

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The Liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance, or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens culled with care."

OLD BACHELORS.

They are wanderers and ramblers—never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam,
And every one knows that the bachelor's den,
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, of some five feet by four,
Tho' sometimes, purchase, it may be rather more.

With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins and gloom,
And every where termed "The Old Bachelor's Room."

These creatures, they say, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a bachelor's Ball.

Then dress in their best,
In their gold brocaded vest,
It is known as a fact,
That they act with much tact,
And they lie "How d'ye do!"
And they coo and they woo,
And they smile, for a while,
Their fair guests to beguile;
Condescending and bending,
For fear of offending.

Though inert, And they spy,
They exert, With their eye,
To be pert, And they sigh,
And to flirt, As they fly.

And they whisk and they whiz,
And are brisk when they quiz.

For they meet, Advancing,
To be sweet, And glancing,
And are first, And dancing,
On their feet, And prancing.

Sliding and gliding with minnet pace,
Pirouetting and acting with infinite grace.

And jumping, And racing,
And bumping, And chasing,
And stamping, And pacing,
And thumping, And lacing.

They are glittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning and lounging all day.

But when he grows old,
And his sunshine is past,
Three score years being told,
Brings repentance at last.

He then becomes an odd old man,
His warmest friend is the warming pan,
He's flippety, fretful and weary in fine,
Loves nothing but self and his dinner and wine.

He rates and he prates,
And reads the debates;

Despised by the men and the women he hates,
Then prating, And pouring,
And dozing, And snoring,
And cooing, And boring,
And nosing, And roaring.

Where'er he falls in with a rabble,
His delight is to vapor and gabble.

He's gruffly, And musty,
And puffy, And tusty,
And stuffy, And rusty,
And huffy, And crusty.

He sits in his slippers, with back to the door,
Near freezing, And grumbling,
And wheezing, And mumbeling,
And teasing, And stumbling,
And sneezing, And tumbling,
And curses the carpet, or nails in the floor.

Of falling, Of waking,
And yawning, And aching,
And sprawling, And quaking,
And crawling, And shaking.

His hand is unsteady, his stomach is sore,
He's railing, Uncheery,
And failing, And dreary,
And ailing, And teary,
Bewailing, And weary.

Groaning and moaning,
His selfishness owning,
Grieving and heaving,
Though thought is he leaving,
But self and ill health,
Himself and his wealth.

He sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him advice, and offense and a pill,
And drops him a hint about making his will,
As fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
The miserable life of a bachelor's ended,
Nobody misses him, nobody sighs,
Nobody grieves when the bachelor dies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine for September.

FLIRTATION.

BY EMMA C. ZIMMERT.

"Thy words, whatever their flattering spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived,
But eyes that acted truth so well,
Were sure to be believed.

"Tis only on thy changeable heart
The blame of falsehood lies,
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies."

"My dear Rosa, how could you be so imprudent as to waltz with young Sabretash last night?—Colonel Middleton looked exceedingly annoyed," said Mrs. Crafts to her beautiful daughter, as they sat together over their late breakfast.

"I acknowledge the imprudence of the act, mama; but, really, I could not help it. I am heartily wearied of this perpetual restraint," was the reply.

"I thought you were too well practiced in flirtation, Rosa, to find any character too difficult for you to play."

"Oh, it is easy enough to suit the taste of every body, but terrible fatiguing to be obliged to play propriety and prudery so long. However seven thousand a year is worth some trouble."

"So then you count the lover as nothing?"

"I beg your pardon, mama; the Colonel is handsome and gentlemanly—*un peu passe*, it is true, but still a very good looking appendage to a fine house and a rich equipage."

"Well, make the most of your time, Rosa; I told you I could only afford three winters in town, and this is the last, you know."

"Don't be alarmed, mama; I will never return to our dull country village again. I will marry any body before I will bury myself for life in a stupid country place, and I think Colonel Middleton is rapidly approaching 'Proposition Point.'"

"Do may steer another course, if you are not more cautious than you were last evening. I saw him in close conversation with your cousin Grace while you were dancing."

"And so you want to make me jealous of poor cousin Grace! Ha, ha, ha, that would be too ridiculous—a little pale faced thing, too timid to speak above her breath, and with manners as unformed as a school girl! No, no, mama, the Colonel is welcome to talk to her as much as he likes; I am not afraid."

"But you know his taste for poetry and painting—suppose he should discover her talents for both?"

"Never fear, mama, she is too bashful to develop the few attractions which she possesses. He dotes on music and beauty and graceful manners; is rather particular in his ideas of elegance in dress, and has many of those *faint* fancies which cousin Grace could never satisfy. Indeed I mean to make use of her to forward my own views."

"Well, well, Rosa, I dare say you can manage your own affairs; but, at the same time, I would advise you to avoid Captain Sabretash."

"I suppose you think he has never forgiven me for my share in the affair of his sister; but I can assure you he has quite forgotten it. He is one of those butterflies of fashion who have no sting."

"You are mistaken, Rosa; he has as much skill as yourself in acting a part, and I tell you that he never has and never will forgive you."

"Why, then, does he haunt me so perpetually in society? Why does he seek to be my partner in the dance, and companion on all occasions?"

"I cannot answer that question, Rosa; but I have watched him very closely, and I believe he means you no good."

"I am not afraid of him, mama; he is a charming beau, and his gay wit is a great relief to me after listening to the grave and somewhat heavy wisdom of the gallant Colonel."

"Possessed of great beauty, a fine figure, a graceful address, and a host of superficial accomplishments, Rosa Crafts had always managed to be the belle of every circle in which she mingled. How this *ecclat* was obtained may be readily divined, for where there is no real dignity of character, no sincerity of heart, no firmness of principles, all tastes may be studied and adopted.—But Rosa's love of admiration had carried her beyond the limits of prudence. She pleased so generally that she never became attractive individually, and she had attained her twenty-fifth year without receiving any eligible offer of marriage. The strained circumstances in which her widowed mother had been left, rendered a wealthy alliance necessary to the support of the style of living which Rosa had insisted upon adopting, and Mrs. Crafts began to lose patience when she found her money diminishing, her debts increasing, and her daughter verging towards an uncertain age, without any prospect of bringing their schemes to a successful issue. It was just at this juncture Colonel Middleton came within the sphere of her attractions, and was marked as the victim destined to fulfil her matrimonial speculations. The Colonel was a man whom any woman might have admired, even if he had not possessed the talisman of wealth. In his youth he had been eminently handsome, and time had dealt leniently with him, for the weight of forty years had fallen so lightly upon him that it would have puzzled the wisest physiognomist to count their number on his brow.

But though possessing many spells to awaken love, and endowed with a heart singularly alive to affection, he had been destined to disappointment. His fastidious taste had never been satisfied, and he had reached his thirtieth year before he found a woman who could excite a deep interest in his heart.

[This was an English lady, Laura Pendleton, who married him through force of parental authority, when she loved another, of which fact, however, the Colonel was ignorant. A melancholly, with which she was afflicted before the marriage, being attributed to fragile health only, and not the result of disappointed affection, which it was; her lover dying some months after her union, threw her into a paroxysm of grief and self-reproach. She devoted herself to a life of sorrow, in expiation of her error; she was faithfully attended upon and comforted by her husband for several years, when she expired in his arms. "Inflaming, when too late, the weakness and morbid sensibility which had led her to waste her life in pining after unattainable bliss, when her contentment might have been the daily companion of her existence."]

It was after this sad termination of his first attachment that Colonel Middleton met with the beautiful Rosa Crafts—Younger in feelings than in years he had never drank from the pure fount of reciprocal affection: he had been loved where he could offer no return; he had loved where no answering fondness became his reward, and though past the age of romance, he yet thirsted for the sweet waters of mutual tenderness. But with all his genius, his tact and his experience, he was a mere tyro in his knowledge of woman.

The beauty of the stately Rosa had fascinated Colonel Middleton, and having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that no one occupied a prior place in her affections, he never thought of the possibility that she was incapable of loving; it never occurred to him that the temple might be unoccupied only because the portals were too narrow to admit an object of worship.

Aided by her mother whose skill in reading character was very great, Rosa adapted herself with inimitable skill to the fancies of the rich Colonel Middleton. The little personal vanity which had lurked unsuspected in his bosom, was lanced into a gentle flame by her adroit flatteries, and could not fail to throw additional light upon the lovely woman who seemed to forget the homage due her own charms in her admiration of her new friend. Though timid almost to nervousness when on horseback, she was ready every morning for a ride with him; though far too indolent to love walking, she never declined a ramble with the enthusiastic lover of nature; though delighting in gorgeous colors and an *outré* style of dress, she effected almost quaker-like simplicity as soon as she learned his taste in this respect; passionately fond of waltzing, she became a perfect prude after she heard his opinion of it; and even her habits of coquetry, which had become almost a second nature to her, were exchanged for gentle reserve and modest self-possession when his eye was upon her. But the master stroke of policy was that which induced him to believe her endowed with intellectual gifts.

Cousin Grace, of whom Rosa had spoken so contemptuously, was the orphan daughter of Mrs. Crafts' only sister, and for several years she had been the inmate of her aunt's family. A small income, which she derived from her patrimony, rendered her independent, and she resided with her aunt simply because she could claim no other eligible home. But her early education had made her very unlike her present companions. Truth and piety were the leading traits of her character; industry, contentment and kindness were the daily practice of her life. Without making any ostentatious display of her religion, she made it the rule of her conduct, and therefore it was that, though she occasionally mingled in the gay scenes in which Rosa delighted, she never allowed herself to become involved in any of the schemes of her beautiful cousin. Her kindness of heart led her to feel sincerely attached to Rosa, in spite of her faults, and her humility prevented her from dreaming of rivalry, although, if seen any where else than at the side of so brilliant a beauty, Grace might have charmed by the placid and child-like sweetness of her countenance.—Her retiring manners and timid reserve in society prevented many from learning the full value of her mental gifts, but to the few who knew her intimately, she appeared a creature of rare endowments. Grace had not been blind to the arts which were practised to attract Colonel Middleton, but, looking upon him as fully qualified, both by age and experience, to take care of himself, she told some little amusement at the manoeuvres of her aunt and cousin, until a knowledge of his past history, together with the discovery of his high-toned feelings, excited a deeper interest in his welfare. Henceforth she watched the plans of her cousin with something like regret; but regret unmingled with any selfish feeling, for Grace, with all her gentleness, had a proper sense of the dignity of her sex, and did not think that marriage was absolutely essential to a woman's respectability. The affair was still in suspense when Grace received a summons to attend a sick friend in her native village, and departed for an absence of some weeks, while Rosa remain-

ed to complete the conquest of the amiable Colonel.

One morning, on entering the parlor at his accustomed hour for their ride, Colonel Middleton found neither Mrs. nor Miss Crafts visible, and throwing himself on a sofa, he awaited their appearance. As he took his seat, he observed a book peeping from under one of the cushions. It was most judiciously placed, for had it been lying on a table, he never would have thought of opening a volume whose form and binding bore such a marvellous resemblance to an album. But the slight mystery connected with it—the fact of its being half hidden—excited his curiosity, and he busied himself in inspecting its varied pages. He found it to contain some very beautiful pencil drawings, a few exquisitely colored miniature likenesses, and various short poems. There was no name in the volume—nothing by which he could identify the owner—but he soon found that the drawings were all by one person, and he began to suspect that so delicate a pencil had been held only by a poet's hand. He remembered some expressions which had fallen from the lips of the lovely Rosa only on the previous day; he took from his pocket book a little note, beautiful written on rose-tinted paper, which he had received from her a short time before; he compared it with the poems; the round, clear Italian characters were the same in both, and with a thrill of delight, the Colonel at once admitted the belief that the beautiful object of his regard was as gifted as she was lovely. Forgetting the prolonged delay of her appearance—a delay designed to afford him ample opportunity of satisfying his curiosity—his eyes wandered eagerly over the volume. He was still more charmed, however, when, on one of the last pages in the book, he met with a pencil sketch of himself. There was no mistaking the likeness; it was a most spirited head, and the features were his own. For a moment the Colonel was elated to almost boyish glee, and could scarcely refrain from pressing to his lips this precious proof of Rosa's feelings.

At that critical moment, Mrs. Crafts and her daughter entered the room. A slight blush—a modest drooping of her fringed eyelids, betrayed the surprise of the artless Rosa as she observed the Colonel's occupation.

"Pray, who is the author of these beautiful sketches?" he asked as soon as he had paid his respects to the ladies.

A look of material pride on the one side, and of girlish diffidence on the other, was exchanged between mother and daughter, but no reply was made.

"Are the poems by the same hand as the drawings?" said he, still retaining his hold of the volume, which Rosa gently strove to take from him.

A timid "yes" was uttered by the beautiful girl, while her mother, pretending to hear a summons from an invisible servant, judiciously left the room. Colonel Middleton drew Rosa to a seat beside him, and, as he clasped her hand in his, exclaimed—

"Dear, dear Rosa, do you mean to monopolize all the choicest gifts of Heaven?—Look here," pointing, as he spoke, to his own portrait in the volume, "and tell me if I may dare to hope that your own heart was the mirror which reflected these features?"

Rosa uttered a faint cry, and, overpowered with shame, hid her face on the arm of the sofa, while her white neck was suffused with a deep red hue that might easily have been mistaken for a blush. The Colonel was overpowered, his feeble was a desire to be the first and only object of affection to a woman's heart, and he could not doubt that he had now attained his hopes.

A passionate expression of his feelings and a proffer of his heart and hand were the only evidences of gratitude which he could bestow on the gentle girl. What a fine piece of acting was Rosa's gradual return to self-possession! The blushing timidity with which she listened to his passionate tenderness, her delicate dread lest his discovery of her *secretly cherished* attachment should be the motive of his present offer, and, finally, the modest yet fervent abandonment of feeling with which she allowed her head to rest on his shoulder, while his arm encircled her slender form and his lip imprinted a lover's kiss on her fair brow, would have made the fortune of a theatrical *debutante*. It was all settled, the album decided the affair, and Rosa Crafts was certainly destined to become Mrs. Colonel Middleton.

But, once sure of her lover, Rosa had no desire to become a wife sooner than prudence required. She could not give up old habits without an effort, and she determined to enjoy her liberty as long as possible, by deferring the period of her marriage. Colonel Middleton busied himself in refitting his beautiful villa on the banks of the Hudson, and during his temporary absence, Rosa obtained many a moment of freedom from restraint. Fortune seemed to favor the wishes of the heartless woman of the world, for ere the time fixed for their marriage had arrived, Colonel Middleton was ordered to take command of his regiment in Florida. He was too good a soldier to hesitate, whatever might have been his disappointment, and the day which should have witnessed his union with his beautiful bride, drew upon him amid the everglades of that wild and perilous district. Rosa felt his absence as a positive relief. Nothing was easier than to write tender and beautiful letters to her distant lover—nothing more pleasant than to return to society as an affianced bride, cer-

tain of a future establishment, and privileged to seek present enjoyment.

[In the mean time, Captain Sabretash was very attentive to Miss Rosa; but, when questioned by a friend, says that it was with the keen eye of hatred that he watched every movement, that it was the spirit of vengeance which actuated every attention. His revenge was to be fulfilled in preventing her marriage with Colonel Middleton, by bringing him proof of her unworthiness.]

Among the admirers whom Rosa drew around her during the Colonel's absence, was one who excited her peculiar interest. The Baron de Stutenhoff was a Russian, with clear blue eyes, a profusion of long light hair and also presumed to be in possession of a mouth, although his bushy fox-colored mustachios and untrimmed beard rendered the fact somewhat difficult of proof to those who had never seen the gentleman expand his jaws at a supper-table. He was no impostor—no Spanish barber, no French cook, no Italian mountebank disguised *en marquis*. The Baron de Stutenhoff was actually a Baron, privileged to wear the crosses and ribbons of several orders at his buttonhole, and bearing on his cheek a broad and not very seemly scar of a sabre-cut received in honorable combat. He had been captivated with the charms of the beautiful coquette, and she was by no means displeased with the opportunity of flirting with so distinguished a man. He became her constant attendant in society; his habits and tastes assimilated to her own far better than did those of the sensitive and gifted Colonel Middleton, and when he talked, in bad French, of his fine estates, of the rich pomp of Russian life, of the droskas, with their silver bells and lining of costly furs, Rosa could not help wishing that she had not been quite so precipitate in her acceptance of the Colonel's proposal. Nothing would have suited her vain humor so well as becoming the wonder of some foreign capital—*la belle Americaine* of some distant land, where Americans were looked upon as savages. She fancied she could broider her resplendent beauty clad in the picturesque attire of a foreign clime, and winning the admiration of kings and princes, in the semi-barbaric court of Russia. Her vanity led her into the same labyrinth where she had so often bewildered others, and, without confiding her feelings to her more prudent mother, she determined to mould circumstances to suit her new views of ambition. The Baron Stutenhoff was a vain man, and of course easily led away by flattery. His title was derived from his long service in the Russian army, since, by a custom of that country, every freeman who has been in active military service during a certain term of years, receives the title of Baron by courtesy, whatever be his birth. His villages, of which he boasted so largely, consisted of a few miserable huts, occupied by some twenty or thirty serfs, which had been his patrimony, but which had long since gone out of his possession to pay gambling debts. He was weak, ignorant man, passionately addicted to play, and since he had been among the united Americans, he had learned to look upon himself as so great a man, that he doubted whether he should honor Miss Crafts with the offer of his hand, or wait for some more distinguished woman to throw herself at his feet. But Rosa was an overmatch for him in acuteness. She managed to give him an idea that she was very wealthy, and then, after bringing him as near an absolute proposal as suited her views she determined to take her own time to make a decision. But she was doomed to have her plans developed rather prematurely.

Some one (could it be Captain Sabretash?) informed Colonel Middleton of all that had passed since his departure, and the consequence was that the gallant soldier obtained leave of absence, and unexpectedly returned, having met on the road a most tender and devoted letter from his "lady love." On the evening of his arrival in New York, there was a splendid fancy ball, and, without informing any one but Captain Sabretash of his return, the Colonel determined to judge for himself of Rosa's conduct. Accompanied by the Captain, he entered the ball-room early in the evening, and, by dint of a bribe, obtained the privilege of occupying a nook in the orchestra, from whence he could see without being seen. Almost the first person that met his eyes was his delicate and modest Rosa, whirling through the giddy waltz in the arms of the tall Russian. His auburn beard mingled with her dark tresses, as her head almost rested on his breast, and his eyes were bent with a most insulting expression upon the graceful form which reclined in his embrace. Rosa little dreamed of the fierce glance which watched her every movement as she practised her fascinating art upon the delighted Baron.—She little knew that the quick ear of another had caught the offensive and libertine words to which she had listened in silence, and excused as "only the freedom of foreign manners"—as if true gentlemen of every land did not always respect the modesty of women. She little suspected that he whom she believed to be exposed to the bullet of the lurking Indian was suffering a wound scarcely less severe in the crowded and glittering ball room.

It was at this moment, when the proud and sensitive Colonel Middleton was fully convinced of her levity of conduct, that Captain Sabretash determined to make known to him her utter heartlessness.

"I have that to tell which you must

listen now, Colonel Middleton," said he, when the betrayed lover would fain have deferred his communication; "now, while your eye is darting fire upon the false woman who has made you the tool of her mercenary schemes. Listen to me now, ere the voice of the eyes charm you into forgetfulness of what you behold. Five years ago I had a sister—my only one—a gentle, loving creature, with little beauty, but a heart filled every good feeling.—She was wooed by one whom I esteemed and approved; she loved him, and they were betrothed to each other. But Adeline went into the country on account of my mother's ill health, and during her absence, her lover fell into the way of Rosa Crafts. They met at a fashionable watering-place, and, though struck with her beauty, he remained proof against all her ordinary fascinations, until her pride became piqued, and she determined to make him sensible of her attractions. Some fool among her danglers offered a wager that she would not succeed; she accepted the wager, and though she knew of his engagement to another, she deliberately set herself to the task of robbing his affianced bride of his affections. When did an unprincipled woman ever will any thing which she did not accomplish if she scrupled not the means? She succeeded. Adeline was neglected, and, for a time, forgotten.—She pined in solitude for the accustomed tenderness which had become the nutriment of life to her young heart, but she received it not. At length came a letter. Her lover, overcome with shame and remorse but led away by his fatal passion, wrote her a wild, incoherent letter, full of penitence and sorrow, but still designed as a renunciation of his pledged faith. He broke his engagement with Adeline, and then offered his hand to his new mistress. Need I say that Rosa Crafts rejected his love and won her wager? I was absent at the time, and when I returned Adeline was dying of consumption. I watched beside her till I saw her laid within the tomb, and then I sought for vengeance on her perjured lover. He refused to fight me. I disgraced him in the public street by personal chastisement, and then he was obliged to meet me." We fought with pistols at twelve paces—I shot him through the body."

Captain Sabretash paused, overcome by his emotion. "Five years have passed since then," he resumed, "and I have haunted the steps of that woman in hopes of yet seeing her humbled to the dust. Talk of harmless flirtation! My buried sister, my murdered friend, my own blood-stained hand, can bear witness to the innocence of what the world calls harmless flirtation!"

Colonel Middleton listened in silence.—He felt that the Captain had uttered nothing but truth; yet when he thought of her intellectual gifts, her exquisite beauty, her inimitable grace, his heart sunk within him, for how could falsehood dwell with so much perfection?

"Ask Grace Leydon!" continued Captain Sabretash; "ask Grace Leydon if I have told you a word more than the simple, unvarnished truth."

"How may I believe the one when thus compelled to doubt the other?" asked the Colonel.

"Doubt Grace Leydon!" exclaimed his companion, you might as well doubt the sun in heaven. She is all truth—all purity. Surely you must have seen enough of her vestal-like life to know that if ever there was a true-hearted woman upon earth, it is she. If Rosa Crafts had but half the mental grace and moral virtues of her cousin Grace, she would be an angel."

Colonel Middleton did ask Grace Leydon; but not till long afterwards. His decision of character forbade him to grieve over an unworthy object, and the moment Rosa ceased to be the noble-minded being he had imagined her, he ceased to cherish his affection for her. An interview, characterized on his part by grave earnestness and sad remonstrance, and on hers by flippancy and heartlessness, terminated all intercourse between the beautiful Rosa and her high-minded lover. In less than three weeks after the rupture between them, Baron Stutenhoff had the satisfaction of leading to the altar the "belle of the season"; but long ere the honey-moon was over, he learned, to his great chagrin, that the anticipated riches of his bride were to be found somewhere in the vicinity of his own large estates in dream-land. A quarrel was the immediate result of the discovery, and while the noble Baron betook him to the life of a "Chevalier d'Industrie," traveling from city to city, the brilliant Rosa was compelled to return to her mother's dull country residence in the character of a deserted wife.

Colonel Middleton did ask Grace Leydon; after he had learned that she was the true author and owner of the gilded volume which Rosa had falsely claimed, after he had awakened from his dream of beauty to a sense of purity and sincerity, after he had learned the value of a truthful spirit and a loving heart, he asked Grace Leydon to share his future lot in life, and she became his wife—his happy and noble-minded wife—carrying into the home of her husband the talents and the virtues which had been the solace and resources of her hours of loneliness.

"Too Hot Entirely.—They have had very hot weather in New Orleans; so intense has been the heat, the Crescent City says, that the people there have been compelled to draw their breath with excrec-