TERMS-TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,]

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## PLAYING CHESS.

Sitting by a table, Playing with a man, Who is just polite enough To beat you if he can : Opposite are standing Men of read and white, Like European nations Ready for a flight.

First you move the king's pawn-Or Queen's, 'tis all the same : Gentleman does ditto, This begin the game. Wait another minute-"Check" you quickly ery; And though he looks astonished, The truth he can't deny.

Fortune smiles upon you, He begins to pout, For he thinks you've got him Where he can't get out. But at last he's fixed it, By a hook or crook, So that you must lose a pawn In exchange for a rook.

This you don't object to, Think you're very bright, Although you did not see the place Where he could take a knight ? "That is;" you say with nonchalence, "No consequence at all; You rather on the battle field A knight than rook should fall.

Gent leans back in his rocker And says, 'if he could smoke, In less than fifteen minutes You be completely broke." You think it rather doubtful, And, while you take a knight, Grant him permission, but he says "He's not so impolite."

Again you cry, "your king's in check"

And take another rook; At this, becoming amiable, Insist that he shall smoke. At length he smokes; a happy smile Now wreaths his lips for certain, You wonder what your mother'll say About the parlor curtians.

Again the contest does commence, Gent feels extremely happy ; But you're inclined to think that smok Makes you feel rather nappy. And just as you are quite content To quit with "Morphy" fame, Gent looks with wicked smile and says "Checkmate I've won the game."

Now here's a little moral, girls, In plain and simple dress-Don't ever let the gentlemen, Smoke while you're playing chess.

## HINTS ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE PIANOFORTE

The New York Home Journal has the fol-

lowing valuable hints on this subject: The piano should be closed when not in to prevent the strings and "action" from the ill effects of sudden changes of temperature. Nothing injures a piano so ntuch as extreme heat, whether arising from a bright fire in front of it, or what is worse, the hot air from the furnaces in such general use; few pianos can resist the injurious action of the latter. Care should be taken to prevent moisture of any kind from getting between the keys particularly when cleaning them, as it will cause them to stick. Moths are very destructive to pianos, and should be kept out of them by placing a lump of camphor wrapped in paper to prevent evaporation, in the inside corners. Any hard substance placed on a piano will cause a jarring noise, and if the top part is unprotected by a cloth cover, that also will often rattle. Young pianists would injure the piwith a judicios use of the loud pedal, will yield a far better and equally as full a tone as if they exerted all the force at their command. Were this fact more generally attended fewer strings would be broken, one cause of the piano not remaining in tune would be removed, and less injury would result to the "action" of the piano. These various annoyances are often attributed to inferior tuning, or defective make, when the husband, lightly. neither is the cause.

Few are aware of the benefit to be derived from having their pianos regularly tuned and kept in order; every new piano should be tuned at least once a month, and none should be allowed to remain untuned over three. When a piano is half a note below "concert pitch," and it is required to be drawn up, it should be tuned twice, the second funing about a month after the first or it will not stand well in tune.

THOUGHTS WANTED .- We tell you, reader, that man has lived to purpose who has penned for a paper three lines of stirring thought. Let the clergy, then, and all persons of intellect, leisure, or a beatt for good, make it a weekly task to compose a few lines which paint the burning thought as it leaps from the brain—a thought which shall kindle up humanities in the hving, now scattered over land and sea, and .. will continue to do it, may be until the last wave of time her been lost in Eternity's most do those

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

tea-table, and took his hat.

"Oh, I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where ?" asked his wife.

my usual time."

flush overspread her face. She seemed to abroad, and thought it no harm. His on- loved her, and brthers and sisters loved her, have made up her mind to speak plainly ly practical idea of home seemed to be and they did all they could to make her upon a subject which had lain uneasily up- that it was a place which his wife took on her heart for some time, and she could care of, and where he could eat, drink, and not let the opportunity pass. It required sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In an effort, but she persevered.

me," she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. landlady; and if he paid all the bills, he 'If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel better if I knew frequently asked him to stay at home with How lonesome and dreary it is! And only where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, -and what more can you ask?" "I do not know that you are safe, George.

I know nothing about you when you are supposed she could always be so. away."

of myself?"

words, George. Love is always anxious Emma asked. when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business, I never feel thus, because I know back early." I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long left alone. He had an interesting book, evenings, I get to wondering where you and he began to read it. He read till eight are. Then I begin to get lonesome; and o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and so one thought follows another, until I feel look frequently at the clock. The book troubled and uneasy. Oh, if you would did not interest him as usual. Ever and only stay with me a portion of your even-

were aiming at," said George, with a play- aloud, but there was no wife to hear it. At ful shake of the head. "You would have half-past eight he rose from his chair and me here every evening."

"Well,-can you wonder at it ?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when favorite airs. After this he got a chessyou came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now!"

"Ah!" said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arran-

husband? I am sure we could be as happy

"And haven't we got one. Emma ?"

use, in order to prevent the collection of "And," he added, with a sort of confident fine dust, &c., on the sound board, and also flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar prov-

"Well, I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But vou must remember that we both need relaxation from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home of an evening, as well as in the day

time and in the night?" "Well-isn't it?" asked George. "How can it be if you are not here?

"You see enough of me as it is." said

here, all alone,"

it is of yours, returned the young man. "You are used to staying here, all wives belong to home."

"Just remember, my husband, that pre vious to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained father and a mother there, and I had brothobliged to remain here alone ?"

"Yes, I would," said George, at a

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the among my female friends?"

"What odds does it make, Emma?" re-

"Pooh! pooh! Would you have it,

"You put a wrong construction upon my

ging then for the future." "And why not continue so to do, my

"We have certainly a place in which to

"And it is our home," pursued George. ince. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes.'

What makes a home for children if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And-what real home comfort can a wife enjoy where there is no husband. ano less if they would refrain from striking You do not consider how lonesome I am, the keys with such force; a light touch, all alone here during these long evenings, They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the very seasons when the happiest hours of home life might be passed. Come-will you not spend a few of your evenings with

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome

"Not if it was my place of business, as

at home much of my time, but I had a ers and sisters there, and our evenings were happily spent. Finally, I gave up all for von. I left the old home, and sought a nome with my husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship! How would you like to have me away every evening, while you were Emma. However, you won't be uneasy.

"Why-I should like it well enough." "Ah-but you would not be willing to

"Certainly I will," he replied; "and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you

was soon among his friends. He was a all alone? It must be so,' he pursued turned her husband. "I shall be back at steady, industrious man, and loved his wife thoughtfully. It is just as she says. Betruly; but, like thousands of others, he had fore we were married, she was vere happy The young wife hesitated, and a quick contracted a habit of spending his evenings in her childhood's home. Her parents short, he treated it as a sort of private "Let me tell you what odds it makes to boarding house, of which his wife was

> her, but she had never ventured on any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always she is there. It would be a relief if I only seemed happy when he came home, and he Monday evening came, and George Wil-

son remained true to his promise. His then, that I am not capable of taking care wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and keep house. "What will you do while I am gone?"

> "Oh, I shall read and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well," said Emma. "I shall be

The wife wert out, and the husband was anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinct-"Aha! I thought that was what you ively he turned as though he would read it begun to pace the floor and whistle. Then fresh air. But where are you going? he got his flute, and played several of his board, and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor, and whistled again. Finally the clock struck

nine, and his wife returned. 'Well, George,' said she, 'I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed your-

'Capitally," returned the husband. 'I have enjoyed yourself?

'I rather like it.'

I'm glad of that,' retorted Emma, for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice, comfortable week of it." George winced at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out again.

'I shall be back in good time,' she said. 'Where are you going?' her husband asked.

'Oh, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places.'

So George Wilson was left alone again, nd he tried to amuse himself as before, but be found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How leasant it would be if she were here!' The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very ervous and unhappy.

'I declare,' he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, 'this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late! But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home. 'A little late, am I not?' she said, looking up at the clock. 'But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed your-

'First rate,' returned George, bravely. think home is a capital place !

Especially when a man can have it all himself,' added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no

On the next evening, Emma prepared to go out as before, but this time she kised her husband ere she went, and seemed hesitate.

'Where do you think of going ?' George saked in an undertone.

'I may drop in to see Uncle John,' replied You'll know I'm safe.

'Oh, certainly, said her husband; but when left to his own reflections lie began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presenvent. ted for consideration. He could not read ; and many other accomplishment ; refines he could not play ; nor enjoy hithself in any as well as power.

"Will you remain here every evening way while that chair was empty. In short, next week, and let me spend my time he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make home cheerful was not present.

'I declare,' he said to himself, 'I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it With this the husband went out, and be that she feels as I do, when she is here comfortable.'

> After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself

'I can't stand this,' said he. 'I should die in a week. If Emma were only here I considered his duty done. His wife had think I could amuse myself very well eight o'clock! I declare-I've a mind to walk down as far as Uncle John's and see if saw her. I won't go in. She shan't know that I hold out so faithful.'

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his bat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps toward Uncle John's. It was a beauiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and-could not be mistakensaw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognised him.

'George,' she said, in surprise, 'is this vou ?

'It is,' was the response. 'And you do not pass your evenings at

'This is the first time I have been out Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the

'I am going home, George. Will you go with me?

'Certainly,' returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence. When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down on her chair, and looked at the clock.

'You are home early to-night,' remarked

George. now as ever. If you will remember, one of had no idea it was so late. I hope you band's face, and, with an expression half The young wife looked up into her hussmiling and half tearful, she answered, 'I 'Oh, splendidly !' said his wife. "I had will confess the truth, George; I have given no idea how much enjoyment there was up the experiment. I managed to stand live," answered the wife, somewhat evasive- away from home. Home is a dull place, it last evening, but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you 'Why no-I can't say that it is,' return- here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It ed George, carelessiy. 'In fact,' he added, didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed my-

self at all. I have no home but this.' 'Say you so?' cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. 'Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better, When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me, while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached.' He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm, 'I have learned a very good esson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and f you love me as I love you-which, of course, I cannot doubt my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it." Emma was too happy to express her joy in words: but she expressed it, nevertheess, and in a manner, too, not to be mis-

The next evening was spent at home by ooth husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort, the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.

Conversation. - The art of conversation the finest of the fine arts; it is not the art of saying much, but of saying well There are preaching men who talk, but listen not, of who speechify in private; or who think little and are never still, and yet they are not conversable men. The real art of conversation consists not only in expressing no signs of preparation for the evening your own thoughts freely, but in drawing out by encouragements of others. You will never be liked for long talking by anybody; but you are sure to be liked if by your talking you encourage and stimulate others to think and talk in response to your thoughts. The art is a natural gift in the main. It is not only an indication of great mind, but also of good temper. It requires cond ecansion, indulgence, patience,

MR. PETERS' FIRST WIFE. 'Dear, dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as brick bats, and the coffee stone cold." and Mr. Peters rose from the break-

fast table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer! He rang again, a third, a fourth time, still no answer. Out of all patience, he went to the door and called, "Maria! Maria ! A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in

soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered this summons. She had one of those round, bright faces which Nature intends should be decked with continual smiles; but now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather a doleful expression, totally at variance with their usual joyous, look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodi-

ous, ringing sound, and was subdued to a

dismal whine. "What is it, Joseph?" "Where's Bridget ?"

"Gone out for me. I want more white ibbon for my ascension robe.'

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and then continued: "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat.'

"I wish," whined his wife, "you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."

'Hang it all, madam, I would like to enov my life while I do have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle?"

"Ob, maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"

"I'm sure I don't know." "Are they going to school to-day?" "My dear their teacher has given up school, and is turning her mind to more

preparation and repentance.1 "Repentance! Well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to put it through.'

exalted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn while

there is time. You have still a week for

And Mr. Peters put on his coat, and took up his hat.

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to

Joe made no answer, unless the violentlyemphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a break fast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred. Somers, who looked

up as he heard Joe's order. "Hallo!" he cried, "You here! Why what are you doing here at breakfast time?

Wife sick ? "No! "Had a quarrel?"

"No!

"Gone out of town?"

"No ! "Then why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?'

"No! "Servants all dead?" "No!

Children sick?

"No !. "Well, what in thunder is to pay ?', "Maria's joined the Millerites?"

Fred gave a long whistle, and then said Going to ascend next week ?" "Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in he meantime, you may congratulate me am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children runing riot, servants saucy, nouse all in confusion, wife in the blues,

me, or sewing on a white robe, and groaning every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred. I've a great mind to take poison or join the "H'ın ! h'm ! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure.

either quoting the speeches of the elders at

dvice, I will make your home pleasant your wife cheerful, and your children hap-'Do it,' cried Joe. I'll follow your word like a soldier under his officer. What shall

'Yes, if you will promise to follow my

At tea-time, Mr. Peters entered his home whistling. Maria was scated at the table sewing on her white robes, and there were

meal.

"Maria, my dear,' said Mr. Peters, cheerfully, 'is tea ready ? "I don't know, was the answer, "have been out all day, attending meeting. "Oh very well, never mind. Attending

meeting ! You are resolved, then, to leave

me next week!.
"Oh I for must go when Lam called." "Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must

shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love, and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair, Maria looked up rather surprised.

"You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving. Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and har large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was

not gained yet. "So, my dear,' he continued, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife.'

"What?' cried Mrs. Peters. 'Another wife, my love. The house

must be kept in order, and the boys cared The grief was gone from Maria's face,

but her teeth were set with a look of fierce "Another wife, Joe! Another wife!" "Yes. I think I have selected a good accessor. I deliberated a long time when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself.

riend. "My bosom friend!"

"Yes, my dear. I think on the day that ou ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingram!"

You will like her, for she is your bosom

"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empy headed old maid the mother of my chillren! What!

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best

can do! I don't want to leave my business to go a courting, and slie will have me I know.

"No doubt ! Oh ! vou great, brutal, hate-"Stop, my dear, don't fly into a flurry We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I-have a propo

"Go on, sir! Don't spare me!"

"Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engros-

sition to make.'

sed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to spend a "What ?"

oreparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture.' 'What?' "And you can leave the house in her of time to go out, and she can learn the

"What?" "And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so

that she won't have the trouble of keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you ?' Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket and table-cloth followed this missille in such rapid succession, that he was unable even

to fly. Then Mana's rage found vent in words. "So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you whistled when you came! You will be very glad to have me go, and let you marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! And you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite vou! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Pe-

ters, I won't go!' "But my dear, you must go if you are

come for.' "I won't go! "But consider, my dear-' "I won't go !"

"But what will Sarah think?" "Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I-I-I-I am fairly choking! and the little woman threw herself on

chair, in a fit of hysterics. Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in

the street. "Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred,' was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who, under preense of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in our household arrangements.

Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend ?" No. If Sarah is to be my second wife and step mother, to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won t go P

Alison and Macauley, the living historians of England, are severely criticising each other works in Blackwood's and Fraser's magazines respectively, each endeavoring to show the glaring perversions of history of the other. After a perusal of the criticisms, one is at a loss to knowwhat to believe and whom to trust, and is almost tempted to doubt the existence of truth in historic guise.

The Liverpool Times says it has the best authority for stating that the prospect of emigration to the United States are 'meat promising," and that en active movement for some months is anticipated. The least emigration statistics show that while there is a falling off that the contemporary of English resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my in the Irish emigration, the number of and Scotch emigrants is largely increase

A TRUE MANHOOD

A true manhood is self sustaining and sustained. It depends upon nothing intrinsic. Advantage by outward possessions or circumstances, it disdains to rest upon them or claim merit on their account. Lacking these helps, it does not sit down fold hands, and murmur at the partialities of fortune. Benefits and opportunities it

accepts gracefully, and strives to improve them-not alone for itself, but for society also. Indeed a true manhood jumplies every noble sympathy, every generous action, every lofty virtue in the common range of life. A true manhood asks no special fields to display itself. It can every day develop its nobility and heroism. Not a precious word, smile, or act, springs to the impulse of its large, warm heart, to lighten

human want or lessen human sorrow, but flashes brighter than a Toledo blade. True manhood is firm and brave, as it is mild and gentle, and the best gentleman is also the truest man. Gentlest of the gentle was Bayard, the chevalier sans heur, et sans reprocee, but never sturdier arm bore lance or sword in defence of virtue, honor. right. Gentle of heart, and courageous of soul-gentle in feeling and heroic in action -such are the Bayards; such are all gentlemen- all true men. They may be found in courts or camps, in universities and senates, but they also tread the furrow and

dwell in the humblest cabins. The estate of true manliood cannot be bought with gold, nor bequeathed by letters testamentary. All other possessions being ',of earth, earthy,' may be devised and inherited, but a true manhood is a divine, a heavenly gift. And if men at large only knew the greatness and preciousness of such manhood-how noble it is in stature and in power than all titular estatethey would benor and imitate it more. Manhood, sturdier manhood, is what society and nations want to make their foundations strong and their bulwarks beautiful and strong. It might lessen the world's pageants. but it would increase its grandeurs. When life's fitful fever is past, what can remain of man worth even a pitiful epitaph; save the memory of a true manhood?

We have rarely seen more good counsel in the same space than the following con-

"Then I can arrange our matrimonial clusion of a medical essay: "Avoid study as much as you can during the first period of digestion. The eyes and stomach are both supplied with nerves from the same branch, and the employment charge all day. That will give you plenty of the eyes in reading or writing soon after eating deranges digestion, and throws the whole system out of gear. All who tran gress this law will have a reckoning to pay sooner or later. Avoid the sitting posture as much as possible. This may be done by using a standing desk for reading and writing, and transfering your work to it now and then. If this cannot be done, get up occasionally and take a few turns up and down the room, or even stand up and sit down again. If you are cold let your walk be on your toes-springing on them as is done in dancing-a most excellent winter exercise for the sedentary. If need be: wrap your feet and legs in some warm garment when you resume your seat; an old cloak or dressing-gown will do .-It is far better to use a hot water foot-stool

-anything rather than to submit to cold

feet. You may as well expect to live with-

out air or food as to enjoy health unless you

can contrive to counteract a tendency totald feet if you are unfortunate enough to suffer from it. Never imagine that you are doing yourself justice if you do not walk as much each day as can be done without absolute fatigue. What this may be will vary according to age, state of health, etc': but; as a rule, it may be layed down that a slight feeling of lassitude is about the best measure you can have. The healthy will only increase their debility by attempting long 'constitutional walks' beyond their powers, and without proper training. Great mistakes are made here by young men in their summer excursions, from which they often return with the seeds of jaundice and fever lurking in their constitutions, in consequences of over-heating, chilling and over-exertion. Sedentary persons should feed moderately and avoid fermening liquors as much as possible, especially if of a naturally sanguineous temperament. Those who are naturally pallid and dyspeptic should use a more generous diet, eating a moderate quantity at each repast, and above all things avoiding that disturbance of the digestive process which is the result of application to study soon after eating. An excellent drinks for such persons is bitter beer, with a dash of sods-water into it in the proportion of about half and half."

Kissing.—A female writer says that a rich, hearty kiss, will last a whole day.

Yes, and much longer. We had one some time ago, that lasted nearly a month, i. e., it is nearly a month since we had one. Wonder how much longer it will be.

send, but not in his heart.