

borne him had been torn from his heart, separated from his protection, given for a price to strangers who despised him; even his name was stripped from her, as if it were some filthy and polluted garment that defiled her infant purity.

In after years we hear of him from the battlefields of Mexico, from the Senate Chamber, as a leader in the councils of the nation; but he never returned to his old home—never married nor saw his child again. Annie's education was finished at a city in the Southwest; and there, as if some fatality attended them, at the same school from which her mother eloped, she learned to love a penniless man by the name of Charles L., the last scion of an impoverished family, whose patent of nobility dated back to the Norman Conqueror.

He had left England to establish himself in business in America, wishing first to graduate from a Southern college; but the rigid caste at that time more tyrannical there than in India, barred his entrance. The principal of the school, himself an aspirant for the hand and estate of one of the wealthiest and most beautiful heiresses in the State, looked with little pleasure upon the intimacy between the young people.

At this time a forgery was committed upon the principal, who charged it to Mr. L. A warrant was issued, and he arrested. On her way to the recitation-room Annie heard the facts, and, glancing from the window, saw him passing in charge of an officer. All the hot, ungodly temper of her race leaped to her heart and brain.

She knew, though she could not prove it, that the whole thing was a plot to ruin her lover, against whom prejudices already existed on account of his openly expressed anti-slavery sentiments. That night she had a council of war with her room-mate. The girls were both rich; but now the pretty schemer had but empty purses and no time to lose.

Money there was none, but fabulous riches were Annie's jewels, and these stood instead. She dare not leave the house, but her friend obtained a suit of male attire, shaded her lip in imitation of a dowry moustache, crept from the window on to the porch, clung to lattice and vines with the ease of a cat, let herself down over the door of the professor's study, and made her way to a lawyer.

In such a night did Jessie steal from the wealthy Jew, and with an unshrill love did run from Venice as far as Belmont. She recognized the laughing masquerader. The case was left before the man of briefs, who listened in silence and questioned respectfully but a clever observer than the innocent but reckless girl would have seen that he penetrated her disguise, and believed it some love affair of her own.

would have turned the brain of another girl, her lips closed the refrain of her heart: "I will be true." Yet, five years later, we find her married to a gentleman belonging to a prominent family in the South.

When he asked her to be his wife, she told him the history of her life, and ended with the prophetic words: "I have no heart to give you; I shall never love again." He was one of the most polished, chivalrous men of his day, elegant and handsome; and the imperious, impassioned lover, who had never asked but to receive, who had never knelt to mortal women in vain, who counted his amours by the score—this potted darling of society, this "glass of fashion," whose word was law—world-weary before his time, blessed ere one thread of silver shone in his crisp black curls—this man, who was to be flattered and courted, listened to his refusal only to repeat the proposal again and again, begging only for such esteem as she gave him now, incredulous but that he should make a stronger love in her heart than the one he believed to be only a girl's fancy.

But, even in the last hour before their marriage, she had said with tearfully beseeching eyes: "I shall never love again," and he had kissed away the tears with tender assurances that he would be content. The prediction was but too true, and the gloom that lay on her heart chilled and clouded his life, though no word of reproach was ever spoken.

When the storm that had long threatened the Union burst in fury over the land, he joined the Confederate army, and fell in battle. Where the fray was thickest and hottest; where blood had baptized the soil like water; he had led on his men to face the leaden hail; and when it was ended, they found him dead on the field, his head resting on his arm, his broken sword by his side, and a more peaceful look on his face than it had worn of late.

When I next met Annie we were prisoners at a southern village. One day a Union officer, who was passing a window where we stood, glanced carelessly up; but, as his eyes caught hers, a look of recognition and astonishment passed over his face, then it grew white as death. Annie was scarcely less moved, for the man who had lifted his hat and passed on was Charles L. Later in the day they met, and she listened to his story, never having heard from him since they parted at Wheeling.

He had amassed a fortune, and had married, upon short acquaintance, a lady in the north. The union was a wretchedly miserable mistake, without one palliating circumstance; and he was repenting at leisure. His wife was a stylish, artful, superficial, narrow-minded woman. He had dreamed of the angels, and waked to find himself fettered to a mockery of womanhood, who made his home a hell; and a separation, partial in one sense, entirely in another, took place between them.

By his forbearance she still wore the name she dishonored; but for years they had never met nor spoken. Heretofore there had been no strong motive for taking legal steps toward a separation; perhaps he had never really loved; but the knowledge of Annie's changeless devotion, even while she was the wife of another; her desolation; her radiant beauty, that as far outshone the beauty of the girl he had known years ago as the beauty of the morn exceeds that of dawn—stirred his heart as it never had stirred before. The gratitude he had cherished all these years fell into a love that was almost worship. It was the love of the boy magnified a hundred fold, and he begged with passionate entreaties to be allowed to protect her; that she would be his wife when he had put away from him one who was but a wife in name—a hated burden. Until this time Annie had loved him devoutly, and even with her head pillowed on the breast of her noble husband, dreamed of the absent lover, until it broke that heart and sent it to an early grave.

But, now that he—married, bound, though but an empty form, to another—dared to speak such sentiments, and asked of her a promise so near allied to dishonor, she answered with contemptuous refusal, and sent him from her with scorn. In that hour the love of a lifetime lay apparently dead, shrouded for sepulture—waiting for a burial from which there would be no resurrection. There was never, in all her life, an hour of such utter loneliness—such weary, hopeless despair; and she wept aloud with sobs and moans, as if her heart had at last broken. I am afraid I did not pity her then. Soon after this she was freed and made as comfortable as possible; but her property was confiscated, and she became dependent upon bounty. Six months later she was on a Mississippi river steamer. The boat was crowded with passengers, gathered in groups on the deck or in the cabin; and, from the brevities of the day, conversation turned upon the ever-present subject of the sad difference between the North and South.

Ladies and gentlemen took part in it, and Annie, whose deep mourning, beauty, and air of refinement had attracted attention, was kindly drawn into the discussion. She told her experience of suffering, bereavement, and loss of home and wealth, with an unaffected simplicity; and her sorrow, unminged with bitterness or a spirit of retaliation, touched every heart but one, and tears stood in many eyes. Opposite, and near her, sat a woman whom Annie had already noticed on account of her peculiarly repellent personal appearance, who in a venomous manner assailed Southern refugees at the close of the unvarnished tale told at the request of the passengers. She so evidently hated Annie for the interest others felt in her, and looked it so plainly, that my poor little friend shrank into the corner of her sofa, and gazed at her with eyes dilated with terror.

In some unaccountable way she felt her to be connected with all the pain of her life. On the boat she had met by accident Colonel and Mrs. A., old friends, whom she had known in brighter days, and renewed the acquaintance with pleasure. When the bell rang for supper, Colonel A. gave her his arm to the table, and seated her beside himself and wife as politely as if she had been a princess of the House of Hanover. The hungry passengers seated themselves with pleasant bustle and good nature; just that amused her, and she listened, smiling at the waiter's volubly strung-out bill of fare, she heard a sharp, querulous, fretful tone, and her first glance froze her blood with a horrid revelation. Opposite sat Captain L. and the woman whose uncharitable attack upon her had been as cruel and unjustifiable as would have been blows upon a chained and defenceless captive.

Worse than all, this was his wife, the woman of whom he had told her, and his manner to her, icily courteous, said more plainly than words, "I hate you; I detest and loathe you; but the world looks on." For a moment the table seemed to whirl, and the floor to slide beneath her feet; then, with a mighty effort, she recovered, excused herself on the plea of sudden illness, and retired. Mrs. A. soon came to her with refreshments, but she could not taste them, and lay with eyes fast closed, as if she would shut out that horrid vision. So this was the end of her romance—this the woman he had sworn to cherish—this the creature who, having voluntarily abdicated her place in his heart, he had proposed to compel to abdicate his home that he might give her, legally and honorably, the vacated place.

"Ah! bitter, bitter were the tears!" The dead love stirred in her heart as if it would roll away the stone with which she had sealed its grave and come forth. Sobs, stifled and deep, shook her as the winter winds shake the aspen leaf; and Mrs. A., wise as she was kind, with delicate regard for her suffering, withdrew; expressing kindly worded hopes that she would be better. Happy wife! she did not know then—I hope she may never have learned it later—how far surpassing "the ills that flesh is heir to" are the wearisome and heart-sickness of hope deferred—the agency that is born of despair. Later in the evening, Mrs. A. returned with her husband, who begged her to come to the parlor, and give them some of the exquisite music he remembered to have heard in her home; and, in her gratitude to them, more than from a desire to please others, she consented. Her musical talents were very superior, and no expense had been spared to perfect this branch of her education.

Sung after song was called for and given, from the masterpieces of Beethoven to the tinkling serenade of the Spanish Troubadour; and, oddly enough, the last sad strain of the "Miserere" were followed by the merriest Bacchantine song ever given at unlicensed revel, where wit and beauty graced alike the festive board, and joy was unconfined; but, as she ended with—  
"They hurry me from spot to spot,  
To banish my regret,  
And, when one lonely smile they win,  
My sorrow they forget."  
Tears fell fast on the white keys that throbbled back their mournful response to her touch. That peculiar fascination which attracts our attention to one person in a crowd who observes us closely, caused her to lift her eyes, and through the eluding mist of her tears, she saw Captain L. standing apart from those who had gathered around her, his arms tightly folded over his chest, his proud head drooped slightly forward, his brow knitted as if in sharp pain, and his eyes bent upon her with such sorrow and reproach, such regret and unspeakable tenderness, as she never saw on a face before—something of the agony that must have been on Lucifer's when, hurled from the battlements of Heaven, he turned one last despairing look at what had once been his own. It was as if an eternity of love were consecrated in a moment—a fierce and hungry love; as though he would tear himself free, gathering her to his bosom, and shield her in his heart from the world he was ready to defy.

At the same instant Mrs. L., who was attentively regarding her, followed her eyes, saw, and read as well as she, the look on her husband's face. One glance of hate she gave them, then glided silently as a serpent from the room.

When Annie landed at the place of her destination rain fell in torrents, and the midnight was as black and the sky as starless as her life. In the darkness, through which she could not distinguish one face from another, a hand led her across the plank to a carriage in waiting, and then she was clasped for an instant by strong arms, while, between kisses, the words, "My darling! my darling! I cannot live without you!" betrayed his identity. A moment later, alone, she leaned back on the cushions, and almost unconsciously repeated them again and again, as if they were all her comfort on earth. It was their last meeting—their last parting. After the way we drifted apart, and I heard from her at but rare intervals. Now the world has come to me that she is dead; and I wonder—I cannot help it—if, in that home that is fairer than ours—that world that is brighter than this—where storms never rage, where Winter never chills, where

the will of the Lord is the light thereof, the sweet, patient life that was so utterly a failure here will be crowned with joy? And will they be united where no human frailties mislead, where misunderstandings never arise or misconceptions blind? God grant it, else how could we endure?

SCIENTIFIC.

HINTS AT THE WORLD'S LONGEVITY.

We read the other day a letter from a nephew of ours who is travelling in Europe, in which he speaks of visiting a coal mine. The letter was dated at Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept. 7 '73, but whether the mine in question was at Sunderland, where he had recently been lecturing, or at Newcastle, we are not certain. In company with another gentleman, he stopped into a coal bucket and in one minute and a half he found footing by perpendicular descent, seventeen hundred feet below the earth's surface. At this depth the miners were at work in a strata of coal seven feet in thickness, and 100 feet above it was another deposit of coal of the same thickness. In this mine were 100 horses, which were kept there night and day, and there were employed 1000 men and boys. In this visit he travelled five miles under ground.

Reader, realize this if you can. A thousand people at home and at work one third of a mile under ground, liable by an accident or convulsion of nature there to be suffocated or buried alive.

But what is the character or nature of this coal? How was it formed? How came it in such quantity—sixteen or seventeen hundred feet deep? Why was it deposited there? When, oh, when! did this wonderful work transpire? These are grave questions, and their correct answer will afford us a ray of light in the unknown book of the world's vast antiquity.

What then is the nature or composition of mineral coal? It is pronounced by chemical and other tests, to have been entirely of vegetable origin; in other words to have been growing timber—the accumulated deposits of vast forests of wood. Perhaps the most satisfactory evidence of this position is in the fact that, when portions of solid coal have been planed down to thinness and subjected to powerful microscopic lenses, every feature of its character is so apparent that all doubt as to its origin is removed, for in it are discovered the annual fibres or rings of the primitive growth of trees, and amalgamated with them are the branches, twigs, leaves, buds, flowers, medullary rays, bark—in fact, every component part of the original timber.

How was this coal formed? When immense forests were produced by Infinite Wisdom, or the Great First Cause, convulsions of nature were required such as mortal eye never witnessed, to cast those vast forests into hollow fields. We may readily suppose that animal life could not have existed in the coal periods, as the crust of the earth was heated and steaming with vapors that would have been destructive of all life organized with lungs. Change came over the face of nature. Contortions, convulsions, submersions and upheavals were the order of the day, or rather of ages—the rock crust of the earth was broken, abraded and disintegrated by the action of water, the great element of change, aided by nature's chemical aperients; and earthy matter was washed upon the forest mass, as is evidenced in the especial deposit under consideration. Heat, pressure and the alchemy of nature were then at work for another cycle of ages, to convert the entombed forest into coal.

In process of time other vast forests are grown, possibly not covering the region of country which produced the first, for the water may have flown from an opposite direction to the first flow, and again deposited upon the submerged field, seemingly another world of timber. A condition of things not unlike the first followed, and another bed of coal is deposited. Change follows change in the lapse of countless ages, and in some mines strata after strata of coal is formed in the same locality, although varying in thickness; buried in the vast cycles of time by deposits of soil and material which in turn reform rocks, in some instances hundreds of feet deep.

How came the coal in such quantity sixteen or seventeen hundred and possibly more feet deep? In answering the last proposition we have shadowed the process by which the coal was so deeply buried, but the mind can hardly conceive of the vast period of time which may have been required in the operation; and can never realize the rocking, rolling, crashing, terrific thunderings and undulating motion of the earth during those wonderful epochs in the world's history.

Why was coal deposited in the earth? The just answer of this question will show the wisdom, goodness and mercy of Him "who rides upon the whirlwind to direct the storm." God designed that man, a being endowed with reasoning faculties, capable of understanding in some measure his doings and wonderful plan of operations, should inhabit the earth, and the essence of his character, love, is especially manifested in his works. The provision of coal for the comfort and use of the human family, tells this in letters that he who runs may read; nor is this fact less observable in the deposit of all mineral substances, of which we would especially notice iron and lime—closing with oil to light and salt to season them.

When did this wonderful work of coal transpire? The most logical conclusion we are able to draw from the commencement of our planet's existence, is found in the first verse of the Bible, and in the words: "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." That is, the matter of the vast universe began with God's command; and the lengthened cycles of time he had in countless abodes for intelligent beings, peopling them at the first period of sustaining life, with the lower orders of perishable creatures—the very debris of whose existence became a necessity for the comfort and convenience of humanity.

In its earlier stages, after our world received an outer crust of sufficient thickness to withstand the shocks and contortions its very composition would subject it to, they were not only of frequent occurrence but terrific in their effect. In process of time however, matters became more stable, soils were formed, and "in the fulness of time," the fitting up of our earth began, as one might almost say in earnest for man's abode, for at that epoch God planted the forests of the coal period. If the reader would ask how long ago that period began, how long it continued, and when it ended? we can only reply that, it doubtless began with the fitness of things for it, which may have been millions of years after matter was first put in motion, and judging of former changes by the present, making due allowance for the hastening up of affairs, (as transitions then must have required hundreds of thousands of years to fill all the known coal measures; since which period the earth may have continued its motions for other hundreds of thousands of years as we count time. These assertions and conclusions may seem bold and startling, but before the reader pronounces them idle words, let him ponder the subject long and carefully.

A NEW DYE-STUFF.

Since all possible shades of color have been produced from aniline, chemists have turned their attention to anthracene and alizarine; and Springmühl obtains an accessory product, in the artificial manufacture of alizarine out of anthracene, from which a beautiful blue can be made, superior in many respects to all aniline blues. Dried in a vacuum, it forms a blue powder, with a few crystals, and differs from aniline color in having the same cool in solution. It dissolves with but little residuum in water. An alkali destroys its color, but an acid restores it; and the strongest acids improve, instead of attacking its tint. Unlike aniline, it is not soluble in ether or alcohol; and it resists the action of light better than aniline. Unfortunately, its preparation is as yet extravagantly expensive; a pound will cost about \$15,000! The process is a secret, and it is to be hoped will be so improved as to cheapen the product.

HUMOROUS.

IRISH WIT.

The proneness of Irish wit to hyperbole is well illustrated in the story of the man who described the gluttony of a young pig by saying that he had fed him with two pauls of milk and meal, and then put the pig in the pail, which he didn't half fill.

Another specimen of the same exaggeration is reported by a correspondent travelling in Ireland, who overheard an Irishman describing to some companions the country he was urging them to emigrate to.

"Ameriky," said he, "is a mighty sizable place. I'm told you might walk England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh water ocean inside of it that you might drown Ireland in an' save Father Matthew a wonderful sight of trouble. An' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it, except, it might be, by the smell of the whisky!"

WASTING TIME.

One day a grand post-office official happened to be passing through a government office with which he was not connected. There he saw a man standing before the fire reading a newspaper. Hours afterward, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended, before the same fire, still buried in the columns of a newspaper.

"Hallo, sir!" cried the indignant head of department, "what are you doing?" "Can't you see what I am doing?" was the answer. "Sir, I came through this office four hours ago, and found you reading the paper; I return, and you are still wasting your time in the same manner." "Very true; you have stated the case to a nicety." Hereupon, head of department naturally fires up. "What is your name, sir," he says. "Well, I don't know as my name is any affair of yours—what is your name?" "Sir, I would have you know that I am the So-and-so of the post office!" "Indeed! Well, I am very glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public who have been kept waiting here four hours for an answer to a simple question; and I shall be much obliged if you will use your influence to get me attended to."