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ORIGINAL STORY.

FLOATING HEARTS OR THE Mystery of Glenburnne.

BY ETHEL.

CHAPTER IV.

"Omnia vincit amor."

It was the latter part of October, and one of those bright autumnal mornings, that made it difficult to remain within doors. Such an extensive array of variegated foliage greeted the eye in every direction. And far over the distant hills, loomed "Glenburnne. Its ivy clad granite walls, and marble pillowed porticoes, stood out in bold relief against a back ground of rich green fir, and brightly tinted autumn leaves.

A terraced garden, with exquisitely carved urns, fairy-like fountains, and broad marble steps to each parterre, gleamed out in the sunlight. While a meandering stream fitfully played through the grounds, over little barricades of moss covered rocks, coquettishly murmuring, mischieously tumbling, until due more rush of wild delight, converts into a shiny cascade, which in the distance, looked like a vast silver shield. Such was the view presented to Minnie, as she stepped out upon the balcony.

These two handsome country seats, were more than a mile apart, but both, so considerably elevated, with several hills intervening, that they appeared much nearer.

Drayton, who had been lounging in his room since breakfast, watching a croquet party on the lawn, and wondering why Minnie, did not join them, was attracted by the flutter of her dainty walking suit as she stepped from the door; so getting out of the window, he approached her.

Minnie started, slightly exclaiming—

"I really thought, I, was the only one up here. Why are you not with the players?"

"I might ask you the same question," he replied lightly, then added more earnestly, "I was waiting for you."

"I made no engagement with you," she said, a little surprised.

"No," said he, "you have not, but it is the one great aim and hope of my life, to persuade you to do so." This was said with such melting tenderness in the large eyes, that his meaning could not be misconstrued.

But with a wicked little laugh, Minnie said,

"Well really, lets join them immediately, I had no idea, that so much, was at stake in that game! but I have heard of some gentlemen making the game more interesting, in rather a novel way." And making a move to go, she asked archly: Want me to hold stakes?"

"Yes," said he, catching her hand and trying to detain her. "Hearts are stakes, and you hold them all, *mine with the rest!*"

"Really, Mr. Drayton," she said, with charming embarrassment, rendered more so by an endeavor to conceal it, "you gentlemen, are amusing creatures, How many hearts have you to dipose of, that you distribute them in this way? and to be candid with you, I do not want any of these floating hearts, that never rest in one place, but are arrested by all the drift wood on the surface, and as easily dislodged by a new ripple or bubble."

When about to speak, she interrupted him, with,

"Don't lets prolong this conversation."

"Then," said he, his voice trembling with ill surpressed emotion, while an expression of pain shadowed his broad white forehead, "you count them all as worthless; do you feel no interest, or sympathy for one only of all these trembling, fluttering hearts you hold?" He bent forward eagerly, almost breathlessly, waiting her answer.

As she looked at him, she acknowledged to herself, that she had never seen one of such manly beauty, and her heart trembled as it had never done before. The innermost depths of her womans heart was touched for the first time, her first impulse was to place her hand on his bowed head in a silent benediction asking only, and being content with his love, one thought of so much light love-making, 'scarce off with the old love, before on with the new.' One desperate effort, and she was again calm and cold. Did he take encouragement from her expressive face, that now he almost reels?

A light laugh of mockery at her own misery, and without looking at him, she walked to the railing and leaning over said,

"Sympathy! most assuredly not!"

He leaned back against the tower, every vestage of color left his face.

The silence was broken by Cato, tipping through the hall.

"Your mail, mars Carl, John just got back."

With an effort, Drayton recovered himself, took his letters and walked silently away. He met Raymond, at the foot of the stairs.

"Hey! Drayton, what's the matter? behanged if you don't look wretchedly."

"I—I've just heard some bad news," stammered Drayton, confusedly passing his hand through his hair.

"Deuced sorry," said Raymond, running his arm through Drayton's, they walked into the library.

"These financial crashes are getting quite fashionable, though my letters brought me rather good news."

"The panic don't touch me," said Drayton, with a feeble attempt to smile, "mine is an *affair de ceaour*."

"Ah!" said Raymond, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I would not let the caprices of a woman effect me, particularly, when surrounded by so many beauties; blamed if I didn't think you had lost your fortune."

"Well, if I had one to lose," said he with emphasis, "I would rather have lost it, than that one beautiful dream."

"First is it? that's why it hurts so bad. Finish your letters and lets join the ladies, I have been engaged often, but I'm more delighted with my last *fiancee* than any any of the rest. She made out this morning that she would play the mischief with me if I were not more devoted. I must confess by the way! you were talking with her when the mail came; did you leave her on the porch?" he asked innocently.

"I—I was speaking to Miss Waters," he said, stooping to pick up the letters that had fallen fallen to the floor as the question was asked.

Raymond had reached the door, and closing it walked off lightly, in search of his lady love, perfectly unconscious of having added to his friends unhappiness. He really considered himself engaged to Minnie—thought her a little jealous of his attentions to another, which rather pleased his vanity. He would seek her right away, and convince her how truly he loved her. Opening the parlor door, he looked in; Tule was leaning on the piano turning over music but looking up quickly, she called,

"Mr. Raymond help me learn this!"

"What is it?" he asked, advancing.

"Brightest Eyes."

"Do you think?" he said, with great gallantry, "that I don't know the brightest eyes?"

"Your own vanity might tell you," she said playfully, almost covering his eyes with her hand.

He caught it quickly, and said with great *empressment*.

"Can't I learn something else this morning?"

The door opened and Minnie and Nita came in, with their arms about each other, they were about to retreat, when Tom Moore and Professor Wright entered through another door, addressing some remarks to them, so they went forward, Nita asking:

"What can be the matter with Mr. Drayton? we met him on the stairs and I was really shocked! at his appearance."

"I was not aware that anything was," said Professor, rising. "I'll go and see."

At this Raymond turned round and said.

"He received a letter this morning containing unpleasant news." Very innocently making a mistake for that was certainly his impression.

"What was it?" asked Tule bluntly.

The gentlemen smile, and Tom Moore laughingly said,

"Curiosity!"

"Well," she replied, "I knew you wanted to know, so I thought I'd gratify you by asking the question."

"Which," said Tom slyly, "can't be resisted, out with it Raymond."

"As Mr. Drayton, did not depatize me to publish it Mr. Moore," he said coolly, "I ask to be excused." And crossing over to Minnie, he said, "you were with him when he got the letter," then added in a lower tone, "I have been looking for you."

"Dare say you expected to find me, in that pile of music," she said with a merry laugh.

"No," said he biting his lip, "I came in here to look for you and—"

"Found an excellent substitute," she interrupted lightly.

"Don't Minnie!" he said imploringly, "you will make as miserable as poor Drayton."

"Is he miserable?" she asked with more interest.

"Yes, his exacting lady love has got tired of his devotion elsewhere, and I reckon has broken off with him. I did not read the letter, but judged so from what he said. Come walk with me on the lawn, I do want to speak with you so much," and as she hesitated he added, "I think it is due me after your unkindness this morning."

"Oh!" said she, laughing, "it is my motto to give all, their due."

Taking her hand, he drew it through his arm. As they walked of Minnie called out,

"Come Tule, lets take a stroll towards the enchanted castle."

"I protest against any such arrangement," said Moore, "It always takes me to entertain me, I'm so insufferably dull, that I make it a rule never to impose myself upon one."

"Shew!" said Tule, "I heard a lady say that you were one of the finest scholars of the age."

"I presume Tule, he counts it waste of talent, unless he has an appreciative audience, and the very best construction that I can place on his reluctance to be left with *me only*, is his extreme indolence and great aversion to exert himself, that is, sufficiently to be entertaining," she added archly, giving her bright r inglets a toss, unconsciously throwing them like a shower of gold over Tom's hand, which he had just placed on the back of her chair.

Without moving his hand he bent low until his raven locks touched her sunny tresses, and whispered too low for Tule's ear. "I was afraid I might be idiot enough to attempt love-making."

A thrill of delight filled Nita's heart never before known, and without a thought of its consequences, she raised her beautiful eyes to his; one glance direct from the heart of each these truthful soul-windows unveiled by coquetry or false pride, betrayed the hitherto well kept secret. Neta dropped her head while the daintyest blush suffused her face. Only one moment of wild delight, and Tom held back by mighty effort, words he was too proud to speak.

Tule who had her back to them, arranging a vase of exotics, laughingly said—"Mr. Moore did you ever discover the similarity between yourself and Nita?"

"No, he said, "I should like to know it."

"Well, 'tis this—you are both considered to be heartless, or as cold as an ice-clad mountain; Nita has never been known to feel or utter anything pertaining to sentiment, and you, she said,' drawing her stately form to its fullest proportions, and throwing a tragic tenderness in her voice while a coquettish smile played over her handsome face, "have never yet been known to tender your heart to any queen."

"Your last conjecture is true," he said,—"I have only a heart Miss Tule, would it be wise to tender that; think you?"

—Here Professor passed the door and Tule accosted him with, "how's your friend?"

He smilingly bade her come on the porch, so laughingly joining him, she said,—'they are too misanthropic in there for me. As she left Nita also arose to go, but he took her hand, and said, "only one moment Miss Nita.—There are ice clad mountains said to be, whose summit glittering in the sunlight, represents myriads of stars and wreaths of diamonds, there are chilled stones that may for ever rest at their foot without a single presumptious aspiration, nor would it be meet for one to be hurled to that point of wealth and beauty, unless it was thickly studded with precious jewels." Then pausing a moment, he took one golden curl in his hand and pressed it to his lips, saying, as he opened his knife and was in the act of severing it, "only one sunbeam it pleads."

"Take it," she said, naively, "would it could melt all the false glittering mountain heights, then when the last shower of desolving jewels had poured down on the stone, each would be seen in their true colors, both claiming to be alike of mother earth."

He did not seek to detain her, and she went to her room, happy in the knowledge, that she was loved by one of earth's noblemen, she understood now why he had always kept at such a respectful distance—he was poor, and she was wealthy, but he loved her and she was happy.

(*To Be Continued.*)

A Sample Clerk.

Jem B. is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment; and whenever and wherever there is an opening for fun he has it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the 'mountings,' entered the store and at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"O a'most anything' I want to git a kind of a ginteel job, I'm tired o' farming' an' kin turn my hand to most anything.'

"Well, we want a man; a good, strong, healthy man, as sample clerk.'

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay $1000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller have to do?"

"O, merely to test medicines, that's all. It reqdires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any, we test every parcel.—You would be required to take—say, six or seved ounces of Castor Oil some days, and with a few doses of Rhubarb, Aloes, Croton Oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to take anything; but, as a general thing, you can count upon—say, from six to ten doses of something, daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; and, as I said before, it requires a person of very health organization to endure it it, but you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man, pointing to a very pale-faced, slim-looking youth, who happened to be present, has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready, and if you say so, we'll begin to day. Here's a new barrel of castor oil just come in; I'll go and draw an ounce—"

Here, verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with—

"No-n-o, I g-u-e-ss not to day, any how. I'll go down and see my aunt, an' ef I c'clude to come, I'll come up temorrow an' let you know.'

As he did not return, it is supposed he considered the work too hard.

Now is the time to subscribe for the COURIER.

The Reason Why.

The reason why men do not like smart women is because they (the men) are too proud to like being taken account of and measured by 'only a women.' They hate much intellect in a female skull, for intellect will think and discriminate and judge; and 'my lord' is made uneasy and uncomfortable when the eyes of a clear thinking and just-judging woman are upon him. He resents it—and to cure himself spits out his spite on 'literary women.'

The weak and vain desire of most men's hearts, when they meet the gaze of a woman is, that she may be regarding them with admiration and interest arising from the simple fact they are *men*, and of course, overwhelmingly her superior, and not to be gauged, nor fathomed, nor fully estimated by *her*. But the true man—the one in whose nature may yet be discovered the image of God—has no such low vanity, dislike, and vary. He respects intellect alike in woman and in man. Of course he desires to see united to literary talents and attainments, a kindly disposition, and a good share of common sense—for the genius, as well as the simpleton, is a pest without these—and the genius the greatest pest of all. The proper exercise of common sense will teach a woman what is necessary to her situation, no matter how intellectual she may be. There are women, as there are men, who have plenty of uncommon but no common sense. Heaven help all whose lot is cast with such, but while cursing their bad fortune don't let them suppose that it is smartness, intellect, or genius that has wrought their misery. No, no, no! 'tis the lack of a good disposition, or of nood common sense.

BE BUSY.—You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for Christ where you are.—McCHEYNE.

A sheriff's officer was sent to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at the house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, answered in the affirmative at the same time request him to be seated, and her husband would spedily see him. The officer waited patiently some time, but the fat Quaker was coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise, that he should see her husband. 'Nay, friend, I promised that he should see thee.—He has seen thee! He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and has left the house by another path.'

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REPORT

Of Committee Upon the Finances of Franklin Co.

We the Committee appointed by your honorable Board at a previous meeting to state the condition of the Finances of the County of Franklin from and including the last report was issued, Aug. 24 1868 to 1st Dec. '73, report the following:

The amount of County orders paid to Mr. S. H. Winston, former Treasurer from Oct 1st 1870 was $27,004.65, and to B. P. Clifton, Treasurer from Oct 1st 1870 to Sept 1st 1873, was $28,692.16, making in all $55,697.41. Of the amount so paid to Mr. Winston of $27,004.61, there was $8,618.21 paid to him in Finance orders issued prior to Aug. 24 '68, and the amount paid to Mr. Clifton of County orders, leaving amount paid to Mr. Winston issued since the 24th Aug '68 of $12,386.44. This amount and the amt. paid to Mr. Clifton, prior to Sept. 1st '73, make $47,079.20. County orders issued from Aug 24 '68 to Sep 1, '73 was $52,436.13. Deduct the above amount of $47,079.20 from $52,436.13. Will leave a balance on hand Sep 1st 1873 of $5,356.93.

County orders issued by the Board since the 1st of Sep '73 to Dec 1st '73, amount to $13,597.04, add to this the amount on hand the 1st Sept '73 of $5,356.93, will make the amount outstanding the 1st Dec '73 $20,951.97. Deduct amt. to balance to be paid by Guaranton for 1872, $750.33 and the amt. to be paid in the hands of Sheriff Wynne to Oct. 1st 1873 $10,118.00 $10,868.33

Add to this by the way of interest, say, $1,475.66

Leaving bal. out standing orders Dec 1st 1873, of $11,343.00

In ascertaining the balance on hand, we estimate the amount of accrued interest at $1,429.66, and deducted the amount of out standing and interest will vary from this, as our estimate may be too large or too small. See account filed in Registers office.

We further report that we have examined the accounts of Mr. S. H. Winston, former Treasurer of the County, and find all his settlements with the County correct. Also state, that the present Treasurer, Mr. B P Clifton's books are kept in a business like manner, and that his acts are all correct.

Respectfully Submitted,

W. H. PERRY, E. A. CROOK, Clerk Com. J. J. DAVIS, Committee.

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