

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

From the Evening Post.

The Under Dog in the Fight.

BY DAVID HARKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale to tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great, big world
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it inco,.
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's health to the bottom dog.

Selections.

From Chambers' Magazine.

What I went through to get her.

She is mine at last. No more doubts, no more fears, no more trucking to eccentric relations! She is mine—body, mind and three per cents., (all but ten thousand settled upon her, mine!) It is my bonnet that she is now taking such a time about trying on her head. Well may I triumph; neither Jason in pursuit of the Golden Fleece—myth typifying a rich heiress, in whose presence the adventurer felt remarkably sheepish—nor Aladdin, nor the hero of any one of G. P. R. James' novels, ever went through a more trying ordeal than I. But let me calm these transports, that I may relate, in a simple, unimpassioned manner, what difficulties I had to surmount antecedent to the conversion of Miss Potts into Mrs. Pans.

Mr. Sidney Herbert wishes to make all writers subscribe their names to their articles. Short-sighted individual! were it not for the anonymous nature of this communication—for, of course, Pans is a *nom de plume*—modesty would prevent my informing him and the public generally of the fact that I have always been esteemed good-looking; so much so, indeed, that I have habitually noticed that my entrance into a drawing-room where ladies were assembled has caused a decided sensation. While my features are thus prepossessing, and my figure, though somewhat short, of exquisite symmetry, my manners are so elegant, my address so pleasing, that I am almost as great a favorite with my own sex as with the other.

"Pans, old fellow," said Lord D.—y to me only yesterday at the Conservative, "what charm have you got to make every one so fond of you? When you die or marry, the committee intend to put the porter in mourning, and have nothing but blacked paper in the writing-room for a month!"

It is gratifying to find one's self appreciated, and a bachelor London life has considerable charms for me, so that for some years I felt no inclination to follow the example of Hercules, and exchange my club for a distaff.

But the year before last was an eventful one for me: I had a touch of the gout, the wrong horse won the Derby, my principal tenant insisted on my helping him to drain, and I lost a law-suit. So that when I heard that Miss Sarah Potts was likely to inherit the property of her paternal uncle, Colonel Sir George Potts, late governor of Semetary Island, it occurred to me that I had danced much and carried flirtation to the very verge of proposal with that young lady, whose beauty had always fascinated, while her good temper had charmed me. Indeed, she had only needed this touch from the philosopher's stone to render her irresistible; so I packed up my portmanteau, and started for Scarborough, where the Potts family were then residing.

Feni, vidi, vici!
"But," whispered the dearest and most sensible of girls, as I wrapped her opera cloak round her pearly shoulders, on the most eventful of nights, "oh, Charles, beware how you offend my uncle, and, above all things, humor my aunt!"

If I pride myself upon anything, it is my power of making myself agreeable to everybody, of whatever age, sex or condition—indeed, I have reason to suppose that some of my friends consider me actually stupid, so nicely can I adapt my conversation to my company—and it was with a confident heart and firm hand that I rang the bell of Colo-

nel Potts's lodgings on the following morning. The door opened with a suddenness which startled me, and I found myself opposite a six-foot footman, tall, stiff and erect as a Potodam grenadier, who went, at my desire to see if his master was at home, and then returned with an affirmative answer, and heralded me up stairs.

As I entered the apartment, I heard a rustle, and saw the door of an inner room close, which distracted my thoughts for a moment, so that it required a violent effort of will to concentrate my attention on the object before me. The object before me was a stout, short gentleman of about fifty, white hair, white whiskers, and very shaggy white eyebrows—a chilling uniformity of color, somewhat relieved by his having yellow instead of whites to his eyes, while the same delicate primrose tinge spread over the surface of his cheeks and forehead, the whole countenance being warmed by the rich, rosy tint of his nose. He wore gray trousers, and a frock coat not buttoned so closely as altogether to hide his fine linen shirt frill and buff waistcoat. He carried his watch in his trouser fob, had a great bunch of seals jingling and swaying about his epigastric regions, wore a heavy gold double eye-glass round his neck, choked himself up in a satin stock with a buckle behind it, and was altogether of the "old school."

"I knew Miss Potts formerly, sir," said I, plunging in at once; "indeed, I may say, I was intimate with her family; so, seeing her here, and learning that she was at present residing with you, I have taken the liberty of calling."

"No liberty at all, sir; as a friend of my late brother, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Pray, be seated; Lady Potts will be down directly."

And we began to converse about a variety of topics, on some of which I found myself expressing very singular opinions, for, in my anxiety to bring the conversation round to Sarah, I said I hardly knew what, till at last, fearing he would form a bad opinion of me, I apologized for my inattention, and told him right out that I came as a suitor for his niece's hand.

He was rather taken aback, I think, for he hemmed and hawed and took snuff, and spent a considerable time in brushing off certain imaginary particles of the pungent dust from his shirt-frill before he answered. "Quite right, Mr. Pans; you have acted in a very honorable and straightforward manner. Yes, you have done well to apply first to the commanding officer for leave to—"

"A-ahem!" coughed some one in the next room; for a folding door which spread across from wall to wall, but which did not fit very closely to the floor or ceiling, was the only partition separating the apartments, through which sound circulated with such ease that a poor lady could not even clear her throat without being overheard.

"By-the-by, continued the colonel, "as our conference will probably be a longer one than I at first supposed, I will just finish a little pressing matter I was engaged upon when you came in, and return. I shall not be long." He left the room by the outer door, and presently after I heard that of the next room open and shut, and then voices.

"Which—whish—shish—wish—shish—"

"Well, my dear, what the dickens am I to say?"

"Hush—sh—eh—sh—sh. Whish—shish—whish—"

"Wurwurwurwur," etc., etc.

The colonel had gone to his commanding officer for orders. In about ten minutes he came back. "Pardon me," he said, "for keeping you waiting so long. Now, for this matter we were speaking of. First let me explain to you how far my authority extends over my niece. She can, of course, marry whom she pleases; but if I did not approve of the match, I should not consider myself bound to do anything for her; if, on the other hand, I and—Mrs. Potts—were pleased with her choice, she would continue to hold the place she at present occupies in my will, and I should pay down as her marriage portion £200."

The voice went on, but what it uttered was inaudible to my mind for the next five minutes. The sum represented by £200 far exceeded my expectations, that I was lost, bewildered, breathless with anxiety at the bare idea of losing my dearest Sarah; never had my imagination painted her charms in such glowing colors.

"And now," the colonel was saying when I had somewhat recovered, "I should like to ask you a few questions. It is the fashion now-a-days to depreciate the advantages of birth and blood; to me they are of vital importance. I consider that there is as much difference between a gentleman and a plebeian, as between a racehorse and a donkey. I should like to hear a few details about your family."

While I was yet descending on the merits of my forefathers, a dark object, observable through the slit of the door, was suddenly removed, the sunbeams gleamed in through one unbroken line, and, by a singular coincidence, Lady Potts immediately afterwards entered the room. She was a tall, bony woman, with a Roman nose, large under-jaw, muddy green eyes, sallow complexion, and low forehead. She was dressed in a magnificent velvet gown, wonderful black hair, a small lace-cap, and chains, rings and bracelets costly enough to make a garrotter howl at the thought that she never

ventured out on foot after dusk. Her age was about —. Whether she was hurrying me, on indiscreet respect the weakness of a weaker sex, and state ambiguously that her age was forty, as her hair was rooted—more or less. The lady was stately, and alluded much to her late elevated position—in the colonies, I mean, not behind the door.

"The weather is very warm," said I. "Well, I suppose it is," she replied; "but after so many years residence in a tropical climate, I do not feel the heat so much as others."

"Ah! no, you would not. The scenery about here is very pretty."

"Is it? I dare say. Everything was so bright and on so gigantic a scale in Semetary Island, that these muddy waves, stunted trees, and little hillocks seem hardly worth looking at."

"Oh, no doubt. Ah! I think I saw you at the Assembly Rooms last night; very fine, are they not?"

She smiled loftily, and gently shook her head. "I am no judge. My ball-room at the palace," etc., etc.

It was very hard work, but I at length succeeded in making a favorable impression, for Lady Potts made a sign to her Sir, who, being well trained, immediately took up his cue.

"Well," said he, "to return to the matter you have called here to speak about: we must know a little more of you before we can make any promise. We leave this the day after to-morrow, and return to Norfolk, to be in time for the first of September.—Come down and help me to murder the partridges. Are you a good shot?"

I left the house triumphant, but trembling. I had secured a footing, and a good one, but what a trial was before me! An examination is always a nervous thing, but fancy going in for an indefinite *viva voce*.—That was the prospect before me. I returned at once to London, had my gun and shooting-gear put in order, selected an extensive assortment of clothes, and started for Montgomery Park, Norfolk, on Bartholomew's Eve, (partridge reckoning.)

The coach put me down at a small inn called the "Montgomery Arms," where I found a dog-cart waiting for me, and then I had a three mile drive through the Potts estates. The land was rich, the turpits fine, the grass good, the timber magnificent; and when I thought that all this might perhaps, be one day mine, my brain grew dizzy, and my heart bounded in my bosom.

The Hall was a handsome building of white stone, the centre, with its portico and pillars, standing out in advance of the two wings, and was situated on a rising ground, with a neat flower garden in front, separated by an invisible haia from the park, which sloped gradually down to the shores of a small lake. The moment the dog-cart stopped, two grooms seized upon my luggage, and carried it round to the back of the house; and before I could jump to the door, the front door was open, and a tall, stiff footman standing on either side of it. The hall was spacious and handsome, with oaken panels, which were decorated with various humane instruments; the musket and bayonet of Christian civilization being alternated with the shield, spear and club of heathen barbarism. At the further end, a dark-hued "button," was playing a tune on a bugle; and before I had time to wonder at a servant being allowed to cultivate his musical talents in a spot where he must necessarily annoy the whole household, the most solemn and punctilious of butlers came up to me and said, "The colonel has given orders, sir, that you are to go to your room at once; that is the dressing-bugle; when you hear the next, you will come down into the drawing-room." And he ushered me up-stairs into a very comfortable bedroom, whither my luggage had preceded me.

I dressed myself as fast as I could, in hopes of getting a word with Sarah before dinner; and the dearest girl anticipated my wish, for on opening the drawing-room door, I saw she was there alone.

Time was precious, so the one minute devoted to rapture being over, I said, "Adored one, can you give me a hint?"

"Yes, you must be a favorable impression at Scarborough, and will easily get on; at least I always do. They both spoil me. Never mind a little roughness; they mean nothing. Aunt is the dearest, most lovable, kindest of women, so long as she has her own way, and is not contradicted. She is rather a bigot, so you had better put your liberality in your pocket; and she a good deal of other family—was a Miss Montgomery, and brought this estate to uncle."

"Ah! and Sir George?"

"Well, you must be very good, and keep your temper. Uncle is a dear, dear man, but rather inclined to order people about. You see next rules him, so he likes to rule others. His temper is somewhat violent at times, but he soon comes round, if not opposed; and then he tries to atone for what he has said or done while angry. Oh, I almost forgot; above all things, be very punctual; if you are ever late for breakfast or dinner, I will not answer for the consequences; and is there anything else, yes, if you could take snuff, it would please him. There goes the bugle!" and to the tune of "O the Roast Beef of Old England," Sir George and Lady Potts entered the room.

"Welcome, Mr. Pans, to Montgomery Hall," said the lady, graciously according me her hand.

"How do do! glad to see you," said the colonel. "Ready for the birds to-morrow?—Have a pinch?"

Mindful of the final hint I had received from Sarah, I accepted the offer, and tried to drop the snuff while pretending, with much noise and apparent enjoyment, to draw it up into my nose; but a few grains more volatile than the rest, insisted on making their way in, and I found it necessary to blow that organ.

"Niff, niff. Bless my soul, how disgusting! Niff, niff. What can it be? Why, it is your handkerchief! It's musk! Young man, you are offensive; come with me," said Sir George.

I am not over-patient by nature, and felt all the blood in my body fly to my face at this insult; but I thought of the stake I was playing for, swallowed my anger, and followed him.

"Throw the thing down; John take that handkerchief away," said he, when he had reached the hall. "This way Mr. Pans," and he led me into his study, opened a folding washing stand, poured water into the basin, and said, pointing to it, "Wash!" I obeyed him, and returned to the drawing-room.

"My lady is served," the butler presently announced; and as he did not speak literally, in which case we should have had but a tough and scraggy dinner, but metaphorically, I offered my arm.

"John," said Lady Potts to the footman who brought her soup, "is Flora well enough to come down?"

"No, my lady. Susan has been trying to get her to eat something all day, but the smell of food even seems to go against her."

"Oh, the poor suffering darling! Oh, the sweet pet! I hope she will not die."

"I hope she will!" I mentally ejaculated, for a horrible suspicion flashed across my mind. Who is this Flora? a new favorite, an adopted child, destined to cause the dislocation of the principal facial ornament of my beloved Sarah? Dreadful thought, which I drowned in a glass of champagne; for, anyhow, there was the dowry, and even at the very worst, the dinner before me was most excellent, the wines delicious; and as I was not by profession an epicurean philosopher?

Blessed dinner! thou one bright spot illuminating the twenty-four hours, cheering alike the clerk at his desk, the soldier on the march, the lawyer in court, the statesman on the benches, the student in his study. Happy, thrice happy are we that our lot has fallen upon a time when thou art still appreciated and rightly understood, for there are evil days coming when teetotallers and vegetarians shall rule over this now merry England, and the surely shall never relax, nor the mean melt into generosity; men's hearts shall not warm towards one another; friendship shall be a rare and despised thing; and a man performing an unselfish action, shall be confined in a lunatic asylum. Painting shall give way to photography, our statues shall wear paeletots and petticoats, and all our music shall be classical.

But at present we live in a benign age; and my hosts grew almost good tempered under the influence of good cookery and generous wine. Sir George condescended to explain that his aversion to scent arose from the disgust he had acquired for musk-rats in Semetary Island; and Lady Potts grew quite natural, and gave many minute details of the elegance of a favorite cat she once had; whereupon I told her several interesting anecdotes relating to that woefully misunderstood animal, which shall not be confided to an undiscerning public, apt to confound poetical embellishment with want of truthfulness.

I could not manage to enjoy much conversation with my beloved Sarah, but consoled myself with the reflection that if all went well, I should get quite enough before "death or the poor-law commissioners us did part."

When the ladies had withdrawn, the colonel encoined himself in an easy chair, and began pumping me in so obvious a manner that I had no difficulty in frowning to his entire satisfaction. At the end of about a bottle, he threw his napkin over his head and said:

"Ring when you want more claret; when you have had enough, go to the ladies, and make no noise."

And presently he snored.

When I entered the drawing-room, I found Sarah asleep on the sofa, and Lady Potts hanging over a basket adorned with pink silk.

"Was it a poor little dear suffering angel, dear? Was a pretty creature with its little brown eyes?"

Flora, doubtless! It was an infant, then, that had thus seduced the affections of the capricious lady from my Sarah—a mere infant! Surely babycide cannot be very wrong; one might have an accident and sink on the thing, and no body be a bit the wiser. Such were my thoughts as I approached the basket, in which, to my intense relief, I saw a very fat, black and tan spaniel, with long, silky hair and very apologetic eyes.

Forming desires for myself, this death does seem the only happy one—to grow fat in my heart and stomach, and so lie flat on my back, and never say a word, Drawing my breath high up, eating my fill, And saying, "Here I die away with pleasure."

"What a beautiful dog?" I exclaimed. "Is it ill?"

"Oh, very, very ill. Poor dear Flora, she has quite lost her appetite—she who always enjoyed her food so! She has eaten nothing to-day but the wing of a chicken and a few macaroons."

"If you will allow me to examine her I may be of some service; I am used to dogs. Ah! I see, very short breath, finds it difficult to stand. My dear Lady Potts, if this dog is not attended to, she will die."

"Oh! Mr. Pans. Poor Flora! what shall I do?"

"Well, I think I could save her if she were left entirely in my hands; but, above all things, no one must feed her but myself."

"Thank you, dear Mr. Pans, I will give directions. Oh, I shall ever be grateful to you if you should prove the blessed instrument of restoring my sweet doggy to health again!"

Sarah now woke up and joined us, and we had tea; and conversed on a variety of interesting topics; such as the antiquity of the Montgomery family, the general decay of old county families, and the sad prevalence of "new men;" the selfishness and ingratitude of the lower classes generally, and the immoral tendency of any efforts to do anything for them; in short, I exerted myself to the utmost of my power to tickle my lady's vanity and self complacency, and to make her sensible that, while society owed numberless duties towards her, she owed none to society. I flattered myself, I made a considerable impression.

Lady Potts went to the other end of the room for some work, and I whispered to Sarah, "Will that do?"

"Ah, you dreadful hypocrite! it is quite shocking! I shall never know when to believe you in earnest," she replied, looking half frightened, half amused.

"It is very unpleasant. Nothing but the hope of winning you could make me stoop to such a course of proceeding."

"O yes, I know it was necessary; indeed, it was I who advised it. But whatever my uncle and aunt's foibles, and however they behave to others, they are most kind to me, and it pains me to see their weak points so drawn out."

The colonel came in yawning, had a cup of tea, and then told me to get the back gammon-board and play a bit with him; which I did, playing as badly as possible, and never taking him up but once, when I could not help it; on which occasion he got into so violent a passion that I was glad of my previous forbearance; but as I managed to let him gammon me that very game, he soon recovered his what-I-suppose-he-called good-humor.

Soon the sounds of the bugle were once more heard in the hall.

"There is half-past ten," cried Sir George. "Good-night, Mr. Pans. Now go to your bed-room. If you want to read, you will find plenty of books, papers, magazines, etc., in the library; and if you wish to smoke, you may."

Dressing-gown, slipped, cigar, easy-chaired, paper-knife, and Edinburgh Reviewed, I was reposing after my labors, dangers and sufferings, when there came a knock at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Orders, sir."

"Orders! What is that? Come in."

A man-servant entered with a book bound in red, and having a brazen clasp, which he opened, and pointed out to me a particular page, from which I read:

Montgomery Hall, August 31, 18—
"Mr. Pans of Lincolnshire, gent., arrived here this day on a visit.—The family will assemble for breakfast to-morrow morning at eight a. m., in the library.—Colonel Sir George Potts and Mr. Pans will go out shooting at half-past nine, luncheon at half-past five p. m. Miss Potts will ride Mabel at two p. m. to-morrow. William attending her on Merriman.—The cook will attend Colonel Sir George Potts in his study immediately after breakfast.—Lady Potts's spaniel Flora is placed under the care of Mr. Pans, until further orders."

There were several other directions to different servants concerning their duties, past, present, or to come; but nothing more affecting myself, so I shut the book, and handed it to the servant, who said—"Lady Potts wishes to know whether you want her brought here, sir."

"Brought here! Lady Potts! Good heavens! Oh, ah—the spaniel! No, no; let her be taken to the stables. My compliments to Lady Potts, and the smell of horses is part of my system."

I fancy I detected the ghost of a grin on the man's face as he quitted the room, leaving me oppressed with one fearful fact—breakfast at eight! It hardly seemed worth while to go to bed at all if one was expected to rouse up in the dead of night like that! why, one would have to get up at seven!

However, I considered that other people had done such things, and that what man had done man could do again; so I turned in. But my sleep was restless and broken, haunted, as I was, by the idea of having to get up at a stated time. I kept dreaming I was late for breakfast, starting up in a fright, and sinking to sleep again.

Waking after the soundest of these naps, I found daylight streaming in through the window, and leaped out of bed into my bath in great alarm, not doubting that I had over-slept myself. It was only while tallowing my back that I glanced at my watch, and discovered that it was but six o'clock. However, I was wide awake.

There was no use of turning in again, so I made up my mind to devote an hour before breakfast to Miss Flora. When I had done dressing, I went down to the stables, meeting on my way the man who had brought me the order book the night before, carrying up my boots and hot water, who told me I should find the dog in the loose box dedicated to Lady Potts' mare. That highly favored animal was undergoing the morning operation of grooming with great patience and equanimity; fat, mid-eyed and satiny, the only signs she gave of vitality were an occasional whisk of the tail, and the latest of imitations of a threat to bite when the groom attacked some peculiarly tender portion of her person, or when a dreamy curiosity incited her to smell Flora, who lay wheezing in the straw hard by.

"Fine morning," said I to the groom, who was emitting that peculiar sibilant common to stable-men, and which must be so galling to the horses at Astley's if they partake of the sensibilities of biped actors. "Tis-a-s-a—iss-a-s—tis-a-s. Ees, sir, tis-a-s-s."

"Leave off hissing, my lad, and listen to me for a moment, will you? Your lady wants that dog to get well; you know what is the matter with it."

"Ees."

"Well, then, can you keep your mouth shut?"

"Ees." (a broad grin.)

"Then here is half a sovereign for you."

"Thankee, sir." (A broader.)

"Don't give her anything to eat to-day, and whenever you come into the stable, make her move about. I will take her for a walk now. Have you got a collar and a piece of string?"

He soon produced these articles, also a bit of soap.

"A good idea," said I; and in spite of the tears and supplications of the patient we administered a saponaceous pill. I then took the fair Flora in my arms, and carried her tenderly through the shrubbery, till we were out of sight of the house, when I put her down, and adjusting the collar and string, invited her to take a waddle; as she declined, I gave the string a pull, but without effect; she did not mind hanging—it was exertion she objected to. So, remembering that persuasion is better than force, I drew a whip from the pocket of my shooting jacket. Let us draw a veil over the scene. Suffice it, that when she had taken a proper amount of exercise, I took off her collar and carried her back to the stable.

"I saw you from my window carrying Flora for a walk this morning; how kind of you!" said Lady Potts as I entered the breakfast room at two minutes before eight, and her eyes were more eloquent than her lips.

Punctually at the appointed minute, Colonel Potts, myself, a gamekeeper and four dogs, started off under a blazing sun for the nearest stubble-field, which we traversed, I on the right, Sir George on the left, the gamekeeper in rear, and the dogs scouring before us, but as there were no birds, we arrived at the other end guiltless of blood. Directly we entered the second field, however which was also stubble, a dog on the right, that is, immediately in front of me, made a dead point. Cocking both locks, I was advancing cautiously, when I heard hasty footsteps, a panting and puffing, and finally, words spoken in a loud whisper.

"Stop, stop—you stop!" So I stopped, and the colonel advanced in front of me.

It was very trying, but Sarah must not be lost for a shot. Up got the covey; bang, bang went Sir George, visibly a yard above them.

"Mark them, Thomas; I am sure that old one is hit hard!"

If this was the case, the "old one" took his punishment like a hero, for he certainly showed no signs of it as he skimmed away with his spouse and family.

"I always miss my first shot," growled the colonel, as he reloaded.

The next point was on his beat fairly enough. Again the covey rose; again he blazed away with both barrels harmlessly. Two of the birds, however, who were lazy or greedy, or weak on the wing, delayed getting up with the rest, from whom they had strayed considerably to the right, and were now frightened up by the report. I am only a middling shot; but they were so young, and flew so slowly, that I knocked them both over.

"Hang you! what do you fire at my wounded birds for?" screamed Sir George, foaming with rage.

"Your wounded birds?"

"Yes, sir, my wounded birds! As neat a shot as ever I made in my life—one to each barrel. You could not beat that yourself Thomas—eh?"

"But, Sir George," I expostulated, "you mistake; I thought the rest of the covey were within range, and fired at them."

"Then you own those to be my birds?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, ah, hum! Pick them up, Thomas."

Thomas was very busy lacing one of his boots; when he rose, his face was crimson—from stooping, I suppose.

Next shot he had, the colonel really did hit a bird; which put him in such good humor that he did not claim the next I bagged and so we went on till luncheon, the birds

being so plentiful, tame, and weak on the wing, that we made a pretty fair bag—the colonel hitting about twice out of every five times, and I managing to palm some of my victims off as his.

In the afternoon I had better sport, for the coveys being now scattered, the shots became more frequent, while the colonel, upon whom the sun and bottled porter had taken effect, was less ardent than he had been in the morning. Indeed, at last, he declared himself "done," and flinging himself down by the side of a spring, which bubbled up in the centre of a nice shady dell, he lit a cheroot, and bade me go on alone with the gamekeeper, whom it was time to go home, we found him in the same place, fast asleep.

After dinner, that evening, I discovered that Lady Potts had a weakness for table-tennis, and I pushed first a hat, and then a small table, round and round, with my thumbs and forefingers, in conjunction with hers and Sarah's, professing all the while intense astonishment at the rotatory motion assumed by those articles, and grew in my hostess' grace perceptibly. Next morning I again rose early, again treated Flora to a little gentle exercise on an empty stomach, and again went out shooting with the colonel.

This time I kept close to him all day, and whenever an occasion offered, fired simultaneously, and vowed that he had hit, and I had missed, for that I had seen the bird I aimed at fly away; this I did with expressions of veneration and impatience, which nearly threw poor Thomas into an apoplexy with suppressed laughter, while the colonel positively chuckled with triumphant delight.

So we went on—the old people liking me, and I hating them more and more every day; Sarah growing more and more beautiful and cheerful as cause for anxiety seemed to diminish; and Flora rapidly regaining health and symmetry under a course of biscuit and whip. Indeed, at the end of a week, I allowed an interview between the dog and mistress; and so delighted was the lady with the recovery of her favorite, that I obtained that very evening my first earnest of ultimate success.

"I wish to speak to you before you give the orders," said Lady Potts to Sir George, when we broke up for the night; and when the order book, with the brazen clasp, came round to my bedroom door, I read the following sentence: "Mr. Pans will attend Miss Sarah Potts in her ride at half-past two p. m. to-morrow."