

gaily untrifled. I should have been blown to shreds."

He smiled.

"Just as I should have thought. Now can you imagine a rough fellow like me laying claim to such a delicate creature? Don't you see she was made for the quiet places of the world, where the wind does not blow; for the luxurious fireside, where all her graces would be at home, and in harmony with everything around her? But my wife must have something of the gipsy element."

"Ah, Captain Ellingwood, that shows you don't know Miss Vasour, after all. I could tell you things—but I shall not—you shall find out for yourself."

"I will try; but, meanwhile, I think Mr. Deane will carry away the prize."

"I hope he will, and that you will repent when it is too late."

"True feminine cruelty," he said, and I left him, half angry.

And as I turned to go out, Helen De Ruyter crossed the balcony in front of the parlor windows. She came into the hall, her black eyes glittering like diamonds, and her cheeks aflame.

"What have you and Captain Ellingwood been talking about so long? Here have I been haunting the balcony and dining room alternately, for half an hour, because Katrine said you two were tete-a-tete in the parlor. What were you talking about? Plotting treason, or—ah, I have it—match-making!"

"We were talking about Miss Vasour," I said, quietly.

She gave a quick start.

"And what did he say? He's too wise to fall into your snare, *ma chere*.—Captain Ellingwood is not a marrying man."

"So you told me before."

"Wasn't I right? Did you ask him? What did he say?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"I really must refer you to the gentleman himself," I said, as I broke away from her, and ran up stairs.

So he did not love Miss Vasour, after all. How provoking! My castle in the air was only the baseless fabric of a vision. It was a great pity. He would never find any one lovelier, or more noble, and I was mistaken in thinking that Miss Vasour regarded him with favor?

Something in her manner, a new softness in her always gentle ways, some new feeling shining in her face, and bestowing a sweeter beauty—these things I had noticed, and set down to Captain Ellingwood's account.

That afternoon I was returning home through one of the quiet streets, and came upon Miss Vasour and Mr. Deane, walking so slowly, that I could scarcely avoid overtaking them. She started, as I came up, and turned towards me a pale, agitated face.

"I—I am going down this way, Mr. Deane," and she put a fluttering hand upon mine, and drew me down into another street.

Mr. Deane went straight forward, giving a little sharp nod, as we left him, but not glancing at us.

"Now, Miss Vasour, what have you been saying to Mr. Deane?" I began, but her answer—almost a sob—sobered me, in a moment.

"Don't! I am inexpressibly pained. Don't ask me anything, my dear."

We had an hour before dinner, and I suggested a quick walk out towards the country. She caught eagerly at the proposal, and we went on for a half hour, without speaking. We climbed a height, at last, and the city lay behind us, an inlet of the harbor at our feet, and far away, the gray sea. A wild March wind was sweeping over hill, and the sun swam in red angry clouds. We stopped, catching a quick breath, and holding our cloaks fast.

"Ah, I wish we could conquer everything in life as easily as we can outwalk and withstand this rude March wind," she said, while the wind roared and whistled around us.

"Our own wayward hearts, do you mean?"

She looked at me suddenly, while the beautiful eyes filled.

"O Allee, do you think mine is a wayward heart?" I hope not—I hope I am not ungrateful or unappreciative—but I must be true," she said, with emotion.

"And so you felt compelled to say to Mr. Deane. It is a pity, for I believe he loves you truly."

A look crossed her face, as if the words hurt her.

"You would not say so if you knew how far I am from thinking I could ever care for him. It would be impossible—quite impossible," she added, seeming to speak more to herself than to me.

"And yet Mr. Deane is an honorable man, clever, polished, and making his way in the world."

She moved uneasily.

"It is this very polish—this superficial smoothness that repels me."

"What would you have?"

"Something higher and sterner, no matter if it were more rough. If one were strong, and true, and brave, I don't think I should miss those exterior re-

finements—those conventional graces that do so much for Mr. Deane."

Whom was she thinking of? Or was it only an ideal? She was looking towards the harbor full of ships at anchor.

"That is the Arabia, Captain Ellingwood's vessel," I said.

Her face kindled, and her eager eyes sought the place which I indicated.

"Do you know he goes to sea in another month?"

"No! Does he?" the color vanishing from her face.

"Yes. He has lain a long time in the harbor, now—waiting for some repairs, I think. I have a sister who goes to sea with her husband. How would you like that?" I said, gayly, as we started homeward.

"*Cela depend!*" she answered, blushing.

"Upon the sailor, I suppose," I returned, laughing. "But it would be a doleful life for me."

"I don't know—I love the sea, and if my love and my life were there, I should prefer it to land," she said, softly.

"I'll tell Capt. Ellingwood that," I began, mischievously.

She turned a perfectly white frightened face on me.

"Ah forgive me!" I cried in remorse. "How could you think I was in earnest?"

I was punished by seeing her particularly reserved with him for a whole week, and the captain, after looking at me suspiciously, accepted his fate, and spent his evenings teaching Miss De Ruyter chess.

That was her unfailing resource.—Every gentleman who came to the house had the honor of teaching her that intricate game, but notwithstanding her numerous instructors, she never seemed to make any progress.

At the end of that week came Easter Sunday. Miss Vasour came down to breakfast, looking, as Mrs. Forsyth said, as if she had been dreaming of the angels. Her morning face was always beautiful, so full of peaceful sunshine—a light, too still and pure to be called brightness, looking out of the limpid brown eyes, and lingering in the tender dimples and curves of her sweet mouth.

"Will you go to church with me this morning?" she said, in a low tone, as we sat at breakfast. "It is Easter, you know."

"Yes, I will go. Have you an offering for the altar?"

"I'm afraid only a poor one."

Capt. Ellingwood's keen eyes were upon us, and it was not favorable to close confidence. He came beside us, as we went out together.

"Will you let me go with you, this morning? You ought to indemnify me in some way for the past week," he said, detaining us.

Miss Vasour threw the reply upon me, and stood still, stroking little Patrick's curls.

Patrick O'Mahoney was a little blossom of a boy, the pride and delight of the cook's warm Irish heart. The little fellow clung to Miss Vasour's dress, and laid his round face in its folds, quite in awe of the grave captain, who watched him with a smile, that was half surprise half pleasure.

"Is it because it is Easter that you are so—what shall I call it, Miss Vasour—tolerant of that little specimen of the cannaille?" said the captain. "I could never have thought of Miss Vasour and a little Irish boy in the same connection."

The white hand moved rather restlessly among the reddish curls on the little uneasy head, as she said:

"I don't know what strange fancy you may have about me, Capt. Ellingwood, but little Patrick and I have always been very good friends."

"What would you think if you were told that she washes his face mornings, and tidies him for breakfast?" I said, abruptly.

Captain Ellingwood lifted his eyebrows, playfully exaggerating his astonishment, and just then Mr. Deane passed through the hall, on his way out, closing the door after him, with emphasis, and so we parted.

An hour afterward Miss Vasour ran up to my dormitory, on the floor above her own, and tapped at the door. Her hands were full of flowers, when I opened it—violet, blue, and white, and odorless, as if they had all winter been hoarding up sweetness; some sprays of fern thrown into relief, and a few pendent wreaths of the mitchella intertwined.

"My Easter offering," she said, with a radiant face.

"Capt. Ellingwood sent them?"

She nodded, smilingly.

"You are all ready for church?" I asked.

"Yes."

She retreated a step, whirling around in graceful sport.

"My new dress, you see. How do you like it?"

"Perfect."

It was an exquisite toilet. From the

smooth braids of glossy hair to the sweeping folds of the pretty poplin, everything was comme il faut.

"Dove-colored, too! What will Capt. Ellingwood say?"

"What?"

"Run down stairs now, and don't disturb me. I'll call for you when I'm ready."

She went down, singing a hymn.

I heard the low music, as I proceeded with my toilet. Suddenly a loud shriek broke upon the Sabbath stillness of the house—another and another. I rushed out trembling. Miss Vasour ran down stairs before me, with the speed of the wind. Another shriek. It was from the basement. I fled thither, and stumbled over the housemaid in the doorway.

"For pity's sake, Ellen, what is the matter?"

"Oeb," screamed the girl, wringing her hands, "it's Patrick that's fell into the hog'shead, and I can't get him out, he'll be drowned infirely, and his mother left him in my care, the day. Oeb, whina, whina!"

I ran past her to the kitchen, but Miss Vasour was there before me. The hog'shead was sunk in the ground, nearly to its top, and poor Patrick's little white face was disappearing under the cold dark water for the last time. Before I could speak, Miss Vasour had gathered her flowing drapery around her, put her small hands upon the edge of the hog'shead, and gently and easily lowered herself into it. She stooped to find the child, the water rippling around her neck, and saturating her braids. In a moment, she had lifted him out, and I took him from her hands, ghastly, cold and stark, his reddish curls dripping with water, and all the light gone out of his pretty blue eyes. Ellen caught him from my arms.

"Oeb my darlint, will his mother ever be after forgiving me for letting the swate child go and get drowned! Oeb, woe's me, woe's me, woe's me. Holy Mother have pity!" cried the poor girl.

"He isn't drowned," cried Miss Vasour, from her hog'shead. "Don't you see he can't be? O Mrs. Forsyth! That lady had rushed to the rescue, and was circumnavigating the hog'shead in the utmost perplexity and consternation. O Mrs. Forsyth, take the child, and let Ellen run quickly for the doctor. There's not a moment to be lost."

Everybody seemed to appreciate that fact, and hurried away in different directions. I turned to Miss Vasour.

"How am I ever to get out?" she said, dolefully.

The cold water was around her shoulders, and her teeth were chattering.

"If you could put something in here that I could step upon," she said, half crying, as the excitement died away.

I ran into the house, encountering Captain Ellingwood in the passage, coming in with grave inquiring looks, that seemed to ask what all this hubbub was about. With true feminine instinct, I cried:

"O Captain Ellingwood, come and take her out!"

I led the way back, swiftly, and the captain followed, only understanding that his services were needed. The situation was ludicrous. It would be quite impossible to do justice to the astonishment in Capt. Ellingwood's face. I laughed, merrily.

"Don't laugh," cried Miss Vasour, piteously, and with a shiver. "I know I look absurd, but I'm so cold."

"Little Patrick fell in and she took him out. He would have been drowned," I said to the captain.

He stooped—a little hand was laid upon each of his shoulders, and he lifted her out tenderly, setting her down upon the ground, looking at her as she stood there, pale and beautiful, and as wet as an ocean nymph, with eyes that were strangely soft. I think he took her into his heart at that moment.

"Poor little dove!" he said.

A flush crept slowly into her cheeks.

"Her plumage is sadly ruffled this time," I said.

"Well! There has been quite a scene," said Helen De Ruyter, entering upon the stage. "But your dress is ruined," she added surveying Miss Vasour.

"There might be a worse wreck," said the captain. Helen looked at him sharply.

I drew Miss Vasour away. By-and-by, word came that Patrick was restored. There was no church-going that day.—I treated Miss Vasour as unmercifully as if I had been educated in a hydro-pathic institution. She did not go down to dinner, but in the evening Captain Ellingwood came to her door.—The little parlor smiled its prettiest smiles for him, and Miss Vasour was lovely in the languor that followed upon the morning's excitement. After a time, I discreetly withdrew.

May morning, Miss Vasour stood in my door—her face aglow, and her heart's secret shining out of her happy eyes. I

guessed it in a moment. In June she went home to prepare for her own bridal. And when Captain Ellingwood made his next voyage, his pretty wife sailed with him.

TRICKING A MAGICIAN.

IN THE CAR with Mr. Heller, and a friend, in Boston, the other day, were some half dozen people, among them an estimable old lady who had evidently been doing her marketing, for she carried a basket on her lap, containing groceries, vegetables, and in particular a large quantity of eggs. Mr. Heller sat down beside the old lady, and for a few instants nothing of moment happened. Mr. Heller then stooped down and picked up two eggs from the floor, and handing them to the old lady, remarked that she was losing them. The old lady, a little surprised, thanked the polite gentleman, and everything again relapsed into silence. In a few moments a repetition of the scene. The old lady wondered how it was, she hadn't noticed the eggs fall, and wondered still more when Mr. Heller a third time picked up several eggs, which he insisted had dropped from the basket. This so puzzled the old lady that she got up, and taking the eggs out of the basket, she disposed them on the seat, and taking out the vegetables in the same manner, put the eggs back, and the other articles on top of them and then sat down. Mr. Heller then leaned over to a gentleman who was on the other side of the old lady and remarked audibly:

"I saw you do that. It's wrong."

"What do you mean, sir—what's wrong?" said the gentleman addressed, rather indignant at being spoken to in this way.

"You shouldn't have taken those eggs."

The old lady turned towards the gentleman, and looked at him very suspiciously, while the other answered with great gravity:

"Are you mad, sir? I took no eggs."

"But I saw you," said Heller.

By this time the attention of the other passengers in the car was directed to the conversation.

"It is false!" exclaimed the one accused, evidently feeling very uncomfortable.

"That is too much, sir, when I say I saw you," said Heller, and with that he arose, and passing before the old lady, who looked half frightened and half angry, stood before the gentleman accused.

"What do you call that?" said Heller, taking from the man's overcoat pocket two eggs, and handing them to the old lady, "and that," taking two more from the other pocket.

"Lord, O Lord, who would a'thought it?" said the old lady.

The gentleman from whose pockets the eggs had been taken rose from his seat and stood opposite Heller, saying:

"I don't understand this; perhaps we can find some more."

"No doubt I can," said Heller, putting his hand in a side pocket and taking out three eggs, two more from his hat, and a couple from his trousers. This occupied some few minutes, as Heller proceeded very deliberately and slowly, to the evident surprise and indignation of the other occupants of the car. "And here, look here," continued Heller, taking a box of spices from the man's hind pocket.

"Put that man off the car," said somebody.

The car was stopped, and the man on whom all this had been played waited for no further development, and bolted through the door as fast as his legs would carry him. The old lady confounded herself in thanks to Mr. Heller, and said she would never have suspected—he was such a nice-looking gentleman, etc. Mr. Heller's friend whispered to somebody next him, however, and pretty soon everybody in the car was laughing, the old lady being the only one who remained in ignorance that this was one of Mr. Heller's jokes. By-and-by the car reached Cambridge and Mr. Heller and his friend got off. As they were walking along, the friend said he thought he had noticed that Mr. Heller had had a pin in his scarf. "So I had," said Mr. Heller, and he felt for the pin, but no pin was there. "Could I have put it in my pocket?" and he searched in his vest. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "where's the money?" and he nervously sought through all his pockets. "Sold, by Jove!" Mr. Heller was minus a cameo scarf pin, \$28 in bills, and a gold match box. He had for once struck the wrong man, who, while Heller had been going through him, had been quietly going through Heller. Strange to say, when Mr. Heller got back to Boston, he mentioned the incident to nobody and enjoined strict secrecy on his friend. All of which shows that it takes two to play a joke, and that biters are sometimes bitten.

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