TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE REPORTER, is published every Thursday Morning, by ALVORD and CLAUSON, at $2 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding ten lines are inserted at ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged twenty cents per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations, communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged ten cents per line.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column,	$100	$60	$40
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One Square,	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less $1 00
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Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, executed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Steam Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jan27, 68.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. March 1, 1869.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and opposite the Court House. Nov. 5, 1868.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. ljan68

C. H. WARNER, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, LeRaysville, Pa. After nearly seven years experience and extensive practice, would respectfully tender his professional services to the people of LeRaysville and vicinity. Office same as formerly occupied by Drs. Dewitt & Davis. March 3 3m*

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT, BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA. July 7th, 1868.

F. B. ROOD—*Licensed Auctioneer*, TOWANDA, PA., Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.) Office and residence No. 11 Park street, Oswego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested. May 18, 1868

FRANCIS E. POST, *Painter, Towanda, Pa.*, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. ☞ Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1868.

I. K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder.*—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

MERCUR & MORROW, *Attorneys at Law*, Towanda, Penn'a, The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public. ULYSSES MERCUR, P. D. MORROW. March 9, 1865.

W. H. CARNOCHAN—*Attorney at Law*, (District Attorney for Bradford County,) Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. Feb. 13, 1869 -tf

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General insurance and Real Estate Agent.—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphan's Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's new block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—south of Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

T. B. JOHNSON, *Physician and Surgeon*, TOWANDA, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelley, over Wickham & Black. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street. April 16, 1868.

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.* Office and residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. Dr. Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having made a specialty of the above diseases for the past eight years. T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL. June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. July 16, 1868.

PRICE LIST.—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour per hundred	$5 00 @ $5 50
Best quality Rye Flour per hundred	3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed	2 00
Buckwheat Flour, per hundred	3 50

A fair margin allowed to dealers. Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. E. INGHAM. Camptown, March 24, 1869.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. G. Beatley, and thoroughly repaired and refitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS. Feb. 1, 16 9.-3m*

AMERICAN HOTEL, Cor. Bridge and Water Streets, TOWANDA, Pa. M. B. CALKINS Proprietor, assisted by L. T. Royse, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Penn'a. Feb. 24, 1869 tf

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JOHN C. WILSON. Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call. ☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL, PETER LANDMESSER, Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868.—tf.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor. Oct. 8, 1868.

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR. Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. (Thankful to his many employers for past patronage would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be intrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct so far as the nature of the case will permit... All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. Feb 24, '69 -1y O. W. STEVENS.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, a graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city. Class 1845-6—give exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. January 14, 1869.

The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 22, 1869. NUMBER 48.

Cards.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 30, 1868.

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist.* Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Aluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens. Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired. Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

MYERS' MILL!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village. Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to. Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered. MYER, FOSTER & CO. Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name c. G. P. MASON & CO. They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business. G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections. G. P. MASON, Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY REAL ESTATE AGENCY, H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.— Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by having a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c. H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent. Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa. Jan. 29, 1867.

ATTENTION THIS WAY! N. KINNEY & CO., WAVERLY, N. Y., Have on hand for the Spring trade, the largest assortment of BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS to be found in this part of the country, which they will sell at the most reasonable prices, and warrant all work. All that doubt need but call and examine. A word to the wise is sufficient. April 1, 1869.—6m N. KINNEY & CO.

MYERSBURG MILLS! The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality. Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price. Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale. MYER & FROST. Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

HARDING & SMALLEY, Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and artistic finish, *can not be excelled.* We invite all to examine these as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation.* We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts, Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call. N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING, Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND! GUION & CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OF LIVERPOOL. Williams & Guign's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month. Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand. For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New-York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bank ers, Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

G. S. PECK, *MILLWRIGHT & MACHINIST*, TOWANDA, Pa. Mills built and Repaired, Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL, As combining all the elements of a first-class motter, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminition of head, requiring no alteration in Mill frames or addition to flume, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them—These wheels will be made for delivery with or without cases, on short notice of the best iron in market. For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. N. B.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made. Jan. 14, 1869.—tf

WAVERLY INSTITUTE. One of the best Literary Institutions of the country, accessible from all points, is situated at WAVERLY, TIOGA COUNTY, N. Y. The departments are complete, the "Classical" embraces all those studies required for admission to our best Colleges. Also a thorough drill in the modern Languages. The English course comprehends both the common branches, taught in Elementary Schools, and many of the higher branches, usually pursued in the Colleges, in the Commercial course the instruction is as thorough and complete as in our most successful Commercial Colleges. Instruction upon the Piano and Organ by the old method, also by Robins' new American method, by which pupils can acquire a knowledge of Music in one-third the time which it formerly required. The rates of tuition are very moderate. Board obtained at reasonable prices—a limited number of pupils can be accommodated in the families of the instructors. Rooms can be secured in which students can board themselves and lessen the expenses one-half. The Summer Term consisting of 14 weeks will open on Tuesday, March 31st, 1869. For particulars address, A. J. LANG, A. M., Principal. A. YATES, President of Board of Trustees. Feb. 25, 1869.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED For sale at W. A. ROCKWELL'S. March 30, 1869.

A SUPERIOR LOT OF BUTTER FIRKINS and TUBS, on hand and for sale at Lose & Kasson's.

Original Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. John Bird by their friend the writer. D. R.

At seventy eight the wonted fire
Of youth will not come o'er me;
With trembling hand I strike the lyre,
The faint response will not inspire
The mind with themes of glory.
I may not tell of victories won
On blood-stained fields of battle;
Of warring hosts fierce rushing on,
The shouts, the shrieks, the dying groans,
Should fall in the recital.

I would advert to bygone days,
Those days of early childhood, [brae's,"
When, rambling forth o'er "banks and
Small tripling sports and childish plays
The tender mind delighted;
When thoughtless, careless, oft we sped
As fancy gave direction;
Enjoyed the scene which nature spread,
The verdant fields, the fragrant shade,
In full and rich perfection.

I love to think of later scenes,
Those scenes of youthful vision,
When life, with all its opening themes,
It's rising hopes and verging dreams,
Seemed as a bright Elysium;
No boding doubts, no weary care
Came o'er the pleasing vista,
The heart beat light with prospects fair,
And splendid castles, high in air,
Grew up in flights of fancy.

And oft recurs to mental view
Those days of friendly greetings,
When all were poor, the country "new,"
But every heart beat kind and true
At happy social meetings.
When golden moments swiftly rolled
In friendships choicest measure,
No envious thoughts insidious stole,
But all conspired to fill the soul
With pure unsullied pleasure.

What dear dear cherished names, space
Press on the recollection,
As early life we thus retrace,
Through intervening time and space,
In vivid retrospection.
Their graceful forms, their beaming eyes,
Their sprightly conversation,
Th' endearing sympathetic ties
As when first known, all fresh arise
In strong imagination.

But time and death, without regard,
Unceasing have moved onward;
And those dear friends the grave has spared,
With furrowed cheeks and silver haired,
Are rapid tending downward.
With feeble steps they linger on
As lengthened life is given;
And, when their race on earth is run,
May angel bands convey them home,
To dwell with Christ in Heaven.

Smithfield, March 22, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

RUDDERLESS.

Nan and Eve lived together at Appledcombe. This is not a very respectful way to speak of them, because, while Nan was but a girl, Eve was a married woman and her mother, but then she was so young, so absurdly young, to be the mother of a grown-up daughter like Nan, that it seems more natural to call her so, than by her pretty, and rather romantic appellation of Mrs. Ashley. And should it be objected that Nan is too obviously put into the more honorable position, I can only plead that Nan was by far the more important. Why, look at their lives.

Eve had married while still but a child—a very pretty half-grown-up child; she had then had Nan, and her husband had died; after which, as to all change, all excitement in her existence, there was written up against it the one word Fuis. She was very sweet, very gracious, and the country all around loved and cherished her, as something of a gem; but it had come to be an understood thing that the glory of her life had been told, and she was now only living for Nan. But a woman can be quite as lovable, and very often a great deal more useful, when the story of her life has been told, and she has leisure to devote herself to others, and Eve was, with many, to the full as popular as her little daughter. Truth to say, she was utterly unselfish, sympathetic by nature, and very fair to look upon. It was so delightful to talk to Eve, said the girls, whilst giving her a minute account of their last fancy fair, because she knew all about it; who had walked from the school-room to the church, and had entered into woman's estate without ever having once shared in their pleasures. And the men, all young men from the village, poured into her ears full accounts of their latest love affairs and gathered from her sympathy that she well understood them from experience; Eve, the course of whose love had run smoothly, up to the last sad ending, and who was innocent as a very child of the endless little channels through which it may flow.

Much more so, indeed, than her own child, who was gaining a very fair knowledge of the troubles and pleasures of that passion, upon the axles of which it is said the world that we live in turns round. For though Nan was guarded like a hot-house flower, and held sacred as a link between the living and the dead, Eve could not entirely shield her from a great many evils she brought on herself. By no rule that applied to other girls could you read Nan. She would say one thing, mean another, and expect that her thoughts should be divined. She would sit and sparkle at her mother all her little quaint sayings an evening through, then an organ in the street, touching, in some dreary old tune, one of Nan's most delicate chords, she would burst out crying where she sat, and when her mother, alarmed, astonished, pained, would take her in her arms to comfort and console, the room would be ringing with laughter, before the tears were dry on her cheeks.

"Can't help it mamma," she would say, "I go up and down as though all of my inside were made of elastic.—One moment I am down in the depths, and next, some absurd spring inside me goes up, and it seems so ridiculous for me to be sitting howling on the floor about nothing, and your looking at me with such a long face, that I am obliged to laugh."

Which, for one of Nan's statements, was unusually correct. If there had only prizes been given for laughter and tears, how many of both Nan would have gained in a year.

Only it will be seen that she was in some sort an anxiety to her mother, while Eve believed there was not, among girls, her equal in the world. Her whole heart was wrapped up in her child, except such portions of it as were buried in the waters with her husband, and the one great triumph of her life was Nan's first ball.

On that eventful night it was difficult to say whether she or her daughter was the most excited. She would let no one but herself put the finishing touch on Nan's fresh toilette, and old-fashioned jewels that had belonged to a bride, now sparkled and shone on the girl's fair neck. But what would any of Nan's subsequent admirers (putting out of the question those who might possibly be artists) have thought of the piquant belle of an evening could they have seen the picture before she started for her ball. A bed-room fitted up like a boudoir, and hung round with glasses. A girl standing up straight among a feathery mass of whiteness, long glistening lines of drapery falling from, and lying bright beside her on the ground, and a figure scarcely less pretty kneeling in a half-dressed condition, and fastening on to her skirt hot-house flowers.

Nan, herself, looks not unlike a flower, with her blue eyes, and her lips and cheek stained into color; but she still requires to be looked at artistically, else you might see that the blue eyes are flashing light, and the red cheeks blazing with impatience.

"But see, dear; now look yourself, Nan. It is exactly six inches wide; you couldn't have one broader than that."

"What does it matter if it's six or sixteen," retorts Nan, "it it isn't broad enough? It's no use, mamma, if Jane can't go out in the village and get me another, I won't wear a sash at all."

"But your dress looks so unfinished, dear, without."

"Yes, I know that, of course," said Nan, quite unmoved, "but if it's to be a question of looking unfinished, or wearing *that*" ("that," was of course the sash held up high in the air), "all I can say is, it'll have to look unfinished."

"Now Nan, darling, don't be so impetuous."

"I'm not in the least impetuous," said Nan—who, while she declined advice and rejected hints, always denied accusations—"only nothing on earth, you know mamma, would make me go to a ball with a—"

And so on, in fact de capo, ringing the changes. But Eve forgot all that was not just gracious in Nan, when with her own heart beating painfully, she chaperoned her through the open door of the ball-room and found there no face that was sweeter than the one that had inherited the beauty of the dead. And Eve herself had never looked more like the girl young Ashley had chosen, and who had been so admired, when he had taken her with him half over the world.

That evening was a glorious success for Nan, but Eve, even while she gloried in it, yet trembled for results. She has enconsed herself close to a window, where she could always see the well-known puffing of Nan's dress, and where she could even catch little wafts of her talk, as the revolving dances brought her round that way.

Nan had a knack of saying the most unflattering things; with her caressing voice, and all the dimples in her face contradicting them flatly, so that no compliment could be so delicious as Nan's little quaint attempts to set people down, and the descent was for them easy, while the blue eyes softened the sentence, and the very mouth laughed at its rudeness. But all this, though pleasant enough, and a sort of intoxication to Cavendish, a young War Office swell, now swinging around with Nan, and inwardly vowing she was "the nicest girl out," was a considerable source of uneasiness to Eve, whose dislike to the old idea of the moth and the candle was constitutional, and who took no pleasure in watching any game, where, as well as a spider, a fly is also requisite.

"This is our dance, Miss Ashley." This moth was known among his fellows by the name of Popham, and for him to have been scorched would have been deemed serious.

"The next, you will remember, Miss Ashley, is mine."

So spoke young Cavendish, wholly ignorant of the existence of a rival.

"If you will look at your card, Miss Ashley."

"How foolish!" said Nan, balancing on one foot, to the great amusement of a would-be claimant behind her, and with all the dimples in her face in full play.

"Well, you must settle, you know; it can't possibly signify to me."

"I do not hold any lady to an engagement, which she does not herself indorse."

So said young Cavendish, magnificently choice in his words, sitting disconsolately down by Eve.

"Then the dance is mine," says Popham, and Nan fired a Parthian shot.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Cavendish, and he is very nice if you talk to him of horses. I don't think he cares much about anything else."

Cavendish smiled a little sulkily, and Eve, rather shocked, hastened to apologize. And thus it fell out, that two people very much interested in Nan were first made acquainted.

"It was not at all fair, you know," says Cavendish, addressing Eve, and quite ready to talk, when the subject was Nan, and the listener was the pretty-looking mother. "That's the third time this evening Miss Ashley has done the same thing."

"It's only her way, Mr. Cavendish," returned Eve, a little absently, with her eyes somewhat out in the distance, and her pretty lips set together firmly. She did not like the looks of that Mr. Popham, and she did not much fancy Nan's father would have done so either, and that was, with Eve, the safest of all standards.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Ashley," young Cavendish goes on; "your daughter and I are very old acquaintances."

And Eve came back from a somewhat long journey, into the future, with all a mother's quick instinct of danger pricking round her heart.

"Oh; I did not know."

"You don't remember me," says Cavendish, blushing like a girl. I've been away such a time, but one of my earliest recollections is your daughter. I danced with her at a children's ball, eleven years ago, in this very house. I remember her perfectly. She had on a white frock and black ribbons. Now, had she not, Mrs. Ashley?"

Eve smiled. He was quite right, and she liked him for remembering. At the time of which he spoke, Nan was in mourning for her father, but Eve had made it slight because her child was such a baby, and had dressed her in a white frock, and put on her a black sash (as to whose width there had been no question) and sewn black bows on her little short sleeves, and passed a black ribbon through her gold-brown hair.—And now it appeared the little picture was vivid to another as well as to herself. Nan floating towards them, Popham in the background.

"Mamma, I don't at all suppose it's true—don't you move, Mr. Cavendish—but we've just been told there isn't a carriage to be had, and if it's a question of walking home, we shall have to start before supper." This was the time for Cavendish. "My dog cart is put round the corner, not ten minutes from here. Mrs. Ashley will you do me the unspeakable favor of allowing me to drive you home.—And thus, though Popham took her in to supper, Cavendish drove Nan home at night.

And now, though the tale I would tell may seem that of a coquette, I must here beg for a distinction. It was not coquetry in Nan that made her sit through the supper with her elbows on the table and her white teeth gleaming brightly with every sally that she uttered. It was simply that in the weak lovableness of her nature it came naturally to Nan to please. There was in her mind none of the fixed resolve of a coquette, to make people love her and heartlessly throw them over. Nor was it mere thoughtlessness causing the same results, but rather a responsive power within Nan, that made her for the time in the same mood as those who were with her. And this was how it was that while, through supper, Nan's little quaint short sentences seemed composed of white froth, highly adapted to Mr. Popham's understanding, the drive home found her so softened and gentle, that Cavendish would have then and there fallen in love with her, had not the poor fellow already accomplished that desirable end with the most commendable zeal some time previous.—And this was acting in Nan. Honor when honor is due. Whatever Nan did, at the time, was natural, even though her modes were as changing as the wind, and the thoughts of one hour inconsistent with the next.

To-night, in the star-lit drive, she was so subdued and so lovable in the calm that came near her so rarely, and became her so well, that poor Cavendish had enough to do not to let Eve and his horse shift for themselves while he clasped Nan's little hand to him closely, and implored her to give it him forever. But this, though for once the danger passed over, was what actually came to pass, bringing Nan home in the gloaming from a haymaking gathering hard by. Eve had herself been at the gathering, but had been persuaded, much against her will, to drive home, leaving Nan to walk, escorted by Cavendish, who, of course, found himself going their way. This went very much against Eve; but then it is difficult to say what little project of this kind would have pleased Eve.

In the abstract, she by no means disapproved of early marriage; her own early life had been too happy for that. In the abstract she entirely wished that her daughter should marry; indeed, no known possibility would have so grieved Eve, as for Nan to have been condemned to a life shut out from the fullness of content she had herself known with young Ashley. She had even told herself that of all those who were sighing for Nan, none were so worthy as Cavendish. But all this was quite in the abstract, and it went very much against the grain that this desirable young man should thus get a chance of pleading his cause. This, however, did not much trouble Cavendish. The gloaming and Nan were both unusually pretty, and the combination, I suppose, was inspiring.—Anyhow, he began, he began, almost before poor, anxious Eve was carried too far to watch their proceedings, or gather from their gestures what the subject of conversation might be.

"Oh, Nan, Nan, you don't know how I love you."

Did she not? Nan's little heart, though it certainly beat fast, was scarcely, I think, throbbing with surpoise. And Cavendish conjugated the most popular of verbs, always, however, in the first person singular. And Nan walked beside him with her ungloved white hand on his arm; and her sweet eyes lowered, and all the dimples around her mouth imperceptible—left behind, perhaps, in the charge of Mr. Popham. Presently Cavendish finished up in the same manner in which he had been going all through, "Dearest." He had made her an offer which, prosaically rendered, was an intimation that he possessed nothing, never had possessed anything, did not much think he should possess anything of sufficient magnitude to enable him to support a young wife; still, without binding herself to him in any way, would Nan give to him grounds for hope? Vague, perhaps, but where would Nan's delicate perceptions have been if at this moment she had failed to understand him?

And now, am I expected to unravel Nan's heart? It were beyond me.—Any ordinary mortal would have said that she loved him. Cavendish thought so, and even Nan herself, yet we judge from results. But it is not fair now thus to look forward into the future. Cavendish did not do so, nor did Nan. At his first word, "Dearest," Nan's whole heart was stirred; the loving, unstable heart, that so many were longing to gain, though heaven only knows whether the magical word, pronounced by Mr. Popham, could not have had much the same effect. At last, when they separated, they were neither of them, they said, in any way bound. Poor Cavendish! Not bound? He was bound, at least, to a shipwrecked life, whether he forever remained constant to Nan, or whether in his manhood he found there not sufficient to satisfy whatever in himself was true, and so, marrying lately some one far more worthy, would yet have lost his first sweet conception of woman in the last look he took of poor Nan.

Ah, Nan, why were your gifts so many, if you, foolish, could only thus use them? The love of your mother for Ashley had sanctified both their lives. Cavendish at night, alone and musing, "Darling little Nan, what would I not give to be able to call her mine now!"

Quite right, Cavendish. Had that been so, then might both of your lives have been different. Nan would most certainly have been true to her husband, though it is open to question whether she would ever have turned into another Eve. Still I am not at all prepared to say that for Cavendish Nan would not have been sufficient. He would have been something out of the common order who would not have been satisfied with Nan at her best.

Eve, when she heard of what had occurred, was at once in a tumult of emotions. Cavendish, in her mind, was not equal to the husband that had so long now been dead. This granted, was it not sad that Nan must put up with anything that was thus proved to fall short of perfection? But this suggestion, when hinted at to Nan, by no means met with her approval. Good gracious me, mamma, I am sure he is good enough in all conscience. I do not know how many thousand times better than me already. That was not saying much, but Nan was always to Eve young Ashleyly daughter, and his virtues were supposed to have descended, though perhaps even Eve perceived they had lessened in the descent. Nan looked as if she thought her mother unkind, and Eve took her child in her arms, and sang to her Cavendish's praises, the sweetest of all lullabies to the girl.

But now, this story that should run so straight, swerves and diverges sadly. Cavendish threw up his home appointment, having a much better one offered him abroad, and his last walk with Nan before starting was through fields that lay white beneath a harvest moon. Poor Cavendish! through all the changes of his after life, that walk stood out clearly before him. A flood of light illuminating the hills, and the very pretty lines of Nan's clinging figure, showing, too, her face, with real traces of grief, and glistening on the wet fringes of her eye. Dearly as he loved her, she had never appeared to him so sweet as now in her sorrow. "Nan, my good, darling Nan!" And poor little Nan put up her cold hands before her face, and sobbed as if her very heart would break.

Breaking! Eve's heart had not broken when young Ashley had died, and Eve was a true woman, with a true, loyal heart that had never once swerved in its allegiance, and knew not the meaning of turning. Breaking! Nan's heart would never break. It was composed of too slight materials, was too elastic, had too much spring; possessed, in short, too much pliable power. But for all that, her grief was real, and her tears very bitter, and the wound that they flowed from very painful.

And Cavendish went off, being bound for foreign shores, and all the passage out his thoughts flew quicker than the sea-gulls back to England. Back to England? Back to a country, back to a village, back to a dear old familiar spot where Nan lived.

He would sit up high on the ship, lying his length on the paddle-box, a cigar between his lips, and his eyes on the silvery reflection of the moon-beams playing on the waves. But who shall say what he thought of or the images that rose up before him? All I know is, the belle of the ship, having taken a fancy to his sunburnt appearance, and got herself up to the utmost of her power and flashed fire at him from out very dark eyes, decided at last it was all useless since the good-looking swell smoked steadily, and would not look down from the post he had chosen, or even relax the muscles of his face. What wonder? There were other eyes shining before him. Quieter eyes at last he had seen them, and the tones of a voice sweeter far than the belle's were ringing in his ears.

The whole of the little picture he did dare conjure up.—The clinging hands, the quivering lips, the piteous little face raised towards him.—Through the long summer nights, when the ship was asleep, the spirit of his dreams kept him company.

And in England, there was Nan crying her eyes out, for once totally disregarding her personal appearance. Eve was distressed beyond measure at this half-and-half sort of engagement. It was wearing the girl out, who was querulous now when she spoke, and by no means easy to please. Poor Eve ransacked her brain wherewith to please Nan. She brought her all the cleverest books of the day, books that would once have delighted Nan, but now she just looked at them, and tossed them unread on the floor. Presently, however, there came help to Eve. "Please, mum, Mr. Popham's regards, and the flowers, he says, are for Miss Nan." A large, fragrant bouquet of white flowers; camelias, jessamine, stephanotes, white roses. A faint tinge of color in Nan's pale cheeks. The bouquets came daily, but after a while, as was perhaps natural, the message changed. The maid said, "If as now Miss Nan felt well enough, Mr. Popham would like to come in." Mr. Popham was by no means a bad specimen of Nan's numerous admirers. An athletic young man and very well made. He owed a good deal to nature, but his tailor put on the finishing touches. Fresh, giving you the idea of a man that was fond of his tub; and his laugh spoke well for his digestion.

"How ill she looks, Mrs. Ashley. I never saw any one so much changed. Not a bit more color than her flowers."

"I dont care about white flowers," said Nan, petulantly.

"Oh, Nan! Don't mind her, Mr. Popham, she has been so ill you know."

"I always mind her," said Popham.

And Nan, undergoing a sudden change, caught up the flowers and kissed them. "I don't mean it in the least," she said, holding out her little hand to him, "not in the very least. Say, you know I don't:"

"I know you don't. What flowers do you really like, Miss Ashley?"

"Poppies," said Nan, and so long as they lasted, Mr. Popham went about with a field-flower fastend in his coat, although it must be owned that he picked out the little ones.

After which Mr. Popham's visits became frequent, and about the same time Nan's elastic spring went up, and the sunshine of her nature returned. All thoughts of Cavendish seemed to have fled from her mind, or the veil of separation, through which she now saw him, threw a general indistinctness. And so, because a blue sea rolled between them, Nan turned from Cavendish to the fair-haired suitor standing ready by her side.

Eve did not approve of it, though she would not forbid anything that gave Nan back her old animation. She had no especial dislike to Popham; liked him indeed for his kindness to Nan; but her sympathies were with the absent lover, partly, no doubt, because of his absence. But Popham, one day, catching Nan alone, made an open confession of love. And Nan felt pleasantly toward Cavendish, and felt in no inclination to tell him to desist.

"If you can love me," said Popham, "I shall stay here, of course, and be happy, but if you cannot, I must leave the place. No, don't answer me now, Nan, I shall know tomorrow. If you mean me to stay, you must wear a red poppy in your dress."

The next day Popham haunted the fields, long before the hour that Nan and Eve walked; but at last he saw them—Nan in the background, with her eyelashes lowered, and her cheeks as red as the poppy in her dress. And Cavendish! smoke at your ease, or flirt if you will with the black eyed belt, there need nothing now bind you to England. And what possessed Nan? Remember the title of the sketch. The girl was rudderless. Every impulse that she felt she gave away.

But now, how was it that, with two such lovers as Popham and Cavendish, poor Nan should presently have been no better off than many a girl who had not even had one? I am afraid it was that she had the fault of

the Dutch—
Which is giving too little and asking too much.

Anyway, Cavendish, on his return at last, chancing to fall in with Popham before he met Nan, heard, and for the matter of that gave, such a dismal account of Nan's conduct throughout, that the result was, both men gave up their pretensions to her hand; though, as Cavendish said when again he met her, he had something to do not to recommence wooing as of old. For one especial point in Nan was the value that she set on what was passing out of reach. But Cavendish was aware of the almost magnetic power Nan possessed, and would not put himself in her way. Popham, too, was perplexed at the whole revelation, and no longer anxious to undertake Nan. So both men absconded Popham scorched, yet happily open to consolation; and Cavendish, heavy at heart and bitter in his words, yet still tender over a locket that hung from his chain, and which contained a little minature. A face set round with a long sunny curl, eyes as blue as a summer's day, looking reproachfully out at him, and lips that seemed struggling to plead their own cause. Underneath were three golden letters, which put together, spelled NAN.

* * * * *

"Mamma, did you ever know any other girl so bad?"

"Hush Nan."

"Mamma, no one else has ever done as I have done; so foolish, so vain, so weak."

"You are always *my* darling, Nan."

This was in the twilight, Nan lying all down on the floor, her brown head resting against her mother, the fringes of her eye s turned toward her.

"Mamma, do you remember when I was a little girl how you used to give me texts? You never gave me mine, mamma—the one that applies to my life."

"What is it my darling?"

And then, in the darkness and quiet, and even while Cavendish held her locket close pressed to his breast, Nan's quivering lips pronounced her own sentence—

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

"Oh, Nan, Nan, you will break my heart."

"If I were to die, mamma, you could write nothing else up against me."

"They shall never write it up, Nan; never.

How dreary it all seemed to Eve. It was young Ashley's daughter, this sad little girl, who was thus speaking of her life as all past. So the years rolled on, and as they passed, there came news to Appledecombe. Popham, the same Mr. Popham, who long ago had worn a field flower in his coat in honor of a sweetheart, was now bringing home a young wife to walk in those very lanes where he had once walked with Nan. Nan took it very quietly; so quietly that people put forth an old idea—"that pretty Miss Ashley had no heart."

She was still "that *pretty* Miss Ashley," though the aspect of her beauty was perhaps a little changed. There were fewer dimples around the mouth, and it was only on rare occasions now that the old light flashed from her eyes. Yet, still, after all, it was Nan; Nan, sweeter in her saddest moments than any other girl at her brightest and best.

"Mr. Popham's bride was a very ordinary young lady, with not half little Nan's attractions, but then she had not played fast and loose like the blue eyed girl who with her mother, was among the first to call on the bride. Nan had insisted on paying this visit, and, as Nan's word was law, Eve had to accompany her; and thus, much against her will, she was again brought into contact with a quondem friend. Both Popham and Nan behaved very well, but Eve felt constrained, and was glad to get her daughter out on the cliffs, that took them a short cut back to their side of Appledcombe. The moon had silvered for herself a bright path across the waters, and Eve's thoughts was, as usual, strayed across the channel to the spot where her husband had been