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THE fashionable public, and those who desire good fitting CLOTHING, manufactured of the finest Saxony Wool or Linen, unmixed with

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where the greatest durability and finish are com-bined, will find it to their interest to examine our

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time greater bargains than can be obtained in any other Fashionable Clothing Establishment. Give us a call and you will find our

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are extremely low. Economists who wish the advantage of buying Spring Clothing at

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rates, will find it to their interest to give us neall. To our old patrons, we would respectfully say

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has been marked down to correspond, with the present scarcity of cash, and cannot be surpassed anywhere

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for cheapness. Our stock is varied, and has been selected with great carc. We keep a full stock of extra size Garments, to meet the demands of those who cannot get fitted at any other establishment. Call and examine for yourselves, at I. SIMON & CO'S.

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212 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA., WOULD respectfully invite the attention of MERCHANTS, PLANTERS and PHY-

SICIANS to their Stock of PURE MEDICINES. CHEMICALS, DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, FRENCH WINDOW GLASS;

CHOICE PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c., &c., &c. PLUMB & LEITNER,

212 Broad Street, AUGUSTA, GA.

AUGUSTA HOTEL,

S. M. JONES & Z. A. RICE.

WE respectfully invite our old friends and the travelling public to give us a call. Nothing shall be wanting on our part to satisfy the ining shall be wanting on ner and outer wants of man.

JONES & RICE.

P. S. The Georgia and Central Railroad money taken at 65 cents., the Union Bank of South Car-olina at 50 cts., and the bank of Athens 30 cts. Augusta, Nov. 20, 6m 47

SUBSTITUTE FOR PERUVIAN GUANO

Baugh's Raw Bone SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF

Baugh & Sons.

MANUFACTURERS& PROPRIETORS No. 20, South Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.

This valuable MANURE has been before the agricultural public, under one name, for twelve years past, and its character for vigor of action and permanence in effect is well established. Beand permanence in elect is well established. Be need and dropped upon der badd, and server cheek, and the sad month grew of a rich carfore the war it was introduced to some extent in to make some common place remarks, to nation. The babe—Marah—was a lovely fore the war it was introduced to some extent in to make some common place remarks, to nation. The babe-Marah-was a lovely the Southern States, and was found to be highly which her guest answered only in monosylla-child, showing plainly enough that the stain

Cotton, Tobacco and all Crops.

And as a perfect substitute for Peruvian Guhas been adopted by agriculturists of known intelligence and discrimination. It is warranted not to exhaust the soil, but on the contrary permanently to improve it. The sales now amount to many thou and tons annually, and the facilities for its manufacture are extensive and com-

Pumphlet describing its distinctive claims, may be had on application to the undersigned, agent of the maunfacturers, from whom the MANURE may at all times be obtained. Planters and Dealors would do well to

send in their orders early to J. O. MATHEWSON. General Agents, AUGUSTA, GA.

FOR SALE. AT H. A. Gray's Watch Repairing Shop, a lot of SPLENDID RUNNING CLOCKS, very Thoughts of Heaven.

No sickness there-No weary wasting of the frame away ; No fearful sbrinking from the midnight sir; No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief-No wild and cheerless vision of despair; No vain petitions for a swift rebef; No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there!

Within the realm of ceaseless praise and song! Its billows break away and melt in foam, Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing Is never spread athwart celestial skies! Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring, As some too tender floweret fades and dies!

No pight distils Its chilling dews upon the tender frame; No moon is needed there! the light which fills That land of glory, from its Maker came !-

O'er mournful recollections have to weep; No bed of death enduring love attends, To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower, Or withered bud, celestial gardens know; No seorching blast or fierce descending shower Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

Startles the sacred host with fear and dread; The song of peace, creation's morning heard, Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

If home like this await the weary soul! Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded hear Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith, our guide, White robed and innocent to lead the way, Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,

And find the ocean of eternal day?

BETRAYED;

BERNICE WHATELY'S SORROWS.

(CONCLUDED)

Chapter IV .- Brighter Prospects. June was hiding ber hot face in the woodland. The brown rocks sweat as they land over the streams. The trees shook all over with delight when a stray breeze wantoned idly into their arms. The pasture roses opened the reddest of petals along the bedge rows, and sent out the most fragrant of perfumes upon the chance breezes of the morning.

slopes, and the young corn showed itself spreading its leaves in the broad fields. Just over the large hill in Mayview, Mr. Spaulding's well kept farm budded all over n fruitful promises. The apple and olum blos oms, but held unseen among their green leaves the germs for the autumn's fruitage. His hills were dotted with glossy kine, and

The short grain was waving on the sunny

white sheep nibbled the grass of the slopes. The family was a prosperous and happy one. Emily Spaulding had grown to womanhood under the happiest circumstances. It was the hardest thing in the world for her to believe that there was wrong and wickedness in the world. She had married an honest

hearted farmer, who, living apart from the cities, had escaped the allurements of vice.

They had only one child, a boy of two years and a girl of fourteen lived with them. She was an orphan niece, who for the last five years had made their house her home.

"Neal," said the wife, at the close of a sweet June day, "I can't get along alone if you are bound to build another barn before haying comes on. You will have to secure the services of five more men, and they with yourself and Bentley will make seven men to cook for. 'Hetty must be kept at school, and Harry needs looking after, and-"

"Don't enumerate any more, Emily. certainly need help badly enough." "And five cows to milk, and all the wool to spin, the fowls to tend-"

"Forbear!" he cried. "I shall not dare to seek a girl with the knowledge of what will be before you women; and faith! where in all Mayview do you think of a lassie that can be spared to assist us?"

"That is just the trouble, Neal. I cannot think of one woman, old or young, who, for love or money, could be spared to help me." There was a low knock at the door. Emily arose, at the same time with her husband, he

passing out to the field, readily divining that the faint summons at the door was that of a woman or child. Mrs. Spaulding was surprised into silence at the apparition before her. A young girl, fair and pallid as a mar-ble, with a bit of a baby on her breast, looking up to her with great, hungry eyes, crav-

ing protection.
"I am very weary," said a voice of softest intonation; "can my baby and I tarry here an expert dairy maid, churning the thick, back during her absence, she entered the to-night? your trouble."

Inexpressibly moved, Mrs. Spaulding put ont her hands to take the babe from the pale young creature.

old is it?" And she kissed it as she went into the sitting-room. "A little more than two months, madam."

Mrs. Spaulding bushed her noisy little boy, and depositing the atom of a babe on the

"Just a bowl of bread and milk; a very

ing out the tiny hands and fingers, allowing sleep, and Emily permitted it, in turn rock the mother to finish her repast in silence. After carrying away the bowl for safe kee ing from Master Harry's investigations, Emily sat down beside the young stranger, whose bead had dropped upon her band, and strove cheek, and the sad mouth grow of a rich car-

ano. (afforded at less than one half the cost.) it guest, saying in a sisterly voice,-You are in trouble, dear, are you not Could you confide in me? I will be as true lute and courageous soul too; for, did danger a friend as you have on earth."

have not a friend on earth, and no relative save this little innocent child of shame," And the sobs that had swelled her heart to

and convulsive power.

brought comfort to Hager and her son in the

"I cannot conceive of so much wickedness and desolation being rife in the world; but I have mingled so little with it that I do not

know how to judge."
As Bernice finished her narrative she put the same question to Mrs. Spaulding that she had asked so often before, if there was any person thereabouts that would be willing to take her and her babe and allow her to work in return for her board, until such time as her child should be old enough to warrant

her in receiving wages.

"Why, dear," said Emily, "my husband and I were wondering who I could possibly get to help me this summer, when your low knock broke up the conversation. Perhaps we can arrange it for you to stay with us." "But your husband," said Bernice, with

trepidation. "He may object to-me." Never," said Emily, warmly. "He is as much better than I as you can well imagine." "Is it possible that I am likely to remain with you?" was the eager question, as in her earnestness she laid her hand upon that of her hostess.

"Why, yes, dear," was the reply; "I think so. At least, the matter rests wholly with you." "Then no wonder my feet trod the rough highway so zealously without my divining whither I went. My heart swells to bursting Billy in, preparing to shout, when she diswith speechless thankfulness. I am not forsaken of the Lord."

"We never are, dear; and now just lie down beside the babe, until I go down to the field to acquaint my husband with your providential arrival."

Tossing a pillow beside the sleeping infant, Mrs. Spaulding started for her husband, but could not forbear looking in upon her own child, and thanking God, as she leaned over it, that it had a good father, and resolving to be a sister and friend to the poor, friendless girl whom God had sent to her home. Coming back from her e-rand in the dusk

of the evening, she came seftly into the sit- said,ting-room, hoping to find her guest asleep. "What does he say?" questioned Bernice, starting up nervously, feeling almost as if temporal salvation rested upon the sentence. "He says you are a good brave girl. He bids you tarry with as until you yourself will

the departure.' A flush, like the glow of sunset, flushed over the pale face, lighting the clear eyes with

" How good, liow good you are!" "Why, yes, maybe; but we keep thinking that perhaps, if not ourselves, our children may wander on the earth knowing no friend but God; and if we do as we should do, you know, dear, He will never forsake us. Now," and, stooping, she raised the infant in her arms with a true, motherly tenderness of manner. "come, dear, you are weary and

"Not until on this very spot, where He showed me that He had not cast me off in anger, but proved to me that He had guided were bare, Billy's heels sent a shower of my wauderings, I kneel in thankfulness." She slipped down beside her babe, and Emily, deeply moved, sank softly beside her. the smothered grouns came up from the tor-Mr. Spaulding in soft slippers approached unheard, and looking in at the door, he retreated intrude upon the scene. lar as the ride was concerned.

"There, dear," when they were once up cry of terror came out to them. stairs, "lie down as quickly as possible, and sleep in peace;" and she kissed the mother and her babe as she withdrew.

Bernice shed the happiest tears that night that had ever fallen from her eyes. The help me in." sorrow and shame through which she had passed had taught her where to look for strength; and holding her two hands out in | into the house and upon the bed the darkness she thus signified that she gave them to the Almighty palm to hold and guide her through life. Peaceful sleep, Eke a brood-

ing dove, hovered over her.
Long after her eyelids were closed from utter exhaustion, Emily Spaulding and her husband converced upon her sad tale. They were united in their wish for her to remain with them.

In the early morning the tuneful birds aroused the wanderer from sleep, and lifting Myers is not at home, get the first doctor you her head from the pillow she could not realize that her wanderings were over. She arose, for the family were astir, and taking from her small bundle a dark, substantial dress, she arrayed herself quickly, and leaving her babe asleep, she descended the stairs and entered, up the hill, and being lightly loaded this time, Spaulding and the rest of the family.
"You are up parly, Bernice," said her hos-

tess, smiling upon her. "Bernice Whatley,
Mr. Spaulding," she added.
Mr. Spaulding simply said "Good morning," and shook her hand in a strong, earnest,
fore her.

sympathetic manner that conveyed a world of meaning from palm to palm. "Now, Bernice," he remarked, as they sat around the breakfast-table, "make yourself

entirely at home at our table and in our house. Act yourself freely." "Thank you," was the low response.
When the meal was over and the baby
dressed and laid in Master Harry's unused

morning work, and Bernice assisted with a Dr. Myers as he rode into theyard. Giving quick and ready hand. She proved herself the horse to Mr. Bentley, the had come Lwill fairly recompense you for rich cream into golden butter, salting and printing it in a way that entirely won Mrs. Spaulding's confidence. And the new barn want up without a com-

young creature.

"Come in. Yes, indeed dear, you are welcome. Bless me, what a little babe! How come. Bless me, what a little babe! How the tutelage of the economical Dame "Would you mind helping as a bit, Miss?"

"Would you mind helping as a bit, Miss?" such nice 'puddings and pies as Bernice, she by the tutelage of the economical Dame
Midge. What a treasure she proved herself
His wife is very nervous, and Bentley might to the over-taxed house-wife; her cheerful, unvarying temper acting as a sedative upon and depositing the atom of a base on the lounge, where Mr. Harry rose on his tip togs to examine it, she turned to her guest, and removing her bonnet and shawl, asked her room. Mrs. Spaulding sewing upon the family's work, and Bernice, in the easy chair, with ly's work, and Bernice, in the easy chair, with her baby on one knee and two year old Harry on the other, his little torque running on little. I am too weary to be hungry."

The kind-hearted wife returned with the in a wild, blackbird kind of gabbling conrefreshments, and, sitting down by the sleeping the baby. Master Harry sometimes took in his head for Berny to rock him to ing the fatherless stranger babe upon her

motherly bosom. And the color, faint, it is true, as the tinge bles. Directly Hetty came in and took Harry off to bed, and then Emily, whose heart mation. A first and firm friendship grew and was full from studying the sad and weary face before her, laid her hand on that of her guest, saving in a sisterly voice.—

mation. A fast and firm friendship grew and of household cares, Bernie carrying all strengthened daily between these two women so strangely met; and Emily caught herself "What should we do within her?" of an analysis of thousehold cares, Bernie carrying all things along with evenness hid profit. wondering how she could live without this essential twinself. Bernice was such a resomenage, she calmly stood in front, receiving

"Ah me!" was the hopeless answer, "I as if by right the first fierce blows. So when Mr. Spaulding, one day in the winter, the first winter that she spent with them, went to the distant timber lot alone to bursting ever since her eyes had been lifted fell some pitch-pines for making shingles, to meet Emily Spaulding's loving glance, now and failed to come at sunset or at dusk, and broke forth, shaking her torm with their deep, the deep, dark evening fell without him, Bernice harnessed the horse to the sled (as Bent-For answer Mrs. Spaulding drew the bowed ley was away with the other team) and went sparkled the clear, bright ers of the mother. along the lonesome wood road to the forest, The father's nose and clip; the mother's head to her bosom, and an oothed the cluster- along the lonesome wood road to the forest, ing hair from the pallid, blue-veined temples. leaving Emily in a state bordering on dis-'Calm yourself, dear," said the soft, pity-ing comforter, "and freely tell me all. I cannot understand such wickedness as has been enacted towards you; but He who provident action. Not so with Bernice. brought comfort to Hager and her son in the Whatever she might have been under differwilderness hath opened a well of love for you." ent and happier circumstances, the trial "My God, I thank thee," was the fervent through which she had passed had developed

"See to the babies, Mrs. Spaulding, during

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MAY 2, 1866.

"Who do you think of getting to go to the woods, Bernice?"

"No one; it is too late to waste time in searching for some one to go. I shall barness Billy to the sled and proceed directly to the woods."

"O, Bernice it grows dark rapidly. Harness and let me go instead." But knowing her so well, knowing that she was not courageous, and was to nervous that she would leave the horse and ilee at the first strange sound, she knew not whither, Bernice did not enter the house, but giving Billy a slap with the reins, he tore up the slippery hill in great glee, and striking the familiar road to the forest, dashed along, throwing balls of snow and particles of crust into the young girl's face, who, holding by a stake in the sled, spoke to him once in a while, and slapping his back with the reins she trusted to him to carry her to his master, for he had travelled the road at least once a day all

It was a cold three miles' ride, and dark enough after she entered the woods, save the reflection from the snow. She was among the fallen trees at last. The sled squeaked and groaned on the frosty road. She drew covered a pile of brush by the wayside, and from its vicinity Spaulding's voice called-

"Halloo, Bentley, for God's sake hurry along. A tree rolled upon my leg, breaking it in a terrible manner. I have suffered great agony for more than two hours. Get me home as quickly as possible. I am crazed

with pain." The sled turned creaking in the road, and Billy, stepping carefully back, pushed it quickly down towards the heap of brush and the man's voice. Stopping directly obedient to the firm grasp of the slender hand upon the bit, Bernice came round to the brush and

"Can you drag , ourself partly, Mr. Spaulding? I am afraid that I shall barm you more han you would hurt yourself." "Great Heavens! is it you Bernice?"

"Yes, sir; your wife is nearly dead with fear, and Bently has not come back."

"Poor, Emily! Ab, Heavens! But do not mind my groane; drag me along."

In two moments he was laid upon the buffalo on the floor of the sled, with his head upon the horse-blanket, and quick as a flash Bernice passed a rope over him and across the sled to hold him as steadily as possible. "Now, Bernice," exclaimed the strong man, "do not mind my groans nor yells. Drive, drive, my girl, and get me to the warmth of home as soon as possible."

She tossed him the end of the rope to help steady himself better, drew Billy carefully nto the smooth road, and whipped him into a run. More than once, after they came into sparks out from the collision of flint and steel; but setting her teeth hard together as tured man, she held by the stake and ran the horse the entire distance, making the suffe-

Bernice, is he dead ?" "Dead! no, indeed, dear. I have broken

my leg, that is all. Bear a hand here, and With a hush of thankfulness the trembling wife assisted Bernice in getting her husband

"Now, Mrs. Spaulding," said the brave girl, looking with her clear eyes upon the excited and weeping woman, "I am going to the city for Doctor Myers. Billy is well warmed for the ride. I am ready dressed, and," laying her hand upon Emily's shaking palm, " we will have relief here in no time I'll throw the harness on the sled, Mr.

Spanlding." "Anywhere, anywhere, Bernice; and if

"It's only five miles," she said as she went ont. "Pil go there quickly, and ride more

slowly back." not without trepidation, the presence of Mr. and going against the wind at sich high speed that his rider had to stoop nearly upon his neck to prevent the icy blast from bearing her breath in triumph away. She rode like. a moss-trooper, and ere she could hope for cry of horror escaped them, knowing as they the sight the lights of the city gleamed be-

She was fortunate in finding the surgeon coming into his yard with quitea fresh horse; he turned, upon learning ber erand, and rode while, and then, being conviced that the man was hurrying at the top of his speed, she rode more slowly. allowing the man was hurrying at the top of his speed, she rode more slowly, allowing the good steed to gradually cool off his weating sides. orib—for it was one of those good babies But directly, thinking of Emiy's trembling that seldom cried—Emily went about her nerves, she rushed forward again, overtaking

While warming her chilled fingers she presented such a c lm, untreabling appearance that Myers, who had man on examinashe came to the bottom. plaint from Emily, for no one could make tion of the limb and ascertailing it to be a severe compound fracture, cold not forbear

bungle the business." 1 am all ready, sir," sail she, throwing her cloak and hood upon the table, and rolling her sleeves to the elbow.

Myers smiled at the busines like prepara-"That's it, my girl. I can tust your steady

nerve."

For an answer she looked in at him with her clear, steady eyes as theyrepaired to the sufferer's room. It was a painful and difficut task, requir ing rapidity, firmness, tact an nicety in set-ting splintering and bandang; and while Emily wiped the sweat from her husband's brow, Bernice's fingers fell fith the precis-

ion of clock-work upon the broken limb,

never once too often, never ine moment be-And during Mr. Spauldings long period of suffering from the fracture, Faily was relieved

questioned the wife.
"What should we?" eched the husband. And Marah, who for some time had sat alone, now aspired to the second stage of worldly experience. She at mpted creeping across the floor, much to Mster Harry's delight, who was convulsed ith glee at the novelty of the sight. In the child were strangely blended the feature of both parents. The mother's rather large, all balanced head was beautified with the fathr's curling black hair. Under the father's vide, high brow

his lameness, went over his farm suggesting mother's heart if he had perished. improvements for Bentley to execute. Up to this time Bernice had steadily refused any wages in return for her labors. She had had a few dollars left when she entered upon service, amply sufficient for the few articles of clothing that herself and infant needed. Entering upon the second year, she

no longer refused a fair compensation. Calm, resolute and self-relying, Bernice had ripened into perfect womanhood. She seemed wholly free from many of the weak failings of humanity. Feeling that she had faced the most terrible experience that could befall her, it seemed as if she had nothing at stake, neither hope, love nor fortune. What then, of ordinary circumstances, could beset her, of which she should stand in awe? Fully appreciated by her kind friends, the Spauld-ings, she had found old Dinah's prophecy coming true. Her shame and sin had got down from her bosom and walked away like her babe from her arms. She had no fears for the future. She had been mercifully carried through the greatest of human straits. Friendless and nearly penniless she had suffered the penalty of her sin. She had lived making engagements to sing during the sucto see the salvation of God, in her case, physically and spiritually. It was enough for one of her calm, unwavering faith and trust.

I said that the Spauldings appreciated her. Did I say that there was another who more than appreciated her? No. Well I must tell you now. The sturdy, young farmer, Bentley, inspired by the admirable traits of her character, had fallen into a wild sort of worship of her, the more intense because

hidden deeply within his breast.

Mrs. Spaulding ere long discovered how matters stood, as far as the young man was concerned, and, in justice to the inestimable qualities of the fair girl, she frankly narrated her entire history. Strange to say it only in-creased his admiration of her. He showed himself superior to the mean prejudices of the world that would have seen only a weak sinning creature. He swept grandly by all such prejudices, and adored the attributes of calm, brave and patient fortitude which she had exhibited; rightly judging that one who dared face the world alone as she had done, defending and protecting her child-the certificate of her sin-would make the best and

truest wife a man could possess. But Bernice was happily ignorant of his feelings. She put all thoughts of lovers or marriage afar from her, as things beyond her

reach or coveting,
Thus matters stood, and might have remained thus till dooms day under common circumstances for all John Bentley would have dared to say. But a little circumstance broke the icy reserve that he had imposed upon his lips. It was during the second summer of her residence with Emily, that the little incident occurred. The men were in the fields swinging the glistening scythes. The black birds went whistling overhead, while the amorous breezes wooed the senses to the full enjoyment of the out-door air. Little Harry had asked many times to go to the old out of season or out of reach things

mill but had been denied, owing to work that to gratify him, and finish once and for all his them.

As they went pass the mowers, sweating n the hazy warmth, John Bentley lifted his hat to them, and tossing a bunch of red clover blossoms in Marah's laughing face, he "And ye stooped to his work again. But his eye Bernice?" turned from the swath he was cutting to the small, delicate figure of Berpice, bearing the amazingly little haby on her shoulder. His beart was full of love for the brave, young mother and ber beautiful child; but his scythe swung back and forth, keeping time with the smartest of the mowers.

Meantime the women and children had as cended the little eminence between them and he river and the old mill, and had gone down the other side out of sight. Harry was wild with delight at the ruined machinery of the mill, and his mother, holding his hand or cautioning him every moment, went over the whole building, which had some time dore an extensive business; but of late years the bed of the stream bad change !, running off on its other branch, and so this mill had been

allowed to tumble to decay.

They were looking below at the water-wheel, when Harry, by a mis-step, fell through a hole into the muddy bed of the stream. A did that there was sufficient depth of muddy water to drown a much older child. Emily, divining the danger in a moment, ran screaming from the mill towards the mon in the field.

Bernice as quickly took in the imminent | in his. upon the sound part of the floor, she tore the her face. the child, and tied her to a post to prevent a since-"
like fate of the babe. Then telling her to The w to "be quiet while mother goes down after Harry," she, too, passed through the same hole where the child had fallen. She did not jump down into the cavernous depth as some bunglers would have done, thus standing a chance to crush it to death, but holding by the cross-timbers, catching here and there, "You are very good; I have long known

A hoarse bubbling in the slimy water directed her where the child had fallen on its face in the mire. Holding by a small wooden peg, she reached down, seized the little fellow by the skirt of his dress, and pulled him up, the mid giving a loud smack as it released

him from its sticky embrace, "Mother's coming, darling," said Bernice, as he began to struggle, endangering them

and threatening an immersion for both. But the poor child, half-smothering, struggled fiercely, demanding the utmost strength of the muscular young arm to hold him safely. A sound of quick and heavy running reached her ear. John Bentley and another man crashed into the mill overhead, followed by the terrified mother.
"Bernice, for God's sake, where are you?"

"Here, here!" Bernice answered, nearly exhausted with the struggles of the strong boy. "Come down through the hole, John, Mr. Bentley, as quickly as possible. I cannot hold Harry much longer."

cried Emily, distracted, fearing she knew not

John Bentley was coming down with the agility of a wild-cat. He seized the child and passed him to the other man, who, likewise, had partly descended to them, and he, i turn, tossed him through the opening in the floor to the mother. She ran with him to the little srring that bubbled close at hand, and freed his res, nostrils and mouth from the slimy and adhesive mire: Bentley, kneeling on the floor above, reached down his arms for Bernice, who had climbed up to him in the same way that she had gone down. Once pure brow. up she left John to unbind Marah, who with one little, fat finger between her rosebud lips. had been an astonished spectator of the scene, and hurried out to Emily.

Harry sustained no injury except such a strangling as made him shy of the old mill for years. John came up with Marah in his arms, with a faint dash of color in his swarthy cheek, and turning to Emily he said, in a voice of deep feeling-

the time narrated bor whole life to the present | fallen her kind friend, she only remarked, - | ry, who held her hand so firmly as to insure | rally besmeared with mud, walked on calmly, many a fall for himself in company with the with a faint, blue line around the mouth, showing how much she knew of the danger unsteady, haby girl.

Mr. Spaulding, now nearly recovered from the boy had escaped and the agony of the

When Mr. Spaulding arrived home, for he was absent at the time of the arcident, he shook Bernice's hand in a fervent manner, and soon after caught Marab up and kissed

her in pure gratitude to the mother. A few days after this, Bernice, with a basket on her arm, traversed the intervening way between the orchard and the west field, as it was called, in pursuit of strawberries which ripened very late there, owing to the rank, lumuriance of the grass. It was the pleasantest time in the day, rivalled, perhaps, by the early morning, yet free from the morning's dews. It was about two hours before sunset. The air was alive with insects out for their evening dance. A scent of newlymown hay refreshed the senses. From the corpulent bunches, where it was rolled up for the morrows's carting, the sentinel sparrows "chirp chirp," if they came too near their sacred homes. Crickets in their shining armor ran through the stubble, ashamed to be caught practicing those notes which during August they were to pour fourth so freely, ceeding fall months. Grasshoppers in peagreen small clothes pranced over the windows like hard, soldiers storming a bastion. Now and then an important feeling frog, badly inflated with his own conceit, growled out an initiatory note of his evening serenade. A storm of applause came from the adjoining, marshy knolls, mingled with cries of "two! two! two!" which caused a leap of joy, and another growling note from the speckled prompter. Beyond these sounds, coming in indiscribably soft cadences, were the songs of the night-birds, ringing through the woods, and actually melting in the soft, summer air. The purple powder of the herds grass rested upon Bernice's fingers, for some of the taller stalks quite aspired to reach her shoulders.

Everything was lovely in the extreme. The heart was involuntarily filled with prayer and praise. In an adjoining field, down among the swale grasses, the remorseless scythes swung back and forth, and as the blue-joint and rep-top fell with heavy sighs, the scythes repeated "h-u-s-h! h-u-s-h!" as plainly as scythes can say it. Once more up the swale, and then John

Bentley hung up the murderous thing that had cut down the grass all day, and whistling to keep his courage up, he went across the fields in the direction which Bernice had gone. He had made up his mind to speak to her soon, and here was a good opportunity. Coming near, he said,—
"Ab, Bernice," (he had never called her Miss Whately, for with the fact of the baby before him it seemed purely malicious to re-

mind her in so pointed a way of the painful truth,) " Ab, Bernice, do you find the berries plentiful hereabouts ?" "Yes," she answered, "as plentiful as we can expect at this out-of-season time." "Do you know," he went on, "that we are

very apt to expect most, and long more for

She looked up surprised at the strange "I mean," he explained, "that we are alng. So Bernice took Marah along with ways coming to the fig-tree when it is not its season of bearing, and therefore find no re-

sponse to our longing bunger."
"Earth hardly yields us happiness," she "And yet you are happy in your way,

able as some might expect." "No one would expect you to be happy who knew you." His manner was earnest. "You are too good and true to ever be miserable. "Do you think so! Do you know me and

"In my way, I am far from being as miser

" To both questions I frankly answer-yes." "Thank you;" she calmly but feelingly re-plied, extending her hand to him, while a deeper tinge of red crept along her cheek, and a deeper shade came into the clear eyes. He held her hand firmly, expecting her to

draw it away when he should say what he meant to say to her. "Bernice, I love you deeply, purely and truly as ever man loved woman on earth."

She paled to her very lips. Even her nostrils took on the deathly tinge. Never had Bentley or any other person scen her thus moved. Had she, without knowing it, cherished an affection for this upright, honest, gentlemanly young man? Or had the simple sentence brought back a fresher memory of her first untimely woning? Be it as it

may, her hand still lay without a struggle "Will you sometime consent to love me, and be my treasured, idolized wife?" he went on, as soon as he saw the color returning to

"I have never thought of love or marriage

The words choked her. "Never mind that, Bernice; never refer

it," she answered, not unmoved. "But you will forgive me; I have no answer to give from them, and all the offenders put in irons, you. It is too entirely unexpected for me to know my own feelings.

"And you thought it pity?" "I did."

"For what should I pity you? I grieved for the sorrow of your young life, but pity died and admiration was born by daily witnessing the grand self reliance and calm, trusting faith that beautified your life. There was no chance for pity; it was all merged in lofty admiration. You hold my happiness in your hands. I am not one to be easily moved, nor lightly turned in my affections."

I have always believed you to be. I cannot express my gratitude at your preference." "And you will let me hope that sometime you will be my wife? You will promise me—" " I will promise you;" and her clear, large eves were frankly raised to meet his inquiring glance, "that if I ever love, if I ever marry,

Mr. Bentley is likely to claim both my affec-

"I am honored, highly honored, Mr. Bent-

ley, in possessing the love of such a man as

lon and my band." "Do you promise this much?" and his face lit up with joy too deep for utterance. "Do you promise this much? I were an extortioner to demand more. God bless you, my darling;" and he bent and kissed her saintly,

A look of life and hope and joy came over her face, and her hand nestled closer in his. One glance at their faces as they came through the orchard paths together, and the impulsive Emily buried her face on her husband's neck. "What is it ?" he asked.

"O Neal, if you had seen their faces-Bernice's and John's-she will marry him at last, I know."

" Or such a good husband?"

"Can we doubt it, when we know that God over-rules all things for good and wise When Marah was in her third year, her

mother one day was playing with her under the orchard trees. The child, in playful defiance, mounted upon the high stone wall beyond her mother's outstretched arms. A man, coming up the road on horseback, saw the playful race, and drawing his steen up close to the wall he snapped his whip at the little thing, thus thinking to drive her down to her mother's arms ere she fell. Instead of frightening her, she held her arms out to him Something about the beautiful face arrested his attention, and springing off his horse he caught her in his arms and leaped the wall and-Malcolm and Bernice Whately stood face to face! He uttered such an ejaculation of astonishment and remorse that Marah

slipped down from him, and climbed up into her mother's arms. The recognition was instantaneous on both sides, but Bernice with the step of an empress turned away, having not uttered either

"Stay," he cried, catching her by the hand. 'Is this real? Are you Bernice Whately? "That is my name."

"And for God's sake tell me if this is my child ?" "It is my child. It has no father." "Yes, yes, it has. Yes, Bernice, filled at last with remorse I have sought you far and

"It comes too late," was the calm, cold answer. "I accept nothing from your hands, perfidous man !" "You must accept something at my hands.

near to grant you all the reparation in my

Bernice. I love you better than I ever loved any one else, or ever can love any one." "You took a singular method of proving your love." was the bitter answer.

"But let me prove it now;" and his hungry

arms stretched out towards the brave mothe "Too late. You come too late!" she sim

ply said. "Oh, no, not that; say not that." "I repeat—too late."
"But for the sake of your child, our child

Bernice. She will need a father, a protector." "Yes, she needs a protector;" and Bernice moved away, while the beautiful child's face smiled back upon the wretched man, "and I shall give her a better one than you could

up beside her. Simply that ere long I shall marry the best man in the whole world, who, knowing my entire history, glories in becoming the

"My God! what mean you?" and he strode

father of my sweet, little Marab, and the husband of Marah's mother." A groan of anguish escaped him.
"One moment, Bernice, just one. Is there nothing that I-can do ?" "Nothing; only get you hence back into the world whence you thrust me to fight it alone with my babe. If, in future, you long for a true, faithful, wifely heart to lean on, or a fair daughter to study your comfort, con-

sole your solitude by thinking that your own hand huried both these blessings from you." She was gone from his view. A year or so after, a letter inquiring for Dinah found its way into the colored preacher's hands, the contents of which sent the

negress into a distant town, inquiring her way

to John Bentley's. Mutiny on Shipboard. Much excitement was created yesterday by a muticy on board the bark Scotland, Captain Benjamin E. Maynard, loaded with

cotton, lying in the stream, opposite Brown's wharf, bound to Liverpool. It appears that a new crew of six men had been shipped on board the Scotland, from one of the shipping offices on East Bay, and went on board yesterday morning before the vessel left the wharf. The men at first refused to obey the orders of the mate when hauling out into the stream. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Captain went on board for some of the ship's papers, and was about returning when the crew made a rush for him, demanding to be taken ashore, and saying they had not received their advance. The Captain, who was about clearing his vessel, said he had no time to talk with them then, and with his hand beekoned them back. One of the men immediately gave him a severe blow over the right eye with a knife, cutting him in two or three places. His companions drew their sheath-knives and rushed both on the Captain and other officers, threatening to cut the hearts out of them. The first mate, Mr. Silas Duell, who was standing on the poop deck, seeing the danger of the Captain, drew a revolver and fired, killing one of the crew named James Kelly, and wounding another of the same name in the left arm. The deceased was shot in the left side, and expired almost instantly. The rest of the crew then ran forward, when the Captain set a signal of distress-union down. A boat with Captain C. C. Neill, Custom-house officer, to it. Let the past lie dead. It matters not to me. Why should it trouble you? Every Wharf, immediately pulled out to the vessel. good quality, every excellent thing in woman and was followed by a boat from the U.S. I have benedd in you. I reverence and love steamer Tacony, (flag-ship,) anchored some distance in the stream, but which made a prompt reply to the signal for assistance, The crew were disarmed, their knives taken Information of the affair was sent to Coroner now my own feelings."

Whiting, who obtained the assistance of Officer Cotes and a police force under Lieut. Hendricks, with whom he visited the vessel my secret?"

"No; I assure you not. Your manner and brought the dead body, with officers and has always been respectful, nay, tender; but I ascribed it wholly to pity. I blessed you for redeeming my lost faith in man, and—" lows: Cornelius Mahoney, James Sweeney. James Whitely, James Kelley, Charles Mc-Cabe. A number of witnesses in the case have also been retained. An inquest will be held, this morning, on the body of the deceased. It is believed that the affair was premeditated by the crew-that they intended to force an advance from the Captain and

then desert the vessel .- Charleston Courier. BULLY FOR BEECHER. -The following, from a recent address by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, makes extremely distasteful reading for

some of his political associates: "I should be sorry to see any more Government agents spreading out through the land. If the President would call home every Treasury agent that is disgracing the North and the Government and humanity, and alienating the South, I, for one, should be glad. Here and there are no doubt men who stand above bribery and suspicion of corruption-noble men and true-but all through the South, taking them compreheasively, they are as locusts eating up the land. They are predatory nuisances, and degrade the North, from which they come, and the Government under which they

CHARLOTTE AND SOUTH CAROLINA RAIL-OAD .- Col. Wm. Johnston, President of the Charlotte and South Carolina, and the Augusta and Columbia Railroads, is now in our city. During his visit to us this morning he announced the gratifying intelligence that his mountain route Northward will be open for passengers on the 10th proximo. The Colonel speaks of the new iron bridge over the Ca-tawba as the model bridge South—"reconstructed from Confederate gun barrels and bayonets." He states that the whole of the line of the Augusta and Columbia Road, is "True, true, wi e; and, after all, everything finished or under contract.—Augusta Chronicle and Stntinel.

Chapter V.—General Matters.

"Mrs. Spaulding, your boy would not have lived the twenty minutes or more that transporting came, and balmy linds and warm pired from the time that he fell through until find another such a treasure for a wife?"

[Bast, 1 know."

"Thank Heaven! The honest fellow deserves her. And where on earth would he find another such a treasure for a wife?" within her the most absolute and perfect conesponse.

Calming berself immediately, for Bernice trol of every feeling and faculty. Knowing learth. By and by Maral was seen out of trol of every feeling and faculty. Knowing learth. By and by Maral was seen out of trol of every feeling and faculty. Knowing learth. By and by Maral was seen out of trol of every feeling and faculty. Knowing learth. By and by Maral was seen out of the breast, while Bernice, liberary works out just right."

"Or such a good hu "True, true, wi e; a doors, toddling around with proud little Har-lime closer to her breast, while Bernice, liberary works out just right."