

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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Syringe and Inhaler, for the cure of Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other affections of the Throat and Lungs, is the most valuable medicine ever discovered. It is sold at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa., and at all other Family Medicine Stores.  
April 9, 1859.

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**GRANHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers,** for Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for Invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa., April 16, 1859.

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200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.  
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A fine one of a good Herring, can be supplied at a low price, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa., No. 71 Locust Street.  
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Jan. 25, 1859.

**NICE RAISINS** for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at  
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,  
No. 71 Locust Street.

**GARDEN SEEDS.**—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at  
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No. 71 Locust Street.

**POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.**  
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each.  
Columbia, April 14, 1859. Quarters and News Depot.

**A NEW** more of these beautiful Prints  
left, which will be sold at a low price, at  
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S,  
Columbia, Pa.

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1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at  
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Dec. 2, 1859.

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For a first class article of Prunes, you must go to  
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No. 71 Locust Street.

**GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.**  
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of New and Improved manufacture, at  
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store,  
Front Street, above Locust.

**FRESH GROCERIES.**  
WE combine to sell the best "Lucky" Syrup, White and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and choice Tea, and all other Groceries, at the lowest prices, at  
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,  
No. 71 Locust Street.

**Segars, Tobacco, &c.**  
A LOT of Segars, Tobacco and Sand, will be sold at a low price, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa., and at all other Family Medicine Stores.  
Oct. 15, 1859.

**CRANBERRIES.**  
NEW Crop from New Canaan,  
A. N. RAMBO'S,  
No. 71 Locust Street.

**SARDINES.**  
Warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at  
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No. 71 Locust Street.

**CRANBERRIES.**  
JUST received a large lot of Cranberries and new Crop, at a low price, at  
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,  
No. 71 Locust Street.

## Selections.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
**Mrs. Beauchamp's Vengeance.**

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER IV.

HOW TO READ A LETTER.

In silence Rakit made a cigarette, offered it to me, and then set about making another for himself. No one feels the necessity of speech when a cigar is in his mouth, and it is very uncomfortable to be in company with a man, and dread to say anything lest it should jar on his sensitive feelings; so we smoked on in silence thinking a great deal. His mobile expressive face plainly showed the tumult that was going on within; but as I had no idea what direction his resolution would take, I dared not say a word; and to leave him in this condition seemed unfriendly.

Our silence was broken by the return of Briggs, who said, impatiently—  
"Rakit, make me a cigarette. I can't rest. I have been wandering about the streets like a murderer."

Rakit, who had just finished making one, presented it to him, and he puffed furiously as he went to the easel on which stood Mrs. Beauchamp's portrait.

"What a fine she has!" he exclaimed.  
"Look at it. What a smile! Who could help loving such a woman?"

Rakit flung a glance at me, in which I read as plainly as if he had spoken the words, "he must take her back!"  
"Did you ever see one to compare with her?" inquired Briggs.

"Never!" replied the painter. "And I have always said that you are a lucky dog—the luckiest of dogs—to have captured the affections of such a woman. Johnson will tell you that I have always said so."

"Don't!" growled Briggs, "don't remind me of my loss!"

"Pho! she's not lost."  
"She is though!"  
"You fancy so."

"I know so."  
"It's nothing but a lover's quarrel—kiss and make up."

"Ah! I wish I could kiss and make up."  
"What is to prevent you?"  
"Everything!"

"Nonsense! Who ever heard of a marriage being broken off for a little tiff? Why, my dear fellow, angels tiff sometimes—for the sake of making up again."

"I should be glad enough to make up.—For on reflection I will confess that it was I who was wrong yesterday—very wrong—I was hasty."

"No doubt. Your temper is peppery, you know. I have always said it of you."  
"Not generally. But yesterday, perhaps—"

"Yesterday you were hasty—perhaps a little offensive—it may be brutal—"

"No, no, I wasn't at all that."  
"You can be brutal, Briggs—I know you can; not that you mean it, of course. She will understand that. And no doubt you laid too much stress on a little vivacity in her language; she is so vivacious!"

"She is. Besides, if she has a fault, I never expected her to be quite perfect."

"Of course not. A perfect woman would be a monster—her goodness would be an eternal reproach. As far as I can judge—and Johnson will tell you I'm no bad judge of women—my experience is tolerably extensive. Well, as far as I can judge, Mrs. Beauchamp combines all the qualities necessary to make a man happy."

"All, all," responded Briggs.  
"And, moreover, let us joke as we like about marriage, it is the dearest aim we have in life, you know."

"That it is."  
"The haven into which the storm-tossed mariner—and all that kind of thing."  
"Exactly my sentiments."

"Well, then go at once, and ask her forgiveness. Tell her you regret the hastiness of your temper—"

"Never," said Briggs, with resolution.  
"Madman!"

"I may be mad, I am miserable, but I am resolved. We are parted forever."  
"Now, don't be absurd."  
"Yes, yes. It's easy to say, Don't be absurd. But there are things \* \* \* \* \* but this blow is a heavy one \* \* \* \* \* but I may confide in you two \* \* \* \* \* dine with me at the club to-day—you shall know all."

"Tell it at once," said I.  
"That woman has no heart!" exclaimed Briggs. Then going to her portrait, he apostrophized it: "No, you have no heart. One can read it in your face. Rakit, look at this picture—and then read this letter."

He handed a crumpled note to Rakit, who smoothed it, read it, and returning it, said—  
"Well, upon my word, I see nothing to object to in it."

"You don't?" exclaimed the astonished Briggs, throwing away the end of his cigarette.

"Johnson shall judge. Listen to this. In the driest tone imaginable he begins to read:—  
"Well, your name is John, isn't it? You wouldn't have her say Mr. Saythe Briggs?"  
"You think that a proper beginning, do you?"

"She might have said, Sir," replied Rakit.

"Don't let us be unjust. John is simply affectionate, comes from the heart. I may be wrong, I don't know what Johnson thinks, but there seems to me (under the circumstances, observed) something very touching in that simple John. It is worth a hundred phrases such as *dearest pet*, or *my own Zolles*."

"And perhaps you say as much to what follows." He then read, severely: "When people find they have made a mistake, they are bound by every consideration, not to continue in it, but if possible to repair it.—We made a mistake in fancying our natures suited each other. It would be very wrong to continue in this error. Let us part."

Briggs here looked at us as much as to say, What do you think of that? As what I thought was very unequivocal, I was silent; but Rakit broke forth:—  
"Well, never did I hear a more dignified, and at the same time touching, accent of a wounded heart. How free it is from rhotacism, and from sophistry! She throws no blame on you, observe! Not a syllable.—She doesn't say that you showed yourself coarse, tyrannical, violent, brutal—"

"Because I didn't!"  
"Yes, yes, you did; you confessed as much not long ago. Besides, I'm sure you were angry, and anger is always blind."

"I don't care what I was, that letter's plain enough."

"Quite plain, if read in another spirit.—Let any unprejudiced eye read it, and it will be found as noble in conception as it is severe in its simplicity of style."

Briggs, somewhat staggered by this unexpected, and to him, incomprehensible, view of the matter, looked at me. Fortunately I have great command over my countenance, and did not explode in a loud hoarse outburst.

"Only profound feeling," continued Rakit, "ever expresses itself simply."

"But where is the feeling here?"  
"Where?" replied Rakit. "In every phrase. Listen, while I read." He took the letter, and, throwing a subdued reticence, tenderness into his voice, which did honor to his talents as an actor, he began: "It would be wrong to continue in error. Do you not feel the selective delicacy of that word error? Then too, the phrase: *Let us part!* No shrieks—no reproaches—all is severely calm, like the expressions of a Roman matron."

"But go on," said Briggs; "you see, she adds, *we were to be married shortly.* Our marriage is now impossible." Really the tears gathered to my eyes as I read this.

Briggs was moved but not convinced.  
"You certainly have a way of reading it," he said, "which wasn't at all mine. But listen to this: *I do not think that you will find a nature to suit your own, but you are free to try. Henceforth we can only be friends. You will only see me when united with another.*—Emily."

"Of course," said Rakit, "if you persist in throwing that accent in it, you may read hatred in the tenderest confession of love.—What does she really say? Why, that she fears that you cannot find a woman worthy of you; but you are free to try, she will not be an obstacle to your happiness, she will withdraw into privacy with her grief!"

"Pho! she talks of marrying another!"  
"You misinterpret again; read it properly thus: *You will only see me when united with another, Emily.* It's as clear as day, that she refers to your marriage, should you find a woman worthy of you. Then—when you are happy—when her presence can no longer be an intrusion—as a friend you will see her again. Observe further, that here the letter ends. Emotion has reached its climax—the pen drops from her hand."

"He has a way of reading, hasn't he, Johnson?"  
"Why, yes," I replied, "but then you know everything depends on the accent. It's the tone which makes the music, not the notes. Suppose I say to a woman, *You're a pretty creature!*—that an unmistakable gallantry; but if I say the same words with another emphasis, *You're a pretty creature!* it's a sarcasm."

"Of course," interposed Rakit. "A woman may call you a wretch, and mean that you are a darling; all depends on the accent. When a Frenchman calls his wife his cabbage, the accent makes it palatable."

"I should like to persuade me. The fact is, I should like to be persuaded."  
"Go home; read the letter over in the spirit I have suggested; and it will soon be clear to you that you will only need to make the proper advances—to apologise for your conduct, and ask for a reconciliation—telling her that life can have no happiness for you without her—alluding darkly to your black-handled rascal—and she will quickly make it up, trust me."

"He gives you good advice," said I.  
"I'll think of it," said Briggs, and departed.

When the street-door had fairly closed upon him, we both gave vent to our long pent-up laughter. But Rakit speedily became serious again.

"Only the left wing is routed," said he. "I have still the widow to fight. If I can manage to pick a decent quarrel with her, she will perhaps be ready to welcome back the repentant Briggs. It's a ticklish business though. I can't tell her plump that I don't want to marry her, especially after having sworn that I loved her better than life. But I suppose it's possible to get up a quarrel if one is bent on it."

## CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND BLOW BEGINS THE QUARREL.

Considering how easily two people quarrel about foolish trifles, and misinterpret phrases or actions, it is remarkable that there should ever be a difficulty in getting up a good "row," when one of the antagonists desires it. If those who love and respect each other quarrel and regret to do so, surely one would think it must be very easy to quarrel when there is any desire for it.—Yet, I appeal to the experience of every middle-aged reader, whether he has not occasionally found it by no means an easy thing to pick a quarrel. You may be ready enough to strike, but if your adversary won't put up his guard, you are ashamed into not striking. You may even lash yourself into a rage, and strike; but, suppose the blow is not returned? you then learn that it is the second blow which begins the quarrel.

Rakit found himself in this position.—The widow informed him of having broken off her engagement with Briggs; and he received the intelligence with the most mitigated rapture. But she refused to see this, and accepted his feeble excuses. When he said he was deep in meditation, she inquired if it was respecting their future lot?

"No," said he, "I was meditating on my great picture—the *Virgins of the Sun*."

With playful reproaches she said, "I thought a lover would have had other objects of meditation."

"But I am an artist—and artists, you know, are always self-absorbed."

"Women do not like that—and I warn you, I am a very woman."

"Not a tyrant, I hope," he said coldly.  
"No," she replied, tenderly placing her hand on his arm, "a slave."

Rakit mentally observed that this was the velvet of which Briggs complained.

"You must make me a sharer in all your thoughts," she said, "and in all your cares."

"Impossible—an artist can never—"  
"Have a care! Remember I shall have a right to know. As a wife, I may insist."

Here was an opening; and he seized it.  
"My dear creature let us be perfectly frank with each other. I must tell you, beforehand, that I shall admit of no insinuation; and that on the merest trifles I pretend to have entirely my own way."

"Do you result already?"  
"Yes," he said, trying to get angry, "already and always. It is necessary to be plain at the outset, I never could, and I never will, yield to a woman's caprices."

Here was a blow well delivered from the left; and he expected a rejoinder. She looked a little staggered; but taking his unwillingly hand, said:

"Well, then, it is I who must yield."  
It was clear to him that that match wouldn't light.

"With very bad grace," she continued, "could I even seem to thwart the man who was soon to be my husband?"

"And if he were already your husband?"  
"That would be a very different matter, you know."

"Eh!" said Rakit, quickly.  
"In a husband," she replied, with diabolical coquetry, "my confidence would necessarily be absolute."

The claws were shown, but it was clear they were not prepared to scratch—just yet.

"You turn from me. Look me in the eyes, Charles."

He felt that if he looked he was lost; so he didn't. But she took him by the shoulders and turned him round. Their eyes met.—Here were so blue, so tender, so bewitching, that it was all over with his resolution. A quarrel was hopeless.

After an infinite amount of lover's prattle which I need not repeat, they were on the best of terms, when Bob came in to say that Charlotte insisted on speaking with him.

He stepped into the adjoining room, and there had to encounter a young woman who seemed by no means indisposed to quarrel.

"Mr. Rakit, sir," she said, "I wish to know this: Am I to sit or not?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but not yet."  
"Because I'm tired of waiting."  
"Very well, then, my dear, go home."  
"But I don't want to go home with a flea in my ear."  
"Then remove the flea, and go home without it."

"But I don't want to go till I have said it was settled. I should sit. My family knows I'm to sit; and sit I will."  
"So you shall; but not now."  
"I dare say, indeed; not now means never."  
"You foolish girl, I tell you I want you to sit but it must be some other day. I'm particularly engaged just now, and as you don't want to wait, go home. If you don't want to go home, wait."

"I want to sit, and don't want to wait.—Do you never find yourself between two stools, sir?"

"Often, my dear, but I only sit on one."  
"That's it—I want to sit on one."  
Several minutes were passed in trying to persuade Charlotte that she was not ill-treated; she began to cry, this made Rakit impatient; and by the time he had got rid of her, and re-entered his painting-room, he was in an impatient and irritable frame of mind.

What should await him here but a scene with the widow, who had heard a female voice in anger and in tears, and who began having sworn that I loved her better than life. But I suppose it's possible to get up a quarrel if one is bent on it.

very plainly to intimate to him. He was in no mood to listen patiently to such nonsense, even had he no secret desire to quarrel with the widow; and when he had brought her to something like an explicit avowal of jealousy, he said quickly:

"Then am I to understand you are of a jealous temper?"

"Do I not love?" she answered.  
"No evasion. Speak plainly. Because it is requisite that you know beforehand, that I am one of those who hate jealousy, and think it monstrous, ridiculous, insupportable."

"Then for your sake," she said submissively, "I will cure myself of it."

It was plain; she was a demon in crinolines; and she would not quarrel.

"You will learn to correct all your bachelor habits when we are married."

"Perhaps. And yet no one knows. Bad habits cling to one like a damp shroud. I almost fear I shall never change."

"Then I must learn to accommodate myself to them, for I shall at any rate always be certain of one thing."

"And that is?"  
"Your love."

"Seriously, do you think love of such supreme importance?"

"The most important thing in life."  
"Then why did you not marry Briggs, who adores you?"

"He does, I assure you. His love is immense! He was here just now, and he grieved at the idea of losing you so pathetically, so heart-rending—that, to confess the simple truth, I felt ashamed of my position. I felt that I had no right to inflict on a human being so great a wrong as to deprive him of the woman he adored."

Mrs. Beauchamp raised her handkerchief to her eyes and said, almost sobbing, "You felt that?"

A bright gleam danced before him. He had evidently touched the right chord at last. Women are so sentimental!

"Yes," he said, "so profoundly did I feel it, that I began to ask myself whether it would be a nobler part to sacrifice my own happiness—to relinquish my claim—and to be content with that proudest of emotions, the preference of another's welfare to your own."

"Noble, noble fellow!" she sobbed.  
His heart bounded. The success was so great as it was unexpected. He blessed the sentimental nature of woman, and continued:

"Yes, Emily, I thought this, and I feel it still. Much as I should rejoice to call you mine, I feel it would be nobler, better wiser, to give you up."

"Noble creature!" she exclaimed, removing the handkerchief from her radiant face. "You make me love you more. By those words you have riveted forever the bond which binds me to you."

It was no use. She would have him, and his struggles were vain. It seemed to him as if Nemesis, in the form of a widow, had attached herself to his life. It was—

"Venus takes offense at a prolix attachment." And he had nothing left but to resign himself. Either she could not, or she would not understand him; one alternative was as fatal as the other.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
**ANOTHER LETTER.**

A man more thoroughly worried and beaten I never saw than poor Rakit when I called on him half an hour after. All his passion for Mrs. Beauchamp seemed vanished, or rather to have become changed into aversion, the reproaches heaped upon his own conduct were strong in expression but mild in feeling. It was upon her head that the bitter vials were emptied. She was a designing hypocrite; a demon incarnate. He didn't know what vices might not be concealed beneath that soft exterior. Why did she wish to marry him? why persist in wishing it, when it was so palpably to the dullest mind that he didn't wish it? He had no wealth to tempt her; he had no rank; he had no fame—as yet; he had not anything remarkable in the way of personal attractions; what then could she see in him? It was clear she had some sinister motive. Briggs was a better match, yet Briggs had been thrown overboard? Why was this? Some horrible design must be hidden here.

I suggested that he should write her a plain letter avowing that he was by nature unfit for the quiet of domestic life, and unambiguously expressing his sense of the mistakes which he had made in ever imagining that he could settle. "You told her she was a beam of sunshine, and now you can hint to her that in an atelier it is necessary to let the blinds down to keep the sunshine out."

"I'll do it," he said; and he set down to write. "But it is no easy matter to write on such subjects; still less easy is it to tell a woman whom you have sworn that you adore, how impossible it is that you have been in your right senses when you swore it. Rakit thrust his disengaged hand through his redundant locks, bit reflectively the end of his pen, drew figures on his blotting-book, but could not get beyond "My dear Mrs. Beauchamp." Presently he rose, and lighted a cigarette, in gloomy meditation. Occasionally a thought seemed to inspire him, and he sat down; but when he came to express the thought in words, it seemed utterly inapplicable, so he threw down his pen and resumed his walk. "I'll follow what you say," he at last said, despairingly, to me. And I began to help

him. We hammered out a letter together; but it seemed so tame that we both felt it wouldn't do. We tried again, but with no greater success.

"I tell you what it is," he exclaimed at length, "I shall cut and run. I'll pack up and go to Rome. I want to see Rome; and when she hears that I have quitted England without informing her of my intention, it will be a delicate way of letting her know that I have changed my mind. She will despise me, perhaps, and abuse me, certain; but better that than she should marry me."

"Better still," said I, suddenly illuminated, "if you were to write her precisely the same letter which she wrote to Briggs; I remember the words perfectly."

"By George! what a good idea!"  
"She cannot take exception to her own sentiments in her own words, you know. If it was justifiable in her to throw Briggs over as she did, she can never pretend that you are not equally justified; any by using her very expressions you escape all cavil!"

"Say no more. The thing is perfect.—Johnson you're a genius. I never thought so before; but in you, common sense amounts to a genius."

In a few minutes the letter was written, sealed, and despatched by Bob.

Rakit was now in an uproarious state.—He punched me in the ribs, and called me his best friend. He sang at the top of his voice *A chela morte ognora*, and threw such fervor into *Addio, Leonard, Addio*, that one might have imagined him to be a Mario—in a great coat.

In the very height of this excitement, Briggs arrived, face flushed, eyes sparkling, hair damp with perspiration.

"My dear fellows," he said exultingly, "I am so glad to find you both here. Only think you remember that letter I showed you from Mrs. Beauchamp? Well—all a flame! It's the first of April; she has been making April fools of us."

"You don't say so?"  
"Fact. Look here. When she sent the letter here by a messenger—the one I read to you—she sent this other to my club. Listen," and he read aloud, "Dearest John, at the time I wrote this note to you, I sent another, and a very different one, to you, by a messenger at Mr. Rakit's. If that seem incomprehensible to you, look at the date and all will be explained. If the date does not enlighten you, come for consolation to yours, ever affectionately—Emily Beauchamp."

I congratulated him, and thought that Rakit also would be overjoyed, but to my surprise I