CHRISTMAS GOODS!

HOLIDAY STOCK!

JUST RECEIVED AT

WM. H. HENNEGEN. JAMES O. BATES.

W. H. HENNEGEN & CO'S,

JEWELERS.

New and Beautiful Designs in

Diamond, Pearl, Pink Coral, Etruscan

-AND-

GARNET JEWELRY.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

From the most celebrated Manufactories in Europe and America.

SOLID STERLING SILVER SPOONS, FORKS

-AND-

FANCY COMBINATION SETS.

TRIPLE PLATED SPOONS,

FORKS, TEA SETS,

CASTORS, CAKE BASKETS,

ICE PITCHERS, &c., &c.,

Fine Silver Plated and Ivory Table Cutlery,

BRONZE AND MARBLE CLOCKS,

BRONZE FIGURES AND MANTLE ORNAMENTS.

Parien Marble Statuetts, Busts, Vases, &c.

WRITING DESKS, GLOVE BOXES, CABINETS,

Presentation Gold and Silver Headed Canes,

And an endless variety of Beautiful Goods suitable for the present Holiday Season, all of which will be offered at

Greatly Reduced Prices to Conform With the Recent Decline in Gold.

WM. H. HENNEGEN & CO.,

104 MAIN STREET,

dec13 WHEELING, W. VA.

PURE WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

VARNISHES,

GLASS, PUTTY,

&c., &c., &c.,

LOW FOR CASH, AT

MILLER'S PAINT SHOP,

Opposite Post Office.

nov4

COAL.

Martin M'Connaughy,

DEALER IN CLEAN, MIXED AND Nut Coal.

Coal delivered to all parts of the city at the following rates:

CLEAN COAL, 9 cents per bushel.
MIXED do. 8 " "
NUT do. 7 " "

One-half cent less per bushel on each grade to the island than the above prices.

Orders left at the Toll House, at Suspension Bridge or D. Kurner, on the island, will receive prompt attention.

sept1-6m M. M'CONNAUGHY.

J. M. McWHORTER & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

No. 38 Monroe Street,

WHEELING, W. VA.

BUY, SELL OR EXCHANGE REAL ESTATE in City and Country.

Business entrusted to us will receive our prompt and best attention.

dec7

Sign of the "Big Camera!"

GET YOUR

Photographs and Porcelains

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS

AT

BROWN & HIGGINS'

GALLERY.

dec9

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the West Virginia Insurance Company will take place at its office in the City of Wheeling, on Wednesday, the 5th day of January, 1870.

JACOB HORNBROOK, Pres't.
J. M. McWHORTER, Sec'y. decl5

Merchants' National Bank of W. Va.

WHEELING, Dec. 10th, 1869.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of this Bank, for the election of nine Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at their Banking House on Tuesday, January 11th, 1870, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 2 o'clock, P. M.

dec. 11. S. BRADY, Cashier.

First Nat'l Bank of Wheeling.

WHEELING, Dec. 11th, 1869.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of this Bank and election of Directors, will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 11th, 1870, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 2 o'clock P. M.

dec13 GEORGE ADAMS, Cashier.

National Bank of West Virginia.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of this Bank and the election of directors, will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 11th, 1870, between the hours of one and four o'clock P. M.

JOHN WAGNER,
dec11 Cashier.

Mess Pork.

100 BARRELS HEAVY MESS. 25 barrels Prime Mess. Our own brands.

LIST, MORRISON & CO.

New Crop New Orleans Molasses.

60 BARRELS CHOICE, PER GAL. For sale by Argosy.

LIST, MORRISON & CO.

Apples.

12 BARRELS ON CONSIGNMENT, AT LIST, MORRISON & CO'S.

C. P. BROWN,

JEWELER,

HAS ENLARGED AND REFITTED HIS Store,

No. 2 WASHINGTON HALL,

And now offers a Superb Assortment of

Solid Sterling Silver Ware,

FINE GOLD JEWELRY,

-AND-

WATCHES,

SUITABLE FOR

Bridal and Holiday Presents.

-ALSO-

SILVER PLATED WARE

IN GREAT VARIETY,

Consisting in part of Elegant Tea Sets, Coffee Urns, Ice Pitchers, Fruit and Cake Baskets, Casters, Knives, Forks and Spoons, in Single, Double, Treble, and Quadruple Plate, all of which are guaranteed full weight of Silver according to grade.

Britania Tea Sets, Urns, Coffee and Tea Pots, Presentation Canes, gold and silver headed.

OUR WATCHES,

Both Gold and Silver, are of Elegant Pattern, from the

Best Factories in the World,

Among them the

United States Watch Co., Marion, N. J.;
National Watch Co., Elgin, Ills.;
American Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;
Tremont Watch Co., Boston, Mass.;
Ballman & Co., Chaux De Fonds, Switzerland;
Chas. E. Jacot, " " "
And many other Foreign makes of celebrity.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES,

Corresponding with

THE DECLINE IN GOLD.

CLOCKS, of every variety and pattern at wholesale and retail.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired and warranted. dec5

Ladies' Wig Store,

MADAME ZWICK,

40 West 4th St., near Walnut, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ALL KINDS OF

Hair Jewelry

Done to Order.

The hair furnished by customers always used and the gold warranted.

BRAIDS, FRONTS, CURLS, &c.

nov20-2m

COAL!

SHERIDAN COAL WORKS,

CAPEHART & McBRECHES,

HAVE RECEIVED A COMPLIMENT OF Miners. All orders will receive prompt attention, left at their office, Market street, below Union street. dec7-2w

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H. W. PHILLIPS,

IRON & BRASS FOUNDER,

MANUFACTURER OF

Stationary and Marine

Engines & Boilers,

Above the Water Works,

may25-tf WHEELING, W. VA.

TRIMBLE & HORNBROOK,

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters,

66 Market Street.

Orders from the country attended to at short notice. apr25-1y

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Just Received.

A FRESH IMPORTATION OF SCOTCH Ale, and a superior article of Rhine and Claret Wine.

may17 G. W. FRANZHEIM & CO.

The Intelligencer.

REAL CHRISTMAS.

The real Christmas of children is a wonderful thing. It is like the Christmas of men and women, and yet so different, that the two hardly should bear the same name.

Most of us grown folks know what our Christmas is—that golden fruiting of the year when the best that is in us ripens, and falls into our neighbor's heart: when, all aglow, we plot beautiful treason against those we love most, revelling in sweet deceits and delicious adulterfuges; that pitiful, cheery time when we can feel the poor shiver and hunger, and it is quite in the course of things to help them; when the richness of humanity inspires us in our very churches, if only for that once in all the year. The birthday of the dear Friend and Healer, no wonder we feel that, with its dawn, even as the little Child came to Bethlehem, a holy simplicity may come to us, lighting with love our poorest places!

But, after all, Christmas is a busy, busy time. There is a kitchen and shop-going accompaniment to the cheery clasping of hands and shedding of benefits. There are matter-of-fact calculations to be made for this blessed twenty-fifth, difficulties and fatigues to encounter, in short (shall I say it?) a thousand and one vexing little matters that are apt to make us confess on the twenty-sixth we're glad it is over.

Ah, there is the difference!

The real Christmas has no such trail. It hath a perfect beginning, a wondrous development, and, at the end, is rounded off in dreams. The beautiful next morning, with its recent wealth, opens just three hundred and sixty-four days before next Christmas. Already the last stands apart—a shining, glorious day, at which the child-heart can only look back in wonder.

And what glorified it? A little stocking pinned to the chimney-shelf, growing full over night. A spray of evergreen stood in a box, blossoming with toys. If in Holland, a stumpy little shoe outside of the nursery door, bubbling over by morning with precious things. Or it may be something finer than these—a beautiful tree reaching from carpet to ceiling, and quivering with bounty and light. Whatever it is, it makes Christmas real, as the Christ-child or Kris Kringle and Santa Claus are real. If they were not 'true,' how could the stockings have had that doll or that cart in it, to say nothing of the candies, the picture-books and all the other things? Now could the tree have had its little candles burning, if the Christ-child had not lighted them and rung the silver bell? And how could every branch be heavy with things that never grow on evergreens unless the Christ-child orders it? And how could eight tiny raindeer prance safely over the roof-tops with their sleigh, if Santa Claus were not there in earnest to drive them? Ah, the children know well enough what Christmas is!

Did you ever notice the marvellous sophistry with which children cling to their real Christmas—how they will help us by wise evasions to make it more real still, and how, never suspecting, they yet put searching questions and are satisfied with answers which in any other cause they would scout indignantly.

'Mamma, is Santa Claus very big and fat?'

'I don't know, my boy; perhaps (thinking to make the picture more attractive), perhaps he is as thin as papa.'

'O mamma, I *know* he isn't. He's awful fat; and he shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly. Don't you know? Why he's *awful* big, mamma!' (gleefully.)

'Yes, dear.'

'And, mamma, he'll come right down that chimney Christmas, won't he?'

'I guess so, dear.'

'Say *yes*, mamma. Of course he's got to come down the chimney.'

'Certainly I'll say yes, pet. Every one knows Santa Claus does that.'

'Yes um' (quite content). 'But, O mamma! When the dirty man put up the stove I looked up the chimney and it's ever so little in there—littler than I am. There ain't hardly any hole at all. How can Santa Claus come through?'

Here mamma loses her presence of mind and says 'what?'

'How can Santa Claus come down if there isn't hardly any hole?'

Mamma (in despair). 'I don't know, dear. He jumps down.'

'O yes! so he does. Else he squeezes! I'm going to tell him to bring me a great big drum. O mamma!'

'*What*, child?'

'The fireboard's in dreadful tight. How can he get in the room?'

'How can he get in the——'

'O, I know, mamma! He'll knock it out with his great big foot; and that'll wake Robby and me right up, and I'll jump out of bed and catch hold of his funny red nose. I'll say, Hallo, you old Santa Claus, give me a whole lot of presents.' Won't I, mamma?'

Something calls the mother from the room at this moment, and the little fellow is left alone—all alone with the chimney. He looks toward it, and, not knowing exactly why, scampers out of the room as fast as he can.

'And, papa,' says a little girl on Christmas eve, 'if we put the tree in the parlor to-night, will the Christ-child come and put on the candles and toys and light the candles?'

'So they say, my child.'

'Say yes, papa, 'cause he does. He comes every Christmas regular to light up the trees, and bring things for good children, mamma says. Ain't I a good children, papa?'

'Yes, my little girl, very good (kissing her) when you're not naughty.'

'Yes (cheerily), I mean when I'm not naughty. No childrens are good when they're naughty. What makes the Christ-child come, papa?'

'Because it is His birthday, my little girl. The Saviour was born on Christmas day; and so, every year He comes as the Christ-child to bless all little children, and make them glad. He enters everybody's heart, if they will let Him, and whispers, 'Love little children. Make them happy for my sake.'

'O, papa, I'm so glad! I guess I won't never be naughty any more. Papa, do you think there'll be a little pump on the tree for me that pumps real water?'

'I shouldn't be surprised if there were.'

'And a trunk for my dolly?'

'I don't know about that, little woman.'

'Joe says he bets there'll be a Noah's ark for him. But nobody don't know anything at all about it. Do they, papa?'

'Not a word,' says papa, solemnly, as he takes out his note-book and jots down three items.

Oh, the blessed, real Christmas! To bring it about, father may humbug, and mother cheat, and the parson wink at little family lies, but the children are honest. They, at least, bare their little hearts before it—the wonderful, wonderful day when they would take it quite as a matter of course for an angel to bring them a penny whistle. Many a child preaches in the temple on that day, saying wiser things with its glad eyes than ever priest has uttered.—Some truths can come to us only so, when our gratitude swells in the unthinking delight of our little ones.

Shut your eyes and go back to a Christmas eve of long ago. Already I hear the creaking of the kitchen stair. We children are going down to bid old Eliza Garnet 'good night', a ceremony never at any bed-time omitted. There she sits at the kitchen stove as we go in. Her day's work is done. The candle has made a long wick for itself, and sends up a goodly shaft of blaze. One lid of the stove is off, and a ruddy glow darts from it, lighting her shining brown face and bright bandanna head gear. We notice that everything is, if possible, neater and more cheerful than usual; and yet she has been so very busy all day. The roses of the old oilcloth seem to have been mysteriously revived—they almost nod to us. The tins, hanging in rows, look like silver; cups and platters on the dresser threw funny little flashes of light at the candle. Everything is bright, even the strip of rag carpet by the little table where she sometimes sits and sews; and on one end of the big kitchen table are THINGS covered over with a cloth.

I run eagerly to the spot.

Done go thar, honey!'

'Oh, yes, Lizer—please let me look.'

'No, no; them's things for to-morrows dinner. Come away from thar. Tha's a good chile, Miss Lizzie. Now Miss Sophi, what *you* gwine to do? Let go that 'ar cat now. She's like ole Lizer. She likes to cruddle up by the fire when night comes. Massa Charley, boy, fotch dat bench yere and sit down by ole Lizer, I'se gwine to tell you sumfin.'

So we all crowd around her, dreading meanwhile, to hear a voice calling us from the head of the stair.

'Tha's right. Ole Lizer likes to see little ladies and gem'men circumspectuous. This ramskittering around isn't no way to do, Did you know what night this 'ere was?'

Know what night it was? We answered the question with a buzz and a rustle that made the old cat blink.

'It's a scrumptuous night for de rich folks, honeys, who's got bountyfillious supply o' lard, an' raisins, an' turkeys. But how is it wid de poor folks? Dat's what ole Lizer like to be informed.'

'Father will give 'em thome money,' bravely spoke up Charley the lisper. But the rest of us, feeling rather good because we were conscious of 'feeling bad,' said nothing.

'Bless you, sonny—so he would if he could—but ole Lizer aint a gwine to circumlocute around his bus'ness—I'se allindin' to Mrs. Scott.'

'That ugly bi— I mean that woman who comes here Mondays?' I asked.

'Yes, honey—that 'spectable colored woman that washes for us. She's poorer then poverty, and her husband's got a dispensation—'

'A what?'

'A dispensation of rheumatiz, honey.' Here Sophy broke in with—

'O, Lizer, wait a minute. Why is an old woman with the rheumatism like a church window?'

'Don't know, chile. Ole Lizer can't be boddered guessing any ob these ere riddledrums. Ain't you any feeling for Mister Scott, that poor old gemman, almost doubled up as he is?'

'O yes,' says Sophy, quite subdued. 'I'm real sorry for him, Lizer.'

'Bless your little curly head, Ole Lizer knowed it. Well, I haint tole half. His havin' this dispensation, and consequentially not bein' able to work, and the eldest gal bein' lame, and—'

'Come, Children!'

'O Lizer, we've got to go! Good night, Lizer!'

'We'll tell father about Mrs. Scott,' whispers Lou, whose bright, rumpled curls caught sudden gold from the stove, and made a patch of shade on Lizer's gay neckerchief. 'Good night, Lizer!'

'De Lord bless your kind little heart, Miss Louisa. Good night, chillen.'

'O Lizer, where's your stocking?'

'Go 'long! Ole Lizer don't hang up no stockins.'

'Yes you shall, too. (Yes, Ma! we're coming, only musn't Lizer hang up a stocking?')

'Certainly she must,' calls back a laughing voice from the distance.

'*There*, now! Good night, Lizer.' And off we scampered.

O that long climbing up to the nursery! What a mingled rush of bewilderment, expectation, and all sorts of happy emotions crowded into it! How we peered through every open door, as we passed on, looking for, we hardly knew what! How troubled I was lest somebody besides mother should find out that I had a lovely new gingham apron for old Eliza. Then *those things* for Father and Mother and Aunt Janey had taken me, on the sly, to buy with my own half dollar: what if anybody should take down the old bandbox behind which they were hidden!

In my crib at last. Charley was in the other crib; and Louise and Sophie were snugly tucked away in the trundle-bed. The window was down a little from the top, I suppose, for the upper part of the white curtain puffed gently; Mother had kissed us and gone. We had promised to 'try and go right to sleep.'

I held my breath—I don't know why—perhaps partly because the moonlight shone upon four stockings hanging from the mantelpiece, and as the fireboard was pulled out a little they already twitched expectantly. Perhaps it was because I hoped one of the other children would say something and so give *me* a chance to be naughty and speak.

No: all were still as mice. Suddenly a little white foot came out from between the bars of Charley's crib, then there was a suppressed giggle from the trundle-bed—from Lou's half! Lou was the best one among us—so of course in a moment we were in the wildest commotion.

How delightfully wicked I felt as I leaned over the foot-board of my crib and saw the moon-lit carpet, and the pitcher on the washstand with a high blue tree on the side and a blue temple with a blue man walking forth carrying a queer blue umbrella. Sophie's little gaiters, too. They looked just as if they were going to walk off!

"One, two, buckle my shoe!"

I sang out loud.

"Three, four, open the door!"

responded Sophy.

"Five thix
Pick up tticks!"

roared Charley.

"Seven, eight,
Lay 'em straight!"

I screamed, and then, with one bound, sprang back and hid under a confusion of blankets and quilts.

But the climax of daring was reached when Charley stood by the window-pane, in his long night gown, and shouted—

'Hallo, Thanty Clauth!'

We all sat up in bed and looked. I remember the moment perfectly. Every tree stood forth dark and distinct against the shining white ground. They seemed, somehow, to know it was Christmas. But Santa Claus! Was he really coming?

'Remember what Ma said,' cautioned Lou. 'He doesn't go in' houses where the children's awake. Go back to bed, Charley. You'd better.'

This sobered us. We punched our pillows, thoughtfully; disposed the distracted covers in to something like their former condition, and squeezed our eyes as tight shut as possible, while visions of sugar plums took toy partners and danced through our heads.

But even in the midst of the dance we floated delightfully away—far, far—

'MERRY CHRISTMAS!'

Oh, those bursting stockings! And father and mother looking on as we opened parcel after parcel in the early dawn! And old Eliza coming in with a lamp in her hand, and laughing till she cried when she saw the gingham apron and the beautiful big thimble without a top, and the warm gloves, and everything! And then that exultant pulling out of the old bandbox, while the great blazing wood fire crackled on the nursery fire-place. And then the letter from Santa Claus himself, telling us to be good children always; the evergreen wreaths that had come and twined themselves over the mantel and around the window in that one night; and—

Well, it was just a real Christmas, and that's all there is to be said. The blissful tumult of the morning was part of it; so was the family dinner, that had something grand and solemn about it (on account of the best china, I suppose), though everybody laughed a good deal. And so was the evening, all alive with cousins, and aunts, and uncles, and grandmother.

Yes—and grandmother. She was the best part of it. The dinner was at grandmother's (always there, year after year), and the evening also. This evening there was a high, improvised well in the back parlor, all covered with evergreens, with a big monkey crouched on the curb of the well, and a little fairy with wings standing near. Every time the monkey plunged into the well he would bring up a paper parcel and hand it to the fairy, who would trip with it to grandma; and grandma, quite surprised, would read the name on the parcel; and so on, again and again, until every one in the room had a present.

I can't help crying now, when I think of grandmother, with her soft hair, and sweet face, and kind, gentle voice. Yet she will be happier this Christmas even than she was then. But the well has vanished; the monkey has outgrown his funny costume and gone into the banking business; the fairy has married a thriving young lawyer, and mother has shining threads in her hair, and dear old 'Lizer' has gone to heaven. Altogether, when Christmas comes, though we're very happy, it isn't real Christmas any more. We 'know all about Santa Claus.' We've a part to play for the new children.

The new children. Ah! there's the rub. Ours are favored enough, thank God! but if, as old Eliza used to say, all children were among the scrumptuous rich! If only every little one could know the real Christmas! But it is terrible to think of the thousands of little hearts in sunny Christendom that beat with no quickened pulse as the blessed days draws near; where toil, and poverty, and hardship have made the home only a place to suffer in, and to endure; where there is no childhood, only babyhood; and, after that, only little bodies with old faces, bending beneath undue burdens; or young hearts steeped in the moral malaria of the street.

Heaven bless those kind-hearted, busy saints who gather a few of these little ones altogether in ragged schools and mission schools, week-days and Sundays, and once a year enchant them with the substantial sparkle of a Christmas tree! And Heaven bless all poor parents who contrive to spare from their scanty store enough for the once gladsome day when a few penny toys and sugar-plums make beautiful the little tree that brightens the bare room!

But what shall we say of those who, without darkening poverty or chilling care, have so driven the sunshine from within, that the Merry Christmas time cannot reach them nor their children? In cold conventionality they may dole out a gift or two of the most practical kind—something that would soon have been needed even had the Christmas bells been silent—but as for bon-bons and trifles, alas! they are not even dreamed of.

I knew of one little girl—she lived at Spottswood, in New Jersey—who, at the age of fourteen, had never had a Christmas present! Yet this poor little creature went to school, and had warm clothing and a house to live in. Another 'well-to-do' school-girl told me that her present last year was a pair of gum overshoes; 'real good ones,' she added, 'but—but'—

Good friends! don't let any little child walk about this Christmas with a 'but' in his heart if you can help it. Let this one day of all others be radiant with fulfilment. Give useful things if you will, but, if they are not beautiful, at least enliven the dull gift with something pretty and bright.

Only once in all the year comes the Christ-child knocking at our hearts on his sweet errand. Let us do his bidding.

Let us make the day beautiful and precious, tenderly shading the inevitable disenchantment when it comes, and, as far as we fitly can, filling the measure of faith in Christmas mysteries with a loving compliance to Christmas needs. Every tender observance, from the 'Merry Christmas!' strife of the morning to evening sports under wreaths of holly and laurel, should be held sacred. Then, when with reverent love we go back in prayer to where the Young Child lay, the beautiful glee of our homes shall yield us frankincense and myrrh.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Grace Carden ran to the window, and saw Henry Little go away slowly, and hanging his head. This visible dejection in her manly lover made her heart rise to her throat, and she burst out sobbing and weeping with alarming violence.

Mr. Carden found her in this state, and set himself to soothe her. He told her the understanding he had come to with Mr. Little, and begged her to be as reasonable and patient as her lover was. But the appeal was not successful. 'He came to see me,' she cried, 'and he has gone away without seeing me. You have begun to break both our hearts, with your reason and your prudence. One comfort, mine will break first; I have not his fortitude. Oh, my poor Henry! He has gone away, hanging his head, broken-hearted; that is what you have *done* for me. After that, what are words? Air—air: and you can't feed hungry hearts with air.'

'Well, my child, I am sorry now I did not bring him in here. But I really did it for the best. I wished to spare you further agitation.'

'Agitation!' And she opened her eyes with astonishment. 'Why, it is you who agitate me. He would have soothed me in a moment. One kind and hopeful word from him, one tender glance of his dear eye, one pressure of his dear hard hand, and I could have borne anything; but that drop of comfort you denied us both. Oh, cruel! cruel!'

'Calm yourself, Grace, and remember who you are speaking to. It was an error in judgment, perhaps—nothing more.'

'But, then, if you know nothing about love, and its soothing power, why meddle with it at all?'

'Grace,' said Mr. Carden, sadly but firmly, "we poor parents are all prepared for this. After many years of love and tenderness bestowed on our offspring, the day is sure to come when the young thing we have reared with so much care and tenderness will meet a person of her own age, a *stranger;* and, in a month or two, all our love, our care, our anxiety, our hopes, will be nothing in the balance. The wound is in store for us all. We foresee it; we receive it; we groan under it; we forgive it. We go patiently on, and still give our ungrateful children the benefit of our love and experience. I have seen in my own family that horrible mixture, Gentility and Poverty. In our class of life, poverty is not only poverty, it is misery and meanness as well. My income dies with me. My daughter and her children shall not go back to the misery and meanness out of which I have struggled. They shall be secured against it by law, before she marries, or she shall marry under her father's curse.

Then Grace was frightened, and said she should never marry under her father's curse; but (with a fresh burst of weeping) what need was there to send Henry away without seeing her, and letting them comfort each other in this sudden affliction. 'Ah, I was too happy this morning,' said the poor girl. 'I was singing before breakfast. Jael always told me not to do that. Oh! oh! oh!'

Mr. Carden kept silent; but his fortitude was sorely tried.

That day Grace pleaded headache, and did not appear to dinner. Mr. Carden dined alone, and missed her bright face sadly. He sent his love to her, and went off to the Club, not very happy. At the Club he met Mr. Coventry, and told him frankly what he had done. Mr. Coventry, to his surprise, thanked him warmly. 'She will be mine in two years,' he said. 'Little will never be able to make a settlement on her.' This remark set Mr. Carden thinking.

Grace watched the window day after day, but Henry never came nor passed. She went a great deal more than usual into the town, in hopes of meeting him by the purest accident. She longed to call on Mrs. Little, but feminine instinct withheld her; she divined that Mrs. Little must be deeply offended.

She fretted for a sight of Henry, and for an explanation, in which she might clear herself, and show her love, without being in the least disobedient to her father. Now all this was too subtle to be written. So she fretted and pined for a meeting.

While she was in this condition, and losing color every day, who should call one day—to reconnoitre, I suppose—but Mr. Coventry.

Grace was lying on the sofa, languid and *distraite*, when he was announced. She sat up directly, and her eye kindled.

Mr. Coventry came in with his usual grace and cat-like step. 'Ah, Miss Carden!'

Miss Carden rose majestically to her feet, made him a formal curtsy, and swept out of the room, without deigning him a word. She went to the study, and said, 'Papa, here's a friend of yours—Mr. Coventry.'

'Dear me, I am very busy. I wish you would amuse him for a few moments till I have finished this letter.'

'Excuse me, papa, I cannot stay in the same room with Mr. Coventry.'

'Why not, pray?'

'He is a dangerous man: he compromises one. He offered me an engagement ring, and I refused it; yet he made you, believe we were engaged. You have taken care I shall not be compromised with the man I love; and shall I be compromised with the man I don't care for? No, thank you.'

'Very well, Grace,' said Mr. Carden, coldly.

Shortly after this Mr. Carden requested Dr. Amboyne to call; he received the Doctor in his study, and told him that he was beginning to be uneasy about Grace; she was losing her appetite, her color; and her spirits. Should he send her to the seaside?

'The seaside! I distrust conventional remedies. Let me see the patient.'

He entered the room and found her coloring a figure she had drawn: it was a beautiful woman with an anchor at her feet. The door was open, and the Doctor, entering softly, saw a tear fall on the work from a face so pale, and worn with pining, that he could hardly repress a start: he did repress it though, for starts are unprofessional; he shook hands with her in his usual way. 'Sorry to hear you are indisposed, my dear Miss Grace.' He then examined her tongue, and felt her pulse: and then sat down, right before her, and fixed his eyes on her. 'How long have you been unwell?'

'I am not unwell that I know of,' said Grace, a little sullenly.

'One reason, I ask, I have another patient, who has been attacked in the same way.'

Grace colored and fixed a searching eye on the Doctor. 'Do I know the lady?'

'No. For it happens to be a male patient.'

'Perhaps it is going about.'

'Possibly; this is the age of competition. Still it is hard that you can't have a little malady of this kind all to yourself; don't you think so?'

At this Grace laughed hysterically.

'Come, none of that before me,' said the Doctor, sternly.

She stopped directly, frightened. The Doctor smiled.

Mr. Carden peeped in from his study. 'When you have done with her, come and prescribe for me. I am a little out of sorts too.' With this he retired. 'That means you are to go and tell him what is the matter with me,' said Grace bitterly.

'Is his curiosity unjustifiable?'

'Oh no. Poor papa!' Then she asked him, dryly, if he knew what was the matter with her.

'I think I do.'

'Then cure me.' This, with haughty incredulity.

'I'll try; and a man can but do his best. I'll tell you one thing; if I can't cure you, no doctor in the world can: see how modest I am. Now for papa.'

She let him go the very door: and then a meek little timid voice said, in a scarce audible murmur, 'Doctor!'

Now when this meek murmur issued from a young lady who had, up to this period of the interview, been rather cold and cutting, the sagacious Doctor smiled. 'My dear?' he said, in a very gentle voice.

'Doctor! about your other patient!'

'Well?'

'Is he as bad as I am? For indeed, my dear friend, I feel—my food has no taste—life itself no savor. I used to go singing, now I sit sighing. Is he as bad as I am?'

'I'll tell you the truth: his malady is as strong as yours; but he has the great advantage of being a man; and, again, of being a man of brains. He is a worker and an inventor; and now, instead of succumbing tamely to his disorder, he is working double tides, and inventing with all his might, in order to remove an obstacle between him and one he loves with all his soul. A contest so noble and so perpetual sustains and fortifies the mind. He is indomitable; only, at times, his heart of steel will soften, and then he has fits of deep dejection and depression, which I mourn to see; for his manly virtues, and his likeness to one I loved deeply in my youth, have made him dear to me.'

During this Grace turned her head away, and, ere the Doctor ended, her tears were flowing freely; for to her, being a woman, this portrait of a male struggle with sorrow was far more touching than any description of feminine and unresisted grief could be: and, when the Doctor said he loved his patient, she stole her little hand into his in such a way to melt Old Nick, if he is a male. Ladies, forgive the unchivalrous doubt.

'Doctor,' said she, affecting all of a sudden a little air of small sprightliness, very small, 'now, do—you—think—it would do your patient—the least good in the world—if you were to take him this?'

She handed him her work, and then she blushed divinely.

'Why, it is a figure of hope.'

'Yes.'

'I think it might do him a great deal of good.'

'You could say I painted it for him.'

'So I will. That will do him no harm neither. Shall I say I found you crying over it?'

'Oh, no! no! That will make him cry too, perhaps.'

'Ah, I forgot that. Grace, you are an angel.'

'Ah, no. But you can tell him I am—if you think so. That will do him no great harm—will it?'

'Not an atom to him; but it will subject me to a pinch for stale news. There, give me my patient's picture, and let me go.'

She kissed the little picture half furtively, and gave it to him, and let him go; only, as he went out the door, she murmurred, 'Come often.'

'Now, when this artful doctor got outside the door, his face became grave all of a sudden, for he had seen enough to give him a degree of anxiety he had not betrayed to his interesting patient herself.

'Well, Doctor,' said Mr. Carden, affecting more cheerfulness than he felt. 'Nothing there beyond your skill, I suppose?'

'Her health is declining rapidly. Pale, hollow-eyed, listless, languid—not the same girl.'

'Is it bodily, do you think, or only mental?'

'Mental as to its cause; but bodily in the result. The two things are connected in all of us, and very closely in Miss Carden. Her organization is fine, and, therefore, subtle. She is tuned in a high key. Her sensibility is great; and tough folk, like you and me, must begin by putting ourselves in her place before we prescribe for her, otherwise our harsh hands may crush a beautiful but too tender flower.'

'Good heavens!' said Carden, beginning to be seriously alarmed, 'do you mean to say you think, if this goes on, she will be in any danger?'

'Why, if it were to go on at the same rate, it would be very serious. She must have lost a stone in weight already.'

'What, my child! my sweet Grace! Is it possible her life—'

'And do you think your daughter is not mortal like other people? The young girls that are carried past your door to the church-yard one after another, had they no fathers?'

At this blunt speech the father trembled from head to foot.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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