

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUENLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 26, 1851.

NUMBER 43.

MORE NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD
HAS just received from Philadelphia an additional supply of those cheap Long Shawls, Cloths, Cassimette, Lawns, Poplins, Alpaca Louvers, Flannels, Domestic, Fresh Groceries, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at very reduced prices. Please call.
N. B.—I would inform my customers and the public generally that I will remove my Store to Sell's Corner in the spring, where I will be pleased to see all who may favor me with a call.
GEORGE ARNOLD,
Nov. 28, 1851—1f

REMOVAL.

ALEXANDER FRAZER
TAKES this method to return his thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and to inform the public that he has removed his establishment to the room adjoining Middlecoff's Store, and opposite Christ's Church, on Chamberburg street, where he has on hand a very fine assortment of

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.
Jewelry, Spectacles, and every thing else in his line, and at such prices as cannot fail to please. His stock has recently been enlarged, and he asks all persons who may want Clocks, Watches, Spectacles, Ear-Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Watch Chains and Guards, Watch Keys, &c., &c., to give him a call. Clocks and Watches REPAIRED as usual, at the shortest notice; also Spectacle Glasses changed.
Gettysburg, April 18, 1851—1f.

WHAT IS TREASON?

THIS is the question now-a-days which has swallowed up all others, even "Will saltpetre explode?" "Who threw that brick?" "And who struck Billy Patterson?" It is a hard question to answer, but there is no question whatever, that the largest and best selected stock of **BONNET RIBBONS** in the county is to be found at **KURZY'S CHEAP CORNER.**
Oct. 10, 1851.

Diamond Tensors—New Firm.

Clinton & Brother,
FASHIONABLE BARBERS AND HAIR DRESSERS.
CAN at all times be found prepared to attend to the calls of the people, at the Temple, in the Diamond, adjoining the County Building. From long experience they flatter themselves that they can go through all the ramifications of the Tonsorial Department, with such an infinite degree of skill, as will meet with the entire satisfaction of all who may submit their chins to the keen ordeal of their razors. They hope, therefore, that by their attention to business, and a desire to please, they will merit, as well as receive, a liberal share of public patronage. The sick will be attended to at their private dwellings.

Collectors, Take Notice.

THE Collectors of Taxes in the different townships of Adams county, are hereby notified that they will be required to settle their duplicates on or before **Thursday the 1st day of January next,** on which day the Commissioners will meet at their office to give the necessary directions.
JOHN MUSSELMAN jr.,
JACOB GRIEST,
ABRAHAM REYER,
Commissioners.
J. AUSTINHOFF, Clk.
Nov. 21, 1851.—1f

NEW GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY AT SCHICK'S.

THE subscriber has just returned from the city, with a very large assortment of
FANCY & DRESS GOODS,
as varied as it is beautiful, to which the attention of the public is invited. Call and examine for yourselves. His goods and his prices cannot but please.
Oct. 17, 1851.

SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH,

THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they continue the **TAILORING** business, at the old stand, and solicit a continuance of the public patronage. Garments made in the shortest time possible. *Fit and Winter Fashions* have just been received.
Oct. 17, 1851.

MONEY AND WOOD WANTED.

THE subscriber earnestly requests those indebted to him on accounts of long standing to call and pay him; and those persons who have contracted to deliver **WOOD,** are notified to bring it in as speedily as possible. Now is the time to prepare for Winter.
W. W. PAXTON.
Oct. 31.

KEEP WARM.

A DESIRABLE assortment of **OVER-COATINGS,** such as brown, drab and navy Beaver Cloths, Peterham Cloth, &c., cheap and good, can be found at
SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH'S.
Oct. 17, 1851.
Gentlemen's Wear.
CLOTHS, Cassimere, Cassimere, Kent, Turkey Jeans, VESTINGS of all kinds, Superfine, Handkerchiefs, CRAVATTS, Stockings, &c., &c., may be found, good and cheap, at
SCHICK'S.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.
IN the year 1836, when speculation—that black art evasion of the laws God has instituted between labor and poverty, laws for the protection of human virtue—was at its fever height in the city of New York. Mr. Lyell, a gentleman whose years and position seemed to have moored him in one of those bays past which the stream might rush without dragging him with the torrent, returned to his home much excited. He was too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe that two young persons, whom his entrance disconcerted, were at that moment threading together one of those tangled paths that but for his ill-timed appearance might have led them into the bright world of their hopes. Ellen Lyell threw back the curls that had fallen over her burning cheek, and resumed her wonted-work, heeding neither colors nor thread, and Haskett Mercer snatched the evening paper and seemed devouring its contents.
"I am glad to find you here, Mercer," said Mr. Lyell; "it is not often I leave poor Ellen alone. Anything new in the paper? Have you looked at the stocks? Still rising, are they not?"
Mercer turned mechanically to the stock table and read it aloud.
"Yes, up—up—up," resumed Mr. Mercer. "What is the world coming to? every body is getting rich. William and Gordon have made a matter of forty thousand dollars since last week." "Forty thousand since last week?" repeated Ellen, without turning her eyes from her work.
"Yes, forty thousand. Is that such every-day news that you answer me like a fainting echo. Forty thousand dollars are worth lifting your bright eyes from your work, Miss Ellen. If your brother's luck holds, they will soon be the richest men of their name."
"Will they be the happiest?"
"To be sure—that is, they will be so much the happier as they are the richer. Mercer, why don't you go out into this shower of gold? What is the use of always having your plate bottom side upward?"
"I am afraid, sir, that which now seems gold will prove to be mist, and melt away."
"Nonsense, Mercer, nonsense! I don't tell you my boys have realized forty thousand dollars?"
"They have capital, Mr. Mercer. I have none—at least none but my regular business education and my industry. These afford no basis for speculation. Indeed that has no basis. The indolent, ignorant, and unscrupulous are the most daring in these times, and, for the most part, the most successful."
"It was so in the beginning, I admit, but now every body sees the times are peculiar, and are putting into the lottery—'Twas and country are alive! Prudent old merchants who have gone into the jog-trot way of the last thirty years, are studying charts of new lots and maps of Western lands; lawyers are getting up monied institutions; literary men are in Wall street, and widows are speculating in the stocks. Common rules won't do now, Mercer. Everything goes by a succession of accidents. I am sure nobody can explain why property, real property, should be worth fifty per cent more than it was two or three years ago."
"Perhaps, sir, if you were to say why it should sell for fifty per cent more, next year may solve the riddle. The present prices cannot be sustained. Land is at this moment selling upon a hypothesis of our having in a few years some millions of population on this island."
"Well, if it be a delusion, why not take advantage of it, Mercer? My sons offered me a share in the purchase they are to make to-morrow. I promised them to consider of it. I have done so during my cool walk home this evening, and come to the conclusion to follow the good old rule and let well enough alone. At my age the care of new riches would be burdensome. I have been just as I am all my life, which, in this up and down city, few can say. I am not far from the end and I had rather finish as I began. I have enough for Ellen and me, and my sons are getting rich on their own account. But you, Mercer—you are a young man; without a money capital, you will have a long struggle of it. You will grow gray before you will dare to ask a woman to marry you, if, instead of taking advantage of this strange state of things, you plod on?"
"But what am I to do, Mr. Lyell?" replied Mercer, whose pulses were quickened by some of Mr. Lyell's suggestions. I have no money for the venture, and if I could obtain credit, I would not without property to sustain it. There is quite too much of this dishonorable mode of business carried on among us."
Ellen for the first time put in her word to say, "It seems to me this universal passion for riches is vulgar. Surely there is something better and nobler in this world to struggle for."

"Why, Miss Ellen! 'Love in a cottage' is it? That 'a bon jour la campagne,' as the French say; 'very well out of the bush,' as your old Dutch grand-dame would have had it, but in town (and Mr. Lyell winked at Mercer) love can't live in a cottage.—It must have at least a neat two-story house, with money enough to go to market in the morning and pay the servants on Saturday night."
"Now, Mercer, I am a prudent man, and have no fears. I will endorse your note. You shall enter this speculation with me. You shall enter this speculation with the boys, and as matters are going, you may sell out at the end of a month at a very decent little fortune. Your share of the purchase will be about twenty thousand dollars."
"Enter not into temptation, Mr. Mercer," said Ellen, with an arch smile. But Mercer had already entered in. His castle was already built in the story of a neat two-story house, and the conviction that Mr. Lyell had discerned his hopes and had presented the only mode of attaining them took possession of him. After a short silence and a stolen glance at Ellen, which conjured up intoxicating images in his brain, he snatched his hat, saying, "I will see your sons this evening, Mr. Lyell, and if they are disposed to let me into this partnership I will accept your very kind offer."
"Not so very kind; no, if there were the slightest risk I would not make it—for twenty thousand dollars is nearly two-thirds of all I am worth in this world."
"And if there be risk, I would sooner cut off my right hand than take it, be assured of that, Mr. Lyell."
And never was there a more conscientious assurance, but unfortunately Mercer began to feel the general intoxication. He found the young Lyells eager to admit him an equal partner in their speculation. They particularly liked him. They suspected their sister was not indifferent to him. They knew he was not there. They were elated with their recent success, and fancied Mercer had only to embark with them to launch on the flood that led to certain fortune. But, alas! the elation had even then, unperceived, begun. The purchase was made, all the late gains of the brothers invested and the father's name pledged for Haskett Mercer.
Shortly after Mercer was employed by a company in New York, to go to Illinois to examine some recent purchases of "fancy lots" made there. Before leaving the city he went to Mr. Lyell's to take leave of Ellen. It was four o'clock—the steamer left the wharf at five. He had but fifteen minutes to spare. He had no purpose what to say, but he was in that excited state of mind when fifteen minutes gives the color to one's life. Nature is in some minds more rapid than the magnetic telegraph.
"Miss Ellen is not at home," said the servant who answered to Mercer's ring—"The old gentleman has gone down to Mr. Gordon's."
Poor Mercer turned away thinking how interminable the four weeks of his absence would seem, but vainly casting the fashion of the uncertain future, he little thought that was the last time his foot would be on Mr. Lyell's door step.
As he hastened up the street he met an old mercantile friend of Mr. Lyell's, one those men infallibly weather-wise in the trading world.
"I hope," he said, "the Lyells have not made the purchase they were talking of?"
"They have."
"I am sorry for it. It will be a bad concern. I am glad, at any rate, that my old friend's neck is out of the scrape. It may prove a good lesson to the young men."
Mercer had no time to hear further.—He went on his way, and carried with him a load of remorse and anxiety.
His journey was long and painful.—Wherever he went, the demon of speculation had been before him and ruin was following in his train. His business was perplexing and detained him through the sickly season. He took the fever of the country, had enough under any circumstances, but alarmingly aggravated by his complicated anxieties. Happily his ravings of Ellen Lyell, of an angry father, and of bankruptcy, fell on the ears of strangers. His discreet physician withheld the letters that came for him, till, though staggering with debility, he was on the eve of beginning his homeward journey. There were several from the brothers Lyell, one from their father, and one from Ellen. The last was first read and ran as follows: "My dear friend, my father told me yesterday that he had written to you. I fear his letter is filled with reproaches. You will not be surprised that disappointment and loss should irritate his too unsteady temper. Your agency in this unhappy affair will, I know, grieve you, but you should be consoled by remembering that you embarked in it at my father's urgent request, and with expressed regret: our condition is yet far above want. The wise people tell us that fortune and ease are not, the best ministers to the human character, and I already find that enforced occupation, if it does not end the

evils it opposes, at least furnishes a piously divine against ennui and repining.—My brothers have waked from their dreams of illimitable fortunes and have entered upon a career of patient industry. This early check is likely to prove a great blessing to them. Already they have time and tranquility for domestic enjoyment. We have heard of your illness. Do not let your friends continue in ignorance of your precise condition."
This letter was four weeks old. If the tears were unmanly that fell upon it, they must be divided between the weakness of Mercer's body and the weakness of his heart. Its generous tone fortified him for the shock that was to follow.
The father's letter began: "Your soundly droll conduct, Mercer, in sneaking out of town, and hiding yourself in the Western woods, while I was left to bear the brunt of this ruinous business, is not to be forgotten. Never presume to come into my presence again, nor, on any pretence, speak to my daughter. Past friendships are forgotten—past injuries, which have involved me in remediless ruin, can never be."
The brother's letters were filled with details of mercantile disasters. They informed Mercer that, in default of his payment of his purchase money, their father, at a great sacrifice of his property, had met his engagements, and that, after satisfying the debt, nothing remained to him but his house and a few thousand dollars. They also advised Mercer from blame, and wrote with the courageous hope of youth.
But Mercer could not absolve himself. He had weakly yielded to the first temptation to join the rash and wicked throng who "make haste to be rich." He had departed from the principles which he had adopted as the rule of his life—the principle that fortune is the legitimate result of labor, and the representative of the economical virtues, and that it stands low in the scale of human felicitates.
Expiation of his fault was all that now remained to him, and he determined to waste no time in weak inaction and vain repenting. "I have lost," he said, as his thoughts reverted to Ellen, with a pang which cut through his heart, "the greatest blessing ever within the grasp of man. I will not, too, lose true honor."
It was a brilliant New Year's morning in the year 1841. Ellen Lyell was still Ellen Lyell—but how changed since that memorable evening five years before, when love and its bright train filled the imagination of the young woman of nineteen!—Sudden and sharp disappointment had followed, and that to softened, thoughtful regret, which gave rather a pensive aspect to her face, had been filled with vigorous duty. She occupied, with her father, a very small house in Madison street, where, by the rent of their nice house in Chamber street, the income of the wreck of her father's property, and her own earnings, she contrived to continue to him the ease and comfort of his more prosperous days. She had risen early to arrange her household for the day, and make her preparations for this pleasant gift season. She had her little German house-maid, her maid of all work, had, before the day dawned, put the last polishing touch of studious neatness, that adornment of a modest condition, to her two small communicating parlors.
"Now, Miss Ellen," said Gretchen, "every thing is ready and right."
"Not quite, Gretchen; this window-curtain has been pulled out of its place.—There, now the folds are even: do you hold while I tie it."
"This was done, and both mistress and maid turned their eyes towards the sky at the same moment, and saw the moon still shining through the immacurable depth of a clear winter sky.
"There!" exclaimed Gretchen, "is the waning moon seen over the right shoulder of us both on a New Year's morning; the best token of all the year, and sent, not, however, for my eye but yours, Miss Ellen, would have seen the curtain was not straight and but for your seeing that, we should not have seen the moon."
"Well, dear Gretchen, what particular happiness of the happy New Year does this lucky sight betoken?"
"Ah, that the day must show, Miss Ellen. If you have a betrothed, he will bring you the gifts you desire, or if you have not one, the day will show him to you. Something will chance concerning what maidens think most of. I see you don't believe a word of it, Miss Ellen, but it is so in my country. Among my people there are signs and omens for every day in the year, and unseen spirits for every dark hour; but here, you only see and hear with the eye and ear of flesh; not even the blessed Christ-child, that comes to prince and peasant in my country, comes to this dreary land."
"Dreary and disenchanted it seems to all of you, Gretchen, but our matter-of-fact lives save us from idle expectations. Now, for instance, if you and I, believing in the sign of yours, were looking for our betrothed or his gifts to-day, it would be all moonshine."
"Oh, as to me, Miss Ellen, I am away

from my people, and have lost my luck being kindled long before day-light the air was warm, the coals glowed in the full grate, the coffee sent up its aromatic perfume—incense fit for gods—and the lightest backwhists were smoking on the table. There was sassafras, too, (Mr. Lyell's sine qua non), and fresh honey, and Scotch marmalade, his favorite dainties, got by Ellen with some trouble, by way of a New Year's treat to her father. His frosty humor melted; the slipper, he said, were a nice fit, the room was warm, and, on the whole, he did not care if the children for once had their own way, and it was thoughtful of you, Ellen, to get this delicious honey for me."
Ellen was not hardened to the caprices of her father's temper. She was fortified by the resolution not to resist, but endure. She had long ago made up her mind that it was an infirmity not to be cured, but that patience was armor of proof against it. Patient continuance in well-doing is a sovereign remedy against most of the evils of life, and a certain salvation from its worst reforms.
"Where is the morning paper, Gretchen?" asked Mr. Lyell. "Can't you remember to put it on the table? You know I always want it."
"There is no morning paper on New Year's morning, Mr. Lyell."
"Ah! true! Give me last evening's paper then."
"The old gentleman must have his morning and his evening paper," said Gretchen, as she stood in the corner of the room, brushed the ceiling. "Net purse, gay colored bags, embroidered suspenders, for a favorite little nephew, and daintily little bright slippers, peeping from among the rich furs."
Skill and love were in-wrought in all these pretty gifts. Every stitch in them had been set by Aunt Ellen's kind hand; every flower upon them was an emblem of her unfeigned love. Money could not buy gifts so rich.
"There is something for you, my good Gretchen," said Ellen. Gretchen's eyes sparkled as she took from her mistress's hand a small, pretty plaid silk shawl. A shower of thanks was pouring from her lips, when Ellen said, "do you not see there is something within the shawl?" Gretchen unpinned and opened it. It was a picture, a colored view of a small town on the Rhine, done with great exactness of coloring and drawing, by a young artist friend of Ellen Lyell, at her request. Gretchen's words were checked for a moment, but tears, far more eloquent than words, gushed from her eyes as she turned from the picture to Ellen.
"Oh, dear Miss Ellen," she said, "who but you would have thought of this? And now don't you believe the blessed moon, this morning, was a true token? Ah, Brank! my dear old home! Ah, Miss Ellen, look here, look here just under that part of the castle. There is where we lived; there all the Wopels lived back and back in the ages, when the old castle stands there now, on the very top of the rocks on that high hill—Oh, many's the time that Brat and Hildergund and I, have climbed to it. What was I saying?—Yes, when the castle, that's as old as St. Mark, had its jolly knights, the Wopels lived in the cottage below it; and when it was a prison of state, it was one of my forefathers that kept the keys of the discarded room of torture, and when it was turned into a hospital, it was my grandmother's mother that tended the sick. There is the old chateau, too, and there the old stone bench, and those parlors; and there the very pile of dirt always before old Weissen's door; and there, where you can almost touch the boats as they pass up and down, the terrace garden to the old chateau; and there you turn and go up to the vineyard planted among the rocks, and so steep that they go on ladders to the vines. Oh, my beautiful land!—my home!—my dear old Brank!"
Poor Gretchen had forgotten herself—the picture of her home had worked a spell upon her imagination, and her last exclamations were in German.
"What is all this jingo about?" exclaimed Mr. Lyell, entering the room, and effectually breaking the spell. "The little, dirty village of Brank!" he added, turning his eye on the picture. "I remember it well, and the greasy dinner I got there.—I see no sign of breakfast, Ellen. Do you think I can eat your New Year's gift?"
"Not eat them, but wear them, sir," replied Ellen, placing at his feet a pair of new slippers. We have set the breakfast table in the next room; it is quite ready. Bring up the coffee and cakes, Gretchen."
"It will be cold there; it's always cold in the morning. What did you put there for?"
"The children begged to have their presents hung on a tree, and I could not move my furniture."
"And they must have it their own way. It used to be 'first come first served,' but now the very last come is first and best served; the brat of a baby before its grand-father."
Ellen made no reply, but opened the

door into the next room. Where, the fire having been kindled long before day-light the air was warm, the coals glowed in the full grate, the coffee sent up its aromatic perfume—incense fit for gods—and the lightest backwhists were smoking on the table. There was sassafras, too, (Mr. Lyell's sine qua non), and fresh honey, and Scotch marmalade, his favorite dainties, got by Ellen with some trouble, by way of a New Year's treat to her father. His frosty humor melted; the slipper, he said, were a nice fit, the room was warm, and, on the whole, he did not care if the children for once had their own way, and it was thoughtful of you, Ellen, to get this delicious honey for me."
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Poor Gretchen had forgotten herself—the picture of her home had worked a spell upon her imagination, and her last exclamations were in German.
"What is all this jingo about?" exclaimed Mr. Lyell, entering the room, and effectually breaking the spell. "The little, dirty village of Brank!" he added, turning his eye on the picture. "I remember it well, and the greasy dinner I got there.—I see no sign of breakfast, Ellen. Do you think I can eat your New Year's gift?"
"Not eat them, but wear them, sir," replied Ellen, placing at his feet a pair of new slippers. We have set the breakfast table in the next room; it is quite ready. Bring up the coffee and cakes, Gretchen."
"It will be cold there; it's always cold in the morning. What did you put there for?"
"The children begged to have their presents hung on a tree, and I could not move my furniture."
"And they must have it their own way. It used to be 'first come first served,' but now the very last come is first and best served; the brat of a baby before its grand-father."
Ellen made no reply, but opened the

tant to us, but the retrospect of to-morrow.—If her father was more than usually unreasonable, she doubled her patience. She smiled at the superciliousness of late friends (friends after common parlance) become patrons, and she received gratefully employment from those whose respect was enhanced by the manifestation of virtues which the change of her condition brought into action. If her gay young friends fell away from her she felt no asperity towards them; they found their pleasures, she her duties; there were few points of real sympathy between them, and in her secret heart she might well have thought she was rather the gainer than loser, by the change in their relations.
One still there was in her condition who was a serious happiness to her. The Mr. Lawrence to whom we have alluded, was her persevering lover. His sister was her favorite friend. He had an immense fortune. He was a young man of good principles and good feelings. The world said "a splendid match for Ellen Lyell." "You know the most fervent wish of my heart," Margaret Lawrence had once said to her, and she said no more.
"You must just do as you choose; all young people do so now-a-days," said her father; "but I would lay any wager you are the only woman in the United States who would not snub at Arthur Lawrence's." "Do as you think best, my dear sister," said her brother Gordon, "but I don't say there are few worthier men than Arthur Lawrence."
"You would marry Arthur Lawrence, Ellen," said her brother William, "if you could forget—and those should forget who are forgotten!"
"You misunderstand me, William," she replied, provoked to express the feelings her delicacy had restrained; "I would not marry Arthur Lawrence were he the only man in the world, I do not love him, that should be reason enough. I cannot love a man whose character in no sense accords with mine. Arthur Lawrence is, you know it, William, a common man;—nothing more nor less; of virtuous habits, no doubt; amiable and well disposed; but would you, would my father, would any of my friends, would any of my good relations, would any of my intimate acquaintances, a suitable match for me were he stripped of his fortune? I may seem to you proud or vain, or both; but I should require of my husband some correspondence of endowment, of cultivation, of capability, of taste to my own, and I hold that only to be a pure marriage where this exists. I have not forgotten," she added, blushing to her temples, "that such a marriage was once within the circle of my hope;—no, do I forget that it no longer is. I cherish no vain wishes nor vain regrets. I see the danger of uselessness or desperation in single life; no danger of wanting objects for my affections while your and Gordon's families are multiplying every year."
"Forgive me, dear sister," said her brother, "we have erred in measuring you, by common notions."
"That is not quite all your mistake," William; women are not allowed to use their powers of independence. The vulgar world has made marriage a necessity to them, and they dare not follow the impulses of their hearts—the honest demands of their nature; and thus it comes, that marriage, God's own most blessed institution, is so often perverted to what it is not."
But we have left too long the conclusion of our short story. The day went on; Ellen's visitors were not numerous, but they were old and well-remembered, with a sprinkling of young ones, who were attracted out of the fashionable heat by Ellen Lyell's charms and graces, which, if they had lost the effect of novelty at twenty-four, in our world of Spring blossoms, had gained, by their maturity, expression and force.
Arthur Lawrence came with the first and lingered to the last.
"I have not seen your father to-day," he said to Ellen.
"You can see him," said little Nelly Lyell, "for I saw him take a big parcel of papers off the entry table, and go up stairs with it, and I went up to show him Aunt Ellen's new desk; I could not make him look cross, and he did not scold me, though I spoke twice to him."
"Have you seen Aunt Ellen's new desk, Mr. Lawrence?"
"No, Nelly, I did not know your aunt had a new one."
Ellen looked at him with surprise; but Lawrence was one of those people who never ambush their feelings, and she was convinced he was innocent of the gift.
"Don't you know, Aunt Ellen, the best you the desk?" pursued the little girl.
"No, Nelly, I cannot even guess."
"Oh, she does, know! she does know!" insisted the child, mischievously; "she knows it's you—because you know your aunt's everything; lots of flowers, and lots of books. I should love you if you gave me so many things, don't you love him, Aunt Ellen!"