

## AN OLD-TIME LOVE STORY.

The fine old mansion of the Albergh family, near Guststadt, was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music and dancing was borne on the evening air across the rolling, sparkling waters of the Elbe. That night a grand ball was to be given by Count Frederic of Albergh, the only remaining representative of the noble family whose name he bore. The building was massive stone, high and dark, protected by moat, drawbridge and battlements. It was a fine old feudal castle, built in the time of Frederick II. Outside it looked grand and gloomy; inside it was ablaze with lights and resplendent with perfumes of choice flowers, which were scattered in profusion, not only about the large reception saloon, but in all the smaller apartments, which were thrown open to the guests.

In a little room far removed from the rest, in the eastern tower, stood two persons—a young man, remarkably handsome, though there was an expression of deep care upon his face, and a lady. The lady was not remarkably handsome just now, as she listened to her champion with drooping eyes; indeed, most people would call her simply pretty until she raised her expressive, dark blue eyes and the brilliant, sylvan smile broke over her face. The two were standing talking earnestly together, the lady leaning against the heavily carved oak window frame, and the young man standing nearly opposite to her, caressing a bright-eyed falcon perched upon his wrist.

"So, Count Albergh, you will be remembered for a long while as the young noble who gave the most splendid ball in any city ever attended." The lips of the young man curled, and in answer contentedly.

"That is surely a name worth gaining at any price."

"Of course," said the lady. "But why so scornful about it?"

"You know, Lady Lena, that I care only for your approbation, then the ball is given only in honor and to please you, whose slightest wish I would gratify at any expense."

"Alas, Count Albergh, I am told that a dozen times each day."

"Probably; but the words do not come from the heart, as mine do."

"Pooh," said the lady. "They all swear that."

"Very well, Lady Lena; I may some time be able to prove the truth of my words. I have been a fool. For three years I have hung upon your accent, fulfilled your every wish, as far as lay in my power. My fortune—which was ample—I laid at your feet, that you might have every possible want supplied; and in return for this devotion I have received nothing but coldness and scorn. You know that I love you as few men love—with my whole heart and soul—you scorn me. You are rich and noble. I still love you as madly as ever, but to-night is the last time I bow before you. This once I plead, Lady Lena, to be shown some kindness. For the last time I offer you myself. Will you accept me?"

Lady Lena turned very pale as she listened to the rapid, passionate words uttered by the young man who knelt before her. Her eyes grew dark with some inward feeling, but her words destroyed the faint hope which had arisen in her heart at the gentleman's offer on her face.

"Oh, rise, Count Frederic—for I know this is all nonsense—instantly. Tomorrow you will be beside me as usual, and the next, and every day, just as you have for years." The young man rose, and in answer to her faint, only bent his head and tenderly stroked the glossy head and neck of the bright-eyed bird on his wrist, and looked from one to the other, as if inquiring what was going on. Fiqued at his silence, the lady exclaimed:

"Where now is your boasted love? I say a bitter thing to you and you do not retaliate."

"I cannot forget myself so far as to retaliate to a woman."

"No," said she, "but you can sneer. You can sneer and stroke your falcon, which I know possesses more of your boasted love than I do."

"Jeannot never wounds me, he replied. In return for my caresses she does not give me bitter coldness."

"Perhaps she would if she could speak," persisted the lady.

"Action, Lady Lena," said he, "speak louder than words."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she turned to the door, but paused as she neared it, and, looking over her shoulder, said contemptuously: "I suppose the cause of your love for that bird is because she once belonged to some former lady love."

The tone was very insulting, and this time the young man raised his head with flashing eyes, and his words were rapid and indignant.

"You are right, he replied. 'This falcon belonged to a noble lady, whose kind, womanly heart seemed to inflict a wound upon the meanest creature; who trampled not under foot honorable love offered her, as if it were a disgraceful thing. One whom I loved devotedly, and who, had she been unable to return the affection offered her, would have rejected it with considerable gentleness.'

"Why, then, don't you return to this paragon of tenderness and virtue?" sneered the lady.

"She would willingly soothe my wounded spirit," he replied, "but she is dead."

Without another word Lena sped from the room, her brain on fire, her eyes full of tears. Could Frederick have seen her as she, leaning far out of a window, weeping bitterly, he would have forgiven the bitter words. As it was, they pierced in anger.

Left alone, Frederick paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud: "I have been a driveling fool—a madman. For three years I have devoted my time, heart, and fortune to the service of this heartless woman. One day rewarded with smiles the next with scorn. To-morrow when the bills are paid for debts incurred for this night, shall be absolutely penniless. Yes, to-morrow, my furniture, horses, and plate will be sold, my servants discharged, and

all that will remain to me is this old castle, and my faithful nurse, Margaret, who will not leave me and my falcon. This building, now ringing with the sounds of music, dancing, and merry laughter, will be closed to become the sanctuary of rats and owls. For myself, I shall withdraw from society, and in this small, gloomy tower support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been some time foolish—I have been wicked. But this repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests."

So saying, Frederick replaced the falcon on his perch near the window, and, forcing a gay smile and careless air, sauntered into the ball-room, and from that time till the company left he was seemingly the gayest of the gay.

"Quick, Susan! fasten the bodice and bring me my hood and mantle and the black shoes!" exclaimed Lady Lena; then added, impatiently, "you'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string for my hands (trouble so I cannot do anything)." The maid obeyed, and soon her young mistress stood before the elegant mirror, laughing to see herself in complete petticoat.

"Will anybody know me, Susan?" she asked, laughing, as she drew the hood over her face.

"No, indeed, Lady Lena," replied the maid; "if I hadn't seen you dress I should not know you myself."

"Then I am off!"

And putting the action to the word, the graceful Lady Lena ran out of the room and down stairs in a very undignified way. In the garden she was met by a lover of Susan's, who exclaimed:

"Pears to me we are in a monstrous hurry, Mistress Susan. Can't you stop to give a fellow a nocturnal kiss?"

"Away with you!" she exclaimed. "You shall have two kisses when I come back, if you won't stop me now."

"Good bargain, Susan," said he. "I have much to do, and will wait by the gate till you come back."

Away sped Lena. At a pretty long, rapid walk she reached Castle Albergh, and, entering by a low postern door, which she found open, made her way to the door of the tower, where she saw old Margaret seated.

"Good noon, Dame Margaret," said Lena. The old woman raised her head, and, recognizing Susan, Lady Lena's favorite waiting-maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

"Don't be cross, Margaret," she continued; "I've got a beautiful note for your young master from my lady."

"You needn't come here with it then, said Dame Margaret. 'Your lady's notes have brought sorrow enough to this house.'

"But, Margaret, I was sent to deliver it and receive an answer, and I dare not go back without it; it would cost me my place, and you wouldn't be so cruel as to take a poor girl who has never done you any harm."

"Here Lena began to sob, and Margaret arose, saying: "You have never done me any harm, so give me the note and let me take it up stairs quickly." The note was produced, and Margaret grumblingly took it up stairs, muttering as she did so:

"Much good, much good it will do your young master. It isn't sealed very closely and if I could read it, I would open it, and then there was anything in it to wring him, I'd sooner put my hand in the fire than give it to him."

By this time she had reached the second story and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Frederick, who was seated by the window reading. He looked up as the old woman entered and asked what she wanted.

"A note for you, sir," she replied. The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand slightly trembled as he took the delicate parchment. A moment he passed it over to his faithful servant, who immediately tore it open and read the following words:

"Lady Lena, Erfurt, being about to visit England for several years, desires to have the pleasure of meeting once more her friend Count Frederic Albergh, who has so mysteriously withdrawn himself from society. She will do herself the honor of dining with him this day at 5 o'clock."

A spasm passed over the young man's face and he murmured, "Once more." Then turning to Margaret, he said:

"What is there in the house to eat?"

"As good as nothing, sir," replied the faithful woman, "for there is only scraps left from your breakfast."

"That's bad, Margaret," said he, "for I have no money, not a single kraitzer, and here is a note from Lady Lena informing me that she will dine with me to-day."

"She mustn't come, dear sir. There is nothing to give her. Frederick seemed lost in thought, suddenly, he raised his head.

"I have it now," said he. "You must serve up my poor Jeannot here. It is all I can do."

"Oh, master! What, roast this poor bird you have loved so long, and which belonged to—"

"Hush," Margaret; not another word; only do as I bid you. Serve the bird up as best you can. Have the table laid for two in the old dining room, having it ready precisely at 5. When the lady arrives summon me, and serve dinner immediately. I shall be in my chamber, to which I shall now retire." Margaret laid no remonstrance, but sobbing and wringing her hands, she went down stairs. Lena had waited her coming with intense anxiety.

"What's the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?"

"Deed there has," wearily answered Margaret.

"What said Lena. 'Speak, woman.' 'Oh, only he's gone clean demented. You bring a note from your haughty mistress, who ought to be drowned in the Elbe, for she always makes trouble for my dear young master, one of whose fingers is worth more than her whole body; made him waste all his fortune, so that now he is as poor as Job and now makes him kill his beautiful falcon.' A triumphant smile now flashed into the eyes of the false waiting-woman, and she asked, "How so?"

"Why, you see, Mistress Susan, your lady is coming to dine with him, and there's no more to be said. He has ordered the falcon to be roasted for your wicked lady's dinner."

"I have no doubt it will make capital eating," laughed the girl.

"Out upon you," said Margaret. "You are as heartless as your mistress. Go

back to her and tell her she is welcome. I hope the bird may stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is."

"Oh, don't take on so, Margaret. I am sorry your master is so poor, but he will offer my lady a fine valuable for its small withdrawal from society, and in this small, gloomy tower support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been some time foolish—I have been wicked. But this repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests."

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## THE OLD WOLF.

A Story in Seven Fables from the German of Lessing.

The bad wolf had grown pretty old and made the hypocritical resolve to live on a friendly footing with the shepherds. He, therefore, betook himself to the shepherd whose flocks were nearest to his den.

"Shepherd," said he, "thou callest me the bloodthirsty robber, which I really am not. Of course I must keep myself alive with thy sheep, if I am hungry, for hunger causes suffering. Protect me from hunger, only satisfy me, and thou shalt be well pleased with me, for I am really the tamest, gentlest animal when I am satisfied."

"When thou art satisfied? That may be," replied the shepherd. "But when art thou satisfied? Thou and covetousness never are. Go thy way!"

The wolf, thus repulsed, came to a second shepherd.

"Thou knowest, shepherd," said he, addressing him, "that I could kill many sheep of thine during the year. But if thou wilt give me six sheep every year I will be satisfied. Then thou canst safely sleep and dismiss thy dogs without misgiving."

"Six sheep," replied the shepherd. "Why, that's a whole flock!"

"Well, since it is, then, I will content myself with five," said the wolf.

"Thou art joking; five sheep! I scarcely sacrifice more than five sheep yearly to Pan."

"Nor for?" asked the wolf, further; and the shepherd, with his head scornfully, "Three? Two?"

"Not a single one!" was the final reply. "For it would be foolish, indeed, for me to put myself under tribute to an enemy from whom I can protect myself by my watchfulness."

Three is a lucky number thought the wolf, and came to a third shepherd.

"It touches me very deeply," he said, "that I am decried among you shepherds as the most cruel and the most unconscientious creature. I will now show thee what wrong is done me. Give me one sheep a year and thy flock may pasture free and unharmed in that forest, which no one but myself makes insecure. One sheep! What a trifle! I could let more generously, more unselfishly? Thou art laughing, shepherd. What art thou laughing about?"

"Oh about nothing. But how old art thou, good friend?" said the shepherd.

"What concern is it in my age to thee? I am always old enough to kill thy choicest lambs."

"Don't get angry old growler. I am sorry that thou comest a few years too late with thy proposition. Thy worn-out teeth betray thee. Thou art playing the part of an unselfish fellow so as to be supported more comfortably and with less danger."

The wolf was out of humor, but calmed down and went on to the fourth shepherd, whose faithful dog had just died, and the wolf profited by the circumstance.

"Shepherd," said he, "I have fallen out with my brethren in the forest so badly indeed that I shall never be reconciled with them. Thou knowest how much thou hast to fear them! If thou wilt take me into thy service in place of thy dead dog, I will guarantee that they will not even squint at my sheep."

"Then thou wilt," replied the shepherd, "protect them against thy brethren in the forest?"

"Of course! What else could I mean?"

"That wouldn't be bad. But if I took thee into my flocks, tell me, who would then protect my poor sheep against thee? To take a thief in our houses in order to make us safe against thieves outside the house, we men consider—"

"I bear enough," said the wolf, "thou beginnest to moralize. Fare thee well!"

"If I were not so old!" said the wolf, grinding his teeth. "But I must, unfortunately, adapt myself to the times. And then he came to the fifth shepherd.

"Dost thou know me, shepherd?"

"At least I know thy kind," replied the shepherd.

"My kind? I doubt it greatly. I am so singular a wolf that I am quite worthy of thy friendship and of all shepherds."

"I would not kill and eat a live sheep, even if it should cost me my life. I only feed on dead sheep. Is not that praiseworthy? Permit me, therefore, to stop now and then with thy flock and to inquire—"

"Spare thy words," said the shepherd. "Thou must not devour any sheep, not even a dead one, if thou wouldst not have me for an enemy. An animal that gets far enough to eat my dead sheep easily learns, when hungry, to consider sick sheep as dead ones and healthy ones as sick. Do not, then, therefore, count upon my friendship, but go!"

"I must now do my very best to accomplish my purpose!" thought the wolf, and came to the sixth shepherd.

"Shepherd, how does my fur suit thee?"

"Thy fur?" asked the shepherd. "Let me see. It is handsome; the dogs could not often have got the better of thee."

"Well, listen, shepherd; I am old, and will not run about much longer. Feed me until my death and I will will thee my skin."

"Indeed," said the shepherd. "Thou art as cunning as any old miser. No, no, thy skin would at last cost me seven times more than it would be worth. But if thou art in earnest about making me a present, give it to me right away."

Hereup the shepherd reached for his club and the wolf fled.

"Oh, the pitiless people!" cried the wolf, and went into a towering passion. "Then I will die as their enemy, rather than with hunger, for they will not have it better."

He ran and broke into the shepherds' houses, slashed their children, and was only killed with great difficulty by the shepherds.

Then the wisest of them said: "We probably did wrong when we provoked the old robber and took from him all

means of reformation, no matter late or compulsory it was!"

## The Necessity of Looking Up at Home.

Often when I have been riding in a country, on a summer afternoon I have seen the farmer's wife sitting in the door engaged with her sewing, sleeves tucked to her elbows, by perhaps uncombed, or a few straggles back in the plainest manner, but in slipshod shoes, and her dress same in which she had worked all morning, with perhaps the same apron and usually not over-clean. Her face, if one should enter, would probably be found in excellent order—clean floors, and chairs set back against the wall, as if arranged for a funeral, not a thing out of place. In the board or store-room would be found whitest of bread, plenty of cooking and cake, the freshest and sweetest of butter, and many little delicacies materials for which nature so abundantly provides, and which the housewife has learned so well to prepare. Nothing has she been remiss in her to her house but on herself; perhaps most important, certainly the most necessary; thing in the house is her thought. She is too scared with labor, and there is a pile of sewing mending waiting to be done. So perfect self-abnegation she sits down her task till the evening's daily work and the preparation for supper, with consequent duties closes the day on weary body and mind. And the pass—on to another—much all their sameness, until her mind is rowed down to this small routine daily cares, and the thought of going up, to go from home, or to the cotopany be comes almost irksome. Habits have become so fixed that she has never considered that a few minutes spent in bathing face, hands, neck, combing the hair in a tasteful becoming manner, and putting on a dress with the addition of a fresh muslin neck-tie, will not only add dexterity to her self respect, but also bring rest to her weary body and no matter if the dress be nothing but print, it will be clean and fresh. For her wear, this is usually the best material, as the evening chores must be early be done, and with the addition of a big apron, one is ready for the Prints are so pretty and cheap, there can be no excuse for not having one on hand. And then present mode of dressing the body is pretty and yet so simple, and clean, there is no need of being seen every morning without a clean, fresh or kerchief. No frills—no stuff, but simply a piece of India muslin, less costly one cut square and hemmed up on corner wise, and tucked into dress in front, or if one prefers, a few inch-wide and of suitable length simply hemmed and a few tucks at the ends put on for a tie. Four or five articles are all that is necessary. They are thrown into the weekly wash-ironed without starch. Costly made with elaborate care, are not necessary to personal neatness. Wife and mother cannot afford to dress her home, with a torn or absent, neither for the example which brings, nor her own personal respect. There are few husbands so ferent to the appearance and dress of wife, as not to feel a glow of satisfaction when on coming to the house from labor she finds her neatly arrayed with a smiling face—instead of the stern; being which is sometimes. Indeed, I think the "male man" Samantha Allen would say, is satisfied in this respect. Every in his younger days not wished to be dressed by herself with free care and taste, and his admiration of the girl he loves is gratified by the care which she bestows on her personal appearance, and if in life, she becomes coarse and seems oblivious to the redning index which taste and culture bring, who say in how large a manner she is responsible. This wise mother of others will insist that each afternoon see them not only neat and tidily dressed, so that in case of unexpected callers, there need be no flurry, nor loss of self-respect. It begins in early life will grow into a habit which in time will become so fixed when she becomes a wife and mother she will no more think of less than the necessary ones of eating, sleeping.

There are times, even in the regulated families, that silence is a fearful peace-maker. In certain of mind and body one may be well to frenzy by words and suggestion in other moods would have no effect. When one is hungry, or too sleepy, or sick, he cannot take the views that he does when full, fed, and vigorous in health. If I make due allowance for this instance of things in himself and in around him, and restrain his govern his tones, control his manner he may avert a deal of trouble. A passive word is sometimes a spark under. We are careful to keep flame powder made of sulphur and saltpetre we not of equally careful to prevent social and domestic explosions. Some people are so constituted that certain moods they will say disagreeable things simply because they feel like the combustible stuff about them, with the cool water of silence it will take fire, and great damage may be done. It is more cruelly to take vengeance of a fretful child and tease and tease and torment him, "for the it." And yet some families tolerate species of amusement. How words are best left unsaid! Why do we drop caustic remarks that stab and rankle and corrode hearts they touch? Why should we raise railing for nothing? Why do we meet persistence with persistence? We never forget that a so, unless we away wrath.

Frank Spence, aged thirty-three, died, has mysteriously disappeared.

## Very Old and Very Black.

The Herald has the following special from Pittsburg, Pa.: "Julia Powell, a negro woman, aged 113 years, died here recently. She was born about twenty miles below Richmond, Va., in 1769, and was a slave. Her master, at his death set her free and left her some property, but she could not hold it under the law. She came here in 1814, and has been here ever since. She married a man much younger than herself, and leaves a son who is himself a great-grandfather. Her age was well authenticated. She told many stories of events which took place in Virginia during the revolutionary war, and told them with in 1814, and has been here ever since. She married a man much younger than herself, and leaves a son who is himself a great-grandfather. Her age was well authenticated. She told many stories of events which took place in Virginia during the revolutionary war, and told them with in 1814, and has been here ever since. 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