

Continued from First Page
When Ernest joined them, ready to depart, he found them gathered in the shadow of the vines that hung about the old stone porch, and taking his brother aside, whispered earnestly, "Wilhelm, bid generously with my child, and do not bind her by any promise that may prove burdensome. I do not doubt that she loves me, but I do not wish to see her loved and her silent sadness at the parting draws more near. Still, though this be so, leave her free till she has seen the world and learned to know her own heart. Tell her I approve her choice and own her bliss both in your great happiness, dear brother."

This drawing Bertha to his side, he laid his hand upon her head, saying, "Dear child, I have no words to tell you how beautiful you have made my life while sharing your home, nor how great is my trust in your strength and purity of heart, how bright my hopes of your future welfare, and how fervent my prayers for your happiness in the love you bear your father, and in the love he bears you, and come back to us unchanged by your long absence, our own simple home-blessed Bertha—God bless and keep you, best beloved child, and so farewell!"

He did not bid her in his arms and lavish fondness upon her as she would have done, for Wilhelm, anxious eyes were upon him, but pressing her hands in a strong, earnest clasp, he kissed her forehead, whispering as he stooped, "Be kind to Wilhelm and I am repaid fourfold for the little I have done for you."

Bertha's colorless face flushed crimson and her dark eyes fell, after one quick glance at the brother who had just said those words, to the grateful face, she laid her head on Ernest's breast, as if she never cared to lift it up again, and with a pang of bitter sorrow heard his departing steps grow fainter, till the clang of the great gates seemed to part them forever.

And Ernest with a farewell glance, saw Wilhelm at her side, her hand in his, pouring forth words which meant more to him than any words that Wilhelm had ever said, with maiden shame he faced, but he could not see how fast the hot tears fell, nor guess how like the idle wind his brothers' passionate words swept by her ear.

When Bertha met him on the appointed day, his brother, radiant with a happy lover's joy, was still beside her. But a great and sudden change had come upon her; she was no longer bright with smiles and youthful bloom, but silent, pale, and thoughtful, with a secret trouble in her eye and a stern resolve stamped on her face.

With Ernest, she carried all her powers to seem unchangeable, and in that short, hurried time he only saw in her sweet serenity the quiet of a heart brooding over its own happiness.

Toward Wilhelm she was doubly kind, timidly seeking to be all he asked and listening to his fond words with a strange, regretful earnestness as if she had no right to them and knew not how to answer him.

THE LAUGHING HERO

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASCARAT AT GOLIAH.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1838, Arizona, mother of dew and mist and golden clouds, came, as she always ever comes to the living scenery of the plains of Goliah—a thing of beauty, queen of the sky, on a throne of burning amber, robed in the crimson of fire, with a diadem of purple, and streamers of painted gold, that woke her senses down for the stinging of earth, and she was ready to pray heaven; but poet's song was waning, and she made the matrix of the place and the hour. Alas! no; it was a very different sort of music.

It Made Him Independent.

A man named Porter says he once had a clerical friend between whom and himself there existed great intimacy.

Every Saturday night, as Porter was sitting balancing his cash, a note would come requesting the loan of a five dollar bill. The money was always returned punctually, and the friend would return the bill with a note of thanks, and when I have bought my Sunday dinner, I have seldom a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel and blow up his congregation properly without he got something in his pocket to inspire his eloquence. You know that the next morning, five dollars of your every Saturday, that might feel it occasionally as I preached on Sunday.

First Premium Degenotype.

J. C. PRITCHELL, Degenotype.

Lithography is the superior and masterly style for which he is justly celebrated. Much respecting that art, and the various uses to which it is put, will be found in the "Degenotype" published by J. C. Pritchell, 107 Broadway, New York.

DO YOU WISH A GOOD PICTURE?

DOUBTLESS every one who has a photograph of any kind, and who is desirous of having a better one, will be glad to hear that the "Degenotype" is now being prepared by J. C. Pritchell, 107 Broadway, New York.

2000 GORDON'S GOOD WOOD

2000 GORDON'S GOOD WOOD. This is a new and improved variety of wood, and is now being prepared by J. C. Pritchell, 107 Broadway, New York.

10,000 GORDON'S GOOD WOOD

10,000 GORDON'S GOOD WOOD. This is a new and improved variety of wood, and is now being prepared by J. C. Pritchell, 107 Broadway, New York.

Watches and Time Keepers

Watches and Time Keepers. These are now being prepared by J. C. Pritchell, 107 Broadway, New York.

Watches and Time Keepers

Watches and Time Keepers. These are now being prepared by J. C. Pritchell, 107 Broadway, New York.