THE fotren jounivaĭ, Thos. S . $\operatorname{cnase}$,




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ARTHUR $G$ OLMSTED,
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$\frac{\text { Effrat sti }}{\text { L. F. WLLLISTON, }}$




 O. T. ELLISOY,
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- HEETMY J. OLMISTED,


COUCERSPGRT HOTEL




 hymi of tie atlaytic cable.

 He bold id the iightring in the cloud,
And thon ivithin the mare,




Sitertell Eade.

| A whiter in some modern magaziae, speaking of his hervinc, has said: 'She have; but, like alwost all womer, had neither the courage nor the integrity to cleare to that ideal. <br> It is a truth. He was a subtle student in woman nature. And, bad he generously added that woman may not go forth and search out her ideal as wan may, andmay not openly strive to win it as man may, we women would have read his word with out writhing. <br> I live in a quict, inland town, and know no people whose histories are called roof common dives when prove how difticult it is for wormen, unless they be surpassingiy beautiful, or wealthy, or gifted, to obey their best impulses of action, aud to live up to the code of conduct laid dnys for then by men who tifiak finely but have never suffered. <br> If Amelia Hall had not the beauty which belongs to the couplete wowan, she had her nature and her peculiar genius. And I hold it is the most poctic order of genius which nakes home a beautiful and happy place. The painter and the writing poet have always exquisite and abundait waterial with which to work. But woman (we speatk of her in cownot homes, nut of her in a palace) has often dingy thines and doled supply with which to deal ; but if she has genius, sie always creates a place to which man cuaues to rest. <br> All wouren are said to resemble some flower, as all men some tree. Ameiia Hall was like a rose, one of those roses which have a centre of faint star-color and single circle of pink petais as they spring up wild on road-sides and meadows, bu: which burst out with gorgeous, gulden hearts and pradigality of crimson corolla if they are transplanted to cultured gardens. <br> She was an English-cirl, an orphan, and a dependent on the buanty of her uncle, a rich old man who lived in wy native town. <br> I think it is a trait of all girls, whether gay or peusive, to tell to each other their aspirations and ambitious. <br> -How often I remember what Amelia Hall used to say,' remarked a friend last week, recounting to me the fates of various dreamers. 'While some of us hoped to be pocts, and one a queen, and one an actress, and another a travelier, and many corteat to be rich men's wives, with splendid wardrobes and jerrel-cases, the foreign- er used to say: 'O A merican girls! None |  |
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 husband, I will always, renain Awelia lage, and laid them away in a lovely roiom
Hall, and work in uncle's dairy-roun.' I of her heart, whose doors she barred.
rewenber how

 to chat with the rustic young men of the He lost soue of his ruggedness of ulanne.
afjaceint farms. Unit then she was con-- under her touch, thd a little peetry talen
tent


 coolly as if already affianecd, she refosed beautiful, in infusing her delicate tastes
offer afier offer from the wealthy and hon- intonherhuband's nature. Mrs. Yald found
est farmors.
 $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { and sle a porr. poor orpaian. On her } \\ & \text { twenty fourth bitth-n:git, as she walked }\end{aligned}\right.$ in the orchard as usuai at sun-down, her
uncte, lame and querulous, joined her and
leaned on her arm. She saw hope nhis leaned on her arm. She suw hope on his
poor old face. Hibs wuice ras cheer as he
began: Well, Millie. Feeldd maidlike?
Trenty-fort this minute and no loser! ts
it well. lassie? Millie suiled in her subdued fashion.
She looked duwn at her face in the nirror
of the brook. It was oval, swooth, and of the brook. It was oval, swooth, and
delicately rosy.

- I see, I see. You English keep well, said the old man quickly. (But your'll
ahter. lassie, when yu have to work night and day fur bradd and calico. What do
you miean to do to get these two things? and he eycd her cuauingly:
'I sball work at souething and take

 one with horses, aud chariuts, and farus,
aud wills, and 'louses- wants you for a
wife.
He's ben to day talk'ng with me and wills, and houses- wants you ior a
wiff. He's been to day talking with me,
about you. Why don't you suile, girl?
'Inerer could marry a man like George
' 'I never could marry a man like George
Yale,' she said.
'He's the comeliest young man in town,'
the old wan cootiuned. 'Ac'd worshipa



## of him, she said.

'Consider him, I say. I cun't bear to
sec you a slave fur mee; you'll soon be a
aiserable old woman. Marry hiai awd
have a howe, and let rue have a fuier 'exlilarated in the new atmosphere. She
roon to die in. Ies, I've heard the gifls grew gay apd beautiful. Her husband
tell how wap whepy of the clange, and the guest


cring.
IIstead of Fancy, Reason spoke that
eveniuy to Miss Hall.

pretilily call 'mate?: There are no such
inen in your town, and 1 assure you, you
will newer be known be oud its boundt-

## you lave while it is open.' 'But it is not in me to guide a man to ceauty and wisdow,' the heart earnestly

## plead; 'l would be led to higher sumumits. I slatil only go beak into the low-land if I bobey you, for I knonc I am intuitely

 superi'Don't tolls metaphssics to me, said
Reason coldy. 1 had rather know what
you think of working cappint yourself udd your uacle ninht y
wait for this fancy man. What do think of your old uncle's dying in the
alms.bous? What to you think of he
cominig a faded old anids coming a faded, old naid, eh? $-a$ fader
old maid, at whom, if hesiould meet ther Millie sighed wearily. More sutuly Re Milfie sighed wearily. More sotly Rea
son continued : 'Is it not better to be uis
ress of that comfort-
 howe, even at the sacrifice of a few fine
sensations? Would it be too nuch tor
his years of care for you? Be assuied. heason conoluded in an anful tone, ' $b$

