SELECT MISCELLANY

THE FORGER:
or, a friend to the last.

What I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account.

My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking firm of Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy and Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the information with a kind appearance of interest, and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep my feet at starting, and that if he found that I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that, and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty, generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to connection, etc., I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy, telling me to call on him, at the banking house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion, and on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright, and gay, and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted everybody.—The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking house, I can tell you!

'Well, young Trowbridge,' said he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, 'so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet?' 'No?' Just on the point of beginning, eh? Very good. You will have your difficulties, my friend, and I mean to smooth one of them away from you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear—Bank with us.'

'You are very kind, sir,' I answered, 'and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid, I am afraid I shall have very little left. I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than three hundred lbs. of surplus cash in the world after paying what I must pay before I set up in my office, and I should be ashamed to trouble your house, sir, to open an account for such a trifling sum.'

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Fauntleroy. 'Are *you* a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you want. Stop! I haven't done yet. When you open the account, speak to the head cashier. Perhaps you will find that he has got something to tell you. There! there I go away—don't interrupt me—good-bye—God bless you!

That was his way—ah! poor fellow, that was his way.

I went to the head cashier the next morning, when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My checks, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr. Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily, being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first-rate connection, which would give me profit and position, and everything I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security before hand to a large amount.

In this emergency, I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heaps of papers about him, and the same hearty, easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon with some little hesitation and nervousness, for I was afraid he might think I was taking an unfair advantage of his former business to me. When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper scribbled a few lines on it in his rapid way, handing the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking house for the whole amount, and for me, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then, and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime, the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all; but I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on the latter time, and to the terrible discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating. During this interval, thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset, my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good, large offices and a respectable staff of clerks, and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written; all the people who had appointments with me had been received. I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going home, when one of the clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very importan business.

'Did he mention his name?' I inquired.

'No, sir.'

'Did you ask him for it?'

'Yes sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was.'

'Does he look like a begging letter writer?'

'He spoke sharp and decided, sir, and said that it was in your interest that he came, and that you would regret it deeply, afterward if you refused to see him.'

'He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then.'

He was shown in immediately; a middle sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner, dressed in a style of shabby smartness, eyeing me with a bold look, and not so overburdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in. I had never seen him before in my life, and I could not form the slightest conjecture, from his appearance, toward guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fix his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradation of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

'Is your name Trowbridge?' he began.

'Yes,' I answered dryly enough.

'Do you bank with Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy and Graham?'

'Why do you ask?'

Answer my question, and you will know.'

'Very well, I *do* bank with Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy and Graham—and what then?'

"Draw out every farthing of balance you have got before the bank closes at five to-day.'

I started at him in speechless amazement. The words, for an instant, absolutely petrified me.

'Stare as much as you like,' he proceeded, cooly; 'I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you again, and look sharp about it.'

'Draw out my money?' I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. 'Are you in your right mind? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first houses in the world? What do you mean—you, who are a total stranger to me—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?'

'I have explained myself. Act on my advice or not, just as you like. It don't matter to me. I have done what I promised, and there's an end of it.'

He turned to the door. The minute hand of the clock was getting on from twenty minutes to the quarter.

'Done what you promised,' I repeated, getting up to stop him.

'Yes,' he said, with his hand on the lock. 'I have given you my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good afternoon.'

He was gone before I could speak again.

I tried to call after him, but my speech suddenly failed me. It was very foolish, it was very unaccountable, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute hand was on the quarter.

My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had time to think, I am perfectly certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manner of the stranger; the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank, toward which his words were pointed; the chance that some underhand attempt was being made, by some enemy of mine, to frighten me into embroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which he was associated as partner—all these considerations would unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have had time for reflection; and, as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on the memorable day.

As it was, I had just time enough to act, and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made during the week, had so far decreased my balance, that the sum to my credit in the banking book hardly reached fifteen hundred pounds.

I snatched up my check book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and told one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed. What impulse urged me on except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment, I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the vague, inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had aroused in me, without stopping to analyze my own sensations—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door, the clerk had started for the bank, and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice, and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover control over my self until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter, the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank notes, and locked them up in the safe, my better sense seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before or since, as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of a return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honor and the credit of his house, and that on the word of an absolute stranger, of a vagabond, if there ever was one yet. It was madness, downright madness, in any to have acted as I had done. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe and looked at the bank notes again. I locked it once more, and flung the key down in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly, telling me in the plainest terms that I had risked depriving myself of my best and kindest friend, henceforth and forever.

It was necessary to do something at once toward making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that, as soon as I began to cool down a little, there was but one plain, straightforward way now left to get out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door and asked for him, I was told that he had'nt been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room.

I sent in my name at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other, and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarrassing and humiliating on my side. Still I could not go home, I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview, I should have been far more uneasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief the bank porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in.

What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them, is more than I can tell. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was saying at the time. The one circumstance that I remember clearly is, that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man, and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balance, by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports, which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for anything I knew to the contrary, might, after all, have been started only in jest.

Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent, look, which I observed on his face when I came in, remained on it while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him even to keep up the appearance of listening to me; and when I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up all hope of getting further, all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few civil commonplace words:

'Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologising. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more about it, and bring the money back on Monday, if you still honor us with your confidence.'

He glanced down on his papers, as if he was anxious to be alone again, and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power, by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting, sadly enough, that I had not yet made my peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense, that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on Sunday. He was not there, and his servants could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it but to wait till his week day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning half an hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account as soon as possible after the bank opened.

On entering my office, I stopped with a startled feeling just inside the door. Something serious had happened. The clerks, listend of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me, they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

'Have you heard the news?' he said.'

'No; what is it?'

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale—I felt my knees tremble under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy and Graham had stopped payment!

'The circular has not been issued more than half an hour,' continued my clerk. 'I have just come from the bank, sir. The doors are shut; there is no doubt about it. Marsh & Co. have stopped this morning.'

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew he was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday before had taken instant possession of my thoughts, and his words of warning seemed to be once more sounding in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the house when not another soul outside of the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft I had so bitterly reproached myself for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me, and why had he brought it to my ears?

I was still groping like a man in the dark, for an answer to these two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me—when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first.

While I and my clerks were discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office and overwhelmed us with the news that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when the fearful news reached me. My fellow merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy,s partners had come up to London to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone to the city to make an appointment with their stock broker for a future day when their fellow trustee might be able to attend. The stock broker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot with a view to saving as much time as possible, and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out down to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the document authorizing the selling out was produced, and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's name, their own names forged. This was on Friday, and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded on Saturday. On Monday I heard from my friends the particulars I have just narrated.

But the events of that morning were not destined to end yet. I had discovered the failure of the house and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened in the strangest and saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or guilt. Before my friends had left my office—before I had exhausted the arguments, which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me in favor of the prisoner, a note marked 'immediate,' was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I saw it. It was written from the prison by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me when I recognized his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I easily obtained the order, and went to the prison.

The authorities knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, were afraid of his attempting to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out, as they opened his cell door. The other who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerately affected to be gazing out of the window at the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head dropping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees when I first caught sight of him. At the sound of my approach he started to his feet, and without speaking a word flung both his arms round my neck.

My heart swelled up.

'Tell me it's not true, sir! For God's sake, tell me it's not true,' was all I could say to him.

He never answered—oh, me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms round my neck, and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear.

'Did you get your money out?' he whispered; 'were you in time on Saturday afternoon?'

I broke free from him in the astonishment of hearing these words.

'What!' I cried out aloud, forgetting the third person at the window. 'That man who brought the message——'

'Hush!' he said, putting his hand upon my lips. "There was no better man to be found, after the officers had taken me. I know no more about him than you do. I paid him well as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of the errand.'

'You sent him, then?'

'I sent him.'

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world by taking on myself the arrangement of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crime he had committed, so I could do him the least little service he was ever to accept at my hands, with a good heart and a clear conscience.

'I say nothing in defence of his palliation of the offence for which he suffered. But I cannot forget that in the time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to a greater intellects than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood towards others, and his steadfast truth toward me. It is as certain as we sit here that of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this world, was the effort he made to prevent me from being a loser by the trust I had placed in him. There is the secret of my strange tenderness for the memory of a felon; that is why the worldvillian does somehow still grate on my heart when I hear it associated with his name.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

The spring was just coming in, when the house opposite, which had been vacant all winter, found a tenant. The house was not exactly opposite, however, for it stood on a side street, and fronted, therefore, at right angles to my boarding house. But "the second story back," which I occupied, overlooked his garden, and that is the main point in my story. I say "garden" advisedly, for, unlike most city houses, the house opposite had a deep yard behind it, part of which was shut off by a trellis work, and was full of flower beds; and the first knowledge that the house was occupied at last, was the sight of a young lady, a very vision of beauty, who appeared, one morning, in a charming, yet simple costume, rake in hand, to attend to these very beds.

I had always been passionately fond of flowers. I watched her accordingly with deep interest as day by day, she directed a neighboring florist where to set out new plants. Afterward, she herself attended to the garden, watering flowers, night and morning, hoeing the earth when necessary, and carefully clipping off the dead wood.

She would have been beautiful in any dress, but in this pretty garden costume she looked divine. Graceful and tall, womanly in all her movements. I had never seen her equal. At the end of a week, I thought of nothing but my opposite neighbor. At the end of a fortnight I was hopelessly in love.

Sometimes the notes of a piano were heard from within the opposite house, and then a voice rang out, so elastic, so sympathetic, so thoroughly cultivated, that I was ravished. Now the songs were gay; now they were sad; but always the voice was superb, the execution perfect. Several times an elderly gentleman came out; her father, no doubt.

I had often passed the house, but no name was on the door; so I did not, as yet, even know who my opposite neighbor was. I did not like to make inquiries. But, at last, Mrs. Day, my landlady, said, one day, at the table, incidentally, that the name of the people who had taken the opposite house was Valden, and that the young lady was the wife of the elderly gentleman.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard this intelligence. But I rallied after a while and asked boldly, if Mrs. Day was certain. "There is such a disparity, in their ages," I said, "it seems impossible." But she answered very positively, as landladies do, "that she had it from the best authority."

My dream was broken. Once or twice afterward, I saw my opposite neighbor at her gardening; she always left my window when she came out; and in a fortnight I went out West, more to cure myself of this hopeless fancy, than because I had anything to do in Chicago. When I came back, in the fall, the opposite house was closed, and my neighbor was gone.

That very afternoon, walking down Broadway, I met an old college chum, Tom Birdsell. "Why, bless me!" he cried, "we haven't met for years. I am just going to Delmonico's to dine. Join me, and we'll talk of old times, unless you're married, and must go home to dinner. Not married eh?" he added, gayly. "Lucky fellow! I am not exactly married, but I'm engaged, and I want to make the most of my liberty. So come along."

"Alice is a charming girl" he said, he said, getting confidential as the dinner progressed. "I'm going there this evening, and, by the by, why won't you come, too, and give me your opinion of her? Lots of money I can tell you. It's rather a romantic story, my engagement to her I mean. Her father was an old chum of my father, just as you and I are, but they hadn't met for years. In act, Alice's papa had lived at the West, and, just came here last spring, when he rented a house for six months. till he could look around and buy one for himself. The two old fellows ran against each other accidentally in the street, were frightfully glad, insisted on Alice and I meeting, and finally, planned a match between us. My charmer was a little distant at first, but she's coming round now; and though the wedding day isn't fixed, the marriage is to come off, the old folks say, some time next spring."

And do you love her?"

"Oh! enough for all practical purposes. She's lady like, cultivated, and pretty, and all that, and has lots of tin. It would be a pity to disappoint the old people, eh?"

"But you haven't told her name?"

"Alice Valden. But, bless me, old fellow! what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only a sudden cramp."

"I forgot to show you her picture," he said. "Here it is, a very good one too, though I must say it flatters her slightly; all porecklin pictures do."

I knew before I took the minature in my hand that it was my opposite neighbor's. And I had thought her married—oh, how blind! "I turned aside, as if to throw the light more directly upon the picture; no one must see me while I gazed upon her. How I had loved her I never knew until now.

It was she, looking upon me with calm, soft eyes—eyes that might have been my heaven!

"Well, it's seven o'clock, and I am to be there at eight. It is pretty far up, and we had better be going. No excuses. Come along," he said as I drew back. I allowed myself to be led away.

We reached the place, an elegant mansion, and were ushered into the drawing room.

"I'm very glad to meet you, my dear young friend," said Mr. Valden, on my being introduced to him. "I like your face, sir; and, by the way, it looks familiar. Still, I never heard your name before, I think."

Alice soon made her appearance. Stately and star-like she glided in, greeting her betrothed with a careless grace, that seemed more like friendship than love.

I was introduced. As she gave me her hand a crimson flush shot over her face.

"I thought you were alone," she said, turning to Tom; "but your friend is very welcome."

Tom was evidently very proud of her. He was himself handsome, but superficial and selfish. I felt that though she might admire him for a time, such a woman as Alice Valden could never be happy as his wife.

"Hal, you are so fond of music, you must hear Miss Alice sing." Tom said, presently.

He led her to the piano, and motoning me to a seat near her, returned to resume his conversation with Mr. Valden.

"Sing whatever you like best," I said, as she turned to ask me as to my favorite. "My sister used to sing to me before she was married; but of late I know but little of home or home songs."

Softly she swept her white fingers over the keys, and then broke into a song full of feeling.

"I have heard you sing it before, Miss Valden," I said, quite forgetting myself, as she stopped.

"Ah!" she said; and again her face flushed crimson.

"This is not the first time, I think, that I have seen you, though you do not remember me. The house you occupied last spring was opposite my boarding place. I recognized your face well, and your songs cheered many a lonely evening for me."

"I have seen you at your window," she replied, half aside, in a soft, low voice, that made the blood quicken in my pulses. Though why, I could hardly tell.

"Sing something more, please," I said, directly.

She chose a simple ballad, a sad one and her voice seemed like the wail of a broken heart. When she had finished, she suddenly rose, and said—

"Are you fond of flowers? There are some very fine ones in bloom now. Tom," she added, "won't you come into the conservatory?"

Tom rose, giving her his arm as he did so. "Mr. Valden and I followed.

"Alice dear," said Tom, with an uncalled for show of affection, "give me a flower. A rose, say. I like roses best."

Alice broke some rose sprays hastily, and presented them to him. "You will not forget my friend?" he said patronizingly.

She paused by a camelia, which was crowned with rich white blossoms, and plucking one half opened, she timidly placed it in my hand.

I understood her. She saw I love her, and called me. I could not look up when I thanked her. Oh! could she but know what I knew—that the love I would give all I possessed to win was held so cheap by Tom.

"I am almost afraid I have offended papa Valden," said Tom, after we left. "The old boy has gone to dabbling in stocks, and it's plain to be seen that he has taken the ring. It won't take very long for him to lose all he has. But I say no more on this subject. Ask you going there on Tuesday night?"

"They asked me, but I have not yet decided."

"Go, by all means," he answered, carelessly. "They seem to like you, and old Valden can't fake to every one, I can tell you."

Tuesday evening found me at Mr. Valden's. I had determined not to go; but I could not stay away. It was not a party, only an informal gathering, with music, dancing, and cheerful talk.

It was exquisite pleasure to be near Alice, although I knew that she was lost to me; and that I must crush out the love I felt for her.

"Come and see us often," said Mr. Valden, as I was leaving. "come at any and all times."

But I hesitated. I had noticed that Alice had shunned me all evening, nor did she now join in this invitation. I stammered something, and left, resolving never to enter the house again. Tom was my friend; at least, I owed him the introduction to him; and I would not be a traitor to him, even if I could. Never to see Alice again was the honorable way.

Three days after I met Tom on the street.

"Well, old Valden has done it at last!" he said, stopping me. "Lost every cent, just as I knew he would! That sudden tumble in stocks yesterday did it."

"And Alice?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Oh! Alice has just written me a note, asking to be released from the engagement, on account of her father's failure. Why, I did of course, he continued, with a laugh.

"The heartless scoundrel!" I muttered between my teeth, as I turned on my heel and abruptly left him.

An hour afterward, I was at Mr. Valden's. The old gentleman clasped my hand eagerly.

"My dear boy, do you know——" he began.

"I know all," I cried interrupting him; and I came to see if I could help you."

"No, I have something left; and even if I had not, I am not so old but I could work for Alice."

"And Alice, sir, does she know how does she bear——" I stammered.

"Like a heroine, sir. But she has more than this to bear——"

"I know it," I cried, the villian! May I I wonder—would it be asking too much," I blurted out, desperately, "if I might see her?"

"Of course, my dear boy," he said but with some surprise. "She is in the conservatory."

I flew to her side. She was sitting listlessly dipping the fingers of one hand in the water of the fountain, while she leaned pensively on the other. At the sound of footsteps she looked up, and rose in confusion, crimsoning till over face and neck.

"Alice, darling!" I cried excitedly. "You are free now, and I can speak. I do not dare to hope. But I love you! Oh! give me but a chance to show that I, at least am honest and true! Ever since I used to see you gardening, even since I heard you sing, last spring! I have loved you—!"

She had sunk, breathless, into her seat again. Her bosom was heaving convulsively. Her face, one moment was pale, and then was dyed with blushes. All at once a great hope leaped up in my heart, and I stopped in my passionate, almost incoherent address.

"Can it be?" I said seizing her hand and speaking in a whisper. "Oh, Alice do not play with me. It is possible you may learn to love me?"

She returned the pressure of my hand, even so faintly, and murmured, as her head fell on my arm.

"I'm afraid I have learned it already."

And then I heard, in broken sentences, in answer to my eager questions, that she had long loved me; but that when she found out the truth, she was engaged to another, and honor kept her silent, as it had kept me.—*Peterson's Magazine for March.*

Josh. Billings' Philosophy.

There seems to be four styles of minds: 1st, them who know it's so! 2d, them who know it's not so! 3d, them who split the difference, and guess at it. 4th, them who don't care which way it is!

There is but one men who hez character enuff to hold his own in idleness.

True love is spelt just the same in Choctaw as it is in English.

Those who retire from the world on account of his sins and peskiness must not forget that they have yet to keep company with a person who wants just as much watching as anybody else.

Necessity begot invention, invention begot convenience, convenience begot pleasure, pleasure begot luxury, luxury begot riot and disease, riot and disease between them begot poverty, and poverty begot necessity again, and this is a revolution of man, and is about all he can brag on.

Most people decline to learn only by their own experience. And I guess they are more than half right, for I don't spose a man can get a perfect idea of molasses by letting another feller taste it for him.

An individual to be a true gentleman, has either got to be born so, or to be bro't up so from infancy; he can't learn it suddenly, any more than he can learn to talk French correctly by practicing on a tomahawk.

I wonder if there was ever an old maid who ever had a fit of a match! that she tho't was suitable.

If a man wants to get his dimensions let him visit a graveyard.

The codfish is the child of the ocheen.—This accounts for their being so salt.

They are hard to catch with a hook and line, and bite like a steel trap, and hang on like a poor relation.

They are good eatin for a wet day, they are better than an umbrelly to keep a man dry. Dried codfish is one of the luxuries of life, but codfish three times a day would weaken my confidence in them.

—A couple of Englishmen have made the ascent of Mount Blanc in January, and came down alive.

—Texas is competing with California in matter of naming its towns. It now has Hog Eye and Sand Fly.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who has been seriously ill, is recovering. She will lecture in Pittsburgh this week.

SALESMEN.—Wanted, a few reliable salesmen to travel and solicit orders for Nursery Stock. Address, S. H. EDWARDS & CO., Seedsmen, Florists, Rochester, Pa.

HOW TO MAKE THE FARM PAY.

BY T. B. PECKHAM, Esq., OF NEW YORK.

THIS BOOK is a rare, safe and practical guide for farmers, Stock Raisers, Gardener and Fruit Cultivators. By it they can double their profits each year, and greatly increase the value of their land. It makes the poor man rich. It makes hard work easier, it rewards the labor of honest, enterprising men. It is purchased by almost every one who sees it. Ninety six hundred copies sold in a few months by one agent, and, in many cases, hundreds in a single township. Agents can find no better work during the fall and winter. Persons can make great gains, each make $100 per month by selling only three or four copies per day, while some of this double that number can easily be sold. Persons always make the most successful agents for the book, and during the fall and winter it is just the thing for them. If you wish to engage in the business, send for a circular containing a full description of the book and terms to agents. Address

REGLER, McCURDY & Co.,
614 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
128 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
59 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
601 N. Sixth Street, St. Louis, Mo.
237 Main Street Springfield, Mass.

BUYERS, LOOK HERE!

The undersigned, thinking for past favors would respectfully inform the public that he has one of the finest selections of

WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
Etc., Etc.,

on hand to be found in the county. His assortment of

School, Miscellaneous and Religious
BOOKS

is complete; while no pains are spared on his part to make his

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

equal to the best of City Establishments. He is the exclusive agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this county. Those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing. He is the Agent for this county for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as he can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwater's School Government for sale at Publisher's prices.

Also on hand, Toys and Variety Goods, suitable for all seasons.

J. F. PRICE,
Jan1, 1870:1y Broadway, New Brighton.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Murray of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons. He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial.
feb2:1y

List of Applicants for License at March Sessions, 1870.

HOTELS:

John Johnston	New Galilee borough.
John M. Shrosbe	Phillipsburg borough.
Joseph Reed	Bridgewater borough.
David Marraw	New Brighton "
Richard Donnelly	Rochester "
William Bickerstaff	Phillipsburg borough.
Philip Shafer & Christian Clark	Rochester borough.
William Bachler	Rochester borough.
Michael Ifft	New Sewickley tp.
Joseph Anderson	Darlington.
Jacob Marks	Darlington.

EATING HOUSE:

Frederick Walther	Beaver Falls borough.
James Conkle	do do do
Henry Wagner	do do do
H. Ayres	do do do

To vend liquors in quantities not less than one quart, together with other goods and merchandise:

Spencer & Sons	Rochester borough.
J. P. Parks	New Sewickley Tp.

mar12:w1 J. C. HART, *Clerk.*

DRUG STORE,

HUGO ANDRIESSEN,
Druggist & Apothecary,
BEAVER, PENN.

DEALER IN

PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c. &c.

Choice Family

GROCERIES,

CRUDE AND REFINED OILS,

LAMPS & LAMP CHIMNEYS, BURNERS, &c.

Of the greatest Variety, and at the Lowest

CASH PRICES.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and scientifically compounded at any time day or night.

☞ Agents for Fahnestock, Haslett and Schwartz's Strictly Pure White Lead, the oldest and best brand in the market, at manufacturers' prices. ☞ [octd,1y.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!!

PATTERNS NEW,
PRICES LOW,
VARIETY ENDLESS,
FROM THE BEST FRENCH IMPORTED
To The Cheapest Kitchen Paper.

De Zouche & Co.,
112 Wood st., corner of Fifth ave
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Plain and gold bordered Oil Cloth Window Blinds. [feb23:3m.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

Owing to the death of the senior partner, Mr. J. M. Burchfield, the entire stock of goods will be sold regardless of Cost.

The Stock consists of

Silks, black and colored,

ALPACAS

VALENE POPLINS, IRISH POPLINS,

Black Cloths, Cloakings, Brocha Shawls,

PLAID SHAWLS, CASSIMERES,

and a full line of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

AT

J. M. BURCHFIELD & CO'S.,
No. 52 Sixth Street, late St. Clair,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
nov10tc.

TRUSSES

MADE UNDER

Dr. Betzel's Patent,

And all other kinds manufactured. See Dr. S. D. Gross' System of Surgery, Vol. II., page 542. Send for a price list.
PITTSBURGH TRUSS CO.,
188 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
jan8:tf

BEAVER ACADEMY will Open on MONDAY, the 14th of March, ensuing, under the instruction of Rev. J. SLOAN, D. D., LL. D., late President of Washington College, who purposes to labor permanently in this field. All the branches necessary to prepare for the ordinary business of life, and for entering any class in College, will be taught. The Term will continue for fourteen weeks. For further information address the undersigned members of the Board of Trustees, Beaver, Pa.
D. P. LOWARY,
feb23:3w] H. HICE.

List of Appraisements.—The following Appraisements under the act of Assembly of the 4th of April, 1827, of property reserved, to be retained by the widow or children of a decedent to the value of three hundred dollars, have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court and approved nisi, viz:

Personal property to the amount of $300 retained by widow of Michael Miller, deceased, George Gardner, administrator.

Personal property to amount of three hundred dollars retained by widow of Benjamin Whisler, dec'd., Mary Whisler and Abehard Whisler, administrator.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of John Cavit, deceased; John Stevenson, administrator.

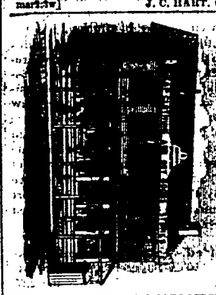
Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of John Mercer, dec'd. Jesse Mercer, administrator.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of James Boren, dec'd, John Pierce, ex'r.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of Andrew Anderson, deceased, Jupon W. Anderson, administrator.

Notice is hereby given to heirs, legatees, distributees, and all others interested, to appear at the next term of the orphans' Court, and not later than the third day, it being the 28th day of March, 1870, to show cause if any they have against the final confirmation of the above appraisements.
feb26:3t] JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, *Clerk O. C.*

☞ Blank Mortgages for sale at the Office of this Paper.



SCHIFF & STEINFELD,
NEW BRIGHTON.

PRICE LIST OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Siberian Squirrel Cape and Muff	$10.00
Heavy Blankets per pair	3.00
Heavy Coverlets	4.00
20 Spring Hoop Skirt	50
Good Beaver Ladies Sacks	6.00
Nice Styles in Shawls	1 00
Ladies Merino Hose	15
Good unbleach'd Muslin	9
Good Bleached "	10
Checkered Flannels	30
Ticking	19
Canton Flannel	16

All kinds of Dry Goods and Notions at corresponding prices.

Every one admits who ever dealt with Schiff & Steinfeld that they can not be undersold in ready made Clothing, of which they keep the largest and best selected stock in Beaver county!

Merchant Tailoring is carried on in this house in a way that whoever patronizes this firm must be pleased in regard to prices and fit. They have the lowest price in plain figures marked on every piece of cloth or cassimere. They make up an overcoat, pants or vest, and they do not deviate from that under no circumstances.

They have the lowest price in plain figures on every piece of goods, at which rate they will make up a garment, and they do not deviate from this price under any circumstances.

Their Cutter, Mr. Sowyne, is regarded in New Brighton as the leading man in fashionable cutting, and there exists no doubt that he deserves the name, when you look at the elegantly fitting suits which are daily turned out by

SCHIFF & STEINFELD.

Christmas Presents.

MEYRAN & SIEDLE,

Successors to

REINEMAN, MEYRAN & SIEDLE,

No. 42, Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

Have just opened especially for the coming holidays an unusually large and elegant stock of

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES, DIAMONDS,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

Fine Table Cutlery, French Clocks, Bronzes, Musical Boxes, Jas. Nardin's, Charles Jacot's and Frodsham's Watches.

American Watches,

made by Appleton, Tracy & Co., American Watch Co., E. Howard & Co., Elgin Watch Co.

*FINE AMERICAN CLO