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Select Poetry.

THE MILLINER'S BILL.

AIR—THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The wax-lights illumed a Fifth Avenue hall,
And the crinolines whirled in the masy ball,
And the persons of fashion were blithe and gay,
Dancing the hours of rest away
The husband beheld with a booby's pride,
The beautiful dress of his stylish bride,
While she, in her fine clothes, seemed to be
The Queen of that splendid company,
Oh, the Milliner's Bill!

"I'm weary of satin," soon she cried,
I'll have a blue velvet, more full and wide;
And none of my bonnets suit my face—
I shall order another of sweet point lace,
With emerald flowers, and then, dear man,
You'll let me indulge in a tartlatan
And old Bubbles cried, as his wife he eyed,
The dearest of women is my dear bride.
Oh, the Milliner's Bill!

French cambric that morning, gross silk the next day,
And a white moire antique ere the week passed away,
The richest, the newest of stuffs to be got,
Till Blockhead's wife bought, and he grudged them not
Two years flew by, and the bills, at last,
Had arrived at a figure extremely vast,
And when Bubbles beheld the sum, he cried,
"I'm an old fool, done by a spendthrift bride"
Oh, the Milliner's Bill!

At length broke a bank, that had long kept hid
The dodges by which it the public did,
And a Defaulter long was discovered there,
The Milliner's Bill of that lady fair
Oh! very much chagrin, "twas then confessed,
Had been lent to her lord from the banking chest,
And when the crash came, ruin humbug a doom,
The bill's display proved the fortune a tomb
Oh, the Milliner's Bill!

Choice Miscellany.

THE BOX-TUNNEL.

A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READE.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first class carriage, were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eye brows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenger shaped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck—so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a soupcon of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustach, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pigtails, on which soul is suspended like dew on shrub, it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice; his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they sat on him, he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was in rhinoceros was in its proper place, his heart, not in his throat, exploiting mine and other people's who have none; in a word he was what one oftener hears of than sees, a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion a fellow-officer—they were talking about what it is for better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he occasionally cast and man, a frutive glance at his fair companion and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going with us to Bath and immortality would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!" Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation, but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief: Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger and returned to it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day; he bought a *Times* and a *Punch*; the latter was full of steel pen thrusts and wood *cuts*. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochineated one, and he brandied and burnt sugared the other; on their return to their carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fob, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remanded *tete a tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how empressé, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and to do the dog justice he got hand, somer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream, such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer. Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" inquired the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it's a gentleman's joke."

"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly if it makes me laugh."

Captain Dolignan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel. There was one gentleman opposite, and it was pitch dark. After the tunnel had been passed through, the lady said: "George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel!" "I did no such thing!" "You didn't?" "No! why?" "Why, because somehow I tho't you did!"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done.

The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. "Ah!"

Dolignan. "What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn. "I am frightened."

Dolignan, (moving to her side,) "Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you."

Miss Haythorn. "You are near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignan."

Dolignan. "You know my name!"

Miss Haythorn. "I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolignan. "I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss Haythorn. "Nonsense."

Dolignan. "Pwep!"

(Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty girl you meet or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn. "Ee! Ee! Oh!"

Friend. "What's the matter, dear?"

Miss Haythorn. "Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut, and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls in me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present,—"Hit boys as big as yourself," bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophines; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost a part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath, our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his lae friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot, a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trowsers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing—"That is nothing," continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserved to loose it."

At this the blood mounted to the younger man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he is thirty-five; you, I presume, are thirty-one."

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing, will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard when I won it!"

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to an amiable English. He was looking, in vain, for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look:—"It can't be!"—"Yes it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name;) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a swan—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill, and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing, but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured: "Who was this man?" "and what right had he to go on so?" "He had never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolly. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit, and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at least revealed by this outward accident, from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crest fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest Parade. Dolignan did the same; he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment. For all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous, for the first time besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was* punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been commenced in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know!"

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the cresent, where *everybody was to be*." They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon there is a world where rewarded by learning smoke—the two capital abominations neither polk nor one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, this liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and, in the usual way, asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "It was all right, and his visiter might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness that encouraged him; that consciousness deepened into confusion: she tried to laugh; she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this, (for my tale is merciful, and skips formalities and torturing delays,) these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before, duck like and delicious, all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from under her long eye-lashes. "Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then! you remember the Box Tunnel?" (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10 with White I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you;" was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me? impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet? how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know, but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then who brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you was forgetting me!"

"Sweet angel! why here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now reader—fie! no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time you come to a dark place; besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people, no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

Chas. Feno Hoffman, the Poet.

The last number of Putnam's Magazine calls attention to the fact that this gentleman, now an inmate of the Pennsylvania State Hospital, is the author of the far famed song "Sparkling and Bright"—one of our countrymen's favorite melodies. There is something so strikingly sorrowful in the thought that a man of such powerful mind as Hoffman should flitter out the days of his life among madmen, that the heart can scarcely repress a sigh when the recollection brings it to reflection, and still we love to call impressions of him and his works to memory.—Poor Hoffman! the fruits of his pen will be read forever—they are among the sweetest gems of American literature.

We well recollect when the poet was placed in his present situation. We were then an apprentice in the office of this paper, and had been engaged in reading one of his thrilling productions. The day after we had finished it, our surprise and sorrow may be imagined, when we heard that the man whose brilliant pen had previously given us so much pleasure, had been placed in the Lunatic Asylum. This was about four years ago. The local column of the Herald was then under the charge of Mr Adam Baum, a man who loved Hoffman's works as much as ourself, and on the day after his incarceration, he published one of the most beautiful articles on the subject he have ever read from his pen, which was extensively copied by other papers.

Since then we have seen Hoffman on two or three occasions at the Asylum. The editor of Putnam describes him as being once a large, ruddy man; he is not so now; his face is shrivelled up, and his whole body shows the effects of time and disease. He still retains that fine military bearing, however, which he acquired in the army, and for hours will pace up and down the long aisle of his "division," giving orders to his fellows, whom he imagines are his soldiers, and "prepares them for the march." Then again at times he will be in a sort of pensive mood, seeming to appreciate his position, and mourn over it; but this is seldom. He is generally vigorous and jovial, as he was in days gone by.

Every visitor of intelligence who enters the Asylum, calls to see Hoffman. He receives them all with a hearty greeting, will ask them to sup and drink with him, and when they leave invites them to "call often." On the last occasion that we saw him, after sitting in his cell, and indulging in a pleasant chat—no, not pleasant, for the feeling of his condition prevented this—he ordered at several times some of his fellows to fetch wine and glasses. They would just stare at him, and he would soon forget it, until suddenly the order would be repeated and again forgotten.

He generally labors under the idea that his place of confinement is a garrison, of which he is the commander, and is only prevented from enjoying the outside by advice of his physicians. He will frequently endeavor the prevail on the Superintendent to grant him liberty to room through the country for a while, and when this is refused will submit quietly. Hoffman wears a cocked hat continually, and walks with a cane. His appearance bears the mark of eccentricity and genius, but the former may not have been the case before his insanity. His voice is clear, commanding, but still cheerful.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

HOW PROPHETIC!—The following is an extract from a speech made by President Buchanan, when in Congress, on the independent treasury bill:

"The evils of a redundant paper circulation are manifest to every eye. It alternately raises and sinks the value of every man's property.—It makes a beggar of the man to-morrow who indulged in dreams of wealth to-day. It converts the business of society into a mere lottery, while those who distribute the prizes are wholly irresponsible to the people. When the collapse comes—as come it must—it casts laborers out of employment, crushes manufacturers and merchants, and ruins thousands of honest and industrious citizens."

PRESENT vs FUTURE.

BY GRAMP, AN OLD BACHELOR.

THREE "WEEKS" AFTER MARRIAGE. (SUGAR.)

"Dearest, are you going out?
This
You know is so cold,
My own dear George put your sock
On, loving kiss before we part.
Good bye, sweet chuck—good bye."

THREE "YEARS" AFTER MARRIAGE (ALONE.)

"You're going out—why don't you go?
I cannot help the rain;
You would'nt grieve me mightily,
To me'er come back again!
Umbrella?—don't know where it is.
What'll you want next, I wonder?
Don't pester me about your cold,
Goodness, gracious!—go to thunder!"

KITTY COLEMAN.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

An arrant piece of mischief was that Kitty Coleman, with her deep, bewildering eyes, that said all sort of strange things to your heart, and yet looked so innocent all the time, as though conducting themselves with the utmost propriety, and her warm ripe lips, making you think at once of the "rose's bed that a bee would choose to dream in." And so wild and unmanageable was she—oh, it was shocking to *proper* people to look at her! And then to bear her, too! why, she actually laughed aloud, Kitty Coleman did! I say Kitty, because everybody called her Kitty but her Aunt Martha; she was an orderly gentlewoman, who disapproved of loud laughing, romping, and nick naming, as she did of other crimes, so she always said Miss Catharine. She thought, too, that Miss Catharine's hair—those long, golden locks, like rays of floating sunshine, wandering about her shoulders, should be gathered up into a comb, and the little lady was once really so obliging as to make trial of the scheme but at the first bound she made after Rover, the burnished cloud broke from its ignoble bondage, descending in a glittering shower, and the little silver comb nestled down in the deep grass, resigning its office of jailor forever. Oh, Kitty *was* a sad romp! It is a hard thing to say of one we all loved so well; but Aunt Martha said it, and shook her head the while and sighed; and the squire, Aunt Martha's brother, said it, and held out his arms for his pet to spring into; the old ladies said it, and said, too, what a pity it was that young people now-a-days had no more regard for propriety. Even Enoch Snow, the great prenologist, buried his fingers in those dainty locks that none but a phrenologist had a right to touch, and waiting only for a succession of peals of vocal music, which interrupted his scientific researches, to subside, said that her organ of mirthfulness was very, very strikingly developed. This, then, placed the matter beyond all controversy; and it was henceforth expected that Kitty would do what nobody else could do, and say what nobody else had a right to say; and the sin of all, luckily for her, was to be laid on a strange idiosyncracy, a peculiar mental, or rather cerebral conformation, over which she had no control; and so Kitty was forgiven, forgiven by all but —— We have a little story to tell.

I have heard that Cupid is blind, but of that I do not believe a word—indeed, I have "confirmation strong" that the malicious little knave has the gift of clairvoyance, aiming at hearts wrapped in the triple foldings of selfishness, conceit, and gold. Ay, didn't he perch himself, now on the lip of Kitty Coleman, and with marvellous steady aim, imitating a personage a trifle more dreaded, "Cut down all, both great and small!" Blind! no, no—he saw a flirt too well when he counted out his arrows; and the laughing rogue was ready to burst with merriment, as he peeped into his empty quiver, and then looked abroad upon the havoc he had made. But people said that there was one who had escaped him, a winsome gallant, for whom all but Kitty Coleman had a bright glance, and a gentle word. As for Kitty, she cared not a rush for Harry Gay, and sought to annoy him all in her power, and the gentleman in his turn stalked past her with all the dignity of a great man's ghost. Bitter, bitter enemies were Harry Gay and Kitty Coleman. One evening, just because the pretty belle was present, Harry took it into his head to be as stupid as a block or a scholar, for, notwithstanding his promising name, our young Lucifer could be stupid. Kitty Coleman was very angry, as was proper—for what right had any one to be stupid in her presence? The like never was heard of before. Kitty, in her indignation, said he did not know how to be civil; and then she sighed, doubtless, at the boorishness of scholars in general, and this one in particular; and then she laughed so long and musically, that the lawyer, the schoolmaster, the four clerks, the merchant, and Lithper Lithpet, the dandy, all joined in the chorus, though, for the life of them, they could not have told what the lady laughed at.—Harry Gay drew up his head with as much dignity as though he had known the mirth was at his expense, cast contemptuous glances toward the group of head-waiters, and then, to show his own superior taste, attached himself to the ugliest women in the room. It was very strange that Kitty Coleman should have disregarded entirely the opinion of such a *distingue* gentleman, but she only laughed the louder when she saw that he was annoyed by it; indeed, his serious face seemed to infuse the very spirit, ay, the concentrated double-distilled essence of mirth into her; and a more frolicsome creature never existed than she was, till the irritated scholar, unable to endure it any longer, disappeared in the quietest manner possible. Then all of a sudden the self-willed belle declared that she hated parties, she never would go to another; and making her adieus in the most approved don't-care style, insisted on being taken home at once.

Harry Gay was not a native of our village, he came from one of the eastern cities to spend a summer there; and Aunt Martha said he was too well-bred to have any patience with the boyedendish manners of her romping niece. But Kitty insisted that her manners were not boydendish; and if her heart overflowed, it was not her fault, she could not shut up all the glad feelings within her, they would leap back to the call of their kindred, gushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful, beautiful things of creation, as joyous in their mute eloquence as she was. Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was always angry that Aunt Marth should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of Harry Gay; she would not be dictated to by him, even though his opinions received the sanction of her infallible aunt. But she lady made a trifling mistake on the subject matter of his interference. He did not slander her, and always waived the theme of her follies when her Aunt Martha introduced it; indeed, he never was heard to speak of the belle, but once—once he swore she had no soul—(the shameless Mohammedan)—a remark which was only five minutes in reaching its object. But Kitty Coleman, though very indignant, was not cast down by it. She called Harry Gay more names than he, scholar as he was, could have thought of a month, and wound up with a remark no less formidable than the one which had excited her ire. And Kitty was right. A pretty judge of soul he, to be sure—a man that never laughed! how on earth can people who go through the world cold and still, like the clods they tread upon, pretend to know anything about soul?

Harry Gay used to get to Squire Coleman's very often, and sit all the evening and talk with the Squire and Aunt Martha, while his great black eye turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved; but Kitty would not look at him, not she. What right had a stranger, and a visiter too, to make such a very great parade of his disapprobation? If she did not please him, why she pleased others; and that was enough, she would not turn over her finger to gain his good looks. Harry and Kitty never talked together, people grace. Kept away, (he never went till lady he found it di... out, and the lamps duct like this provoked A... endurance; and one evening, attend to the old spinster had left her alone, she sat down very spite, sobbed away as though her little heart would break. Now it happened that the squire had lent his visitor a book that evening, which, strange enough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his heel. He had gone out but a moment before, and there was no use in ringing, so he stepped at once into the parlor. Poor Kitty sprang to her feet at the intrusion, and crushed with her fingers two tears that were just ready to launch themselves on the roundest and rosiest cheek in the world; but she might have done better than blind herself, for her foot touched Aunt Martha's *fauteuil*, and, in consequence, her forehead the neck of Rover. It is very awkward to be surprised in the luxurious indulgence of tears at any time, and it is a trifle more awkward still to fall down, and then be raised by the last person in the world you would receive a favor from.—Kitty felt the awkwardness of her situation too much to speak; and, of course, Harry, enemy as he was, could not relelease her until he knew whether she was hurt. It was certain she was not faint, for the crimson blood dyed the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from reflection. Kitty looked down until a golden arc of