PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 6---NO. 31.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 291

STRICTLY TRUE. She was a wild little creature, with her pretty, dimpled fee full of mischief; always saying of avagant things and giving people wrong impressions, and yet she bore people wrong impressions, and yet she bore the important title of-Mrs. Dudley Rivington. Her husband, who was decidedly grave and sedate, thought she did not support his name with sufficient dignity, and he sometimes undertook to lecture her on what he considered her "little failing;" but with some mischievous reply she was always sure to put to flight his gravity.

Every one wondered how two people so totally unlike as Dudley Rivington and Lizzie Rising had ever been drawn together; but it is a true saying that people like their opposites, and Mr. Rivington, who was at first shocked, then amused by Lizzie's pranks, at length found himself in love with the little hoyden; while Lizzie, who stood in considerable awe of this gentleman, gradually found her respect deepening into a different feeling. And so they were marriedand, different though they were, no word of discord ever marred their happiness. He bore good naturedly with her mischievous disposition, but at times he would east about in his own mind for some way to cure her.

"My dear," said Mr. Rivington, one day, as be entered the apartment where his bride was sitting, "I have heard something very" strange."

"What is it?" asked Lizzie.

"I have heard that your parents were very much opposed to our union, and that we were obliged to clope at night by jumping out of the back window, and that then we had gone immediately to the clergyman. and had been married without the knowledge of our parents, who, in consequence, had disinherited you, and had refused to have anything to do with you."

"How very strange!" exclaimed Lizzie, "how could such a report have originated?" "Have you not said something in fun which might have given rise to it?"

"No, said Lizzy, thoughtfully, and then she added, "Oh, now I remember. The other day, when Sally Brewster was here-you know she has a perfect horror of old gentlemen-she asked me in her innocent way, bow I came to marry a person so much older than myself, "For my own part," said she, "I never should wish to marry an old man, and pa and ma wouldn't let me if I did."-She is such an honest little creature, and always takes everything so literally that I wished to autonish her, so I replied, "I sprang out of a back window at night, married quite early the next morning." I suppose that must have been the way the course, by circulation."

"But Lizzie, what did possess you to say such a thing?" continued Mr. Rivington. "Only for mischief. I meant to have undeceived her before she left me, but I for-

"Do you think it right to say what is not true, even in fun, Lizzie?" asked her husband, with a grave look.

got it."

"But it was strictly true; Dudley; for do you not recollect my telling you that the night before we were married, I became nlarmed by the cry of fire next door, and I sprang out of the window which was near the ground, and as soon as the first feeling

"What you said then was true in the letter but was it so in the spirit?" asked Mr. passed her by with a scornful look. At Rivington, as he gazed carnestly into his one time she discovered two ladies converswife's face."

"Now, grandpa," said Lizzie, as she stroked down his whiskers, "please don't preach wordsme a sermon, for I was only in fun when I said it, and I think people might understand dreadfully matter of

... .nake your assertions with so grave a face you must expect peopie to think that you mean what you say. Lizzie laughed, and wondered what made her husband so very sober, and wished that ble that they referred to her, she lost the his turn wished that his wife was not quite words reached her from another direcso full of spirits. But he had still consider- tionable annoyance to go through with, before Litzie gave up this "little failing."

It was in vain that he talked to her about dignity; her eyes would dance with gance mischief as she bastened to him.

One day he went up to his wife as she at was looking out of the vindow, and, putting bar his arm around her; inquired why she was bear looking out so witterly.

"I was searching for some blue sunshing, for I are perfectly, " out a little way this afternood."
"That, is and," said he illustrated, air of mock solemetry," for I believe the

is no limite asylum very near here."

"New, Mr. Solomon do be quiet! the is no comfort in telling tens i roubles you I suppose you that should rather lies go.

There's "You ght eye."

self into trouble if you continue to talk in with the ladies, you know. I think he was this style, saying things you do not mean.

"No. 1 am sure I do not." "Are you certain that it was not some of your mischief? Think."

Lizzie blushed as she replied evasively, "I suppose it might have been through Mrs. Minus, she is such a gossip."

"But what should give her the idea." "Why it was probably from a remark of mine. I had forgotten about it until you spoke; really she is so prying she provokes

"But what was your remark!" asked her husband smiling.

"It was something I said the other day, when she came in and found me seated in the midst of a number of neighbor's children who had come in for the purpose of learning to crotchet a mat. She looked astonished at seeing such a circle of little people; and I said laughingly, "I have turned teacher," whereupon she asked, in a surprised tone, "Have you!" And when I saw that she believed me to be in carnest, I said very gravely, "Yes." Then she in- having been called away on business." quired if my husband had failed, and as I recollected that it was only that very morning that you had failed in your attempts to get on your new coat, which was too small for you, I answered her in the affirmative. it is not true?" I quite enjoyed the good lady's look of cager curiosity, as she received this piece of information, and she soon took her departure, but I never thought of her telling it

"That was certainly a very good foundation for the report, she could not have wished for a better," said Mr. Rivington calmly. "What I said was all perfectly true, Dudley, but it was really very ridiculous of the

woman to take me so literally." "I am afraid my dear, that your fun will give me considerable trouble."

"I am very sorry," said Lizzie, and she raised her sweet childish face to his.

And he bent down to imprint a kiss on her rosy lips, he felt half tempted to give up the plan which he had formed for prevent ing further mischief, and he recollected the many times that her love of fun had drawn them into trouble, and with an effort he resolved to carry it through.

"I shall have to leave you for a few day,

"Leave me!" she exclaimed, "for what?" "I am obliged to go to A. to-morrow

It was with a heavy heart that Lizzie restory originated, and it has gained, of tired that night. She could not bear the thought of being separated from her hus band even for a few days, and her ever active imagination conjured up all sors of have said, this time." dreadful things which might happen to one or the other of them before they should need again. But it was necessary for him to go, and the next morning she followed him to the door, and received his parting kiss, and then how you were. I replied that you were returned to the room to cry. But her spirits were not easily depressed for a long time, and she soon dried her tears, and lusied herself about the house, thinking all the time how pleasant it would be to have him ed Lizzie. return when the few days had expired.

In the afternoon the bright sun seemed of fear was over, I returned to waken my to invite her out for a walk, and she accordingly went. She met a number of her friends, but some bowed coldly, while others ing together and looking at her-What could it mean? Then she caught the

> "Very strange, is it not?" "Yes," was the reply; "but then they

were so unsuited to each other, that one can searcely wonder at it" "That is true continued the first, "he is so very grave, and she so full of mischief.".

As Lizzie walked quietly on, wondering what they could mean, and if it was possi-

"I should not think "... seen out so soon." And agai - Till

a perfect wretch to leave you, and so soon,

Her meaning began to break upon Lizzie, mind, and she exclaimed almost fiercelys "Of who are you speaking?"

"Mr. Rivington," replied Mrs. A. in some surprise at Lizzie's excited manner, "I heard that he had quarreled with you" and that was the reason of the separation and knowing that you must feel lonely, I hastened to offer my sympathy, trusting that you would excuse the intrusion."

Our heroine drew herself up with considerable dignity, as she replied, "Allow me to say that you have been quite misinformed; this is the first that I have heard of any quarrel, and the separation was caused by some business which has called my husband away for a few days,"

Mrs. A ——hastened to apologize, and soon after left the house. Then came houest little Sally Brewster, who threw her arms around Lizzie's neck, and exclaimed in a tone of sincere sympathy-

"My poor, dear Mrs. Rivington! how sorry I do feel for you! "Why do you feel sorry for me, Sally?"

asked Lizzie, in a calm tone. "Oh, because-because-you know why,"

said Sally, hesitatingly. "I know nothing about me to excite sympathy, except that I have been left alone for t few days, in consequence of my husband

Sally replied in a tone of surprise, "Why I was informed-that-that-"That my husband and I had quarreled and separated," said Lizzie.

"You have heard of the report, then, and "Oh, ves, I have heard of it, and I have

also been condoled with, but I cannot imagine what give rise to such an idea." Sally did not hurry away as Mrs. A -had done and Lizzie found it a com-

fort to have a friend with her. She was obliged to receive visits of condolence all the afternoon, and in the evening her gentlemen friends came "to offer their sympathies," as they said, but Lizzie thought it was rather to satisfy their curiosity, and she wished herself any where rather than in a country village. Every one expressed such deep sorrow for her, that they almost began to think she must be a very unhappy being, and she became wrought up to a state of wretchedness; she did not dare to venture out, and at length excused herselt positively to all visitors.

This state of affairs continued until the return of Mr. Rivington, which took place rather sooner than his wife had anticipated. Lizzie ran to meet him and throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears.

"What ails my pet?" he asked, as he kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, Dudley!" sobbed Lizzie, "there has been such a strange report circulated throughout the whole place-they said that you and I had quarreled, and that was the reason that you had gone away and left me." A quizzical air came over Dudley's face

"What very strange reports, my dear, gain credence! How could this have arisen, do vou know?" His wife replied-

"I have not the slightest idea: I am sure it could not have been from anything that I

Dudley passed his hand thoughtfully across his face as he observed slowly, "Could it have been from a remark that I made on the morning I left you? I recollect now meeting one of the neighbors, who inquired well when I last saw you. But then we had a few words together and separated. I noticed that he looked rather surprised at

Oh, Dudley! how could you?" exclaim-

"Why, my dear, I was only in fun, and then besides it was strictly true; but people are so very matter-of-fact-any one might know that I would not leave you, no matter for how short a time, without having a few parting words with you."

"But it has placed me in such a very strange position. I did not think that of

Mr. Rivington folded his little wife in his arms, and asked to be forgiven. Lizzie had generosity enough to see how much trouble she had often been the cause of bringing upon him in a similar way; and now, in her turn, she laughed heartily over the mortification she had suffered.

Her husband's remedy proved a most effectual one, and from that time she was more careful to reserve truth in the spirit as well as in the fetter, of what she said.

SCATTERING THE SOUTHERNERS.—The sudden change from the sighs of the Indian summer to he was a little more playful; while he in remainder of the conversation. Then the the blustering gales of winter, has caused a grand stampede of our Southern friends, whose faces have been and turn in the promenade, the social circle and places of public amusement. With the first those, away goes the unwelcome "Yellow Jack". faces have been familiar to us during the au-

bers return totheir honsehold godsere return to their household godsp travel just now is immuned both
and rait. The Nativille, for
n Saturday, had more than her half
massengers and the Philadel
and morrow, will he row
are to New York phote
the Russians are to the
departure will have revy
York Heraid.

Autumn. BY S. H. WHITMAN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary, In the soft light of an autumnal day, When summer gathers up her robes of glory, And, like a dream of glory, glides away.

How, through each lovel, familiar path she Screnely smiling through the golden mist, Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,

Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst. Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled, Till the slant sunbeams through the fringes

Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold. Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,

Where yellow fern-tufts fleek the faded ground. With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow The gentian nods, in balany slumbers bound.

The littlebirds, upon the hill-sides lonely, Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray, Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only

Shows its bright wings and softly glides nwny. 25 scentless flowers in the warm sunlight

dreaming. Forget to breathe their fullness of delight; And thro' the tranged woods soft airs are streaming,

Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

Lo! in my beart a sweet unwonted feeling Stirs like the wind in ocean's bollow shell Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing

Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell-Fallacy of Premature Education. When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping their brains fallow, as t were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, antie-developed vanity, is mealculable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents

may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it who have been in the harness long before And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its

regained? There may be some excuse for this early book work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor, It is worth while, perhaps to run the risk them book knowledge. The chance of mis- mist, a vapor ; he recognized no chief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty one years of his life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest imple-

A similar course of argument applies to taking children early to church, and to overdeveloping their minds in any way. There is no knowing, moreover, the disgust and weariness that may grow up in the minds of young persons from their attention being prematurely claimed .- Afthur's Helps.

FRENCH WOMEN.--One sees compara tively few beautiful women in Paris. I know of no large city out of Egypt which has so little to boast of in this respect. One may walk for hours on the Boulevards or the Rue de Rivoli, and not meet a dozen really lovely faces. Among the poor classes, the women are generally hopelessly plain or positively ugly. In the higher ranks, there are, of course, many fine looking ladies, but few positively beautiful. They have neither the rich blooming complexion of the English, nor the softness and delicacy of features of the Italian women. There is a frightful prevalence of snub noses and pig eyes, and villainous low forcheads. Every other women you see is chubby or thick-waisted, or roundshouldered, or big-ankled. If she happens to be tall, ten chances to one she is squint-

oyed and has a horrid stoop. And then nothing is more common than to meet women with beards-huge, black and bristling! Nothing has more forcibly struck me than this latter peculiarity. It is not scores, but hundreds of women you meet daily, with upper lips black as the ace of spades. There is this to be said on the other hand—the French women of the better orders dress with exquisite taste. By come, and even defects of face are softened down into something half charming. Add to this perfection of toilet, a certain pertness and sauciness of carringera vivacity the most sparkling, yet the most delicate, and that indefinable naivete which is the crowning grace of women - and votr have, I susthe French salon.
Correspondence of the Utica Daily Herald:

Marxing and Rouse of Life.—Remember that every present lowever law that significant feelings to all contentions for gence by rather your orient than (human). Value triumph only as the monar of search to get you increased more from the passion; it does not have not have a different contentions by passion; it does more harm to your own character has it does from to them; the same thing is better done by firmulass, and persuasion. Find fault, where you must find fault, in private, it possible; and some in persuasion. Find fault, where you must find fault, in private, it possible; and some in persuasion. Find fault where you must find fault, in private it possible; and some in persuasion. The blamed are less inclined to reliable to the firm that are the others and the accused is both parties are calmer, and the accused is struck with the forbearance of the accused is struck with the forbearance of the accused.

[From the Home Magazine.] ONLY AN EPISODE.

BY H. F. STAUFFER.

From the time that John Emerson first came to Valley Home, I noticed that a gradual change came over me. I grew more thoughtful. My life seemed to be opening to a more earnest beauty. There was a regretfulness for that which was past, a restlessness in the present, and a longing for a sweeter fulfilment of the future.

Why this was so, I could not tell. Emerson was nothing to me. I did not love Why, compared with the plough-boy now him; I do not know that I even admired him. There was little affinity between us. He was calm, stern, reserved, and at times, when he provoked me by his words or actions, proud, arrogant, and presumptive.

He was too deep for me; too deep in earning, and too deep in observation. In contrast with myself, these traits and qualities were especially prominent. I was wild. giddy, thoughtless; couple with these, indolence, and a dislike to study, and to the every day actualities of life, and you can make a fair estimate of my character.

I knew that I was beautiful; but I am happy to say that, with this consciousness. there was no vanity. My beauty was of a peculiar style; fresh, piquant, consisting of combination, or at least a beauty not to be Won't you come up and see her?"

"Yes, I will, Eddy. I shall go with you

Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, was not handsome. True, he was well formed, and graceful in his movements, but his face had nothing attractive about it. His lips bethere seemed to be something so patronizing about his smile, that I liked him less when he smiled. His nose was large, yet corresponding with an iron mouth, like his, while his eyes were cold and stern, rarely softening. They would look into your face as though it were a page of some antiquated volume, only deepening in their color

I often thought that I hated Emerson. would be called, will rapidly overtake those He was a sort of shadow resting on my buovancy. The cold, positive mesmerism of his character was driving me to the wall. It repelled, and it attracted me by turns, compeers, especially if this is to be gained and at last I could not tell whether I loved at a sacrifice of health which may never be or hated him very much. He made no advances of love toward me; he did not even seem to wish to strengthen our friendship. There was nothing about me for him to love, of some physical injury to them, having on- except my beauty. And what was beauty ly their early years in which we can teach to John Emerson? A wreath of smoke, a youd the beauty of the soul.

I was sitting listlessly upon the verandali one evening. I had never felt so dissatisfied with myself in my life, as I did just then; and, as a consequence, I was dissatisfied with everything around me. I felt peevish and fretful-in a mood to quarrel with any positive, and yet so kind withal. one, but especially with John Emerson.

He was sitting a short distance from me with his chair leaning back against the railing. With him that was a favorite way of sitting. He had been reading, but as the twilight was deepening, he closed the book, and looked over to where I sat. A minute afterward, he drew his chair nearer to me, and said, in his quiet way,

"What's the matter, Kate? You seem sad ; nay, what is worse, discontented. You are in no mood to appreciate vonder beautiful sunset. Look! let some of its gorgeousness drop into your love and---

"I would prefer, sir, to have you drop the conversation." I interrupted, crustily. John Emerson smiled one of those abom-

inable, patronizing smiles. "I do not choose to drop it, ma belle," he

said, quietly. "Thank heaven, I have an alternative

then. Good evening, sir." I arose, and gathered up my dress to de-

"You are not going, Kate! Don't spoil your pretty face with that look of scorn. You must sit down and hear me out." "Must ! Did I hear right !"

"Yes, must. I said it very plainly." I gazed at him with passion; and ve his calm, brown eyes seemed to draw the fire out of my own. Before I was aware of it, I was sitting down again. I could hard ly account for the fact, and soil bit my lip

"That stight Kate I knew you wouldn't

go. You anticipated a lecture el ?"

"I do not recognize your right to lecture

warping your soul. You are growing dissatisfied with your own indolence. Why don't you shake this off? Why don't you try and be somebody? to benefit yourself and the world around you? Positively,

shame." "You, in turn, Mr. Emerson, should blash for your imprudence? Your conduct is

outrageous l' "I am not done vet, Kate. Your indeence has become the subject of remark. You loll around, employing neither your head nor your hands. You do not even seem to be capable of any noble emotions; and above all, you are extremely selfish coming whistling down the lane, you sink into the most abject picture of imbecility."

I sprang to my feet. I was very angry. "Mr. Emerson," I said, you can lay elaim, whatever, to the title of gentlemen. To such insults I will not submit. I shall never allow a repetition of them; and 1 wish you, hereafter, to address no remarks

to me whatever. I hate you." I swept past him-down the steps of the verandah. Glancing futively back, I saw that he was leaning against one of the pillars, shading his face with his bands

At the garden gate I met a little boy. He was the only child of a widow lady who lived a short distance up the road. "Miss crawford," he said, "can I have

some flowers for Ma? "Certainly, child. I will help you gather them. Is your mother sick?

right away." The little fellow caught my band, and a

joyous life shone in his eyes. For two hours I sat by the bedside of Mrs. Ormes. The bitterness had all gone spoke too much determination for me, and , out of my heart. I almost regretted having spoken to Mr. Emerson as I did. During her long illness, I was a constant visitor, and when they laid her in the quiet grave, much of her patience, and her strong Christian faith had passed over to me as an inheri tance for my watching.

I took the little orphan home with me.

I became deeply interested in him, and in endeavoring to beautify his life, I beautified when a true or beautiful sentiment was ex- day actualities; I stored my mind; I schooled my temper; I labored with my bands : and the quietness in my soul was my bountiful reward. Months passed on. Mr. Emerson noticed

the change in me. He did not speak to me at all; but whenever I met him, there was a kindlier glow in his eyes. One day I came up to him, and laying my hand or his shoulder, said,

"John you may speak to me again. You may say anything to me you please. Mr. Emerson caught my hand, and as I

in my life, thought him handsome. Did I do right? Did I sacrifice my We daily grew more and more intimate. He seemed to be sciently moulding my character. He directed my studies. He opened to my view new sources of profit and beauty. I sat within his spiritual radiance, and he was gradually becoming dearer to me than life itself. It was something grand to learn on one so stern, so just, so

"Kate, will you be my wife ? This was said so abruptly, that I startled I felt my checks tingle, and I dared not look up into his face. It had come at last; and just in the blunt manner in which nobody else but he would have said it. He was in every sense a practical man.

"Did you not tell me, Mr. Emerson." ed I, "that my love or my hatred was nothing to you?' I had not forgotten that. I wouldn't have been a woman if I had.

"I did, Kate. That was long ago. Your love is very much to me now. "I am very sorry for this, John," "Why ?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Because I do not love you." "You do love me, Kate; warmly, pasionately."

There it was ! The same positiveness, the same assurance. know it."

"It is as much as I can do to pardon such presumption " "It is no presumtion, Kate. You do love me, and you will be wife."

ing it of trieds to the Pacific as soon afterwards the mer be ediamid, expedient. The company propose sint the first section shall commence at Galway, gross the Atlantic to Belle Tsle, and fellow the course of the river St. Lawrence to declare. The wire to be used will be of a to tally different nature and construction from ady bitherto employed, and the whole arrange ment will be such as to secure its being suc-

ses fully laid. ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Be sure to annex a woman who will life you up, instead of pushing you down. In mercantile phrase, get a piece of colico that will wash condition by re-pairing.

A Bull Fight.

I remember once seeing, when a lad at school, a fight between two buils. Although I could not have been more than eight years of age, I shall never forget the specsuch a drone as you are should blush from tacle. It happened in this wise : Close by the school house-a very unpretending edifice it was-ran a deep and rapid river;-Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge, the haud-railings of which time and the winds and weather had entirely destroyed. The land on the opposite side of the stream was owned by different persons, and farmed by them respectively. One bright summer day-I remember it as it were vesterday-the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, fun-seeking troop of school

boys were let loose for an hour's recreation.

All at once the bellowing and roaring of two bulls, that had broken out of their enclosure on each side of the river, attracted our attention. The animals were not yet in sight of each other, but were approaching along the highway at a rate of speed which would cause them to meet near the centre of the high bridge which I have described, and beneath which, at some thirty feet, rap the river, between steep banks .-The more daring of us gathered near the bridge, lining it, to see the anticipated fight. We were not disappointed. Nearer and nearer they approached, the proud, pawing combatants. Basham never produced two brutes of fiercer aspect. They lashed their sides with their tails, they tore the ground with their feet. Occasionally they kneeled down trying to gore the earth with their horns. And as yet they were concealed, each from the other, by the ascent to the bridge at either end.

Presently, as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments, they came full in sight of each other. The roar was mutual and actually tremendous. Every urchin of us sprang into the fields and ran. Finding, however, that we were not pursued, we hastily retraced our steps. There thoy were, the ferocious duclists, quite as sensibly employed as some of their human imitators. Front to front, their horns locked, every muscle strained, they were fighting as only bulls can fight. It seemed an even match. Now one would press back his opponent a few paces, and presently you would hear quick, sharp, short steps, and his adversary would be pressed back in return,-The struggling was hard, was long, was looked up into his face, I, for the first time savage. For a while, neither obtained an advantage.

Hitherto they had been pushing each other length-wise of the bridge; suddenly they began to wheel, and in a moment were facing each other cross-wise. They were at right angles with the length of the old bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked again, with their tramping and their terrible strife. It was the work of a single moment; one of the beasts-I never could tell which one of them, however, as if conscious of his position, made a violent, a desperate plunge forward, and pressed his antagonist back-back-back-till there was but another step of plank behind him between him and nothing! The moment was one of intense interest to us juvenile spectators. Never was the amphitheatre of Rome the scene of a more exciting combat. Another step backward; yes, the unfortunate bull has been forced to take it! Back he is pressed, and over he goes!

Such a sight I never saw-I probably shall never see again. Imagine a bull pitched backward over a bridge, and falling at least thirty feet, over and over lile turned once or twice, probably "I thought he turned fifty times, there seemed such a "You loved me long ago, Kate-and you con usion of llorns and feet revolving, figing through the sir. But down he went; the water was deep, and he disappeared, leaving a whiripool of foun belind him, and making the river undulate far and wide

"It is no presumtion, Kate. You do love me, and you will be wife."

This was the first time he had ever spoken to me either passionately or vehemently. "Oh, dear!" I sighed. "Such a man as you are! I have no will of my own any more."

I tossed with my foot among the fallen leaves for a few moments, and then looking straight into his eyes, said, "Well, John, I will be your wife."

And this is the episode.

Another Atlantic Telegraph.—The Galway (Ireland) Vindicator says that a company is in course of formation, to be called the British and Candlan Buttinger Telegraph Company, (timited) the object of which will be to concert the most important British North American Company, the company of the most important British North American Company is a company of the most important British North American Company is the stream of the most important British North American Company is a company of the most important British North American Company is the stream of the most important British North American Company is the stream of the profile as soon afterwards as many be released as a soon afterwards as many be released. The company is in the same profile of the same of

formance called forth immense applause from the group of juvenile amateurs who witnessellit. In about five minutes both bulls might be seen, well sobered by their ducking, dripping wet, scratching up the steep, gravelly banks, each on his own side of the river. "Those bulls will never fight any more," said a boy belind me. His pr diction turned out correct; for two peaceably disposal bulk then ever afterward, could so have

There is griving man in a