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"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

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Business Directory.

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Jewellers and Silversmiths, three doors west of Miller House, Ashland. Gold and Silver Pens, and a choice variety of Jewelry kept constantly on hand. Highest price paid for old gold and silver. Repairing done to order and on reasonable terms.

PLAIN AND FANCY

Book and Job Printing

IN THE NEATEST STYLE

AND UPON THE

MOST REASONABLE TERMS,

AT THIS OFFICE.

From the Bangor (Maine) Democrat.

The Chieftain of the West.

A sound comes rolling from the West,
With volume deep and cadence strong;
It sweeps New England's mountain crest,
And trills her shadowy glades along.
By fierce Niagara's sparkling foam,
Through flowery fields and forest dun,
In gilded hall and cottage home,
It wafts the name of Pendleton.

And backward shall the echo fly,
Athwart the prairies gorgeous vest;
Nor shall the thrilling chorus die
Among the vineyards of the West.
But o'er the Mississippi's tide,
To mountain-studded Oregon,
Shall swell through all the nation wide,
The honored name of Pendleton.

By Monticello's sacred shade,
Where rests the Sage in holy sleep,
His soaring spirit oft hath strayed
To quaff its inspiration deep.
And when the spotless mantle fell,
From proud Virginia's lofty son,
His guardian angel caught the veil,
To grace the noble Pendleton.

He comes, the nation's woes to cure,
Her griefs to soothe, her wounds to heal;
To lift the burden from the poor,
And stay the proud oppressor's heel.
Commerce shall find her champion here—
Religion calm her votary, too;
The lofty statesman own his peer;
And Freedom boast a guardian true?

His wand the stubborn will shall mould,
Bid Chaos flee, and Order reign;
Law's sacred majesty uphold,
And hallowed peace restore again;
Shall claim the frenzy of the hour,
Bid brothers, long estranged, embrace;
And tell how Love adorneth power,
How mercy is the crowning grace!

Of noble men, young, pure and brave,
With courage for the welcome strife;
'Tis his to rescue from the grave
A gasping nation's waning life!
To save a Union, Heaven ordained,
A Constitution Heaven has blessed,
So shall the People, love-constrained,
Exalt the Chieftain of the West!

Faust.

Select Story.

MISS AUBUSSON.

[From the Galaxy.]

She dropped down upon us suddenly as a star from heaven. And, indeed, she was beautiful enough to have come from some other, kindlier sphere, where the more genial elements favor a higher degree of physical perfection than is common in this bleak, half-tamed world, full of east winds and north winds, and icy cold and sultry heat, of sorrow, and wrong, and work, and cares.

We were rather an aristocratic set at the Thornton, priding ourselves upon our delicate tastes, our genuine high breeding, our appreciation of modest genius, and our scorn of gilded ignorance. Parisian dress and an opulent purse were not enough to secure admittance to our coterie. Shoddy we utterly refused to tolerate. One or two mushroom millionaires had tried to enter our charmed circle and retired in dismay from the difficult task. Of unprotected women, fascinating women, unattended by masculine relatives, we were shy to the verge of discourtesy. For do not our hotels teem with adventuresses in search of a fortune, a position, a husband?

Accordingly, when we read Miss Aubusson's name on the register, and learned that she had taken the pretty suite of apartments just vacated by Vignette, the artist, we shrugged our sholders, smiled incredulously, and regarded it as another proof of the amiable weakness of our host, who, in spite of frequent disastrous experiences, could never refuse credence to a charming woman.

Carl and I had a parlor which we used in common. Miss Aubusson's apartments were on the opposite side of the corridor. Carl was my half brother. He was given to music; I was an artist in an humble way. We had both passed the rough places which guard the approaches to every profession, and had won leisure from success. And so it happened that we chanced to be sitting in our parlor after the five o'clock dinner, while Miss Aubusson's people were bringing up her baggage.

Beside the porter, who was temporarily in service there was a delicated, French-looking maid, who called her mistress "Mees," and a tall, shabby man, who seemed to have the oversight of the removal. The man growled as one heavy trunk after another came up, and the maid scolded vivaciously in broken English.

The ventilator between our room and the entry was open, and madmoiselle's sharp Gallic accents reached us at intervals.

"It is you, Monsieur, that is of the most shameful behavior. Why do you not go away when I ask you? I shall tell it to Mees."

"Norine!,

It was an exquisite voice that interrupted the discordant French tones, fine, vibrating, round and soft, having a flowing grace and rhythm about it, as if it would fall easily into song.

"Pray don't make any disturbance, Norine. Please go away now, Mr. Cumberland!"

There was a muttered reply—he was but a boorish fellow, surely—and then he tramped heavily down stairs.

"What and who is Miss Aubusson, I wonder?" I said to Carl.

"A lady, certainly," said Carl. "Can she have the gift of beauty? That voice is dower enough for one woman."

I laughed. Carl had touched upon one of his pet fancies. He was indifferent to those facial peculiarities that indicate character. To his misty short-sighted, Saxon blue eyes, the werld of faces was much the same. But his fine musical ear, his magnetized organization, were curiously alive to sounds. And impressed by him, I, too, had fallen into the habit of judging people by the voice.

I had faith in Miss Auburson from this time. But when we met her the next day in the drawing room, her beauty surprised us. Nature had been almost too munificent.

A petite creature, she floated into the room with a wonderful, indescribable grace. She had an etherial face, fair and pure; little rings of blonde hair curled around her wide, calm forehead; her hazel eyes, lit by golden flashes at times, were always singularly clear and transparent. And with all her exquisite undulating grace, there was in the carriage of the beautiful head, in the curves of the neck a regality, a noble pride.

"*Incedit regina!*" whispered Carl.

In half an hour everybody had accepted Miss Aubusson. She was the crowned queen of the Thornton, henceforth. Mary old bachelors, who suspected all woman of designs on their celibacy, paid fearless homage to the gracious sweetness which cared so little to allure. The matrons were charmed with her dignity, the young girls were enchantee, and the young men raved about her. The Drawing room ceased to attract when Miss Aubusson was absent. And that was very often—far too often for these enthusiastic new friends of hers.

Not more than two evenings a week did she spend with us. At other times she was driven away after dinner in a close *coupe*, which the black driver brought around at seven o'clock.

Miss Aubusson never made any remark as to the way in which these evenings were spent. She was singularly uncommunicative, maintaining a quiet reticence which discouraged any expression of curiosity or interest. But from the French maid, Norine, the ladies understood that "Mees" went into society with friends at the other end of the city.

Whatever was the nature of the convivialities it which she assisted, it was evident that they were exhausting in their effect.

She was wont to come down in the morning, her face whiter and more transparent than ever. The fine-grained skin flushed less rosily than at first; the luminous, beautiful eyes shone out of purple hollows; there was a sharp, pinched look that told of suffering.

What was it that preyed upon the life of this young, tender creature? It I asked the question with mingled curiosity and pity, Carl had a keener interest. Miss Aubusson had been at the Thornton six weeks before I had guessed that carl Fries was in love with her.

He was an odd fellow; quite undemonstrative; capable of intense, concentrated feeling, aspiring to impassable heights of nobleness, delicate and dainty in his taste, a Brahman among Brahmans, as pure as Sir Galahad, and as brave and chivalric as any grand knight of old; not affluent in small graces; brand some after the Norse type; blonde haired, blue eyed, of a fair, large symmetry; a man whom woman of enthusiastic temperament naturally worship.

I could not at first divine whether or not Miss Aubusson loved Carl. She bore herself towards him with the same gracious gentleness that she wasted upon us all

It was a simple enough accident that showed Carl's heart to me.

The bell had rung for dinner, and Carl and I, having just come down stairs, were crossing the hall on our way to the dining room, when, to our surprise, we saw Miss Aubusson standing at a side door, in earnest conversation with a shabby, dissipated looking man whom we had seen the first day she came, and who Norine said, was an agent for "Mees." There had been a little wondering gossip about the connection of a man of such disreputable appearance with a lady like Miss Aubusson; but as he had never been seen again, and she had crept into all our hearts, it died away.

On this occasion the bell had rung some minutes before Carl and I left our room, and as there happened to be no servant about, Miss Aubusson certainly had reason to suppose that she was unobserved.

She was standing just within the doorway, her wine hued silk gleaming in the light of the chandelier, her head a little bent forward, her whole figure indicative of earnestness; and as we approached we heard the pathetic, soft entreaty of her voice.

She started at the sound of our footsteps, which she did not hear till we were close beside her, said a few low, rapid words to the man, and then turned to go to the dining hall. There were two or three letters in her hand; her eyes were wonderfully bright; her sensitive upper lip quivered with emotion

We stood aside to let her precede us. With a slight bow she did so, but at that moment one of the letters slipped from her hand and fell upon the floor. Carl hastened to pick it up.

"Miss Aubusson?"

She turned, saw the letter in his extended hand. Instantly her face whitened. There was anger, shame, fear in it as she said, almost clutching the paper that he put into her hand.

"Mr. Fries, did you see the superscription upon this letter?"

But she glanced up at him as she spoke, and her countenance changed

"I beg your pardon! I should have known that you would not look at it."

Carl's fine face flushed.

'You are good to say so," he answered.

"No!" she was smilling now in her own sweet, sunshiny way. "No! I was very wicked to be so rude. Pray forgive me! This letter is connected with a painful secret that concerns a friend of mine."

"Her embarrassment, her emotion, were past concealment.

A soft fire shone in Carl's eyes.

"Will you accept my sympathy, Miss Aubusson? Can I not be of service to you?" he said.

"Oh no! Thank you most kindly! But not one can help me. If any one could, I should be proud to ask it of you. But no one can do any good."

There was an indescribable pathos in these last words and her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

Miss Aubusson did come into the drawing room that evening, and after sitting there awhile I went up to our own parlor,

Carl was there alone

He laid down the newspaper that he was making a pretense of reading as I entered.

"Is she there?" he asked.

"No, she drove off in the *coupe* half an hour ago."

Carl got up and began to move about.

"I am glad she is gone. I have been trying to keep myself from going to her. Once with her I shall betray everything And I want to be master of myself—which I am not to-night."

The pallor of intense feeling was upon his face. His blue eyes shone steely bright—the fire of love burned steadily—but around the mouth, the nervous, convulsive motion, betrayed his excitement.

"Carl, I am sorry for this!"

"For what?"

"I am sorry that you have fallen in love with a girl of whose atecedents you are ignorant, whose friends, if she has any, we do not know, who may be—',

He turned upon me fiercely.

"What?"

"Anything! A beggar in disguise, perhaps."

He looked gratefully relieved

"But, Carl do be reasonable!"

He gave me a hurried glance, and then flung himself into a chair, looking as little like a reasonable person as possible.

But I was patient.

"You must admit the existence of a mystery, Carl, why is she so reticent as to her history and connections?—Where does she go four or five evenings in a week? Who is this disreputable person who presumes to seek her?"

Harsh questions, I know; but I felt justified in putting them. Carl winced visibly; his face whitened.

"The mystery may involve nothing discreditable to her, Nelly," he answered. "I am sure she has good reasons for whatever she does. She may have disreputable friends, but if she were pure I would pluck her out of the pit itself. And, Nelly, when some carrion crow of gossip was pecking at her reputation did you not say you would take your life on her goodness?"

This style of argument was embarrassing. I found refuge in iteration.—"You see, Carl, she has something to conceal. She was both angry and frightened when you picked up her letter."

"The anger was for that beast, who ever he is."

"And the fear was lest you had discovered something that would betray her."

"Nelly, was it like an *intriguante* to turn upon me with that sharp, curt question as to whether I had seen the superscription?"

"That may have been a piece of subtle acting. Or the alarm may have surprised her into directness. At any rate, Carl, promise me that you won't marry her till you know more of her than you do now."

"I will not marry her unless she assures me that she is willing to confide her history to me, and let me judge of it for myself."

"Pshaw!"

But these were the best terms I could make.

We both retired early that night. I think it was about eleven o'clock when I heard the French maid trip softly down stairs, and return presently accompanied by her mistress, having let her in at a private side door. A little time passed, and I fell into a sound sleep from which I was suddenly awakened by a low conversation that went on just outside my room. The sounds sometimes rose to audible speeche sometimes seemed to die away in sobs. And I was sure that it was Miss Aubusson pleading with such agonized earnestness for I knew not what. Carl's room was adjoining the parlor. I rose, dressed and went out.

"Carl!" I called softly.

He came out instantly, dressed as he had been during the day.

"I think she will need me. Half an hour that man has been in the entry, and she has been beseeching him to go. If he does not leave her soon I shall go out"

It was now quite twelve. I could hear the murmur of conversation below. The house was not yet asleep. Presently there came a tap at our parlor door.

Carl opened it upon Miss Aubusson, standing there in her white cashmere wrapper, her features tense and sharp, her eyes wild and tearful.

"You said you would help me, Mr. Fries."

"I will—with my life."

'Thank you." The word so poorly expressed the gratitude that lit her face. "I need you now.,'

Carl went out instantly, and I closed the door somewhat chagrined. I, too, was eager to help her. But she had not seemed to see me, and I would not obtrude myself.

But through the opened door I had seen the man leaning against the wall, intoxicated, as I believed. The French maid stood in the doorway of Miss Aubusson's parlor, shaking her fist, and by other vivid pantomime expressing her scorn of the intruder.

I heard Carl say:

"I will take him away, Miss Aubusson. Pray don't be alarmed."

She broke into a low cry.

"Oh, don't hurt him, Mr. Fries! Oh, be gentle with him! If you can only get him away without any one seeing him I will thank you forever. I shall die of shame if he is seen"—and here the voice was choked by passionate sobs.

"Don't fear! I will do my best. Where shall I take him?"

She gave an address, and added a few broken words of thanks.

I heard them going along the entry and down stairs—the true, steady step and the clumsy, uncertain one. Then, after a time, a door shut somewhere, and all was still again, except for the sound of passionate, bitter weeping, and Norine's broken, ineffectual attempt at consolation. I longed to go to her, but I dared not. I mended the fire and waited for Carl. It was an hour or more before he came in. He looked pale and troubled. He sat down in the chair I silently placed for him, and gazed gloomily upon the smouldering fire. I knew that he bitterly feared some terrible disgrace for the woman he loved.

I sat down beside him presently. "Did you get him off unseen, Carl?"

"Yes, thank Heaven! I was all the time afraid, though, that he would collapse on my hands. I got him across the hall into the servant's entry, and so out by the rear entrance. It was only by great good luck that we met no one. I finally got him home. On the way he talked in a maudlin way about 'Kate,' but I paid little attention to him" And then Carl paused.

"What is he to her, do you think?"

It was Carl's question. I had not dared to ask it. I gave no answer. In the pause that followed we both recalled the voice and look of tender pain with which she besought Carl not to hurt him, the unfaigned distress with which she sobbed out that she should die of shame if he were seen.

"He is not all looking!" I said at last: "not if he were the man he was meant to be. There is really something uncommon about him. A fine nature in ruins." I added.

"Well," said Carl, sharply. "Why don't you say it out, Nelly? You think he may be her husband? So do I. Great heaven. A woman chained to a thing like that."

There was no word to be said, no consolation to offer. I could almost have wished Miss Aubusson at the bottom of the sea before she had come to be the disturber of Carl's peace.

We had not been without our troubles—we two. But they were now only remembered sorrows. Carl had climbed into the sunlight of fame, and I sat by and shared the brightness. Nobody else had a right to be proud of him I was proud of that, too. And I had my pangs when the large, unsatisfied nature went out to seek another love than mine. But this selfish feeling died in prospect of trouble to Carl. What would I not have done to prove Miss Aubusson free and fit to mate with him?

I dreamed of her in the brief, uneasy naps that filled the rest of the night. Her sweet, pathetic beauty was before me, the sorrowful, tender passion of her voice in my ears.

I was curious to meet her in the morning. I searched the proud, gentle face for any sign of shame or dishonor of her own. But I could not find it. And I had made up my mind that Miss Aubusson was a vicarious sufferer, when Carl bent over me in passing, his azure eyes aflame.

"I am going to see her. I have asked for an interview, I shall know what is the spectre that haunts her," he said.

Looking up at him, I could not help saying, impetuously, "God help you if it is anything that can come between you and her!" For I saw that, for better or for worse, he had given his whole soul into this woman's keeping—given it with that entire surrender that is only possible to such strong, self-centered natures as his.

I sat a while in the drawing room waiting, but Carl did not return. Then I went out to the studio, where I was accustomed to meet my class of young girls. All that morning there was a current of thought tending toward Carl, underneath the careless, girlish chatter

Carl was in the habit of looking in upon me almost every day; sometimes we ate our lunch together? if it was only five minutes that he stayed, it made my day bright. I liked to get away from the prosaic details of my daily work, and rise into Carl's world, filled with all beautiful forms of poesy.

But to day he did not come at all, and the gray, sombre afternoon drew slowly to a close.

As soon as I was free, I went home, and hastened up to the parlor. Carl was there, some pretence of reading in his hands. But he was only thinking.

"Well, Carl!"

A shade crossed his face as he met my eager look.

"It is all unsettled as yet!' he said hastily.

I was vexed and annoyed.

"Don't be impatient, Nelly! I am to see her again to-night!"

"But why to night? Why does she hesitate? Why can't a woman put by coquetry for once in her life?"

"There is no coquetry. Be patient with her, Nelly! You would if you could have seen her as I did."

The wistful eyes, the inexpressible tenderness in his voice, softened me.

"How did she receive you?" I asked

"How did she receive me? She came to the door to meetme, and her voice faltered through all shades of feeling as she thanked me for what I did last night. And then I told her. That was my vantage ground. you know. But I thought I dishonored myself by accepting it, for she could not repulse me as she might have done if I had not placed her under obligation to me. Something of this I said. And then I knew my avowal was not painful to her, that she was proud and glad to owe anything to me. But she said—quite calmly, and her luminous eyes looked up with sweet frankness—that when I knew her history I might wish all this unsaid; from what she knew of me she could not doubt it would be so; and here the color all fluttered out of her face. But she would not blame me. She would not blame me, she repeated. Then she said she had an imperative engagement to-night, but she would return early, and I might come to her then. She would tell me all that I ought to know."

"She has virtually owned that there is something to be concealed, that she is not the well-born, epulent, indpendent lady that we have all taken her to be.

"Don't croak, dear Nell! She may be poor. I think she is. There was only a small fire in the grate, and Norine sat in a wilderness of sparkling shreds and light, floating fabrics—converting old fashions into new ones. Miss Aubusson told me so, as a pretty apology for Norine's rudeness. The woman actually snubbed her mistress."

"And Miss Aubusson?"

"Only said quietly that Norine had been her mother's maid, and they were used to her humors',

"A French maid in her mother's time! But what of the man who was here last night?"

"She grew pale and distressed at the bare mention of him, and said that, asleep or awake, he was never out of her thoughts—never anything but a source of pain and forboding to her. And this she said with a sob that shook her from head to foot."

A silence followed our talk. I read the magazines quietly. Carl pretended to do the same. But I could see that his impatience was wearing upon him. His fine face was beautiful with vivid color, his eyes preternaturally bright.

"Shall we go somewhere?" I said at length.

"Oh, thank you, Nelly! I should like it."

We went out into the intense, winter night. Sublimely calm, the constellated heavens brooded over the restless world. Unmindful of the crowds, we walked on, and the benediction of the night fell upon us.

"It is not what I want, though," said Carl, impatiently. "If I could work off this excitement somehow! But the glory of the night will only intensify it. Ah, Nelly, come, come in here!"

"Go in here! Carl, are you crazy?" He did not heed me.

It was a second or third-rate theater. The great masses thronged here. Common faces were all around us some were gross faces that leered stupidly at us, dull souls not up to the finer forms of art, uncultivated natures that cheered the ranting actor, and went into raptures over the pert actresses who shunned their sex.

The spacious house was already crowded. Our seats were far down toward the stage, where no innocent illusions were possible. The pasteboard, the tawdrines of the scenes, the roaring billows of blue cambric, the tinsel, the rouge and powder, were unmitigatedly obvious. The play was one of those *quasi* moral ones where the rascally hero is overcome with confusion, and piously repents at the *denoucment*, amid the vociferous applause of the galleries. But to-night the galleries were inattentive, there was an occasional hiss during the long drawn out scenes, and in the interludes shrill calls for somebody whose names I did not catch.

"They want Mademoiselle——" again I lost the name—said our next neighbor to Carl, "The famous *danseuse*, you know! Never have seen her! Is it possible?" and the portly gentleman shrugged his shoulders in surprise and pity.

"You see this is her last night," he explained. "It was said that her engagement was up, but she was persuaded to appear once more. And I should think it must be a temptation. She earns fabulous sums, I am told, for a woman.

Carl sat silent through all this, his handsome face immobile. What he thought of the coarse people around us; of the extraordinary toilettes; of the ude girls who giggled and maneuvred to catch the eye of such a remarkably handsome man; of the stale odors; of the cerulean lake upon the curtain which lacked the enchantment of distance, and showed crude and coarse; of the gamboge sky and the two blotches of purple that were meant for mountains, I could not guess, for he neither looked at me nor spoke. I think that Miss Aubusson's face came between him and all these things, supplanting their dreariness by her glorious beauty.

As I sat thinking that this was our first contact with things of this sort, a ravishingly sweet melody stole out, low, delicate, sinuous, aerial, stilling every breath, alluring the pulsing through to silence, beguiling the senses, flowing now into subtle, silver waves that rose and fell, and rose and fell, like pellucid waters upon some charmed shore; and rising falling, swaying upon that thread of honeyed melody, borne as the wave bears the forth upon its bosom, the *danseuse*—not a woman, but a fairy, no fairy, but embodied music—her transparent, snowy drapery haloing her like a cloud, her lily face shining out of a mist of golden hair, and so at last, when the eye and the ear are enchanted, drifting toward the footlights, and bending in graceful obeisance before the hundreds of adoring faces.

"Great God!"

The smothered cry leaped all unwares from Carl's lips.

The girl grew white as the laces that covered her throbbing heart, and the dark, intense eyes fell as by some irresistible allurement upon us.

It was Miss Aubusson!

There, under that storm of coarse applause, the target for those bold eyes, her exquisite grace, her rare beauty on exhibition, profaned by the gaze of all the world, sold for money!

A moment she bent before the wondering people, nothing alive about the white, rigid face except the luminous, fascinated eyes fixed upon Carl; then, all at once, as the scene swam before our intense gaze, she seemed to melt away from sight, sinking to the floor in a snowy mist.

Carl sprung to his feet, There was a quick, frightened cry from behind the scenes, a shout of alarm in the theatre, and the curtain went swiftly down upon the excited, tumultuous audience.

I held Carl's hand fast. It shook like a leaf. He did not seem to hear me. I was quite forgotten.

"Don't go!" I entreated. "You would not leave me! Wait! We shall soon know all."

The hurried running to and fro behind the curtain had already ceased.—A moment and the manager appeared.

"Mademoiselle had only fainted—nothing more, he assured them. The entertainment would proceed—"

We did not hear the rest. We both rose; so, too, had half the people in the theatre; the aisles were thronged, and our egress was delayed. As we waited outside a moment while the carriage drew up, we heard everybody talking about the wonderful *danseuse*.

Mademoiselle had already driven away, and was lost to the public, it was said.

Carl did not speak during our drive I too, was silent. The evanescent gleams from the street lamps showed his countenance pale, calm al: its phases, I could not read it now.

When we reached the hotel, we went quickly to our own parlor. There was a sound of movement in Miss Aubusson's apartments. Presently, Norine came out, pattered along the corridor, was absent a moment, and came pattering back again.

Shall I go to her, Carl? If she is ill I may help her."

He gave me a quick, grateful look. "Thank you! Go to her, Nelly.—Beg her to make use of me; and if she is better, ask when she will see us"

I intercepted Norine in the entry, expressed my sympathy, and offered my service. Then I waited for the answer. It came quickly.

"Mees was quite recovered, and would see us presently."

I went back and gave my message to Carl. He stooped suddenly ts kiss me, but I caught the flash of tears in his eyes.

"You won't forget me, then? you won't turn me out of your heart for any newcomer?" I said, selfishly; for indeed it was hard to lose him.

"God bless you, Nelly! Never! But to think what a life she must have had"

"I know, Carl!',

We walked up and down the room together. Our intimacy was of that rarest kind that does not need many words to express it. We had said scarcely anything more when Norine came to call us.

Miss Aubusson was sitting at the further side of the large room. She rose to receive us—rose, but did not take a step forward. There was a troubled, doubtful look in her eyes—in her face a sweet, innocent pride that had yet a touching pathos. One unjustly doomed might have looked so For she beleived sentence had been already passed. She did not even hold out her hand.

But when I kissed her, Carl led her gently to an easy chair, a soft flush kindled her cheeks.

"You are very good to me," she said tremulously. "I did not think you could be so good."

I sat down on a hassock near by. Carl stood a little way off looking at her. Her eyes searched his face eagerly; they could not have read anything there ominous or woful; she could not fear to trust to him.

But suddenly her eyes fell, and the hot blushes rose fast. "You will have guessed my story," she said. "You have seen my father. I had to earn money for us both. I tried very hard, yet every day we got poorer and poorer—so very poor at the last. And then I found I could dance—presently I grew almost rich. I wanted to know what men and women are who are refined and good, and so, with poor Norine to help me, I crept up into the society that would have spurned me, knowing what I was. It was my little time of happiness, my life had been very hard. But, oh, I never meant *you* should see me!" she cried, her calmness forsaking her.

Her head drooped, she covered her face with her hands. There was much pitiful humiliation in her attitude—the burden of sorrow and shame lay so heavy upon her. She wept passionately.

Carl bent forward; drew her hands away.

"You will not tell them?" she sobbed, shrinking from him. "You will not tell thoes people who know me? I have done no harm; I was not ashamed to be among them; I have kept myself unsoiled by any evil."

"My darling, dancing may be as holy as praying. God knows all. And He has sent you to me," said Carl.

He took her in his arms, wondering, incredulous of her great happiness.

I slipped away softly, closing the door upon them, shutting myself, out into the loneliness, and went back to the parlor that had been the home of Carl and me—never quite the same to me any more.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to have Healthy Grapes.—In summing up the new discoveries out of the year, Hovey's Magazine says:—"The failure of the grape crop has naturally instituted inquiries as to the cause, and although it is admitted that it has been from the late spring and cold wet summer, the question arises if we may not secure a fair crop under such circumstances, which are likely to recur again. Thus the West—which last year suffered as the East has this—have a plentiful supply this year, never better, even the Catawba being quite free from rot. This fact shows conclusively that moisture in excess is fatal to the grape crop, and knowing this, it will be the main object of the cultivator to guard against it. We cannot combat with the season, but we can and should pursue such a course of culture as will not aggravate its effects.

'The lesson taught by this fact is, that we should avoid everything in grape culture which has a tendency to maintain an excess of moisture around the roots. Deep trenching and high manuring must be discarded, except in thin and elevated localities, and an abundant drainage supplied, which will carry off as quickly as possible the surplus water. Sites should be selected which have a gentle slope to carry away the surface water before it can find its way through and saturate the earth; coarse materials and sandy soil should be used when the ground is flat; and all precautions taken to keep the soil warm and dry. The roots will then have energy and vitality enough to throw off the mildew, which attacks only weaker vegetation, as we see it attacks the Delaware and weaker growing sorts first. As to vineyards, to be a sure success, they should be on side-hills as they are in the Pleasant Valley region, where the grapes, wherever shown, have carried off the prizes this year."

To Measure Grain.—It is convenient to farmers and croppers at this season to have an easy and correct rule by which to measure corn in cribs. Here is one: Having leveled the corn in the crib, measure the length, breadth, and depth, and multiply them together, and deduct one fifth; and you have the number of bushels in the ear—for shelled corn take one half of this. To be strictly correct, add half a bushel to every one hundred. Farmers who are fond of ciphering can test the correctness of this rule by taking 1727 solid inches for a foot, and 2150 inches in a bushel and see that the latter is nearly one fifth larger than the former.

Poultry Houses.—Eggs, and hens too, will be scarce, if the poultry house is infested with vermin. Pour boiling water over the roofs, and indeed, into every crack of the building, and if you can, wash clean with strong soap suds, and when this is done, whitewash the whole.

Catch the fowls and rub a little grease under the wing, on the head, and touch various places on the body with it. The fowls will amply repay you for keeping their house scrupulously clean.

Sweeny in Horses.—We have used the following liniment with perfect success, and have never known it fail in any of the numerous cases of sweeny to which we have seen it applied. We think it may be considered a certain cure, unless in instances of very long standing where nothing can successfully reach it: Alcohol, 1½ gills; turpentine, 1½ do.; hartshorn, 1½ do; sweet oil, ½ do; oil of organum, ½ do.; oil of wormwood, ½ of organum, ½ do.; oil of wormwood, ½ of an ounce.

The above mixture is to be applied twice a day to the parts affected, carefully, as wherever it comes in contact with the skin, the hair is temporarily removed. Keep the part well greased if it becomes sore, and after a few days applications, drop off twice a day to once in two or three days, until the liniment is used up.—*Stock Journal.*

Keep the Cattle and Colts out of Your Meadows.—It is very bad economy to allow stock to crop the meadows in early spring. Stock will tramp up and pack the wet soil, and their track can be traced the whole season. Besides, it is very detrimental to the grass. The first growth is always the most vigorous, because of the spring rains; if this is cropped, most grasses start again from the root. This makes the hay crop later and always diminishes the aggregate to a much greater extent than the benefit afforded to stock by a half bite of early grass.

The best way we can recommend, is to pay especial attention to stock, by giving the very best hay, roots, bran or meal, and keep them from grass until they can get a full bite.—*Exchange.*

The Potato Bug.—As the period for this troublesome insect to begin its devastations is near at hand, we call attention of farmers to the follwing remedies, which have been tried and pronounced highly successful:

1st. Take half a bushel of saw dust and a pint of coal oil; mix well, and sow broad cast over the potato hills. Repeat the dose if the bugs make their appearance at any subsequent period.

2d. Make a weak brine of common salt and water; sprinkle the brine on the vines after sun set; but take care not to put on too much, or the tops will wilt.

Either of the above remedies will drive off the potato bug during the entire season.

How to Treat Balky Horses.—If you have balky horses, it is your own fault, and not the horses', for if they do not pull true there is some cause for it; and if you will remove the cause, the effect will cease. When your horse balks, he is excited, and does not know what you want him to do. When he gets a little excited, stop him five or ten minutes; let him become calm; go to him, pat him, and speak gently to him; and as soon as he is over his excitement, he will, in nine cases out of ten, pull at the word. Whipping, swearing and slashing only makes the matter worse. After you have gentled him a while, and his excitement has cooled down, take him by the bit turn him each way for a few minutes as far as you can; pull out the tongue; gentle him a little; unrein him; then step before him and let the other horse start first; then you can take him anywhere you wish. A balky horse is always high spirited and starts quick; half the pull is but before him the other starts first. If a horse has been badly spoiled, you should hitch him to an empty wagon, and pull it around on level ground; then put on a small load, and increase it it gradually, caressing as before, and in a short time you can have a good work horse.—*American Farmer.*

Shouting for Pendleton at a Republican Ward Meeting

There was a very warm contest in Cleveland last Friday evening at the Republican Ward meetings between the friends of Mason and Parsons, contesting candidates for the Republican Congressional nomination in the Eighteenth District, and the consequence was a large turn out. Parsons carried the Fifth, Sixth, Eigth and Tenth Wards. We learn that when the result was announced in the Fifth Ward, three cheers were given for George H. Pendleton, and not one for the successful candidate.

and agents to engage in their sale. DONE AT SHORT NOTICE. GRAHAM & BLACK C. G. CLARK & CO. Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.