The Franklin Repository.

BY M'CLURE & STONER. CHAMBERSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1865. VOL. 72...WHOLE NO. 3,711.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE FRANKLIN REPOSITORY is published every Wednesday morning by "THE REPOSITORY ASSOCIATION," at $2 50 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $3 if not paid within the year. *All subscription accounts* MUST *be settled annually.* No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid *for in advance*, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS are *inserted* at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and TEN CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. A liberal discount is made to persons *advertising by the quarter, half-year or year.* Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged fifteen cents per line.

☞ *All Legal Notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial Sales, are required by law to be advertised in the* REPOSITORY—*it having the* LARGEST CIRCULATION *of any paper published in the county of Franklin.*

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

☞ Mr. John K. Shryock is our authorized Agent to receive Subscriptions and Advertisements, and receipt for the same. All letters should be addressed to

M'CLURE & STONER, Publishers.

Coal, Lumber, &c.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS!
ATTENTION!

The undersigned have now on hand, at their PLANING AND FLOORING MILL, a large supply of Sash, Shutters, Doors and Blinds for sale, or made to order.

Mouldings of all descriptions, from half inch to 8 inches, on hand.

Plain and Ornamental Scroll Sawing neatly executed.

Also—Wood Turning in all its branches. Newel Posts, Banisters, Bed Posts, &c., on hand.

A large supply of Dressed Flooring for sale.

Also—Window and Door Frames on hand or made at short notice. HAZELET, VERNON & CO.,
febl tf Harrison Avenue, Chambersburg, Pa.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

100 TONS OF TIMOTHY HAY
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.

200 WALNUT LOGS
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.

100 ASH LOGS
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.

100 LARGE CHERRY LOGS
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.

WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
and all kinds of Produce bought by GEO. A. DEITZ, at his Warehouse above the Railroad Depot.

STOVE AND LIME COAL
for sale cheap, by the ton or half ton.

OAK AND HICKORY WOOD
by the cord or half cord.

OAK AND HICKORY WOOD,
sawed and split for stove use, by the cord or half cord.

WINDOW AND DOOR SILLS,
of Oak, Walnut and Pine, always on hand.

WINDOW AND DOOR-FRAME STUFF,
and all kinds of LUMBER, such as Oak and Pine Plank; Oak, Walnut, Pine and Hemlock Boards; Flooring Boards, Joists, Scantling, Shingles, Paling, Laths, &c.

BEST OF ROOFING SLATE
always on hand, and roofs put on by the best Slaters, who have drawn medals for their superior workmanship.

CALL AT DEITZ'S WAREHOUSE,
above the Railroad Depot, and *buy cheap.* [dec21

LEONARD EBERT & SON,
COAL AND LUMBER MERCHANTS.

We have on hand all kinds of Coal and Lumber, and are prepared to furnish Bill Lumber to order at short notice, all at the most reasonable terms. Our stock of Lumber consists of

White Pine	2 inch	Plank,
" "	1½ "	select Plank.
" "	1½ "	Plank.
" "	1 "	select and Culling Boards,
" "	¾ "	Boards,
" "	¾ "	Siding (6 inch,)
" "		Best River Shingles,
" "		Worked Flering,
" "	"	Siding,
" "		Joist and Scantling, all sizes,
Hemlock Joist and Scantling,		
" Boards.		
Yellow Pine Boards, Joist and Scantling,		
Pailing and Plastering Laths.		

We have also always on hand a good supply of all kinds of Coal for stoves and lime-burning. Also a superior article of Broadtop Coal for blacksmiths. The public are invited to give us a call, as we will endeavor to give satisfaction to all that call.

Coal and Lumber furnished on the cars to any station on the Franklin Railroad.

☞ Office on Second St., in the rear of the Jail Yard, Chambersburg, Pa. LEO. EBERT & SON.
july27-tf.

SMALL, BENDER & CO.,
York and Goldsborough Pa.,
LUMBER DEALERS
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
SASH, DOORS SHUTTERS, BLINDS,
DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES, &c.,

Keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of seasonable Lumber, viz:—Joist and Scantling, Weatherboarding, dressed Flooring, Siding, Laths, Shingles, Palings and Fencing.

☞ White Pine and Oak Bills, sawed to order at the shortest notice. All communications should be addressed to YORK, PA. [sep22-1y

BUILDING LUMBER.—The undersigned is prepared to saw all kinds of Building Lumber at the lowest market price. R. A. RENFREW,
GREENWOOD MILLS, Fayetteville P. O. dec25-1y

Trees, Vines and Seeds.

FRANKLIN NURSERY.—Desirous of clearing part of my grounds, I offer for sale,

30,000 APPLE TREES.

These Trees are grafted with the best and most approved varieties of Apples, and are grown on good, sandy loam. They have an abundance of fine fibrous roots, and can be removed without risk. They can be furnished from five feet to nine feet in height, with proportionately heavy stalks, and are well worth the attention of persons wishing to plant orchards. I will sell them at from $10 to $14 per 100, according to size and quality of Tree, when ordered in quantities of 100 and upwards.

PEAR, CHERRY and PEACH TREES for fall planting also on hand.

EVERGREEN and SHADE TREES in variety, with a general assortment of SHRUBBERY.

GRAPES.—I am prepared to receive and fill orders for Grapes for fall planting, such as Concords (the best dark now cultivated,) Diana, Rebecca, Delaware, T. Kalen, and all the latest varieties offered.

A moderate charge to cover expenses for packing. All goods delivered in Chambersburg or at the Rail Road if desired.

☞ Orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention. J. HEYSER, Agent,
may31-4m. Franklin Nursery, Chambersburg Pa.

Forwarding Houses.

WUNDERLICH & NEAD
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
North Second Street, opposite the Cumberland Valley Railroad Depot, Chambersburg, Pa.

Cars run regularly to and from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

AGENTS.—Peacock, Zell & Hinchman, No. 808 Market St., Philadelphia.

Lykens Valley, Broken Egg and Nutt COAL, (direct from the mines), Wilkesbarre and Pine Grove FOUNDRY COAL, LUMBER, SHINGLES, SALT, PLASTER and Hancock CEMENT, kept constantly on hand. FLOUR, GRAIN and PRODUCE of all kinds purchased at the highest cash prices.
Sept9, 63. WUNDERLICH & NEAD.

THOS. L. GILLESPIE. JACOB ZELLER.
GILLESPIE, ZELLER & CO.,
PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANTS,
AND WHOLESALE GROCERS,
North-West corner of Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia. [note, 63-tf.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!
ROPES & TWINES.

The undersigned having purchased the entire Stock and Fixtures of the Rope and Twine Manufactory of J. P. Grey, dec'd, respectfully announces to her friends, and the former patrons of the establishment, that she will continue to carry on the business, in all its various branches, at

THE OLD STAND,

on Franklin street, Chambersburg, where she will be pleased to receive the calls and orders of the public. All kinds, sizes, and qualities of

ROPES, CORDAGE, TWINES, &C.,

always kept on hand or made to order of the best material, and furnised at reasonable prices. In connection with the above business, she is also prepared to manufacture

HAIR, HUSK, AND OTHER
MATTRASSES,

as well as Horse Blankets and Fly Nets of superior quality and style. Persons in want of superior articles in the above line are requested to call, or send their orders, which will be attended to promptly.
dec21-1y MARY E GRAY.

WANTED!—DISABLED SOLDIERS
And others out of employment to canvass for
OUR GREAT NATIONAL WORK,
just published,
"THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,"

By Frank Crosby, of the Philadelphia Bar, comprising one large octavo volume of nearly 500 pages.

This is the only work of the kind published; it is entirely new and original, containing his early history, political career, speeches, messages, proclamations and other official documents illustrative of his eventful administration, together with the scenes and events connected with his tragic end. It will be sold only by our authorized travelling agents, to whom exclusive territory is given, and liberal commissions paid. Send for a circular and terms to "American Publishing Agency, Box 217, No. 600 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia." june14-4t

Silver-Mining Company.

THE McCLEAN SILVER MINING COMPANY OF MONTANA.

CAPITAL. $1,000,000.

100,000 SHARES AT $10 EACH.

FULL PAID UP $5 EACH.

President,
EDWARD E. JONES, Philadelphia.

Vice President,
COL. S. McCLEAN, Montana Territory.

Secretary and Treasurer,
WILLIAM M. BARLOW, Philadelphia.

Directors,
EDWARD E. JONES, Philadelphia,
COL. S. McCLEAN, *Montana Territory,*
JACOB HAY, Easton, Pa,
GEORGE H. ROBERTS, *Philadelphia,*
WILLIAM W. LEDYARD, Philadelphia,
J. G. GILL, *Montana Territory,*
J. C. DELACOUR, Camden, N. J.

OFFICE, 428 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The Eaton and Aurora Silver Lodes, the property of this Company, are situated on the Rattlesnake Creek, a never failing mountain stream, which empties into the Beaver Head River, a tributary of the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri, in Beaver Head County, in the Territory of Montana, and contain twelve hundred feet each.

The width of the Eaton Lode is five and one-half and of the Aurora three and one-half feet, running to unknown depths, and increasing in richness as they go down. These two lodes are only forty feet apart, and probably run together at some distance from the surface.

An estimate hereto appended, based upon actual assays made in the ordinary form, and in bulk, will show the immense yield of these mines and their great value as Silver producing Lodes. These assays were made by Prof. A. K. Eaton, Prof. Forrey of the New York Assay Office, and Prof. Gunth, of this city.

EATON LODE.

Sample No. 1	Silver per ton	$102 33
	Gold "	Trace.
Sample No. 2	Silver per ton	93 75
	Gold "	81 72
Sample No. 3	Silver per ton	467 23
	Gold "	Trace.
Sample No. 5	Silver per ton	1,677 70
	Gold "	1,251 35

AURORA LODE.

Sample No. 1	Silver per ton	$198 27
	Gold "	Trace.
Sample No. 2	Silver per ton	73 90
	Gold "	21 10
Sample No. 3	Silver "	201 10
	Gold "	Trace.
Sample No. 4	Silver "	314 52
	Gold "	small quantity

NEW YORK, January 21, 1865.

PROF. A. K. EATON:—DEAR SIR: The sample of ore that you left with me, marked "Discovery E," gave by assay, in Silver $164 56-100 Silver per ton.

Yours truly, JOHN TORREY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1865.—The sample of silver ore from Montana Territory examined at your request, contains 172.22 ounces of Silver in 2000 lbs. of ore; value $234,22 Gold per ton. The above ore is said to come from the Eaton Lode. F. A. GENTH.

Messrs. Adelberg and Raymond, mining Engineers, New York, say:

"We assume that the Lead ore will yield $75 in Silver to the ton, and the Silver ores $500. These figures are moderate enough, since, according to our assays, the Silver ores contain from $913 to $2040 specie value."

From the above assays, some idea may be formed of the immense value of this property, and of the certainty of a large yield. But even that idea will be merely approximative, without a due consideration of the following facts: The celebrated Comstock Silver Lode, in Nevada, worked by the "Gould and Curry," "Empire," "Yellow Jacket," "Ophir," "Crown Point," "Savage" and some other companies, sold on the 8th of April, 1865, at prices averaging over *Two Thousand Dollars* per foot.

These mines yield an average of about $65 to the ton, which includes first, second and third classes of ores.

Now, the average yield of the three classes of ore of the Eaton and Aurora Lodes will certainly be more than $65 per ton; indeed, from the large number of assays thus far made, not only here, but in the actual workings of the mine, it will probably reach $75 or $80 per ton. The 2400 feet owned by the Company would, therefore, be worth, at the price of the Comstock Lode, nearly *Five Millions of Dollars.*

The Company have sent a mill of twenty-four stamps to the mines, *and expect returns in silver in September.* This will be able to crush thirty tons of ore per day, at an expense for mining, crushing and smelting of ten dollars ($10) per ton. Then, taking the yield at only $60 per ton, the result would be as follows:

30 tons per day, at $60	$1,800
Cost, $10 per ton	300
Net daily profit	$1,500

or $450,000 per annum, payable, not in currency, but in the coin itself.

The property of the Company is amply sufficient for a dozen companies, and could not be exhausted in a lifetime. Prospectors are also engaged by the Company, taking up other Lodes for them.

The operations at the mines are under the superintendence of the Hon. Samuel McLean, Delegate to Congress from the Territory, whose thorough acquaintance with mining renders it certain that the interests of the Company will be pushed in the most energetic manner.

Only Twenty Thousand Shares for sale.

WM. M. BARLOW, Secretary & Treas.

D. B. OAKES,
may17-8t] Agent for Franklin County and vicinity

Legal Notices.

ELLEN GOINS, BY HER NEXT Friend, Samuel Keller, vs. George Goins—In the Court of Common Pleas of Franklin county, No. 67, January Term, 1865. Subpœna in Divorce. Returnable to the January Term. Returned *nihil habit.* Alias subpœna to April Term, and same return.

Notice is hereby given to George Goins, the defendant above named, to appear before the Court of Common Pleas of said county, *on the second Monday of August next, to answer the complaint of the plaintiff above, or be* proceeded against according to law.
june14-4t SAMUEL BRANDT, Sheriff.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between David C. Brant and Samuel Detrich, under the style, firm and name of Brant & Detrich, was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of May. The Books of the late firm are in the hands of David C. Brant. All persons knowing themselves indebted are requested to make immediate payment. DAVID C. BRANT,
SAMUEL DETRICH.

The business will be continued by the undersigned.
may17-6t DAVID C. BRANT.

ESTATE OF DAVID LYTLE.—The undersigned, appointed Auditor to make distribution of the balances, in the hands of J. M. Lytle, Executor of David Lytle, deceased, to and among the heirs and legatees of the said deceased, will for that purpose meet at his office, in the borough of Chambersburg, *on Thursday, the 15th day of June*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all persons who may think proper to attend. GEO. W. BREWER,
may24 Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Samuel B. Johnston, late of Southampton township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
june7 C. M'LEAN CULBERTSON, Ex'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Rev. Joseph Clark, late of Chambersburg, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
june14 6t A. K. M'CLURE, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Daniel Gehr, late of Washington township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
june7 JACOB S. GOOD, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Jacob Smith, late of Antrim township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
may21 JACOB R. SHANK, Adm'r.

Candidates' Cards.

COUNTY TREASURER.—MAJ. JOHN HASSLER, offers himself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention.
ST. THOMAS, March 22 1865.

COUNTY TREASURER.—At the solicitation of a number of my friends, I announce myself a candidate for the Office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention [QUINCY, March 22.] WM. FLAGLE.

A. M. CRISWELL will be a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention.
GREEN TOWNSHIP, May 31 1865.

TREASURER.—Samuel F. Greenawalt offers himself as a Candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention. CHAMBERSBURG, March 15.

WM. H. BROTHERTON WILL BE A candidate for COUNTY TREASURER, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention.
WAYNESBORO, June 7, 1865.

SHERIFFALTY.—At the solicitation of a number of my friends, I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of Franklin County, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention.
GUILFORD TOWNSHIP, March 29.* F. W. DOSH.

SHERIFFALTY.—Encouraged by a number of my friends, I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention. DAVID EBY.
HAMILTON TOWNSHIP, March 22.

SHERIFFALTY.—I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of Franklin county, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention. THOMAS M'APEE.
MERCERSBURG, Pa., March 22, 1865.

SHERIFFALTY.—Encouraged by a number of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention. D. M. LEISHER.
CHAMBERSBURG, March 15.

SHERIFFALTY.—Capt. JNO. DŒBLER, of Chambersburg, will be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention, march15.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—SNIVELY STRICKLER will be a candidate for DISTRICT ATTORNEY, subject to the decision of the next Union County Convention. Greencastle June 7th, 1865.

D. WATSON ROWE WILL BE A candidate for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY, subject to the decision of the next Union County Convention. may31.

Hotels.

EASTERN INN.—The undersigned having lately purchased the large and commodious Brick Building of Rev. S. R. Fisher, in connection with his *present place of business, on the corner of Main street and* Ludwig's Alley, is prepared to accommodate BOARDERS by the day, week or month. He is amply provided with STABLING to accommodate the traveling public. Having a large LIVERY STABLE connected with the Hotel, guests and the public generally can be furnished with Horses and Carriages at any moment. Persons visiting Chambersburg with their families will find this the *most comfortable* Hotel in the county, as it has been refitted with entire new Furniture, and the rooms are large and well ventilated. The TABLE is amply supplied with all the luxuries of the season, and the BAR, which is detached from the Brick Building, will always be furnished with choice and pure liquors. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests. [oct12[S. F. GREENAWALT.

BROWN'S HOTEL.—*This Hotel, situated* on the corner of Queen and Second Streets, opposite the Bank, Court Room, and County Offices, and in the immediate neighborhood of Stores, Shops, and other places of business, is conveniently situated for country people having business in Chambersburg. The Building has been greatly enlarged and refitted for the accommodation of Guests.

THE TABLE will always be furnished with the best the Market can produce.

THE BAR will be supplied with pure and choice Liquors.

THE STABLE is large and attended with a good and careful Ostler.

Every attention will be rendered to make Guests comfortable while sojourning at this Hotel.
febl JACOB S. BROWN, Proprietor.

UNION HOTEL.—This old and well established Hotel is now open for the accommodation of Guests

The Proprietor having leased the three-story block of buildings on Queen Street, in the rear of his former stand, is *prepared to furnish* GOOD ROOMS for the traveling and transient custom.

HIS TABLE will sustain its former reputation of being supplied with the best the market can produce.

HIS BAR, detached from the main building, will always have choice and pure Liquors.

Good warm STABLING for fifty horses, with careful ostler.

Every attention will be made to render guests comfortable while sojourning at this Hotel.
jan18 JNO. FISHER, Proprietor.

THE OLD WHITE SWAN.—The subscriber would respectfully announce that he has so far completed his Hotel building as to be enabled to open his BAR which he has supplied with a stock of fine and choice Liquors.

He has also erected in connection with the Hotel a large and convenient STABLE, and is now prepared to furnish Stabling and Provender for any number of Horses.

Attached to the Stable (under cover) are a pair of HAY AND STOCK SCALES, to which the especial attention of Farmers, Drovers and Butchers is invited.
june7 DANIEL TROSTLE.

DAVID H. HUTCHISON has become the Proprietor of the UNITED STATES *HOTEL, near the Railroad Depot at HARRISBURG,* PA. This popular and commodious Hotel has been newly refitted and furnished throughout its parlors and chambers, and is now ready for the reception of guests.

The traveling public will find the United States Hotel the most convenient, in all particulars, of any Hotel in the State Capital, on account of its access to the railroad, being immediately between the two great depots in this city. [Harrisburg, June 17, 63-tf.

STATES UNION HOTEL, OPPOSITE the Lebanon Valley and Pennsylvania Railroad Depots, Harrisburg City, Pa. This convenient and pleasant Hotel is now kept by the undersigned, late of the Indian Queen in Chambersburg, and he invites the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. Terms moderate.
oct5-tf JOHN W. TAYLOR.

TO DYSPEPTICS.—Having been afflicted for a number of years with Dyspepsia, I was advised to try DR. WISHART'S MEDICINE for that disease. I derived great benefit and recommended it to quite a number of my friends and who were also much benefitted by it, and whose testimonials can be had if necessary. I have been appointed by Dr. Wishart as Agent for the Sale of his Medicine, wholesale or retail.
W. G. REED,
nov23 Repository office, Chambersburg Pa,

Franklin Repository.

POP.

And there they sat, a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as fat as any ox.
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs the nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a poking—
While he haw-haw'd at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking,

And still they popped and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping—
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping!

And John he ate, and Sue she thought,
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out. "The corn's a fire!
Why susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A DEAD SEA APPLE.

"Put not your trust in Princes,"—*Psalms* 46, iii.

Miss Imogene Fraser pined for a Prince.

I don't mean a common prince, like that snuffy old Russian fellow we used to see about town, wearing a greasy fur collar, partaking of garlic and brandy three times diurnally, and growling at everything American in the most detestable English. Nothing of the kind.

She pined for a prince such as we read about in the fine old sentimental novels that amused our fathers and mothers in the flower of their youth; a Thaddeus of Warsaw, all talent, and pallor, and tenderness, and musical voice, and fine rolling eyes, and pedigree, and that sort of thing.

For my part, I don't believe in such princes. The Prince of Wales wasn't one of that species; and I fear they have gone out with the old sentimental novels.

Nothing else, however, would suit Miss Imogene Fraser. Being not totally unlike other fair damsels of twenty or thereabouts, she desired to experiment upon the estate matrimonial, and had plenty of excellent opportunities, but no mortal of common clay would do. A prince she must have, or single she would remain.

Now, a real good writer of sentimental stories could create such a being especially for the emergency, and after the customary amount of tantilization, through the medium of an obdurate parent or what not, marry off Miss Imogene to her *prince in the most satisfactory style.*

But I never was good at sentimental creation. I must write about the kind of people I know and see, I am sorry for the Imogenes; I've seen plenty of them, but what sort of princes did they marry? One now pours tea for a little grey faced exchange broker. Another is the spouse of a strapping farmer, with large yellow teeth like ancient grave-stones. Another wedded a small subdued German, who plays a clarionet in a cheap orchestra, and has to move monthly because he can't pay his rent. Another—but the catalogue grows melancholy.

Thus with all the Imogenes. They go on pinning for princes who never come; marrying all sorts of people instead; and, dying, give way to *a fresh generation of Imogenes, who follow in* their mammas' footsteps with a disregard of experience that savors of the sublime. One of the nicest watering-places in the world is that paradisic spot known as Belle Lake. It is romantic and comfortable at once, two qualifications rarely found together. There is delightful pathing, rowing, sailing and fishing in the lake itself, and the shady groves that line its shores are cool and green and mysterious, suggesting dryads and nymphs and fairies and things.

That is, if you happen to have a poetic turn of mind. If not, they only suggest flirtation.

I will not further expatiate upon the delights of Belle Lake, lest you should fancy I have lots for sale in the vicinity; whereas I have none anywhere; not even a burial lot, and that, I believe is the common lot of all.

Neither did Imogene Fraser have any real estate to dispose of, but she thought just as I do, and passed much of her time every summer in the fair *demesnes* that lie smilingly adjacent to the Belle Lake Pavillion.

She dressed with charming simplicity for breakfast, and strolled listlessly in the maplelined avenue till bathing time. After bathing a trip to the island, in some jaunty little sailboat, whiled away the hours till the dinner toilet. After dinner a siesta; making end receiving calls till tea, and after tea, the *Pavilion Informal* Hop every evening. Then gossip, and finally bed.

Such was the round of pleasures that my heroine—*I suppose she is "my heroine"—pursued*; but they could not stifle her inward longing for the music of a princely voice, the glance of devotion from princely eyes, the touch of a princely hand in the dance, and the sweet envy of all maidens who had to go princeless through life. She sighed often, and began to think the great world a cold, hard unromantic sort of arrangement.

Of course, you and I know better. I never wrote a ramance half so wonderful as the simplest life would make, were it truly told.

The only trouble is, that even the simplest life cannot be truly told. It seems easy, but you just try it once!

Though there was no prince among the guests of the Pavilion, there was a poet. Fay Somers was there. *Perhaps Imogene might have fallen* in love with him; there is something very fine, and—pardon the vulgarism—hyfaluten, in a young idea of a poet; only, unhappily, Somers was no more like the ideal poet than our snuffy old Russian friend is like the ideal prince.

Au contraire, he was a rattle-headed, jolly soul, who loved rowing and romping, and gossip, and euchre playing, and made fun of his own pathetic poems, parodying them, and singing bits of them to comic melodies. Everybody liked him, but everybody said, twenty times a day, "O, Fay! will you never be quiet!" or, "O, Fay! were you ever in earnest?"

No; he would never do for the beau ideal rhymster, pale and heart broken. He didn't know how to roll his eyes in a fine frenzy, and, when Laura Crane once told him, in her high tragedy manner, that she had "too much soul to live in this hollow world," he was *actually rude enough* to laugh in her face.

In a word, Somers knew the world too well to *believe in its hollowness. He had found it*, in fact, most decidedly solid and stubborn. I notice that men who have really been shaken up a bit in the merry-go-round we call life are not apt to preserve the outside show of sentimentality much.

We all start off, some time or another, with our long hair, our sable suits, our turn-down collars, our brigand somberos, and our little hidden sorrows; but when we have cut our wisdom teeth, and learned something about other people's trouble, we always come back to reason, to figured ties, to stove-pipe hats and the barber.

Though Fay was far too matter-of-fact for Imogene, and she far too sentimental for him, from any hymenial point of view, they became, somehow, excellent friends, and passed much time in each other's society.

Thus, one moonlit evening found them together on the shore of the lake, seated upon an enormous *boulder, vine clad on the one side, and washed* by the clear rippling waters on the other. They had strolled down to the shore with a merry party, which had divided itself up and sorted itself out, as walking parties will, into little groups of two or four, according to social affinity.

Imogene was gazing at the moon, of course. She was one of that kind.

Fay was tapping his large boot with his small cane, and whistling very, very softly.

"O, Fay!" suddenly burst out Imogene, "I want something to live for! I want a grand passion?"

"Don't," said Fay, choking his whistle, and leaving the first half of "Bonnie Doon" to wander unfinished forever upon the winds of heaven; "don't you do it. Grand passions aren't nice. They tire a fellow so."

"How should you know? You never loved anybody, except Fay Somers!"

"Pshaw! I've loved forty girls."

"O, yes, in your *flippant* way. I want a lifelong passion, a heart-history, to absorb my whole existence."

"O, Fay! will you *ever* be in earnest?"

"It doesn't seem like it."

Notwithstanding this somewhat discouraging reception of her confidence, Imogene went on, somehow or another, to tell Fay what kind of a hero she had imagined for her heart-history, and described the prince, with his melting eyes and musical voice, his generous nature, and magnificent air, his mild melancholy and inexhaustible affection, his irreproachable morals and aristocratic birth.

Fay listened with due gravity, but with a half smile under his mustache, till she had finished.

"Why don't you take me?" said he. "I am not very rich, you know, but poverty is romantic, they say—though Lord knows I never found it so. *How does this do for the pensive expression?*"—he made a hideous grimace—"and I'm sure my voice is musical. I can't play the guitar, but I know a fellow who is splendid *on the banjo. As for a* fine antique family, my father, you know, was Mr. Somers, son of old Somers; I believe he never went to State prison——"

"Now, Fay, you are too bad! You make fun of everything."

"Well, do be serious my child, you'll never find your prince."

"And why not?"

"Because they don't make 'em. Most men are tolerable human, and humanity is not perfection. If a man has no other small vices, he is sure to chew tobacco, or write poetry, or keep a dog. We are fair but frail we men."

"You have no faith in human nature, Fay."

"O, yes, I have; but your hero isn't human. He is moonshiny and unsatisfactory. I tell you I know a good deal about men, and such people as Charley Saxton and Tom Clavers and those fellows are about as near *heroes* as you'll find. They are by no means perfect, but they compare very well with the average."

"Charley Saxton! Tom Clavers!"

"Well, you needn't speak so scornfully. They're good fellows, and if you turn your nose up at all such you'll either stay single or marry so that you'll wish you were single."

"Ah, Fay; what a world! I wish there might be some place where one could go and hide away to dream in peace."

"There is, and I am going there now. I refer to my bed."

They cross from their picturesque seat; she with a little contemptuous expression, and he with the complacent oddity that adorns the features of a man who feels that he has said a humorous thing; and both went slowly and silently up to the hotel.

The next morning the belles of Belle Lake were in something of a twitter, to use a woman's word. The late train had brought a new young man, and *young men were not any too plenty at the Pavilion* that summer.

The latest comer had taken the finest suite of rooms in the wing known as Bachelor's Hall, and a great pile of trunks, bearing his initials, stood in the vestibule, where they were jealousy regarded by the other young men, heart-broken by the consciousness of having brought but a portmanteau, or one small trunk at most.

Next appeared on the scene a tall, slim, dignified mulatto, answering to the name of Wilson, and claiming to be the new young man's valet.

Increased twitter on the part of the belles, and deeper jealousy on the part of the beaux.

The cause and origin of these emotions did not show himself at once. He ordered breakfast in his apartments—recklessly disregarding that clause of the "Rules of this House" that read: "V. All refreshments furnished to guests in their *rooms will be charged extra*"—*and only made his* appearance in public at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

When it became known that he was actually visible, and smoking a cigar on the eastern piazza, it was wonderful to see the straggling procession of young persons that passed that way, all looking extraordinarily demure and unconscious, but all taking a good square look at the hero of four trunks and a valet.

Fay Somers was about the only young man who did not join in this procession. He honestly did not care two-pence for any new arrival. Imogene Fraser was about the only damsel who refrained, and she said she thought it was an exhibition of brazen ill-breeding in others.

Truth, however, compels me to say that her room was in the rear *extension of the building*, and so situated as to command an excellent view of the piazza where the new comer sat. She *could stand quietly at her window, unseen*, and scrutinize him through the blinds, much more effectively than those who wandered so nonchalently in front of him.

At a watering-place like Belle Lake, where the household assumes almost the air of a huge, and not very well assorted family party, the business of making acquaintances presents no great difficulties. The new young man played billiards, and marvellously, with Tom Clavers, and exchanged cards with him. Then he took a row on the lake with some friend of Tom's to whom the latter had introduced him. Then, at the "In formal" that evening these youths found him willing partners for a dance, and in three days he knew every lady worth knowing.

Edward Dewey—that was the name on the card—soon found himself a favorite with the ladies. He was of the conventional type of magnificence; the brown-eyed, curly-headed, red and white cheeked, round built type, with small hands and feet, a very black moustache and the nattest of all natty habiliments. These *in singular* profusion, too. He had coats for breakfast, coats for walking, coats for riding, coats for sailing, coats for dinner, and coats for idling in his room. Trowsers, waistcoats, and boots likewise abounded with him, all kept in scrupulous order by his slim mulatto. In the matter of scarfs, and neck-ties, with the jewelled pins thereto devoted, he was truly gorgeous, and perhaps a little to *pronounce*. If a man has the least faint of vulgarity, let him beware of his neck. It is his vulnerable part. If he err not in his tie, nor in his watch-guard, he does nobly well.

Nobody could say, absolutely, that Mr. Dewey's ties or chain were vulgar, but Fay Somers's first criticism, when asked his opinion was sufficiently just.

"Too much thoracic decoration," said he.

The valet came one day with a very polite note for Miss Imogene Fraser. "Would Miss. F. be so very kind as to lend Mr. Dewey her guitar for a few hours?"

Here was now a new revelation. Dewey played with great cleverness, and was unanimously invited to entertain a booting-party, the following evening. He sang, also, prettily, and turned his dark eyes pensively to the moon. At the close of the song, Fay Somers gently nudged Imogene, who sat near him, breathless and delighted.

"There's a poor prince, Imogene," he whispered.

She blushed so rosy and red that he saw it in the moonlight, and laughed.

"Mr. Dewey is a very entertaining gentlemen," said she, a little severely.

"You *say that*," replied Fay, "just as you might say, The Apollo Belvidere is a very pleasing figure. Why don't you call him 'splendid,' *and done with it?*"

"Hush! he is going to sing again."

Thereafter it became evident, to Somers, at least, that Imogene had something on her mind, as the saying is. She was a trifle stormy at moments, and given also to sudden fits of inexplicable gayety. Once or twice Fay caught her crying, for which crime she hated him. There is no use in dodging the fact any longer. My readers have all guessed it. She was in love with Ned Dewey. Her prince had come.

As the summer days passed an, this regal person developed. He not only gave delightful breakfasts and suppers in his apartments, over which all the young bloods were loudly enthusiastic, but organized, also, many picnics in the ancient woods thereabout, which made the belles of Belle Lake quite miserable with happiness. To Imogene's intense delight, he evinced an idea of *making her in some sort the central charm of* these charming affairs, and held mighty and profound consultations with her concerning the details.

They thus became associated, in a certain degree, before the public eye, and when Madame Rumor significantly whispered of a most portentious flirtation, not to say engagement, between them, Imogene did little more than to blush, and stammer a denial that sounded like a confirmation.

Meanwhile, Dewey held his popularity with the rest, Imogene was the cynosure of a hundred envious eyes! Nobody could teach a lady the rudiments of swimming like Ned Dewey. Nobody could watch over a companion on a horseback ride with the same skilful care. Nobody could dance so elegantly. Nobody displayed the same grace in feathering an oar. Nobody wore such splendid attire.

The young men joined faintly in these encomiums. They didn't especially see why all the girls should rave about him, but allowed that he was a wonderful player, and could mix punches, cobblers, and other *constructive* beverages better than anybody else. Farther, that he would drink more of them when mixed, and show it less. No mean accomplishment among young men about town, this last.

Fay Somers did not like Dewey.

"I know a gentleman in the prize-fighting profession," said he, ironically, "who can beat him of sight at rowing and swimming and such. A friend of mine in the gambling interest can give him fifty points at billiards. My poor old French dancing master is far better posted in redows and galops. My cousin, Kate Rutherford, has a groom in livery who makes a much superior horseback cavalier. Jim, the bar-keepor of this hotel, is equally learned in the noble art of mixing liquors; and, finally, any tailor's *dummy* wears as fine an assortment of clothing as Dewey. But while he rivals all these I have mentioned, he doesn't rival *any intellectual man I know, at all. Nobody* ever heard him say a word worth remembering, and his whole conversation, among women, is the flattest sort of platitude. Among men it is a good deal worse. He boasts of his conquests, and claims to be a sort of Don Ciovanni *redivivus!*"

Fay had too much sense to say all this publicly. He didn't consider himself censor of social morals for belle Lake. But he told it privately to Imogene Fraser.

And that is where he made a great mistake in spite of his