly miserable that Georgie procured her another partner for the ride homeward. Probably, thought her sagacious little friend, it was her love for Harry or her fear of his displeasure that made her so strangely reticent in Mr. Lange's presence, and to make sure of this conjecture she took occasion once, when they were alone in her friend's room, to sound her on the subject.

"Cora, do you really like Harry more than any other person," she inquired abruptly.

"Certainly not, you little darling. I like you better," replied Miss Boudinot, laughing.

"That is only meant as a compliment, of course. Do you know why I asked?"

"No, I dont, unless Mr. Holbrook put you up to it."

"Indeed he didn't, then; but I do want to know why you never flirt with Mr. Lange."

Cora Boudinot colored violently and the merry look went out of her splendid dark eyes as suddenly as if the dreaded person Georgie had mentioned had made his appearance in person.

"I have never felt the slightest disposition to flirt with him," she answered in a low, quiet voice.

"I think your evident dislike of him pains him sometimes."

"Dislike! oh, Georgie how blind he is! how blind you must be."

"Cora!"

Georgie caught hold of her friend's arm, but she had hidden her face on the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and was actually sobbing, much to Georgie's