

THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1872.

VOLUME XX—NO. 12.

WATCHING.

I. Yes, it will soon be the dawn, dear; the darkness is lingering still; But I know it is almost the morning, the air is so hushed and so still. Can you be silent no longer? Indeed, if you can it is better. For sometimes you sleep toward morning; try to be quiet and rest.

II. Is it the pain that disturbs you? Your forehead feels hot to my palm. I hope that the fever had left you, you lay there so patient and calm. Is it so hard to bear, dear? I know it is hard by your smile. Ah! if I only could take it, and let you be free for a while?

III. Weary? No, I am not weary; only of do not you trouble me, dear; I rest in the day-time, you know. Just let me straighten your pillow, and darken the light from your eyes. All I can do is so little, the aid I can give is so slight!

IV. Yes, I can see at the window, the dawn begins to grow strong. Though you are always so patient, I know that you find the hours long; But now that the pain is more easy, while yet the night silence is deep, perchance you may still get some rest, dear; try to be quiet and sleep.

From Appleton's Journal.

Miss Inglesby's Sister-in-Law.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYMÉR," "MORTON TOUSE," "MABEL LEE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

When Thursday at last arrived, it brought quite an assemblage of guests into Mrs. Reynolds's drawing-room. Northorpe was not only a flourishing place, but it was also an extremely fashionable place, and, as has been said before, of all the fashion in Northorpe Mrs. Reynolds was the acknowledged leader. It cannot be saying too much to hazard the assertion that, on the Thursday in question, this lady was a very happy woman. She was not only giving a dinner, such as no one in Northorpe besides herself could give, but she had secured for this dinner the persons of all others concerning whom Northorpe was most full of curious speculation. Then, the beautiful Mrs. Inglesby would also make her first appearance in public on this occasion; and, if Mrs. Reynolds had been a cacher-player, she would certainly have said that, if Mrs. Devereaux was her right bower, Mrs. Inglesby was her left.

The gentleman was the first on the field of action, and was made warmly welcome by Mrs. Reynolds. When he was presented to the assembled guests, they all expressed their pleasure in extremely flattering terms; but they all acknowledged to themselves that Mrs. Devereaux was by no means so distinguished in appearance as they had been induced to expect—why, it is hard to say—that he would be. It is true that he was tall, and that he had a well-built figure—two trumpcards in the popular estimation of good looks—but his manners were reserved in the extreme, and his face was of that excessive fairness which, blotting out all tints, leaves only the beauty of feature and expression. In this case, the features were very indifferent, and the expression, like the manner, very reserved. A physiognomist, looking at the face, might have seen that it would light up well, that the gray eyes would grow luminous and animated, and the quiet mouth break into pleasant smiles. But people in general thought his countenance dull as well as plain; and, if it were not as being a person of importance, would not have hesitated to express this opinion. He gave them good opportunity to scrutinize his appearance; for, instead of devoting himself to the entertainment of some of the ladies who were momentarily growing more numerous, he kept his place by Mrs. Reynolds's chair, leaning against one corner of the mantel, eyeing the gay company with the gaze of a contemplative recluse, and looking, as more than one young lady declared, "the very picture of a diffident man."

Suddenly, however, there arose a diversion—suddenly, for a moment, even Mrs. Devereaux was forgotten. At the door there was a stir, in the room there fell a pause, and while everybody was gazing eagerly around, Rose Inglesby and her stately sister-in-law swept up the long drawing-room.

Mrs. Reynolds met them half-way with great civility, and, while the greetings were made, a whisper of irrefragable admiration was passing from group to group. "Is she not too bright?" "How dazzling she looks to-night!" "What is my idea of a beautiful woman?" "What graceful manners!" etc., etc.—men and women rivaling each other in open, honest praise. For one, nobody ever had seen Mrs. Reynolds so well looking, charmingly as she was dressed, the belle of Northorpe obtained scarcely a glance in the scene of her own triumphs and in the midst of her own raptures. No eye left Mrs. Inglesby to dwell on the dainty, blue-robed girl beside her. "Rose looks very pretty," was all that people said; and they only said that after a time, with a start of recollection.

If Mrs. Devereaux made only a questionable success, Mrs. Inglesby created a sensation. Mrs. Reynolds was fairly besieged for introductions; and before long the young widow's gracious manners had completed what her beauty had begun. Every woman

in the room was charmed, and every man was at her feet. The finishing touch to this success was given when the duty of taking her in to dinner devolved on Mr. Devereaux; and, having thus safely paired off her lions, Mrs. Reynolds felt the ease and repose of a well-satisfied conscience.

At first Alice fell into the common error of taking Mr. Devereaux's quietness for stupidity, and pitching the tone of her conversation accordingly. But she was too clever a woman not to learn better than this from his first remark, and in a few minutes she had drawn him out sufficiently to see that his reserve was not unconquerable, nor his quietness that troublesome kind which degenerates into heaviness. He was a cultivated man himself, but he had been his misfortune to know very little of the society of cultivated people; so, a woman who was young and beautiful, with sense enough to meet him on his own ground, and lightness enough to lend grace to the duller themes, was a phenomenon to which he bowed at once. Before dinner was over, Rose saw how matters were drifting. And, though she had angrily repelled the idea of attracting Mr. Devereaux, and had even gone so far as to declare that she would have nothing whatever to say to him, she felt a throb of genuine disappointment that she was not to have the opportunity of showing that she did not care for the attentions of this desirable cavalier.

Before the evening was over, everybody saw that Mr. Devereaux was quite captivated by the beautiful widow. He did not absolutely spend the whole time at her side; but, whenever he was with anybody else, he relapsed into his usual very unsatisfactory companion that several young ladies were reduced to the verge of despair by a total exhaustion of their conversational ideas. It was only when he was again under the influence of Mrs. Inglesby, that he revived and became once more a genial and pleasant companion. Of course there was but one explanation for a state of affairs like this; and that explanation the company in Mrs. Reynolds's drawing-room were not slow to give. "Your handsome sister-in-law has accomplished what all the young ladies in Northorpe promised themselves the pleasure of doing," said an old lady to Rose; and Rose made the most foolish speech in the world when she answered: "I beg you will make one exception when you speak of the young ladies of Northorpe Mrs. Holmes. I have neither promised myself the pleasure, nor felt any desire to attract Mr. Devereaux." "Oh, my dear, you can't suppose that I was thinking of you," said Mrs. Holmes apologetically. And in truth she had not been thinking of Rose at all, knowing that she was an heiress, and therefore quite able to please herself in a matrimonial way. But, after this speech, her eyes were suddenly opened. Soon every body in the room knew that Mrs. Inglesby was ready to bite off her sister-in-law's head because she had secured Mr. Devereaux.

Great was Mrs. Inglesby's dismay when she heard how matters had gone on that momentous evening. To late she recognized her own folly; too late she felt that she would have given the highest compliment to the good lady's simplicity to say that such a fear as this had never entered her head. Rose, in her eyes was innocent, and she had boldly thrown Rose in juxtaposition with a woman whom any ordinary mother would have avoided as men avoid the plague—a woman of beauty so remarkable, of attractions so great, that no girl could safely have encountered her as a rival. When Rose made her malicious report of how the fortunes of the night had gone, Mrs. Inglesby could freely have choked herself, if choking herself would at all have mended matters. But, as that was out of the question, she could only think, "Perhaps he will change his mind when he sees Rose by daylight."

The fallacy of this hope was soon demonstrated. Two days later, Mr. Devereaux called—supported by the liberal aid and countenance of Mrs. Reynolds—saw Rose by daylight, and barely said six commonplace, civil words to her. It is impossible to be very devoted in the course of a ceremonious morning call; but, as much as was possible, he devoted himself to Alice. His eyes followed her, his whole attention was engrossed by her; and, when he left, Mrs. Inglesby was justified in her despairing thought—"It is all over. That dreadful Kennon is inevitable."

A week passed; another week followed, and still the dreadful Kennon had not made his appearance. Some people smiled, and said he had no desire to see his cousin basking in the prosperity which might have been his own, and that he had quietly taken himself off the scene. Others thought differently; and among the latter was Mrs. Inglesby. Rose kept her opinion to herself; but, in her own mind, she was firmly persuaded that Kennon would return. That fund of vanity, which often stands a woman in good stead, assured her that he would come back, if only for the farwell that had not been said, for the last words that had not been spoken. "He might leave Northorpe in this ungracious way, but he never would leave me," she thought, considering the while what a pleasure it would be to show him that she at least did not court Mr. Devereaux's society, nor desire his attentions. True, it would be several degrees better if she could show him that those attentions had

been at her command, and that she had declined them; but, since this was impossible, she was fain to console herself with the thought that it was at least the more dignified position never to have received them—never, as she flattered herself, to have appeared conscious of Mr. Devereaux's existence.

This dignified pose, however, became rather trying and awkward, as time went on, and, the feeling once broken, Mr. Devereaux found his way very frequently into the Inglesby circle. At first he came like every other visitor, in orthodox and formal fashion, through the front-door; but before long he discovered that a short cut through the garden was much more convenient, and that it was very pleasant indeed to drop into a sort of *ami de maison* place in the boveary drawing-room, full of the scent of roses, the graceful presence of women, music now and then, bright smiles and social ease always. Despite her bitter disappointment, Mrs. Inglesby could not help liking the young man. He was so quiet, so unobtrusive, so thoroughly refined, so genial, when he came fairly thawed. "Oh, if he would only fall in love with Rose!" she said to her husband. But, provokingly enough, the Colonel seemed excellently well satisfied with matters as they were.

"He's a trifle too grave and dignified for a butterfly like Rose," he said. "I think he shows his sense, and his taste in choosing Alice. She's a grand creature, and, by George, any man might be proud to win her. There is nothing I should like better than to see her settled with us for life—just over the way, in that fine old Devereaux house, too!"

"The house where I have always hoped to see Rose!" said Mrs. Inglesby, in a tone of exasperation.

"It was trying to the poor woman, beyond doubt—and the more trying because she had no sympathy for anybody, unless, indeed (as she often imagined), there was sympathy in Alice's large, golden-brown eyes. Mr. Devereaux devoted to the fair, young widow became, in a short time, exceedingly manifest, but it was impossible for the most carping tongue in Northorpe to say that she "encouraged" him. Neither did she repel his attentions. The gentle stateliness, the absolutely perfect courtesy of her manner, was the same to him as to every one else—a trifle warmer, perhaps, because of the familiar position which had gained, and also because she liked him sincerely.

It is on her part, could not help feeling a little sore about the unconscious yet most successful rivalry of her sister-in-law. Every body in Northorpe was raving over "that beautiful Mrs. Inglesby," and Rose would not have been human if she had not felt that it was a little hard. Her own friends, her own admirers, her own vassals, were offering her their incense at another shrine before her very face.

"I can't see why a woman should not be satisfied with having had so long a husband," thought the girl, resentfully, as she watched some of those scenes of homage. "I think widows ought to shut themselves up in convents, or spend their lives in doing good to the poor, instead of looking ravishingly in the library for the present. If you would come and let me show it to you—"

"So it is a pleasure you mean to give me," she said. "I thought it was to be the other way. But, of course, I shall be very glad to come." By special stipulation, the library had not been included in the transformation which the rest of the house had undergone. About it, therefore, still hung the mellow aroma of age. It looked very inviting when they entered—with its books and pictures, and white busts gleaming in the shaded lamplight. The windows were all set wide open to the soft summer night, while the fragrance of roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle, was wafted in on the night breeze, and seemed to fill every corner of the room.

Removing the shade from one of the lamps, Devereaux held it up so that she could see the picture of which he had spoken. She had no special prepossession toward art, but her culture had been too thorough for her not to cordially recognize and fully appreciate excellence in this respect. She praised the picture—which was truly worth praising—as much as he could possibly have desired. Then she began to look about the room: Some of its old family portraits elicited her admiration—in the very old time, family portraits were not always daubs—and then she began to examine various French and German engravings hung here and there in nooks and corners.

"So this is where you write!" said she, pausing before a table upon which signs of literary occupation were to be seen. "What a pleasant place of authorship—at leisure! You ought to be a poet, Mr. Devereaux, sitting in this charming old library, with a rose-garden under your window, and a view of lovely scenery beyond! But what is this hanging over your table?"

"Only an engraving I found among my things the other day," answered he. "I hung it there because I thought—I fancied—that the feminine figure resembled yourself."

"Indeed!" said she, smiling. "In that case, I must see it more closely." He held the light for her, and she saw that it was a scene such as some of the minor English artists are rather fond of painting. Even in the engraving it showed considerable art and skill. A fair, stately woman dressed in widow's weeds—a woman whose general appearance was so like

her own, that the resemblance was patent even to herself—stood in a church-yard by a large white marble cross that marked the head of a freshly-made grave. It was evident that she had just arisen from her knees, for the grass was bent down all around her, but the proud, expressive dignity of her attitude was matchless, though there was a certain pathos on the lines of the steadfast face. A strong contrast was made by the figure at the other end of the grave—a slender, handsome man, who stood with folded arms fixing on her a glance of fierce passion and fierce disdain. The background of the picture framed these figures admirably. There were green yews drooping over an old Gothic church, quiet graves and crosses hung with wreaths of immortelles.

"It is a good picture, and, I should think, well painted," said Alice, at last; "but I don't like the subject. There is something repulsive about a love-scene in a grave yard." "Do you call that a love-scene?" asked Devereaux, in surprise. "I should call it any thing else. It is evident that he is an old lover whom the lady had forgotten or rejected; but it is also evident that he has not come to see, but to upbraid. See, however, the magnificent repose and dignity of her whole face and manner! That is what reminds me so much of you."

"You flatter me," she said, smiling and moved away from the picture, as if she did not like to look at it. "Take my advice," she said, after a minute. "Hang this exquisite head of St. John over your writing-table, instead of that scene which leaves one in doubt who was right or who was wrong, and gives no clue to the result of the dramatic situation."

"Uncertainty is not always the worst evil," she said, half sadly. "There are many other much worse. Sometimes certainty is one of them." She answered nothing, but moved on a little farther, and paused before one of the open windows, gazing out on the fragrant stillness of the summer night. She looked like a fair dream-lady in her sweeping white dress, yet her pulses were beating very quickly, and the atmosphere about her seemed full of a certain thrill. She knew that a word—nay, a glance—would bring upon her the issue which she had fully expected to meet that night. But, somehow, this picture had unnerved her, and she could not resolve to meet it. Old memories came back with strange force. Something in the dark, scornful face of the man at the foot of the grave—something of expression, not of feature—had awakened much which she had thought long since dead.

For once her usual stately self-control did not come at her call. Devereaux, for his part, felt chilled by her sudden silence and reserve. His heart sank—he feared more than he hoped. He hesitated—doubted—asked himself if he had not better wait.

They were still standing apart in this way when a white-quartet came in, and the opportunity was lost.

Schedule Marked "B."

The following is an Exhibit of Official Records, consisting of sundry Books and Papers, and also the Office Furniture remaining in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions after the burning of the Court House of said County, to wit:

- 1. All Bills of Indictment disposed of in said Court from March Term, 1868, to February Term, 1872, both terms inclusive.
- 2. All Bills of Indictment not yet disposed of and still pending, together with numerous warrants, marked by the former Solicitor "old" and "worthless."
- 3. Two volumes endorsed "Sessions Docket."
- 4. Two volumes endorsed "Continuing Dockets."
- 5. Two volumes endorsed "Sessions Index."
- 6. Two volumes "Fines and Forfeitures."
- 7. Two volumes "Sessions Journals."

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

- 1. 20 volumes "Judgments and Pleadings."
- 2. 2 volumes "Abstract of Decrees" with 3 Indexes.
- 3. 2 volumes "Abstract of Judgments," with 3 Indexes.
- 4. 9 Dockets, various kinds, now supplanted by Dockets prepared under the late Laws and Rules of Court.
- 5. 1 Book of "Rules," now set aside.
- 6. "Appearance Docket," now set aside.
- 7. 1 volume "Confessions before the Clerk."
- 8. 2 volumes "Common Pleas Journals."
- 9. 1 volume "Index to Undertakings," under the Code.
- 10. 1 volume "Lien Docket."
- 11. 1 volume "Clerk's Calendar."
- 12. 5 Calendar Dockets.
- 13. 1 "Star Docket."
- 14. In higher jurisdiction from No. Roll 12501, to 12700.
- 15. Sundry Executions of over and within Summary Process Jurisdiction running indiscriminately from No. Roll 7287 to No. Roll 15844.
- 16. Sundry Bonds in Attachment from No. 689 to No. 738.

EQUITY SIDE OF COURT.

- 1. Sundry Sundry Bills and Petitions and Decees now on file at the date of the burning.
- 2. 1 volume Bill Dockets and 1 vol. Petition Docket, now set aside.
- 3. 1 volume "Decree Book."
- 4. 2 volumes "Minute Books."
- 5. 1 Sale Book.
- 6. 1 Cash Book.
- 7. A such Money Bonds and Mortgages as were turned over to me by the late Commissioner in Equity, whether the money was paid on them or not.

OFFICE OF REGISTER OF MESSE CONVEYANCES.

- 1. 21 volumes of Messe Conveyances.
- 2. 16 volumes Indexes to suit the above.
- 3. 8 volumes Mortgage Books.
- 4. 1 volume Bonds of County Officers.
- 5. Seal of Office.

COMMISSIONER OF LOCATIONS.

- 1. 4 volumes of Warrants and Plats with Indexes included.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

- 1. 1 volume Roll of Magistrates and Constables.
- 2. 1 volume Record of Estays.
- 3. 10 volumes Miscellaneous at large and the unbound Acts of the Legislature from the year 1839 to the Regular Session 1870 and 1871.
- 4. 3 volumes Brevard's Digest.
- 5. 1 volume Rice's Digest.
- 6. 3 Holy Bibles.
- 7. 3 volumes United States Census for the year 1860.
- 8. Census Returns for Abbeville County, 1870.
- 9. 10th. 2 Official Books, returned to Clerk's Office by retiring Magistrates.

FURNITURE OF THE OFFICE.

- 2 Desks, 2 Tables, 1 Small Table and Case, 3 Chairs, Cases to contain Books, &c.

Schedule Marked "C."

A Statement of Papers and Furniture probably lost by the burning. To wit: 1st. All Session Papers finished and on file up to the year 1868 and their cases.

- 2d. 1 Common Pleas 12501 No. Rolls in Higher Jurisdiction with their encasements.
- 3d. In Summary Process Jurisdiction 1840 No. Rolls with their encasements.
- 4th. One volume Index to Pleadings and Judgments missing.

BONDS OF SHERIFFS.

- 1 Package Bonds, Sheriff Douglas.
- 1 Package Sale Bills, Sheriff Douglas.

*Coroner, vice Cochran after death to the election of Sheriff Moore.

† Used the 3 Executions, Writs and Sale Books of Moore, as Books could not be purchased. Ordered to use them by the Solicitor, J. P. Reed.

Robert Jones, None. 1 Write Book. 1 Sale Book. 1 Write Book. 1 Sale Book.

Robert Jones, None. 1 Write Book. 1 Sale Book. 1 Write Book. 1 Sale Book.

Robert Jones, None. 1 Write Book. 1 Sale Book. 1 Write Book. 1 Sale Book.

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Respectfully submitted, MATTHEW McDONALD, C. C. P. & G. S.

Schedule Marked "D."

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ABBEVILLE COUNTY, To the Honorable, the Grand Jury of 8th Circuit Court of South Carolina, at Abbeville Court House.

An Inventory of Books and Papers in the Office of the Judge of Probate for Abbeville County.

PAPERS OF PERSONALTY ESTATES.

186 Boxes, containing 4980 packages, each package contains all the Papers of one estate.

PAPERS OF REAL ESTATES.

10 Boxes containing 204 packages, each package contains all the papers of one Real Estate, from Letter A to Letter Z.

1 Box Land Bonds, in the time of Moses Taggart.

1 Book, Letters of Administration, in the time of Moses Taggart.

11 Last Wills and Testament Deposited.

23 Wills not proved.

BOOKS.

1 Book Index to Estates.

5 Books Letters of Administration, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

4 Books Administration Bonds, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5.

1 Book, Letters of Administration, Will annexed, No. 2.

2 Books, Letters of Guardianship, No. 2.

2 Guardian Bonds, No. 22.

3 Books, Letters Testament No. 2, 3, 4.

1 Book, Letters Dismissory.

10 Books, Returns, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10.

2 Books, Journal, Nos. 1, 2.

12 Inventories, Appraisement of Sales, from No. 12 to 23.

2 Books, Real Estate, Nos. 1, 2.

1 Book, Guardians, Administrators, Executors, &c., Index.

1 Book, Cash Book, No. 2.

5 Books, Wills, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

7 Books, Congressional Globe.

6 Books, Statutes of South Carolina.

2 Books, Journal of General Assembly 1868-'69.

12 old Books, official.

EQUITY PAPERS.

2 Boxes of Equity Papers, disarranged.

12 Boxes, Guardian and Trustee Accounts, containing 509 Packages, each package contains all Returns of one Estate.

EQUITY BOOKS.

5 Books, Guardians and Trustees Returns.

2 Books, Guardians and Trustees Bonds.

2 Books, Reports.

1 Book, Stock Book.

1 Book, Precedent Book.

1 Book, General Index.

2 Books, Minute Books.

1 Book, Appearance Book.

2 Books, Decree Book.

1 Book, Account Book.

1 Book, Docket Vol. 1.

1 Book, File Book.

The Papers of Equity could not be arranged, as the Index of the same cannot be found; the said papers are more historical than legal, and have not been missed by the transaction of business since the fire.

There has not been any Inventory made of Books and Papers when L. L. Guffin, late Judge of Probate, took possession of the Office, and it cannot be positively found out how much, or if papers or books were lost in the fire; but there has not been papers missed by the transaction of business in the Office since the fire.

C. W. GUFFIN, J. P. A. C.

April 11, 1872.

Exhibition and Pic-Nic at Mrs. Morris' School.

CALHOUN'S MILLS, June, 1872.

Editor Abbeville Press and Banner:

It was my good fortune to attend an exhibition and picnic of Mrs. A. E. Morris' school, on Thursday, 19th instant. The exercises were opened by a song by the School, and then came the annexed programme of exercises:

Speech—by Master Thomas McCaslan.

Composition—Salutatory—by Miss Minnie Chiles.

Poetry—by six little girls.

Speech—by Master Tommie Taggart.

Composition—Miss Matilda Brown.

Dialogue—Wrangling Pair.

Poetry and Song by little Alice Brown.

Speech—by Master Willie McCaslan.

Grammar class.

Composition—"Seasons" by Miss Sallie Clatworthy.

Speech—by Master Willie Taggart.

Dialogue—"Revenge is Sweet."

Composition—"Fireside," by Miss Jenna McCaslan.

Song—"Jewel"—by the School.

EXCESS THIRTY MINUTES.

Song—"Young Absterain"—by the School.

Composition—"Instability of Human Grandeur," by Miss Anna McCaslan.

Speech—by Master Simmon Brown.

Poetry and Song—by Miss Addie Lowry and Jenna McCaslan.

Dialogue—"The Widow's Mistake."

Speech—by Master Tommie Clatworthy.

Composition—"Little Things,"—by Miss Addie Lowry.

Speech—by Master James Taggart.

Dialogue—"Now School Mistress."

Speech—by Master Foster Morris.

Composition Vaudeictory—by Miss R. B. McComb.

Song—"School Girl's Appeal to Her Schoolmates—Parting Song by the School.

Judge—"Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now, what would you steal? A Prisoner? I would steal away, your Honor."

"I go through my work, reproving. I laid the needle to the idle boy. But not till you're pushed," triumphantly replied the idle boy to the needle.

The Chairman of the Board of School Trustees for this Township, complimented Mrs. A. E. Morris, saying the Board was proud in having secured the services of a lady of so much taste, and one that had showed so much zeal in the advancement of her pupils.