AN OLD-TIME LOVE STORY.

The fine old mansion of the Alberghi family, near Gluckstadt, was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music and dancing was borne on the evening air across the rolling, sparkling waters of the Elbe. That night a grand ball was to be given by Count Frederic of Alberghi, the only remaining representative of the noble family whose name he bore. The building was massive stone, high and dark, protected by moat, drawbridge and battle towers. It was a fine old feudal castle, built in the time of Frederick II. Outside it looked grand and gloomy; inside it was ablaze with lights and redolent with perfumes of choice flowers, which were scattered in profusion, not only about the large reception saloon, but in all the smaller apartments, which were thrown open to the guests.

In a little room far removed from the rest, in the eastern tower, stood two persons—a young man, remarkably handsome, though there was an expression of deep care upon his face, and a lady. The lady was not remarkably handsome just now, as she listened to her champion with drooping eyes; indeed, most people would call her simply pretty until she raised her expressive, dark blue eyes and the brilliant, sylph-like smile broke over her face. The two were standing talking carelessly together, the lady leaning against the heavily-carved oaken window frame, and the young man standing nearly opposite to her, caressing a bright-eyed falcon perched upon his wrist.

"So, Count Alberghi, you will be remembered for a long while as the young noble who gave the most splendid ball as yet ever attended." The lips of the young man curled, and he answered contemptuously:

"That is surely a name worth gaining at any price."

"Of course," said the lady. "But why so scornful about it?"

"You know, Lady Lena, that I care only for your approbation, then the ball is given only in honor and to please you, whose slightest wish I would gratify at any expense."

"Alas, Count Alberghi, I am told that a dozen times each day."

"Probably; but the words do not come from the heart, as mine do."

"Pooh," said the lady. "They all swear that.

"Very well, Lady Lena; I may some time be able to prove the truth of my words. I have been a fool. For three years I have hung upon your accent, fulfilled your every wish, as far as lay in my power. My fortune—which was ample—I laid at your feet, that you might have every possible want supplied; and in return for this devotion I have received nothing but coldness and scorn. You know that I love you as few men love—with my whole heart and soul—yet you scorn me. You are rich and noble. I still love you as madly as ever, but to-night is the last time I bow before you. This once I plead, Lady Lena, to be shown some kindness. For the last time I offer you myself. Will you accept me?"

Lady Lena turned very pale as she listened to the rapid, passionate words uttered by the young man who knelt before her. Her eyes grew dark with some inward feeling, but her words destroyed the faint hope which had risen in his heart at the gentle expression on her face.

"Oh, rise, Count Frederick—for I know this is all nonsense—instantly. To-morrow you will be beside me as usual, and the next, and every day, just as you have for years." The young man rose, and in answer to her taunt, only bent his head and tenderly stroked the glossy head and neck of the bright-eyed bird on his wrist, and looked from one to the other, as if inquiring what was going on. Piqued at his silence, the lady exclaimed:

"Where now is your boasted love? I say a bitter thing to you and you do not retalliate."

"I cannot forget myself so far as to retalliate to a woman."

"No," said she, "but you can sneer. You can sneer and stroke your falcon, which I know possesses more of your boasted love than I do."

"Jennett never wounds me, he replied. "In return for my caresses she does not give me bitter coldness."

"Perhaps she would if she could speak," persisted the lady.

"Actions, Lady Lena," said he, "speak louder than words."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she turned to the door, but paused as she neared it, and, looking over her shoulder, said contemptuously: "I suppose the cause of your love for that bird is because she once belonged to some former lady love."

The tone was very insulting, and this time the young man raised his head with flashing eyes, and his words were rapid and indignant.

"You are right, he replied. "This falcon belonged to a noble lady, whose kind, womanly heart scorned to inflict a wound upon the meanest creature; who trampled not under foot honorable love offered her, as if it were a disgraceful thing. One whom I loved devotedly, and who, had she been unable to return the affection offered her, would have rejected it with considerable gentleness."

"Why, then, don't you return to this paragon of tenderness and virtue?" sneered the lady.

"She would willingly soothe my wounded spirit," he replied, "but she is dead."

Without another word Lena sped from the room, her brain on fire, her eyes full of tears. Could Frederick have seen her as she, leaning far out of a window, weeping bitterly, he would have forgiven the bitter words. As it was, they parted in anger.

Left alone, Frederick paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud; "I have been a driveling fool—a madman. For three years I have devoted my time, heart, and fortune to the service of this heartless woman. One day rewarded with smiles the next with frowns. To morrow when the bills are paid for debts incurred for this night, I shall be absolutely penniless. Yes, to-morrow, my furniture, horses, and plate will be sold, my servants discharged, and all that will remain to me is this old castle, and my faithful nurse, Margaret, who will not leave me and my falcon. This building, now ringing with the sounds of music, dancing, and merry laughter, will be closed to become the sanctuary of rats and owls. For myself, I shall withdraw from society, and in this small, gloomy tower support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been worse than foolish—I have been wicked. But this repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests."

So saying, Fredrick replaced the falcon on his perch near the window, and forcing a gay smile and careless air, saunered into the ball-room, and from that time till the company left he was seemingly the gayest of the gay.

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"Quick, Susan! fasten the bodice and bring me my hood and mantle and the thick shoes!" exclaimed Lady Lena; then added, impatiently, "you'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string, for my hands tremble so I cannot do any thing." The maid obeyed, and soon her young mistress stood before the elegant mirror, laughing to see herself in complete peasant's attire.

"Will anybody know me, Susan?" she asked, laughingly, as she drew the hood over her face.

"No, indeed, Lady Lena," replied the maid; "if I hadn't seen you dress I should not know you myself."

"Then I am off."

And suiting the action to the word, the graceful Lady Lena ran out of the room and down stairs in a very undignified way. In the garden she was met by a lover of Susan's, who exclaimed:

"Pears to me we are in a monstrous hurry, Mistress Susan. Can't you stop to give a fellow a noontide kiss?"

"Away with you!" she exclaimed. "You shall have two kisses when I come back, if you won't stop me now."

"Good bargain, Susan," said he. "I have much to do, and will wait by the gate till you come back."

Away sped Lena. After a pretty long, rapid walk she reached Castle Alberghi, and, entering by a low poster door, which she found open, made her way to the door of the tower, where she saw old Margaret seated.

"Good noon, Dame Margaret," said Lena. The old woman raised her head, and, recognizing Susan, Lady Lena's favorite waiting maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

"Don't be cross, Margaret," she continued; "I've got a beautiful note for your young master from my lady."

"You needn't come here with it then, said Dame Margaret. "Your lady's notes have brought sorrow enough to this house."

"But, Margaret, I was sent to deliver it and receive an answer, and I dare not go back without it; it would cost me my place, and you wouldn't be so cruel as that to a poor girl who has never done you any harm." Here Lena began to sob, and Margaret arose, saying:

"You have never done me any harm, so give me the note and let me take it up stairs quickly." The note was produced, and Margaret grumblingly took it up stairs, muttering as she did so. "Much good, much good it will do my poor young master. It isn't sealed very closely and if I could read it I would open it, and then if there was anything in it to wrong him, I'd sooner put my hand in the fire than give it to him." By this time she had reached the second story and knocked at the door

"Come in," said Frederick, who was seated by the window reading. He looked up as the old woman entered and asked what she wanted.

"A note for you, sir," she replied. The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand slightly trembled as he took the delicate perfumed note. A moment he paused, overcome by his feelings, then impetuously tore it open and read the following words:

"Lady Lena Erfert, being about to visit England for several years, desires to have the pleasure of meeting once more her friend Count Frederick Alberghi, who has so mysteriously withdrawn himself from society. She will do herself the honor of dining with him this day at 5 o'clock."

A spasm passed over the young man's face and he mumured, "Once more," Then turning to Margaret, he said: "What is there in the house to eat?"

"As good as nothing, sir" replied the faithful woman, "for there is only scraps left from your breakfast."

"That's bad, Margaret," said he, "for I have no money, not a single kreutzer, and here is a note from Lady Lena informing me that she will dine with me to day."

She musn't come, dear sir. There is nothing to give her." Frederick seemed lost in thought, Suddenly, he raised his head.

"I have it now" said he. You must serve up my poor Jeanette here. It is all I can do."

"Oh, master! What, roast this poor bird you have loved so long, and which belonged to——"

"Hush, Margaret; not another word; only do as I bid you. Serve the bird up as best you can. Have the table laid for two in the old dining room, having it ready precisely at 5. When the lady arrives summon me, and serve dinner immediately. I shall be in my chamber, to which I shall now retire." Margaret dared not remonstrate, but sobbing and wringing her hands, she went down stairs. Lena had waited her coming with intense anxiety.

"What's the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?"

"Deed there has," woefully answered Margaret.

"What?" said Lena. "Speak, woman."

"Oh, only he's gone clean demented. You bring a note from your haughty mistress, who ought to be drowned in the Elbe, for she always makes trouble for my dear young master, one of whose fingers is worth more than her whole body; made him waste all his fortune, so that now he is as poor as Job and now makes him kill his beautiful falcon." A triumphant smile now flashed into the eyes of the false waiting-woman, and she asked, "How so?"

"Why, you see, Mistress Susan, your lady is coming to dine with him, and there is nothing in the house, neither victuals, nor even a kreutzer, so he has ordered the falcon to be roasted for your wicked lady's dinner."

"I have no doubt it will make capital eating," laughed the girl.

"Out upon you," said Margaret. "You are as heartless as your mistress. Go back to her and tell her she is welcome. I hope the bird may stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is."

"Oh, don't take on so, Margaret. I am sorry your master is so poor, but he will offer my lady a dish valuable for its rarity, for I warrant me she never tasted roast falcon before," Margaret's only answer was to throw herself into a chair and sob. The disguised Lena approached her.

"Don't feel so sad, but tell me why should Count Frederick care so much for the poor bird?"

"Don't you know that? Why, it belonged to his blessed mother, who is now an angel in heaven." Tears filled Lena's eyes. and she said:

"Well, I didn't know that, and it is a real shame to roast the bird, and if you will keep it a secret I'll help you. Give me the bird and I'll take it home and send you another in return. Your master will be none the wiser." Margaret's face lighted up and earnestly thanking the girl she left the room and soon returned with the falcon, closely hooded, which she gave to the false Susan, who went off with it.

Punctual to the minute came Lady Lena, and never had she looked more lovely or been dressed with so much elegance and taste. Margaret, with a sullen air, ushered her into the dining room, where Frederick came forward to meet her. He was struck with her fresh, winning appearance, a bitter change to be wrought in so few weeks. His greeting was frigidly polite, and hers particularly genial and kind.

The dinner was soon served, and Lena shuddered as she glanced around the long, dark, unfurnished room, seen last brilliantly lighted and decorated, filled with sprightlyly guests, and before whom groaned a table covered with every luxury the season afforded and money could buy. What a contrast. Now all gorgeous hangings, furniture, pictures, silver, glass and lights were gone, and in their places stood in the empty room a small deal table, bearing two covers and one dish of meat. With all his old grace of manner Frederick led Lena to the table and took his place opposite to her. The meal was a silent one, for Frederick was abstracted, and Lena so overcome by everything around her that she could scarcely repress her tears. As they arose from the table the count said:

"I am sorry, madam, to offer you so poor a repast, but—"

"Don't speak of it, Count," hastily interrupted Lena, affecting a gayity she was far from feeling. "It was charming—so new; I never tasted a more delicious chicken."

"I am happy to find that I have pleased you," said Fredrick; "but allow me, in all deference to your taste, to correct one mistake—the bird you have partaken of was not chicken, but my falcon."

"Your pet falcon?" said Lena, in affected astonishment.

"The same, madame," he replied.

"Frederick," she exclaimed, and the tone in which his name was uttered caused Frederick to start. He was dumb with surprise when he saw the haughty Lena burst into tears, and before he could recover his self-possession Lena stood before him erect and pale.

"Frederick, to-day we part forever," said she, "and before we do so I must obtain your forgiveness. You have always treated me with respect and love, and I—I have repaid your devotion with coldness and scorn. Will you forgive me?"

"Most certainly," coldly answered Frederick, making a great effort to subdue the passion her unwonted gentle- had roused. "I loved you, and probably by my unceasing devotion wearied you. I needed a lesson, and I have learned it. I could not expect one who did not love me to——"

"Stop there and listen to me," said Lena, "and if my confession made in this hour, seems, unmaidenly let my excuse be that it is the only reparation in my power. I am wealthy—the wealthiest woman in all Germany, as it is said. From my childhood I have feared to be loved for my wealth, and with my earnest nature I know that a marriage without love would be death. People whom I counted my warm, sincere friends told me that my riches were all that you cared for—that you lavished your comparatively little wealth upon me only the more surely to gain possession of my princely fortune. I did not believe them, but I wished to try you. In my cautiousness I went too far, too far; for I have lost what I have valued more than life—your love."

"Lena, Lena, be careful," said the young man.

"I am past care for anything now," she replied. "To-morrow I leave for England never to return. I could not go without asking you to forgive me; without telling you, as the only balm I can offer, that if I made you suffer I suffered also, and perhaps more acutely, for I was called heartless, cold, unprincipled, by the only being I ever loved in the world, that I——" She could say no more, for she was clasped in eager arms and covered with passionate kisses. A few minutes she lay there, then freed herself, all blushing and tearful from her lover's embrace. A moment she left the room, then returned, bearing a basket, which she gave to Frederick. On opening it his falcon flew out. Resting her beautiful head on Frederick's shoulder, she said: "Take me, dear Frederick. I yield myself to you, overcome by your love and unselfish devotion—actually brought to hand by your falcon.

Fashionable Tournaments.

Tournaments are still fashionable in Baltimore, Howard, and Carroll counties, Maryland. There was one that was brilliant in Woodstock, Howard county, on Saturday last. It was under the auspices of the Woodstock College. Early in the morning red sashed marshals and decorated knights rode at high speed up and down the streets, and multitudes began to arrive in the trains from the near-by towns. Later in the day a procession moved to an elevated plateau half a mile out of town, where a flag was flying. Three arcs, from which the rings were suspended, stood about thirty feet apart and were painted red, white and blue. About three hundred vehicles were ranged in parallel rows facing each other, and the intervening space was the tilting ground. In the carriages were young ladies dressed in white and Mother Hubbards. The knights were tastefully dressed in black and white corduroy, and most of them wore red sashes. Some had fancy rosettes, and some wore no decoration. The riding was begun at noon. Dr. Keene of Ellicott City delivered the charge. It is for woman's smiles," he said, in conclusion, "that you are here, Sir Knights. Spur, then the panting sides of your steeds, and remember that your bravest will crown the fairest." The course was one hundred yards, the rings were an inch and a quarter in diameter, and the time to be made inside of nine seconds. The rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing.

FISTIC PHILOSOPHY.

Talk With a Man Who Can Whip any Other Man in America.

"Do I think Paddy Ryan a game man?" said Mr. John L. Sullivan, as he stood among fifty of the fancy, including Billy Madden, Pete McCoy and Paison Davies, in Mike McDonald's store this afternoon.

"Of course I do. No man ever yet took off his shirt to fight in a ring unless he was a game man, for he knows very well what he is going to get."

"Some of the newspapers said that Ryan looked terror-stricken as soon as no laid eyes on you. Is that true?"

"Not at all. Ryan did very well until I struck him once or twice, and after that he was dazed—I may say about half crazy."

"Is it true there was not a body blow struck during the whole fight?"

"Yes, that is a fact; there wasn't one."

"Do you think Ryan's nose is broken?"

"I do not; it was that blow in the nose that split his lip, and knocked him down, but I don't think it broke his nose."

"Some of the newspapers represent that Ryan was whipped by being knocked out of his senses until after time was called by your last blow, and that blow was delivered on the neck; is that true?"

"No; that is a mistake. On the last round I fought him down, and he fell in a heap from a succession of blows on his head, not from any particular one. His strength was overcome and exhausted."

"How did you feel when Ryan struck you that blow on the left eye!"

"He didn't strike me there with his fist; that black eye came from his falling toward me from weakness, and striking me with his head; in fact, he struck me no blows on the face. His blows all fell on the back of my head, which was much better for me."

"Did you part on good terms?"

"Oh, yes, we shook hands pleasantly at parting."

"Are you thinking of another match yet?"

"No, not yet. I don't mean to be a prize-fighter more than a year or two more."

"Do you think a man is apt to get killed in the ring?"

"No, I do not. I think whenever men are killed in the prize ring it is in consequence of their having something the matter with them—like heart disease."

"Have you scruples of conscience about fighting?"

"I have not. I never fight a man to kill him; I fight him only to lick him."

"Doesn't it generate a great feeling of hatred?"

"Not at all. Sometimes, when it is in dispute which is the better man, bad feeling springs up, but there is no bad feeling in a fight, or after it.

Billy Madden is considerably proud of his protege, and he said he would match Sullivan with gloves against any living man without gloves. He says speculators are trying to work up another match, but he doesn't know a living man in America, England or Australia, who would be likely to fight Sullivan. He says Ryan said when Sullivan first struck him he thought a telegraph pole had been shoved against him endwise. No one would ever guess, from his appearance, that he had "been" through a mill within a week. He is slightly yellow under the left eye, and there is a speck of bloodshot in the eye, and there is a small gash on the first knuckle of the left hand, which came in contact with one of Ryan's teeth, but with those exceptions he appears to be in the flower of health and spirits.

The Value of Silence.

There are times, even in the best regulated families, that silence is a wonderful peace-maker. In certain moods of mind and body one may be wrought to frenzy by words and suggestions that in other moods would have no such effect. When one is hungry, or tired, or sleepy, or sick, he cannot take the same views that he does when full fed, fresh and vigorous in health. If he can make due allowence for this inevitable state of things in himself and in those around him, and restrain his words, govern his tones, control his manners, he may avert a deal of trouble. An impulsive word is sometimes a spark to powder. We are careful to keep flame from, powder made of saltpetre and sulphur, should we not be equally careful to prevent social and domestic explosions? Some people are so constituted that in certain moods they will say disagreeable things simply because they feel like it. If the combustible stuff about them is wet with the cool water of silence it will not take fire, and great damage may be prevented. It is mere cruelty to take advantage of a fretful child and tease and aggravate and torment him, "for the fun of it." And yet some families tolerate this species of amusement. How many words are best left unsaid! Why should we drop caustic remarks that can only burn and rankle and corrode in the hearts they touch? Why should we return railing for railing? Why should we meet petulance with harshness? Let us never forget that a soft answer turns away wrath.

Gems of Thought.

It is the energy of the will that is the soul of the intellect; wherever it is there is life; where it is not all is dullness, despondency, and desolation.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying insolence; and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

Beware of evil thoughts. Oh, the mischief they have done in the world. Bad thoughts come first, bad words bring up the rear. Pray against them. They prepare the enemy.

The flower which blooms to-day, and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colors of the rainbow? Or rather, are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blossoms.

When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once held in your hand.

The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole; as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore avoid all error, however slight and inconsiderate it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

The modest deportment of those who divided between the Bridgeport Protestant Widows' Relief Society and the Prorestant Orphans' Asylum.

Commander Riviere, who lost his life in Tonquin, wrote three days before his death to a friend in Paris, "I am now administrator, soldier, seaman, diplomate, custom-house officer and policeman. In spite of all this, I have written one novel and begun a second, which, however, has advanced only as far as the first page. I lack time. I don't know how France—that is to say, the government—will judge of what circumstances have made me do. In any case, I am indifferent; I have done what I was compelled to do, and I am, besides, possessed of that quiet philosophy which is prepared for everything and submit to anything."

The Necessity of Looking Well at Home.

Often when I have been riding in the country, on a summer afternoon have I seen the farmer's wife sitting in or near the door engaged with her sewing,—her sleeves tucked to her elbows, her hair perhaps uncombed, or at best brushed back in the plainest manner, her feet in slipshod shoes, and her dress the same in which she had worked all the morning, with perhaps the same apron, and usually not over-clean. Her house, if one should enter, would probably be found in excellent order—clean swept floors, and chairs set back against the wall, as if arranged for a funeral, and not a thing out of place In the cupboard or store-room would be found the whitest of bread, plenty of toothsome pie and cake, the freshest and sweetest of butter, and many little delicacies the materials for which nature so abundantly provides, and which the modern housewife has learned so well to prepare. Nothing has she been remiss in her duty to her house but on herself; perhaps the most important, certainly the most necessary, thing in it she has no tspent a thought. She is too wearied with her labor, and there is a pile of sewing and mending waiting to be done. So with perfect self-abnegation she sits down to her task till the evening's daily work, and the preparation for supper, with its consequent duties closes the day on her weary bod and mind. And so the days pass—one after another—much alike in their sameness, until her mind is narrowed down to this small routine of daily cares, and the thought of "dressing up," to go from home, or to receive company becomes almost irksome. Her habits have become so fixed that she has never considered, that a few minutes spent in bathing face, hands, and neck, combing the hair in a tasteful and becoming manner, and putting on a clean dress with the addition of a fresh lace or muslin neck-tie, will not only add wonderfully to her self respect, but actually bring rest to her weary body and mind. No matter if the dress be nothing but print, if it be clean and fresh. For summer wear, this is usually the best material, as the evening chores must necessarily be done, and with the addition of a big apron, one is ready for he work. Prints are so pretty and cheap, that there can be no excuse for not always having one on hand. And then the present mode of dressing the neck is so pretty and yet so simple, and cheap that there is no need of being seen even in the morning without a clean, fresh tie or kerchief. No frills—no stiff collars, but simply a piece of India muslin, or a less costly one cut square and hemmed, put on corner wise, and tucked into the dress in front, or if one prefers; a strip a few inches wide and of suitable length simply hemmed and a few tucks across the ends put on for a tie. Four or five such articles are all that is necessary. They are thrown into the weekly wash, and ironed without starch. Costly materials made with elaborate care, are not at all necessary to personal neatness. The wife and mother cannot afford to go about her house, with a torn or dirty dress, neither for the example which it brings, nor her own personal self respect. There are few husbands so different to the appearance and dress of a wife, as not to feel a glow of satisfaction, when on coming to the house from his labor he finds her neatly arrayed, and with a smiling face—instead of the slatternly being which is sometimes seen. Indeed, I think the "male man," as Samantha Allen would say, is naturally fastidious in this respect. Every man in his younger days not only wished to be dressed himself with a degree of care and taste, but his admiration of the girl he loves is largely modified by the care which she bestows upon her personal appearance, and if in after life, she becomes coarse and seemingly oblivious to the refining influences, which taste and culture bring, who shall say in how large a manner she is responsible? The wise mother of daughters will insist that each afternoon shall see them not only neat and tidy, but tastefully dressed, so that in case of unexpected callers, there need be no flurry, nor loss of self-respect. This, if begun in early life will grow into a habit which in time will become so fixed, that when she becomes a wife and mother, she will no more think of discarding, than the necessary ones of eating and sleeping.