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THE COQUETTE'S REWARD.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The delicate fragrance of hot-house flowers floated through the half-lighted parlors, like reminiscences of the "sweet south," breathing upon a bank of violets, although the thermometer pointed out December as the month, and the thermometer without stood uncomfortably near zero. But the marble vases on either side of the fireplace were filled with roses and heliotrope, fresh from the tropic warmth of conservatories, and a single dazzling japonica gleamed, like carved pearl, among the jetty folds of Ella Wardlaw's hair, as she stood smiling beside her harp, listening to the regretful adieu of him whom the world called her lover.

"Good bye, Ella; I shall come again very soon."

Miss Wardlaw's heart throbbed high. Charles Forrest had never before called her "Ella," and she felt triumphantly conscious that her proud beauty, and the seductive notes of her silver-stringed harp, had very nearly brought him to the "proposing point." One or two more such vigorous sieges, and the fortress would be her own.

She sank, yawning, on a sofa, as the outer door closed upon her lover, and clasped her white hands carelessly over her head, the full crimson lips apart, and the veined lids drooping over eyes that were full of another dream—the very impersonation of a lovely even, whose vocation it was to conquer hearts by the score, and carry them about her, as trophies of her coquette lure.

"Mrs. Charles Forrest," she repeated to herself—that doesn't sound very badly, does it?—particularly as the address Mrs. Charles Forrest will step into a brown stone palace, a chocolate-colored carriage, and a perfect carmen of family diamonds! Yes, I believe he is safely entrapped, and if I play my cards as well as I can do, the matter will be settled within three days! Haigho! this husband-hunting is a wearisome business, after all; and rather hazardous, unless one is very skillful. That reminds me," she added, starting suddenly, and throwing off her soft languor as one might lay aside a useless garment, "I must write to Ralph Thornby to-night; if the love-stricken wretch should find his intended inclination to coning to see me, it might possibly be awkward. Poor dear Ralph," continued the beauty, with curling lip, as she opened her dainty writing desk, and selected a sheet of rose-colored paper, redolent of some faint Parisian perfume, "what a *preux chevalier* he was! I really liked the handsome boy; but Charles Forrest is rich, and that must decide matters, for such an extravagant little body as I am can't live without money."

I am sorry, though, I wrote Ralph that very sentimental letter, but that was when I supposed he was the best investment I could make of my precious self. But I'll sprinkle cold water on the flame of his love, before the affair becomes any more serious. I wonder, pursued Ella, biting the end of her pen thoughtfully, "whether I've got to leave off flirting when I'm married to Charles. I do like this driving three or four boxes in hand, I confess; it's splendid fun! Twelve o'clock! can it be possible that it is so late? I must make haste and finish this tiresome letter, and then to bed, to dream of diamonds and carriages!"

It was nearly one, however, and the fire had burned very low, before Ella finished the carefully worded note, and sealed it with a fairy-like device of entwined initials in pink wax. For Ella was exquisitely fastidious and elaborate in all her doings, even down to her flirtations.

The beautiful velvet-covered coquette, with her dreamy eyelids, and voice attuned to the sweetest and softest key—one would not have thought as she placed that letter on the marble mantel, that she knew its contents were meant to break the heart of a noble and true-souled man! But, patience, Ella Wardlaw—your day of retribution will arrive yet!

When Charles Forrest descended the broad stone steps of the Wardlaw mansion, and walked down the lamp-lighted street, he felt dizzy and happy, like the voyager who steers his bark away from the soft, bewildering fragrance of lotus-blossomed isles in the far East. The siren's spell was on him—and yet some warning and watchful pulse coven deep in his heart kept beating the old, incomprehensible tune, "Beware, beware!"

Onward he passed through the noisy tumult of Broadway, that vast artery through which pushes the fevered tide of everlasting humanity, until he paused where the brilliant lights from a great hotel office threw a line of radiance out to the very middle of the street. "A crowd had assembled there—the midnight mails had just arrived, and Forrest mingled with the throng, to glance over the evening papers and hear the fleeting rumors of war which then vexed the public mind.

"Forest! old fellow, can it be possible that this is you?"

"Myself, and no other, Thornby, for I conclude it is either you or your ghost. But I thought you were safely settled in Chicago, practicing law, instead of—"

"Instead of running wild about the country, you were going to say. But I have granted myself a temporary holiday to—"

"Pshaw, I can't tell you about it here; come up to my room, and we'll have a cosy, old-fashioned chat."

The delightful little impromptu supper of well-seasoned dainties, washed down by champagne, was over, and two gentlemen were smoking sundry spicy-scented cigars, in front of a bright fire, when Thornby abruptly plunged into the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"Charles, I'm in love!"

"You are? My dear fellow, so am I!"

"I am glad of that, because you can sympathize with me. I have come here expressly to see her, and have the day fixed for our wedding."

"I haven't got quite so far as that," said Forrest, smiling.

"But, Charles, she is the loveliest creature that the sun ever shone on—an angel—a divinity!"

"Hold on, Ralph—not quite the loveliest, I trust; for the lady whom I worship is alone entitled to that superlative degree of praise!"

"You're in love too, my dear boy, so I'll excuse any little symptoms of insanity," rejoined Thornby, laughing; "but really, if you could see Ella—hold on, I believe I've got her picture somewhere about me!"

He searched eagerly in his pockets, while Forrest repeated the soft name over.

"Ella? Why, that is the name of the young lady whom I admire so much; and by Jove," he added, as Thornby unclasped a little velvet miniature case, and held it to wards him, "that is the very face! You don't mean to say you are engaged to that girl?"

"To be sure I am—what do you mean? Surely there is some mistake. I can show you her last letter!"

He drew out the self-same, "very sentimental" epistle which Miss Wardlaw had referred to in her unnumbered soliloquy. Forrest glanced over it with bewildered eyes, and then biting his white lip until the blood started, took from his own pocket-book a pretty white note from Ella, which he had received that morning.

"The handwriting is precisely similar. Ralph, we are both the dupes of an artful, unprincipled woman. This same Ella Wardlaw, while she is corresponding with you in this impassioned strain, is doing her best to lure me on to a proposal!"

"It cannot be," gasped Ralph, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"But I know it to be so! Heavens! what a narrow escape I have had! And you also, Thornby, should rejoice at your escape from the wiles of a false-hearted coquette!"

Still Ralph Thornby repeated, between his clinched teeth:

"I will not believe it—Ella is truth itself."

"Shall we put it to the test?" asked Forrest, rather indignantly.

"Do what you please. I will stake my life on her single-mindedness!"

Thornby took out a pencil and dashed off a hurried proposal in form.

"There—I will send this to-morrow morning, with a request for an immediate answer. When that answer comes, will you believe its testimony?"

Thornby nodded, and the hand which, upon Charles Forrest's was cold and damp as marble.

"Good night, then, my poor fellow," said Forrest, as he rose to take leave. "I am sorry for you from the very bottom of my heart, for you feel this more than I can do."

But Thornby did not answer—he was gazing absently into the fire. Could it be possible that his worshiped idol was shipping, slowly but surely, from her high pedestal? Then what remained on earth to trust?

Head and heart both rebelled sadly that night; but the weariness of travel was nothing to the sick sensation of distrust and apprehension that had taken possession of his mind. Therefore, it happened that he was still lounging over his almost untasted breakfast when Charles Forrest was announced by a waiter.

"Well," was his greeting. Forrest replied:

"I have dispatched my missive and here is the answer. See, the seal is yet unbroken—we will peruse it together."

It was a skillfully written note of glad acceptance. Ella wrote that "she had long loved Mr. Forrest—that her greatest happiness through life would be to secure his contentment, with a variety of little added, such as, yesterday, would have filled Charles Forrest's heart with rapture. You, they were false, idle rhapsodies!"

"Are you convinced?" was Forrest's simple question, as the letter dropped from his companion's trembling hand.

"I am. It has been a pleasant dream; but I am effectually roused at last. Charles, I have been a fool—a dupe!"

"And so have I, Ralph; just give me that enthusiastic letter—let me show it to my last night?"

"For what?"

"Charles made no reply; but he took the letter from Thornby's unresisting hand, and folding it with the note of acceptance he had just received, wrote one pencilled line on the margin. The compliments of Messrs. Thornby and Forrest, and enclosed both in one envelope, directed to Miss Wardlaw.

"There," he said, quietly. "When she receives this, she will see that her carefully arranged plans are disconnected."

And thence forward the name of Ella Wardlaw was never mentioned between the two friends. Thornby returned a sadder and a wiser man to Chicago, and Forrest sailed for Europe by the next steamer, having very sensibly resolved not even to risk a chance meeting with Ella, whose subtle art he dreaded exceedingly.

Ella Wardlaw was practicing a difficult Italian sonata on her harp as the eventful note was handed her. She tore it hurriedly open, and gazed with wide open, bewildered eyes upon the enclosures. The next instant they fell from her nerveless fingers—she had fainted for the first and last time in her life.

Years have passed since then. Ralph Thornby is married to a lovely young Chicago heiress; Charles Forrest has a blooming wife, and two rosy little girls; but Ella Wardlaw is a hopeless old maid, with not the faintest chance of a husband. She says she never intended to marry—but we've heard old maids say that before!

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A PHILOSOPHICAL DIALOGUE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette," writing from the Cumberland river, gives the following humorous colloquy with a philosophical dandy:—

"I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly dandy with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Fearing upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly belated and heavily loaded regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was about to begin to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein, that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sir."

"Stood your ground did you?"

"No, sir, I run."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes and would have run sooner, had I known it was coming."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"That isn't in my line, sir, cooking's my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's rubbish to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sir."

"Then you must value your life very highly."

"Yes, sir, I do—more than all dis world—more than a million ob dollars, sir, for what wad be worth to a man wud be dref out ob him?"

"Self-preservation am de first law wud me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other different men set different values upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would that be to me when the power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, as—I regard them among de vanities."

"Four soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without a disturbance."

"Yes, sir, dar would have been no help for it, wudn't put my life in de scale against any Government that eber existed, for no Government could replace the loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you'd been killed?"

"May be not, sir—a dead white man ain't much to dese soggers, let alone a dead nigger—but I missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

GEN. FREMONT'S WEALTH.—The Herald and Tribune intimate that Gen. Fremont has become very wealthy from the sale of his mining lands in California. The Herald says he has "some eight or ten millions of capital on his hands." He has been appointed President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and will, it is said, at once enter upon the duties of that position enlisting several thousand freed blacks in work of building the road from Kansas to the connecting line on the Pacific side.

The Steamship "Alpha," from Bermuda, 12th, St. Thomas, 7th, arrived at Halifax, on the 15th.

Extraordinary Collection of Diamonds.

The Duke of Brunswick, now residing in Paris, has an extraordinary collection of diamonds, valued at £150,000. A catalogue of his gems, which he has published contains 362 quarto pages, and he gives in it the history of each individual stone. One came from a Turkish sultan, and after many adventures became the property of a Jew in Europe; and has sparkled in a regal diadem; a third glistened on the chest of a German Emperor; a fourth adorned the hat of an archduke. A black diamond, obtained from the treasury of a nabob, served for centuries in India as the eye of an idol. A wondrously fine pink brilliant once belonged to the jews of the Emperor Baber, at Agra, and is said to be invaluable. A *solitaire* of twelve studs was once worn by the Emperor Pedro, of Brazil, as waistcoat buttons. A diamond of the purest water belonged to Marie Stuart, as her arms and "M. S." engraved on it prove. A pair of diamond ear-rings were once the property of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. In this way, one curiosity follows the other. The Duke has a quantity of diamonds at £3000, £4000, and £6000, three at £10,500, and another at £12,000. But, in spite of this, he is at present bargaining for two gems—one estimated at £35,000, the other £97,500. The millionaire, however, is the slave of his treasure—he dares not leave Paris, for his diamonds constitute the chain which binds him—he dares not even sleep away from home a single night, through fear of being robbed of his hoard. He resides in a house which is built less for comfort than for safety; it is proof against fire or thieves. It is surrounded by a lofty, thick wall, on the top of which is a *chateau des frises*, so arranged that when a strange hand is laid on one of the spikes, a bell immediately begins ringing. This defence cost the Duke no less than £2000 in being made, owing to its peculiar nature. The diamonds are kept in a safe let into the wall, and the Duke's bed stands before it, so that no thief can break in without waking or murdering him. On the other hand, he can enjoy the sight of all his treasures without leaving his bed. Were the safe to be broken open forcibly, four guns would be discharged, and kill the burglar on the spot; and with the discharge of the guns is connected the ring of an alarm bell in every room to arouse the household. The Duke's bedroom has only one small window; the bolt and lock of his door are of the stoutest iron, and can be opened only by a man who knows the secret. A case, containing twelve loaded revolvers, stands by the side of the bed. Who would be willing to change places with this rich poor man?

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The great geographical secret which has puzzled mankind for ages has been solved, Julius Caesar declared that he would abandon his career of conquest in a moment if he thought he could discover the fountain of the Nile.—Bayard Taylor wrote a few years ago:—

"Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one question of triumph left in her bosom, and that she reserved for him who shall drink from the fountains of the White Nile." This brave drinker has been found. It is Captain Speke, an Englishman who really discovered the lake Victoria Nyanza on the 3rd of August, 1858, but his claim that this was the true source of the Nile having been discredited, he has just returned from a second trip which confirms the claim beyond a doubt. The lake lies between the equator and four degrees south, and between longitude 31° and 32°. This is near the locality which the general conjecture of scientific men had fixed upon. The river had been formerly traced by expeditions sent out by the Pasha of Egypt, to within five degrees of the equator—and there the exploration had stopped. The length of the Nile as now ascertained, is something over 3000 miles. It is peculiar among large rivers in having no affluent within 1400 miles from its mouth, and in having a periodical inundation of great regularity and fertilizing value. The latter begins in June and ends in September, and is owing to the periodical rains in the regions around the river's source. In the days of Herodotus 15 cubits was considered a rise necessary for a fair overflow. Now 22 cubits is the average, which indicates the elevation of the valley by reason of the successive deposits.

FISH FOOD.—There is much nourishment in fish, little less than butchers' meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its soft fiber, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is in fish a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz: iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on health, and tend to prevent

the production of scrofulous tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highly educated and refined are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that, in the majority of fish, the proportion of solid matter—that is, the matter which remains after perfect digestion, or the exclusion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And if we give attention to classes of people classed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy, and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from maladies.

A PRESENTATION AT COURT.—It is by no means a duty to encourage the abandonment of the old distinctions of station, the love for show, the silly pretences involved in a general rush to Court of nobodies—of ladies who are not in Court circles, nor the wives nor daughters of distinguished men. It is a very moderate estimate to say that at least a fourth of those who go would be much better at home. Even if the Sovereign is not entitled actually to exclude them, the Sovereign is not bound to facilitate their trying to blow themselves out to the size of the proper Court visitor. Many families, perhaps, will date the beginning of the nervousness that will harass and cripple them for years, from the evil day when vanity prompted the desire to sit in one of those blocked carriages, and fight in that disastrous crush. The conservatism of the English Court in this respect has therefore not been without its use and justification. [Saturday Review.]

SUNLIGHT IN HOUSES.—The following fact has been established by careful observations: That where sunlight penetrates all the rooms of a dwelling, the inmates are less liable to sickness than in a house where the apartments lose their health-injuring influence. Basement rooms are the nurseries of indigestion. It is a great mistake to compel human beings to reside partially underground. There is a defective condition of the air in such rooms, connected with dampness, besides the decomposing point on the walls, and the escape of noxious gases from pipes and drains. All school rooms, especially should be open to the sunlight; yet, as a general rule, they are darkened like a parlour.

FROM THE STATES.

BANGOR, July 15. Riots re-assembled in New York yesterday morning up town, numbering, in the vicinity of 3rd Avenue, 15,000, invading the 5th Avenue Hotel; were persuaded away with whiskey.

Many citizens robbed in the streets; several streets barricaded to prevent movement of troops.

Several houses and stores sacked in 4th and 5th Wards, the rioters alleging that the owners were black Republicans.

Tribune office again threatened; military dispersing assemblage.

Gov. Seymour addressed the mob from the City Hall steps saying that Government had been requested to suspend the draft.

Postmaster Wademan's house sacked and burnt on Monday night; Mayor's saved.

Several reported killed by the military.

Broadway Stores generally closed—business suspended; markets unsettled.

Boston mob broke into several gunshops; several rioters killed and wounded.

All quiet last night—no further trouble anticipated.

Rains again swollen the Potomac.

Bangor, July 16.

New York riot partially subsided yesterday, the remnants of the mob only seeking plunder.

Brooks Brothers' great clothing establishment was gutted and seventy thousand dollars worth of clothing carried off. Several other clothing and hat stores were sacked on Tuesday night.

A dozen houses of ill fame were gutted on Staten Island. Mob burned a number of negro houses, killing several.

Similar disturbances reported in Brooklyn; the negroes being horribly maltreated, and their houses pillaged.

The general impression yesterday, at noon, was that the worst was over—the fear of the arrival of tried troops from the South.

Beauregard is at Charleston and announces partial Federal possession of Morris Island on the 10th.

New Orleans Era, 10th, announces unconditional surrender of Port Hudson on the 9th.

In attacking Lee's rear guard, the Confederate General Pettigrew was killed.

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