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DR. HOFFER. DENTIST .-- OFFICE, Front Street 4th door Trom Locust over Saylor & McDonald's Hook store Columbia, Pa. D. Entrance, Same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. [August 21, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below
Black's Hotel, Front street,
III Prompt attention given to all business entrusted
to his care.
November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia -Pa . lections -promptly made .i n Lancaster and York Columbia, May 4, 1850. J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa. S. Atlee Bockins, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan ical Departments of Dentistry.
OFFICE, Local Street, however, he Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1959.

GUSTAVUS HEGMAN. Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages

MADAME HEGMAN, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music-Columbia, May 12, 1860.

1 OMATE PILLS .-- Extract of Tomatocs; a nd Tome For sale at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S Golden Mortar Drug Store Dec.3.759.

BROOMS.-:400 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale II. PFAILER'S.

QINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Colery and Hoathoud, for the cure of Cough-Colds, Whooping Cough, Grope, See, For sale of McCORKLEA DELLETT'S Public Medicine Store, Odd Testows' Hall Cotober 23, 1858.

patent Steam Wash Bollers. THESE wollshown Boilers are kept constantly. I hand at HENRY PEAULERS, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Onfs for sale by the bushel or larger quan-my by B. F. APPOLD. Columbia Dec. 25, 2838. Canal Basin.

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Breining & Fronfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Harrison's Coumbian Ink. MINOR is a superson actueles permanently to maintry, at the Francis Medicine Store, and bi-fet a that English Root Polish. Cotamba, Jude 6, 1839

R. WILLIAMS.

Front street, Columbia.

PEDDING & CO'S Russin Salve! This exaction of the cure of external adments is now for "ale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.

Sept. 24, 1859.

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pamp 1 and Rams, to which he early the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in substantial and enduring manner.

II. PFAHLER,
December 12,1857.

Locust street. Just Received and For Sale.

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No. 1 Lurd Oil of best quality; 500 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by B. F. APPOLD, No. 1 and 2 Canal Basin March 26, ¹59.

TRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS. THE best for Pies, Padding, 2c.—n. fresh sapply at H SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, Corner Frontand Union sts. Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless - Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just receive at S. F. LBERLEIN'S Nov. 10, 150. Grocery Store. No. 71, Locust st. SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.
II. SUYDAM'S

Nov. 26, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for meading farming, and now ware, ornamental work, 103s. &c., there is nothing superior. We have found iter-fail in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You which have been been been been at it at the FMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A FIRST-RATE article of Bried Beef, and March 10, 1860, No. 71 Locust circet

CHOICE TEAS, Black and Green, of different varieties. A fresh lot just received at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Lecust etrect. March 10, 1960.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, the an-Price, 40 cents.

ELJAS BARR & CO.,
Opposite Court House Feb. 11.

YON'S PURE CITAWBA BRANDY .-- A VERY

IRON AND STEPL! becribers have received a New and k of all kinds and sizes of BAR IRON AND STEEL! They are constantly applied with stock in this branch of his business, and can limitsh it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest race.

J. RUMPLE & SON.

April 29, 1860.

Selections.

The General's Match-Making.

I .- TWO FELLOWS OF KING'S. "Where the deuceshall I go this Long? Paris is too hot; the inside of my adorable Chateau des Fleurs would give one a lively iden-of- the feelings of cels in a frying-pan, and the vin ordinaire would be sourer than ever-a most unnecessary evil, as everyfore the kitchen fire preparatory to the lot, but they haven't a notion of beer .-Scotland-I daren't-enter, because I know 1 fillies say they mean to do 'em this summer, and I won't risk meeting them if I know it; the baits they set to catch the unsuspecting are quite frightful. Where the deuce shall

So spake Sydenham Morton, whilem Capain of Eton, now in due course Junior Fellow of King's discussing ham-pie and audit, devils and coffee, while the June sun Messieurs Bellew and Cadman.

"To-the deuce, if you only find your proper confreres," said a man, coming in. Oak traricties." was never sported by Sydie, except when he was rattling certain little squares of ivory n boxes lined with green felt.

"Hallo, Eenne; is that you? Come in." The permission was needless, insomuch as Kenne was already in and down in a rockday be done in marble and stuck up with Sybarite?" Milton and Macaulay in the University ibrary.

"You incorrigible lazy young dog," began Keane, surveying Sydie and his sofa .-'One o'clock, and only just begun your breakfast! Why, I've walked over to Cherryhinton and given my lecture, and afterandra pipe."

"I dare say, my dear Keane," answered Greats. Sydie: "but one shining light like you is Gerald Keane was a mathematical coach, telling the fur-below. We all go in for the of the Dolce in the whole of Granta, invaridolee here except you, and you're such a ably bumped and caught out, and from patent machine for turning out Q. E. D.s by sheer idleness letting other men beat Lords the dozen, that you can no more help work- and shame the Oxford Eleven, and Graduate ing than the bedmaker can help taking my with Double Firsts, while they lie perdu in tea and saying the cat did it, and "May the shades of Holy Henry? Keane, howshe never be forgiven if she ever so much ever, was the one exception to the rule .-

Long?" Keane, with a quizzical smile.

at his pipe.

"Thank you. Cramming's not my line. As for history, I don't see anything particularly interesting in the blackguardisms vidual, I find the Derby list much more or dispute it. suited to my classics; they won't help me to altogether, to be one of the most brilliant of most charming of Cantabas, as he himself modern men, and take the shine out of Sheridian, Selwyn, Talleyrand, and all those muffs who set themselves up for wits. Lazy dog, indeed! But that's always the way

and reverend seignior?" there is such a paradise on earth," rejoined tachments. Keane, lighting his pipa. "I go to my moor, of course, for the 12th, but until then I haven't made up my mind. I think I shall and its pretty women gliding with their freshing up, and I've a great fancy to see of Neville's Court (poor Leslie Ellis's daily opened his Times and began the leader.

talent is run down. Well. I say, about the

Long? Where are you going, most grave

Sydie, stretching himself out like an India henceforth a desert to all Cambridge belles; the St. Crucis station, same seventy miles fellow, with gray moustaches and a high rubber tube. "Talk of the cherub that's they could walk down Trumpington street, farther on, lying in the midst of Creswick- color, holding a spade in his hand and clad patches, or hair powder; but they're always smile that provoked Fay beyond measure.

"You can't talk, can you, Sydie?" ob-

served Kenne, quietly.

"Yes; my frænum was happily cut when I was a baby. Fancy what a loss the world would have endured if it hadn't been!" said Sydie, lazily shutting his half-clo-ed blue eyes. "I say, the governor has been bothering my life out to go down to St. Crucis; streamed through the large oriel windows, he's an old brick, you know, and has the if they had been India paper proofs of have the best mount in the kingdom, and the General will do you no end of good on Hippocrates's rule-contrarieties cure con-

"I'll think about it," answered Kenne, getting out of his rocking-chair. "but you know I prefer solitude generally; misanthropical, I admit, but decidedly lucky for me, as my companions through life will of Mater, and on Tuesday Keane and Sydie always be my iuk-stand, my terrier, and were shaking and rattling over those dreadmy paperasses. I have never wished for ful nervous Eastern Counties tenders, ty, with muscles that had made him any other yet, and I hope I never shall.— through that picturesque and beautiful Stroke of the Cambridge Eight in his time, Are you going to smoke and drink audit on and a head like the antique, that will one that sofa all day, you confounded young

"No," answered Sydie, "I'm going to take turn at beer and Brown's for a change .-Well. I shall take you down with me on Tuesday, Keane, so that's settled."

Keane laughed, and went across the auad to his own rooms to plunge into the intricacies of Fourier and Lunlace, or give the wards coached that terrible young owl vigor of his brain to stuffing some young Magnus for an hour, and read old Rabelais goose's empty head, or cramming some idle o refresh myself since, not to mention coffee young dog with ballast enough to carry him through the shoals and quicksands of his

enough for a college. Why the deuce should and had taken high honors-a rare thing exert myself? I swore I hadn't four for a Kingsman to do; for are they not, by marks a year, and I've my fellowship for their own confession, the laziest disciples Solution of the substitute of Sciences.

of men all dust and ashes and gelatine now; statues; but he was a great favorite with selves. But the General's weak point is me if I were the Prince of Wales, I might think the under-grads, and always good-natured -- ne and little Fay."

Falernian of life represented in these days body in Granta, from the little fleuriste public. by milk punch, to plodding through the De opposite in King's Parade, to the V. P.'s just as you, Keane, misappreciating genius, for skying over to Newmarket, or pommelterm me a lazy dog-a lazy dog! I, who ing bargees, or taking a lark over at Cherintend, if malice and envy don't shut me up rybinton—the best dressed, fastest, and would gravely assure you.

What there was in common between the baughty, reserved tutor, who had long ago tired of young England epicurcanism, and the wild, gay, light-hearted under grad, I can't say, for I much question if the wisest sige ever puzzled out a stiffer problem than "Where there are no impertment boys, if that common human mystery—mutual at-

its speeches and its II. R. IE. Chancellor. camper over South America; I want re- crinoline and lace parasols among the clms and discoursing on the weather, and Keane those buried cities, not to mention a chance haunt,) filling the grim benches of the Senate flouse, and flitting past the carred of buffalo hunting.

"Traveling's such a bore," interrupted benches of King's Chapel. Granta was

Jack (by the way, I hope it'll never get and Trumpington street became as odious tages, and sweet fresh stretches of meadow dizzy and tumble down; I should think it as Sahara; the durling Backs were free to land, such as do one's heart good after hard did when they were up in the Baltic, and them, and, of course, the dear little con days and late nights in dust and gaslight. that's why Jack's cut such a miserable tradictory things, who, by all relations, The pretty widow gathered her sable round figure lately,) there are always ten thous- from those of Genesis to those of Vanity her, and bid Sydie quite an affectionate and demons badgering the life of any luck- Fair, have never cared, save for fruit farewell. Keane folded up his Times and less Eothen; there are the Custom House | defendu, saw nothing to admire in the trees, | got down with a murmured curse on the E men, whose natural prey he becomes, and and grass, and river, minus outriggers and U.R., and the train sped on, the pretty the hetel keepers, who fasten on him to collegians. There was a general exodus; widow leaning out of the window to look suck his life-blood, and there are the mos. Masters' red hoods, Fellows Commoners' quitoes, and other things less minute but gold lace, Fellows' gown and mortar boards, not less agonizing: and there are guides and morning chapel surplices, and under grads' puffy cardinals, as jocks set themselves be- muleteers, and waiters and cicerones—oh, straw hats and cut-away coats, all vanished and Keane to the Beeches! hang it! traveling's a dreadful bore, if it from court and library, street and cluister. were only for the inevitable widow with four Cambridge was empty; the married Dons nothing fit to eat. Spain might be the daughters whom you've danced with once and their families went off to country houses ticket—the Andalusians are a good-looking at a charity ball, who rushes up to you on the Boulevards or a Rhine steamer, and touring with views to mediæval architec- delightful a seat. "Poor thing! how sorry tacks herself on to you, and whom it's well ture, Roman remains, Greek inscriptions, for you if you can shake off when you scat- Paris laisser aller, or Norwegian fishing, a 'Parlor Library' to console her. I always laws. I'd go to the Bads, but the V. P.'s ter the dust of the city from the soles of your according to their tastes and habits; under-task to the women in a train that are readgrads scattered themselves over the face of ing the green books, but if I see 'em with the globe, and were to be found in knots of the red one's I know they're blue, and never two or three calling for stout in Vefour's, venture to spring the awful mines of intelkicking up a row with Austrian gendarmerie, chalking up effigies of Bomba on Italian walls, striding up every mountain in good condition, ain't it, Keane? and I say from Skiddaw to the Pic du Midi, burrow- Harris, how's Scamp? What a crying shame purposes on Dartmoor, kissing sunny-haired at King's! That comes of gentlemen slip-Gretchens in German hostelries, swinging ping into shoes that were meant for beggars. tinting up the Turf and Ballet pets on the primest dry in the kingdon. I wish you'd through the Vaterland with knapsacks and Hallo! there are the old beech trees; I vow wall with every whit as tender a radiance keep me company. Do, Keane. You shall sticks, doing a walking tour—in fact, swarm- I can almost taste the curry and dry from mammy. Keane's provoking to look at; take it, Sydie, why can't you be more ing everywhere with their impossible French and hearty voices, and little English muscle, Granta marked on them as distinctly as an M. B. waistcoat marks an Anglican, or utter ignorance of modern politics a "great

Cambridge had emptied itself of the scores of naughty boys that lie in the arms country that does permutations with such laudable perseverance on pollards, fens and flats-flats, fens and pollards-at the snail's pace that, according to the E. U. R., we must believe to be "express."

"I wrote and told the governor you were oming down with me, Kenne," said Sydie, what a trouble I had to make you throw ome and taste his curry at the Beeches. You'll like the old boy, Keane; he's as hot and choleric, and as genial and good hearted, as any old brick that ever walked. He was born as sweet-tempered and soft-mouthed as mamma when an eldest son waltzes twice with Adelina, and the pepper's been put into him by the curry powder, the gentlemanlike transportation, and the unlimite command over black devils, enjoyed by gentlemen of the II. E. I. C. S."

"A nobobouncle," thought Keane. "Oh. see-yellow, dyspeptic, always boring one with 'How to govern Inlia,' and recollections of 'When I served with Napier.'-What a fool I was to let Sydie persuade me drop's paps to be saved, and to-" She in you bring him." And Fay hugged the all your confounded slang? How could I

in the accuracies of their prophecies regard- in blessed ignorance, "and bought the "Go a quiet reading tour; mark out a ing his worthlessness, and somebody else Beeches, a very jully place I can tell you, regular plan, and travel somewhere rugged daring him to go in for honors, his pluck only he's crammed it with everything any and lonely, with not a crinoline, or a trout was put up, and he set himself to work to body suggested, and tried anything that any stream, or a pack of hounds within a hun- show them all what he could do if he chose. farmer recommended, so that the house and dred miles; the middle of Stonehenge, par Once roused to put out his powers, he liked the estate present a peculiar compendium of example, or with the lighthouse men out at using them; the bother of the training over, all theories of architecture, and a general the Smalls or Eddystone. You'd do won- it is no trouble to keep place as stroke onr; exhibition of all sorts of tastes. He's his ders when you came back, Sydie. Shouldn't, and now men pointed him out in the Senate hobbies; pouncing on and apprehending be surprised if you go into the Tripos," said House, and at the Senior Fellows' table, boys is one of 'em, for which practice he is and he bid fair to rank with the writer on endeared to the youth of St. Crncis as the Sydie shook his head and puffed gravely Jasher and the author of the Inductive 'old cove,' the 'Injian devil,' and like affectionate cognomens. But he's a prime old People called him very cold. It was boy, the exception to governors generally popularly averred that he had no more they're often a nasty, spiteful lot, and feeling than Roubilline's or Thorwaldsen's grulge one the fun they've outgrown them-

it my duty to inquire into the characters of to them. There were a few men who doubted "His mare, I suppose," said Keane, un my grandfathers; but not being that inditr butor to the Journal des Mithematiques Of all the young fellows, the one Keane and the Cambridge Transactoins, he was up ask for my dinner at Tortoni's, and I prefer liked the best, and to whom he was kindest, in all things of the day, and knew Palmerfollowing Ovid's counsels, and enjoying the was Sydenham Morton-Sydie to every- ston's measure's as thoroughly as Plato's Re-

"llis mare! -bless my heart, no! -bis Officia. As for mathematics, it may be wife, who petted him, par excellence, be- mare!" And Sydie ley back and laughed comething very grand to draw triangles cause his uncle was a millionaire—the silently. "His mare! By George! what and circles till A meets B because C is as dearest fellow in the world, according to all would she say? She's a good deal too lively and circles till A meets B necause U is as the Cambridge young ladies—the darling a young lady to run in harness for anybody, long as D; but I know, when I did the same of all the milliner and confectioner girls in though she's soft-mouthed enough when operation in chalk when I was a small buy Trumpington street and Petty Cury—the sha's led. Mare! No, Fay's his niece—my on the nursery moor, my nurse (who might best chap going among the kindred spirits cousin. Her father and my father went to have gone along with the varparian who got gated, and lectured, and rusticated gl ry when we were both smalls, and left us in legacy to the General, and a pretty pot of money the legacy has cost him,

"Your cousin, indeed! The name's more like a mare's than a girl's," answered Keane thinking to himself. "A cousin! I just wish I'd known that. One of those Inlian girl's, I bet, tanned brown as a berry, flirts a l'outrance, has run the gauntlet of all the Calcutta balls, been engaged to men in all the arms, talks horribly broad Anglo-Indian English. I know the style."

At this juncture the train stopped, and a lashing young widow in very deep crape The Commencement came and went, with and very bright smiles getting into the carriage, Sydie began a small introductory flirtation in the way of arranging her traps

II - THE FAIRT OF THE BEECHES. The engine screamed and pulled up at

always sitting up aloft to watch over poor without meeting a score of little straw hats, ian landscapes, with woodlands, and cot in a linen coat, just come in from doing the uncommonly glad to leave it off and lock it at the country, or at Sydie taking the rib bons of a high-stepping bay that had brought one of the neatest possible traps to take him

"Deuced fine woman," said Sydie, taking off his hat to her, and springing in all his glory to the boz, than which no imperial she is to part with me. However, she has lectual ore that are sure to be hid away in the bumps under the bandeux. The bay's ing like rabbits in a warren for reading we're not allowed to keep the sorriest back the V. P. shed over me at my departure, looking at them."

In dashed the bay through the park gates, and the dog-cart tore through the quarter of a mile of avenues, sending the shingle flying up in small simoons, and the rooks cawing in supreme surprise from their nests in the branches of the beech-trees.

"Hallo! my ancient, how are you?" begun Sydie to the butler, while that stately person expanded into a smile of welcome. "Down, dog, down! 'Pon my life the old approachable look. Who is he?" place looks very jolly. What have you hung all that armor up for, to make believe our ancestors dwelt in these marble halls? How devilish dusty I am. Where's the General? Did'nt know we were coming till next train. Fay! 'Fay! where are you? Ashton where's Miss Morton?"

"Here, Sydie deat," cried the young lady hanging up his hat. -"I didn't tell him in question, rushing across the hall with the most eestatic delight, and throwing herself ver South America for a fortnight, and into the Cantab's arms, who received her a loss to Cambridge." with no less cordiality, and kissel her straightway, regardless of the presence of Keane, the butler, and Harris.

"Oh, Sydie," began the young lady, breathlessly, "I'm so delighted you're come There's the archery fete, and a pienic at Shallowton, and an election ball over at Coverdale, and I want you to dance with me great gun besides; he's some eighteen years I've had since I dressed up like Sophonisha and to try the new billiard table, and to older than you and I. His name on the Briggs, and led the V. P. a dance all round come and see my aviary, and to teach me rolls is Gerald, I believe, and he dwells in the quad, every hair on his head standing Rifles), and to show me how to do Euclid, and to amuse me; and to play with me, and to return thanks daily in chapel." to tell me which is the prettiest of Snowstopped suddenly, and dropped from enthucaught sight of Keane for the first time. - of him? You needn't be. Young ladies lows talk as bad jargon as Sepoys. You're let me make the amende honorable, pray."

"Mr. Keane, my cousin, the torment of my existence, Miss Morton in public, Little Fay in private life. There, you know one another now. I can't say any more. Do tell me where the governor is."

"Any friend of Sydenham's is most welcome to the Beeches," cried Fay, coloring a little, and laughing malgre cite, "and my uncle will scold me frightfully for giving von such a reception. Please do fergive me. I was so delighted to see my cousin."

"Which I can fully enter into, having a weakness for Sydie myself," smited Keane. "I am sure he is very fortugate in being the eause of such an excuse."

Kenne said it par complaisance, but rather carelessly; young ladies, as a class, being rather one of his aversions-perhaps that is too strong a term, seeing that, generally speaking, he took very little notice of them, and when he found himself with them, thought talking sense far too high a compliment to them. He looked at Fay Morton, however, critically, as he would have done at a thorough-bred filly, or a Carlo Dolce, noticed that she was prettily dressed (regarding women as lay figures, he thought the least they could do was to get themselves up in good style,) and she was not an Indianised girl after all. She was not yellow, but, au contraire, fair as those pretty Parian statuettes which Lord Haddo of course covers with crape in his drawing-rooms waving fair hair, long dark eyes, and a mischievous, sunny face-

A ro-cloud set with little willful thorns. And sweet as English are could make her

old uncle the first thing, Sydie! Bless 'my os, God bless her! She nursed me last win- "I was not going to disclaim it," said Fay, soul, how well you look! Confound you! ter, when I was at death's door from these quickly looking up at him with a rapid why didn't you tell me what train you were coming by? Devil take you, Ashton, why's Nightingale could have done. What a dev- always tell the truth; but I was not thinkthere no fire in the hall! Thought is was warm, did you? Hum! more fool you don't wonder Englishwomen are such icicles, friends-I detest boys, and I think from fifthen."

""Uncle dear." said Miss Pay, "here is Sydie's friend, Mr. Keane; you are being as rude as I have been."

The General, at this conjunction, swung sharp round-a stout, hale, handsome old

rural, and full of glee and excitement be out of sight when they can. What do you cause his Egyptian peas (the identical vegetable that Pharach was wont to regale himelf with, if Mr. Grimstone's advertisement may be credited) were spronting for one. Couldn't cram a tilbury into the beautifully.

"Bless my soul, sir," cried the General shaking Keane's hand with the greatest possible energy, "charmed to see youlelighted, 'pon my honor; only hope you're come to stay till Christmas; there are plenty of bachelors' dens. Devil take me! of what was I thinking? I was pleased to see that boy, I suppose. More fool I, you'll saya lazy, good-for-nothing young dog like him. the box. Calvert, of Trinity, tooled us over Don't let me keep you standing in the hall. Cursed cold, isn't it? and there's Little Fay are the sweetest pair of goers-the leaders in muslin! Ashton, send some hot water especially -that ever you saw in harness .into the west room for Mr .- Mr .- Con- We came back 'cross country, to get in time found you, Sydie, why didn't you tell-I for ball, and a pretty mess we made of it. mean introduce me?-Mr. Keane. Lun- for we broke the axle, and lamed the offcheon will be on the table in ten minutes. Like curry, Mr. Keane? There, get along. Sydie, you foolish boy: you can talk to Fay eral, excited beyond measure, "you wrote after lunch."

"When I'm a little cleaner," responded Sydie, going up the stairs three at a time. What with being moistened with the tears and dried again by the calcined fragments the engine bestowed on me on my travels. into one of the stalls, and then, after all, it I should say I'm pretty well as dusty as a he's for all the world as cool as if he'd just come out of a cold bath." "Sydie," whispered Fay, when the curry

and dalli, bass and amontillado had been General, trying to work himself into a pasduly discussed, and she had teased the Cantab's life out of him till he had consented to pronounce judgment on the puppies. "what a splendid head that man has you brought with you; he'd do for Plato, with that grand calm brow, and 1 fty, un-"The greatest philosopher of modern

times." responded her cousin, solemnly .-"A condensation of Solon, Thales, Plutarch, way. Bless my soul, why the devil don't Seneca, Cicero, Lucullus, Bion, Theophrastes, and Co.; such a giant of mathe- common sense? The thing's plain enough matical knowledge, and all other knowledge, too, that every day, when he passes under Bacon's Gate, we are afraid the old legend will come to pass, and it will tumble down as flat as a pancake; a homage to him, but "Nonsense," said Miss Fay, impatiently.

"(I like that sweet little thing with the black rattling pace, and now keeps ahead of all nose best, dear.) Who is he? What is he? other vehicles on all highways. A first-How old is he? What's his name? Where class Coach, that will tool me through the does he hyc?"

"Gently, young woman," cried Sydie .pistol shooting (because Julia Dupuis can the shadow of Mater, beyond the reach of erect in his virtuous indignation at the avshoot splendidly, and talks of joining the my corner; for which fact, not being ful morals of his college," musically inclined, he is barbarian enough

> "I am sorry he is come. It was stupid pups closer with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, Sydie, why did you not introduce me are too insignificant atoms of creation for sure I'm delighted to see you, Keane, to your friend? How rude I have been! - him to criticize. He'll no mare expect sense though I did make the mistake." Repair the mischief, monsieur, directly, and from you than thre from Snowdrop and her pups."

"Afraid!" replied Fay, with great indignation. "I should like to see any man of out his wish or his leave." whom I should feel afraid! If he doesn't "Not at all, not at all," swore the General, like fun and nonsense, I pity him; but if he with vehement cordiality, "I gave him despise me ever so much for it, I shall en- carte blanche to ask whom he would, and I was sorry you brought him, because he not that you were unexpected though, for will take you away when I want you all to I'd told that boy to be sure and bring somemyself; and he looks so haughty and raffine, body down here that"-

own it."

"Inm not." reiterate I Eay, impetuously, agreeable vent to her feelings than caress to modation." them; "and I will smoke a cigar with him Perhaps, Miss Morton," said Keane. such thing, young lady."

darling is too pretty to be killed. Suppose

caught in the act by Keane and the Gener- among all those men and books till he has al. Keane was relieved by finding that the grown as cold as granite. What a nity it is General had never had a touch of dyspensia, people don't enjoy existence as I dol" ... 4 or cased two straws how India was governed; and had captivated the governor with Kenne, as he walked on beside her, with an his own very able and sensible views on the amused glance at her face, which was exnon-desirability of flogging in the army.

isfaction at sight of his niece. She's a lit- down one of his kindred spirits instead of "Here, my dear boy. Thought of your lowances. Fcall her the Fairy of the Beech. be read." cursed cold winds, sir, better than Miss glance, half penitence, half irritation. poor things; they're frostbitten from their cradle upwards."

"India warms them up. General, doesn't

iv?" smiled Kenne. The General shook with laughter.

"To be sure, to be sure; if pradery's the fashion, they'll wear it, sir, as they would

think of the kennels, Kenne? I say, Sydie, confound you, why did you bring any traps down with you! Haven't room for 'em; not coach-house."

"A trap, governor?" said Sydie, straightening his back after examination of the pups; "can't keep even a wall-eyed cabhorse; wish I could."

"Where's your drag, then?" demanded the General.

"My drag? Don't I just wish I had one, to offer my bosom friend the V. P. a seat on in his to the Spring Meetings, and his grays wheeler, and-"

"But, bless my soul," stormed the Genme word you were going to bring a drag down with you, and of course I supposed you meant what you said, and I had Harris in about it, and he swere the coach-house, was as full of traps as ever it could hold, so I had my tax-cart and Fay's phæton turned comes out you've never broug t it! Devil

"But, my dear governor-" "Nonsense; don't talk to me!" cried the sion, and diving into the recesses of six separate pockets one after another. "Look here, sir; I suppose you'll believe your own words? Here it is in black and white: 'P. S. I shall bring my Coach down with me.' There, what do you say now? Confound you, what are you laughing at? I don't see anything to laugh at. In my day, young fellows didn't make fools of old mon in this you leave off laughing, and talk a little - P. S. I shall bring my Coach down with

"So I have," said Sydie, screaming, with laughter. "Look at him-he's a first-rate Coach, too! Wheels always oiled and ready for any road; always going up hill, and never caught coming down; started at a tortuous lanes and treacherous pitfalls of the Greats with flying colors. My Coach! "He is Tutor and Fellow of King's, and a Bravo, General! that's the best bit of fun "Eb, what?" grunted the General, light

beginning to dawn upon him. "Do you mean Keane? Hum! how's one to be up to know? Devil take you, Sydie, why can't "Wherefore, ma consine? Are you afraid | you write common English? You young fel-

"Thank you, General," said Keane: "but it's rather cool of you, Master Sydie, to have forced me on your uncle's hands with-"Not at all, not at all," swore the General.

joy myself before him, and in spite of him, unexpected guests are always most welcome: "And have had the tax cart and my phee-

"You are afraid of him, Fay, and won't ton turned out to make comfortable quarters for him," said Miss Fay, with a glance at The Coach to see how he took a chaff, "and with a squeeze to the luckless pups, a more I only hope Mr. Keane may like his accom-

after dinner, to show you I am not one bit." smiling, "I shall like it so well that you will "I bet you six pair of gloves you do no have to say to me as poor Voltaire to his troublesume abbe, "Don Quichette prenait "Done. Do keep the one with a black les auberges pour les chateaux, mais vous nose, Sydie; and yet that little liver colored aves pris les chateaux pour les auberges." "Tiresome man," thought Fav. "one can't

we save them all? Snowdrop will be so tell whether he means satire or fun. I wish Sydie hadn't brought him here: but I shall Whereon Fuy kissed all the little snub do no I always do, however grand and sanoses with the deepest affection, and was percilious he may look. He has lived

"You are thinking, Miss Morton," said pressive enough of her thoughts, "that if "There's that child with her arms full of your uncle is glad to see me, you are not, dogs," said the General, beaming with sat- and that Sydie was very stupid not to bring "Where's the governor, Fay ?" reiterated tle, spoilt, wilful thing, Reane. She's an -Don't disclaim it now; you should veil old bachelor's pet, and you must make al- your face if you wish your thoughts not to

ilish climate it is: never two days alike. I ling exactly that; I don't want any of Sydie's teen to twenty-five your sex is simply odious; but I certainly was thinking that as you look down on everything that we all delight in, I fancied you and the Beeches will hardly agree. If I am rude, you must not be angry; you wanted me to tell you the truth." Keane smiled again-the enigmatical