

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLCOTT CITY.

OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott  
City Times," in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. HEINZLER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, Md.  
March 9, '78-1f.

J. D. SECURE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.  
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,  
&c., and practice generally before the Depart-  
ments in Washington.  
Oct. 7, '78-1f.

JOHN WARFIELD,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
32 St. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court  
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every  
month.  
March '80, '78-1f.

T. THOMAS JONES,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 31 St. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City  
and Howard and adjoining Counties.  
Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott  
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every  
month.  
Dec. 12, '74-1f.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.  
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

WM. A. HAMMOND,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott  
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each  
month.  
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,  
Baltimore.  
July 27, '72-1f.

JOHN G. ROGERS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICIT-  
TOR IN CHANCERY.  
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and  
the adjoining counties.  
Special attention given to Collections, and  
Remittances made promptly.  
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City,  
Jan. 6, '72-1y.

ALEXANDER H. HOHNS,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 32 St. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City  
and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and  
will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the  
First and Third Tuesday of every month—  
(Orphans' Court days).  
Mar. 6-'75-1y.

C. IRVING DITTY,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 31 St. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in  
the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-  
ruptcy.  
Particular attention given to collection of  
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of  
Maryland.  
Jan. 29, '70-1y.

T. R. CLENDINEN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
March 2, '78-1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at El-  
licott City, he is prepared to practice his pro-  
fession in this City and County.  
He may be found at his place of business at  
all hours, except when professionally engaged.  
Night calls promptly attended to.  
Oct. 3, '69-1f.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,  
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).

Having located at Clarksville for the prac-  
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-  
fessional services to the community.  
May 18, '78-1f.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND  
Offers his professional services to the public.  
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-  
pike, Howard County.  
March 16, '78-1f.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,  
DENTIST,  
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental  
Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.  
Crabbe, I tender my professional services to  
his patrons and the public generally at the  
office formerly occupied by him,  
MAIN STREET,  
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.  
April 24, '77-1y.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,  
LAND SURVEYOR,  
OFFICE—At the Court House, Ellicott City.  
Oct. 12, '78-1y.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,  
AGENT FOR THE  
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF  
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD  
COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's  
Store, Ellicott City.  
Feb. 16, '78-1f.

WILLIAM E. PETER,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Real Estate and Collection  
Agency, and  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Estates attended to; Receipts and Bills Collected  
Money procured on Securities. Purchases  
and Sales of City and Country Property  
effected. Property Leased. Money  
Invested in Bonds, Stocks, and  
Real Estate. Insurance, &c., &c., &c.  
Free of Charge. All  
kinds of Property Insured at  
Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on Real  
Estate Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.  
June 24, '71-1f.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flower of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Under the one the Blue,  
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robes of glory,  
These in the gloom of defeat;  
All with the battle blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Under the laurel the Blue,  
Under the willow the Gray.

From the scenes of sorrowful hours,  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
'Broidered with gold the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drop of the rain:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Wet with the rain the Blue,  
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No lover battle was won;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Under the blossoms the Blue,  
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-ery sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

ALL A MISTAKE.

At eight o'clock of a November night  
a carriage stopped in M Avenue, before a  
handsome house. The cabman sprang  
from his box, and opening the cab door,  
said to a young lady, who tossed back her  
veil and looked anxiously upward at the  
brightly lighted entrance, "Here's your  
number, miss."

"Number fifty-seven. Yes, that must be  
right. Will you go up the steps, please,  
and ring the bell, and say that I have come!  
And some one will help you with the  
baggage."

The man obeyed. A portly butler ap-  
peared at the doorway, and answering the  
summons, "She says she's come, sir," with a  
dignified nod, and immediately descended  
to the pavement with a pompous gait. "You  
are expected, Miss Carroll," he said to the  
young lady, whom he found looking both  
perplexed and anxious. And he was about  
to add more, when Miss Carroll, with a  
sigh of instant relief, exclaiming, "Oh,  
I'm so glad!" sprang lightly from the car-  
riage, and mounted the steps with a  
vivacity that took the decorous dignitary's  
breath away.

A lady's-maid stood in the hallway to  
receive the visitor. "Is this Mademoi-  
selle Carroll?" and a bright smile an-  
swering "Yes," she continued: "Madame  
so sorry—exceedingly. Madame is ab-  
sent unavoidably. She has to dine to-  
night, and so engaged two weeks last.  
Will mademoiselle excuse?" And she  
added, as she conducted the guest from  
the corridor: "Dinner is served at the  
moment mademoiselle will desire. And  
shall I be permitted to assist at the toilet?"

Miss Carroll followed the maid up a  
winding staircase, across a square hall-  
way hung with pictures and wall-brackets  
of various chinas, into a luxurious crim-  
son-tinted bed-chamber, lighted by can-  
dles and by a little wood fire.

The toilet was soon completed, the cos-  
tume—a dark, close-fitting traveling habit  
—remaining unchanged. And Miss Carroll  
at the last touch, turning away from the  
mirror, encountered a gaze of unfeigned  
admiration.

"Si belle—si belle comme la vierge,"  
thought the maid, whose eyes drank with  
the activity of an amateur the pure style  
of the queenly figure, the classic Italian  
face, the dark soft eyes, the rich beautiful  
hair. She adroitly veiled her admiration  
with a respectful, "Ah, voila," and, as  
with sudden recollection, presented a little  
note which lay on the table.

"MY DEAR GIRL: It is absurd that, after  
all my dreams of meeting you, I should  
not be at home to-night to give you true  
welcome. But you know my heart. I am  
forced to go to a dinner, and to ap-  
pear afterward at a ball given by my sis-  
ter. Make yourself comfortable. Rest if  
you will, dear, from the fatigue of your  
journey by retiring early, and to-morrow  
—to-morrow you will give me the joy of  
welcoming you at last to the home and  
heart of your devoted MAMIE."

Miss Carroll read this note twice, and  
with a grave expression of scrutiny. Then  
the smile returned to her face. "It can  
mean nothing but kindness," she reflected,  
as she went down to dinner, which was  
served en salottre in exquisite style.

From the dining-room an arch grace-  
fully draped led into a lighted room, be-  
yond which, in dim, low light, was the  
drawing room. This middle room, which

might perhaps be called a library, had  
more the air of a boudoir. Its wainscot  
of well-filled book-cases was obscured by  
manifold objects of bijouterie, by pictures  
and plaques and mounted bronzes, por-  
celains, and marbles. Miss Carroll amused  
herself for a few moments by carelessly  
scanning the objects, and then seating her-  
self comfortably in one of the delightful  
easy-chairs beside a table covered with  
albums, became presently engrossed in an  
album of travel—a finely bound folio,  
arranged with engravings, little photo-  
graphs, and pressed flowers, interlined by  
commemorative in delicate handwriting, and  
inscribed, with an elaborate frontispiece  
not very artistically illuminated in water-  
colors, "Marie, a son frere."

"Shall I be an intruder?" asked an  
agreeable manly voice, as an approaching  
step startled Miss Carroll, and a gentleman  
emerged from the dim drawing-room.  
"My sister," he said, extending his hand  
cordially to Miss Carroll, who arose with  
slight but not ungraceful embarrassment,  
"was distressed in being absent to-night.  
We expected you yesterday."

"We were detained by a storm off Cape  
Hatteras," said Miss Carroll.

She had resumed her chair by the album  
and her hand rested upon the open book.  
"Not a jewel on it!" mentally ejaculated  
the gentleman, who cast a curious glance  
at the unconscious hand. "Strange! But  
probably because the fingers are so finely  
shaped. The hand is regularly beautiful;  
it matches the symmetry of the face. She  
is right; jewels would be a blemish. But  
why did not my sister tell me of her  
friend's extraordinary beauty, when she  
knows I am so susceptible to that charm!  
Ah! I think I understand. "We were ex-  
pecting you," he said, "by cars. My sister  
has been indefatigable in meeting trains."

"Did she not receive my brother's tele-  
gram?"

"I think not," he answered, doubtfully.  
"Her brother?" he questioned, mentally;  
"who is her brother? Not that odious  
Tom Carroll I meet at the club, I trust?  
I detest the fellow." A brief silence was  
followed, in a rather insinuating voice, by,  
"I imagine, Miss Carroll, that although  
it has never been my pleasure to see you  
till to-night, we are hardly strangers to  
each other?"

"No, indeed; my brother writes so often  
of you."

"My sister, you mean?"

"Well, perhaps the adjectives are here."  
"I suspect so, if they are in any way re-  
markable. Marie has a gift of adjectives.  
You discover that now if you have been  
examining her album of Europe."

Miss Carroll turned hesitatingly to the  
book. "Yes, the epithets—adjectives, as  
you call them—are very original; bril-  
liant, I think."

"Marie is a genius," said her brother.  
"My good genius too. I have complete  
faith in her intuitions—her instinctive  
judgment." He said these last words  
with such a thrilling directness and dash  
of ardor that Miss Carroll involuntarily  
lifted her eyes to his: those eyes—very  
expressive ones—were shining full upon  
her with even more ardor than the voice  
betrayed. Miss Carroll, although she  
blushed and looked down quickly again  
upon the page, had the good sense to  
know that he could not mean her by his  
sister's "intuition" and his sister's "judg-  
ment."

"He is probably," she thought, "one of  
those men of the world, of whom I have  
heard, but never met, whose every word  
conveys a compliment, whose very presence  
flatters a girl. He is fascinating, but I  
must not yield to such a fascination. At  
the first instant, too, how ridiculous it  
would be to allow myself to be ensnared!"

But ensnared she was, in spite of her-  
self; for their talk, taking its turn from  
Marie's album, fell upon foreign travel,  
and as Miss Carroll had never been abroad,  
she felt none of the *ennui* that usually ac-  
companies such a subject, but, on the con-  
trary, listened with unaffected interest and  
with many piquant leading questions to  
the spirited relations which became more  
animated and more vivid as the sym-  
pathetic listening made itself increasingly  
felt. The minutes flew as if on wings.

The little Dresden clock on the mantel  
struck halfpast ten when the visited closed.  
Sunk in the soft pillows of the crimson-  
lined bed-chamber, where the dying fire  
light cast a dreamy glow, Miss Carroll felt,  
as she fell asleep that night, like one of  
the heroines in the *Arabian Nights* and her  
hero was an agreeable young gentleman  
leaning over an album. "If his sister is  
like him," was her last waking thought,  
"I do not wonder that my brother is at-  
tached to her with all his heart."

When coffee was brought to her room  
the next morning, a little note lay on the  
tray beneath two fresh-plucked roses—a  
note written with a hand so trembling it  
was difficult to decipher.

"Distracted with one of my nervous  
headaches. Thank Heaven they last but  
a day. To-night will see my dear girl.  
Tray be happy. "MARIE."

The fresh roses sent by madam's order  
were prelude of a series of attentions to  
beguile the morning; and for the after-  
noon there was an invitation to drive with  
Marie's brother in the Park. But before  
that Miss Carroll had sent a telegram to a  
law office downtown, addressed to Ralph  
Fleming:

"By some mistake missed you. Come  
to-night without fail."

For the drive in the Park Miss Carroll  
appeared attired in the same dark travel-  
ing habit she had worn on her arrival.

And the only comment made by her caval-  
ier, who might naturally have expected  
for the beautiful clear November day, and  
for his stylish dog cart, a rich carriage  
costume, was the silent comment given  
beneath a quick sigh of perfect content-  
ment: "And this simplicity in a beauty  
and an heiress—how charming!"

The drive in the Park, which extended  
by the long drive, and beyond along the  
river, was a supplement to the evening's  
impression of unbounded attraction with  
which these young people were both ir-  
resistibly inspired. Conversation was of the  
most general kind, and not at all of a  
brilliant order; but it was laden with  
those subtle magnetisms that make com-  
monplace momentous. And at their re-  
turn in the twilight, when, all radiant  
with pleasure, Miss Carroll alighted, there  
was that already which in the touch of  
the hand and the glance of the eye ex-  
presses, for the moment at least, an en-  
chanting bond of unity.

How rudely was that enchantment broken!  
"My sister has asked me to dine  
with her," Marie's brother had said, with  
an unmistakable accent of satisfaction;  
and Miss Carroll had responded with a  
smile that certainly was flattering, when  
the door opened, and the pompous butler,  
with a manner of unusual haughtiness,  
said, in a loud, distinct, and one would  
say unamusing voice, "Miss Fleming,  
madame awaits you immediately in the  
drawing-room."

"Miss Fleming!" repeated Marie's  
brother, almost audibly, and with several  
invisible exclamations of dismay  
and foreboding, as he followed his "love  
at first sight" into his sister's presence.

Marie Delatour was a lovely woman—a  
widow devoted to the memory of her hus-  
band—a rich, liberal-hearted widow, ex-  
panding her fortune and her friendliness  
upon the one object of making those  
around her happy. She knew what tears  
were, but her tears were shed only in  
secret, and to the outward gaze she was all  
smiles. Her manner was so invariably  
kind, and her expression of contentment  
so unassuming, that her brother was struck  
with astonishment, and his pressing  
anxiety was redoubled when he beheld  
her, with an erect and proud carriage, and  
a frown lowering upon her sunny face,  
advance to her visitor with a frigid:  
"Miss Fleming, to what chance am I in-  
debted for your presence?"

She softened a little as her glance took  
in the aspect of the intruder.

Miss Carroll seized quickly the scarcely  
proffered hand and said: "Then you have  
not heard. Is it possible you have not  
heard from my brother?"

"Certainly," said madame. "Your  
brother is in the library. But I desired  
to receive you myself—to have your ex-  
planation. I can understand that it was  
possible, indeed, that you might inno-  
cently have entered the wrong house; but  
how could you accept my notes, written  
to my darling friend Eugenia Carroll?  
Were they applicable to a stranger? I  
feel that there has been something un-  
pardonable, and I wish from your own  
lips the explanation."

Miss Carroll had turned deadly pale.  
Charles Redmond, Marie Delatour's  
brother, stood where he could watch her  
closely, and he thought she was attacked  
with faintness. He made an impulsive  
movement toward her, but she gently  
raised her hand to deter him, and rallied  
from her consternation.

"Are you not Marie Maurice, the wife  
of my benefactor, Vicor Maurice, my  
brother's kind friends, at whose house I  
was to be received as a sister, as a child?  
And have you not, have not your people  
at your order, addressed me by my name,  
my least unhappy name "Carroll," "Miss  
Carroll," as my dear little ones in the  
South call me, on purpose to make me  
feel that I was coming home—home?  
Oh! fear now—I know there has been  
some great mistake. Oh! you reel me,  
you do not know me. Where is Ralph?  
Where is my brother? He will explain  
all."

The softness of Marie's nature respon-  
ded to the girl's agitation, and she  
dropped her assuming haughtiness at  
once, with a kind: "Be seated, my poor  
child. You are as pale as death. Charles  
bring her a glass of wine. There is some  
mystery here that will be explained.  
Compose yourself, Miss Fleming, and you  
shall meet your brother presently. There,  
take the wine, my dear; it will revive  
you. Oh yes, it revives you; your color  
returns. Do not be alarmed. There is  
ample time for explanation."

At this moment there was a rustle of  
stiff silk in the hall, and a shadow in the  
arched passage of the library, and two  
people simultaneously entered. Marie  
sprang forward with a rapturous "Euge-  
nia, my darling!" and Miss Carroll rose  
quickly with a "Ralph, my dearest sister!"  
But the persons addressed, midway  
in their response to these endearments of  
greeting, paused suddenly and confront-  
ed each other.

Miss Eugenia Carroll—a plain but not  
inelegant woman of thirty, a cold, stately  
personage, by all the laws of contrast  
Marie's dearest friend—stood as if para-  
lyzed, gazing at Ralph Fleming.

Ralph Fleming—a florid, handsome,  
jovial-looking young man—making his  
way impulsively to his distracted sister,  
stopped suddenly, and with a dazed stare  
gazed at Miss Eugenia Carroll. So elec-  
trical was their arrest in one absorbing  
recognition that the other occupants of  
the meeting-ground shrank back instinc-  
tively.

"Ralph Fleming!" said the stately la-  
dy, "do I find you at last?" She had  
taken his hand and raised it reverently  
to her lips. "Marie," she said, turning  
to her friend, "this is the man who saved  
my life at the burning of the R—, who  
at the moment when I could express my  
gratitude became lost to me. How does  
it happen that I met him here? Are  
you my good angel, Marie? Did you  
prepare this surprise for me? The cold  
plain woman's face glowed with a sudden  
flush of enthusiasm.

"Eugenia, my dear girl," said Marie,  
as soon as she could catch her breath  
from a gasp of astonishment, "I am in a  
puzzle. I should think I was dreaming  
if I did not see your golden face, so un-  
changed, my dear Eugenia, across these  
five years. Dreaming? I should think  
so." She glanced at Ralph Fleming, who  
was embracing his sister, and at Charles  
Redmond, who was gazing at the em-  
brace with a jealous fury.

Marie gave one of her silvery little  
laughs. "Come," said she, gayly, "let  
us all sit down in a circle, a witch's cir-  
cle, and tell each other who we are. For  
I declare, with the exception of you, Eu-  
genia, I don't know who any of us are,  
least of all who I am. Come, let us pre-  
sent ourselves to each other. Charles  
Redmond, begin."

"I am Marie's brother. And"—a little  
sarcastically—"a profound believer in  
her intuitions."

"And you?" asked Marie of the bright-  
faced Ralph Fleming, who the moment  
she looked at him dissipated her faintest  
remnant of animus-remission by his frank  
and genial countenance. "Tell us your  
history, your romantic history, for I am  
sure it is romantic."

"I am Ralph's brother," said Ralph  
Fleming, following Charles Redmond's  
lead, "and a profound believer in her  
good intentions. By half an hour yester-  
day I missed my sister, and the blunder-  
ing lackman brought her to fifty seven  
M Avenue instead of fifty seven L Ave-  
nue, where her unknown but devoted  
friends awaited her. I did not know  
where to find her until I received her tel-  
egram at three o'clock to-day."

"And you, Eugenia?" This in a voice  
exceedingly sweet and loving.

"I am Marie's friend. And in journey-  
ing to see her I have done her wrong  
to allow my anticipations of meeting to  
be obscured by one thought: "Shall I  
in that great city find my lost Ralph  
Fleming?" You never received my let-  
ter," she said, turning to that gentle-  
man abruptly; it was brought back to  
me from the dead letter office."

"Hush!" said Marie, intercepting an  
impetuous answer. "It is not your turn,  
Mr. Fleming. We are only gathering up  
the first chapters now; the second  
chapters will come presently. And you?"  
she said, turning to Carol Fleming.

"I am Ralph's sister," Carol answered,  
timidly, but with a trusting look at Ma-  
rie, whom, indeed, her heart adopted, as  
whose heart adopted not? "I am an or-  
phan, for five years a governess in the  
South, returning to my—to my home."  
Her voice faltered; she added no more,  
and was obliged to add no more, for Ma-  
rie, radiant, arose to the occasion.

"Dear friends," she said, "you will all  
dine with me. Dinner is, I think, at this  
moment *en train*. And after dinner we will  
have the second chapters."

She glided from her chair of audience  
and kissed Eugenia. Then she kissed  
Carol.

And so the peace was made of this  
strange interview; and at dinner the spir-  
its were all alert enough to rise comple-  
tely above personalities into the most ap-  
proved and sparkling table-talk. After-  
wards, in the boudoir-library, came the  
second chapters.

And after the second chapters came in  
brief essence a tableau vivant; and with  
the tableau a series of unspoken reac-  
tions that formed the verdict upon the  
whole proceedings of the eventful day, as  
follows:

Marie's reflection: "Miss Fleming is  
the most graceful, classical, bewitching,  
superb, and innocent creature that I have  
ever seen; and my brother is head and  
ears in love with her already—Heaven  
help him! Eugenia Carroll is the same  
true, stern, delicate, dignified, devout, in-  
tense, and noble woman that I knew her  
first, and always shall know her. Heaven  
bless her! Ralph Fleming is one of na-  
ture's nobleman—generous, impulsive,  
incautious, frank, merry, memorable, and  
fortunate; he holds his fate in his hands;  
yes, and he perceives it. He will certainly  
propose to Eugenia and she will accept  
him. Happy Mortal!—Marie! Marie!  
what becomes of your plans for Charles,  
and your cherished match-making?"

Where is your dream of an ideal sister-  
in-law? Poor Marie! ah! Francis, your  
Marie, who can no more plan happiness  
for others than she could keep her own,  
so precious, *ma vie*, my soul! But I shall  
add to happiness; that is my mission."

Ralph Fleming's reflection: "The grati-  
tude of Eugenia Carroll has evidently ta-  
ken possession of her whole soul. That  
terrible midnight scene of wreck and  
flame, that perilous journey of ours upon  
the floating barge down the dark tragical  
river, alone there in the scene of destruc-  
tion, has served to idealize her protector  
of the hour into a superior being. I verily  
believe she has given me her heart.  
Luckily I have a whole one to offer in re-  
turn; it is a mere chance that I have. I  
came "mighty-weak" losing it last winter

with little Sue Davis. I suffered pretty  
keenly when John Willoughby "cut me  
out." Man proposes, Heaven disposes.  
Perhaps, now, it was all for the best.  
Who knows?"

Charles Redmond's reflection: "How  
could my sister ever imagine that I could  
fall in love with her friend, or regard her  
with any sentiment beyond that ordi-  
narily inspired by a worthy personage  
and a noted heiress? Money and estimable  
qualities are not everything in world  
at least not to a man of my temperament.  
There is a charm, a grace, a magnetism of  
loveliness and beauty that keeps a fellow  
from being bored by every-day existence.  
I should be miserable, as a married man,  
if my wife had no poetic and mysteriously  
supreme attraction for me. Such a girl,  
now, as this superb Carol—ye gods! how  
dazzling, how classical, how noble she  
is!—such a girl would be my ideal as a  
sweet and queenly wife. Would that I  
were rich enough to rush in boldly and  
perhaps win her; but an income like mine  
has "no room for two." Marie is right;  
I should marry an heiress. And yet, as I  
feel to-night, the simplest life with such  
a woman as that, heiress of all feminine  
grace, would be preferable to a career of  
splendor with the ideal part left out."

Carol Fleming's reflection: "How like  
a dream this all is! Shall I ever be quite  
happy again when I awake?"

She did not wake. For Marie, whose  
mission was to add to happiness, pro-  
longed the dream by inviting Carol  
Fleming to spend the Christmas holidays;  
and before that time there were frequent  
interviews between Ralph Fleming and  
Miss Eugenia, and between the beautiful  
Carol and Charles Redmond. Every  
meeting made it more impossible to part,  
and at the New-Year Fortune came to  
the rescue of Love.

Fortune came in the person of Miss  
Eugenia Carroll. She was not only an  
"immense heiress," but she was a rich  
heart. Her generosity was mingled with  
eccentricity; few appeals reached her con-  
fiding sympathy, but those few were lib-  
erally responded to. She made it possi-  
ble for a struggling young lawyer to be-  
come an influential citizen and an affluent  
and rejoicing householder. And Carol  
Fleming, whose sad history as a homeless  
orphan she soon learned, touched even  
more disinterestedly her noble heart.  
She gave her as a wedding gift a deli-  
cious little house near her own. She di-  
minished the splendor of her own home,  
appropriate to her wealth, one-half, in or-  
der to include this second home, and to  
benefit the worthy sister of her beloved  
Ralph.

There side by side in this great city  
that hides more happy homes than it dis-  
plays, for the simple reason that true  
happiness cares not to display, these two  
married couples live.

Charles Redmond is the envied hus-  
band of the most beautiful woman and  
the most affectionate wife that any one in  
city rounds can meet. And Ralph Flem-  
ing is the husband of a great heiress, who  
values his possession not for what the  
world envies, but for what the world  
knows not of.

And so good has come to four good  
people—five good people, for Marie, who  
is happy in the happiness of others, must  
be included—true happiness, solving the  
enigma of life, has come from what in the  
beginning was all a mistake.—