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

The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXVI. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1872. NO. 2.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
No. 603 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

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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 SHIPPING,
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 none but 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 a personal examination.
Drawings for buildings, brackets, patterns for ornamental work, scrolls 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. B. OTTO. H. 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 P CRANE AGENT. 4 aug 70-1y

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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-tf

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 in 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 no one will fail to be suited. Remember the old stand, No. 23 East Hamilton street, opposite the German Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa. jun 23 '68 tf

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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,
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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

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FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
NO. 809 MARKET STREET,
North Side
PHILADELPHIA.
PARLOR, DINING-ROOM,
AND
CHAMBER FURNITURE.
Of the Latest Styles and Best Manufacture.
ALSO,
Feather Beds and Mattresses.
sep20-3m

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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 Wheim 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 17

MORE Popular than any Other!
ALWAYS ON THE LEAD.
The Glory of the Morning and Any Other Time.
The Celebrated Morning Glory Stoves are manufactured this year in greater quantities than ever before, to meet the great demand for a first-class stove. They are sold by
WM. G. RITTER,
DEALER IN
STOVES & TINWARE,
831 Hamilton St., Allentown.
Twelve hundred of these Stoves have been sold in this county during the past five year, every one of which has given unlimited satisfaction, which is the best recommendation they need have.
Always on hand all kinds of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Grates, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware.
A large variety of modern Cook Stoves, such as
THE REGULATOR, with Revolving Top,
HOT BLAST EXCELSIOR COOK,
SPEAR'S ANTI-DUST COOK,
ALL RIGHT COOK,
GOLD MEDAL, ETC.
Also, a large variety of the most approved Heating Stoves. oct25-w
WANTED.—A good Shoemaker.
Must be a good workman and sober and steady. Wages good and paid regularly. Inquire at the
CONSTITUTION OFFICE.
jan5- EXPRESS OFFICE, CATASAUQUA, PA.

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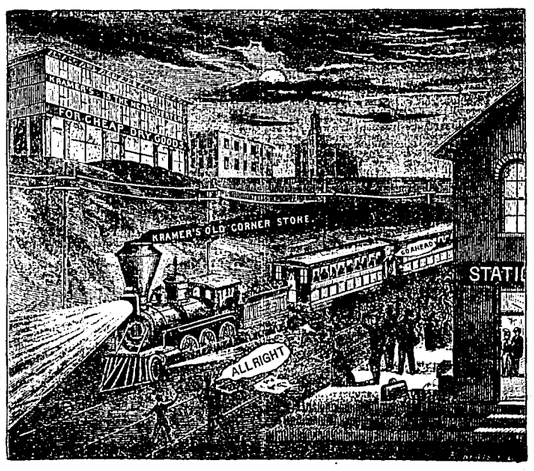

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DRY GOODS!
To be found in the City embracing the Latest and Newest Novelties of the Season, adaptable for Ladies' and Men's Suitings, guaranteed to be sold at
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October 11-

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—OF—
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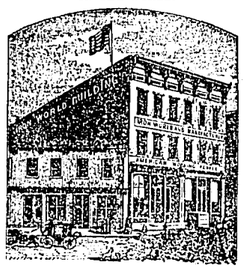

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The publishers have ever since this journal was established, employed the ablest correspondents and solicitors to be procured; expending more money for their salaries alone than the entire expenses of many prominent newspaper establishments. Ten thousand dollars per year is paid out for original matter. The circulation of the IRON WORLD is far greater than that of any similar publication in this country.
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The best Talent is Employed, and in Contents, 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 no rival and contains every week the choicest selections from English, 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, Machinists, Founders, Hardware Dealers and Tinners, Gunsmiths, Plumbers, Cutlery Manufacturers, File Manufacturers, Saw Manufacturers, Boiler Manufacturers, and leading Railway Officials.
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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 trade. Such will welcome its weekly returns 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 market reports of metals, hardware, manufactures, &c., are very full, complete and reliable. It is paying it a 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.
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THE GREAT TARIFF JOURNAL
FOR WORKINGMEN,
SENT ON TRIAL three months for 25 cents. The AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE 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 its thousands of subscribers. Only $1.00 per year, or on trial three months for 25 cents. Write your name, Town, County and State plainly, enclose the money, and address
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IRON WORLD BUILDING, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents wanted on Salary or Commission.
nov22-3t d nov29-tf w

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FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
J. & W. JONES,
No. 432 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 cleaned to look like new. Also, Gentlemen's Apparel, and Carpets, cleansed or re-dyed. Kid Gloves cleansed or dyed to look like new. Call and look at our work before going elsewhere.
aug 24-1mo w

DRS. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
Proprietors of the
Gallery of Anatomy and Museum of Science,
807 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.
Have just published a new edition of their lectures, containing most valuable information on the causes, consequences and treatment of diseases of the reproductive system, with REMARKS ON MARRIAGE and the various causes of the LOSS OF MANHOOD, with full instructions for its complete restoration; also a chapter on VENEREAL INFECTION, and the MEANS OF CURE, being the most COMPREHENSIVE work on the subject ever published—comprising 200 pages. Mailed free to any address for Twenty-five cents.
Address Drs. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
1625 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
sep 27-1y daw

FURS! FURS!
LADIES, if you want to buy Furs, go to the well-known and most reliable Store of
W. KEINATH,
Importer and Exporter of Furs,
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(OPPOSITE ST. CLOUD HOTEL,)
PHILADELPHIA,
Where you have the selection from the most extensive assortment of all descriptions at the lowest manufacturing prices.
Sets from $5.00 up to the most Costly Russian Crown Sable
HUDSON BAY and MINK SABLE.
ERMINE, CHINCHILLA, SQUIRREL, and every variety of the latest styles
SACQUES of Seal Skin, Persians and Astrachan.
ALL KINDS OF FUR TRIMMING,
Also the finest assortment of FANCY ROBES, WHITE FOX, BEAVER, WHITE POLAR BEAR, BLACK BEAR, HUDSON BAY WOLF, &c.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.
CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.
WM. KEINATH,
No. 710 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
nov15-3m w

ALLENTOWN
ROLLING MILL CO.,
Successors to
THAYER, ERDMAN, WILSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
BRIDGE CASTINGS,
RAILROAD TURN TABLES,
MILL GEARING, SHAFTING,
Furnace, Rolling Mill and Mining Work,
&c., &c., &c.
N. B.—All work guaranteed and delivery prompt.
L. H. GROSS, Sup't.
august 9-3m w]

WILMINGTON AND READING
RAILROAD
SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS,
Free of Taxes.
We are offering the Second Mortgage bonds of this Company
AT 85 AND ACCRUED INTEREST,
Interest Payable January and July.
The Bonds are in
1000s, 500s, and 100s,
And can be REGISTERED free of expense.
The coal, miscellaneous, freights and passenger business are constantly increasing. The receipts for the year ending October 31, 1871, were $29,775 22 more than the year ending October 31 1870. The increase for November, 1871, over November, 1870, was $1490.74.
Bonds, Pamphlets and information can be obtained of
DE HAVEN & BRO.,
No. 40 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
dec2-1y w

MRS. GULDIN'S
Ladies' Trimming Store,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
The trade at this old and well known establishment is constantly increasing, owing to the fact that NEW GOODS are being constantly received of the LATEST STYLES and always suitable to the wants of her numerous customers. People should always go where they are sure to be suited at low figures. jan 10

MAKING IT EVEN.

I am an animal painter. I have studied my art in nearly every menagerie in the country, and so have come in contact with strange people and have seen uncommon sights; and thus it was that in order to draw at my leisure some newly arrived creatures with the wildness of the desert and jungle still within them, I joined a travelling company for the summer, and so beheld the thrilling scene I here record.

The owner of the show was a good-natured soul of the rolling stone sort, who never gathered as much moss as he deserved, and yet allowed no fungus of funds to interfere with social fellowship or a kindly action; and consequently the people about him worked with a friendly will, and except during the necessary journeying and labor there were generally jolly times among the employes of the Grand Unrivaled Cosmopolitan Menagerie. There was only one man who never larked and never sang, never joked and never grumbled; who was always silent without being surly, took his share of things to do and seemed to set himself apart from his comrades in sheer loneliness of spirit; he shirked no toil and yielded no confidence. Gradually it fell upon him, as from his own choice, to attend the cages, and to perform all the jobs that the boldest sometimes shrank from as dangerous, though he showed no signs of fear, and evinced no distaste for his exceptionable employment. I watched him often as he busied himself about the beasts, and had to admire in this common-looking and uncultivated man the unconscious coolness and courage with which he accomplished his self-appropriated tasks. At length my curiosity concerning him was sufficiently excited to ask Mr. Kingsley, the proprietor of the menagerie, if he knew anything more of him than what appeared on his every-day surface.

Mr. Kingsley hesitated a moment before he answered and then slowly said:—"I am rather sorry you questioned me about Quiet Bill—that's what the men call him, you know—for no one else has cared to guess that there may be more connected with him than just the business he seems to belong to; and of all the folks in this caravansary he and I are the only ones that know what he was before he came here; and if I tell you, it is just because you see the 'man's a man for a' that,' and because I know you'll keep the secret. I don't suppose you remember, as the papers are so full of murders now-a-days, one that was committed years ago in the county town of C——. Not a cold-blooded atrocity, though, but the result of jealousy provocations and liquor, and not altogether unjustifiable either. Bill was the chap did it, and only escaped hanging through having a smart lawyer, and got off in about the same way that 'not proven' sets a man free from a Scotch trial. But the people where he lived would have nothing to do with him; and he stayed among them like an outlaw, for he had neither the money nor chance to run away and could scarcely get a stroke of work that would earn his daily bread. I was head of a small circus then—not such a stunning concern as this on hand now, and when we put up the tent for a single day at C——, this Bill watched an opportunity to get me alone, when no one else would notice him, and told me his whole story begging me to give him something to do to keep him from starving or suicide; and he had such a hunted down and woe begone look that I could not help pittying the poor fellow; and though I wasn't very able to take another hand just then, I gave him what change I could spare, and told him to slip off to the next town and join us there, so that the rest of my men shouldn't know anything about his history and chaff him about the past—for they are a rough lot sometimes and not over particular about hurting feelings either in sport or spite. And so he has been along with me ever since. I have had hold of several ventures besides that and this, but make or fail, pay or put off, Bill has stuck by me through all. There is real grit as well as use in him, and I have seen it sharply tried more than once and have never been sorry I gave him a helping hand in his need. But it often seems to me, though he never speaks of it, that he always thinks he is serving out his time for that old affair by taking up the hardest things he can find to do; for I do believe he has on his mind some rude idea of personal atonement for the blood he shed. And now you know all I have to tell. Do not let it speak out of your eyes to him, even though your tongue ain't likely to let it slip."

I had no occasion to guard myself thus, for, now I knew his story, it was plain to me from his face that Quiet Bill had suffered and I have always held the doctrine that where a sin is thoroughly repented of, men should allow to die out of remembrance that which the good God forgives; and so, after a silent fashion, he and I became rather friendly. I talked to him and made him talk some also about the creatures in his charge, and praised him a little once or twice, and saw the dark blood sweep up to his brow like a girl's blush; and after awhile, when he had leisure, he would come and sit near me when I was sketching, and take curious but wordless note of my work, and occasionally suggested to me some slight points that caused me to wonder at his close and quick observation. Mr. Kingsley had always a cheery something to say to him; and as I look back now I am glad to think that Bill seemed to take an unusual comfort, as time went on, out of the distant companionship with us two.

The season had been extremely hot, and August fairly blazed with the dry fierce heat of a long drouth. It was on one of the scorching, electric, kind of days that make men feel listless, and beasts restless and wicked to deal with, that we halted in the suburbs of a growing city, and spread the canvas for an exhibition. The big Bengal tigress had been unusually uneasy all the morning; when lying prone on the floor of the cage, she lashed her powerful tail, and panted out low ominous growls as if the bloodthirsty spirit of her lost liberty was angrily astir, and she would start up with a sudden bound that shook her prison and impatiently pace its narrow limits with yellow eyes all aflame, and snarling lip drawn over the strong and hungry looking teeth; and once or twice she rolled herself against the thick wires, and caught them in her great claws as if she longed to tear the resting bars from their secured sockets. Bill kept careful watch on her antics, and I heard him say to himself. "There'll be trouble with that vixen." But the rest of the collection were feverish and fretful, too, and between furnishing them all with fresh drinks, and throwing water on some to cool them off, he had quite as much as he could do before the hour fixed for the performance, without devoting especial attention to any one animal.

There was a crowded audience from far and near; whole families, from the father down to the babe in arms, were ranged on the hard benches to enjoy the acting elephants and precocious ponies. There was even an extraordinary number of children, for a thriving Sunday school had entered early, and noiselessly secured nearly all the front seats, and delighted anticipation shone on rows of chubby and eager countenances. The peanut boys drove a heavy trade, and the venders of mugs of mead had a very profitable and active time and all was going on merry as a marriage bell in the ring and out of it, when I suddenly became aware that something serious was the matter, for I saw Bill slip quickly from behind the cage of the still fidgetting tigress, and come to a statuesque stand in full front of the amused people who scarcely observed him, amidst a round of uproarious applause; but he was in his shirt sleeves and deadly pale—as well he might be, having just discovered that the mighty beast beside him had, by some unnoticed frantic effort, so loosened the structure of her cage that the next wrathful movement would render it fearfully unsafe. There was not a minute to be lost in the creature's evidently excited condition, further aggravated by the sounds of the band and tormenting attacks of exasperating flies; and Bill had rushed out to look for Mr. Kingsley among the audience where he usually sat, and tell him to dismiss the crowd as rapidly and quietly as possible, not knowing what instant the necessary power of protection would be past, but not seeing him at the moment in his accustomed place, Bill scarcely hesitated at announcing the danger himself; but before his slow speech could be framed into words that could warn, not to severely alarm, it was too late.

The awful animal crouching warily in a corner of its shattered enclosure, gave one abrupt vault, and, swift as lightning, amidst the startled shrieks of the terror-stricken throng, rushed into the open space before the encirling seats. For a second it stood still there, as though dazed by its freedom, while the struggling mass of scared humanity, with scarce a regard for life and limb of each other, fled in frenzied haste and fright. But just as she had gathered herself up for her second spring, our quiet Bill made a simultaneous leap and landed square on her bristling back, with his muscular arms clasped tightly around her neck, and his legs wound around the lithe and cutstretched loins. Dismayed by this unexpected obstruction, for the space of a breath or two the tigress stood at bay; then, with a horrible roar, rolled over and over in the ring. We could hear Bill's bones break beneath her appalling efforts to dislodge him, for a sudden silence fell upon the selfish crowd that swayed aside from flight to watch this shocking contest between undaunted man and untamed brute. In vain she turned and twisted, reared and plunged. Bill held fast, though the blood poured from his mouth, and blinded the beast's sight—held fast, with the grip of everlasting fate, till Mr. Kingsley, snatching a loaded pistol from a trembling ruffian at his side, who had just threatened with it some woman in the way of his escape, stretched his firm hand, and sent a bullet straight into the savage creature's brain. One sharp convulsion of the heavy frame, one final heaving of the burdened back, and she lay still at last, with Quiet Bill partly underneath her crushing weight. Tender hands lifted him and bore his senseless body to the nearest comfortable place, and more than one strong man dropped unshamed tears over the maimed comrade who had so gallantly sacrificed his own life for others; for if not companionable, Bill had done many a kindly deed for his associates, in his own, unobstrusive way, that, when the hour of trial came, the roughest remembered. Turn by turn we watched by him, but we knew that nothing more could be done for him, in this world; and even in his agony, he was so grateful for the interest manifested, that it seemed as if he wondered that any had cared for him, and it was touching to hear him gasp out, between his throes of anguish, how good we all were to him.

But the end came soon. The doctor told him, and he heard it calmly, and bore it bravely. Mr. Kingsley and I were beside him a few moments after, when he turned to the former, and said, earnestly:

"I think I've it even, sir."

"What, Bill?"

"Why, you know, sir, I took a life; and I reckon I saved one, the other day, didn't I?"

Mr. Kingsley took both the cold hands in his own. "Yes, indeed, Bill, and many more, perhaps, and gave yours, too."

"Then you think it's even?"

"Yes, Bill, I do."

"And do you believe that He, the Great Judge who knows all things, will hold it even too?"

"Yes, Bill, I do think so; for he is full of mercy and loving kindness."

"But He is just, too," murmured the dying voice; "for I heard a preacher once say He wanted an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and then I knew I must give Him a life for the one I slew and I've always been looking out for the chance. It was long a comin'; but I got it at last; and I thank Him for lettin' me make it even."

Mr. Kingsley was crying like a child. "My good, old Bill," he said, "I am so sorry to lose you. You have been a faithful servant, and I shall miss you more than I can say."

A glad light flashed into the dim eyes, and in spite of the exquisite pair of every movement, he made one supreme effort, and raised Mr. Kingsley's hand to his white lips.

"God bless you, sir," he gasped out, "you took me when all the rest of the world kicked me out, and you've never given me a mean word. God bless you; you're all in life I'm loathe to leave." Then he lay silent for a while, and we thought he was asleep, and would pass away so; but suddenly he was looking at us wide awake, and spoke out firm and clear:

"And there was such a lot of little uns that day, too. It's all right, all right! I know I've made it even!"

And then the peace of death settled down on the pale face of Quiet Bill.

ONE MORE STORY OF CHICAGO.

"I had made," said a poor seamstress, in telling me of her condition, "my last payment on Saturday on my supply of coal for the winter; and the last dollar I had in the house had gone, on that day, to buy my little store of coffee and sugar and flour, for the winter's use. The fire took it all the next night." She has no husband to help her, and a young sister and three little children are dependent upon her for support; but, like thousands of others, she had made a good living, and could lay by for the future, not abundently, but sufficient for frugal wants. Still I find her brave and happy in her new life since the fire. Her voice has a tremor in it when she tells how she sent her three children to a neighbor's for safety when the fire broke out, that she might be free to try and save something of her household goods; how, when her own house was gone, she went to seek them and found only a heap of embers where she thought they were sleeping safely; how, as she afterward learned, her little boy of nine years, taking a brother of seven years in one hand and a sister of five in the other, wandered from 10 o'clock on Sunday night till 10 o'clock on Monday morning, running a fiery gauntlet, through blazing streets and frantic crowds of men and horses, never letting go the little hands he held in his, never swerving through all those devious, dangerous ways, the whole circuit of the city, from his fixed purpose of reaching an uncle's house, miles away, and giving his precious charges into his mother's hands again—there is a tremor in her voice when telling of all this, till she remembers with pride how brave her boy was in that fearful twelve hours' walk, while she sought for the baby wanderers, almost mad with grief, through all that terrible night, and remembers that they, at least, are left her still. Then she turns to the cheerful whir of her sewing machine, and almost begrudges the time she takes to talk of that past grief. But my neighbor, whose yearly income before the fire was something more than a hundred thousand dollars, and who has only a few hundred thousands left from the wreck of his property, cried about the streets for days, and wrung his hands in the sight of men over his ruin. "Thanksgiving! What have I to be thankful for?" said a wealthy lady, last week, on that "little government Sunday,"—as Baillie Nicol Jarvis called a like festival. True, she and hers had been burned out; but it was also true that in their case it was loss only, and not ruin.—*Letter to New York Tribune.*

LIKE A WOMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

"What is she like? A difficult question that to answer, my dear boy. She's like nothing on earth except a woman."

"That strikes me as being a rather vague account to render of a person you're going to stick to for better for worse, so long as you do live." The last speaker both looked and spoke in an ill-used tone, but he was in the golden age still, and an expression of dissatisfaction did not ill become him. The man he addressed was sufficiently like him for the fact of the relationship that existed between them to be apparent. But he was past middle age, and though he carried his forty-five years boldly and well, it was evident that he and all claims to youthfulness had shaken hands and parted company forever.

They were sitting now on the top of a gate that opened from a turnip field into a plantation, with their guns under their arms, and a setter and brace of pointers at their feet. And the sentences that open this story were spoken by them just after the brief announcement that the elder man had brought himself to make, that in about six weeks he was going to be married.

"I am too old to indulge in the luxury of rhapsodies," he said with a laugh, "but I'll tell you this, Theo, I am very fond of the girl, and very well satisfied that you'll approve of my choice."

"Uncles don't generally submit their choices in such matters to their nephews' judgments," Theo Bligh said, recovering his normal expression of benignant indifference to the majority of things as he spoke. "Well, I hope the lady won't object to my hanging out at the Chase at uncertain intervals, and—I hope with all my heart that you'll be happy." And then the two men, after the manner of their kind, developed a greater degree of callousness at once, in order to conceal the genuine emotion they were feeling.

The cover they were going to shoot was in the very heart of the Chase property, and the pointers and the setter, and the property altogether, belonged, as may have been surmised, to the elder Mr. Bligh. It was a rather hard thing for the somewhat extravagant and extremely impecunious Theo to hear that this uncle, whose hand had always been open, and whose eyes had always seemed to regard Theo as the heir, was going to be married. In a quiet corner of his own heart the young man did, in the first hour of his surprise and disappointment, suffer himself to say that the future Mrs. Bligh must be a played-out flirt, a woman eager to secure any chance that is offered. "Otherwise she wouldn't have accepted him after a three week's acquaintanceship," he argued; "and if he had picked her up in any other place than Portsmouth, there would have been a better atmosphere about the affair; but I know that those officers' daughters are always lurking about the corners of the streets, seeking whom they may devour."

"You will meet her to-night at dinner," Mr. Bligh had said to Theo. "She is coming with her brothers and some friends of theirs to see her future home." And in consequence of this information received Theo Bligh went home to dinner in rather a dark mood.

But this state of feeling lasted only a short time, for the young fellow was generous-hearted, and quite capable of seeing the other side of things when reason strove to show it to him. As he dressed he came to the conclusion, quite honestly, and without much effort, that after all his uncle was only doing wisely and well in marrying, since he had found a woman he could love. And when he had come to this conclusion, he found himself rather eager for the introduction that had seemed such an odious thing to him in the morning.

The drawing-room was full when he entered and his eyes went round in a rapid search for the lady who had brought his uncle to bay. "That must be Miss Dundee," he thought, as he caught sight of a lady who was talking rather earnestly to Mr. Bligh, "As expected, she's by way of being an old girl—has seen the vanity of most things, especially the vanity of hesitating, when to hesitate may be to lose." Then he went up to the pair, and asked for "an introduction to Miss Dundee," and found himself turned round by the shoulder by Mr. Bligh, and brought face to face with a girl whom he had not seen before.

"This is my nephew, Theo. Madge," he said, looking down into the girl's face with a proud, admiring gaze; and she put out her hand frankly at once, and Theo took it, and told himself that here was the real "Bonnie Dundee," and all that had gone before her were impostors.

"I think Mr. Bligh has been rather nervous about introducing me, the interloper, to you," Miss Dundee said, quickly making way for Theo to take a seat on the sofa by her side; "he is more than half afraid that you won't like me, and if you don't it will make him very unhappy." So she spoke, in a girlish, almost childish outspoken way, without seeming to consider or to mark the effect of her words either on the man she addressed or the bystanders. "I should have known you as Theo anywhere I'd seen you," she went on; "you'll be exactly like Mr. Bligh when you're——" She paused abruptly and colored a little, but a moment after she forced herself back into composure, and resumed "when you're as old as he is, I was going to say, but I remember the young men don't like to be reminded of their youth, and so I bungled and blundered. Can you forgive me?"

Could he forgive her? Was the Bonnie Dundee subtle, or only sweetly simple, that she asked him this, in that winning voice of hers? And, by the way, how did she, with her Scotch name, come with that touch of accent—that way of softly resting on the vowels that is a speciality of Irish-women's pronunciation of words that they want to caress? As he asked himself this, he looked at her more observantly, and wondered also how she had come by that face and that expression.

A pen-and-ink portrait of a girl whose glory is her youth and warmth and color, must like a photographer, necessarily be hard and crude. But no other can be given here.

She was about twenty-two when Theo Bligh saw her first—just old enough to know that she had a mind, but not to be well acquainted with it herself yet. Quite a girl of the period, as far as the Watteau-like picturesqueness of her costume of deftly mingled blue and pink went, but innocent of all Grecian bend or other vulgarities of the like order. With golden brown hair and eyes—affectionate and changeful eyes, something like the eyes of "My Last Duchess," who "loved whate'er she looked on, and whose looks went everywhere," I should imagine. Firm and erect in figure, fluctuating in movement, as most women with caressing manners are; possessed of beautiful hands and feet of which she was daintily fond, with an openly displayed fondness that was infinitely amusing to men, and infinitely wearisome to women, who had not the same objects of affection; able to invest her attitudes of listening with an air of interest and comprehension, that was not always altogether genuine, perhaps. Bright in heart and in mind, able and adaptable, the sort of woman to be easily molded, and whose fate would be grand or ghastly just as it pleased the first man who really thrilled her to will it. This was what Theo Bligh saw when he looked at the lady whom he had already registered "Bonnie Dundee."

How had she come by it all? How had she come by the winning grace, by the Irish eyes and suspicion of accent, and by the southern warmth and splendor that environed her? He must have put his curiosity into form in some way, for before the evening was over the girl found herself explaining to him that although Scotch by name, there was but little Scottish blood in her veins. "My father was half Spanish, and my mother was wholly Irish, and so I can make no claim to being very pure in race; if I am anything, it's a thorough-bred mongrel." And then she lapsed from that subject into one that was naturally more interesting to her—the Bighs, namely and whence they sprang, and whom they had married, and in what way they had distinguished themselves in the days gone by.

Undesignedly and almost unconsciously, there came about a certain degree of intimacy between these young people, even on this the first night of their meeting—an intimacy about which there was that indefinable something which can not be put into a word-photograph, but which nevertheless strikes the observant, and the malicious, and the interested, as being rather more than kind, and entirely unnecessary.

Now Mr. Bligh, the betrothed of Miss Dundee, the owner of the Chase, and the uncle of the other innocent offender, was neither malicious nor observant by nature, but he was interested just now through stress of circumstances. It would have hurt him if Theo had maintained that air of suppressed unhappiness which had marked his demeanor on the morning when he first heard of the approaching wedding. For Mr. Bligh was blessed with one of those dispositions through which was a colossal vein of desire to set all crooked matters straight. It would have been a flaw in the scheme of benevolence if Theo had not come to an amicable conclusion concerning the case. But still Madge ought not to have been so entirely oblivious of their relative positions as she appeared to be while she was teaching Theo a new and ingenious mode of playing cat's-cradle, a pastime which Theo found to be exhilarating for the first time.

"Young blood will have it's course, lad,
And every dog his day."

This couplet forced itself upon Mr. Bligh's memory as he looked at the pair whom he had brought together, and whose good-will he had bespoken for one another beforehand. The good, true, honest gentleman had no feeling of small jealousy, no petty distrust of the pretty creature who had listened to his offer with bright-eyed surprise, and accepted with a bright burst of gratitude. But though he felt no jealousy, and no distrust, he did feel considerable fear lest the uninitiated should misconstrue that out spoken, well-developed flattery of voice and look and manner of which his nephew was the object just now. "It's only her way," he told himself, "and bless her wasn't it for that I loved her at first, before I knew how good she was?" But though he reminded himself of this truth, the remembrance of it brought him small comfort, and he glanced at Madge uneasily, and his uneasy glances were seen by the very friend before whom he desired her to shine as a bright particular star.

Miss Dundee—or "Bonnie" Dundee, as she soon came to be called in the Bligh's set by those who were very keen on every mark of admiration that Theo Bligh bestowed upon her—was the central object in the neighborhood for a week or two after this. The obliging, acquiescing friends with whom she was staying pressed her to remain, and though this hardly accorded with Mr. Bligh's ideas of decorum, he uttered no protest against the plan when she agreed to it. And so with all the flush and glory of her engagement, and her brilliant prospects and more brilliant beauty upon her, she was brought very much in contact with Theo Bligh, and he saw that she was fair.

She was not a mere insatiable coquette. She was not a heartless fool, ready and willing to play fast and loose for the sake of gaining a little notoriety; but she was that even more dangerous thing, a woman afflicted with that passion for pleasing that it became a fine art in her hands, and when she was following it she could not stop to count the cost of failure or success. It was a new sensation to her to have the right to such attentions, and admiration and love as Mr. Bligh lavished upon her and as Theo offered at a respectful distance, on the score of being his uncle's nephew. It was a new sensation to her, and she enjoyed it to the full; reveling in it as one does in sunbeams after a long frost, or in dainty viands after a long fast. The idea of its being wrong or reprehens