

The Princeton Union.

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CALENDAR FOR 1878.

1878	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
Monday	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Tuesday	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Wednesday	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Thursday	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Friday	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Saturday	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Sunday	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18

SUMMARY OF THE GENERAL NEWS.

English Crop Reports.

The Mark Lane Express review of the British corn says the supply of English wheat in Mark Lane is again small, and for dry lots ready sale is experienced, especially for red, at fully late rates. Imports of foreign wheat into London last week were liberal. In spite of heavy supplies, which consisted mainly of Russian and East Indian descriptions, a steady feeling was apparent in trade. Millers have evinced an increased desire to operate, and it is probable that as soon as Russian supplies cease, prices may rally some few shillings per quarter. The requirements of France and the desire to have the tariff temporarily remitted on foreign grain imported from this country, are also a strong point in the trade which is besides upheld to some extent by a fair outward movement, exports last week exceeding 11,500 quarters. The decrease in shipments from the American ports, which will now be experienced, should also help trade. It is certain that our own increased winter consumption cannot be relied on sufficiently as a power to enhance the value of wheat, and should the prices rise the improvement will be due, as far as can be seen at present, to a deficient crop requiring to be supplemented by importation in neighboring European countries. Fortified by these considerations holders still refrain from pressing sales, and in certain state of political affairs the future course of the grain trade is more difficult to foresee than it has been for a long time past.

After Leo's These Many Years.

Dr. Lemuel S. Draper, of Washington, was appointed assistant surgeon of the navy in 1862. Early in 1865 he was on the Princeton at Philadelphia. Thomas A. Menzies, a blockade runner, but previously an engineer in the confederate navy, was a prisoner on the same vessel. Menzies obtained leave to go ashore, and Dr. Draper had leave to go with Menzies for forty-eight hours. Both left Philadelphia together and went to Baltimore, where they were arrested by troops while at a confederate party in honor of Menzies's return. In February, 1865, Draper's appointment as assistant surgeon in the regular navy was revoked, but on the 14th of the same month revocation was cancelled and he was followed to resign, at his own request. After many ineffectual attempts to get back into the navy, Dr. Draper has been reinstated as assistant surgeon, pay for thirteen years and ten months.

A Desperate Character.

A bloody tragedy was enacted in Washington township, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the evening of the 20th. One William Martin was accused of circulating stories derogatory to the reputation of a young lady named Briggs. With a view of demanding an explanation, Frank and Caleb Briggs brothers of the young lady, started, with two other men, to call on Martin, but met Martin on the way, when the latter, before a word was spoken, struck Briggs on the neck with a knife, severing the jugular vein and killing him instantly. Martin then attacked Caleb Briggs and injured him severely before the others could interfere. Martin is still at large. All parties to the affair were young men.

How Not to Pay.

A mob of armed and masked men took possession of Osceola Mo. on the night of the 14th, arrested everybody on the streets at the muzzle of revolvers and shot guns, then went to the court house, seized all tax books for this and past years in the county clerk's and treasurer's offices and carried them away. The trouble grew out of a railroad tax which had been levied to pay certain judgments against the county for past due interest on railroad bonds. Several of the mob were recognized by officers of the law, and arrests will probably be made, in which event more trouble will doubtless occur.

Fearful Loss of Life.

The boiler in the extensive candy factory of Ernest Greenfield at No. 63 Barclay street, N. Y., exploded early on the morning of the 20th, throwing down the five story building and immediately wrapping the ruins in flames. The number of the employees in the establishment, mostly boys and young girls, was unusually large, work being pushed to the utmost, in view of the holidays. The loss of life is estimated at over one hundred, the most of whom are young girls between 8 and 20 years. Large numbers who were not crushed to death by the explosion, undoubtedly miserably perished in the flames and smoke which instantaneously filled the building.

Tax to Support Free Schools.

The South Carolina Legislature took a recess until the 16th of January. The most important measure adopted was ratifying the amendment to the State constitution, which levies an annual tax of two mills upon all taxable property in the State for the support of free schools. On the final passage to-day, more than two-thirds voted affirmatively. The committee to investigate the bonded debt will report immediately after the recess. No special class of bonds will be declared fraudulent, but only particular bonds which were issued irregularly.

Return of Sitting Bull.

A Helena, Montana, special says: Father Genia arrived at Maras river on the 19th, and reported to Fort Benton by messenger that Sitting Bull had crossed the line

The Yankees' Dinner in New York.

On the evening of the 23d, the New England Society in New York City, celebrated its twenty-second annual dinner. President Mayes and Secretary Ervarts were present and made speeches.

Adjusting a State Debt.

The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill to compromise the State debt at 4, 5, and 6 per cent, by a vote of 12 to 10, and ordered its transmission to the House.

Presidential Reception.

President Hayes and family, with a few invited guests met with a most hospitable and elegant reception at the hands of the Union Club League of New York, on the evening of the 21st.

RUSSIA'S WAR WITH TURKEY.

Gen. Krudener's corps has started for Orhanie. A Vienna correspondent telegraphs that Turkey's first pacific effort may be regarded as a failure. Germany hinted that treating with Russia would be the shortest way of coming to an understanding. It seems that when the note was first mentioned, the Austrian government replied that it could not hold out any hope of successful mediation on such a basis.

Erroneous Interpretations.

Being given to the circular of the Porte, inviting mediation, it is officially explained Turkey does not approach the powers as a vanquished state, since she still has two lines of defense which the government believes she would be able to hold. The Porte, by its circular, desires to intimate its unwillingness to consider proposals made by the Constantinople conference. As the war began, owing to Turkey's refusal to adhere to those proposals, the Porte thinks it might be terminated now on that basis.

The Dutch Steamer Friesland.

From Java to Rotterdam, has been lost, it is believed, with all hands, off Cape Finisterre. She passed Gibraltar Dec. 5th. Wreckage has been sighted, which there is but little doubt came from the Friesland. The crew numbered about fifty. She had no passengers. It was first reported that she had 262 passengers, but these were mostly pilgrims, who landed at Paddal.

No More Excursions.

A special committee appointed by the last national association of general railway passenger agents, and representing the views of a large body of passenger agents throughout the country met in Chicago on the 18th and reported in favor of discontinuing all excursion rates and tickets in the United States at all seasons of the year, also favoring a ticket uniform as to times, limit and form of making for all the railroads in the country.

Sentencing the Rioters.

On the 15th inst. at Wilksboro, Pa., eight men, were tried for, and convicted of riot. They interfered with the running of pumps at Briggs's shaft, near Scranton, last September. This afternoon Judge Handley sentenced the leader, Thos. Moran, to one year and nine months' hard labor in the penitentiary, five hundred dollars fine and costs of prosecution. Three others were fined ten dollars each and sentenced to three months' in the county jail.

South American Trade.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Merchants Exchange of St. Louis, on the 19th, a movement was inaugurated for the formation of a company at that place and New Orleans for direct trade with South America, by means of steamers sailing from the latter to South American ports. In New Orleans, a considerable sum has already been subscribed for the purpose, and it is believed the scheme can be made to work successfully.

The Mississippi Jetties.

A dispatch from Port Eads says the official survey of Capt. M. R. Brown, United States army inspecting officer at the jetties, shows a 22 foot channel over 200 feet wide entirely through the works, which entitles Mr. Eads to the second payment of half a million dollars. A practical channel through the jetties was found, with a least depth of 23 feet.

Searching for Buried Treasure.

It is stated that Capt. J. H. Fogels of New York who is to undertake the recovery of \$6,000,000 in treasure supposed to have been sunk in the frigate San Pedro Alcantara on the Spanish main sixty years ago, has obtained subscriptions enough to start upon his expedition.

Urole Sam Wins.

The tobacco cases growing out of the seizure by Supervisor Greedy in 1868, which have been on trial for the past seven days in the United States District Court of New Orleans, have been decided by the jury in favor of the government. The amount involved is estimated at over two hundred thousand dollars.

Joyce Pardoned.

The President on the 9th signed a pardon for John A. Joyce, convicted of conspiracy to defraud the United States of taxes on distilled spirits. The pardon is full and unconditional. Joyce, it will be remembered, was sentenced to \$2,000 fine in addition to his imprisonment.

A Canadian Strike.

Three hundred strikers on the canal works from Montreal to Lachine, Canada, have brought about a collision with the contractors, in which one or more of the former were killed. The riot is not yet over, and the police are powerless to suppress it. The strike was for one dollar per day.

Silver Remonetization.

A mass meeting of the citizens of Toledo, Ohio, was held on the evening of the 21st, at which resolutions were passed condemnatory of the Remuneration act, and demanding its repeal. Other resolutions favored the remonetization of silver.

A Senator Ill.

Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, is considered in a very critical condition. He to-day suffered a severe attack of congestion of the brain. His relatives have been telegraphed.

Parliament Convened.

The London morning papers officially announce that Parliament will meet Jan. 17. It is stated the cabinet has decided to ask Parliament to vote a grant of money for such increase of the British army as the present situation demands.

United States Senator.

The Democratic caucus of the California Legislature on the seventh ballot nominated J. F. Farley for the United States senate. The vote stood; Farley, 42; McDonald, 2; Hager, 18.

Stadtmiller gives a vivid description of the affair.

He is employed with Hodges & Co., and was within forty feet of the doorway when the explosion occurred. It seemed to throw up the whole sidewalk, and the front of the building fell to the street. There was a two-horse truck of the Delaware & Lackawanna express company passing, and the wall fell on horse and driver. Stadtmiller said he believed there were nearly 200 persons employed in the building at the time.

There were not more than a dozen girls employed on the ground floor, most of the boys and girls being engaged on the second and third floors.

Stadtmiller says that he is positive that not more than six girls and a dozen men came out alive through the Barclay street entrance. The elder Mr. Greenfield was about the first who rushed out and he was scalded. He saw about a dozen making their escape by the roof to the adjoining roofs. As near as could be ascertained there must have been about 120 persons employed in the factory at the time of the disaster. The scenes at Chambers street hospital were heartrending in the extreme.

Ambulances were quickly at the fire, and were busy in taking wounded to the hospital.

The station house and Chambers street hospital were besieged with men, women and children, all anxiously inquiring for some missing relative.

THE LATEST.

A later estimate places the number of persons in the building at the time the explosion occurred at 170, including twenty visitors and customers. The boiler had been in use five years, and it is said Greenfield had been several times warned that it was unsafe. The loss is now estimated at half a million dollars.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

It was New Year's Eve—the snow fell fast and thick on the frozen ground. In Bloomsbury Square the trees and lawns were white with snow. The Christmas decorations and the blazing fires made the dingy-rooms of the handsome old-fashioned houses of the square seem earthly paradises to the homeless, barefooted outcasts whose "ragged wretchedness" were blown aside by the keen east wind. The cruel wind drove the snow-flakes in their pinched, blue faces, and covered their tattered garments and lean, sallow flesh with what was at one moment "ragged wretchedness" were blown aside by the keen east wind. The cruel wind drove the snow-flakes in their pinched, blue faces, and covered their tattered garments and lean, sallow flesh with what was at one moment "ragged wretchedness" were blown aside by the keen east wind.

With what wretched eyes those shivering famished step-children of fortune gazed first at the dining-table, covered with the snowy damask, and glittering with glass, china and silver, and then at the clean, cozy kitchen, where before the noble fire the turkey, the saddle of mutton, or the sirloin was roasting.

One of the houses in question belonged to Mr. Pomfret, a solicitor with a fair business in the city. He had a showy, handsome wife, a very proud, pretentious and pedantic woman, and a subtle and sly "tyrant" where she was Mr. Pomfret, who looked on her, but who had a great idea of man's supremacy, by pretending to obey him, always the while craftily managing to have her own way in everything. They had six children—four boys and two girls. The eldest, a boy, was fourteen; the youngest, a girl, was four. One poor, pale governess—Miss Moss—educated the four girls, and had charge of the two mischievous boys—Master Wellington and Master Nelson—during the holidays.

Mrs. Pomfret was of a warlike spirit, and was very fond of heroic names. Her father had been a Captain in the Marines—and she had herself dubbed him "Colonel" after his decease—and she was equally attached to both the Army and Navy. However the great boasting piece of the family was Mr. Pomfret's younger and only brother, Sir Henry Pomfret.

He was a barrister in good practice, had written a law book which had become an authority, and was so lively, and gentlemanly, and popular, that he made friends wherever he went.

It was so bright, so genial and so lovable, that even those clients who had weak cases, he could not gain retain him still as a friend and continued their "refreshers" in the shape of good dinners and choice old wines. On the whole, these clients were to be pitied, for whom he gained by his eloquence and learning all important verdicts, positively idolized him.

One among them, a nobleman of political influence, Sir Pomfret's friend, the Colonel, was a member of the House of Commons, and "our brother, Sir Henry Pomfret, the Judge," became Mrs. Pomfret's favorite boasting piece in conjunction with "my father, the Colonel."

Sir Henry had been abroad three years at the time of which we are writing, and was about thirty-five years of age. It was, as we have said, New Year's Eve, and snowing fast. The house and grounds were all wrapped in paper, fell at the blue feet of the outcasts.

Mrs. Pomfret reddened with anger, and rushed up-stairs. The school-room was on the second floor. She suspected the cause of the offense that had exasperated her. She wanted to vent her ill-humor on some one—the safest person in the house was Miss Moss.

Miss Moss was a second cousin of Mr. Pomfret's, an orphan and quite destitute, she had only been received by Mrs. Pomfret; boarded, lodged and paid twenty pounds a year, at Mr. Pomfret's request, on condition that the relative should be to be kept quiet and never allowed to stir up any of the family quarrels.

Another cousin of Mr. Pomfret's—Della, commonly called Della Domville—also lived with the Pomfrets. She had been so named by an Irish aunt, who naturally pronounced Della Dullia, and her style of beauty and her gorgeous velvet dresses gave her a close resemblance to that splendid flower, the Dahlia. The Irishman's blunder was universally adopted. Mrs. Domville also lived with the Pomfrets. Mr. Pomfret was her guardian. She had some fortune, and paid £100 per annum for her board and lodging. She was a great belle and a great flirt, and having a high spirit, Mrs. Pomfret was as obnoxious to her as she was overbearing to Miss Moss.

On the landing of the second floor Mrs. Pomfret met Masters Wellington and Nelson giggling.

"Who dared to throw once to beggars, against all the rules and orders?" asked Mrs. Pomfret. "Not you I am sure, my precious loves?"

"I know—it was Miss Moss, mamma," said Master Wellington.

"She's always giving to beggars," said Master Nelson.

Mrs. Pomfret, red with wrath, entered the school-room.

"Who has been throwing pence out of the window to beggars?" she asked.

"I did," said Miss Moss. "The poor creature seemed starving with cold and hunger."

"I have soup tickets at your service, and indiscriminate charity is the special aversion of Mr. Pomfret and myself. To encouraging street beggars, alias robbers, Miss Moss, you risk our being murdered in our beds. Pray get more of Sir Henry's money, and do, and worse still to Mr. Pomfret."

Miss Moss bowed her head in token of submission.

"Ma, pa's come, and wants you directly. He's in a letter from Uncle Harry, and a present."

"Or me?" asked Mrs. Pomfret.

"No, he doesn't know you—he hasn't opened it; but it's something in a red morocco case, for I saw that through a hole in the paper," said Nelson.

"Which you're young shaver," said the elder boy, in a whisper.

Mrs. Pomfret had hurried down stairs. Miss Moss pale and trembling had sunk back in her chair. She was leaning her arms upon the desk, and her face in her hands, and was weeping silently. She said to herself: "Why should I care for Mrs. Pomfret's unkindness? He has been heard of. He is well—perhaps he has sent a kind message to Cousin Rose. He never was ashamed to own me. Heaven bless him!"

The children were all to go to the play. Poor Rose had dressed them, and they were gone to desert. She was just sitting down to her weak tea and toast when Della Domville, the belle of Bloomsbury, came in.

"Rose," she cried, "do help me with these plait and curls—I can't make them feel safe—and then fix this wreath for me, and I am sure that great stupid Ann has laced my dress as I feel quite crooked."

Rose complied—a hole had been missed. While Rose set it right, Della said: "I've such news to tell you, Rose—Sir Harry will be here to-morrow."

Rose turned pale and red, and for a moment felt very faint.

"You'll never guess what Cousin Harry is coming for," said Della. "To take a wife back with him, and that wife no less a person than the belle of Bloomsbury."

"But I thought," said Rose, "you intended to marry Mr. Philip Flounder."

"I did, poor fellow; but I must bow him over—the can't make me 'my lady,' and Sir Harry comes. But, oh, Rose, I called on Phil's mother to-day, on the sly, and he's been 'cald' to the bar."

"You're not called if they are not wanted. He looks lovely. Sir Harry," continued Della, "is an ugly old bore compared to Phil, and when Phil is Lord Chancellor, his wife will be 'my lady' indeed. But I might have so long to wait, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." And, oh, Rose, Sir Harry sent such a lovely set of pearls and emeralds as a wedding present for his bride-elect, I couldn't refuse them, though I could him, and I must go together. I suppose, how'll you set off my lady Pomfret? Ah, you hand some flirt, you!" she added, shaking her curls, while addressing her own blooming image in the toilet-glass: "you were born to be 'my lady' indeed. How well the new dress suits your style of beauty? It doesn't it, Rose? But isn't it a pity Sir Harry Pomfret hasn't Phil's handsome face and fine form, and Phil's wit and genius, too? Don't you think so?"

Rose did not—could not—speak.

"I say, Rose, are you ill?" said Della. "How pallid and bad you do look!"

"No, I am not ill, thank you."

"You're only the contrast of my complexion and yours. That's not my fault, nor yours, either. Here's Sir Harry's letter to Mr. Pomfret—do read it."

"Arrive at the door, miss," said Ann, at this moment.

"Coming," cried Della. "Light me down, Ann," and without even a "Thank you" or a "Good-night," she hurried away.

Rose Moss did not even remark her rudeness. Cousin Harry's letter was in her cold trembling hand—the letter in which he offered himself to his lovely cousin, the belle of Bloomsbury.

"To wonder that he chooses Della," she said to herself, "she is so handsome!"

She glanced at herself in the mirror, which reflected a very slender form, robed in deep mourning; small delicate features, a very pale complexion, dark eyes full of tears, and a profusion of glossy black hair, simply braided and coiled round a little Grecian head. What a contrast to Della's masses of golden hair and ringlets floating down her back, her brilliant complexion, her scarlet lips and her turquoise eyes.

"How handsome she looked to-night, in that green velvet and white satin, with all that point lace, and those gems setting off her white shoulders, fine bust and lovely arms; and such short sleeves! He used to be so very fastidious, so particular. Oh, that she were worthier of him! Can she, the admired of all, ever love him as I, the slighted of all, have loved him—as I, weak, wilful heart—do love him still?"

Poor Rose Moss sat down by her frugal fire, poured out her weak tea, and nerved herself to read Sir Harry's letter. It ran as follows:

DEAR BROTHER—I am on the way to your hospital abode; I hope to dine with you on New Year's Day. Poor dear old Culpeper has left me his estate in Cornwall, and £10,000 in the funds. The house and grounds are let for three hundred per annum for the next fifteen years. I can now pay all my old tormenting debts, and as I am sick to death of my lonely grandeur here, I have made up my mind to go. Now, there is no one here at all to my fastidious taste, and my hopes center in you, my lovely cousin and belle of Bloomsbury, who will not, I think, say "No" to Cousin Harry. Not that I ever spoke of love to her, but how will you ever pay my debts, or make a settlement on my wife, and I don't fancy she rather likes me. Perhaps your kind wife will prepare the dear girl for my arrival and proposal, for I have but a week to stay in town.

"Don't forget that I can now 'make my Jean a lady,' as Falconbridge says. I was half in love with my pretty cousin when I left England, but not only I thought it best to ascertain what the climate and mode of life here were, but to pay off my old Oxford and London debts and secure some little capital before asking her to leave your home. I find no fault with the climate and I like the place, and I said before, dear old Culpeper has made me rich. I am compelled to give grand dinners here; but what's a table richly served, without a woman at its head? I can bear my solitude no longer; so if all goes well you will see me to-morrow. I am now at Southampton, after six weeks at sea. Some months ago I sent over some fine pearls and emeralds to be set by Garratt. They are to be a wedding present for my bride-elect. Garratt is to set them and send them to your office on New Year's Eve. Take charge of them until I arrive. I have no time to say a word except love to all.

Your very affectionate brother.

HARRY POMFRET.

The cold, weak tea remained untasted—so did the dry toast. The frugal fire went out, and still Rose Moss sat, cold and sick at heart, weeping silently. At half past twelve the sound of carriage wheels and a thundering knock at the door, announced the return of the day-guest.

Rose caught up the letter which had fallen at her feet, hurried into her bedroom, locked the door, and threw herself on her hard curtained bed. Presently the nursery-maid tapped at the door.

"Please, miss, missus says will you give the children their supper, and plait and curl their hairs, as Sir Harry is coming to-morrow, and they must be done, though they are ever cross and sticky."

"Tell your mistress," said Rose Moss, "that I have a bad headache, and feel too ill to get up."

Ann grumbled as she went, saying to herself: "Well, it's ever so long, I never! such airs, and she's only a governess."

She soon returned.

"Please, miss, missus says if you'll just plait and curl the young ladies' hair, you may go to bed again directly."

"I am too ill and tired to do it," said Rose, nerved by despair to defy Mrs. Pomfret's tyranny.

A few minutes later the belle of Bloomsbury rapped at poor Rose's door.

"Do let me in, Rose," she cried. "I want your help in dressing, and I have so much to tell you."

"For me?" asked Mrs. Pomfret.

"No, he doesn't know you—he hasn't opened it; but it's something in a red morocco case, for I saw that through a hole in the paper," said Nelson.

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