

her doors. We stopped and listened at the door. It was a love song from the opera of *Pro aux Clercs*—a favorite song of my friend.

How beautiful she sang! With what style and execution! She was a finished artiste. We stopped at the door until the last note had died away, and it was succeeded, by a lively *valse*. Then we entered.

"It is impossible! it can't be!" cried Jules.

But it was Marie, who, rising from the piano as we entered, stood suffused with blush.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for my presumption in entering your room," she said: "but madam was here arranging them and I came up to keep her company."

Madam's head, with her twinkling mischievous little eyes, just then peered forth from the adjoining room, as if in proof of Marie's statement.

"No presumption whatever, mademoiselle; it is an honor," said Jules. "But I beg you will once more sing my favorite song."

The man had long since cast his rays on Montmarie, and the madam had a dozen times risen to go, and still Jules and Marie were at the piano. My friend was an accomplished performer at the piano, and an enthusiastic admirer of music. They sang duets and solos without number, and when, at last, M^{lle} Marie said she must go, it was with regret they parted.

The morning was Sunday. We slept longer than usual that day, and 10 o'clock had sounded from a neighboring street when M^{me} Jaques entered the room with two letters—one for Jules and one for me. Mine was from Lizzie. She was educated in France, and she told me that she intended paying a visit to an old school-fellow of hers—M^{lle} Ernoud, who resided at the chateau de Beauville, near Rouen; and further, that she expected me to pay her an early visit there, and could bring my "double"—thus she called my friend—with me. I jumped out of bed, delighted at the prospect of seeing Lizzie so soon, and hurried into Jules's chamber. I found him intently occupied with a little rose-colored billet.

"What, a *doux-tout*!" says I: "pray who thus honors you, Monsieur Jules?"

He handed me the note; the writing was delicate and lady-like.

"Monsieur,"—thus it ran—"I have to thank you much for the honor and pleasure you have bestowed on me by your pleasant society. I leave Paris this morning and have no time to bid you adieu, receive, therefore, monsieur, my best wishes, as, believe me, with respect,

MARIE."

"Well, it is bad news, *mon ami*," said I; "but if you love her, you mustified out from madam where she is going and follow her."

"Ah, madam won't tell me her address." Replied Jules. "She says Marie has forbidden her to do so. Still she has gone to join the family with whom she has been formerly."

"But this is superb!" I exclaimed.

"Read what Lizzie says. We will be on Thursday morning, and having seen Lizzie, I will tell her of your love affairs, and I am sure she will aid you, for a woman's wit is sharper than a man's."

Thursday evening found us located in the hall of the Chateau de Beauville. The first rapture of meeting with Lizzie was over, and we were seated in the large chimney, Jules was occupied with Lizzie's friend M^{lle} Ernoud, while the rest of the family were variously engaged in other parts of the chateau.

I had determined to speak to Lizzie of Jules' love affair at the earliest opportunity, and this opportunity now presented itself. How her eyes sparkled while she narrated the story and described Marie! I thought she was amused at the idea of the struggles between pride and love that my friend had undergone.

I had scarcely finished speaking when M^{lle} Ernoud rang; and when the servant appeared, she desired him to ask Marie to come to her.

"She is my companion," she said, smiling, to Jules; "a very beautiful and interesting girl, I assure you; but, unfortunately she is only a porter's daughter."

What could have made this fortunate Marie without a day's search? You need not guess, the door opened, and she stood Marie.

Demure and humble enough was her greeting to us, but her eyes sparkled with an irrepressible fire that strangely affected me; I could not comprehend her. Lizzie's companion, she occupied a seat at the table, and I noticed the servant treated her with marked respect.

I need not say with what rapidity thoughts whirled about my head, nor how I was allotted for our stay had nearly passed. On all possible occasions Jules was with me, and we talked and joked and escaped jests and laughter from the company on this account; but he bore the with extraordinary meekness and coolness for one so proud and hot-blooded, as I knew him to be.

One day Lizzie and I were seated in an arbor in the garden; she had consented to fix an early day for our wedding, and we were discussing our marriage arrangements, when suddenly we heard footsteps approaching and Jules said, "Which branch of the chateau do you wish to see, believe me, I love you truly and dearly." "Will you return my love as well as my wife?"

"Can you, then, really sacrifice your principles, and brave your father's disapproval, by marrying a porter's daughter?" she asked.

"Trust me, Marie—my false pride is all gone," he replied. "I love you devotedly, and ask you to be my wife."

The answer I could not hear, for the footsteps passed toward the chateau.

"Well, Jules, I involuntarily heard your declaration of love to her," said I, when the family had retired for the night. "What answer did you receive?"

"Congratulate me, my friend," he replied. "She loves me—she told me as much—but she would give no positive answer to the marriage, she said; she must speak to her friends first; it is a duty she owes them."

The next morning, at breakfast, the unpleasant silence was given us by Marie had left the chateau, and nothing to tell of her whereabouts or her reasons for so doing. M^{lle} Ernoud appeared rather offended, but forgot her ill-humor.

when was told that her cousin, M'lle de Beauville, had just arrived.

The sadness which had seized poor Jules when he heard of Marie's departure was noticed by all, and there was many a laugh at his expense, when the door opened, and M'lle de Beauville was announced. Could it be possible? Why the lady who entered was certainly Marie.

"Jules, Jules," I cried involuntarily to my friend, who had forgotten his accustomed politeness, or did not hear the lady announced, for he remained at the table without turning, "Jules is not this Marie?"

Before he could raise from his chair she stood before him and gave him her hand. "I have spoken to my friends," she said, "and they are satisfied, Jules; therefore I will be your wife."

In an instant she was in his arms closely clasped to his heart.

"But they announced Marie as M'lle de Beauville," I said to Lizzie.

"Yes, it is true, Monsieur," cried Marie, freeing herself from Jules' embrace, "but she is the heiress de Beauville, and not the porter's daughter."

"How could you impose on our credulity in such a manner?" I asked.

"Mme. Jacques is my foster mother," she replied, "and she calls me her daughter. When I met you it was an accident, and madam having called me her child, I determined to allow you to retain the belief that such was the case, for I felt interested in Jules, and soon found he loved me; and having discovered that Jules was the lover of my old friend Lizzie, I made a plan to meet you here and give Jules a trial to test his affection for me, for I have learned from Lizzie to wish for a husband that would love me, for myself." She hid her blushing face in Jules' bosom for a moment, and then asked, "Have you nothing to say, Jules? You won't be angry with me for the deception I have practiced, will you?"

"No, no, Marie, I am too happy," he replied. "I only ask that Lizzie's bride and I may also ours."

And thus it was settled. Jules and I are now both happy husbands; and when the late war broke out, Jules and his wife came to reside near us in England.

A Little Mistake.

"Roy, are you at leisure?" inquired Phil Raymond, peering into Roy Le Marston's sanctum, where that disciple of Blackstone was engaged in the laborious occupation of balancing a ruler on his finger.

"At leisure?" said Roy, musingly. "Let me see—well, I'm rather pressed for time, just now. Clients are so numerous."

Here he winked blandly at Phil.

"Clients?" laughed Phil. "Have you got any yet?"

"Not one; but I try to keep up the delusion that I am pestered to death with them. I practice special pleadings in the backroom, with the chairs for jury, and the books for spectators, and the way I worry the witnesses is a caution. I tell you what, Phil," he added confidentially, "when the clients do come they will find me prepared for them."

"Ah!" said Phil, cynically, "when they do come, I am afraid, Roy, you will never make a lawyer."

"Why, I am a lawyer," said Roy, respectfully.

"I mean a successful one," explained Phil. "You don't feel the necessity for work, and so you will not work. Now if—"

"Did you come here to lecture me?" demanded Roy.

"Oh, no; I came to ask your advice," said Phil.

"My advice?" cried Roy, eagerly. "Hold on a minute until I get down some books for reference, and—"

"Oh, hosh!" said Phil, impatiently. "I don't want your advice on any point of law."

"On what, then?" said Roy, sternly.

"On a point of love?"

"And is a lawyer's time to be taken up in love affairs?" said Roy, reproachfully. "However," he added, resignedly, "as it is you, I will disappoint some of my clients for your sake and listen to the tale of woe. Fire ahead, my son."

And Roy settled himself back in his chair, like a judge about to pronounce sentence of death on a criminal.

"You see," said Phil, "I come to you because I know you can tell me the name of the person I love."

"Why, no," don't you know her name?" asked Roy.

"No," said Phil.

"Then how do you expect me to know who you are talking about?"

"Have a little patience, Roy, and I'll explain. You must know that yesterday I was passing your house—"

"My house?"

"Shut up! will you? Yes your house, and I saw just at the door, about to enter a girl. She was the most extraordinarily handsome—"

"Of course!" interrupted Roy, drily. "I dare say! But that's no clue to the princess. How was she dressed?"

"In some dark stuff," said Phil. "Of course, I don't know the name of it, but it was very plain, and she had no jewelry about her, and she carried a bundle in her arms. I think it was some person who sews for your sister."

"McCaferry," said Roy blandly.

"Who?"

"Bridget McCaferry!"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Phil, angrily.

"Oh, dear! my dear boy," said Roy soothingly. "It must be her. She answers your description. To be sure she is not so extraordinarily handsome but then, allowing for a lover's exaggeration she may pass. I congratulate you, Phil."

"Go to the—West Indies," said Phil angrily. "It must be a mistake—McCaferry can't be her name."

"Oh! but it is," said Roy, grinning. "What was that? A rose, you know etc."

"Nonsense!" said Phil, savagely.

"Of course," asserted Roy, "there is also nonsense; but, Phil, I advise you to beware—have a rival."

"A rival?"

"Yes, he comes sometimes with Bridget. A gentleman of Irish extraction, Finnegan, I think his name is."

desperately. And he rushed out of the office, leaving Roy doubled up in his arm-chair, shrieking with laughter. But it was no laughing matter with Phil. For a week or so he wandered around the city like an outcast, mourning over his castle in the air, so rashly blown up by the heartless Roy.

From this miserable state of existence he was awakened by a note from Roy, enclosing one from Miss Le Marston, in which she presented her compliments and an invitation to a ball at her residence.

The note from Roy urged him to accept the invitation, giving as a reason, that he might, perhaps, from his (Roy's) sister, find out something about his adored Miss McCafferty. This almost decided Phil not to go; but, on reflection, he changed his mind.

"I'll go," he said, determinedly, "if it's only to show Roy that I am not to be laughed out of going. Yes I'll go."

And, in pursuance of this resolution, he went. Almost the first person he met on the Roy's was Roy himself.

"Come along Phil," said he cheerfully. "I have been telling my sister about your adoration for the McCafferty, and she professes to be quite willing to try and win her for you."

"Confound your impertinence!" cried Phil, fiercely. "You might have been better employed. Now I won't go in! I'm not going to be a laughing stock, I can tell you!"

"Hold on, Phil!" said Roy, apologetically. "I was only joking—she knows nothing. Come on."

"Ah! that alters the case," said Phil, mollified.

And into the crowded rooms they went.

"Mr. Raymond," cried Flora Le Marston, joyfully. "Oh, how delighted I am to see you here! Roy told me that he hardly thought you would accept my invitation, and that you intended to live a hermit's life in the future, bearded, but how crossed in love."

"Indeed!" said Phil, laughing, while he cast anything but a loving glance at Roy, who was promenading on the other side of the room with a young lady with flaxen hair, which the abandoned vagabond merely acknowledged by a fraternal wink.

"You see he was mistaken," he added; "I could not find it in my heart to be come a hermit while there are so many like you in the city."

"Dear me, how very complimentary you are," cried Flora, laughing. "Then you have not been crossed in love, as Roy says?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Heart free?"

"Entirely so."

"Then I want you to fall in love with my cousin, May Harper. I'll introduce you to her. You'll like her, I know you will."

"Anything to oblige you," said Phil, obediently, and he followed her to the other end of the room, like a lamb to the slaughter.

"Where is Phil?" asked Roy of his sister, about an hour afterward.

"He is engaged in conversation with Cousin May," said Flora, "and seems quite taken up with her."

"Then he has forgotten McCafferty?"

"McCafferty! Who is McCafferty?"

"Heard of her, how, your seamstress Phil was in love with her."

"In love with Bridget McCafferty?" cried Flora, incredulously. "Nonsense, I don't believe it!"

"He told me so himself," said Roy earnestly. "He was going wild about her two weeks ago. I'm going to see what he means by this incandescence," he continued, mischievously. "It's a disgrace to the sex."

He found Phil wandering around in the hall, quite elated.

"Give him joy, Roy," he cried, when he saw him. "I've found her."

"Who?" asked Roy. "McCafferty?"

"Yes, McCafferty?" said Phil, laughing. "Only she turns out to be some body else."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Harper," said Phil.

"Cousin May?" cried Roy. "You don't say so! I'll go and tell Flora."

"Be so gracious!" cried Flora, when she heard the news. "The man of him being so stupid! Just like a man I suppose he thought she couldn't be any person of consequence because she was not loaded with jewelry; though May is eccentric in wearing none, and she is so rich."

I don't think Phil ever told his wife about the little blunder he made about her identity, but Roy took care that she should know it, and as she only laughed I suppose we may take it for granted that she was satisfied with her choice. At any rate, Phil was; and McCafferty I am happy to say, was married to Mr. Fionnegau.

The Regency in Brazil.

Letters from Rio de Janeiro give interesting accounts of the departure, on May 25th, of the Emperor Dom Pedro I of Brazil, and his wife, the Empress Teresa, for a visit to Lisbon and Europe. It is stated that this is the first time for thirty years, and the second time in its history that, Brazil has been governed by a regent. The Brazilian Legislature voted an appropriation of \$200,000 to defray the expenses of the journey of the Emperor, but Dom Pedro absolutely declined to accept any sum whatever, not wishing to burden the national exchequer. The Emperor will be absent for a year. Previous to his departure, on May 20th, in the presence of the Legislature, the Ministers of State and other high officials, the oath of office was taken by the regent, the Princess Isabella, daughter of the Emperor and wife of Gaston Louis, Count d'Eu, the son of the Duke de Nemours and grandson of Louis Philippe. The Regent Isabella was born July 29, 1846, and was married on October 15, 1864. The oath taken by the regent binds her to maintain the Roman Catholic Religion, the integrity and indivisibility of the Empire, to observe the constitution and laws of the Brazilian nation. She also swears fidelity to the Emperor, and to deliver up to him the government on his return.

Political Bargain Made Twenty Years Ago.

In the winter of 1848-9 the Whigs and Democrats were almost equally divided in the Ohio Legislature. Neither party had the working majority in the popular branch and two Freesoilers, Townsend and Morse from the Western Reserve, held the balance of power. The election in Hamilton county was close. Owing to some irregularity Pugh (George F.) and Pierce, Democrats, contested the seats of Runyon and Spencer, who were Whigs and held certificates of election. The Whigs stood by the Whigs, and the Democrats were solid for the contestants. How would the Freesoilers vote? How and by whom could they be brought around to see the legal question involved in the contest from the Democratic standpoint? These questions were never canvassed in the Democratic caucus. A prominent Freesoil lawyer was called into consultation, and, though up to that time he had not been counted a politician, he then and there embarked upon a political career with his eyes fixed upon the presidency of the United States. If we are correctly informed, he wrote a contract between the Democrats and the Freesoilers, by which it was stipulated that Townsend and Morse should vote with the Democrats to unseat Runyon and Spencer, and admit Pugh and Pierce to their seats, in consideration of which the Democrats of both branches of the Legislature agreed to unite with Townsend and Morse, the two Freesoilers, and elect the thimble rigging lawyer—Salmon P. Chase—to the Senate of the United States. We are informed that this contract, in the handwriting of the present Chief Justice of the United States, is still in existence, and in the possession of a citizen of Cleveland. The bargain was carried out by both parties in good (2) faith, and Mr. Chase went to the Senate, where, as the colleague of Mr. Seward, he bore a distinguished part in the great antislavery debates of that time.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

London has but two penmanship experts.

A Texas widow of fifteen has married again.

There are 552 windows in Stewart's up town store.

Wyoming women won't vote now they have a chance.

Forty thousand negroes will vote in Kentucky this year.

Not for the hair made of bulion thread are just introduced.

Sorosis women declare they won't wear dresses any longer.

Detroit has a colored base ball club called the "Naving allies."

A colored ice cream peddler at Nashville is named "snowball Frost."

It is proposed to hold a "National Police Convention" at St. Louis.

Decatur, Ills., expects to have ten railroads and be the capital some day.

Chicago has a health officer who actually condemns meat and vegetables.

A North Carolina man has worn a Lehigh hat for 35 years and still calls it good.

An Atlanta German has so many children that he can't remember their names.

Pitt Ross, son of Senator Ross, is the champion bill poster of Lawrence, Kansas.

Oswego, New York, claims the discovery in that neighborhood of remarkable mineral springs.

The proper name of the potato bug is *dorygnora decemlineata*. What's its surname?

Twenty-six thousand veterans of 1812 have applied for pension. They are coming in at the rate of 176 daily.

A Rocky Point, Rhode Island, dining room serves 1,000 people with clams at one time.

The graduating class at Yale numbers 109 members. The average for ten years has been 109 3/4.

There is a report that a college for women is to be established at Cambridge University, in England.

The Troy *Whig* says there was three paper colliers warmer there on Sunday than it was on Saturday.

The Louisville *Ledger* calls the jail of that place the "municipal oven, insane asylum and architectural fraud."

A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." There are good many "tight uns" among them still.

They captured at Charleston, South Carolina, recently, from the wharves, a shark eleven feet two inches long.

Nearly 34,000 female property owners in Massachusetts pay taxes on \$131,684,338 worth of property.

Some good natured Indiana to divide the State, a proposition which the Chicago *Tribune* combated vigorously.

A worker in a Pittsburgh factory accidentally jumped into a caldron of molten metal on Saturday, and was horribly burned.

A clergyman in Cairo, Ills., recently forbade his congregation putting into the contribution box any sum less than five cents.

Chisamen are employed as miners in Nebraska, and have already penetrated seven hundred feet on their upward way home.

The Revolution says, "A parlor ornament made of flesh and blood is a costly thing to keep." The lady editors evidently know how it is them-selves.

Experiments in the army bakery, Washington, have shown that at one barrel of flour will make 802 loaves of bread, weighing one pound each.

One of the papers contains an advertisement:—"Lost—A large black silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."

Locomotive No. 8, of the New Jersey Railroad Company, is said to be the fastest locomotive in the United States, having made 80 miles in one hour.

A Boston street car company runs an early morning car during the season of dandelion greens, to accommodate the women who bring them to market.

A lady offered a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband. A few days afterwards the man died. "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the disconsolate widow, "he has done us more benefits than we ask for!"

Bishop Clark, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held a conference

[illegible]

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THE ARION PIANO-FORTE has Greater power than any other Piano-Forte manufactured.

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Supersedes all Others.

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Where most needed, and in this respect all other Pianos fail.

The construction of the **WEST PLANK**, into which the Tuning Pins are inserted, is such that it is impossible for the Pins to become loosened, or the West Plank itself to split, as is too often the case in other Piano-Fortes.

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Throughout the entire scale, the excellent Singing Quality, the

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All go to prove what we claim, viz.: that the

Arion Piano-Forte

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The most severe test a piano can possibly be constant use in a Conservatory,

Read The Following:

It affords me much pleasure to give you, in these few lines, a very sincere testimonial for the Piano-Forte of your manufacture. We have now used the "Patent Arion Piano" in our Conservatories for a year, and have had a fair opportunity of testing their durability during that time. The Pianos show signs of perfection in every respect. In the morning still night, and a Piano went indeed by a good one when it will bear such constant use without showing signs of detraction. As for resonance in tone, it out rivals any Piano known to me. Their peculiar sweetness of tone in the treble, (as compared to other Pianos with the ordinary metal agraffe arrangement) is so striking that I have had pupils remark, while taking their lessons, that although they had at home what they supposed to be one of the best makes of Pianos, still the treble was very waxy toned compared with the "ARION."

What makes them still more desirable is their uniform volume of tone, which enables an Artist to perform a composition in its true character.

In total, I can conscientiously endorse all that is claimed by the Arion Piano - Forte Company, for their superior instruments, as I consider them superior to any other make.

Congratulations upon the great success you have obtained in the principal feature of so perfect an instrument, I remain yours,

Very truly,
HENRY SCHROEDER Director.

New York, September 3, 1870.

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We want first-class and responsible Agents in every city and town where we have not already appointed them.

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Our annual Illustrated Pamphlet, which contains a full description of the interior construction of the Patent Arion Piano-Forte, and all the other leading Pianos of the principal makers; illustrated with cuts, thus contrasting the Arion with all other first-class Pianos, and proving

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Our pamphlet contains engravings of all the different styles of description of all the different styles of instruments of each, so that a person can select the style they may desire to order, with the assurance that they will receive just as good a Piano as if they were in our warehouses to select it. We have sold over Five Thousand Pianos, many of them being shipped great distances, and we have never yet received the first complaint. As we give a written guarantee with every Piano we manufacture, for five years, the purchaser runs no risk.

Don't fail to write for our pamphlet which we mail Free, and when you write state what paper you own this season.

N. B.—We caution the public from purchasing a cheap Piano, which has recently been put in the market, bearing the name "Arion." All genuine Arion Pianos bear the name "Patent Arion," and can only be purchased from our New York Ware-rooms, or our authorized Agents throughout the United States.

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