"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 7.1.

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

TWHOLE NUMBER 1.569.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription. One Copyperannum if paidin advance, \$1.50 if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 200 to ubscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all afterages are paid, anless at the option of the publisher.

isher.
il Moneymay be emitted by mail au hepublisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

square filines on weeks. \$0.38
three weeks. 75
each ubsequentinsertion, 10
[12 ines] one week . 50
three weeks. 100
three weeks. 100
cach ubsequentinsertion. 25
Largeridvertisements in proportion
Aliberal liscount will be mude to quarterly, halfearly or versify dvertisers, who are strictly confined otheir business.

DR. HOFFER, DENTIST ... OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over anylor & McDonald's Hook store Columbia, Pa. DESTRAINED, Same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery.

THOMAS WELSH. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pg.
OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below
Black's Hotel, Front street.
ILT Prompt attention given to all business entrusted
to his care.
November 28, 1857.

H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia Pa.
Gollections 4 compily made in Lancasterand York
Jounties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

S. Atlee Botkius, D. D. S. PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan real Departments of Dentistry, of Dentistry, located Located Reset, between he Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa. May 7, 1859.

TOMATO PILLS .-- Extract of Tomatoes; a

cathartic and Tonic. For sale at
J. S. DELLETT & CO'S
c 3.59. Golden Mortar Drug Store Dec 3.159. BROOMS .-- 100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale Dec 12, 1857.

Clife's Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Harbound, for the core of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough. Group. &c. For sule at NetCork LE & Dial. ETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Feitows' Hall Cutober 23, 1853.

atent Steam Wash Bollers. MHESS well known Boilers are kept constantly of L hand at HENRY PFAHLERS, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House, Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quan-tury by B. F. APPOLD, Columbia Dec. 25, 1858. Canal Basin.

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

Harrison's Coumbian Ink. /HIGH is a superior article, permanently black of and not corroling the pen, can be had in any maintry, in the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Southing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflamation, alloying pain, spasmode action, &c., in very short time. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859.

Sept. 17, 1859.

Pront street, Columbia.

Rept. 17, 1859.

EDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This examinetts is now for sale by
R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.

CISTERN PUMPS. THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps I and Rums, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner.

11. PFAHLER. H. PFAHLER, Locust street December 12, 1857.

Just Received and For Sale, 200 Bbis. Ground Pluster; 50 bbis. Extra Family Flour; 25 bbis. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality 300 bus. Ground Alum Sail, by B. F. APPOLD, No. 1 and 2 Canal Basin March 26, 159.

CRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Craekers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store,
April 16, 1839.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS. THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c.—a, fresh supply at H SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, Corner Frontand Union sis. Nov. 19. 1859.

Seedless Raisins! A LOT of very choice Soudiess Raisins, just receive A at S.F. EBERLEIN'S Nov.19, 159. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.

4. SUYDAM'S

Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st.

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 mending furniture, china-wate, ornamental work, toys...&c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You Jan 28in it at the

TalounA:

FMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A PIRST-RATE article of Dried Beef, and n be bought at
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
No. 71 Loguet closet March 10, 1960,

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

T YON'S PURE CITAWBA BRANDY .- A Very J. S. DELLETT & CO.
Agents for Columbia. Feb.11, 60.

IRON AND STEEL! Tille Subscribers have received a New and Larg Stock of all kinds and sizes of BAR IRON AND STEEL! They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can funish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

or small quantities, at the lowest rates
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.
April 28, 1860.

New Goods

A Ta small profit are cheaper han old goods at anction A Opening this day: I case superior bleached thirt ing Muslin—at 10 and 12 cents per yard. 20 pieces variours styles Sheeting Calicoca. 50 pieces Farinard and Cocheco Prints. 25 pieces Fall style Domeating Cola, July 14, 80.

Cola, July 14, 80.

H. C. PONDERSHITHS:

People's Cash Store.

TRAVELING DRESS GOODS!

TRAVELING DRESS WOODS.

Visitors to Cape May. Atlantic City. Bedford Springs.
Vetc., are invited to examine our new style traveling dress goods before they take their departure. Our prices are right and goods of the best quality.

H. C. FONDERSMITTI.
Columbia.

Noetry.

Song of the Springs.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. "Pray, what do they do at the Springs?"

The question is easy to ask; But to answer it fully, my dear, Were rather a serious task. And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magnic or mocking bird sings,

I'll venture a bit of a song, To tell what they do at the Springs! Imprimis, my darling, they drink The waters so sparkling and clear. Though the flavor is none of the best And the odor exceedingly queer; But the fluid is mingled, you know, With wholesome medicinal things, So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,

And that's what they do at the Spring-! Then with appetites keen as a knife, They hasten to breakfast or dine:

The former from seven to nine;

(The latter precisely at three;

The former from seven to nine.)

Ye gode!—what a rustle and ru-h

When the eloquent dinner bell rings!

Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat—

And that's what they do at the Springs! Now they stroll in the beautiful walks.

Or loll in the shade of the trees; Where many a whisper is heard That never is told by the breeze And hands are commingled with hands, Regardless of conjugal rings; And they flitt, and they flirt, and they flirt-And that's what they do at the springs! The drawing rooms now are ablaze.

And music is shricking away; TERPSTCHORE governs the hour, And Fasinon was never so gay! And arm 'round a tapering waist— How closely and foully it clings; So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz-And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short-us it goes in the world-They cat, and they drink, and they sleep; They tak, and they walk, and they weo; They tak, and they lough, and they weep; They read, and they ride, and they dance;

And that's what they do nt the Springs! From the Atlantic Monthly.

The Children's Hour. BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(With other unspeakable things;)

They pray, and they play, and they pay-

Between the dark and the daylight. When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupation That is known as the Children's Hour. I hear in the chamber above me

The patter of little feet, The sound of a door that is opened, And voices oft and sweet. From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall stair,

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, And Eduh with golden hair A whisper, and then a silence; Yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning together, To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the st tirway, A sudden raid from the hall, By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chair.

They almost devour me with kisses, Their urms about me entwine.
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti. Because you have sea'ed the wall. Such an old moustache as I am

Is not a match for you all? I have you fast in my fortress. And will not let you depart, But put you down in the dungeon

In the round-tower of my heart. And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to rain,

Selections.

The General's Match-Making. III .- PLATO TAKES A NEW PUPIL.

The soup was not cold nor the curry overdone, for Miss Fay made her toilette, though as dainty a one as might he, very speedily, and the dinner was pleasant enough, with the General's capital cellar and cuisine in the long dining-room, with the Jane sun

streaming in through its bay-windows out of the brilliant-colored garden, and the walls echoing with the laughter of Sydie and his cousin, the young lady keeping true to her avowal of "not caring for Plato's presence. 'Plato," however, listened quietly, peeling his peaches with tranquil amusement; for if the girl talked nonsense—as rare, by the way, and quite as refreshing, as true witthat tranquil smile, however, provoked Fay more than anything else; it was the smile from which she could make nothing out, and which piqued her into more mechantete than general. She hated him,

him, Fay," whispered Sydie, bending forwards to give her some hautboys. "Am I?" cried Miss Fay, with a moue of supreme contempt. Neither the whisper nor the moue escaped Keane, as he talked

yet she would have liked to rouse him.

with the governor on model drainage. "Where's my hookah, Fay?" asked the General, after dessert. "Get it, will you, my pet?"

"Voila!" cried Miss Fay, lifting the deliious narghile from the sideboard, and kneeling down with it at the General's feet, as pretty a fairy to wait on one as any of the enjoying the sunset and the fresh air and Greek girls in attendance on MM. Aristippes, Alcibiades, Epicuris and Co. Then she enjoying them still more but for an inward went for a light, set the General going, and, misgiving relative to the phaston's panels taking some cigars off the mantelpiece, put and the thorough-breds' knees. Keane was one in her own mouth, struck a fuses, and fond of horses, you know, and in his first borribly bad rainy season in Invernesshire if Fay were a little beggar, how much of it what do you think of my boy?" asked the Christmas. How could they have helped

of taking liberties with him-"If you are not above such a sublunary

indulgence, Mr. Keane, will you have a cigar with me?" "With the greatest pleasure." said Keane you would like to further rival George Sand, I shall be very happy to give you the ad-

dress of my tailor." "Thank you exceedingly; but as long as crinoline is the type of the sex that are a little lower than the angels, and ribbon-ties the seal of those but a trifle better than Mephistophiles, I don't think I will change it." responded little Fay, contemptuously, but with the color hot in her cheeks, never theless, as she threw herself down on a couch with an indignant, defiant glance at Keane, and puffed at her Manilla.

"I hate him, Sydie," said the little lady, vehemently, that night.

"Do you, dear?" answered the Cantab: then you're an excention to your class .opposite 'em. I dare say you don't like tion. The colts stood trembling at the sudanybody to be afraid of, or had any man neglect you before."

fully; "only I do wish, Sydie, that you had little lady's face. never brought him here to make us all unсоыfortable."

otherwise; nor yet the governor; you're the

only victim. Fay." through Culverley was rather famous for its preserves-or walking over his farms with the General, giving him many useful counsels-for there were few things at which Keane was not au fait-or sitting in the study reading, and writing his articles for the Cambridge Journal, Leonville's Mathematical Journal, or the Westminster Review. But when she was with him, there was no mischief within her reach that Miss Fay did not perpetrate. Keane, to teaze her, would condemn-so seriously that she believed him-all that she loved the best; he would tell her that he admired quiet, domestic women; that he thought girls should be very subdued and retiring; that they should work well, and not care much for society; at all of which, being her extreme antipodes, little Fay would be vehemently wrathful. She would get on her puny without any saddle in her evening dress, and ride him at the five bar gate in the stable-yard; she would put on Sydie's smoking cap, and look very pretty in it, and take a Queen's on the divan of the smoking-room, reading Bell's Life, and asking Keane how much he would bet on the Two Thousand; she would spend all the morning making wreaths of roses, dressing herself and the puppies up in them, inquiring if it was not a laudable and indusor mischief Fay would not imagine and forthwith commit, and anything they wanted her not to do she would do so aightway, even to the imperilling of her own life and limb. She tried hard to irritate or rouse "Plato," as she called him, but Plato was not to be moved, and treated her as a spoilt child, whom he alone had sense enough to resist.

"It will be great folly for you to attempt it. Miss Morton. Those horses are not fit to be driven by any one, much less by a woman," said Keane, quietly, one morning.

They were in the stable-yard; Sydie was at a cricket-match, the General was gone into the house: and Keane and Fay changed to be alone when a new purchase of the governor's-two scarcely broken-in thoroughbred colts-were brought with a new phæ ton into the yard, and Miss Fay forthwith announced her resolution of driving theu around the avenue. The groom that came with them told her they were almost more than he could manage; their own ceachman begged and implored; Keane reasoned quietly; all to no purpose. The rosebud had put out its little willful thorns; Kenne's words added fuel to the fire. Up she sprang, looking the daintiest morsel imaginable perched up on that very exalted box seat, told the horrified groom to mount behind, and started them off, lifting her hat with graceful bow to Kenne, who stood watching the phæton with his arms folded and his cigar in his mouth, and an inward solile quy, "That little fool will break her neck some way or other before she has done.-[hope she won't smash that phæton, but] "My gloves are safe; you're too afraid of expect she will; there's no teaching her fear."

With which remembrance, out of pure re gard to the photon-which certainly deserved the friendly interest, being as neat trap as you need see in the Ring, in May-Keane started in the contrary direction, for the avenue circled the Beeches in an oval of four miles, enclosing the house and the park in its circumference, and he knew he should meet her coming back. He strolled along under the pleasant shadow of the literary man whose papers must stay undis- to overflowing." great trees, the rocks cawing over his head. his Havana en meme temps, and capable of

handing the case to Kenne, said, with a year had dropped a good deal over the and trout and the rabbits were very good all would stand the test? But we know General, pointing to Sydie, who was in a half round the avenue, when a cloud of quarterly on M. Comte's "Positivism," dust told him what was up, and in the dis. wherein he had rent that absurd womantance came the thorough-breds, broke away worshiping theory into utter smash, when as he prophesied, tearing along with the a shadow fell across his paper; he looked with a grave, Chesterfieldian bow; "and if bits between their teeth, little Fay keeping up and saw Fay in the open window and gallantly hold of the ribbons, but as powerless over the colts, now they had got their freshing after the white paper and the black deliberation. heads, as the groom leaning over from the back seat. On came the phæton, tearing, bumping,

rattling, oscillating, threatening every secand to be turned over. On they came .-Keune caught one glance of Fay's face, resolute and pale, and of her little hands grasping the ribbons, till they were cut and bleeding with the strain. There was nothing for it but to stand straight in their path. catch their heads, and throw them back an like iron-luckily, too, the colts had come like a rock in their path, and checked them. Keane's shockingly set on by young women, | running a very close risk of dislocating his | but he'll no more fall in love than King's arms with the shock, but saving Little Fay spires will with Betsy Priggs, the milliner, and the General's new trap from destruchim, little one; you see, you've never had den check in their headlong career; the groom jumped out and caught the reins; Keane lifted Fay from the box, and amused "He may neglect me if he please-I am himself silently with the mingled penitence.

"Well," said he quietly, "as you were so desirous of breaking your neck, will you "He don't make me uncomfortable-quite ever forgive me for defeating your purpose?" "Pray don't!" cried Fay, passionately .-"I do thank you so much for saving my life; Fay saw little enough of Keane for the I think it so generous and brave of you to next week or two. He was out all day with have rescued me at such risk to yourself.— Sydie trout-fishing-for the river that run I feel that I can never be graveful enough to you. But don't talk in that way. I know it was silly and self-willed of me." "It was," said Keane, tranquilly; "that

fact is very obvious." "Then I shall make it more so," cried Miss Fay, with her old willfulness. "I do feel his joy as they did his kitten's. If I were very grateful, and I would tell you so, if to look on you so there would not be much you would let me; but if you think it has to offend you." made me afraid, you are quite wrong, and so you shall see."

And before he could interfere, or do more than mechanically spring up after her, she had caught the reins from the groom, and started the trembling colts off again. But Keane put his hand on the ribbons.

"Sily child! are you mad?" he said so gravely, yet so gently, that Fay let them go, and let him drive her back to the stable yard, where she sprang out, and rushed away to her own reom, terrifying the governor en passant with a few vehement senten ces, which gave him a vague idea that Keane was murdered and both Fay's legs broken, and then had a private cry all to herself, with her arms sound Snowdrop's neck, curled up in one of the drawing-room windows, where she had not been long when the General and Keane came in, not noticing her, hidden as she was in curtains, cush

ions and flowers. "She's a little willful thing. Keane," the

and act for herself. I infinitely prefer a good ed him her aviary, read some of Jocelyn to not?" said Keane, changing the subject dash of cognac to milk-and-water. I am him, to show him, she said, that Lamartine abruptly. eick of those conventional young ladies who was better than the Œlipus in Coloneus, vants, and are as serene as a cloudless sky despise me-he has such a beautiful face, abroad, smile blandly on all alike, and if he were not so haughty and cold!" haven't an opinion of their own."

never will be." wild are charming—grapes trained to a style that fairly astonished her tutor. stake are ruined. I assure you, if I were you, I would not scold her for driving those colts to-day. High spirits and love of fun led her on, and the courage and presence of mind she displayed are too rare among her sex for us to do right in checking them."

"To be sure, to be sure," assented the governor, gleefully. "God bless the child! she's one among a thousand, sir. Cognac, as you say-not milk-and-water. There's the dinner bell: confound it!"

Whereat the General made his exit, and Kenne also; and Fay kissed Snowdrop with careless dolce. even more passionate attachment than or-

nore; he is a darling!"

rriting in the study—an apartment which the General had in his house because it was customary—not for his own use, for he nevturbed, at no matter what glorification of spiders and an anguish of good housemaids, Fay, impatiently, with a giance at Keane, as can well be imagined. He was ponder as she handed him his chocolate. ing whether he would go to his moor or not.

caucy smile in her soft bright eyes—though, Craven Plate and the October Meeting.— sport in a mild way here. Altogether, a trick worth two of that. Try those front. "How does he stand at Cambridge?" to tell the truth, she was a little bit afraid His presentiment was not without its Keane felt half disposed to keep where he sardines, Keane. House is let, Fay-ch? grounds. He had walked about a mile and was. He was directing some copy to a House is let; nobody need apply. Ha, Il s'amuse, of course; but he is none the ha!" somehow that English rosebud looked re-

ink. But the resebud soon put out its litleaned against the window.

this glorious morning shut out of the sight of the sun-rays and the scent of the flowers?" "How have you been spending it, then?"

"Putting bouquets in all the rooms, clean- see it." ing my aviary, talking to the puppies, and their haunches. Luckily, his muscles were reading Jocelyn under the limes in the shrubberies-all very puerile, but all very a long way, and were not fresh. He stood pleasant. Perhaps if you descended to a lazy day like that now and then, you might be none the worse!"

"Is that a challenge?" said Keane, with his to her provocative smile. "Will you take cation towards a small boy trespassing in their way. Youth's short enough, Heaven me under the limes?"

"No. indeed!" cried Little Fay, swinging her felt hat impatiently. "I do not admit have as great a scorn for skeptics as you have for tyros."

"Pardon me. I have no scorn for tyros. But you would not come to the Eleusinia; vou dislike their expounder too much." Fay looked up at him half-shyly, half-mischievously.

down on me as Richelieu might have looked down on his kitten."

"Liking to see its play?" said Keane, half sadly. "Contrasting its gay insouciance with his own toil and turmoil, regret- Kenne read his Times for ten minutes, then ting, perhaps, the time when trifles made looked up.

Fay was silent; she looked delighted, but she was still wayward. "You do not think so of me, or you would speak to me as if I were an intelligent being,

not a silly little thing as you think me." smile | Keane. "Because you think all women so."

"Perhaps; but then you should rather try o redeem me from my error in doctrine .--Come, let us sign a treaty of peace. Take me under the limes. I want some fresh air after writing all day; and in payment I will teach you Euclid, as you vainly beseeched your cousin to do yesterday."

"Will you?" cried Fay, eagerly. Then she threw back her head. "I never am won by bribes."

"Nor yet by threats? What a difficult young lady you are! Come, show me your afraid of you, though I would never confess playing ecarte with the General, he heard shrubbery sanctum, now you have invaded it to Sydie." mire."

General was saying, "but you musn't think Rarey's hand and eye. The English rose of his chair. "You have no cause. You can light of your eyes; but nevertheless, I must the worse of her for that." "The quiet and bud laid aside its willful thorns, and Fay, a do things few girls can; but they are pretty go and see Kingslake from John's next sly ones are always the worst, you know." little less afraid of her Plate, and therefore in you, where they might be—not so pretty. Tuesday, because I've promised; and let sly ones are always the worst, you know." little less afraid of her Plate, and therefore in you, where they might be—not so pretty "I don't," responded Keane. "I like a a little less defiant to him, led him over the in others. I like them at the least. You woman to have pluck and spirit to think grounds, filled his hands with flowers, show- are very fond of your cousin, are you agree with everything one says to them- and thought, as she dressed for dinner, "He who keep all the frowns for mothers and ser- was kinder to-day. I wonder if he does

The next day Keane gave her an hour of "Fay's plenty of opinions of her own," Euclid in the study. Certainly the Couch chuckled the General; "and she tells 'em had never had such a pretty pupil; and he pretty freely, too. Bless the child! she's wished every dull head he had to crain was not ashamed of any of her thoughts, and as intelligent as the fair haired one. Fay was quick and clever; she was stimulated, "I hope not. Your little niece can do moreover, by his decree concerning the stuthings that no other young lady could, and pidity of all women; she really worked as they are pretty in her, and it would be a hard as any young man studying for degrees thousand pities for her to grow one atom when they supposed her fast asleep in bed, less natural and willful. Grapes growing and she got over the Pons Asinorum in a

The Coach did not dislike his occupation either; it did him good, after his life of stern solitude and study, something as the kitten and cork did Richelieu good after his cabinets and councils; and Little Fay, with her flowers and fun, mischief and impudence, amused him gradually to tame down, unbent the cold hauteur which had grown upon him. He was the better for it, as a man after hard study or practice is the better for

"Well, Fay, have you had another poor devil flinging himself at your feet by means "Ah, Snowdrop, I don't hate him any of a postage-stamp?" said Sydie one morning at breakfast. "You needn't color, my One glowing August morning Keane was love; you can't disguise anything from me, your most interested, anxious, and near and dear relative. Whenever the governor looks particularly stormy I see the signs of the er perused anything but the two Army times that if I do not forthwith remove your Lists and Bell's Life-and which, until dangerously attractive person, all the bricks. Keane occupied it, bore as little resem- spooneys, swells, and do-nothings in the blance to the sanctum sanctorum of your county will speedily fill the Hanwell wards

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sydie," said

curry, laughing till he was purple, while there, and he is—the best thing he can be—fay blushed scarlet, a trick of which she generous, plucky, sweet-tempered, and was rarely guilty. Sydie smiled, and honorable-Kenne picked out his sardines with calm

tle willful thorns; she colored and made a General again. "Devil take me? I'll be wished them to be, dear children; and I sign of retreat, but thought better of it, and hanged if I stand it! Confound em all! I must say I am delighted to see 'em carrying do call it hard for a man not to be able to out the plan I had always made for em from "Is it not one of the open questions, Mr. sit at his breakfast in peace. Good Heavens! their childhood." Kenne, whether it is very wise to spend all what will come to the country, if those little devils grow up to be food for Calcraft?-He's actually pulling the bark off the trees, as I live! Excuse me, I can't sit still and other," said the General, glowing with

Wherewith the General bolted from his chair, darted through the window, upsetting three dogs, two kittens, and a stand of flowers, in his exit, and bolted breathlessly across the park with the poker in his hand. and as many anathemas as the Pope's late amiable and Christian curse of excommunithe far distance

"Bless his old heart! Ain't he a brick?" shouted Sydic. "Inever came across a prime men who despise them to my gardens of one like him. Just to hear him, wouldn't They've settled it all, of course, long ago; Armida, any more than you would admit you think him as hard as a proctor? and yet | but he hasn't confided in me, the sly dog. sure I do not care," rejoined Fay, disdain- vexation, shame and rebellion, visible in the me into the Eleusinia of your schools. I the sweet old thing's as mild as milk at the Trust an old campaigner, though, for twigcore."

"Yes," laughed Kenne. "The cocoa-nuts hardest to crack have always the best ker- What do I want with a great house, and nel, and your velvet and yielding peach has a very nasty stone au fond."

"True for you," said Sydie. "Do excuse me, Fay; I must go and hear him blow up it. I dare say it'll be at Christmas. There's "Yes, I do dislike you, when you look that boy sky-high; and give him a shilling | Fay on the terrace, looking out for Sydie, for tuck afterwards: it will be so rich." The Cantab made his exit, and Fav

> "Miss Morton, where is your tongue? I have not heard it for a quarter of an houra miracle that has never happened in the two months I have been at the Beeches."

"What! am I in mauvaise odeur again?" smiled Keane. "I thought we were good entirely thawed of late to her, for he had "How do you know I think you silly?" friends. Have you found the Q. E. D. to petted her and been as gentle to her as was the problem I gave you?"

ettling the cat's collar.

triumph. "You are a good child," said her tutor,

now. Fav?'' "No," said Fay, energetically. "I never | child. hated you; I always admired you; but I was

"Never be afraid of me," said Keane put-The wild little filly came round under ting his hand on hers as it lay on the arm

"Of Sydie! Oh, I love him dearly!" Keane took his hand away, and arose, as the General trotted in.

"Bless me, Keane, how warm it is !-Confoundedly hot without one's hat, I can tell you. Had my walk all for nothing, too. That cursed little idiot wasn't trespassing after all. Stephen had sent him to spud out the daisies, and I'd thrashed the boy before I'd listen to him. Devil take

TONISM INTO PASSION. and Keane stayed at the Beeches to knock life into his own grave and cheerless one; over the birds in the St. Crucis turnips- he longed to feel her warm young heart He was a capital shot. His severe studies beat with his own, ice-bound for so many had never lessened his love for, or his skill years; but Little Fuy was never to be his. in, the open and the hunting field. Sydie shot well, too; and the dear old governor was never happier than when on his shoot dressing-gown round him, smoking his last ing pony, on which he always sat as bolt and that winning willfulness which it upright and motionless as the marble riders placently over his own thoughts, on our uncomfortable and ludicrous public statues, whose feelings seem as if they were ding, such as the county hasn't seen in all diverted between a desire to peep over at its blessed days," he muttered, with suthe crossings below, and an endeavor to hold preme satisfaction. "Sydie shall have this some fresh sea-breezes, and some days of on hard to their pedestals. They were on hard to their pedestals. They were place. What do I want with a great town pleasant days to them all, knocking over the of a house like this, big enough for a barpartridges right and left, enjoying a cold rack? I'll take that shooting box that's to luncheon and a rum-punch under the luxu- let four miles off; that'll be plenty large riant hedges, and going home to the Beeches for a dinner, full of laughter, and talk, and in and chat over by-gone times, and it will good cookery; and Fay's songs afterward, do our hearts good—freshen us up a bit to as wild and sweet, in their way, as a gold see those young things enjoying themselves. finch's on a hawthorn spray.

"You like little Fay, don't you, Kenne?" said the General, as they went home one an old woman she'd have been now. Well, evening.

Keane looked startled for a second. "Of course," he said, rather haughtily. now. God bless'em! they make one young That Miss Morton is very charming, every one must admit."

filly, Keane; but she'll go better and truer Trust an old soldier! However, love is "Ahl devil take the fellows," chuckled than your quiet broken in ones, who bear blind, they say. There's not a doubt The General had besought him to stay.— the General. "Love, devotion, admiration! the harness so respectably, and are so wick-they're mad about one another—not a doubt His gamekeeper wrote him that it was a What a lot of stuff they do write! I wonder ed and vicious in their own minds. And about it—and they shall be married at

"Sydie? Oh, he's a nice young fellow .worse for that. I was extravagant and wild And the General partook of some more enough at his age. He is a great favorite

"To be sure," echoed the General, rubbing his hands. "He's a dear hoy-a very "Hallo! bless my soul!" burst forth the dear boy. They're both of em exactly all I

"Being what, General, may I ask?"

"Why, any one can see, as plain as a pike-staff, that they are in love with each satisfaction; "and I mean them to be married and happy. Their youth shan't be spoiled, as mine was. Ah! well, well! that's all over now. But you know, Keane, I always knew they were cut out for one another. Wasn't such a blind old bat as not to see that. They dote on each other, Keane, and I shan't put any obstacles in knows; let 'em enjoy it, say I; it don't come back again. Don't say anything to him about it; I want to have some fun with him. ging an affaire du cœur. I mean to give 'em this place, and take a shooting-box .-nobody in it? Bless them both! they make me feel a boy again. We'll have a gay wedding, Keane; mind you come down for

of course; silly child !" Keane walked along, drawing his cap over busied herself calming the kittens' minds his eyes. The sun was setting full in his

and restoring the dethroned geraniums .- face. "Well, Monsieur Plato, what sport?" cried

Fay, running up to him. "Pretty fair," said Keane, coldly, as he passed her, went into the house, and up to

his own bed-room. It was an hour before the dinner-bell "You do not want to hear it," said Fay, rang. Then he came down stairs with that grave, chill hauteur of expression which had made Fay afraid of him, but which had possible since he had taught her Euclid .--"Vous verrez, Monsieur Plato," cried Fay, To-night he was cold and calm, particularly exultantly. And kneeling down by him, she brilliant in conversation, more courteque, went through the whole thing in exceeding perhaps, to her than ever, but the frost-had gathered round him that the sunny atmosphere of the Beeches had melted; and Fay. smiling, in himself amazed at this little though she tried to teaze, and to coaz, and volatile thing's capacity for mathematics, to win him, could not dissipate it. She-I think you will be able to take your de- felt him an immeasurable distance from her gree, if you like. Come, do you hate me again. He was a learned, haughty, fastidious philosopher, and she a little naughty

As Keane went up stairs that night, after

Sydie talking to Fay in the hall. "Yes, my worshiped Fay, I shall be intensely and utterly miserable away from the one idolize your divine self ever so much, one can't give up one's larks, you know."

Keane ground his teeth with a bitter sigh and a fierce coth.

"Little Fay, I would have loved you more tenderly than that!"

He went in and threw himself on his bod -not to sleep. For the first time for many years he could not summon sleep at his will. He had gone on petting her and amusing himself, thinking of her only as a winning, wayward child. Now he woke with a shock to discover, too late, that she had stolen from him unawares the heart he had so long refused to any woman. With his high intellect and calm philosophy, after his years IV .- THE PHILOSOPHER WALKS OUT OF PLA- spent in severe science and cold solitude. the hot well-springs of passion had broken August went out and September came in, loose again. He longed to take her bright In the bedroom next to him the General sat, with his feet in his slippers and his

cheroot before a roaring fire, chuckling com-

"To be sure we'll have a very gay wedenough for me and my old chums to smoke My youth was spoilt, but theirs shan't be, if I can help it. Poor, dear Mary! what well, it's no good looking back; it won't alter things. I live for that boy and girl again. My Little Fay will be the prettiest bride that ever was seen. Silly young "Bless her little heart! She's a wild little | things to suppose I don't see through them.