

ADVERTISING.
TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS...
PHILADELPHIA.
C. B. ROGERS,
No. 133 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HUMAN HAIR.
JOSE GLADING, Hair Artist,
No. 25 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Gilling Twine!
Gilling Twine!
NEW STOCK AT
REDUCED PRICES!
RATES & COATES,
209 CHURCH STREET,
Philadelphia.

Shimberlin & Stratton
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
Assembly Buildings,
S. W. COR. TENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!
JOHN FAIREIA,
714 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

1870. FALL. 1870.
GEORGE D. WISHAM,
No. 7 NORTH EIGHTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.,
JEWELERS,
No. 902 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia.

RAND, PERKINS & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
the most approved Brick Set,
and Portable Heaters.

PHILADELPHIA.
VANDERBILT, STAPLER & CO.
COMMISSION HOUSE,
334 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

FURNITURE
THE OLD ESTABLISHED
HEDDING WAREHOUSE OF H. H. LEWIS,
No. 1430 and 1431 Market Street.

SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, &c.
EVERY GOOD MAKE.
COOPER & CONNOR,
S. E. cor. Ninth and Market Streets,
Philadelphia.

SPECTACLES RENEWED USELESS
Natural Sight Restored
AND PRESERVED TO THE LATEST PERIOD OF LIFE.
DR. J. BALL & CO.'S
Patent Improved Eye Cup.

STOVES and TIN-WARE.
ENTIRE NEW STOCK.
OLD COACH SHOP,
In the Hollow, below Price's Hotel.

ROOFING & SPOUING
NOTE.
John E. Alexander & Bro.,
Elkton, Jan 28, 1871--

CHANGE OF HOURS.
Philadelphia, Wilmington and
Baltimore Railroad.

PHILA., WIL. & BALT. RAILROAD.
Trains leave North East station as follows:
(Sundays excepted.)

MEETINGS OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
THE regular meetings of the County Commissioners will be held on the second TUESDAY of every month.

ORCHILLA GUANO.
A TRUE BIRD GUANO
Rich in Phosphate, Nitrogen, and equal to the best.
JOHN PARTRIDGE,
Elkton, Md.

PUBLIC SALE.
In a Garret.
This realm is sacred to the silent past.
Of dust and dreams—the years are long,
Since last
A stranger's foot-fall pressed the creaking stair.

PUBLIC SALE.
S. H. HARRIS, Auctioneer.
The following Personal Property:
1. Several HOUSES, with the Heifer Calf at her side, 1 BIRD, 2 SHEEP.

PUBLIC SALE.
B. H. HARRIS, Auctioneer.
The following Personal Property:
1. Several HOUSES, with the Heifer Calf at her side, 1 BIRD, 2 SHEEP.

PUBLIC SALE.
MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE,
Near Cecilton, Cecil County, Maryland.
By virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Carter to the State Bank of Cecil County, Md.

PUBLIC SALE.
120 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.
This is divided into 50 lots, all well watered. On this tract are 500 head of sheep, 200 head of cattle, and a few head of horses.

PUBLIC SALE.
THE WHITE CAMELLA.
A LONDON STORY.
There were no pleasanter rooms in London than those of my friend Edward Maynard.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Cecil County, Md., has received from the Orphans Court of said county, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of the late CHARLES H. JAMES.

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chamber, and the way in which the head was posed on the bosom, 'like a bell-flower on its bed,' might have inspired Mr. Browning with that simile.

It was not only at first sight, but love with a photograph. I had not thought my susceptibilities easily roused, but here I was in a fever of love about a small picture on a piece of pasteboard.

When would Tedly come in? I paced the room impatiently, holding the photograph before me. I opened the window and looked up and down the street many times, and at last, after what seemed hours, I heard his footsteps on the stairs, and he lounged into the room.

'Well, old man, how are you?' he said; 'glad you got my note and waited.' 'Teddy,' I said, without returning his greeting, and showing him the photograph, 'tell me whose likeness this is.' 'It is Tedly,' he said, 'prolonging that exclamation in the most aggravating way possible, and coolly lighting a pipe. 'How excited you are about it!'

'I know I am excited,' I said, 'for I had worked myself up into a perfectly ridiculous condition. But to answer my question, Who is this girl? I must know.' 'Let me see it,' he said, pretending not to recognize it. 'O yes, that—that is a photograph of my aunt, the Empress of China. Nice old girl, isn't she?' 'Teddy,' I said, impatiently, 'please be serious. I'm awfully spongy upon this picture. Pray, tell me where you got it and all about it.'

'I tell you my aunt—' he began, and then seeing how annoyed I looked, he said, 'Well, my dear boy, the fact is, I don't know who it is any more than you do. I thought it was a tidy face, and bought it of some photographic chap in the suburbs somewhere, for a shilling.'

I was bitterly disappointed, and sat down in a disconsolate way, still keeping hold of the photograph. I had almost rather he had told me the unknown beauty was married, or out of my reach in some other way; it was the suspense, the absence of any knowledge whatever about her, that was so hard to bear.

'Why, Frank, old boy,' said Tedly, 'you look all knackered of a heap. You don't mean to say that you are really spongy on that carte. Why, she may be the mother of any number of promising children. She may be a blessed bairn.'

'Teddy, please don't. I'm hard hit. I know I'm a ass, but I can't help it. I will find out about this girl, if possible. Can't you remember where you bought the photograph?' 'No, upon my honor I can't. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, I fancy. I was dining in Bayswater, I know, but I can't be sure.'

'Certainly. But if you'll take my advice, Frank, you'll put it into the fire.' 'Thank you. I shan't do that.' And I placed the carte carefully in my pocket-book. 'Now, good-by. Look you up again to-morrow.'

'All right. But where are you off to in such a hurry?' 'Well,' I said slowly, 'I think I shall take a walk in the neighborhood of Westbourne Grove.' 'You are a ass,' was the complimentary rejoinder, and then I went away.

Westbourne Grove, as most Londoners know, is not to be understood in a sylvan or rural sense, for but few trees grace the pleasant Bayswater thoroughfare which passes by that name. It is a sort of miniature Regent Street, many of the shops being offshoots from parent establishments there; and it is the favorite lounge of the female part of the Bayswater population.

Teddy was out. He was always out when you called, and I was waiting for him, in obedience to a note left for me with his Cerberus. Having to wait, it was natural that I should light a cigar, and then, looking about for the mischief which Dr. Watts declares the enemy of mankind will always find for idle hands to do, I seized upon one of the photographic albums and the slip is redolent of scent, while from every sloping shoulder the curl called by the profane 'Follow-me-lads,' waves in the summer breeze.

tally noting the address, I rushed off to Maynard's rooms.

Teddy was seated in his easiest arm-chair tranquilly engaged in the consumption of sherry and seltzer, and smoking an enormously long wooden pipe. He looked up as I entered, and said, 'Ah! the photographic mimic; and how are we and the picture to-day.'

'To-day,' I said, in a tone of triumph, 'we have found out the address.' 'Indeed?' he said, calmly. 'Then sit down and have a pipe, there's plenty of seltzer in that cupboard, so mix and be happy.'

'Insensate creature! you don't even ask who she is!' 'Not I. Have heard so much about her for the last month or so, that you'll excuse me for saying it, but I think I would rather not know her address. If you want to rave about her as usual, I'll shut my eyes and listen. Don't go on longer than you can help.'

'Wretch!' I said, laughing, 'she is a Miss Yane, lives in Worcester Square, Hyde Park.' 'Is she? Old maid, I suppose.' 'Well, if you think her photograph is that of an old woman, you are welcome to your opinion. All I can say is that I don't agree with you.'

'And what are you going to do now? You don't know any Yanes, and I don't know any Yanes. I don't see how you're any nearer to your object, which I presume is an introduction. Be satisfied with the address. Give it up—and hand me the tobacco-jar.'

'I shall do neither. I must know Miss Yane; and you are so ungenerally lazy that it will do you all the good in the world to get the booty for yourself.'

'How do you propose to begin this charming game?' 'By going off immediately to reconnoiter the house. I may catch a glimpse of her.' 'Poor fellow!' said Teddy, mockingly, 'touching the house so significantly. "How far gone we are, to be sure!"'

'Teddy Maynard was never known to be in love with anybody himself, and he was quite incapable of comprehending it in other people. Regardless of his class, I set off to Worcester Square to have a look at number twenty-eight.'

I found, as I expected, a fine decorous-looking mansion, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses in the Square. I did not imagine, of course, that there would be anything distinctive about it; but it seemed to me, in my excited frame of mind, that the careless way in which people passed it was highly reprehensible. They did not know what a pearl of price that dull cart contained. There was nothing to be gained, however, by waiting the house just when the inhabitants would be going to dinner, and Miss Yane was hardly likely to appear at one of the windows for my benefit, like a princess in a story-book; so I left the Square, and betook myself to a solitary dinner at the club, where I held a council of war with myself.

The result of that council was that I determined my first move must be to see the lady, to make sure that she was Miss Yane, the original of my photograph, and whether she was likely to stay in town during the whole of the season. In accordance with this resolve I went down to an interview with the affable policeman in the neighborhood. He knew Worcester Square, he said, well—had been in duty near it before he entered the force. Yes, a Mr. Yane, Colonel Yane, lived at number twenty-eight. Any family? Yes—Miss Yane, as handsome a lady as ever stepped. Did they drive or walk out in society in the evening, when he was a guest? And as he spoke my informant's head closed affectionately over the half-sovereign which I slipped into it.

This was so far satisfactory. I did not go back to incredulous Teddy to pass the morning, but strolled tranquilly into the Park, and there consumed innumerable cigars, thinking over my good fortune in having a chance of seeing Miss Yane, and to wonder, in the next day or two, why, whether she would notice me. So I went on musingly, but not very sleepily, for I had been thinking of her so continuously for so many months that I almost believe my mind could, as some people say, have influenced hers. Our thoughts should have been in rapport, some knowledge of my strange and earnest love might, I fancied, have made itself felt in her heart. If the mind, concentrated on one object, has power and volition beyond the body, as has been asserted, and cases bearing out the statement are not uncommon—I know that I must have exercised some mysterious influence over her thought and feeling, although she would never know from whence it came.

Such were some of my thoughts as I paced up and down the west side of the Park, watching the workmen putting up the hoar to come when I might have a chance of again seeing my divinity. I was just leaving the Park when I saw an elegant carriage coming towards the gates at a quick pace. I stepped aside to let it pass, and the face that had haunted me sleeping and waking for so many months flashed across me again. Our eyes met for a minute, and then the carriage bore her out of sight, and left me standing near the gates with my face flushed and my heart beating as if I had been undergoing some violent exercise. Colonel Yane and his daughter had come for their drive earlier than usual, or I might have seen her get into the carriage. Now, however, they would probably be in the park, and I could go and watch them pass and repeat myself at a convenient part of the railing, and waited for the carriage. At last, far down the line, I could see it approach. My darling had on the latest, sweetest little summer bloom in the world, and her beautiful brown hair shown underneath it, as if formed a coronal for the face and lustrous eyes that beamed in thrill. Her father, a handsome, soldierly looking old man with a grey moustache, sat beside her, and she seemed to be listening attentively to some story he was telling her, for she looked straight in front of her, and I never caught her eye again during the whole time that I watched her in the drive. And yet it was happiness enough just to see her at all, and until they drove away from the Park my bliss was complete—'Then I went away alone, feeling very desolate, my vision had vanished. When was I to see it again? and how was I to get any nearer to an intimacy with her? Any

one might look at her in the Park. How was I to gain a clearer privilege? CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.