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MARRIED FLIRTATIONS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The last dying cadences of a deliciously creamy waltz, across whose weird notes the soul of Beethoven had poured out its magic sadness, were floating over the perfumed crowd that filled the ball room of the fashionable Washington Hotel; there was the stir and murmur of separating couples, and the lit-suppressed yawns of weary "wall flowers" that follow in the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate Elwyn stood in the recess of the window, playing carefully with the faded jessamine and the roses of her bouquet, while her blue, lovely eyes wandered anxiously from one place to another, evidently in quest of some familiar countenance which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces than her own, even in that festive crowd, where half the belles in the Uni. n. had brought their diamonds and bright eyes to dazzle the grave politicians and law makers of the land. Rather beneath the medium size, with the fragile delicacy of a fairy, her complexion had the transparent waxen bloom that you look for only in children, while her heavy waxen bands of golden hair lay over her somewhat low forehead in rippling waves of amber. Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a sapphire of the first water, and a little crimson mouth, curving like Cupid's bow, gave additional piquancy to her face, and altogether she was as perfect a specimen of the radiant blonde as is not often seen out of a picture gallery, or a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into roses, and her whole countenance brightened, as a tall and rather elegant looking gentleman languidly sauntered towards her. "Charles, I thought you were never coming!"

"I've only been down in the supper room for a few minutes, my dear—sorry you've missed me. Anything I can do for you now?"

"Yes—do get my shawl and fan, and we'll go up stairs. It's after one, and I'm completely tired out."

"Couldn't, my dear," said Mr. Elwyn, breaking a mussed rose bud from his wife's bouquet, and fastening it jauntily into the button hole of his coat. "I am engaged for three waltzes and a quadrille still. Miss Raymond would never forgive me for deserting her."

Kate's lips curled haughtily, and a deeper shade of crimson stole into her cheek.

"Jealous, eh?" laughed her husband, patting her bright hair lightly. "Now, Kate, that's a little too silly of you. Don't you know that at a place like this a man is expected to make himself generally agreeable to the ladies? Pray, my dear, don't become so absurd and ridiculous as to—"

"And so," interrupted Mrs. Elwyn, bitterly, "your wife's wishes and conveniences are secondary to Miss Raymond's will."

"The green-eyed monster certainly has invaded your peace, my love!" said Mr. Elwyn. "Upon my word, I have always given you credit for a little more common sense."

"Charles," said Kate quietly, and without heeding the careless sarcasm of his tone, "I am weary of this round of senseless gaiety. I am sick of the tumults and vanities of Washington. Will you take me home?"

"Why, Kate! after all your anxiety to pass a winter in this great centre of social and political life! You have been teasing me ever since we were married to indulge you with a season in Washington."

"I know it, Charles," she weakly answered, trying to suppress the tears that were brimming in her eyes; "but I have at least learned the folly of seeking pleasure anywhere but in the precincts of one's own home. My taste for gaiety is entirely satisfied, and you can't imagine how homesick I feel—and how anxious to see the dear little ones again. When will you take me home, Charles?"

"Next week, perhaps, my love—or the week after, if you positively insist upon it."

"O, Charles! why not go to-morrow?"

Impossible, Kate. I am positively engaged for every day for this week for drives and excursions in the neighborhood of the city."

"Engaged," repeated Kate, opening her blue eyes. "I know nothing of these arrangements."

"No, my dear, I suppose not," said Elwyn, lazily. "Did you imagine Laura going to come and ask your permission every time I wanted to drive out with a lady or spoke a cigar with two or three gentlemen?"

Kate's lip quivered, and she turned quietly away. Charles Elwyn looked after her with an amused expression in his eye, and a half smile on his lip.

"She's jealous, as I live!" he muttered. "Jealous of Aurora Raymond and the pretty widow. Well, let her peep out at her leisure—it will never do to encourage this sort of thing."

If he could have seen her a few moments afterwards, (just when he was whirling through the waltz with Miss Raymond's midnight curls floating over his shoulders,) sobbing in the silence of her own dimly lighted room, the golden hair all unloosed from their pin and jeweled comb, and her blue eyes looking like morning-glories drowned in rain. Well, perhaps it would have done him good, perhaps not. It is not always best to know the full extent of his power over that miserable little captive his wife—it is astonishing how much the sex delights in tormenting its victim. There is one blessed avenue of relief always open to the woman kind, however—a good cry. No wonder that Kate Elwyn felt better when she wiped away the shower of tears, and brushed back the lovely rippling tresses from her fevered forehead.

"What shall I do?" she murmured to herself, deigning her handkerchief in rose water, and trying vainly to cool her burning eyes; "what ought I to do? Oh, I wish I had never come away from home—it is a judgment on me for leaving my dear little babies in the care of cold hirelings! I was so happy before I ever thought of this hotel, this whirlpool of fashion!"

She burst into fresh floods of tears as she remembered her husband's last words.

"It was cruel of him to speak in that cold, sneering way to me," she sobbed. "Have I lost all the spells he used to tell me I possessed? If he only knew how these things hurt me, I am sure he would act in a far different manner."

She sank involuntarily back, as if some rude hand had struck her, as Miss Raymond's clear, metallic laugh floated up audibly through the closed door of her room.

And then she set her compressed lips together and a new look came into the liquid depths of her wet, blue eyes.

The glided minute hand of the carved Parisian clock on the mantel had traveled nearly twice round the circle of enamelled figures before Kate Elwyn lifted her gaze from the bunches of velvet roses in her carpet. What was she pondering on?

"Sitting up, eh, Kate? Why, I thought you were tired to death?" said Mr. Elwyn, as he entered the room, and his wife laid down her book and welcomed him with a bright, careless smile.

"Yes, I've been so much interested in that delightful book," exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically. "I do wish I knew whether Sir Guy gets that property or not!"

"So has got over her sniffs amazingly quick," was the husband's internal comment, as he kicked off his boots and lazily untasted his lavender neck tie.

[To be continued.]

A SHORT METHOD WITH FREE TRADE.

—Mr. D. J. Morrell, says the New York Tribune, is an extensive producer of iron at Johnstown, Pa., whom The Evening Post saw fit to have a tilt with. Mr. Morrell turned upon his assailant, and says in substance: The question of protection is a purely a labor question, since the cost of a ton of iron is almost entirely made up of the labor which produces it. I can make iron as cheap as my British rivals, if you will supply me with labor at the prices they pay, but since I have to pay more than double the cost of transporting my iron to the great seaboard cities is about the same as that of bringing British iron from the producers to the same markets, I can't make iron without protection so long as I must pay \$2 per day for labor for which my British rival pays less than \$1.

When you say Free Trade, then, I mean either that I shall not make iron at all, or that my workmen shall receive no higher wages than those employed by my British rivals; which is it? It seems to us that Mr. Morrell—though a business man purely, and not a politician by trade—puts his opponents into a dilemma wherefrom they can with difficulty extricate themselves.

"You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny? How many cakes did you have at the party-cook's yesterday?"

"Five; first a sponge-cake, then an almond-cake, then a current-cake, then a sweet-cake, and then a stoma-cake!"

"You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny? How many cakes did you have at the party-cook's yesterday?"

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CORN SYRUP.

It may be two years since we announced that a German chemist in Buffalo claimed to have discovered a process whereby the Starch of Indian Corn might be readily transmuted into Sugar, whereof it has long been known as the chemical equivalent. His patent was bought soon afterward, by a company in this city, who have since been experimenting with it, under the direction of Mr. A. F. Ockerhausen, the eminent and life-long Sugar refiner, 17 Rose street.

We looked in there a few days since, and gleaned the following facts:

1. No marketable sugar has yet been made under this patent. That which alone is known as Grape Sugar—differing in the form of its particles from cane sugar, and not convertible into the latter by any known process, nor acceptable as a substitute therefor.

2. Syrup of a very fair quality, is made of corn under this patent, and may be to any extent. We do not consider it so intensely sweet as cane or maple syrup of equal density, but we could detect no alloy or other fault in it. We should judge that 100 gallons of corn syrup are about equal to 75 of equally thick cane syrup. The color of the two does not materially differ.

3. The starch of the corn is separated for syrup precisely as it is for the production of the edible corn starch of commerce. Beyond that point, we did not observe the process, but presume the transmutation of starch into sugar is akin to that whereby Alcohol is obtained from grain.

4. Mr. Ockerhausen says that a bushel of corn yields three gallons of Syrup, worth 75 cents per gallon. The residuum (Gluten, Bran, &c.) sells at 20 cents per bushel for feed.

—This is all of consequence we learned on our visit that we have not since forgotten. Not a single flask of the syrup shown us there was an unmistakable and quite considerable deposit of crystals of sugar—real sugar—in the bottom; but how caused we did not learn; and we understand that the company no more than we understand why this particular flask crystallized, while others did not.

How far the company consider their invention or process a success, and whether they still hope to produce unexceptionable sugar from corn, we did not inquire; but we believe they are satisfied that syrup from corn is a fixed fact, and one of decided importance.

COOL.—The following conversation was given us by a gentleman of the city as having actually occurred a few days ago. Desiring to engage freedom on his farm for the present year, he addressed among others, a stout looking fellow with

"Boy, do you want to hire next year?"

"Freedom—What sort of work is it, sir?"

"Citizen—"I want hands on my farm; can I get you for one?"

"Freedom (with pompous air)—"Well, no; I don't care about hiring next year—what will you take for your place?"

"Citizen—(somewhat surprised)—"Twenty dollars per acre."

"Freedom—"How much would it all come to at that?"

"Citizen—(making a mental calculation)—"Six thousand and two hundred dollars."

"Freedom—"Yes; what are your terms?"

"Citizen—"One third cash; the balance in one and two years, with eight per cent interest."

"Freedom—"Wouldn't you make some deduction if I was to pay the whole in cash and gold?"

"Citizen—"Certainly, eight per cent."

"Freedom—"Make it so."

"Citizen—(decidedly astonished)—"Very well."

"Freedom—"I'll take it."

The gentleman was then informed that he should have the money the next day without fail!

Look out ye Legislative Hotspurs! the freedom will have all your lands in a dozen years!—Columbian (Miss) Index.

SETTING FRUIT TREES.—Some people, in setting fruit and other trees, have made the mistake of applying manure directly upon the roots. That is a ruinous practice, as the fibers of trees can only derive sustenance by direct contact with the earth. When trees of any kind are set out, the roots should be covered with a rich loam, well trodden down, and upon this a little manure of any kind may be safely placed; but it is better to spread upon the surface of the ground where it sits as a mulch, and prevents any injury to trees from drought, unless very severe and long protracted.

A gentleman was lately completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little woman appeared and innocently inquired, "Grand, a which horse you goin' to sell—that one you built a fire under yesterday to make him draw?" The bargain was at an end.

Stock Yards at Chicago.—The Prairie Farmer gives an engraving of the plan of the newly constructed Stock Yards of Chicago, with a brief history of the "gigantic enterprise." A company was formed with a capital of one million of dollars, most of which was paid by nine different railroad corporations, who wished to avoid the inconveniences which resulted from the existence of six different yards, none of them two or three miles apart. As no suitable dry land could be procured, the company purchased 345 acres of low prairie land on the south of the city, on which operations were commenced in June last. The first thing was to drain the land. The main sewer, half a mile in length, cost \$15,000. The whole 345 acres is underlaid with smaller drains, the total length of drains and sewers being nearly thirty miles.

A large force, sometimes, 1,000 men, were put at work planking the three hundred acres. The cattle pens are planked with three inch pine planks resting upon sills to raise them from the ground and let through the water and refuse from the yards. For the hog and sheep pens, two inch planks were used. The yards are laid out into streets and alleys like a city. North and south, through the centre, a broad avenue named E Street runs; this street is seventy-five feet broad and one mile in length; it is paved with Nicholson pavement. The principal street running east and west has been named Broadway; this is sixty feet wide and heavily planked with iron plates, crossing each other at right angles, and the yard is planked like the great city of Chicago itself. All are designated by letters and numbers.

There are five hundred yards and pens, each numbered, with nearly 2,000 gates. Conveniently located in different parts of the great enclosure, are six large hay barns a six corn cribs, with scales for weighing, tanks for water in every yard, requiring over six miles of pipe.

General and County Agricultural Society.—The Annual meeting of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society was held at the Court House in Bridgeton on Wednesday afternoon, the 24th inst.

The Schedule Committee made a report recommending an increase in the proportion of many articles, which after considerable debate was adopted.

It was resolved that the Exhibition this year be held two days, and that all articles deposited, except stock, remain the second day, and that a suitable building be erected for the accommodation of the ladies, department and the protection of articles exhibited.

The constitutional amendment offered at a previous meeting, dispensing with the October meeting of the Society, and authorizing the President and Secretary to appoint the Schedule Committee, was adopted. The following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President.—Lewis M. Hires.
Vice Presidents.—Isaac W. Elwell, Harris Ogden, Jr., David Cook.
Secretary and Treasurer.—David M. Biddle.

Executive Committee.—David Padgett, Morris Bacon, Richard Lanning, Sheppard Waller, Solomon Davis, Isaac W. Woodruff, Francis B. Minch, Edwin F. Miller, John D. Hires and John Bonham.

WHAT NEW JERSEY DID FOR THE WAR.—The Secretary of War, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, has furnished a statement of the number of volunteers called for by the President at various periods. The aggregate for all periods was 2,652,062, which reduced to 3 years service was 2,129,041. Of these New Jersey furnished a total aggregate of 79,541, or reduced to 3 years standard 55,785, or one in twelve of her entire population, men, women and children—white and black. Massachusetts New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio furnished one in ten. Illinois did still better, sending "to the front" about one in eight of her children. Young Iowa, heads the list, turning out a man for the Union armies for every five and a fifth of her population, or about nineteen per cent of the whole.

THE ROCHSTER, N. Y. Union says: "It may appear to some people as though we had exaggerated the losses to farmers in this vicinity by the failure of heavy buyers of apples last fall. But we have not, and the sum total grows day by day, as those who at first said nothing about their losses, hoping to get their pay, make their reports. We are told on good authority that the farmers in the town of Greece, in this country, suffer to the amount of \$100,000 and over. The blow reached all classes—the rich and the poor—the man who has a five hundred or a thousand barrel orchard, and the widow whose little all was comprised in fifteen or twenty barrel of the fruit.

The trillion in the Bank of England had decreased £218,000.

IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.—The Quartermaster General refuses to pay for property used during the war for military purposes in the Southern States. The following decision has just been made in a case where vouchers had been given by order of a commanding general, for the use of a blacksmith shop and tools belonging to a loyal citizen of Winchester, Va.

Winchester was a hostile town, captured from an enemy who did not surrender on terms, but were driven out by forces of arms; everything in it was prize of war; as at Atlanta and Charleston, buildings were occupied for shelter of troops, and for sick and wounded soldiers. It does not appear that the Military Department should order the payment of any funds under such circumstances.

We understand that this decision will apply to all similar cases arising in the Southern States, even where the claimants produce evidence of loyalty.

RECENTLY, as a railroad train was stopping at Gordonsville to put off a mail, quite a crowd who had assembled there made an assault upon the mail agent, who was a Northern man; as the Post Office Department appoint none who cannot take this on. They informed him that they would not allow any Yankee to run on their roads. Words led to blows, and the train moving off, the mail agent escaped with his life. On reporting this to the Post Office Department, Governor Randall immediately struck Gordonsville from the list of post offices, and trains now run by that point.

BOTANY AT FAULT.—It is perhaps well known to all grape growers, that vines are occasionally found that cannot, by any known method of treatment, be made to produce fruit. Of all such vines, the common isd lativo. There are stamens, but no pistil. In Botany, so far as we know at least, grape vines are regarded as universally polygamous. To know they are not, it is only necessary to examine the blossoms of a sterile vine. And in all cases of sterility, we would advise fruit growers to examine the blossoms at the first opportunity, and if the pistil is wanting, to cease all further care of that vine, however promising it may be in other respects.

A country "chap," who recently visited the city for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way: "Somewhere in every circumference of silk and velvet that wiggles along there's a woman, I suppose; but how much of the boller is filled in with meat, and how much is gummin, the spectator dun no. A feller marries a wife, and finds, when it comes to the point, that he has nuthin' in his arms but reg'lar anatomy. Et men is gay deseovers, wot's to no-said of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but has't rec'y as much fat on her as would grease a griddle?—all the apparent plumpness consisting of cotton and whalebone."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street." "Then, ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my lounced pantalons, that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me." Mrs. Dogberry spoke of "the sin of vanity and the beauty of decorum," and walked off to her chamber.

Mrs. Partington says, that the coal-porters may say what they like about religious trucks, but he thinks, in her opinion, that there's no trucks so subjective of solemn thoughts as the railroad tracks.

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The ladies embrace a complete assortment of ALL the new and desirable styles. Size and length for Ladies' Measures, and Children, and are superior to all others made in point of Symmetry, Finish and durability; being made of the finest tempered English Steel Springs—with Linen finished Coverings, and having all the metallic fastenings immovably secured by improved machinery. They retain their Shape and Elasticity to the last—and are warranted to give entire satisfaction.

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Is what you need for a Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, and affections of the throat. 25¢ Try it and it will give you immediate relief. Don't be without a bottle in the house. Its reputation is almost known the world wide. None speak of it but in favorable terms.

It is the prescription of an old Family Physician.

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And is now sold extensively by the granison.

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A reasonable discount to the trade is offered.

EVERY SATURDAY

A JOURNAL OF FOREIGN READING
SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE

Much of the best literature of the day is found in the English and Continental magazines and periodicals; and it is the design of this Journal, to select from this literature, the most valuable and interesting portions, and to present them to our readers in a condensed and accessible form.

Publishers believe that such a Journal is wanted upon the plan which they propose, and that it will be only entertaining and instructive in itself, but also a valuable medium for the dissemination of the best literature of the day.

Every Saturday is intended for the purpose of presenting to our readers, the best of the foreign literature of the day, in a condensed and accessible form.

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