[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

VOLUME 6---NO. 2.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 262

### RATES OF ADVERTISING. The Proprietors of the Abbeville Banner and Independent Press, have established the follow-

Independent Press, have established the following rates of Advertising to be charged in both pers: Every Advertisement inserted for a less time

than three months, will be charged by the in-sertion at One Dollar per Square, (11 inch -the space of 12 solid lines or less.) for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subse-

quentinsertion.

3 The Commissioner's, Sheriff's, Clerk's and Ordinary's Advertisements will be inserted in both papers, each charging half price.

Sheriff's Levies, One Dollar each.

Advertising an Estray, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate.

Advertisements inserted for three months, or longer, at the following rates: square 3 months

equare 6 months - square 9 months square 12 months squares 3 months squares 6 months squares 12 months squares 3 months squares 6 months 3 squares 9 months 3 squares 12 months squares 3 months - 12 00 squares 6 months squares 9 months 5 squares 3 months 5 squares 6 months squares 9 month 5 squares 12 months 6 squares 6 months 6 squares 9 months squares 12 months 7 tonares 3 months 25 00

8 squares 12 months - - - 50 00 Fractions of Squares will be charged in proportion to the above rates.

25 Business Cards for the term of one year, will be charged in proportion to the space they occupy, at One Dollar per line

For all advertisements set in double colunn, Fifty per Cent. extra will be added to the

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DAVIS & CREWS, For Banner; LEE & WILSON, For Press.

40 00

# Notice to Eulscribers.

Upon consultation with our friends of the Abbeville Banner we have come to the following understanding: That after the 1st of April, next, we shall charge for all subscriptions, not paid within six months \$2,50 and \$3 00 if not paid within one year. The pressure of the Times has forced upon us the necessity of urging prompt payment upon our Patrons. The amount due us for subscription, are separatel usall, but in the aggregate swell to a large sum, and if not promtly paid, subject us to great inconveniences. Our payments are eash; to meet them.

Experience has also impressed us with the

propriety of charging for Obituary Notices which exceed a certain length; und we shall henceforth charge for the excess over one equare, at the usual advertising rates.

## MISCELLANY.

#### From the London Family Herald. The Impromptu Marriage.

"For Heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray cease this triffing, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject, as it deserves, soberly and seriously." "Well, there, then!" cried the laughing,

black-eyed girl, to whom Charles Westerly spoke. "There, then, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments .- Do I suit you

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch !" cried Charles, gazing, with a smile, at the pretty face, puckered up in its affectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, and he resumed, gravely, after a pause, "The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my carnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under

my futters." "Shake them off, then, Charley!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susy-and you know it." replied the hapless lover, impatiently.

"That being the case," said Susv, "take my advice-wear them gracefully, and don't and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into pull and jerk so; it only makes them hurt

The young man turned away, and walked silently up and down the room, evident-

ly fretting internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and vawned. Charles continued his moody walk. "Oh, what a beautiful bird is on the lilac-

tree!" cried Susy, suddenly. "Do come and see it."

Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charley," said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly in his face ; "don't you think you could manage to-"/

"What, Susy dear ?" asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner.

"Drop a plach of salt on his back," returned the provoking girl, with an affectation breath, he again plunged below. This time of simplicity; "for then, you know, you his efforts were repartled with success, at could easily catch it,"

His answer was to turn angrily away. His walk this time was longer than beore, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artless devices to allure his notice. At last be stopped abruptly before her, and said,

"Susy, for three long years I have been cour suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments towards me, you have always coquetishly refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you better than my life; but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months, and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest "yes," for my answer, I shall consider that I have received a "no," and act accordingly,"

"An I how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susy, curiously, "Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my heart!" cried Charles,

furiously. "It would be a curious piece of business, Charley; and you would not succeed either."

said Susy. "I should and would succeed," said Charles, "as you shall see, if you wish, cruel,

heartless girl !" "But I don't wish, Charley, dear-I love dearly to have you love me," said Susy.

"Why, then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why, then dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said I liked to be loved," eplied Susy; "I did not say anything about loving. But, pray how long did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours."

"Three long years," replied Charles, "Neatly and accurately quoted, Charley. But you know my cousin Rachel was only won after five years' courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for two years; perhaps by that time I may be able to work myself up to the falling-in-love pointthere is no knowing what wonders time

may effect." "If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, sturdily; "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severeand we must require our friends to enable us ly tried lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling any longer.

"Never, be it then !" he cried; and seiz-

ing his hat, he strode from the room. Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she indeed by h corrigible love of coquetry, lost him? It mote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the win-

dow-sash, and, leaning forward, whispered, "Charley, Charley! you will be at the boat to morrow to bid me good by, won't you? Surely we are still friends?"

As she spoke, she tore a rose from her osom and threw it to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away, as though it had been poison, and passed on without

Susy spent the rest of that day in tears. Early the next morning the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a rip for health.

As they reached the warf and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for one wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing, seemingly impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant-man who accompanied them, had already crossed the gangway which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind herthe very voice she was longing to hearstartled her. She turned to look round,

and, missing her footing, fell into the water. Another instant, and Charles had thrown off his coat, and, calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, the river. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive have is that I am not half good enough for

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat,

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl. the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get his efforts were remarked with spaces, at largest train, by ten cars, ever taken down least so for that he was able to bring Susy's the Central Redisons?

form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.

Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself affoat by holding on to the

But this, his last hope of support, seemed also to fall him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles so as to push nimself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him. He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope round Susy's waist-consciousness then entirely forsook him. In the mean time the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles's instructions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings, and his semi-insensibility, he had been inempable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steamboat, which now rapidly moved off to make up for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness, he found himself many miles from home. Of course his first auxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over, and falling into a deep, quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that Miss B \_\_\_\_\_lesired to see him.

He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. Her mother was sitting beside her She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," she said, without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you

ticipating him. "No, Charles, but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accom-

panied by a minister. "I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Susy to the latter, as he entered. "I have a strange request to make to you. Would you object, sir, in the presence, and to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this re-What did you say, Susy?" said he. "Did hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet our approval?"

"It was heaven-inspired!" cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy-but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added, gravely, But, Susy, have you considered ! Remember, I want your love, not your gratitude.

I will be satisfied with nothing loss." "Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears; "be assured you have them both, and had the first long before you had the last."

"But' Susy, you said only vesterday-"Never mind what I said yesterday," in errapted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day If I was a fool once, is that any reason must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added, more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife-the only scruple I

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The reader has already divined swam around the wheel, but still he saw her that Charles continued his journey; and thus in the course of one eventful day, he risked a life, saved a life, made an impromptu marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

An editor got shaved in a barber shop lately, and offered the Darkey a dime, which was refussed, because, said he, "I understand you is an editor!" Well, what of that ! "We never charge editors nuffin!" But such liberality will ruin you. "Oh. nebber mind, we makes it up off the gem-

The Georgian Citizen states that the first-class locomotive W. W. Gordon, let Macon for Savannah, on Wednesday last with thirty-five freight cars attached -the

[From the Augusta Dispatch.] "I Love Thee."

LINES TO-

Thou askest if I ever loved Ah! why that query now? Hast thou not marked the crimson flush Steal ever cheek and brow ? Hast thou not marked the sudden start When I thy features see ! Thou askest if I ever loved,

They hint that I am mourning now Some love-dream of the past; And that some hope decayed, this clou-Upon my brow has east. How false the charge-for, oh! until We met my heart was free, Thou askest if I erer loved, I answer-"I love thee!"

I answer-"I love thee!"

It may be vain, yet still 'tis sweet, E'en hopelessly to bow : For genius beams within thine And beauty on thy brow. If e'es friendship I could win How blessed my lot would be, Then ask no more if I have loved, Thou knowest I love thee. HELIOTROPE.

From the Home Journal. Tales of the South. BY A SOUTHERN MAN. THE LOST CHILD.

Many years ago, there occurred in Obion ounty, Tennessee, one of those thrilling domestic tragedies, which move to tears by the pathos of their mournful details. A farmer named Riley, who lived near the alluvial bottom which borders the Obion all who knew her. To great beauty of person and sprightliness of manner, she added an uncommon share of the winsome graces of childhood. Her merry prattle and ringing laughter were like the cadences of a sweet song echoing through the home and the hearts of her parents.

Having no companion in her sports, her play-ground was limited to a small area immediately around the family mansion. There, busy as a bee, she romped and sported, communing with nature and herself in the thousand unnamed and unnamable ways which the beneficence of Providence has provided for the amusement and instruction of children. Her prolonged absences from the house, being almost daily, were consequently seldom noticed.

One afternoon, in mid-winter, she was observed, immediately after dinner, to take her now certain the child had gone. bonnet and gloves and go out, apparently some time she was seen or heard merry-making in her usual places of resort. Mr. Riley was absent from home on some neighborhood errand. His wife and the few other inmates of the house, busy with household duties, had not observed that the voice of the child had been for some hours silent

in her play-ground. The shades of the in sinter night were with the consent of my mother, to unite me darkening over the fields, when Mr. Riley returned home and found his family in consternation at the prolonged absence of little juest, Charles was infinitely more so. Ella. The search for her, which had commenced at dusk, was continued by all the members of the household until every nock and corner of the premises had been minutely and repeatedly inspected. The child was nowhere to be found.

The painful conviction now forced itself upon the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Riley that little Ella had wandered off from home, and was lost. The night had fully set in. A cutting wind blew flercely from the north. The cold was intense. Every moment sharpened the agony of the parents, and made them tremble for the fate of their little darling exposed to the fierce inclemency

of wind and cold. As soon as the domestic search had proved fruitless, it was decided to alarm the neighborhood, and extend the search to the surrounding fields and woods. Mounting his still unstabled horse, Mr. Riley flew to his nearest neighbor, with the tidings of his calamity. Thence a messenger was despatched to the next neighbor, and so on in succession, until a circuit of many miles in extent was in active commotion and alarm. All knew and loved the little Ella, and respected her parents, for they were good neighbors and excellent people. As fast as hoof or foot could bring them, they came pouring in from all quarters, men and boys, gloved and coated for the winter night's exposure, and the loving search for the lost favorite of the neighborhood.

A plan of operations was adopted, and carried into immediate execution. Detailed in small bands, with a prescribed circuit around the premises, widening outwardly with each addition, assigned to each squad, they began the search by torch light, with concerned signals to indicate its progres s and result. It was a touching, and, at the same time, a goodly sight, to see those bold. kind-hearted rustice, marching to the drumbest of their benevolent feelings, through

the great dramatist, had made them all feel of kin to the missing child.

All night long the weary and fruitless search went on. The morning rose, cold and clouded, upon the benumbed and ex- stone, with the inscription of her name, age hausted company. An area of more than a and catastrophe, points out to the visitor the mile in diameter around the house of Mr. last resting-place of the "lost child" of our Riley had been searched. No sign of the parrative. It was never known how she lost child had been discovered.

New recuits arriving from the more distant parts of the neighborhood to fill the places of those whom fatigue or indispensable business compelled to retire, the search was resumed upon the same plan that had been pursued during the night. Every possible place of concealment for a dead body, or of refuge for the living child, was the other has been the source very much carefully examined. Shouts were exchanged between the different detachments, and oceasional guns fired, to attract the attention of Elba, if still alive, and elicit some guiding for the life of him. The young lady voice or sound in response. The echoes, a tender heart, reaching out like tendril reverberating through the woods, or flung back by the hills, soon died away upon the wintry air, and all was again silent and voiceless as the grave. There was no sign to tell the direction she had gone. The frozen earth refused to retain even a little popping the question to another damsel footprint to guide the deliverers upon her

Still that noble band of youths and men and hunger, combined to oppress them. But what were cold, and exposure, and hunger to them, when they remembered that a lone child, the beloved of all their hearts, her by handsome and fashionable young fact that there had been a shower of rain was wandering, without food or shelter, River, had an only child, a daughter, some through gloomy solitudes and over the six or seven years old. Little Ella was the frozen ground, or that, perhaps, her fair darling of her parents, and a favorite with little form, rigid in death, was lying unburied in some dark covert, or exposed on some wintry hill? The thought quickened their pace and speeded the search.

By noon of the second day the area of the search had extended to more than five miles in diameter. No tidings or sign of in love with him for the world! He only the lost child had been heard or seen. Hope had clouded into doubt, and doubt was fast darkening into despair. About three o'clock in the afternoon, on the circumference of the outermost circle of the search, and in the direction of the Obion Swamp, a freshly torn fragment of some garment was found clinging to a bush. It was identified as of a piece with the apron worn by little Ella on the evening she left home. The news was soon communicated to all, and at once concentrated the company and the search in the direction which it was

Mr. and Mrs. Riley had kept even pace and day. Buoyed up by the hope of finding their child, and driven almost to mad ness by the tortural agony of a parent's heart, they could not be persuaded to absent themselves from the search. They were compelled, at last to yield to the conviction, that two bitterly cold nights and one bleak winter day had made them childless. With a grief too deep for tears, they returned and awaited in their now desolate home the result of the search for the body of Ella. Alas! for the riven hearts of those who sit in the silence of an unuterable sorrow, awaiting the return of the lifeless form in which have been garnered up the rich treasures of a parent's love.

In a short time after the discovery of the torn fragment of Ella's apron, her body was found. It was lying upon the ground, cold and perfectly rigid. She had evidently died of cold and exhaustion many hours before. Forming a rude hearse of poles and bark, with an overcoat for a covering, they placed the body upon it, and began their tearful and silent procession towards the residence of Mr. Riley.

Ye who dwell in great cities, and see the funeral pageant of the young sweep along the crowded throughfares of fashion and commerce, glittering with the trappings of wealth and the blazonry of pride, scorn not the severe simplicity of this rustic procession. It is the tear of the mourner, and not the nodding plume and the sable drapery of the hearse, that sanctifies and ennobles the funeral cortege in the eye of reason and of

Few persons, indeed, could have wit nessed that rustic procession to the home of sorrow, bearing the cause of that sorrow in their midst, and withheld the tribute of a tear to the scene. Innocence and beauty had faded from the earth, and old men and voung men mourned for its departure. A sweet voice was silent, and forever, in those rural retreats, and all wept that its cadence was stilled, and its melody gone, like the hushed toxes of a broken lute, to return no more. The veil of darkness had been drawn over the lustre of bright eyes; rosy little cheeks had faded to ashy whiteness; a light had gone out in the house of a neighbor and friend-little. Ella was dead, and there were old men in sobs and young men in team, bearing ber lifeless form to the home of her parents.

With slow and measured steps they bore

chronicler of these tales to attempt to describe.

Little Ella was buried the next day in the neighboring grave yard, where a neat tombcame to wander off from home on the fatal afternoon of her lost.

### A Hint for the Ladies.

An exchange paper has a bit of advice young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really courting them, or only paying them politic attentions. The confounding the one with trouble both before and since the era of Pickwick and Bardell.

A young man admires a young girl and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered, begins to love; expects some tender avowal, and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a "white silk under that gauze, etc," at the very moment that the gallant she half loves, is en miles off.

Now the difficulty lies not in precisely understading the difference between "po lite attention" and the tender manifestations faltered not. Cold, fatigue, wakefulness of love. Admiring a beautiful woman and wishing to make a wife of her are not always the same thing, and therefore it is necess; ry that the damsel should be on the ident to discover to which class the attentions paid

man belong.

First then, if a young man greets you in loud free hearty tones; he knows precisely where to put his hands; stares you staight in the eyes, with his mouth open; if he turns his back to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he eats heartily would rather have had them there, for each in you presence, if he fails to talk kindly to your mother; if, in short he success when you are singing, criticises your curls, and fails to be foolish every hour, then don't fall by the way, was anything but disagreeable. admires you, let him say what he will to

the contray.

On the other hand, if he is merry with every body else, but quiet with you; if he Le auxious to see if your tea is sufficiently sweetened and your dear person wrapped up when you go out into the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheek are red and nose only blu-hes, it is enough. If he rombs with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid vet envions of all your male friends, you may go ahead, and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him.

Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case stance, until the right one is found without a doubt, after which you can go on and love, court and be married, and be happy with out the least bit of 'rouble.

We consider this advice so sensible that although it is open to the charge of bluntness, we have no hesitation in pressing i upon the attention of our lady readers.

### English Fashions for April.

The bright days of early spring which we are now enjoying create a demand for something between the fur-trimmed burnous of and away she went, dragging me down the the winter and the light mantelet of sum- laws, and roaring like a lion. I suppose mer; consequently, we have noticed in one she had dragged me nearly fifty paces beof our first several patterns of mantles, clo sed in front and high to the throat. These, as well as pelisses and bornous, now made in silk instead of cloth or velvet, are trimmed with ruches of ribbon or volvet Cas sagnes are also still worn, especially for in doors. Pelisses are generally made of silk and wadded, as also the schall-mantelet. which continues to be a favorite. Indian Cachemire and other shawls are always much worn at the season of the year.

Walking dresses are generally very much ornamented on skirts. Some plain skirts are worn, but they are then made very ful and in exceedingly rich materials. One very rich deep flounce, profusely trimmed with ruches or bands of velvet, is also in favor Sometimes this forms the lower skirt over which is a shorter one. The bodies of these dresses are usualy worn with basques. Pointed bodies are also worn.

high body of which had six points; others have four -one before, another behind, and one under each arm. Checked teffetas, in all collors, will be

much worn this spring, and for dresses with double skirts will be very pretty. We have also seen some very pretty silks with small brochees flowers, which make elegant dresses. Brown, voilent, and dark

green taffetas, in new designs, are also in great favor. Green is a decidedly favorite color just now.

One of the most elegant evening dresses we have seen was one of grey moire antique with a double skirt, the upper one edged with a rouche of very rich taffetage (forming a tunique. The body had four long points, and trimmed with small ruchees of taffetas

from the waist half-way up the body. The sleeves were pagoda shape, the revers being trimmed also with a ruche, one row of which formed a second revers, or jockey, on the upper part of the sleeve. One of the most elegant toilettes we have seen was a dress of white tulle, with three flounces, surmounted by ruches of blue Latte tas, pinked : these were covered by flounces of lace and quillies formed of white rose and fuschina. The body was trimmed to

tened by pearl pins." As yet we have not any yery decided change in bouncie to announce. They concold and darkness, to seek and, if possible, the body of the little maiden, and deposited obange in bouncts to announce. They control to save one little wanderer from their rural it in the presence of the parents. Let their time small. Some have lately been morn amph.

circle. The touch of nature, spoken of by grief be held too sacred for the pen of the rather forwarder. The trimmings are still simple, unless in dress bonnets. Velvet, mixed with talle, is much in favor, and very pretty. White satin bonnets also are always worn at this season. Liverpool Times.

How Mike came near losing Sally, but

"Say, have you heard the news ?"

"What news ?" "Why, Mike Han and Sally Brown got

narried last evening." "The nation! you don't say so ?"

"Yes, as sure as you live; but between ou and me, Mike came mighty near not

gettin' her." "How was that ?"

"Why, I came very near gettin' her my-

"Yes ; I'll tell you about it. You see Mike, and me went over to Bethel meeting house one evening to prayer meeting, for no other purpose than that of going home with Sally. I saw him as soon as I'd got in, and he saw me, so we both knew what we might depend on.

"When meeting was out we both made t dive for the door to go in for the chanes; but, as good luck would have it, he got entangled in among the people, and so I beat him to Sally, and cut him out as slick as a whistle. If I'd found a chest of gold it wouldn't have pleased me a whit better, for you see, I was already in love with the gal. We talked and laughed along as merry as crickets, and but for the the evening before, which had left puddles of water here and there in the road, everything would have been just as it should be.

For my part, I didn't care a copper for the puddles-in fact, I am not sure but I one of them made it necessary for me to take Sally in my arms and leap over, which It would certainly have done you good to see me put on the "agony" every time I came to one of these puddles. I'done it for the express purpose of hurting the feelings of Mike, who was following along after us in a crowd as sober as a judge. Of course Sally and I led the way all the time. It was very dark, so dark we could scarcely see the ground, yet we could see all the puddles of water very plainly by reflection -as they looked white.

"Soon after we entered the lawn running ap to Tom Smith's, I saw an unusual large puddle. Telling Sally to hold her temper, I took her around the waist and made an awful leap. Do you think I lit safe and sound on the other side ? No. sir ; I lit with one leg on either side of the neck of an old white cow that lay in the road, and which I had mistaken for a puddle of water. The cow being doubtless as much surprised as myself, sprang up hind feet first. and the next instant Sally and I found ourselves landed on our heads. But that was not the worst of it-one of the old brute's horns caught in the strap of my waistcoat. fore her hold fore loose; but as the road was perfectly smooth, I sustained but little injury. The only serious hurt that I had received was an internal one, and that was caused by the sharp squall that Sally gave when we lit upon our heads. It went through me like a knife, and kept on ringing in my ears, for I had no idea but the poor girl was killed

"As soon as I could clear the dirt out of eves, I hurried back to learn the worst. In very little while I learned it, but in a different way from any I had expected. There came Sally down along the other side of the lawn, swinging on Mike's arm, and laughing fit to kill herself. Don't you think I was mad? I hadn't a word to say, but We have lately remarked a dress, the just dropped back and cut across the fields and left them.

> "A few nights ago, I called on Sally with a determination to pop the question and bring matters to,a close. I went over the whole rigmarole, and she listened to me till I was through, and then with one of the most provoking laughs you ever heard, she looked up and told me I was a little too late-she was engaged. Mike had got the heels of me, and nothing under the sun but the old cow was the cause of it."

"Coming hastily into a chamber, I had lmost thrown down a crystal hour-glass. Fear lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it. But, alas, how much precious time have I cast away without any regret ! The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be hought : but time lost once, is lost forever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for tressure. Lord give me an hour glass, not to be by the bus to be in me. Teach me to number my days. An hour glass to turn me, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."-Feller.

match. The head dress was a net of blue It is always dangerous to take con expediency. It involves, always, at chenille, with roses on the left side, and fusperil, when the hard devotion to dety,