

The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 16.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 17, NO. 42.

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
BY H. B. MASSER,
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance, or half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

Three copies to one address, 25¢
Six copies to one address, 50¢
Twelve copies to one address, 1.00

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Postmasters will please call on our Agents, and frank letters containing subscriptions money. They are permitted to do so under the Post Office Law.

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Business Cards of Five lines, per annum, 10.00
Merchants and others, advertising by card, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly, 10.00
Largest Advertisements, as per agreement.

JOHNSON PRINTING.
We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the neatest style, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
Hon. J. B. Truitt, Chas. Gildersleepe, Esq.,
Sumner & Sanderson, Linn, Smith & Co.

LOCUST MOUNTAIN COLLIERY
SUPERIOR WHITE ASH
ANTHRACITE COAL,
from the Mammoth Vein, for Furnaces, Foundries, Steamboats and Family use.

BELL, LEWIS & CO.,
MR. CARRER, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.

SIZES OF COAL.
LUMP, for Blast Furnaces and Copolans,
STEAMBOAT, for Steamboats, Hot Air Furnaces and Steam.

BROKEN, for For Grates, Stoves and Stoves.
EGG, for For Stoves, Stoves and Stoves.
NUT, for Lime.
PEA, for Limeburners and making Steam.

Orders received at Mr. Carrer's or Northumberland Wharf, will receive prompt attention.
M. B. BELL,
D. J. LEWIS,
WILLIAM MUIR.

May 3, 1856.—If
DILWORTH BRANSON & CO.
Hardware Merchants,
Having removed from No. 59 to No. 73
Market Street, Philadelphia.

Are prepared, with greatly increased facilities, to fill orders for HARDWARE of every variety on best terms, from a full assortment, including Railroad Shovels, Picks, &c.

Country merchants and others will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
April 12, 1856.—ly

O. OF U. A. M.
SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, O. of U. A. M. meets every Tuesday evening in the American Hall, opposite E. V. Bright's store, Market street, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the order are respectfully requested to attend.
M. L. SHINDEL, C.

S. S. HENDRICKS, R. S.
Sunbury, Jan. 5, 1857.—Oct 20, '55.

WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19, S. of A. holds its stated meetings every Thursday evening, in the American Hall, Market Street, Sunbury.
W. M. H. MUSSELMAN, P.

A. A. SHIPPER, R. S.
Sunbury, July 5, 1856.—ly

NEW GOODS,
A. J. CONRAD,
HOLLOWING RUN.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has replenished his Store with an excellent assortment of New Goods, just received from Philadelphia, which he will sell on terms as reasonable as any other establishment. His assortment consists, in part, of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & SATINETT,
Winter Wears for men and boys, all styles and prices.

Ladies Dress Goods.
Consisting of Black Silks, Merinos, Alpaca, Satines, Calicoes, Gingham, Muslins, Trimmings, &c.
Also a fresh supply of GROCERIES of all kinds.

HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE,
Cedarware, Brooms, &c. Also a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, suitable for Men, Women and Children.
Hats and Caps, Silk Hosiery, and all goods usually kept in a Country Store, and all the above named stock of goods will be sold positively at low prices for cash, or in exchange for country produce, at the highest market price.

Hollowing Run, Nov. 29, 1856.—ly

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.
THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Waggoners, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being superior to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles—it is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer as in winter, and put up in tin canisters at 37½ and 75 cents, for sale by
A. W. FISHER,
March 14, 1857.—

Front Street Wire Manufactory.
WATSON, COX & CO.,
No. 46 North Front Street, corner of Coomb's Alley, between Market and Mulberry (Arch) Streets, Philadelphia, manufacturers of superior quality Brass and Iron Wire Sieves, of all kinds; Brass and Copper Wire Cloth for Paper Makers, &c. Cylinders and Dandy Rolls covered in the best manner.
Heavy Twisted Wire for Spool Catchers, Sieves for Bean and Iron Fines, Screen Wire, Window Wire, Sales, Traps, Dish Covers, Coat and Sand Screens, &c. Fancy Wire Works of every description.
March 14, 1857.—

JOSEPH FUSSELL,
UNBREALED AND PARASOL MANUFACTURER,
No. 2 North Fourth Street, N. W. Corner of Market, Philadelphia.

HAS now on hand an extensive assortment of the newest and most desirable kinds, in clothing many NEW STYLES not heretofore to be had in this market. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.
March 7, 1857.—3m e

COUNTY ORDERS.—County orders taken as cash for goods, and on note or book account by
E. Y. BRIGHT & SON,
Nov. 29, 1855.

Select Poetry.

THE CHERRY TREE.

To Spring the good God spake, and said
"Go, for the worm a table spread;"
And soon the cherry tree is seen,
Covered with leaflets fresh and green.
Within his shell the worm awakes,
And quick his winter hours forsakes,
Stretches himself, and yawns and tries,
To open wide his sleepy eyes.

And thereupon, without a pause,
Upon the nearest leaf he gnaws,
And says, "Tis hard to get away,
So tender are the leaves to-day."

And yet again the good God said,
"Now for the bees a table spread;"
At once the cherry tree is light
With myriad blossoms pure and white.

A little before the banquet spies
At early morn, and thither flies,
Thinking "I now my thirst can slake,
And here my fragrant coffee take."

Out of these cups so clean and nice;
Then puts his tongue in, in a trice,
And sips and says, "How very sweet!
Plenty of sugar here I meet."

To summer next, the good God said,
"Go, for the birds a table spread;"
And now the cherry tree doth glow
With ruddy fruit—a tempting show.

A sparrow lights upon the bough
And says, "I eat my fill here now;
'Twill make me vigorous of wing
And give me strength of voice to sing."

Then to the Autumn, God did say,
"They've had enough; clear all away."
And chilling winds the branches tost,
And fell the sharp and bitter frost.

The leaves were changed to gold and red,
Then flattered downward, withered, dead,
Till spoilt of all its foliage fair,
The cherry tree stood lone and bare.

To winter then, the good God said,
"O'er what is left a covering spread,"
Softly and fast the snow flakes fall,
And quietly settles over all.

Select Tale.

THE ONLY GENTLEMAN.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

"Adhesive plaster, Miss Wilson? Were you asking me for adhesive plaster?" asked Clara Stanhope, glancing carelessly at a young girl who was making loud lamentations over an almost imperceptible cut in one of her pretty white fingers.

"Yes; have you any in your work-box, Miss Stanhope?"

"No, my work-box is not a medicine chest; but here, Lieutenant Grey; he would do very well. He possesses all the qualities of the best adhesive plaster; it is almost impossible to get rid of him." And the spoiled beauty ended her rude speech with a clear and ringing laugh.

Miss Wilson looked amazed, and the poor lieutenant of marines, after trying in vain to join in Miss Stanhope's merriment, walked away.

"That is the seventh gentleman you have offended mortally within the last four weeks," said Mrs. Lee.

"But Mr. Grey is so dreadfully tiresome, Mrs. Lee, he wore out my patience long ago. Since I came, he has done nothing but keep up a perpetual smiling and bowing at everything I said.—Wherever I turned, I saw him, and no matter whom I spoke to, he answered. I could not endure it a moment longer; and besides, I confess, it is a great pleasure to me to say a cutting thing to conceited people."

"You should remember, though, what Sheridan says, somewhere: 'Let your wit be as keen as your sword, but as polished too.'"

"That latter epithet would hardly apply to all your severe remarks."

"Ah, Mrs. Lee, who expects polish in a West India girl? That would be 'gilding refined gold.' And Clara Stanhope laughed proudly.

"People of a family like ours," said Mrs. Stanhope, coming to her daughter's assistance, "are above the conventionalities that ordinary persons budge themselves about with."

"We are related to many of the noble families of England; among others, to the Duke of Rutland; my mother was a Manners; and on my husband's side, the Duke of Northumberland is a relative of ours; and I have lately discovered that Robert Bruce was an ancestor of mine in a direct line. Our progenitors were people of consequence when they first came to this country; and there never has been a time when they do not rank among the first families."

"Then I suppose we must pay you infinite respect," said Mrs. Lee, "as being among those persons, rare in America, who have not only one, but two grandfathers." "Honor to whom honor is due." But still, I think if Miss Stanhope would only consider the feelings of these gentlemen—

"Gentlemen!" interrupted Mrs. Stanhope with her usual impetuosity. "Do you call these persons about here gentlemen? According to my understanding of that much perverted word, there is but one gentleman in the house."

"And who may he be?" asked Mrs. Lee, who being a widow, did not feel herself called upon to resent this sweeping denunciation.

"I do not know his name, but he is that tall, elegant-looking man who sits just opposite me at the table."

"What, the one that comes in and goes out with the ladies, and is so exquisitely particular in his dress and in whatever he deigns to eat or drink—makes a great parade about his wine and all the little et ceteras, and gives the waiters more trouble than any other ten persons?"

"I have not observed all that," said Clara; "but I must say he is my *beau-ideal* of a high and noble gentleman."

"And I must say, my dear, that I think you will find out before long, that you have made a great mistake."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Only that he gave his name as Manners, when he took a room here."

"Manners!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanhope. "Perhaps he is a relation of the Duke of Rutland. I will ask him to-day."

"But, mamma, you do not know him," said Clara.

"I will introduce myself to him," said Mrs. Stanhope. "People of a family like ours can take such liberties without being misinterpreted."

This conversation took place in the drawing-room of one of the largest and most

fashionable boarding houses of New York, where people prided themselves on their exclusiveness, and fancied that they added greatly to their own importance by refusing to recognize those who sat each day beside them, if they did not chance to be members of their own circle.

Mrs. Stanhope was a lady of some wealth, from one of the western cities, who had come with her daughter to New York, that she might see a little more of the world than she could at home.

Clara Stanhope was a remarkably fine-looking girl, with a spirited, dashing, and even daring look and manner, always cool and unembarrassed even when she was saying the most astounding things; and with a laugh whose clear and silvery melody, somewhat loud though it was, often beguiled those who were suffering from her merciless sarcasm into joining her merriment.

Mrs. Stanhope, prompted by her reliance on her family, graciously condescended to take the initiative in making the acquaintance of her *vis-a-vis* at table.

"Might she ask," she said, with a bow as stately as that of any Castilian dame, "if he were of the same family as the Duke of Rutland?"

"With an equally stately bow, and a calm indifference of manner, that showed him to be a true-born aristocrat, Mr. Manners replied in the affirmative.

"Then I must claim you as a relative," Mrs. Stanhope continued, with an air as though she were conferring an immense favor; "for we are also members of that illustrious house."

Mr. Manners merely bowed; the favor was received, as unrequested gifts often are, as though the acceptance was somewhat of an indignity.—But this indifference only heightened the admiration of Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter. If he had courted them, they might have treated him with their usual hauteur; but knowing them as he did in the position they first assumed, as applicants for his notice, they showed him, underneath their customary arrogance, a constant deference and attention.

"I am happy to have found relatives in this part of the world, where I thought I had none," said the gentleman, as he arose from the table, with a languid air, as though he felt it incumbent on him to say something, but thought it quite a bore.

"What a coxcomb!" said one gentleman to another.

"This part of the world—he must be an Englishman—an English gentleman, of course, perhaps a nobleman, who has dropped his title while traveling in this country," said Mrs. Stanhope to her daughter.

As days passed by, Mr. Manners relaxed somewhat from his cold abstraction of manner, and condescended to converse. It was evident that Clara Stanhope felt more pleased by his attentions, few and slight as they were, than she cared to confess. The casual remarks he dropped influenced her strangely. Her longings for more than the music of the bells, and dining-room with its outburst of exuberant pride and joyousness, grew still and hushed, and replaced by a tranquil smile. The change began on the very day that Mr. Manners had made the remark, that "no woman with a loud laugh could ever claim to be considered a lady."

The gentleman evidently was not aware that his words contained any personal allusion. Several other sayings of his had great effect on the unrestrained manners of Clara Stanhope. She was fast becoming subdued and quiet, and even gentle. But this transformation could not take place without being commented on, and the cause of it closely scrutinized. Thanks to her severe speech, she had not a friend in the house, but many watchful and criticizing observers.

"I believe that Miss Stanhope is in love with that Mr. Manners," said Mr. Grey.

"Do you know who he is?" asked one gentleman.

All answered in the negative, and then commenced a general discussion and conjecturing. It was late in the evening; the ladies had all retired; the gentlemen still lingered, wasting more than an hour in fruitless surmises. The only fact that was clearly established was that there was some mystery connected with Mr. Manners.

When ladies gossip, there is a large uncertainty in their statements. There are innuendoes, hints, winks, compressing of the lips, and shakings of the head; but all these amount to but little; the world needs something definite to rest on, and so it shut its eyes resolutely against the cloud of smoke, and if the fire is well hidden takes no heed of it.

But when the sterner portion of the race put their wise heads together, and they are not so slow to do it as they would like us to believe, something comes of it. From that evening's discussion there sprang up in the minds of two or three of the gentlemen, all of them the victims of Miss Stanhope's beauty and her railway, a determination to penetrate the veil which Mr. Manners had enveloped himself.

An old lady from the country, who lived in the house, had expressed a wish to know "what that gentleman did for a living; for her part she never felt easy about folks till she knew what their business was."

The lofty spirit with which Mrs. Stanhope repelled the idea of its being necessary for a gentleman to do anything for a living, quite suited the old lady's purpose.

"I only meant," said she, "that I have always noticed that those who did not follow any business, but lived, nobody knows how, were disrespectful, generally speaking."

"Mr. Manners is an English gentleman," said Mrs. Stanhope.

"Oh!" said the old lady; and Mrs. Stanhope looked upon the matter as settled, though it would have been hard for her to tell how she made it out.

The point which the gentlemen were bent on discovering was the same as that about which the old lady had expressed such curiosity. One of the investigators was a lawyer, a keen, shrewd man, who had been in the street and had both combined to make a "detective" of the first order. In two or three days, Mr. Hilliard, for that was his name, said to Mr. Grey:

"I have discovered one thing. Mr. Manners has some regular occupation. His very air betrays that, as you meet him in the street; and no gentleman of leisure would come in and go out as regular as he does."

"While I was reading the paper, this morning, I was struck by a remarkable coincidence," said Mr. Hilliard, about a week afterwards, to the same gentleman.

Mr. Grey opened his eyes wide for, though he had by no means Mr. Hilliard's capability of seeing through a millstone, even when it had no hole in it, he appreciated all the more highly his friend's powers.

"I observed," continued Mr. Hilliard, "that Mr. Manners' engagements—you know he is engaged three or four evenings in the week to the fashionable parties of the season, Clara Stanhope thinks;—well, his engagements all occur on the nights when the Ethiopian band give their concerts; and also"

Mr. Grey was opening his eyes wider every minute—"and also, at the time when Mr. Manners went on a little trip to Philadelphia to see the city, he said the band must have gone and returned in the same train."

Here Mr. Grey cast his eyes at a reaction consequent upon their having been so long strained to their utmost limits of expansion.

"Grey, suppose we go to hear the Ethiopian Band to-night? They are said to be very fine singers in their way," suggested Mr. Hilliard.

Mr. Grey consented and they were soon seated in a corner of the concert room, where they could see without being themselves seen when the troop, seven men, with their faces dressed a la Afric-Afric, appeared, they scrutinized them closely. Three of them were in height and figure very much like Mr. Manners, but so well disguised were they that it was impossible for even Mr. Hilliard to decide which one of the three, or whether any one bore any resemblance to the gentleman in whom they were so much interested.

Mr. Grey, after having fixed upon each member of the troop in succession to the individual in question, at last gave up in despair.

"Amid outbursts of applause, the singers turned to leave the stage a few minutes.

"Look, Grey, look at the man with the tambourine. There he is—the gentleman himself!"

Few people think of disguising their backs; perhaps it would not be so easy to do it; and so Mr. Manners was discovered. "The secret he had so carefully kept he no longer kept. No one who has not tried it can tell how hard it is to keep a secret in this age of the world."

If Mr. Manners was especially satisfied with anything that belonged to himself, it was with his walk and bearing; erect, stiff and somewhat pompous. That pleased him.

"There goes the only gentleman Miss Stanhope has seen in the whole city of New York which she calls an immense city of plebeians." And Mr. Grey smiled with malicious satisfaction.

"She must see him in his glory," said Mr. Hilliard.

But Mrs. and Mr. Stanhope rejected with scorn the idea of mingling with the crowd of undistinguished commoners, to listen to such low and base-born melodies.

"I would not go nor allow my daughter to attend such a place. Not a fit place for ladies," Mr. Manners says. "Not a fit place for ladies," Mr. Manners says.

Fortune favored Mr. Hilliard's purposes. The very evening after making this assertion, Mrs. Montgomery Fanshew, the star and glory of the fashionable world, stopped in her carriage on her way to hear the Ethiopian Band. She had been persuaded, she said, into making up a party for that purpose and wished to know if Mrs. and Miss Stanhope would join them.

It was the kind of amusement particularly agreeable to the young lady, who enjoyed a frolic far more than she did a party of proper recreation. She openly expressed a desire to accompany Mrs. Fanshew; her mother hesitated, glanced round the room; then remembered that Manners had left a little while before, pleading an engagement for the evening; Mrs. Fanshew was almost a stranger to Mrs. Manners, and she was to turn their slight acquaintance into an intimacy;—and therefore she ended by consenting.

Of course, Mrs. Fanshew, with her party occupied the most conspicuous places in the concert room. After the first half hour had nearly passed, during a short pause in the singing, Miss Stanhope heard herself addressed.

"Turning her head, she found that Hilliard and Mr. Grey were sitting behind her. A few remarks passed—criticism on the singing, the audience, and the crowd; and Mr. Hilliard said—

"I wish, Miss Stanhope, you would observe the man with the tambourine. Notice him as he goes off the stage. He reminds me very much of Mr. Manners."

"Compare Mr. Manners with an Ethiopian serenade!" said Miss Stanhope with her scornful smile.

However, her attention once turned in that way, found so much interest and perplexity, that she could notice nothing else. When he turned from the audience, the conviction dashed upon her that the tambourine player was Mr. Manners.

Mr. Manners had no one else, however, in his eye, but she was so sure of the discovery was made. He saw a long whispering conversation between the mother and daughter. Mrs. Stanhope evidently refused to believe the story.

"All your imagination, my dear," she said at last.

But before the evening was over, she too was forced to perceive the truth of her daughter's discovery. She could hardly command herself sufficiently to sit through the remainder of the concert. Her very dress seemed to share her indignation, and shook and rustled incessantly.

It was no difficult matter for Mr. Manners to discover when they met at breakfast the next morning, that he had been recognized. He was treated with cold disdain by both ladies. Silent contempt was Mrs. Stanhope's forte, and she impressed the propriety of the same course of action on her daughter. But Clara Stanhope belonged to the class of demonstrative young ladies. The impulse to speak was too strong to be resisted.

"I was delighted with the concert last evening, Mr. Manners," she said; "you acted your part most imitatively. You have not mistaken your vocation, evidently."

"Thank you, Miss Stanhope; your appreciation of my poor efforts gives me great pleasure. But, allow me to request you, in your approaching visit to England, to say nothing to our cousin, with a provoking emphasis on the our, 'the Duke of Rutland, of my present employment. He might not think it a suitable one for a member of his family."

A saucy reply was trembling on Miss Stanhope's tongue, but, obedient to a glance from her mother, she finished her ready lips over it, and finished her meal in silence.

"Manners, indeed!" said Mrs. Stanhope, when they were again in their own room.

"Clara, his name is Boggs; Mr. Hilliard found it out."

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript mentions that upon entering a certain book store at the corner of two streets in that city last week he noticed five poets in conversation together viz; Willis Loughfellow, Luat, Fields and Winter.

Sir Walter Scott's name and family are continued in the person of a little grandson, recently born. He is the son of Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbotford, who married Sir Walter's only surviving grandchild.

A traveller in Africa declares that he met one King who had eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly, the one that weighed the most being invariably installed mistress of the household until the time of the next weighing.

Poetry.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

"Freischuetze, fir'shut'-zal, m (n; pl—n) free shooter one who uses charmed bullets." Oelschlaeger's Pronouncing German Dictionary, p. 150.

Air.—"The Pope he leads a jolly life."

Wie geht's my frents—if you'll allow,
I sing you rite alay shoost now.
Some dreifol adories vitch dey calls
Den Freyschutz, or de Magic Balls.

Wobl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Where folks drinks prandy mate of plooms;
Dere lifest sin Yager—Casper Schmit,
Who shot mit goons and nefer hit.

Und dere was one old Yager who
Says "Kasper did vil refer to do."
If you should mist on trial day,
Dere'd be de tyfel den to pay.

"If you do miss, you shtupid goose,
Dere'd be de donnerwetter looze;
For you shan't have mine tagersmann's hand,
Nor pe de Herzog's yagersmann."

It coomed before de day was set,
Dat all de chaps togeder met,
Und Casper fired his bix and mised,
Und all de galls cot round and hised.

Dei laughed before, and histed behind,
Put one chap (Max) says "never mind,
I dells you what, you stuns 'em alla,
If just you shoot mit magic palla."

"De magic palla—oh vat is dat!"
"I get dem in mine hooning hat!"
De're plack as kohl und shoot so true,
Oh dems de spot of palla for you."

"You see dat eagle flyin' high,
Ain' hundred miles up in de sky?
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him dead as doonderbix."

"I tont believe da dings you say,"
"You fool," says Max, "den plaze afay?"
He plazed afay, ven sure as blood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

"O was ist das!" said Kasper Schmit,
"Ey—dat's de eagle vat you hit,
You kills um den when you plaze afay,
Bot dat's a ding you vix verstay."

"Und you moost go to make dem palla
To de Wolf's Glen ven mit night fall;
Dow knows de spot?—alone and late—"
"O yaw—I know him ganz foot rate."

"Bot den I does not like to go
Among dem dings," says Max, "ach sho!
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
Like a goot fellow—take some schnapps!"

"(Hilf Zamel! hilf!) here tink some more!"
Den Max vent stooping round the floor,
Und coombd his hoonboogs offer Schmit,
Till Kasp said, "Nun—ich gake wit!"

All in de fluster mitter nocht,
When oder folks in schleep was locked,<
Down in de Wolfschucht Max did try
His tyfel-strikes and hekered.

Mit shoals and pones he made a ring,
De hools and spoons begin to sing;
Und all de tyfels under ground
Coom breifing loose and running round.

A few remarks passed—criticism on the singing, the audience, and the crowd; and Mr. Hilliard said—

"I wish, Miss Stanhope, you would observe the man with the tambourine. Notice him as he goes off the stage. He reminds me very much of Mr. Manners."

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