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Columbia, April 25, 1857-6m

Drs. John & Rohrer, HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1866-16

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H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York
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GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake VV Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. Feb. 2, 56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

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Columbia, October 18, 1856.

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April 19, 1856.
Locust street.

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LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the er settlement in New York, just received.
H. SUYDAM & SON'S Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HAIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and
Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair
any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale
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FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold market—just received. Columbia, April 23, 1855. P. SHREINER.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for B: F. APPOLD & CO; Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin. ATMY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1,50 and upward: SHREINER'S! at Columbia, April 28, 1855.

CAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-D king Soap. I lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Both Soup. or llb. for slibs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soil, glard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 31, 1855.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets WEIREL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. 20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For B. F. APPOLD & CO. Columbia, October 25, 1856.

A SUPERIOR acticle of PAINT Offs, for sale by R. AVILLIAMS, May 10, 1854. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety
of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth,
Grumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
March 22, 766. Front street Columbia, Pa. A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPIGE BITTERS, unitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
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JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for rate by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1856. Front Street Columbia, Pa. Front Street, Columbia, Pa. 1000 LBS. New City Cured Hame and Shoulders, never marry a less man than a lion king or For the fiast two days Violet behaved She went up to her friend per service and berself with perfect propriety. She embroi- Violet, how cruel you are!"

## Poetry.

Early Rising. God bless the man who first invented So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;

And bless him also, that he didn't keep His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might— A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes-bless the man who first invented sleep (I really can't avoid the iteration); But blast the man with curses loud and deep, What'er the rescal's name, or age, or station Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—early rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed," Observes some solemn sentimental owl-Maxims like these are very cheaply said: But ere you make yourself a fool or fowl, Pray just inquire about their riser-and fall, And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be abed," Is in the morning, if I reason right; And he who cannot keep his precious head Upon his pillow till it's fairly light, And so enjoy his forty morning wanks, Is up—to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said, It was a glorious thing to rise in season; But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.,—the very reuson
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is, His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practic

Tis doubtless, well to be sometimes awake-Awake to duty, and awake to truth— But when, alas! a nice review we take Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth, The hours, that leave the slightest cause to weep, Are those we passed in childhood, or-asleep.

Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile For the soft visions of the gentle night; And free, at last, from mortal cure or guile, To live, as only in the angels' sight, In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in.

Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin! So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise; I like the lad who, when his father thought To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase Of vagrant worm by early songster caught, Cried, "Served him right!—its not at all surprising The worm was punished, Sir, for early rising!"

## Rachel Lies in Ephrath's Land.

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land, Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale, The lilies and the roses bringing; But Rachel never more shall hail The dowers that in the world are springing

The summer gives his radiant day. And Jewish dumes the dance are treading:

But Rachel on her couch of clay, Sleeps all unkeeded and unheeding. The autumn's tipening sunbeam shines.

But Rachel's voice no longer joins The choral song at twilight's falling. The winter sends his drenching shower,

And sweeps his howling blast around her: But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

## Selections.

The Two Cousins.

"He didn't care much about it," he said: that she should not hunt or talk slang."

This Launcelot Chumley said, yawningalthough it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfastand, sauntering from the drawing room he stretched himself under the shadow of

of his being. Launcelot Chumley was a spoilt child.and choked for want of stimulants to exergated indulgence; and now she wrung her dearest Violet, and come immediately." bands at her own work. But, as something must be done, she bethought herself of a had never liked the flirtation with Cornet narriage which, woman like, she fancied Henry Dampier, which she had thought

selfishness. Mrs. Chumley bethought her of a marriage-but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley couins, Ella Limple and little Violet Tudor.— These two young ladies were great friends after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidences together, colot himself with a cold bow. Yet she and wrote wonderful letters. Ella Limple, was pretty enough. The thick raven hair, being of pathetic and setimental temperament, talked of sorrow and sadness, and crowding over black eyes that never rested said there was no more happiness for her for a moment, her tiny hand, her fabulous not be good at riding, lying on the grass and Ella-Ella dragged solely against her watching the two girls again, seeing only Without being dishonorable, he was less on earth, there being something she could waist, her light airy figure, her wide red all your life!" never forget; though none knew what. Vio- lips, and her untameable vivacity, made let Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all her appear like a wild bird alighting on the blood made his face tingle, his brows con-shrubbery; and there Violet challenged low them. sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt steps of that still, lazy, and gentlemanlike tracted, and he felt humbled and annoyed; for lovers. She vowed also that she would house. never marry a less man than a lion king or For the first two days Violet behaved She went up to her friend and said—"Oh, thirty. Launcelot was too proud to refuse ately fond of riding, and was looking for ber absence, and tried to make it up between

kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged in a duel. It may be imagined, therefore, that Mrs.

Chumley did not place Miss Violet Tudor very high in her scale of feminine graces; although she certainly did not know one half of that curly headed gipsy's escapades.

Consequently she was passed over at once. Ella was, on the contrary, all that Mrs. Chumley wished; young, pretty, mild, manageable; with stainless pedigree, and unexceptionable manners. What more could Chumley sent by that day's post an affecwith her, much to Ella's surprise and pleasure. For cousin Launcelot had long been a kind of hero in that young lady's imagination; and she was glad to be asked to meet him. "Though dearest Vi knows that nothing could make me forget poor Henry, all alone in those terrible East Indies!" she mentioned in the letter which communicated the circumstance to her bosom friend. Out of curiosity then she accepted the invitation; | celot. and, in less than a week she found herself at High Ashgrove, with all her prettiest asked again. "I am your own cousin. It

dresses and her last new bonnet. Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor The early letters were gay, for her; but ed Launcelot still more coldly. soon they deepened into a nameless melancholy, and were rife with mysterious hints. Occasionally there burst forth in them the words could frame. If she had become the you are strange-not my son!" head of a society of coiners, or the high ported my sad heart through so many bitter door, turning round for Ella. trials, I must tell her the truth. Violet, I have broken my vows, and am deserving of the fate of Imogen in that dreadful ballad.

Poor dear Henry!" "Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelot."

"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly," and Launcelot said so sweetly: 'I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple,' that I could not resist. Besides, cousin Launcelot is very handsome; that goes a great way. You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout; Launcelot's figure is perfect. He is tall-six fect I they might marry him, if they liked, and should think—and with the most graceful they liked, provided he was not ex- manners possible. He is like a picturepected to make love. Give him his hookah has very brown light hair, all in thick curle and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife not short and close like poor dear Henry's. or no wife, it was almost the same to him. He wears them very long, like the portraits By the by one thing he must stipulate for- of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark gray, with such a beautiful expression of melancholy in them. They are poems in themselves. Violet. Now Henry's you know, were hazel; and hazel eves are through the open window on to the lawn, unpleasant—they are so very quick and fiery. I like such eyes as Launcelot's-mel. the chesnut trees to dream vague poems all ancholy, poetic eyes, that seem to feel and the day after; a mode of existence that think as well as to see. Hazel eyes only seemed to him to fulfill the sacred destiny see. Don't you know the difference? He is very quiet, lies all day under the trees smoking out of the most exquisite hookah, A spoilt child full of noble thoughts and and repeating Shelly. I dote on Shelly, generous impulses tarnished by prosperity, and hate Shakspeare. How fond Henry was of Shakspeare!—that wearisome Hamtion; he was also vain for want of whole- let! And now her own Ella is going to beg some opposition. Provided people left him and pray of her dearest Violet to come here alone, they might do as they liked, he used as soon as possible. I enclose a note from to say. Let them not disturb his books, aunt Chumley, asking you; and darling Vi, nor cut down the chestnut trees on the lawn, I will never forgive you if you don't come nor break his pipes, nor talk loud, nor directly. For no lover in the world could make a noise, and he was perfectly satisfied. over separate me from my own Violet. If His indifference and indolence drove his you don't come, I shall think you are angry mother to despair. She tried to tempt him with me for my bad conduct to poor Henry; to exertion by dazzling visions of distinct and indeed I feel how guilty I am. I had tion. But Launcelot prided himself on his such a terrible dream of him last night. I want of ambition, and vowed that he would thought he looked so pale and reproachful, not accept a dukedom if offered to him; it just like his favorite Hamlet. Good bye. I would be such a bore! His mother had in- can't write another word; for aunt wants deed done her best to ruin him by unmiti- me to go to the village with her. Do come,

This letter delighted Ella's friend. She would cure everything-indolence, vanity, very silly and sentimental; while this seemand in a few days arrived at High Ashgrove. She was received by Ella with a burst of enthusiam, which, coming from one so calm, quite electrified Launcelot; by aunt Chumley with no superflous kindness; and, by Launwhich it was her will and pleasure to wear undertake to ride horses, cousin Launce,

been wounded badly, and, then she did not dered more than two square inches of Berknow-perhaps she might. For Violet rode lin work, and did not make a single allusion blood horses, and once pronounced an Indi- to the stables. She fell asleep only twice hated pity on the one side as much as inter- and with hands that could hardly find gloves made them sometimes leave Ella and her an officer a "muff," because he had never when Launcelot condescended to read aloud ference on the other. So poor Ella did not small enough for them, could not shoot as seen a tiger hunt. An expression that caus the mistiest parts of Queen Mab, and she advance herself much in his eyes by her well as he. ed that gentleman to blush and to feel that tried hard to look as if she understood what championship. On the contrary, he felt ries of the Anax Andron; or as if he had will ride to-day." told her how arms and the man were sung any mother demand for her son! Mrs. changed his resting place for one further tent of their love making. from the house, complaining of Miss Tutionate invitation asking Ella to pass a week dor's voice, which he declared was like a This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again. "You don't keep horses, cousin Launce-

breakfast, raising her eyelids and fixing her eyes for an instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Laun-

"Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she is very rude of you!"

increased overwhelmingly during the visit. if I called you by any other name," return-

"How odd! Aunt, why is cousin Launcelot so strange?" "I don't know what you mean, Violet,"

most terrible self-accusings that English said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I think

An answer that steadied the eyes for steady as a camel, and both went into the priestess of a heresy, she could not have some time; for Violet looked rebuked, and house to dress for their ride. When they used stronger expressions of guilt. Violet wondering how she had deserved rebuke. was frightened at first; but she remembered A moment after Ella asked Launcelot for approving of Amazons in general—could that it was Ella's habit to indulge in all something in her gentle, quiet, unintoned that it was mines name to inquige in all something in her genere, quies, uninconcer pair. Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet that perhaps she was in her own heart, unshe had it in her hand—and would be back sorts or exaggerated self-accusations. At voice, as if they mad been strangers, and last came a letter, which unveiled the mys- had met for the first time that day. It was so full of life and beauty. He was obliged conscious of. She then turned away, and immediately. But she stayed away a long tery, reducing the sphynx that devoured a striking contrast, and not unnoticed by men's bones to a tame dog that stole his Chumley who was inwardly thankful that neighbor's cream—the usual ending of most such a quiet wife had been chosen him; adding young ladies' mysteries. "I do not know a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet what my dearest Violet will think of her Tudor! After breakfast he strolled, as usual, Ella-but if it is to be the death blow of into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about that long and tender love which has sup- her household concerns; Violet went to the

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said, "let us go and tease Launce. It is really too stupid here! I can't endure it much is really made of. I am not engaged to him, dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light. mire all in a breath. Ella descended like a well-bred lady; but Violet skipped and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped—until she found herself by Launcelot's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like a humming bird.

tice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you and selfish now? There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost insupportable as you are."

whispered, "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin. "And what am I to do to please Miss Tudor?" Launcelot asked with an impertinent voice: "what herculean exertion must I go through to win favor in the eyes of my strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, cousin Launce." anwered Violet: "don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercise -good, strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot. ake interest in something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for everybody's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do: yet you are perfectly unconscious of how ridiculous you make yourself."

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank that he could not be angry with her. "I tell you the truth," she persisted,

and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us; for I speak only for your own good; and if you will only condescend to be a little more like other ed to offer a real future. She wrote to her men I will never say a word to you again. aunt-of whom she was considerably afraid; Let us go to the stables. I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes." said Launcelot; "but as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses; men's ing in its assertion of equality. "I would you dare not mount; for I am sure you can-

but roused. Tears came into Ella's eves.

formed her in the native dialect of the glo- giving away a kingdom, "If you please we

"Brave, brave, cousin Launce!" Violet at Mantua long ago. But this state of things left the lovers together, hoping they would could not last long. Old habits and in- improve the opportunity; but Ella was too stincts entered their protest, and Violet well bred, and Launcelot was too cold; and Tudor felt that she must be natural or she they only called each other Miss Limple should die. Launcelot said that she was and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very noisy, and made his head ache; and he fine weather; which was the general ex-

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticism. "That bird's whistle, that penetrated his brain .- | cob's off fetlock wants looking to. The stupid groom! who ever saw a beast's head shooting any time of your life, without cof- and shot, and played at chess, and quarreltied up like that? Why he wasn't a crib biter, was he?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor properly; how can you shoot if you don't fellow, steady there, steady!" Violet went lot?" Violet said on the third morning at dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's an alphabet!" In the prettiest manner poshead and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelot knew what she was about. hand and loaded it for him-first drawing She was in her element. She wandered in his charge. "Now try again!" she said, and out of the stalls, and did not mind how speaking as if to a child; "nothing like permuch the horses fidgetted; nor, even if they turned themselves sideways as if they meant to crush her against the manger. Launce-"I should think myself very impertinent lot thought all this vulgar beyond words; and he thought Ella Limple, who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies; and tol on the grass and said, "It is very unthanked his good star again that had risen ady-like amusement, Miss Tudor; and I ruddy leaf, and laying it Bacchante fushion on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose

the biggest and the most spirited horse of all. Ella selecting an old gray that was as came back, even Launcelot-very much disnot but confess that they made a beautiful

thought he threw himself cleverly into the temper!" saddle, and off the three started; Ella holding her pummel very tightly. They ambled down the avenue togethe but when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in her saddle and waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off, tearing along the road till she became a mere speck in the

"Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple?" "If you please," answered Ella, timidly;

'but I can't ride very fast you know." Launcelot bit his lip. "Oh, I remember,

be when you are a man, if you are so idle arched, his large eye wild and bright; she This was after Violet had beaten Cousin over in a torrent—"but still I am not so bad Launcelot had not been accustomed to do sit on horseback—walking slowly. Elthis style of address, and for the first few la's dozing grey hanging down his head a good player and had won the prize at a ample. If I knew how to make you esteem

away in that manner?"

although my black is blown and your mare change of civilities for the day. Violet to spring from her black mammoth upássistéd.

for the fit equipment of a gentleman.

this challenge; believing, of course, that a ward to the hunting season with delight .- | them, in hor amiable way, but ineffectually.

magnificent mind.

hand unsteady-"

sible, she took the pistol from her cousin's gether."

severance." and he did as his little instructress bade them in her hair. They did not look very him; to fail once more. His bullet went well; her hair was too light; and Launcelot wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in said so. the bull's eye. So Launcelot flung the pis was much to blame to encourage you in such on her curly, thick black bands. His hand nonsense. Offering his arm to Ella, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees .--There was a peculiar expression in her face -a mixture of whimsical humor, of pain, of breathing, she got up and ran away; saying triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that she was going for her parasol-although

After this, Launcelot became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and that had run across the path; and Violet sat more affectionate to Ella. Although he of- down on the bench waiting for them, and ten wondered at himself for thinking so very well pleased that they had gone. She much of the one-though only in anger and heard a footstep. It was Launcelot without dislike - and so little of the other. Why his cousin. "Ella had gone into the house," should be disturb himself about Violet?

On the other hand Violet was distressed longer. I want to see what the lazy fellow distance. Launcelot's blood came up into at Launcelot's evident dislike of her. What his face. Something stirred his heart, strung had she said? What had she done? She so I am not afraid of him. Come!" And his nerves up to their natural tone, and was always good tempered to him, and with one spring down the whole flight, she made him envy and long and hate and ad- ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the "He turned to Ella and said hurriedly, truth always to be told? And just see the more active and less spoilt he was now than wished, for Ella's sake, that he liked her yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys; better, for it would be very disagreeable for Launce, it is you that hates me." "Cousin Launce, how lazy you are!" were you are quite right;" but he fretted his Ella when she married, if Ella's husband her first words. "Why don't you do some- horse, and frowned. Then he observed did not like to see her in his house. It was lot hurriedly. "You detest and despise me: thing to amuse us? You take no more no- very loudly, "Violet Tudor is a very vulgar really very distressing. And Violet cried and take no pains to hide your feelings-After a time Violet came back; her black dark future when she could not stay with am full of faults," speaking as if a dam had

flushed, animated, bright, full of life and Launcelot three games of chess consecutively. as you think me! I have done all I could health. Launcelot sat negligently on his Launcelot had been furiously humiliated, to please you since you have been here. I bay—one hand on the crupper, as lazy men for he was accounted the best chess player have altered my former habits. I have moments was completely at fault. Ella and sleeping, with the flies settling on his looked frightened. She touched Violet and twinkling pink cyclids. "Dearest Violet, I thought you would custom of that reputable institution to suf- thing rather than the humiliating contempt be killed," said Ella, "what made you rush fer womanhood within its sacred walls. But you feel for me!" Launcelot became sudshe was very unhappy about cousin Launce | denly afflicted with a choking sensation; "And what makes you both ride as if you for all that; and the next day looked quite there was a sense of fullness in his head, were in a procession, and were afraid of pale and cast down. Even Launcelot no and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came trampling on the crowd?" retorted Violet.— ticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks, into his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. "Cousin Launcelot, you are something won- and asked her rather graciously, "If she Violet flung her arms around his neck, and derful. A strong man like you to ride in were ill?" To which question Violet re- took his head between her little hands. She that manner. Are you made of jelly that plied by a blush, a glad smile bursting out bent her face until her breath came warm would break if shaken? For shame. Have like a song, and a pretty pout. "No, I am on his forehead, and spoke a few innocent a canter. Your bay won't beat my black, not ill thank you," which ended their ex- words which might have been said to a

is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut Launcelot became restless, feverish, mel- world in both. Violet tried to disengage with her whip, which sot it off at a hand ancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, herself; for it was Launcelot who now held gallop. Away they both flew, clattering at times the very echo of despair. He was along the hard road like dragoons. But kind to Ella, and confessed to himself, how look up. For a long time she besought only Violet beat by a full length; or, as she fortunate he was in having chosen her; but to be released; when suddenly, as if conphrased it, she "wou cleverly;" telling he could not understand-knowing how quered by something stronger than herself, Launcelot that he had a great deal to do yet much he loved her-the extraordinary effect she flung herself from him, and darted into before he could ride against her, which she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness the house in a state of excitement and made him hate her as much as if she had irritated him. Her soft and musical voice tumult. been a Frenchman or a Cossack, and love made him wrotched, for he was incessantly Ella more than ever. And so he told her as watching for a change of intonation or an he lifted her tenderly from her gray, leaving emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of mannershe desired none other in his wife-but if Violet betray her friend? Could she who All that evening he was sulky to Violet, she would sometimes move a little quicker, had always upheld truth and honor, accept and peculiarly affectionate to Ella, making or look interested and pleased when he tried Ella's confidence only to deprive her of her the poor child's heart flutter like a caged to amuse her, she would make him infinite- lover? It was worse than guilt! Poor Viobird. "Cousin," whispered Violet, the next ly happier. And oh! if she would only do let wept the bitterest tears her bright eyes morning, laying her little hand upon his something more than work those eternal had ever shed; for she labored under a sense shoulder, "have you a rifle in the house- slippers, how glad he would be. "There of sin that was insupportable. She dared or a pair of pistols?" Launcelot was so they are," he exclaimed aloud, as the two not look at Ella, but feigned a headache, taken by surprise that he hurrically confest cousins passed his window. "By Jove, and went into her own room to weep. horses will suit me better!" said Violet, sed to having guns and pistols and rifles, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, Launcelot was shocked too; but Launcelot with a toss of her little head that was charm- and all other murderous weapons necessary what a lustrous black; and what eyes .- was a man; and the sense of a balf-developed Pshaw! what is it to me what eyes or hair triumph somewhat deadened his sense of "We will have some fun, then," she said she has?" And he closed the window and remorse. A certain dim unraveling of the looking happy and full of mischief. Violet turned away. But in a minute after he was mystery of the past was also pleasant. will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly Violet. "The strange strength of hate," he overcome. Launcelot was excessively piqued. His threw her into hysterics—went into the said, as he stepped out of the lawn to fol-

twenty paces; then, as she grew vain, at what it had been. He had become passion- that some new quarrel had burst forth in

Launcelot saw this little bye-scene. He little black-eyed girl, whose waist he could He rode every day with his two cousins; and was a man and a spoilt child in one, and span between his thumb and little finger, he and Violet had races together, which gray for half an hour in the lane. He used to shoot too-practicing secretly-until one Launcelot was nervous-that must be day he astonished Violet by hitting the bull's Epipsychidion was all about. Poor little more humiliated by her tears than by Vio- confessed; and Violet was excited. Launce- eye as often as herself. He talked a great woman! She knew as much about either as let's rebukes; and, drawing himself up lot's nervousness helped his failure; but deal, and had not opened Shelly for a fortif cousin Launce, as she called him, had in- proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were Violet's excitement helped her success. Her night. He was more natural and less vain; bullet hit the mark every time straight in and sometimes even condescended to laugh the center, and Launcelot never hit once; so as to be heard, and to appreciate a jest. which was not pleasant in their respective But this was very rare, and always had the conditions of lord and subject; for so Laun- appearance of a condescension, as when celot classed men and women-especially men talk to children. He still hated Violet; little women with small waists-in his own and they quarreled every day regularly, but were seldom apart. They hated each "He had not shot for a long time," he other so much that they could not be happy said, "and he was out of practice. He drank without bickering. Although, to do Violet coffee for breakfast, and that had made his justice, it was all on Launcelot's side. Left to herself, she would never have a cross "And confess too, cousin Launce," said word to him. But what could she do when Violet, "that you never were very good at he was so impertment? Thus they rode, fee or with it. Why you don't even load ed, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarreled again; and Ella, still and calm, know how to load? We can't read without looked on with her soft blue eyes, and often "wondered they were such children to-

> One day the three found themselves together on a bench under the old purple beech, which bent down its great branches like bowers about them. Ella gathered a Launcelot was provoked, but subdued, few of the most beautiful leaves and placed

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad and touched her cheek. He started, and dropped suddenly, as if that round, fresh face had been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply. and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of was to be seen. Ella and Launcelot had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare he said. "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming back to the seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. "I must go and look for her," she said, taking up her parasol.

"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" good she had done him! Look how much said Launcelet, moving aside to let her pass. Violet looked full into his face, in utter he used to be. It was all owing to her. She astonishment. "Disagreeable. Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, cousin

"You know the contrary," said Launceon her pillow that night, thinking over the not ordinary cousinly pains! I know that I horse foaming; his head well up, his neck Ella, because Ella's husband hated her. been removed, and the waters were rushing brother. But they conjured up a strange her. She hid her face, but he forced her to

An agony of reflection succeeded to this agony of feeling; and Launcelot and Violet both felt as if they had committed, or were about to commit some fearful sin. Could

On that dreadful day Launcelot and Violet spoke no more to each other. They did Launcelot to shoot with her at a mark at | Launcelot's life was very different now to not even look at each other. Ella thought