

good natured-fellow. Fred took the second seat, and had the pleasure of seeing before the breakfast was over that he was utterly dethroned. A cool civility took the place of all the bows and smiles that had been meant for the genuine Mr. Jones. Everybody appeared to feel that somehow he was an impostor, because they had made a mistake. It seemed as though nothing but the extreme friendliness and respect which the real Mr. Jones showed him saved him from absolute rudeness.

Fred's spirit was up. To retreat under the circumstances would be cowardice. He stayed and went about his business just he had at first intended to, and this time nobody interfered with him. The Sevrens invited him, but in such an embarrassed way, and with such readiness to take his excuses, that he ceased going there. "It is awkward having two of a name," he said, and stayed away.

But at last he had what he came for—a long wood ramble in the stillness of perfect solitude. It was far more delightful than the stale flirtations and sentimentalities of the Miss Sevrens. There was one companion, though, in his rambles, whom he had not looked for. The image of Clara Richmond haunted him; not in the haughty guise in which she had first appeared to him, but with the wistful eyes, that often sought his now, and would not become angry at his cold avoidance, with the soft voice with which she addressed him when he would scarcely notice her.

"She pities me because I'm slighted," he thought, his cheeks burning with angry pride. "I will let her see that she mistakes. What are these people to me? I have friends who are wealthier and higher in life than any of them. And if I am poor now, I may not be so always."

It was true, the people were nothing to him, and he was quite well enough connected, and quite philosopher enough, to laugh at these whims; but that this girl should pity him, as if it were in the power of these country folks to disturb his serenity, that was cruel. No man worthy of the name enjoys being pitied, and Fred liked it less than most.

But all his coldness and pride did not chill the tender heart that was so oppressed with the memory of its own misdeeds toward him. She was determined to speak to him.

"If you don't want to speak to me, you need not; but I wish you would," she said one morning as he passed her on the veranda, on his way to the woods. Her manner, in spite of its pretty archness had a touch of soft entreaty and sadness. "Why do you wish I would," he asked, standing beside her, and looking down in her face.

The color flickered in her cheeks. "Because I think you worth talking with."

"I should have judged quite the contrary," he replied, with a touch of coldness, but softening, too.

She glanced about and saw that they were alone. "I owe you an apology," she said, hastily, her face reddening, her eyes filling with tears. "And I owe you an explanation. We all heard that a Mr. Fred Jones was coming here, that he was very wealthy, and that he had seen my photograph somewhere, and was coming to see me. I didn't like the talk it made. Anne Sevrens heard it all from a friend who wrote to her. Anne jested about my—well, no matter! I made up my mind before you came that I would not speak to you, and when I saw what court everybody paid to you, merely because they thought you were rich, I was disgusted, and I visited their faults on you—Forgive me!"

This was poured forth in rapid words and an impassioned tone, and at the last she raised her eyes, overflowing with tears, to his face.

The look and sudden change in her almost took his breath. "I more than forgive you," he exclaimed, and turned his head away, lest he should say more.

There was a moment of silence; then he said, "Wont you come out for a walk? The morning is lovely."

She started up brightly, ran for her hat, and in a few minutes they were walking down the village street, side by side as happy and cheerful as two children.

"May I ask a question?" said Fred. "Surely," was the cordial reply. "Why did you change your mind about the rich Jones when he came?—You have not been cool with him?" "Because he was friendly to you," she answered, promptly, then blushed at her own admission.

Fred said nothing then. Whether he said more when they were out of the village street, and walking in the lovely summer woods, we must guess. But when they came home, late to dinner, Miss Richmond, it was observed, went up stairs and stayed there, and Mr. Jones really did not see any one at the table, though he sat there, and Mrs. Conway had to ask him twice where Clara was before he heard her.

After dinner was over Jones No. 2 came into No. 1's room, and threw himself down very disconsolately.

"I may as well give up, I see," he said, lugubriously. "I really did take a shine to Clara's picture, but—well—I wish you joy."

"Thank you!" said Fred, with a brilliant smile. "But don't be down-hearted. Wont't one of the Sevren girls do?"

"Plague take 'em!" the young man cried out. "What do they court a fellow so for? And the old folks fairly hug me. I declare they do! I dare say they did the same by you. I'm sick of 'em. I mean to go away."

And go away he did, to the despair of the landlord and the squire's family, and Fred was the only Jones there.

When he went back to town, after a vacation twice as long as he had intended to take, he escorted Miss Richmond and Mrs. Conway.

The old lady was a little sulky at first, but she liked his independence, and she could not resist her niece's coaxing.

"Besides," she said, "I never placed wealth above family. And Fred's family is really excellent."

"I'd rather have your consent," Fred said, "but I am determined to have Clara," putting his arm around the lady as he spoke.

"And I'm determined to have him!" Miss Richmond responded.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the old lady, scandalized but helpless.

Well, that was years ago, when old folks might think Fred no great catch. But he prospered. Happiness agreed with him, and if wealth is in the eyes of the reader a sign of success, let him or her go to Highblood Street, and see the brown-stone house in which Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones live. It hasn't its superior in the city. As to the Sevrens girls, who are not invited there, their eyes turn green when they see it.

First Nail Mill in America.

BOONETOWN, (now Boonton,) situated in Morris county, New Jersey, was the site of the first nail mill in this country. We find the following facts in an article in the N. Y. Evening Post: "Booneton received its name from Thomas Boone, Governor of the Province of New Jersey in 1769. It grew yearly in strength and power. Colonel Ogden, whose family had owned the property before him, was the proprietor, and laid out what was then considered large sums in adorning and beautifying his settlement. But the shipment of iron to England before it could be manufactured, rankled in the Colonel's breast, and secretly in the year 1770 he laid plans to build a mill for the slitting or sawing out of nails.

A trustworthy friend in England obtained drawings of a mill there, and with much caution the most skilled mechanics of Booneton went to work on the illegal and dangerous mill. To cover still further his designs, Colonel Ogden erected a flour-mill on the side of a hill to which, with infinite difficulty, he carried a sluice of water. As the little settlement contained only friends, the building below the flour-mill of an extra story, to contain the slitting machine, soon became known in the vicinity, but was kept as carefully concealed secret from the outside world.

After much difficulty and patience the machine was completed and a trial was had. Alas! At each stroke of the saw the teeth thereof flew into atoms, and the iron bars refused to become narrow slits from which would result nails.

Almost in despair a well-tried workman was despatched to England to find out at what point the machine was deficient, but on his arrival there his speech proclaimed him to be an American, and being caught examining a mill, he was arrested and confined for three years in prison. He managed to escape, however, and returned to Booneton,—where he had been mourned as dead—bearing with him the valuable intelligence that such on the saw would enable it to work with ease. This being done, the nails were made in vast quantities, and soon became known through New Jersey and even in New York.

A Student's Joke.

EBENEZER SWEAT, of Brunswick, is a provision dealer. He has been a "meat man" in Brunswick for the last half century, and probably furnished Bowdoin students tougher meat and harder swearing than they ever experienced in after life. Ebenezer is considerable of a wag, but a story is told in Brunswick which shows that at least on one occasion he was outwitted.

A student called into his market one morning, and seeing a large tub full of eggs on the floor, eyed it very wisely for some moments, and thus accosted Sweat: "I will wager twenty-five cents that I can jump into that tub and not break an egg."

"You can't do it," replied Sweat. "I'll stake twenty-five cents I can," responded the student.

"Well, here's 25," continued Sweat, "put up your money."

The money was accordingly solemnly put into the hands of a third party, and the student prepared for the difficult encounter. In a moment he made a leap and the next moment he fell crash into the tub of eggs and rested his feet on the bottom, breaking nearly all the eggs in the tub.

"There," exclaimed Sweat, in a fury of delight, "you've lost; I know you couldn't do it," not thinking in his delight of winning, of anything but that.

"Well," replied the student as he coolly turned and went out of the market, "there's your 25 cents."

It was a long time before Ebenezer recovered from the effect of that joke.

The Dangers of the Alps.

A CORRESPONDENT from Switzerland writes of recent fatal disasters in the vicinity of Mont Blanc.

"A gentleman with his bride and lady friend made the ascension to the Grands Mulets, which is six thousand five hundred feet above the Valley of Chamounix. The day was so fine that when there, urged by the ladies, whom, with a guide, he left behind him, he started to make the ascension of Mont Blanc. Shortly after he left them, becoming cold all three went out for a walk, tied together as they are for greater security in the mountain excursions. Walking upon the ice and snow crusts the guide offered his arm to the wife, who had hardly accepted it when owing either to the softening of the crust by the heat, or cracking from the weight on the formation of a crevasse, both the guide and wife disappeared, the friend only escaped their fate by the breaking of the rope. Disappearing thus instantly in a place which did not seem to be dangerous they have never been seen nor found, though eight guides, at the risk of their lives went down into the crevasse sixty feet—in fact, made attempts until the government forbade any more—as the lives of others were periled for those that had been lost. The lady who was left, screamed and remained on the spot till the gentleman returned to find that he had lost his wife and bride in the enjoyment of full health only half an hour previously. Such are the dangers of ascending Mont Blanc, where no amount of foresight and experience can forestall the accidents which may happen at any time with loss of life to some or all of those engaged.

"Other accidents have happened—indeed every year one or more persons lose their lives upon the mountains. Captain Arkwright and four guides were lost in 1866. A bride in going across the Tete Foire—one of the direct routes to Martigny—slipped from her horse unknown to the guide who was leading him, and falling down a steep precipice was never found. An American who sat next me at table gave an account of crossing the Glacier des Boissons, where the glacier having changed so much since the guide had been there necessitated leaving him constantly to go ahead and discover the way that might be the safest. While he was gone some five or ten minutes at a time if anything had happened to the guide the gentleman must have been lost, for he had neither tools for making or assisting his way, nor experience."

The Sea Captain's House.

PEOPLE who have built houses for themselves and in the never-varying experience of all, overrun the contractor's estimate, may find some consolation in the fact that there was one man who had his house built exactly as he ordered it and didn't alter a line of his original plan, or overrun the original contract price.

This was a peppery old sea captain, who sketched out his own plans, being something of a draughtsman, of his modest, two-story, green-blinded wooden mansion, and summoned his carpenter, and demanded what he would charge to build a house for him exactly after that plan, to be done in six months.

"But, captain," said the knight of the fore-plane, "there are no—"

"Don't but me," exploded the captain; "I want the house just according to my plan."

"Certainly," said Shavings; "but you will let me put it in—"

"Not one single thing." "I pay you to build the house exactly as I have drawn the plan; I won't have anything put in; obey orders if you break owners."

"Very well, be it so," said Shavings, rather nettled, and the price was fixed for a dwelling, exactly according to plan, to be finished in six months' time, and the captain sailed away. On his return home he was waited on by the builder, and the new mansion visited. Its exterior was quite correct; pretty green blinds neat door with trellis, entry, and rooms. The captain was profuse in commendations; "and now," said he "we will go up to the chambers."

"All right," said Shavings; "come outside to the ladder."

"Outside! Why, Chips, what d'ye mean by that? I want to go upstairs."

"Can't do that, sir; there are no stairs."

"No stairs?" exclaimed the astonished mariner; "no stairs?"

"No," replied the imperturbable builder; "you refused to have a single thing put in not down in the plan, and that contained no stairs—obey orders if you break owners."

The captain was fairly caught, for, in his drawing, he had utterly forgotten this important portion of his dwelling, and his peppery temper had prevented the carpenter from pointing it out to him. Since then it is said the captain always gets in a passion whenever any one stares at him.

The patrons of husbandry in Missouri have a side degree into which they initiate horse-thieves. After the ceremony, nothing can be seen of the candidate and the ground is all nicely sodded over.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who in 1636, left the college \$779, and a library of 300 volumes.

SUNDAY READING.

Let Every One Sweep Before his own Door.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore. "Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear the rubbish from your door?" Let no filth, no rust, there gather; leave no traces of decay; Pluck up every weed unslightly; brush the fallen leaves away. If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep without; within Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each besetting sin— Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner temple grow; Poison weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and woe— Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our neighbor watch to keep; All the work assigned us finished, we before his door may sweep; Show him where the moss is clinging—taken ever of decay— Where the thistles, thickly springing, daily must be cleared away. Cut, alas! our work neglecting, oft we mount the judgment seat; With his failings, his omissions, we our weary brother greet; In some hidden nook forgotten, searching with a careful eye, We the springing weeds discover—some slight blemish there decay; For his thoughtfulness, his blindness, we our brother harshly chide; Glorious in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in our pride. Ask not why, he has neglected thus before his door to sweep; Why, grown careless, he has slumbered, failed his garden plot to keep. On the judgment seat still sitting, we no helping hand extend To assist our weaker brother, his shortcomings to amend; For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion show, From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement bestow; But while busied with our neighbor, urging him to ceaseless care, Calling to the thoughtless idlers to their labor to repair— Lo! unseen the dust has gathered; weeds are growing where of yore Flowers rare and sweet were blooming when we swept before our door. Ah! how easy o'er our brother faithful ward and watch to keep; But, alas! before our dwelling hard indeed to daily sweep; Harder than to share the conflict "by the staff" at home to stay; Easier far to sit in judgment than to humbly watch and pray.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

The Two Motherless Girls.

TWO little friends had the sad fortune to lose each her mother. One lived in a spacious mansion, with no younger brothers or sisters to claim her care. The other lived in a humbler home, with three young brothers to care for.

"How thankful you ought to be, Nelly, that you are not situated like poor Mattie. When you come home from school you have nothing to do but seek your own pleasure. You have no care but feeding your cats and old Polly, and then you can go and come as you please. You have a rich father, who is willing to buy all you wish. You have no little brothers or sisters to take care of like poor Mattie; no one to stay at home for when you wish to go out."

Such was the consolation a kind friend gave poor Nelly when trying to reconcile her to her lonely lot. And to the world generally Nelly's lot would seem far the most enviable. But it was really the best? Was it a blessing that she had no little brothers or sisters clinging to her, calling for the hourly exercise of patience, self-denial, and, above all, of love? The formation of right character is far more important than care and pleasure. The Lord had chosen wisely for those two little friends, Mattie was naturally quite selfish, and disposed to seek her own comfort in all things. Without these constant claims upon her, which could not be set aside, she would have grown up into a most unlovely character. Nelly was a loving, gentle girl, always anxious to make others happy, and she could better resist the evil influence of a life of luxury. But it was a way beset with a thousand times more dangers than the lowly path of her friend.

Satin finds some mischief still For idle hands to do!

He tempts those who live at ease to many sins that the busy workers escape. O, it requires great grace to reach heaven from a princely mansion! "Not many great, not many noble" are called. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Then do not let us covet these dangerous possessions, but strive to live to God in the sphere in which he has placed us. If he sees fit to give us riches, let us use them all in laying up treasure in heaven by "good works and aims-deeds." Not only is this a privilege, but a duty he lays upon every one who will follow him.—Protestant.

Sorrows gather round great souls as storms do around mountains, but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath him.

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NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!

After the 12th day of August of this year, (1870) suits will be filed to be brought in the Court of Hampshire County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.

For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address S. H. GALBRAITH, Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor Bloomfield, March 8, 1870—15.