ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
One Square,	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.00	10.00
Two Squares,	3.00	3.50	6.50	10.00	16.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.00	8.00	15.00	20.00
Six Squares,		8.00	12.00	20.00	35.00
Quarter Column		10.00	20.00	35.00	50.00
Half Column,		15.00	32.50	50.00	80.00
One Column		25.00	50.00	80.00	150.00

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00.
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion, 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

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WILLS & IREDELL,
Plain and Fancy Job Printers,
No. 47 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
UPSTAIRS,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING,
NEW DESIGNS,
LATEST STYLES.
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

Financial.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

AND

CENTRAL PACIFIC R. R. CO.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Over *fifteen hundred* (1500) *miles* have been built by two (2) powerful companies: the Union Pacific Railroad, beginning at Omaha, building west, and the Central Pacific Railroad, beginning at Sacramento, and building east, until the two roads shall meet. Less than two hundred and fifty miles remain to be built. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the through connection between San Francisco and New York will be completed by July 1.

As the amount of Government aid given to each is dependent upon the length of road each shall build, both companies are prompted to great efforts to secure the construction and control of what, when completed, will be *one and the only grand Railroad Line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.*

One Hundred and Ten Million Dollars ($110,000,000) in money have already been expended by the two powerful companies engaged in this great enterprise, and they will speedily complete the portion yet to be built. When the United States Government found it necessary to secure the construction of the Pacific Railroad, to develop and protect its own interest, it gave the companies authorized to build it such ample aid as should render its speedy completion beyond a doubt. The Government aid may be briefly summed up as follows:—

First. The right of way and all necessary timber and stone from public domain.

Second. It makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which when the road is completed, will amount to twenty-three million (23,000,000) acres, and all of it within twenty (20) miles of the railroad.

Third. It loans the companies fifty million dollars ($50,000,000), for which it takes a second lien.

The Government has already loaned the Union Pacific Railroad twenty-four million and fifty-eight thousand dollars ($24,058,000,) and to the Central Pacific Railroad seventeen million six hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars ($17,648,000), amounting in all to forty-one million seven hundred and six thousand dollars ($41,706,000).

The Companies are permitted to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as they receive from the United States, and no more. The companies have sold to permanent investors about forty million dollars ($40,000,000) of their First Mortgage Bonds. The companies have already paid in (including net earnings not divided, grants from State of California, and Sacramento city and San Francisco), upwards of ($25,000,000) twenty-five million dollars of capital stock.

WHAT IS THERE YET TO BE DONE?

In considering this question it must be remembered that all the remaining iron to finish the road is contracted for, and the largest portion paid for and now delivered on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad, and that the grading is almost finished.

WHAT RESOURCES HAVE THE COMPANIES TO FINISH THE ROAD?

First. They will receive from the Government as the road progresses about $9,000,000 additional.

Second. They can issue their own First Mortgage Bonds for about $9,000,000 additional.

Third. The companies now hold almost all the land they have up to this time received from the Government; upon the completion of the road they will have received in all 23,000,000 acres, which at $1 50 per acre would be worth $34,500,000.

In addition to the above the net earnings of the roads and additional capital, if necessary, could be called in to finish the road.

WAY BUSINESS—ACTUAL EARNINGS.

No one has ever expressed a doubt that as soon as the road is completed its through business will be abundantly profitable.

Gross earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for *six months*, ending January 1st, 1869, were upwards of		$3,000,000
The earnings of Central Pacific Railroad, for six months, ending January 1st, 1869, were		$1,750,000 gold
Expenses	$350,000 gold	
Interest	450,000 "	
		1,000,000 "
Net profit of Central Pacific Railroad, after paying all interest and expenses for six months		$750,000 gold

The present gross earnings of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads are $1,200,000 monthly.

HOW LARGE A BUSINESS IS IT SAFE TO PREDICT FOR THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD?

We would give the following facts derived from Shipping Lists, Insurance Companies, Railroads and general information:—

Ships going from the Atlantic around Cape Horn, 100	80,000 tons.
Steamships connecting at Panama with California and China, 55	120,000 "
Overland Trains, Stages, Horses, etc., etc.	30,000 "

Here we have two hundred and thirty thousand tons carried westward, and experience has shown in the last few years the return passengers from California have been nearly as numerous as those going.

HOW MANY PASSENGERS ARE THERE?

We make the following estimate:—

110 Steamships (both ways)	70,000 (actual for 1868.)
200 Vessels " "	4,000 estimated "
Overland " "	100,000 " "

Present price (averaging half the cost of the steamships) for both passengers and tonnage, gives the following result:—

174,000 passengers at $100	$17,400,000
400,000 tons, rated at $1 per cubic foot	15,640,000
	$33,040,000

Basing calculations upon the above figures, without allowing for the large increase of business, which can safely be looked for, then estimate the running expenses at one half and we have a net income of $16,520,000; which, after paying the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds and the advances made by the Government, would leave a net annual income of $9,000,000 over and above all expenses and interest.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company are both, principal and interest, payable in gold coin; they pay six per cent. interest in gold coin, and run for thirty years, and they cannot be paid before that time without the consent of the holder.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad for sale at par and accrued interest, and First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad at 103 and accrued interest.

DE HAVEN & BRO.,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, ETC.

NO. 40 S. THIRD ST.,

PHILADELPHIA. [Jan 27

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

Everybody knows Hammer Nailsby. Oho! They know him well enough, and have felt, over and over again, how neatly he can pinch, how lightly he can clutch, how sharply he can bite. The old man has more than one customer in this room. I've made many of you shake in your shoes and sue for mercy in my time; and now, I dare say, you're delighted to see me ruined, broken down, and a prisoner. If I was hard, if I was harsh, whose fault was it? I only wanted my money, I only asked for my own. If you sued to me for time, and sued me in vain, why didn't you write me out a check before you went down on your knees? What's the good of going down on your knees if you havn't got any money? As for your being glad to see me in a sponging-house I don't care a button about it. Whoever I sued—whoever I outlawed—whoever I arrested—whoever I forced into Basinghall or Portugal Street—whoever I brought to misery and beggary, had only himself to thank for putting himself into my power. Business is business, and whatever I did was done strictly in the way of business. I hate humbug. I was always open and above-board in business matters. I won't say any thing about being fair, because fairness wasn't in my line of business. But you walked into my place with your eyes open. If I was a shark I opened my mouth and showed my teeth before I ate you. I never asked people to borrow my money; but when they asked me to lend them some I said, "Look here! I'm not going to tell you any lies about parties in the City or clients in the country. It's mine—never mind where I got it from—and I intend to make as much money by turning and turning it over as many times a year as ever I possibly can. My rate of interest's sixty per centum per annum. That means, if you don't pay me down on the nail when a bill comes due, a hundred and sixty per cent.—perhaps more. That's your lookout. *I* don't ask you to take my money. I'd much rather keep it, and there are plenty of uses quite as profitable which I can turn it to. But if you take it here's the stamp, and here's the bill, and here's the amount of interest you'll have to pay in three months' time, and here's the money! There's no beating about the bush with me—what I say I mean. I'm none of your shuffling, pettifogging, two-penny-half-penny bill discounters, who put a customer off with half wine, or half pictures, or jewelry, or camel's bits, or ivory frigates, or flint-lock muskets from the Tower!—There's so much money coming to you from this bill, and here's a check for the amount, or if you like it better here's the cash in notes or gold."

Perhaps you'd like to know how I took to lending money? It doesn't matter a rap now if you know all. I'm a broken man—quite gone to the dogs, and I've no motive for concealment. My father lent money before me. He kept an inn in a little market-town in Suffolk, and lent money, at as high a rate as he could get for it, to the farmers round about.—They called him "Weasel" Nailsby, although his name was Peter, just as they call me Hammer Nailsby, although my name is John.—Many were the standing crops mortgaged to my father; many were the flocks, and herds, and horses, and farming implements which he had seized by the sheriff. His strong-box was full of leases and notes of hand; and then he made all the farmers who were in his debt come to his inn when they attended market, and eat and drink of the best at his own prices. There was a stupid story whispered round about our part of the country that great squire, Sir Percival Rightborn, of Orley Hall, had positively paid "Weasel" Nailsby a handsome sum of money to go away, and never to show his face—his ugly face, they call it—in that neighborhood again, as he was ruining all the farmers within a radius of seventy miles. But the story was mere lying gossip, and I fancy that Sir Percival Rightborn, of Orley Hall, was himself rather too deep in "Weasel" Nailsby's books to be able to pay him any thing to go away.

However, my father did leave Suffolk eventually, and came up to town, where there was a much wider field for his abilities. He settled, gentlemen, in a highly respectable neighborhood—that of Clare Market; and there, for nearly twenty years, he resided, prospering exceedingly. He made a rule of never lending more than five pounds at a time—and he would have much preferred lending five shillings—and he never lent them for more than a fortnight. Those were in the days before the county court, and all that rubbish, and you could pop a man into the Fleet for forty shillings. In the course of time all the butchers about Clare Market, all the small tradesmen about Drury Lane—ay, and a good many market gardeners and florists in Covent Garden—had done business with "Weasel" Nailsby. Oh, he was a sharp customer, was my dad!

My mother was as sharp as he, and was not above lending a bit of money now and then, quite in a friendly manner, to the wives of workingmen or petty shop-keepers; for which, of course, she took their husbands' I O U's.—She was a great hand, too, at persuading women to run up scores with the tallymen, who, in most cases, were merely agents of "Weasel" Nailsby. Ah, if my mother had been alive, I should never have fallen into the cursed scrape which has been my undoing.—"John," she used to say to me, "I've done business with my own sex, and it's only a woman that's fit to do business with 'em.—They're too sharp for the men, John. They'll have the best of you in the long-run; and, though I say it that shouldn't, I warn you to keep clear of women, both in marriage and in money." She's been dead and gone nearly thirty years.

I was sent to a school at Camberwell—a commercial school—when I was nine years old, to make me sharp. The master had been bankrupt in the Irish cattle trade; but he wrote a beautiful hand, and was a capital accountant. We didn't have any Greek and Latin, or French and drawing, or any of that kind of nonsense, but we were kept pretty stiffly to our slates and our copy-books, and at fourteen years of age I could write like copper-plate, and knew all about vulgar fractions and the rule of three. I should like to know how many of you grand young gentlemen who've had a college education, as you call it, can say the same? Directly I came from school, being, as I think, tolerably sharp, I was put into a lawyer's office in Lyon's Inn to make me sharper. Insolvency was the principle part of my employer's business, and my time was mostly spent between Portugal Street, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea. When I was seventeen my father, to make me additionally sharp, made me for a time his own clerk, agent, and collector of rents; for he had by this time bought the free-hold of a good many houses about Clare Market—nice, ruinous tenements, let out in rooms at two shillings a week—a better investment for a prudent landlord than the grandest mansion in Pall Mall. When I was twenty I was articled to another lawyer, a solicitor in Carey Street.—He never touched such small game as insolvency; but he was a wonderful hand at conducting the affairs of fraudulent bankrupts. He did a good deal in the bill line too; and before I was out of my articles I had become not only sharp, but hard—not only hard, but strong—I was Hammer Nailsby.

I had just been admitted a solicitor—I'm one now, yet I dare say somebody will be trying to strike me off the rolls—when my father, the "Weasel," died, and I found myself the possessor of thirty thousand pounds, put away in safe investments. I was the only child, and sole residuary legatee; and there was no nonsense or bother about the will. I went into business for myself; and Hammer Nailsby, attorney-at-law, of Argyll Street, Regent Street, is, I flatter myself, a character pretty well known. I chose the West End as a place where to set up my office, for the reason that I had a soul above buttons, that I despised the petty gains to be scraped from lending small sums to working tailors and chandlers' shop-keepers in Clare Market, and that I felt that my real sphere of action was among the "Swells." Ecod! I've made the swells dance to a pretty tune in my time. Sixty per cent. on a loan of five pounds was all very well in my father, the "Weasel's" time; but cent. per cent. on five thousand pounds was a kind of thing that suited Hammer Nailsby much better.

If I was to give you a history of all my transactions during the five-and-thirty years I did business in Argyll Street I should be furnishing you with the materials for five-and-thirty five-act plays and as many three-volume novels, and all I told you would be true, whereas the plays and novels are all fudge. I had but two clerks all this time; one was deaf and dumb—he attended to the indoor business, and was a capital fellow to keep secrets; the other looked after the outdoor work—he drank considerably, but was wonderfully clever at making inquiries, serving writs, and hunting out gentlemen who were out of the way. Until my troubles came upon me I always thought it a very mean and shabby thing for a gentleman to avoid a person to whom he owed money.

Well, as you know very well, I made a good thing of the money-lending business. I was always the plaintiff and plaintiff's attorney too, and saved a lot of money every year by making out my own bills of costs. I made much, much money. [Here Hammer Nailsby uttered that which was something between a sigh and a groan, but more closely resembled a grunt than either.] I must have been worth at one time near seventy thousand pounds, and now, with all my sharpness, I haven't a penny.

I came to know the peerage, the baronetage, the Army List, the Court Guide, the Law List, and the Clerical Directory by heart. I only did business with swells, and it was mostly in those books that I found the swells suitable for my purpose. I never advertised in the papers for custom, not I. I never employed runners or sharpers to bring flies to my web. I had only to sit in my back office from ten to four every day, and the flies would come tumbling in quickly enough of their own accord. There were always two or three broughams standing at Hammer Nailsby's door. I've made the proudest duke in England wait three-quarters of an hour in my front office, not because I was engaged, but I wanted to take his Grace's pride down a peg or two. Duchesses, countesses, ladies—I've had 'em by dozens, with their diamonds in their reticules, begging and praying me to let them have a hundred-pound note. Members of Parliament and colonels in the army, country rectors and University dons, dandies, Guardsmen, barristers, popular preachers, owners of race-horses, and managers of theatres, every body who had a position, or a title, or a name, came to Hammer Nailsby. I never troubled myself about tradesmen and clubs, and such like tag-rag and bob-tail.

Ten years ago I was a very wealthy man. I had a splendid balance at my banker's. The house I lived in was my own. I had an estate in Suffolk, close to the very house where my father had lent money to the farmers. I gave seven-and-twenty thousand for this land, and the house upon it, and I promise you that the son of the great squire, Sir Percival Rightborn, who had now come into the title, was civil enough to plain Hammer Nailsby. There had always been a little business account open between the Baronet and myself.

I was a bachelor, and I enjoyed myself out of business hours. I betted a little, and generally won. I played cards a good deal, and *always* won. I gave very nice little dinner-parties; and woe betide my lord Marquis, or the right honorable Baronet, and the noble Captain, if they pleaded other engagements, or failed to come up in time, when Hammer Nailsby invited them to put their legs under his mahogany. *You've* dined in Argill Street many a time, Sir Firebrace Montreser. Do you remember my thirty-four port? do you remember my eighteen-hundred-and-eleven cognac? It was oil. And my charming Moet? and my East India Madeira? I wasn't a stingy host. I always gave you a good skinful when you came to Argyll Street.

It was a woman, gentlemen, that was my undoing. They've been getting us into trouble ever since the time of Adam and Eve and the apple; and it was my fate, at last, to find out how much common-sense there was in my old mother's advice, never to have anything to do with women either in the way of marriage or of money. It happened, ten years ago, as I say, that one of the swell parties with whom I was brought into business contact was a Captain Milbray, of the Life Guards. He was a fine, handsome young fellow about six feet high, and with a big pair of mustaches. Many a time I've seen him in St. James's Street, on a drawing-room day, ogling the women, and admired, I dare say, by them; and I've thought to myself "That big black horse with the beautiful saddle-cloth you're riding, my fine fellow—that shining helmet and breast-plate—that sash of silk and velvet—ay, down to your jack-boots, all belong, body and bone, to Hammer Nailsby." He did belong to me, root and branch, and I had thousands out of him. He had been a ward in Chancery; but I had lent him money before he came of age; and, so soon as ever he was twenty-one, I made him pay up, principal and interest. And then, of course, I lent him more money, and more. He had very soon run through the estate his father had left him, which did not amount to more than five thousand a year; but all his connections were very rich. He was next heir but one to a peerage, and had vast expectations from a rich old aunt. I was foolish enough to let him owe me, and on his own personal security alone, no less a sum than seven thousand pounds.

Captain Milbray was not married; but, like many other officers and gentlemen in the Life Guards—and the Foot Guards, too, for the matter of that—had a dainty little establishment at St. John's Wood, which cost him a mint of money; and there was a dainty little lady, who was called the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, and was, I believe, no more Honorable, and no more Mrs. Rivers, than my deaf-and-dumb clerk. A worthless, vindictive, treacherous, deceitful cat! Ugh! I should like to have her throat in my grip, with her long, fair hair, and her big gray eyes that were always beaming with some infernal mischief or other.

This creature had managed to get rid of a pretty slice of the seven thousand pounds which Captain Milbray had, and, if the truth were known, of a good many more thousands to boot. She was the most extravagant little devil you could possibly conceive. Silks, satins, velvets, Brussels and point lace; horses, carriages, French poodles, and Skye terriers; powdered footmen and ladies' maids in ringlets; Champagne suppers and maraschino breakfasts; trips to Richmond, Greenwich, Brighton and Paris; stalls at the play, and boxes at the opera—that was the way in which Captain Milbray's money went: or rather, it was my money which was thrown to the dogs at South Bank, St. John's Wood. The young scamp had solemnly promised me that he would never bet; but six months before I ceased to do business with him, I discovered that he had won six thousand pounds on the Derby and lost nine on the St. Leger.

The oddest thing about the Honorable Mrs. Rivers was, that although she was as wasteful as could be, and would have spent every shilling of Milbray's, so long as he had a shilling to give her, she was passionately fond of him. I believe that she loved Horace Milbray with her whole heart and her whole soul. She was never happy but when in his company, and, questionable as her career had formerly been, she was certainly faithful to him. Well, one fine morning the young spark's rich old aunt took it into her head to die. In due course they buried her, and her will was read, and the result of the perusal of that precious document was that poor old Hammer Nailsby found that he had been robbed—infamously robbed and swindled of his hard-earned capital and interest. If ever I trust a man again on the strength of his expectations under his aunt's will, may I be broiled on a gridiron, that's all!

I was, of course, utterly astonished at this coming to an end of all the fine prospects of Captain Horace Milbray. *My* measures were soon taken. "I'll have those fine jack-boots and buckskins off your legs in no time, my fine jackanapes," I said to myself, and I did. I made the Captain sell his commission to begin with; but he was deeply in debt to his brother officers and his agents. They had to be settled with before I could touch the proceeds, and I barely realized two thousand pounds out of the sale of his captaincy. Then, of course, I sold up the dainty little establishment at St. John's Wood; sent the powdered footmen packing, and the ladies' maids with their curls to keep them company, and seized all madam's diamonds, and a good many of her silk and velvet dresses into the bargain. But, for all this, the Captain was still a good three or four thousand pounds on the wrong side of the ledger with me. Of course, I had him served with no end of writs, and got judgment and execution against him, thinking, perhaps, that his aristocratic relatives would come forward and pay what he owed. But not a single penny would they advance. At last—his aunt had been dead at least three weeks—I lost all patience, and going up one evening to the furnished lodgings which he had taken for Mrs. Rivers, in Berkley Street, Portman Square, I told him plainly that if he didn't have a check for a thousand ready for me by the next day at noon, I'd give instructions to the Sheriff's officers, and lock him up. I knew very well that he could no more raise a thousand pounds than a thousand pence by the time specified; but I still thought that if I once got him safe under lock and key, his swell friends and relatives would at last come forward and help him out of his difficulties.

Would you believe it, that no sooner had I delivered—civilly enough, under the circumstances—the message I had for him, than the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, with her yellow hair all streaming over her shoulders, and her big, gray eyes bathed in tears, flings herself plump down on her knees on the carpet at my feet.

"Spare him, Mr. Nailsby, spare him!" she said. "Do not consign the man I love—the only man I have ever loved, to a jail."

"Stuff and nonsense, ma'am," I answered. "Get up, and don't make a scene. The Captain ain't a bail of goods, is he, that I can consign him to a jail or any where else? I mean simply to lock him up unless he pays me the money down he owes me; and all the crying and whimpering in the world won't answer my purpose."

"Get up, Lizzie," says Milbray to Mrs. Rivers; and he lifts her up and kisses her. Then, turning to me, he adds, with his cursed proud air, "Send any body you like here, Mr. Nailsby, to-morrow, but if you don't go about your business now I'll kick you down stairs."

I did go about my business then; but I locked him up at two o'clock the next day most punctually. And what good, you may ask, did I do myself by locking the Captain up? Well, I acted for the best—that is to say, what I considered to be for my own particular good; but, in this case, I'm bound to own that I didn't particularly serve myself by arresting Captain Milbray. He couldn't pay, for the very good reason that he hadn't any more money left. I think that I and the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, between us, had had most of the cash that the captain had once possessed. He had still a good many rich relatives, as you know, I dare say, Sir Firebrace; but they'd all had enough of lending the Captain money, and wouldn't come forward with another penny.

The long and the short of it was that the gallant officer, as the penny-a-liners say—although I should feel more inclined to say the confounded swindling adventurer—went through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and never paid me a penny. He went to Boulogne, and turned billiard-marker, as I'm told; and then he took to drinking brandy, and then he died, as a good many gallant officers in difficulties have died before him.

My story ought to end here; but there's a last act to come, and that's the worst of them all. There was somebody else who didn't die. She's alive now, and it's at her suit that I'm locked up at Rattenbury's. I told you that the Honorable Captain Milbray, did absolutely love and adore the very ground the Captain walked upon. I've been told since that when I caused him to be arrested, she went down on her knees again—but it wasn't to me this time—and swore a great oath that she'd be revenged on me for what I'd done; and she was revenged. You know little of the strength of a woman's bitter purpose when she's set her mind to it. After Milbray's death she had to live by her wits again; but she was still very pretty—the jade;—and played her cards well. She was actually clever enough to marry Jack Vanderpant, the great betting-man race-horse owner, gambling-house keeper, diamond merchant, and bill discounter. Jack died after about two years, and left her a wealthy widow, *but I'm hanged if the artful cat didn't carry on the business!* She had the impudence to set herself up as a rival to Hammer Nailsby and, in the end, she beat me. She wormed herself into all my secrets; she decoyed me into unlucky speculations; she spirited my best customers away from me; she planted bad ones on me; she bought up my securities; in the end, she ruined me—for all my cleverness, for all my cunning, for all my long experience—ruined me, root and branch, and brought me here!

And to think that I should be beggared, and at last, flung into jail, all through the vindictive persistence of one revengeful little woman! What harm had I done? I'd only asked Captain Milbray for my own, and took him in execution purely in the way of business. But there's no gratitude left in this world!

NANNIE ANSAR'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Somebody came out of the barn, when I went by with my milking pails, and caught me about the waist and kissed me.

"Fy! for shame!" said I; "and all the world looking, likely. What will they say of me?"

"Oh," says he, "who minds what they think? They can only say George Gillot loves Nannie Ansar enough to kiss her, and if they could say that Nannie Ansar loved me as well——"

But there a sharp voice broke in upon us.

"Nannie! Nannie! I want you to be in a hurry!" and out of the house came Miss Tabitha as though a whirlwind blew her.

Away went George Gillot to his hay, and there I stood before Miss Tabby Gillot, and she put out her gaunt, brown hand and clutched my shoulder tight, and says she:

"Nannie Ansar, I saw my nephew kiss you—has he done it before?"

"Once or twice, Miss Tabby."

"He's a very bad young man, then," said Miss Tabby.

"Bad?" says I. "Oh, no, Miss Tabby—a better never walked."

"Poor, foolish child," says she. "Don't you know *he* is a rich farmer and *you* are a servant?"

"I do, Miss," said I, "and all the kinder of him to like me so."

"To *like* you!" says she. "Well, you are an innocent bit of a girl, I believe, and I'll give you a hint. It is far from *liking*, its nearer *hating*, when a man makes love to a girl he'd be too proud to marry. George Gillot is going to make Rose Gifford his wife. As for you——"

"Engaged to Miss Gifford!" said I, and my voice was not my own as I heard it. "Then why does he kiss other folks?"

"Because he thinks them *fools*," said Miss Tabby, and then she walked away, and all my blood seemed turned to gall and there was no such bitter woman under the sky as I.—Though why I should hate poor Miss Rose Gifford, instead of George Gillot, no one could tell, though a woman might feel why.

One thing I knew right well—I could not stay *there*. And so that night I went to Miss Tabby:

"I must leave you, ma'am," said I; "I'm going to the city to live."

And she paid me my wages without a word, and that night I was off in the train for New York. I learnt a trade in the city and worked at it, but amidst all the stitching I kept thinking of George Gillot. Was he married yet? and had she made him happy—that silly girl at whom I had heard him laugh so often? and did he know how well I loved him? and how, poor girl that I was, I had twice the truth in me that she had, for I knew her well. Perhaps I grew graver than I used to be, and paler. You may live all your life without love, I suppose, as a blind man born does without sight, and never miss it; but to lose it after it has once been yours, is a bitter thing, the bitterest we have to bear, I think, and you know *I* believed George Gillot loved me.

The trade I worked at was the binding of hats, and the hatter was an old bachelor, quiet and fat, but good-natured and not, as I could judge, past forty-five. It wasn't long before I knew he liked me, nor long before the other girls fell to plaguing me about him. At first I used to shrink from the thought, but I was lonely and he was kind. Not ugly, either, with his firm red and white skin and honest blue eyes; and something as a daughter feels I felt for him, after awhile; and then it seemed worth while to spend one's life making a good man's house brighter and happier. And at last, when he took me by the hand one day, in no more romantic place than the hatter's shop, and said:

"Nannie, if you'll be my wife you never shall repent it."

I just said—"I don't believe I ever should, Mr. Wharton." And that was all either of us said about it.

I cried a little, in my own room, that night, and I took George Gillot's little presents a ring and a locket and a red-bound hymn-book, with my name on it, from my trunk and burnt them up. Why I had kept them so long I could not tell. And then I sat down and thought.

'This was not *just* what I had dreamt of. Long ago, when I was a child and had a happy home, my nurse used to tell me of a fairy prince, who came over the sea to marry a young princess, and I used to think that, some day, such a prince would come for me;—and this good man, with his double chin and kind blue eyes, was *not* a fairy prince, by any means.—And afterward, when death took my parents and nothing was left for the little orphan but to work for her daily bread, and gaunt Miss Tabby took me into her kitchen, there was George Gillot, so handsome, so winning, seeming to love me so—and—and—and *this* was not George Gillot either; but oh! a better man—only a woman's heart is such a foolish thing that she finds it hard to rule it.'

Well, after that night, I tried to be happy; and he said to me—Mr. Wharton, I mean—:

'Let us be married very soon, my dear.'

And I gave him his way. We were to meet at the minister's one morning, and there be married. Kate May would go with me, and Dr. Jallap, the apothecary, with Mr. Wharton; and then he would take me home; and I meant—God knows—to make that home as happy as a woman might.

I bought no great finery for my wedding—only a pearl-gray silk and a white bonnet; and I looked, Kate told me, more like a Quakeress than a bride, they were so plain and quiet.

We got there first—to the minister's, I mean; and I was sitting alone in the parlor—for Kate had gone with the minister's wife, who had been her Sunday-school teacher—to see her new baby, when the door opened, and in walked a tall, fair-haired man—looked at me, and stood still, with his eyes on my face. I looked at him, and my heart seemed to stop beating. It was George Gillot!

Only that I could not move, I would have run away. It was so terrible to see him there just then! so altered, too. He was thin, and wan, and stooped a little—he who had been as straight as an arrow—and deep, deep in his eyes, I saw a look I never thought to see there—a yearning, longing look, as though that which he pined for was always far away from him.

He drew his breath with a little shiver, and then he came toward me, and said:

'It is Nannie Ansar!'

I said:

'Yes.' —And: 'I hope I see you well, sir?'

That, with my heart throbbing again as though it would kill me! But women learn to do these things—the poorest and most ignorant women can hide their heart-secrets, if they will, God be thanked for it!

'My aunt is dead,' he said, after a pause; 'she died two years ago. I live in the city now. I have had losses, and bad health, and the farm is mine no longer. I did not know you ever came here, and I know them so well?'

'I never came before,' I said. 'I am here to-day to be married.'

And I was glad to say it, for it would show him I was heart-free of him at last.

But he turned a glance on me that made me start.

'I thought you married five years ago,' he said.

'Not I,' I said; 'but it's longer than that since you were, I've no doubt?'

'I?' he said. 'The thought has never been in my mind—*one* woman turned me against the rest of her sex. The woman who jilted me, with all her simple ways, as coolly as the finest belle could.'

'I grieve you've had so bad a sample of us, sir,' I said; 'not that I ever thought Miss Rose Gifford one to be constant long.'

'Rose Gifford?' he cried;—'ah, you act well, Nannie Ansar! You know it was *you* who left me in the lurch, after as much as telling me you loved me. It's only right you should hear it on your wedding-day—*you* who have poisoned life for me!'

I gave a little scream.

We looked at each other; and the truth came to both of us.

'You were not engaged to Rose Gifford?' said I.

'I never wanted any woman for a wife, but you,' he said. 'I've pined for you these long, long years. And *she* did this, my Aunt Tabitha. She always wanted me to marry Rose—curse——'

'Hush!' I cried; 'do not curse her—she is dead.'

And he sobbed.

'Oh, my God, how I have loved you! And now I have met you, and have learned the truth too late.'

And he knelt down at my feet.

And all my pride and strength left me. Had I died for it, I must have done what I did. I bent over him and kissed his pale, broad forehead, and his dropped eyelids, and the cheeks over which hot tears stole; and I said:

'I have plighted my troth to a good man, who loves me, and I cannot break it. I must be his wife; but I have never loved any man but you, George Gillot, and I never shall—oh, Heaven help me! I never shall.'

Oh, was it wicked to say so! Was it wicked to kiss him! To this day, I do not know.

I lifted up my head after those kisses, and saw through the window a carriage at the door, and by bridegroom in it. He caught my face at the pane and kissed his hand to me—one foot was on the step of the coach that moment; the next, there came a clatter of horses feet, a whir of wheels, shrieks from the people in the street, nothing where the carriage had stood an instant before, and all the crowd rushing in one direction. * * * I knew nothing more until the women stood about me and told me, with pitiful voices and streaming eyes, that my bridegroom was dead! He had uttered but one word after they picked him up—that word was, 'Nannie?'

Well, Heaven knows I was remorseful and that I wept for him and had meant to be a true wife to him, and it was long before I would listen for any word of comfort. But the heart will have its way; and my love and I had both suffered so, and I could not always be cruel to him and to myself—and to-day I am George Gillot's happy wife!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

MANAGEMENT OF FARM MANURE.

THE composition of farm-yard manure is exceedingly complex, and varies to a degree seldom fully appreciated. The mode of farming, the class of stock kept on the land, their supplies of food, and the careful preservation of the manure, each and all give to the composition of this manure a marvellous variety. This influence becomes the more striking when we remember that a ton of good farm-yard manure contains only about half a hundred-weight of pure fertilizing ingredients. It is true that the farmer is dealing with a ton of manure, but any injury or loss of quality strikes at the value of the half hundred-weight of fertilizing matter, which is the vital constituent of the manure, and that by which its value is practically determined. The value of this half hundred-weight of fertilizing is worth more than the price we usually assign even to good manure, and the materials could not be purchased at the same cost. The lesson which this fact is calculated to teach us is not to undervalue the farm-yard manure because it is a bulky representative of so small a quantity of fertilizing matter, but to guard it more jealously, and to improve it more carefully, since its valuable constituents are so easily decreased.

There are various ways by which the vitality of such manure may be removed; but the improved management of late years has done much to reduce these losses. The two most productive sources of loss are the injudicious rotting down of the dung-heap and the waste of the liquid running from the heap. Each of these losses may be readily controlled; the latter, of course, is evident, and may be readily avoided, but the former demands special care and attention. In some districts, very great care is bestowed upon making the dung-heap and in its general management. A bottom of road-scrapings, or similar waste, forms the first layer, and upon this the manue is heaped and pressed down by the carts going over the heap, and finally it is thrown into shape, some earth put against the sides for a certain depth, and a further quantity sprinkled on the top. A heap thus constructed, if it can be kept sufficiently moist to regulate the fermentation, and yet not so moist as to cause drainage, is in as good a condition for the rotting of the manure as it well can be in a heap.

—'Now, young people,' said a professor of natural history to his class, 'now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just 600 eggs, and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now what is to be done with her after that?' 'Cut off her head and sell her to a boarding-house keeper for a spring chicken!' exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MERINGUE PUDDING.—A correspondent in the Germantown *Telegraph* gives the following:—One quart of milk, two tablespoonsful corn starch, the yolks of three eggs, beaten, one cup white sugar, five drops of the extract of almond. Stir it on the stove until it comes to a simmer, then put it on a flat dish, for ten minutes, in the oven. Beat the whites of the three eggs with sugar and put it on the top of the pudding and set it in the oven a few minutes to brown.

INDIAN POUND CAKE.—Three-fourths of a pound of white Indian meal, sifted, quarter of pound of wheat flour, and roll one pound white sugar into it and half a pound of butter; seasoned with nutmeg and rose bandy, and add four eggs, beaten light. Mix and bake as other pound cake.

TROY PUDDING.—Three cups sifted flour, one cup milk, one of suet rubbed in, the flour dry, one cup molasses, two cups of raisins or currants, half a nutmeg, half teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, a little salt. Boil three hours.

SNOW PUDDING.—Take one-third of a box of gelatine, and pour over it half a cup of cold water to dissolve; let it stand a few minutes, then add half a pint of boiling water, juice of a large lemon or two small ones, one and a half cups powdered sugar, whites of two eggs; beat all together three-fourths of an hour; mould it in a cool place. Eat it with soft custard made of the yolks and a pint of milk flavored with vanilla.

DELIGHTFUL PUDDING.—One quart of boiled milk, quarter of a pound mashed potatoes, a small piece of butter, and when cold add three eggs, well beaten. Bake half an hour and eat with sauce.

DROP COCOANUT JUMBLES.—One cocoanut, grated, two cups sugar, one of butter, three-fourths of a cup of cream, two tablespoonsful of flour, and the whites of four eggs.

GINGER POUND CAKE.—One tea cup of butter, one of sugar, one of molasses, three of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of pearlash, two tablespoonsful of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Three-fourths of a pound of butter, one pound sugar, one and a half pounds of flour, four eggs beaten light, one cup of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one nutmeg, one glass of brandy and rose water, two pounds of raisins.

CONUNDRUMS.

— What is the difference between an engine-driver and a schoolmaster? Ans.—One minds the train, and the other trains the mind.

— Why is a thief like a ticket porter? Ans.—He is in the habit of taking other people's property.

— Why is a blind man like a water-pipe?—Ans.—He is generally *led* (lead.)

— When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil? Ans.—When he is going to sing.

— Why is a key like an hospital? Ans.—Because it is full of *wards*.

— Why is your pretty cousin like an alabaster vase?—Because she is an *objet de looks*.

A SOCKDOLOGER.—Some years ago, an old sign-painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on a tablet in a church. He worked two days at it, and at the close of the second day, the pastor of the church called in to see how the worked progressed. The old man stood by, smoking an old pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eye over the tablets. "Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the holy precepts; "why, you careless old person, you have left some of the commandments entirely out—don't you see?" "No—no such thing," said the old man putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out—where?" "Why, there," persisted the pastor; "here, look at them in the bible—you have left out some of the commandments." "Well, what if I have?" said Obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's a confounded more there now than you'll keep?" Another artist was employed there next day.

— Some years ago a gentleman died. His widow inherited his property and collected the insurance on his life, and very soon enlarged, repaired, and fitted up her residence in quite a luxurious style. A friend calling expressed some little surprise that she made these nice arrangements so soon after the death of Mr. ——. 'Why should I not do it?' replied the practical relict. 'My husband, good man, is enjoying a glorious mansion in the skies; and of course he wishes me to be as comfortable as possible here on earth.' Who says that woman's faith is not shown by her work?

— "Father, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You said, 'one word more and I have done.' Then you went on and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you'd promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

— "What is your consolation in life and death?" asked the clergyman of a young miss in a bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenious girl; "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

— An Irishman was directed by a lady of large size to secure and pay for two seats in a stage-coach, as she wanted comfortable room in riding. The fellow returned and said:—'I've paid for the two seats you towld me to; but as I couldn't get but one for the inside of the coach, I took the t'other for the outside.'

A BADLY bunged-up Emerald Islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said: "Down to Mrs. Mulrooney's wake, and an illegant time we had of it.—Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whose nose left in the house, and that belongs to the tay kettle!"

— A physician writes to a New York paper that Americans are too quiet at their meals, and adds that "it is a well established fact that cheerful society at meals greatly aids digestion. The sympathetic influence which exists between the stomach and brain attests the truth of the assertion."

— A Frenchwoman once said that she never loved anything. 'You love your children?' suggested a friend. 'When they were little.' 'And you love diamonds?' 'When they are large,' she replied.

— Said a youngster, in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: 'Two cocoanuts for ten cents! that'll make me sick to-morrow, and I want have to go to school.'

— The last resort—a graveyard.