The Herald.

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THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
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Opposite Mullin Brothers', Dock street, with a large and complete assortment of
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which will be sold at lowest rate for cash.

A SONNET OF SADNESS.

A little room, the floor of which is bare;
A little cradle, empty, by the bed;
A little woman kneeling, with bowed head—
Kneeling and mutely weeping by a chair;
A little coffin resting open there
In it a little infant lying dead,
Pale as the moonlight when the rays are shed
O'er pure, fair snow, as beautiful as fair;
"Far from the madding crowd," in churchyard mould
A little grave is open to the view;
A little later, in the rain and cold,
The mumbled funeral rites are hurried through;
The little mother's hands in anguish fold,
Her pale lips murmur, "Father, take me too!"

AGNES LANE.

Agnes Lane was an orphan, dependent on the charity of a rich uncle. Poor, and withal very plain in face, she was neglected by the gay fashionables who frequented her uncle's house and paid obsequious attention to her fair cousin Gertrude.

But Agnes had a heart,—and a warm, true, womanly heart it was; but all its outgushing affection was thrown back upon itself. There was within her a wild yearning to be loved, cherished and appreciated. However, as it was, she had but little chance of being treated with even common politeness when her beautiful cousin was near.

Gertrude Arden was beautiful, and to do her justice, she was naturally good-hearted, but flattery and fashion had conspired to make her vain and frivolous. Accustomed always to be first in all circles where the stronger sex pay homage to the weaker, she thought not of yielding to her humble cousin those little attentions which made a woman's life an earthly paradise. Gertrude never was unkind, but thoughtless, often.

Among the visitors to Mr. Arden's splendid mansion none were nobler, handsomer, or worthier than Eustace Clinton, the only child of a deceased millionaire. Everyone prophesied that many moons would not wax and wane ere Eustace and Gertrude would call each other by a tenderer name than that of friend, and indeed circumstances seemed to justify the assertion, for Clinton and Miss Arden were constantly together, at the social party, the promenade and the opera.

Agnes saw much of Clinton, necessarily, and she thought him the noblest of all her cousin's admirers. Her enthusiastic soul saw in him one whom the earthly had left uncontaminated—one nearly allied to the heavenly. She felt happy in his presence; she was glad when he came: she sighed when he went away.

Gradually in her lone, young heart there had grown a regard for Eustace Clinton, and that regard had deepened into an earnest, self-sacrificing love. It was a strong love, pent up close within her own bosom; it throve upon the remembrance of a tone, a look, a smile.

But Agnes would not have confessed as much to herself; she guarded with her heart, and put a seal upon her lips.

* * * * * * *

The all-memorable day, sacred to Saint Valentine, was at hand. Gertrude was wondering what would be decreed to her on that important day, and in her joyous anticipation she hinted to Agnes that it might be the betrothal ring from Eustace Clinton. Agnes felt a sharp pain at her heart as her cousin said this, but hers was a face that told no tales.

Painfully that night did the poor orphan feel her utter loneliness, when the gay, gilded missives, filled with earnest protestations for her fair cousin, were brought in. Of course there was none for Agnes. Who would notice a poor dependent like her? Tears came up in Agnes' eyes. Not that she had expected any remembrance, not that she cared for those simple little trifles called valentines; but if there had been but one for her it would have shown that some one in the wide world thought of her and wished to make her happy on that festal day.

Gertrude tossed the shining tokens into a heap, declaring petulantly that it was too bad for Clinton to disappoint her so, when she had expected something exquisite from him. Agnes sighed softly; it was a habit she had when she did not choose to reply to a remark. Presently the door-bell rang, and Gertrude sprang forward.

"It is Clinton's valentine for me, I know," she said, triumphantly. "I thought it very strange that he should have forgotten me," and she met the servant, who had replied to the summons, in the middle of the hall. "Letters for me, John?" and she held out her hand.

"Mis Agnes Lane," said John, reading from the envleope.

"For Agnes?" ejaculated Gertrude, in surprise.

"Let me have it—quick, quick, John! Who could have sent a valentine to our Agnes?"

Agnes had risen at the sound of her name, and stood, crimson with emotion, just within the parlor door.

"Give it to me, Gertrude!" she said, eagerly, approaching her cousin; "give it to me, if it is for me."

"Nay, my flattered little cousin," said the gay beauty, laughingly, "wait until I have inspected it, will you? Ah, that is no lover's writing—it is a lady's chirography, evidently; some of your delightful rustic acquaintances, Agnes; so you needn't blush about it," and she threw the letter contemptuously toward her.

Agnes picked it up and hastened to her chamber. It was a delicately enamelled envelope, bore the post-mark of a neighboring town, and was directed to "Miss Agnes Lane," in a fair hand.

Agnes broke the pretty pink seal. There was a tiny sheet of delicate cream-colored lace-paper, with the simple words, "I love thee," in gilt letters, on a pale satin scroll. That was all. Agnes turned it round and round, in search for some letter or word which might reveal to her its origin, but all was pure and stainless. She sat down and thought. Who could have sent it to her? Who remembered her? Was it true that some one loved her? Did valentines always speak truly? And poor little Agnes was as happy as any titled countess of the imperial regime. Laugh if ye will, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maidens, who annually receive bushels of St. Valentines mystic tokens, but when ye have been like Agnes, alone in the world, beloved, caressed, and smiled on by nobody, ye will rejoice even in the imagination that one cares for you.

Agnes' sleep that night was sweet and full of pleasant dreams. Of course we could not pretend to say for certain, but we presume that Eustace Clinton figured quite conspicuously in the rosy dream pictures. Gertrude laughed at Agnes' valentine, declaring, with a pitying toss of her pretty head, that somebody did impose on poor Agnes' credulity, and forthwith the remembrance of the valentine went out of every heart but one. Mr. Clinton came, as usual, quite often, taking Gertrude out for rides and concerts.

The next week after the memorable fourteenth of February the public were thrown into a state of eager excitement by the announcement that the world renowned nightingale, the fair Jennie, was coming to visit and sing to them. The admission fees were quite enormous, and only the "upper tendom" could afford to gratify their sense of hearing by lightening so perceptibly their money recepticles. Two days before the night fixed on for the concert, Mr. Clinton called to solicit the pleasure of Gertrude's company on the occasion of the concert. Gertrude gladly consented, and cast a look of triumph at poor Agnes, who was sewing at a window. Clinton looked that way also.

"Have you a taste for music, Miss Lane?" said he, kindly, passing to her side as he spoke.

She raised her dark, melancholy eyes to his face and said, half-sadly,—

"Oh, yes, I love music very much."

A pleased expression passed over Clinton's fine face as he said,—

"Will you not favor us with your society to-morrow evening? It will increase my consequence," he added, laughingly, "to have two ladies under my care, and Miss Arden will, undoubtedly, enjoy the music better if her cousin listens also."

Agnes tried to answer negatively, but Mr. Clinton overruled her objections, and so it was arranged that Agnes was to accompany Mr. Clinton and her cousin.

Mr. Clinton called the evening evening for the cousins, and they all went together in the carriage of the Clintons. Agnes was enraptured with the singing, and Clinton was very happy in seeing the happiness he had wrought.

The next morning after the concert Mr. Clinton called at Mr. Arden's. Gertrude was out on a shopping expedition; but it was just as well, for Mr. Clinton asked for Miss Lane, so the servant showed him into the parlor where Agnes was seated.

Agnes informed him of Miss Gertrude's absence, adding that she regretted it much, but that her cousin would return soon. Mr. Clinton arose, and took the vacant seat by Agnes on the sofa.

"I do not regret her absence," he said earnestly, "it is only you I came to see—only you, Agnes," and he smiled upon her from his dark, thoughtful eyes. "Agnes," he said again, taking her hand in his, "I have loved you a long time—the valentine told you so, did it not? Agnes, I have been getting deeper and deeper in love with your quiet goodness every day of my life. To me you are all that is beautiful and loveable in woman. You fill a void in my heart which has been a void since the days of my earliest boyhood.

"Then he wound his arms around her and drew her very gently to his bosom, and Agnes, weary, lonely, little Agnes, felt a great load of sorrow raised from her soul. Very tenderly he kissed her, and smoothed back her dark hair caressingly, and Agnes closed her eyes in deep thankfullness. And so it came out that Eustace Clinton sent the unpretending little valentine, and Agnes Lane rejoiced in the true, earnest love of one noble and good. Gertrude knew it all after a while, and she pouted and wept after the manner of a spoiled beauty. But the arrival of a lover, in the form of a rich gentleman, did much toward soothing her woe, and she even congratulated her cousin on her brilliant prospects.

When the autumn wind began to whirl the sere leaves restlessly on its wings, Eustace took Agnes to his splendid home—his wife. And she lives, loving and beloved, the idol of her husband's heart, and the cherished one of the household—good and true, if not beautiful.

A Faithful Sentinel Rewarded.

Peter the Great was a tyrant; but on the whole his tyranny did good service for his Russian subjects. Arbitrary, as all despots must be, he was not without rude notions of justice, and a certain consideration for those who merited encouragement. One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter's private chamber in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door, Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite minister of the Czar, approached, and attempted to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The Prince who had the fullest liberty of calling on his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him. The young soldier would not move, but ordered His Highness to stand back.

"You fool!" shouted the Prince "don't you know me!"

The recruit smiled and said, "Very well. Your Highness, but my orders are peremptory to let no one pass."

The Prince exasperated at the low fellow's impudence, struck him a blow in the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, Your Highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you go in."

Peter, hearing the noise, opened the door and inquired what it meant, and the Prince told him. The Czar was amused but said nothing at the time. In the evening, however, he sent for the Prince and soldier. As they both appeared he gave his own cane to the soldier, saying:

"That man struck you this morning; now you must return the blow with my stick."

The Prince was amazed. "Your Majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him captain," said Peter.

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's household," objected the Prince.

"I make him a Colonel of my Life Guards, and an officer of my household," said Peter again.

"My rank, Your Majesty knows, is that of General," again protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him General, so that the beating you may get may come from a man of your own rank."

The Prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the Czar. The recruit was next day commissioned a General, with the title of Count Oroinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the Imperial service of Russia.

FAMILY READING.

TASTE IN TALKING.—In conversing with men, the woman of tact and wisdom is always ready to hold the inferior position—that of the person instructed, not instructing. We have seen many a woman, wise in the ways of the world, subtle as a serpent and mild as a dove, suppress her knowledge and assume the role of the *ingenue*, that the tender and appealing charm of justifiable ignorance might pour oil where a contrary course would have had unpleasant results; unconsciously imitating the hero of the French idea, whose politeness obliges him to listen with deference to the remarks of a man who knows nothing of the subject, and concerning which he himself knows everything. And we have seen many a foolish virgin rattling away and exposing the emptiness of the hollow from which came all this sound and fury signifying nothing. The unthinking talker is apt to be indiscreet in conversation, but this tongue which has been well trained is seldom guilty of eccentricity. There are three topics in which you are justified in opening a conversation with no man; his politics, his religion and his matrimony, each of these subjects not only being liable to draw the interlocutor into regions where it might prove awkward, but being also personal and peculiar to the individual, and sacred to intrusion.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Why sweet, pray? What charm is there in awkward immaturity and painful shyness? The sixteen year-old girl is the incarnation of blushing, shuddering self-consciousness. Whatever there is unpoetic, ungraceful, uninviting in girlhood, that she possesses. She has all the impressionableness of the girlish nature, but she has none of the charm which made that quality so attractive a year ago, and which will make it attractive a year hence. She has picked up some odd ways, and she is ready to pick up any number more; but they are not pleasant ways. She has a fatal capacity for imitating the eccentricities of her seniors, and for reproducing the least agreeable idiosyncrasies of her contemporaries. As she has odd ways, so she has odd fancies. From novels she has gleaned affected airs and mawkish sentimentality She assumes the mien of one who has an unutterable secret, which is inwardly a consuming fire, wrapped up in her breast. She has made, or she affects to have made, romantic friendships among her schoolfellows. She corresponds with others like herself, and reads the letters which she receives with many contortions of countenance and changes the color. She sighs for the society of her friends, and her fond relatives wonder what can be on her mind. There is no just ground for their anxiety. It will be all right enough in the end. But at present it must be allowed that our school-girl is impracticable, hopeless. A year hence she may be a charming young lady; now, she is thoroughly uninteresting and shy—nots weet.

French Bonnets for Autumn.

The first cases of bonnets imported for the autumn contain velvet, felt, plain silk, moire, and feather bonnets. The shapes are the close princesse bonnet, with clinging front and sides, high, broad crowns, with some Normandy crowns, and almost invariably the curtain band. Rivalling these are larger bonnets with flaring brims, and either soft cap crowns or broader crowns of the material smoothly covering the frame. Ribbons and feathers are used in profusion for trimmings; fewer flowers are seen than for many seasons. The ornaments are of tinsel, gilt, jet and garnet. Oddest-looking lizards of gilt and black, or of many-colored tinsel are fashionable ornaments, two being used on a bonnet; then there are tinsel humming-birds, scarabei, and butterflies. The garnet and sapphire ornaments are mostly flat pendants to feathers, or else they are set like brooches, clasps, or buckles.

The new bonnets are faced plainly inside with satin or with velvet, and seldom have any other face trimming, though a few conservative milliners have used bands of velvet across the top. The long-looped Alsacian bow set on top, sometimes quite far forward, sometimes between brim and crown, and sometimes far back on the crown, is seen on two-thirds of the bonnets. This bow is made of rich velvet, satin, plush, or moire ribbon, which sometimes has a different color on the inner side; ends pass from under the bow down the sides to form strings that are to be tied under the chin; a folded band of the ribbon is placed across the bottom of the crown above the curtain band. This is quite enough trimming for a plain bonnet, but if it is to be more dressy, a panache of from three to six short feathers is posed high on one side with the feathers curling forward, and is held in place by a lizard or beetle; another lizard is on the hand that covers the curtain. The felt bonnets have a band of the new feathers arranged in India cashmere colors passed around the crown. This brightens up gray and moss green bonnets very prettily. Full-dress bonnets of white moire silk have a wreath of white ostrich feathers that have been stripped and crimped. Tinsel cord of many colors or else gold cord edges the brims of bonnets and looks very rich with dark green or maroon velvet.

The prevailing dark garnet is conspicuous in the new bonnets. It forms the ecuou bonnet and trimming in some velvet specimens; in others, garnet and moss green velvet are combined, and it trims dark felt bonnets very richly. The wall-of-Troy squares so long in vogue for dress trimmings are now seen on bonnets; thus the curtain has these squares outlined with gold beads, or the brim is really cut in squares that are piped with velvet. After red there are the greater number of dark dull green bonnets, then gray, then white for full dress. One novelty is a bonnet made entirely of marabout feathers. The most jaunty shape in felt bonnets is that with a close princesse brim, slightly pointed Normandy crown, and curtain band. This comes in all dark colors to match costumes. Ladies who do their own millinery are advised to purchase this simple stylish shape, and trim it with dark plaid ribbon and some India cashmere feathers; the Alsacian bow, strings, and curtain band are the appropriate trimming. To make this bow stylishly it must have two long narrow loops falling down on each side of the brim, and be tightly strapped across the top. If plaid ribbon is not liked, velvet or satin ribbon is used.

The newest round hat is the Liberty cap, with crown pointed toward the front, and brim rolled upward like a turban. It is made of felt, the brim is covered with felt, and above the brim is a feather trimming that is quite high in the middle of the front and slopes narrower on the sides to the back. Other felt hats are in the English shapes, such as the Derby and Oxford, with stiff crowns and narrow rolled brims. Velvet bands and India cashmere feathers are the warm-looking trimmings. The picturesque Rubens hat of fur beaver and of felt has a wide brim indented irregularly, and turned up on one side.

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