everything just as natural and easy in his manner as if he had been an old bachelor brother, instead of the handsome youngster that he was.

It struck me that George wanted to outstay the other visitors; but they were so much delighted either with Netty, or themselves (though she looked weary enough of their chit-chat, poor girl!) that he unwillingly took his departure late in the evening, leaving them still in possession of the field, or rather, the sofa.

All the next day I had such trouble with Netty. It was almost impossible to get on with the child. She was neither cross nor ill-natured, (my darling was too sweet tempered naturally for that); but she was so fitful and feverish, and so inclined to sigh every five minutes, that when I found she could not be coaxed into taking a little magnesia, or going to bed and having warm bricks to her feet, I began to be really worried.

At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as we sat working together, just as I had turned the heel of the last one of my half-dozen pair, out came the real trouble.

"Did you ever see two such stupids, Aunty?"

Thinking of course, she alluded to last nights' committee of 'Young America,' I replied promptly,—

"They certainly *were* very insipid, my dear.—I wondered that you could endure them for an instant."

"Ma'am!" ejaculated Netty in real astonishment.

"Oh, if you mean George Holmes and Henry Kirtland," I laughed, "I'll retract. I consider them both very fine young men, though George is my favorite."

"He is'nt *my* favorite," said Netty, tossing her head. "In times like these true men would never shrink from their duty. They're cowards, both of them; but I must say George Holme's fear of being drafted is perfectly amusing."—And she burst into tears by way of illustration.

She did'nt intend that I should know it, but I saw the bright drops falling one by one, upon her sewing.

"Don't think of them, dearie," I said, soothingly. "There are plenty of brave young fellows in the world, and better worthy my girl's thoughts. Henry Kirtland, if I am not mistaken, is a—"

"So he is," interrupted Netty, excitedly. "I really am tired and sick of his nonsense; and last night his shameless avowal of unpatriotic sentiment made me fairly despise him. He is agreeable and amusing enough; but I hate these agreeable men," she added, biting off her thread with a snap, as though it were the "one neck" of all mankind so longed for by that old tyrant in Plutarch's Lives.

"Then you must hate George Holmes too," I said, as a sort of left-handed plea for my protigee; "for he is certainly very agreeable at times."

"I *do* hate him, and he isn't one bit agreeable," pouted Netty, as she made a vigorous stitch, drawing her thread through with a jerk.

"He was a little gawky last night, I own," was my amiable response; "but—"

"Gawky!" cried Netty; "well, if that isn't a strange charge to make against George Holmes. I'm sure I never saw any thing in the least way gawky about him. It's his principles that I object to."

"Ah, his principles!" I echoed, remembering his anti-draft notions. "Yes, they're not what they ought to be, that's certain."

"Why, Aunt Hester?" exclaimed Netty, laying her work upon her lay and looking me full in the face; "what in the world has Mr. Holmes ever done to you that you should talk so dreadfully about him?"

In sheer despair of suiting the poor, distracted child, I explained.

"Oh, it's only about not wanting to go to the war, my dear; in other respects I consider him to be one of the finest young men I ever knew."

"Umph!" she answered; "I don't see any thing particularly fine about him for my part.—One thing is certain, he's a coward, though he professes to be such a staunch Union man. I'll have nothing more to say to him;" and Netty's sewing caught one tear after another, smothering their fall in its soft folds as though it pitied her.

I was just thinking what I should say next when the door bell rang.

In an instant our new colored boy handed in a letter.

"For Miss Netty," said he, looking with no little curiosity around the room as he spoke, for it was all novel to him yet. "The man's a waitin' fur an answer."

Netty read her letter. It contained something very important; I knew that by her manner. Then she got out her little desk and sat writing for a few minutes. Her lips were pale, and I could see that her hand trembled a good deal.—After the messenger had gone away with her reply, I took an old aunty's privilege and asked who her letter was from.

"From Henry Kirtland, Aunt Hester," she replied, quite sobered down. "He—he won't come here any more, I think."

And this was all she ever said to me about it, though I knew very well that his letter contained an offer of marriage, and that she refused him.

It is a strange circumstance (but I am writing about just what happened,) in less than an hour the bell rang again, and our waiter-boy soon after bolted into the room with a quizzical,

"Here's anudder note for Miss Netty."

"Is—is the person waiting?" stammered Netty, holding the still unopened letter in her hand.

"No, marm."

"You may go, then."

I wouldn't have been human if I hadn't looked up from my knitting a few times while the child was reading it—any how I couldn't help doing so. At last, after seeing her blush and start, and finally bury her face in her hands with a quick sob, I walked straight up to her and wound my arms about her neck.

"What is it, dearie?" I whispered, kissing her.

She handed me the letter to read, and I held it up with one hand while with the other I stroked her soft, beautiful hair.

Surely the men must have been possessed after my Netty that day. This letter, too, contained an offer of marriage; but it was from George. Oh! how beautifully he told the old, old story. I can't remember half the letter contained, but I know it said that he had loved her for a long time but had not been in a position to offer a fitting home; that he had at last gained, what for her sake he had steadily labored for—a competence; but he felt he had no right to linger by her side now that his country was in danger, and that he had lately entered the army. He had intended the night before to tell her about it, and all he felt, and so on. In the evening he would call to "learn his fate," he said, and bid her farewell for a time, unless, indeed, she should banish him forever. There was much more in it that I can't recall now, but I remember the letter made me fairly cry with joy; for Netty was the orphan child of my only sister, and the young man was one after my own heart.

Netty looked up at me when I had finished reading.

"You see," she said, smiling brightly through her tears, "we were mistaken about his courage after all. God grant that *mine* may not falter. It is right for him to go."

"So it is," I responded, heartily. "We might have known, bless his heart! what he meant by saying that his name should never be upon the draft list."

Netty was looking dreamily before her, but with such a happy light in her eye that I thought it wasn't best to talk much, so I sat down again and narrowed off my toe.

I wasn't in the room that evening, so I can not of course, be expected to tell what happened.

I only know that I am very busy now, for Netty and the Captain are to be married when he comes home on his first furlough, and there are lots of things to be made.

How Grant Loaded Logs.—Some one who knows Lieutenant General Grant from boyhood communicates to the *National Intelligencer* a biographical sketch of the General. As showing his business turn early in life, the biography says:—

At the age of twelve he aspired to the management of his father's draught team, and was intrusted with it for the purpose of hauling some heavy hewed logs, which were to be loaded with the aid of levers and the usual appliances by several stout men. He came with his team and found the logs, but not the men. A boy of more imaginative genius, and of equal but differently directed contrivances, might have laid down to listen or dream, or build houses of chips. Not so with *this* boy, who, unlike others, acted upon the idea that where there was a will there was a way, and hesitated not at the undertaking.

Observing a fallen tree, having a gradual upward slope, he unhitched his horses, attached them to a log, drew it horizontally to the tree, and then drew one end of it up the inclined trunk, higher than the wagon truck, and so as to project a few feet over, and thus continued to operate until he had brought several to this position. Next he backed the wagon under the projecting ends, and finally, one by one, hitched to and drew the logs lengthwise across the fallen trunk, on to his wagon, hitched up again and returned with his load to his astonished father.

This anecdote is well remembered by old citizens of Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio, where Grant spent his early boyhood.

From the dispatches of Fleet-Captain Pennock, from Cairo, to the Navy Department, it appears that the rebels did not get possession of the city of Paducah, being driven off by three gunboats, which laid at that point. Only a portion of the city was destroyed, and that was done by the shells of the gunboats. 300 rebels were killed, and over 1,000 wounded. Several citizens of the place were killed during the fight. General A. P. Thompson (rebel,) was killed. Forrest's force was reported at 6,500.

In reply to an invitation by a number of wealthy gentlemen in New York to Gen. Grant, to dine with them, which he promptly declined, he said among other things, "Your efforts to give men and money to carry on the war are all that is necessary to a reconstruction of the whole Union stronger than it ever was."