The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXVI. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1872. NO. 3.

ADVERTISINGR ATES.

	3t	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.50	12.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	6.50	9.00	20.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.25	9.00	17.00	25.00
Six Squares,		11.50	17.00	25.00	45.00
Quarter Column		15.00	22.00	40.00	60.00
Half Column		20.00	40.00	60.00	110.00
One Column		30.00	60.00	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. 603 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT 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 RIPPING,
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.
RITTER & ABBOTT.
aug 3-1y]

I. PILBERT. S. OTTO. H. M. OTTO. G. W. MILLER
PILBERT, 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

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-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

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

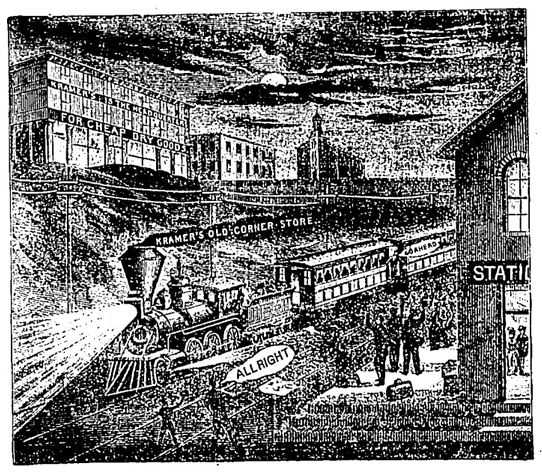
HUTTON & M'CONNELL,
FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
NO. 809 MARKET STREET,
North Side
PHILADELPHIA.
PARLOR, DINING-ROOM,
AND
CHAMBER FURNITURE.
Of the Latest Styles and Best Manufacture.
ALSO,
Feather Beds and Mattresses.
sep20-6m

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 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 years, 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 oct23-w

WANTED.—A good girl to do general housework. Apply at
JANE ST 610 WALNUT STREET.

CLEAR THE TRACK!



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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, adaptable for Ladies' and Men's Suitings, guaranteed to be sold at

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October 11-

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MANUFACTURERS, DEALERS & IMPORTERS
—OF—
Iron, Steel, Hardware, Railway Supplies, Lubricating Oils, White Lead, Etc.,
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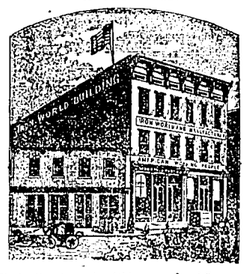
IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER,
THE
Largest Metal Price Current
IN THE WORLD.



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

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 editorial 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 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, Machinists, Founders, Hardware Dealers and Tinners, 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 trade. 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 market reports of metals, hardware, manufactures, &c., are very full, complete and reliable. It is paying it is 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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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 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 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-tf 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 BEANE OF CURE, being the most COMPREHENSIVE WORK on the subject ever yet published—comprising 200 pages. Mailed free to any address for Twenty-five cents.
Address Drs. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
CONSULTING OFFICE,
1625 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
sep 20-1y d&w

JOHN GELLER,
NURSERYMAN AND FLORIST,
430 GRANT STREET,
BETWEEN GORDON AND LIBERTY.
All kinds of
TREES, FLOWERS, AND GARDEN SEEDS.
The patronage of the public is solicited. My garden seeds can be depended upon for purity and freshness. ang 3m d

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,
710 ARCH STREET,
(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 SABE.
ERMINE, CHINCHILLA, SQUIRREL, and every variety of the latest styles
SACQUES of Seal skin, Persiana and Astrachan.
ALL KINDS OF FUR TRIMMING,
Also the finest assortment of FANCY ROBES, WHITE FOX, BEAVER, WHITE POLAR and 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 $79,728 22 more than the year ending October 31 1870. The increase for November, 1871, over November, 1870, was $16,636.74.
Bonds, Pamphlets and information can be obtained of
DE HAVEN & BRO.,
No. 40 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
dec23-1y 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 18

LIKE A WOMAN.

II.

The men's eyes met for a moment as Madge spoke, and in that moment each read that the other knew all about it. "He knows I love her," poor Theo moaned in his heart, and "He sees I know it," Mr. Bligh thought, with not one whit less pain. And a silence fell on them and in that silence Madge saw things clearly at last.

To recognize the love of a man in the presence of another who has a right to feel jealous of it, is to be in a position of the greatest danger, and delicacy, and difficulty. Poor Madge flinched for the first moment when she found herself in it, but the next instant she recovered herself, and, with the generosity of a woman, sought to put them well with one another without regard to herself.

"It was selfish of me to say I wouldn't spare you, for it must be dull for you here; but the fact is, Theo has spoilt me, just as my brothers do, and I have fallen into the way of ordering him about as I do them, forgetting he isn't a brother. What a lovely piece of turf! Shall we canter?"

She went off as she spoke, and they followed, Theo spurring his horse rather recklessly by way of a diversion, and Mr. Bligh bewildering himself with his endeavors to distinguish which would be the right course for him to pursue. "I'll put it to her plainly," he determined at last, "and if her heart has turned to him, God bless her, she shall never suffer for it."

Fate seemed to be against things righting themselves in the original way. They rode fast and far, and when they thought of turning homeward Miss Dundee's horse had cast a shoe, and they were obliged to wait in the first village they could find, while a blacksmith was sent for to put it on again.

It was terrible trying work for them all, that sitting in the room at an inn, weighted with the discoveries they had recently made about each other. It became insupportable to Mr. Bligh after a short time, and so he sauntered out into the garden, and Theo and Madge were alone.

Her spirit rose with her sense of danger, as does that of all finely-organized natures, and she turned to him bright and brave at once, though he had grown to be very dear to her, and though she knew that he was suffering horribly on her account. "It seems to me," she said "that we're all very weak and wrong to let a shadow settle over the last ride you'll have with us, until I am an old married woman, with household cares on my shoulders, that will crush down my love of horses."

"This will be my last ride with you, Miss Dundee."

"Theo!" She threw such a world of reproachful tenderness into the tone in which she uttered that one word, that the man she addressed trembled visibly. His resolve when spoken coldly and harshly, shocked and surprised her out of the brightly prudential tone she had fully intended to adopt. Why had Mr. Bligh gone away, leaving them the prey of this mischievous opportunity?

"Yes; for Heaven's sake don't speak to me in that way, or you'll drive me mad!" and then he got up and went to the window; and poor Madge saw that his face had grown very pale, and that an expression of hopelessness had settled upon it. She could not bear it. He had been so thoughtful for her always—so gentle, and devoted, and sympathetic—that she felt as if she must comfort him, let what might come of it.

"Theo," she said again, with that same pathetic cadence in her voice, "you have been so kind to me always; I can't bear to see you so. Can't I make you happier, Theo?"

He turned round quickly and caught her hands, as she was standing near to him.

"Madge, do you love my uncle?"

Half frightened, she drew back from him and "I am engaged to him," she stammered.

"Yes, but you have made me love you; you knew your chance, and you have used it. If you love him, let me go without another of those appeals that you know how to make so maddening; if not—Madge, Madge!"

He had taken her hands again, and was looking down into her face with a gleam of such intense pleading affection that for a moment he was the world to her.

"If I had known you first," she sobbed, "but I didn't, you see; and we Dundees never break our word. And—oh! you had better go after all; but forgive me!"

Forgive her. It was easy enough to say he would, and to make an end of this miserable scene, but it was very hard to do it. Had she not spoken his name with all her heart in her voice only a minute ago, leading him on by the tone she used to tell his secret to her in the hope that she would be brave, and avert eventual misery from them all? And now she was telling him that if she had known him first she would have loved him best, and that she could not for her name's sake break her word to his uncle.

It was a ghastly state of affairs, and as soon as he could, Theo Bligh made an end of it by going away. The two men had no verbal explanation on leave-taking, but they parted as comrades who had been wounded in the same fight might part. And then Theo found that, though existence was not embittered to him, the savor had gone from the old pleasures.

It was decidedly not worth while now, he felt, to try and do anything good or definite; for he could never find a woman to share his glory or smile upon his success, who could put Bonnie Dundee out of his mind; after her other women did and would always appear to be wanting in something. She had the trick of making others appear tame and pale, and insufficient, and—well, the man who has been shone upon by a star, never feels that there is much warmth in a taper.

He banished himself so effectually that he heard no tidings from the Chase for six months and then he ventured to send his address to his banker, and to have letters forwarded to him; but before these letters are read, a retrospective glance at the Bonnie Dundee must be given.

She bore his departure very bravely. Remember how many other interests were claiming her attention at the time, and remember the ardent, impressionable, changeable nature of the girl. There was a good deal of the chameleon in Bonnie Dundee, and a dash of the peacock, and an immense deal of the woman. She had the faculty of feeling intensely for the time, and of getting over things. Is not that last characteristic the secret of many women keeping right and of many others going wrong?

It brushed the bloom of the peach roughly when he went away, for that veiled idolatry of his had been very pleasant to her; nevertheless she bore it bravely and made the best of that which remained to her. "I am so sorry for I was so fond of him," she said to her lover with that disarming frankness which women of her calibre know so well how to use and Mr. Bligh hearing her, did not wonder that his nephew had been scorched by the fiery ordeal through which he had passed.

There was this about it, too, that it was such clean fire that even her own sex could not despise and condemn and prophesy evil things concerning Miss Dundee's warmth. Just as she loved light, and dancing, and flowers, and sweet sounds, so did she love to be loved; and though it made her dangerous, it never made her despicable. And somehow men understood this, and so fostered her other foibles, because of their gladness that she was free from greater ones.

It was only about a week before the day fixed for their marriage, that Mr. Bligh ventured to speak decisively to her. Very earnestly and gently he spoke, beseeching her to open all her heart to him, and to tell him if any other image had ever displaced his. And Madge listened to him thoughtfully, and analyzed her own emotion, and finally answered him.

"If he had come first I should have loved Theo desperately; as it was, I didn't dare let myself. You're not afraid, are you."

"Only for your happiness, my poor child," he said, "not for my own honor,"

"I like you so much, you know," she said, energetically—"it does seem so hard that one can't express all one's little gradations of feeling in words—I like you so much—but it's dark to me now without him," she added, with a sudden passion that carried her out of herself, and convinced him that she could never be his wife.

"He is the younger man—and you are right." He tried to say it calmly, but it was an awful blow; and again, as the strength of his manhood was shaken, Madge wavered, and strove to comfort him.

"Let things go on and I shall forget him, or grow indifferent to him; I know myself—I shall live it down."

"You need not, poor child, for he loves you too."

"Yes, I know that," she answered with the reckless openness that made her what she was.

After that, so much of the world as knew the Bligh and Dundees had a fresh and delightful source of wonderment for a time. The marriage between the owner of the Chase and Madge was broken off, and still they were friendly: and still neither would listen to one word against or comment on the conduct of the other. Time would tell, people said sapiently, reserving their belief as to what time would tell to themselves.

Six months passed, and then Theo Bligh received those letters of which mention has been made. One was from Madge, and contained these words:

"Your uncle has promised to explain everything. I need only say that I shall always be your faithful friend, Madge Dundee."

The other was from his uncle, and contained a free forgiveness, (this was only implied, not coarsely volunteered,) and a full account.

"Come back and win what I have lost, and as I love you as my son, so will I love her as my daughter." That was something like an invitation from a defeated to a successful lover!

Once more fate was against things righting themselves in the clear and good way that was made so open. Theo had by this time taken a situation in a mercantile house in New York—a situation of trust, which he could not hastily quit, or place another man in rashly. Great interests were involved in it, which he could not endanger by his absence for a year, at least. But life was bright to him again, and he bore the delay bravely, having illimitable faith in the girl he loved and himself. Had she not gallantly won this faith by avowing her love for him, and losing the richer man and the better position by the avowal? Had she not, of her own free will written to him those few sweet words of promise? Small wonder that he could live contentedly through the present, when such a future loomed before him.

At last he was free—free to go home and win his bride, and obtain personal absolution from his uncle for those sins which love had made him commit. Fate favored him now. The steamer was a fast one, and in a fortnight he was down at the Chase, grasping his uncle's hand.

"And now you know what my next move will be," he said, when the greetings were over, subduing his own gladness as much as he could, out of respect for the sorrow by which his uncle had bought it. "What is the matter?" he added in alarm, seeing a change in the kind cordial face that was bent on him. "You know I have come to ask her to be my wife."

"I have borne an awful grief and disappointment, but I'd bear it again rather than have to tell this to you, my boy. You have stayed too long."

"Great Heaven! is she dead?"

"Not dead, but as lost to you as if she were; and you must go back, and she must never hear you have come, or she will be true to herself, pitiful and over-kind, and—like a woman generally, shall I say? She is married; you have stayed too long."

It did not kill him, and it did not send him to the bad, a convenient locality to which fiction-writers frequently consign their jilted heroes. But it dulled his life, and robbed him of his belief in the goodness and fidelity of women.

Notwithstanding which he forgave her, and was friendly with her in after-years; and though her fickleness had earned his contempt he never paid the debt. And so poetical justice was not awarded to the "flagrant flirt" Bonnie Dundee, who would have been a better woman if she had not been so thorough a one.

SPIRITUALISM.—Reporter—Can you induce some of my dead folks to communicate with me?

Medium—What do the spirits say?

Rap, rap, rap.

The slate was placed against the under side of the table-leaf. The reporter held his left hand tight upon it. In a moment he felt the slate bearing down upon his hand, and heard the pencil driving over the smooth surface, dotting and crossing, and scraping as though for a wager. When the presence was removed he raised the slate and read:

"He is an irrational man, who does not believe that the soul is immortal."

This communication was signed with the name of a deceased relative whom the reporter had never seen. His last name, the same as that of the reporter, was spelled as by one who had heard it for the first time.

"If the ghost of my deceased relative, who was a very learned man in this life, does not improve in his orthography," said the reporter sadly, "I fear that his celestial schoolmarm will be forced to flog him."

THE progress of the times is illustrated by the vote of the New York Senate last week on the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. All the Senators but one—a Democrat—voted in the affirmative. This Amendment was first ratified by the Legislature of New York about three years ago. Subsequently the Democrats obtained control and repealed the ratifying resolution. Now it has been again affirmed, almost by general consent; and as the principle of equal suffrage has been irrevocably attached to the Constitution, the action just taken will doubtless be allowed to rest undisturbed through the changing fortunes of political parties.

Benoni Howard, a wealthy match manufacturer of New York, has been under indictment for a long time in the United States Circuit Court, on a charge of counterfeiting internal revenue stamps, many thousand dollars' worth of which, it is alleged, he used on match boxes. His trial has been frequently postponed, on application of his counsel, Judge Fullerton, and now another indictment for substantially the same offence has been found against him.

SPRINGING A MINE OF FIRE.

The Horror Caused by Dropping a Box of Rhigolene—A Drug Store in a Sheet of Flames—Four Persons Roasted to Death.

From the Philadelphia Press.

About three o'clock Saturday afternoon, a young man named Stewart, employed in the laboratory and wholesale drug store of Frederick Stearns, at 89[illegible] Howard avenue, was instructed to carry into the basement a box containing twelve bottles of rhigolene, volatile fluid used by dentists, and which quickly explodes when brought into contact with flame. In descending the stairs the young man made a misstep, it is supposed, as he dropped the box on the stairs, and the next moment the whole basement was a sheet of flame. It was not an explosion, as powder or steam explodes, but it was

A TERRIBLE HISS,

a noise which was heard a block away. The vapor of the rhigolene reached the flames under the steam boiler in the basement, and a sheet of flame covered everything and rolled up the stairs as if a mine had been sprung.

One of the employes was at the head of the basement stairs when the box dropped, and he had no time to turn away before

THE FLAMES LEAPED UP

to him, singeing his hair and badly scorching his face. He states that he heard no loud report, but there was a "s-s-sish!" a slight crackling noise, and he had only time to leap out doors when the flames swept up the stairs, up, up, and in less than two minutes were in the laboratory in the fourth story.

Some one ran and gave the alarm from the box at the corner, and three teamsters were on hand within five minutes, and the great clouds of black smoke pouring out brought hundreds of people to the spot. As the flames burst out of the rear and front of the long building almost at the same moment, the firemen were puzzled for a moment how to divide their force. As the ladders were being taken from the trucks,

A LOUD SHRIEK AROSE

from the crowd as a man, one James Green, made his appearance at the second-story window. He could be seen fighting away the smoke and flame which surrounded him, and it was seen that he was going to jump. Shouting to him to wait a moment, a pile of blankets was snatched from a box in front of Nall's store and thrown down for him to alight on. He made the jump, and cheers and shouts greeted the act. Green sustained quite severe injuries to his feet and legs, but will not be crippled.

Green had hardly been carried off before another employe, named Mace, appeared at a third-story window, a cloud of flame close after him, and he leaned far out and held by the sash to escape the heat and smoke. He saw that the firemen would have a ladder to him in a moment, and coolly waited until it came.

A THRILLING SCENE.

The smoke was now leaping from front and rear and the water from the steamers was aiding to make the volume of smoke denser and blacker, when a groan was uttered by the hundreds of men looking up. A man in his shirt sleeves made his appearance at the front window in the fourth story, with the flames above and below him, and he acted as if determined to leap down. "Don't jump—for heaven's sake, hold on!" shouted five hundred men, and they waved their hats and hands in hopes to add emphasis to their words.

The man, whose name is Lodge, heard the shouts, and as the smoke parted for a moment, he saw the firemen splicing a ladder. The flames were scorching his back, the smoke was stifling him, but he hung to the sash, leaned out over the dizzy height, and waited. The first splice was too short, and a shudder went through the crowd as the firemen took the ladder down to put on another. "Hold on! hold on! don't jump!" was the constant shout, and then the ladder went up again. The end struck at the man's feet, he sank down and grasped it, and the next moment came

DOWN THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FIRE

to the pavement, amid shouts which were heard half a mile away. Mr. Stearns, two young women, and two or three men were employed in the laboratory on the fourth floor when the flames caught. They heard the loud hiss, but had scarcely time to pass a word of comment when the flames shot up through the floor. Retreat by way of the staircase was impossible, and Mr. Stearns shouted for them to make their way to the roof. After the fire which nearly destroyed his establishment early last summer, he constructed a fire-escape to the roof, and up this they all rushed, one of the girls being pushed up and the other drawn up by Mr. Stearns. From the roof they passed over to the roof of No. 91, and descended through the scuttle. But for the fire-escape, some, if not every one on the fourth floor would have lost their lives.

THREE MEN IN THE FLAMES.

As soon as Mr. Stearns could reach the street, he immediately began searching for his employes, to see if any lives had been lost and it was soon ascertained that three of the men had undoubtedly perished. Patrick McNamara, porter and engineer, was in the basement attending to his duties, assisted by a young man, named Alfred Boeninghausen. The young man, David Stewart, was last seen on the stairs, and it was soon known that not one of the three had escaped. The statement of the man Joseph, who stood at the head of the stairs, was sufficient to show that the poor victims had met and awful death even before the alarm was sounded.

The crowd was wild with excitement, and, forgetting that a quarter of an hour had passed since the flames appeared, a rush was made for the window gratings in front and rear. Axes, hammers, crow-bars—anything which could be seized upon—was used to force up the gratings, but the work had not been accomplished when great sheets of flame rolled out and drove the men away. They say that the bodies must have burned to a crisp long before, and no further efforts were made.

The firemen went at their work systematically and determinedly. Ladders were raised to the various stories, front and rear; hose were taken up and streams poured in, and four steamers worked their best to quench the flames. But the oils, chemicals and other combustible articles kept catching fire and exploding, and, when the flames were conquered one floor, they burst out above or below, and water had but little effect.

An hour went by, and then another, and another, and it was nearly six o'clock before the flames let go of the upper stories and were confined to the basement. There were large quantities of whale oil, turpentine, chemicals, acids, and other such articles in the basement, and for two or three hours longer, until the cellar was nearly full of water, the flames kept shooting up and destroying whatever would burn.

FINDING THE BODIES.

About half-past 7 o'clock the flames were sufficiently extinguished to permit the firemen to descend though the front gates. They had not been down long before word was passed up that the bodies were all floating under the sidewalk. In a moment more, word was given that there were four bodies, instead of only three, as had been for several hours supposed, and there was intense excitement to know the names of the four victims.

Boeninghausen's body was the first one brought out, and was taken into Nall's store and laid on the counter. The clothing was not even scorched, and the blackened face told that the boy had met his death by suffocation alone. He had apparently fallen to the floor, stretched himself out, and died without much struggling or suffering.

McNamara's body came next, and it presented a most horrible sight. The hands were tightly clasped, as if in prayer or great agony, and there was hardly a spot where the body had escaped the flames. The face was crisped and burned, the knees were drawn up and shriveled, and the flesh burned from the arms.

Stewart's body was next brought in, and there was everything to show that he died of suffocation. Not a scratch or burn appeared on the body, or its clothing, and the poor boy looked as if death had come without pain. Only a few days ago his father was stricken with disease and died, and this new grief will rest heavy on the hearts of family and friends.

THE FOURTH BODY

was brought in at length and deposited on the long counter, and for some time no one could recognize it. The flames had spared form and clothes, as with two others, and the two score of men in the store drew back and waited. At length an old man half frantic with fear and excitement was admitted, and he at once rushed to the body. He could not recognize the features as those of his son, though he looked again and again, and he was turning away with a great burden lifted from his heart, when a thought suddenly came to him. He rushed back, threw off the sheet, rolled up one of the pants legs until he could see the boot top, and then he fell back with a shriek and a groan which brought tears to many eyes. He had made the boots for his son, and some mark enabled him to recognize them. For some moments he

WAILED AND SOBBED LIKE A CHILD,

and the sight of the gray-headed old man, wringing his hands in anguish, sent more than one from the store. The name of the boy was Henry Geiger, his age about 18, and his home was on Catharine street. He was the order clerk.

Mr. Sterns had a stock in store amounting to about $65,000. He says his insurance amounts to $40,000. The damage to the store will amount to $3,000 or $4,000 more. Nall's stock was somewhat damaged by smoke and water but not sufficient to delay business.

HANDWRITING AND CRIME

Of late years a new and curious profession has come into vogue, that of "experts" in handwriting. These gentlemen's services have for some time been repeatedly called in request in England, especially in disputed will cases, but they seldom made much impression either on judge or jury until there arose a master in the craft, Mr. Chabot. It was through a case which occurred a few years since in the London Probate Court that this gentleman was brought into the first rank of his very limited profession, of which a Mr. Netherclift had up to that time been the chief.

The ground of dispute was in relation to the will of a wealthy old yeoman. One side claimed that the will was genuine, the other that it was a forgery. When the turn came for Mr. Chabot's evidence to be given, the counsel for the will gave a contemptuous smile as the expert ascended the box, and my lord leaned back in his chair in a manner which indicated "I know how much this sort of testimony is worth."

By degrees, however, matters underwent a change. Counsel against the will became particularly assured in his bearing. Counsel for the will fidgeted in his seat, and, what was more important, my lord aroused himself and began to take notes. When Mr. Chabot descended from the witness-box he had broken the will. The judge, in summing up, said that he must confess that previous experience had not disposed him to place much reliance on testimony of this description, but the present case was an exception. Mr. Chabot's evidence was certainly most remarkable.

The point to which the accomplished gentleman drew special attention was the fact that he had examined page after page of writing which was admitted by either side to be that of the deceased, and in no case had he found the vowel "O" connected with the other letters in the word in which it occurred; whereas, in the document alleged to be forged, "O" sometimes stood alone, sometimes was joined on to the neighboring letters.

Mr. Chabot's services are now in constant demand, and he ought to be making a very large income. The Tichborne case must alone have put a great many pounds in his pocket. Quite recently he has been employed in two notable suits. One of these—"Firebrace vs. Firebrace"—is a divorce case. A maid servant, as often happens in such suits, is a prominent witness. She, it appears, kept a diary, in which she recorded suspicious circumstances in her mistress' conduct.

This diary the mistress got hold of, and, the servant alleges, interpolated passages which reflect sadly on the morality of the servant herself, and are thus calculated to weaken the effect of her evidence against Mrs. Firebrace. Mr. Chabot is of opinion that the alleged interpolations are not in the handwriting of the servant.

The other case was one of libel, in which a lady named Dilks was plaintiff and a Mr. Shepherd defendant. In January, 1870, a Mr. Birket, to whose son the plaintiff was engaged, received a letter, imputing to her improper conduct. On the 14th of February, Valentine's day, plaintiff herself received two letters, one containing some indecent verses, and the other some lines from Chaucer. The experts differed strongly in regard to the similarity of the writing with that of Mr. Shepherd.

In summing up, the Lord Chief Justice pointed out that the great merit of Mr. Chabot in such cases was that he gave cogent reasons for his conclusions, and was not content merely to state that he was of such and such an opinion. The jury found for the defendant. Mr. Chabot lately brought his ingenuity to bear upon the vexed question of Junius, and has helped to strengthen the already overwhelming evidence in favor of Sir Philip Francis's authorship of the famous letters.

FRANCE, like England, says "Once a Week," may, we suppose, be divided into the Wise and the Foolish. The former are occupied incessantly in trying to discover the causes of defeat, the latter in finding excuses for it. Among the wise men, M. Jolly has read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, in which the substance of his remarks