New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MY CARD BASKET.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

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Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Gay.
Miss Sarah Beaufort.

[Written for the New Orleans Crescent.]

Mr. Montgomery Gay was just finishing his toilet before descending to the breakfast room of his Aunt Mary. He considered himself a pretty well gotten up young man; that was evident enough, from the manner in which he stepped back and surveyed himself in the cheval mirror, after having tied that studiously careless bow in the netted neck tie surrounding his shining "dog collar." He certainly looked well; his fine face yet glowing with his morning bath, his well selected attire the perfection of neatness, and his whole air and costume, from the toe of his shining boot to the ends of his well-brushed hair, proving that attention to dress does'nt necessarily make a dandy of a young gentleman, and that "a man's a man for a' that."

But Mr. Gay paused suddenly in that survey of himself, and turned toward his window. The outer blind was closed, and so fastened he could not open it without attracting attention; yet, he would have given all his cigars for the day to know who that was walking up and down the long gallery just under his casement. It was a woman's step. He thought so, at least, and had thought so for the last half hour; during which time it had been pacing there. But now! surely it must be a man in slippers, for was'nt that a whistle, a regular, live, lip whistle, floating up and down the gallery with the walker? Through all the variations of "Hear me, Norma," it wound its melodious way; now rising, now melting away in the softest and most liquid notes. It was the perfection of all whistling! Never had Mr. Gay been able before to believe there was any real music in a whistle. If this was a whistle, a human whistle, promenading up and down the gallery below him, he would at once vote to have whistling introduced as an accomplishment of great merit in finishing schools for Young America. Mr. Gay loved music; it was a passion with him; he became entranced, bewildered, by those bird-like notes below him. If he only dared open the blind! It would'nt do, he thought, so he blessed his stars that his window was not closed and stood with his ear catching every sweet measure till the walker struck into a duett; here, almost unconsciously, he took up the seconds and carried it through with the mysterious primo to the end. The promenader below had not faltered in a note when joined by Mr. Gay, and the most fastidious lover of music could not but have applauded that strange duo, as with the most liquid melody it went out above the songs of birds and sounds of morning; but the moment the last note was reached, there was a cessation of footsteps on the piazza, and the whistler had evidently left the spot.

Mr. Gay ventured to unfasten the blind and look out. No vestige of any one was there, but a gold-mounted riding whip was lying on one of the benches. Was that whip a woman's or a man's? It might with propriety belong to either. At all events, if it belonged to the vanished whistler, Mr. Gay decided it was the property of a man. It was at variance with all his long-established laws regarding the gentler sex, that any one belonging to it should make such music as he had just listened to. It might have come forth from between a goatee and moustache, but from between two soft, womanly lips, never! Notwithstanding that peculiarly light and feminine foot-fall, Mr. Gay again said, never! He considered the matter settled to his satisfaction, and went down to breakfast. Only Aunt Mary was at table. He wouldn't get himself laughed at by showing how much curiosity he felt about that performance of Norma, so he made no mention of it; but he several times found himself regarding Aunt Mary's mouth with a great deal of interest, and was several times nearly betrayed into asking, could she whistle. If she could'nt, Mr. Gay was perplexed to know who did about the premises, for his aunt was a childless widow, and as for the servants—well, the young man felt very sure that he had'nt whistled that duett with either John the gardener, or the coachman.

"Now, Montgomery," Aunt Mary said, as she sent away the breakfast things, "you must enjoy yourself as best you can in this out-of-the-way home of mine. The neighboring streams abound in fish, and game is plenty everywhere—society, however, is neither very choice nor very abundant, and the few young people whom I know and like, would not, I am confident, suit your fastidious taste well enough to warrant an introduction."

"No young ladies about here, eh, Auntie? No specimens of that rosy-cheeked, red-lipped country lassie of whom we hear in books, but never find beyond their pages?"

"You, who abhor any deviation from the regular formula of educated young ladies, would scorn the rosy cheeks and red lips unaccompanied with those graces and accomplishments which young girls now-a-days display as tokens of having graduated, and being in possession of a diploma. No, my dear nephew, though I have several dear young friends in this community, and one whom I particularly prize, I shall not inflict their society upon you; and though the game and fish are at your service, why, 'Barney, let the girls alone.'"

"Really, aunt, I scarcely know whether to feel flattered or vexed at your prohibition. I have, it is true, a horror of young girls who, properly named, would wear the title of tomboys—girls who eschew the delicate refinement so totally belonging to their sex to usurp the ruder habits of our ewe; but with my knowledge of your own good taste, it sounds like a satire upon mine, to say your friend would not suit me."

"Association affects our opinions, you know, Montgomery; and I have lived long enough in the country to know that the most perfect refinement of heart and soul may be coupled with rude exercises and habits, which only a country life warrants, and which certainly adds much to the healthful personal charms of its votaries."

"And who knows but a half day's hunting may bring me in contact with one of your rural belles, and make me, too, a convert to your views. I am off for the domain of the partridge and quail, and who knows but I may return with a wounded heart?"

So saying, with a light kiss upon his aunt's brow, the young man proceeded to don his hunting suit and shoulder his shot-bag and gun for a day in the woods.

He found himself obliged to act in the double capacity of dog and hunter, as his aunt's womanly establishment boasted not a single hound. Though he thus avoided flushing his birds, he found it rather difficult to bring down his game in the "neat" way which he delighted in. Moreover, he found the enjoyment of the hunter considerably lessened by the efforts of the dog; and had about determined to reduce his day's sport to half a day's, when in beating half indifferently a clump of hazel bushes he started a covey of rough-necked grouse—a species of game of which he was particularly fond—both within range of gunshot, and knife and fork. As the whirling wings rose on the air, a remarably fine bird was singled out by the eager sportsman, fired at, and missed. Vexed at such an unwonted result of his aim, he again drew the trigger, and this time his piece hung fire. Keeping his eye on the game, he saw his intended victim separate from the rest of the flock, and settle in a clump of bushes a few rods in advance of him. Hastily reloading, he took a handful of shot and threw it among the brush where he had seen the bird alight. With a troubled cry it rose again, as fine a mark as gamester ever saw; but before Mr. Gay could take aim, a horse and rider dashed by him, a shot rung through the air and the bird lay dead upon the ground, brought down by a hand he could not but admit to be more skilled and practiced than his own. Parting the branches to obtain a nearer view of his rival, Mr. Gay was astounded to see a young lady, attired in a habit of hunters' green; a light single-barrelled fowling piece leaning against a neighboring tree; her sweet young face glowing with exercise beneath her plumed hat, while she [illegible] bird to her gray horse quietly fastening the dead [illegible] saddle-bow.

He touched his hat to her, and she returned the salutation with a grace of manner which had a charm for the eye so long accustomed to seeing "manners made" after the stereotyped style of city drawing-rooms and French dancing masters. The soft, gray eyes of the young Diana fell upon the cocked gun in Montgomery's hand, and with a slight rising of color she said, "Perhaps, [illegible] I have shot the bird you put up; if so, you [illegible] claim property and take possession,' [illegible] and her smile seemed to ask if she should [illegible] relinquish her prize.

"It is true, I started the game, young lady, and your shot but by half a second preceded my own; but as I did not bring it down, I certainly have no right to bag it. Moreover, I would not wish to deprive you of so fine a trophy of skill. You deserve it; for the eye must be keen and the hand steady which takes successful aim on horseback at game on the wing."

"I do not invade man's special sporting domain, the hunting ground, without holding myself amenable to all its laws, both registered and unregistered," the young huntress said, with some hauteur. "I had no right to fire upon the bird you had started, and would, no doubt, have killed. My only apology is, that I supposed my dog had put it up, he and I having become separated sometime ago, from the fact that where he went I would not always follow with my horse. As he is nowhere to be seen, permit me to relinquish the bird."

She handed it to him as she spoke, and sprang into her saddle—gathering up her reins in the small hands which seemed almost too diminutive to grasp them. She was about to start forward, when Montgomery gently laid his hand upon her bridle.

"Permit me to restore your prize. I really cannot think of placing on my Aunt Mary's table game which rightfully belongs to, perhaps, one of her nearest friends."

Believing that in a country place everybody knew one another, Mr. Gay had thought by thus alluding to Aunt Mary to gain by her answer some slight clue to the identity of the fair girl before him. He was surprised at the expression of cool disdain which crossed her lips as she replied:

"It will not be the first time your Aunt Mary has favored me by accepting some of my game; and let me assure you, you deprive me of nothing, as I felt guilty when I killed that bird, never allowing myself to shoot more than I really require. After one's needs are supplied, the hunter's skill is but the exercise of cruelty and cowardice." Suddenly wheeling her horse, she showed a game bag well filled, pendant from the pommel of her saddle, and nodding to Mr. Gay, seemed at once to dismiss him from her mind. Her quiet, gray eyes wandered off through the tangled wildwood, and rising in her stirrup, she suddenly poured out of her crimson lips a wild, peculiar whistle. Three times the shrill refrain stole through the forest, when it was answered by a short, deep bark; and the next moment a fine dog, of the pointer breed, with nose to the ground, came coursing toward her, whining his joy as he crouched at the hoofs of her horse.

"Home, Hector!" was the young girl's low toned order, and the next moment huntress, horse and hound, had vanished from Mr. Gay's sight.

But that whistle! That liquid, mellifluous whistle, so like the imprisoned notes of the blackbird or bobolink, arranged by some skillful captor upon a gamut of original order, and poured out in cadences to suit that captor's will. That was not gone—that lingered yet among the green leaves so lately ringing with the sound of the shot-gun and voice of the pointer. Mr. Gay had played dog all day; he almost wished to continue in that capacity, and announce to the fair lady in green his willingness to obey that whistle. He felt that he had been introduced to it, too, by no less a medium than Norma. He knew the whistle better than he did the whistler, and could hardly restrain his desire to dash forward and claim acquaintanceship with it. Prudence, however, withheld him, till the sound of the crackling brushwood under the hoofs of the retreating horse died entirely away and told him pursuit was useless.

"How about the wounded heart?" Aunt Mary asked, casting a searching glance at her nephew's game bag, which, with a wearied air, he had thrown upon her kitchen table.

"A fair hand fired a shot close to it, dear Aunt, but did'nt quite hit it this time."

"It must have glanced and hit this bird, though," Mrs. Montgomery said, laughingly, as she lifted the dead grouse. "There is but one hand in the county which always aims at the head and never misses its mark."

"But a hunter might accidentally hit a bird in that way—might he not, now and then?"

"Of course; but I'll wager something that this bird was not brought down by your hand. See! All of yours are differently shot—either in the breast or under the wing. This was killed by a merciful hunter, who takes life skillfully, never allowing it to linger out through a broken wing or a shattered leg."

"And who runs the risk of breaking her own with her dashing riding and masculine efforts," Mr. Gay said, a little vexed at his aunt's imputation of his inferior skill. "Whistles, too, like a boatswain; and, for aught I know, can swear like a trooper."

"Nay; to the latter accomplishment she lays no claim, and willingly resigns it to the sex which seems to enjoy it," said a low, sweet voice behind him, and turning quickly, Mr. Gay saw a lithe, supple girl's form, clad in a simple pink gingham dress—a little white apron with dainty pockets, from one of which a snowy kerchief displayed its spotless plainness, and out from under a white sun-bonnet looked the sweet face of the huntress of the morning.

"Mother sent me over, Mrs. Montgomery, to ask you to come and take tea sociably with her this evening, and to bring your guest. May I say to her you will come?"

"Miss Beaufort, my nephew Montgomery Gay," Aunt Mary hastened to say.

Each bowed—the one coldly and disdainfully, the other with a marked embarrassment he could not all conceal.

"Yes, Sarah," Mrs. Montgomery said, "say to your mother we will accept her invitation with pleasure."

"Come with country informality, then, will you not? You know mother's hatred of city forms in country homes."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled and nodded, and the young girl went out.

"Why, aunt, did you know you never asked her to sit down?" asked Mr. Gay, gazing through the window at the vanishing pink dress.

"Certainly, did you suppose I would so far outrage the feelings of my guest as to invite to a seat in his presence a young lady whose habits he so utterly disapproves of as those of Miss Beaufort? And would I subject myself to her scornful refusal of a courtesy which would bring her in closer contact with a young gentleman who had expressed his by no-means flattering opinion of her, in her presence?"

"By Jove! but I am ashamed of that Auntie. I would say now, in her presence, if I was aware that she was behind me and hearing it all, that I never saw a more perfect specimen of perfectly modest girlhood than she presented here just now. Beautiful without insipidity; dignified without ill-humor; self-possessed without boldness, and neat as a field daisy."

Aunt Mary laughed heartily. "Fortunately she is out of hearing, or such a sudden change of opinion expressed about the same person might induce her to believe my nephew an escaped occupant of one of those institutions where people are not supposed to know their own minds."

"Well, I will not lounge in your presence any longer my lady aunt in this costume, and after my toilet is made I hope you will exact nothing more from me than my escort to and from Mrs. Beaufort's door. I really cannot think of going there to tea."

"And I really cannot think of going there to tea without you, young sir; and moreover, I demand of you every exertion on your part to do away with the false impres[illegible] Miss Beaufort [illegible] you have made upon [illegible] mind. I wish her to know that the guest I have staying with me is a young gentleman."

The stress upon the latter word and Aunt Mary's meaning look [illegible] sent the blood up to Montgomery's brow, and [illegible] bowing, rather a dignified acquiescence to his [illegible] aunt, he left the room.

Mrs. Beaufort's home was one of those buildings between a farmhouse and a cottage, belonging to no particular class of architecture, but speaking to every passer by of the real country home and country comforts which a citylite gets a glimpse of now and then, and remembers all the rest of his life. Mrs. Beaufort herself, a cheerful widow, received her guests, and entertained them alone. Her daughter Sarah she excused; offering as an apology for her non-appearance that she had gone to carry game to some sick poor who needed it.

"Some more grouse shot in the head, I suppose!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Gay, who did not anticipate a tea-drinking with two middle-aged widow ladies as a very brilliant occasion. A book of drawings soon however riveted his attention and as he turned page after page, the skill of the artist, coupled with evident talent of the highest order and exquisite taste, so excited his admiration that he appealed to his hostess to tell him the name of the designer.

"It is Sarah's work," the widow answered—"she is fond of such things, and I sometimes wonder where she finds subjects to keep her pencil so busy."

"Where there is talent of this order, imagination stands ready to supply any such want" Mr. Gay said earnestly. He closed the book and glanced about the room. There was no papier mache ornaments, no ormolu, no tapestry carpeting; but wood and stream and meadow had all been called in to act as upholsterers in this little parlor. Strips of peculiarly striped bark held back the white muslin curtains; from the same loops, fastened above the mantle, depended feathery grasses and scarlet berries. A group of bright-plumaged stuffed birds looked natural as life on a clump of pine growing in a box of mold, so covered with moss and indented with pebbles it seemed springing from its native mound; a few drawings on the walls framed in pine burrs, and on the table groups of shining shells and bright pebbles; from which surroundings rose a small aquarium peopled with rare and curious specimens of the dwellers under the wave. There were volumes of rare old poets on a bookstand in one corner, not shining in primitive splendor, but evidently worn by a loving reader; the only new looking book being a volume of Humboldt's Cosmos in the original. He opened it at the title page and read 'Sarah Beaufort' in a clear, running, womanly hand. He laid it down and sighed. He felt this strange young girl who could hunt grouse and read German and bring nature into the very sanctums of home might have rendered this evening's entertainment a very delightful one. He sighed again; for he believed his own rudeness and not the necessities of the poor had sent her away on this particular occasion.

Their delicious repast was served in an opposite room, and after it was over Mrs. Beaufort opened a very elegant piano, standing in one corner, and asked Mr. Gay if he would try it; but he could not play, he assured her, though he tried the tone of the instrument and looked over the music; among which he found parts of his favorite operas and finest overtures, lying side by side with dear old Bonnie Doon and Home Sweet Home. He sighed again; he dearly loved music—tea-drinking in the country was ceartainly very dull.

When Aunt Mary had donned her bonnet for home and they were quite ready to go, the gate opened and Miss Sarah came demurely up the front walk.

Mr. Gay thought the house looked brighter at once—he rather regretted he had obeyed his Aunt's hint to go with such alacrity. He drew out his watch; it was early, yet, much earlier than he had supposed.

"I am glad you are home, Sarah," Mrs. Beaufort said, as her daughter turned towards her, after saluting her mother's guests.

"Mrs. Montgomery, remain awhile longer, now, and we will have some music; Sarah will sing your old favorite, Norma."

"Mr. Gay's city bred ear must not be pained by a country girl's performance of that, mother, and besides he has recently heard it *whistled*. I must beg to be excused from music this evening."

"Then we will say good night," Mrs. Montgomery said, and taking her nephew's arm, who well understood the sarcasm of Miss Beaufort's refusal to sing, they proceeded homeward.

"I wish, Montgomery, I could persuade you to call at Mrs. Beaufort's this morning, and leave these books which I promised Sarah she should have this week;" said Aunt Mary the day after their visit.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gay, with what Mrs. Montgomery thought wonderful readiness. "It looks a little like rain; I believe I'll get out my blanket and umbrella."

The chilly atmosphere warranted the wearing of the one, and the heavy clouds advised the precaution of carrying the other; so, in a few seconds, Mr. Gay made his appearance, wrapped in one of those Mexican blankets which young men adopted prior to usurping "woman's rights" in the shape of blanket shawls. His blanket happened to be a very bright scarlet, bordered with black, and with his fragrant Havana between his lips, and his umbrella under his arm, he took up his hooks and started off.

The fields wore that shade of subdued and mellow green often preceding a rain; and it struck Mr. Gay that it would be very delightful to go "cross lots." He laid his hand on the top rail and went over the fence at a bound. He mentally decided that Miss Beaufort could'nt have done it better—then he thought he saw a pair of red lips curling in indignant scorn, and he decided not to associate rail fences and those bright features in his mind again; and so, marching on through the rich green pastures, smoking and musing, Mr. Gay fell into a very brown study, from which he was only startled by a tremendous bellow near him, and the sudden apparition of a pair of lowered horns and pawing hoofs within two yards of him. He jumped quickly aside; that scarlet blanket had proven a very attractive object to a bad-tempered bull pastured in this field, who now presented two horns of a dilemma, neither of which the young man felt inclined to take. Using his umbrella as a baton, he endeavored to beat back his adversary; every blow was answered by a bellow and a forward plunge, which Mr. Gay acknowledged by beating a retreat with his face to the foe. It struck him the fence towards which he strove to direct himself was also possessed of a fear of the bull and kept getting farther and farther away. From side to side, forward and still forward, came those furious plunges and those sardonic horns. Vigorously Mr. Gay dealt his blows, wondering that the umbrella or the beast's head did not one or the other of them break. He believed the bull must have the best of it and come off victor, when he suddenly felt his red blanket torn from his shoulders and saw it tossed over the head and horns of the enraged animal.

"Give me this!" a quick, determined voice said at his side, and the umbrella was snatched from his hand and half opened. "Now, run!" said the speaker again, "run, I say, for your life!"

Run, and leave the field to Miss Beaufort! Never. In an instant the blanket was pawed to the ground—Miss Beaufort keeping the umbrella between the beast and herself kept steadily walking backwards, with a much more direct aim for the fence than Mr. Gay had taken, and a much more speedy prospect of gaining it.

"Why don't you get out of the way?" she asked again, seeing Mr. Gay still at her side, her tone a little indignant.

"And leave you in this danger?"

"I can manage him better alone." I really wish you would run!"

The bull by this time had torn the scarlet cloth to shreds, he raised his head, shook it menacingly, eyed the young people with glaring eyes, and made another rush forward. Miss Beaufort opened the umbrella with a sudden snap right in his face, he stopped at the unexpected, strange obstacle. She closed it partially again, seized Mr. Gay by the hand and ran a few yards. The beast regaining confidence rushed forward again. Again the [illegible] brella was opened almost in his eyes—he paused, gave a frantic bellow, tore the turf with his angry hoofs, and again dashed forward. Once more Miss Beaufort ceased running, and flirted the parachute repeatedly in the animal's face—he stopped short, half buried his horns in the mellow turf; then, with a bellow of mingled rage and affright, turned fairly about and rushed away.

The young lady and gentleman climbed the fence and sat down amicably, to all appearance, upon the top rail.

"I am afraid I am under great obligations to you," Mr. Gay said, half playfully, "I am inclined to think you saved my life."

"Farmer Schenck is under infinitely more to me," Miss Sarah said coolly, "for I know I saved the life of his prize bull."

"Then it was for the sake of the beast you interfered!"

"I knew Farmer Schenck was guarding that animal like the apple of his eye, for exhibition at our next State fair—I was not sure whether you were trying to defend your life, or merely displaying your *fencing* skill when I saw you backing toward these rails, and laying about you with that umbrella with a force I didn't believe any flesh and blood beast could resist. You certainly displayed a great deal of bravery to venture into the animals pasture wrapped in such a fiery mantle as the bull just showed his good taste in destroying."

"I am glad you can give me credit for something," Mr. Gay said, actually feeling stung by her raillery. "Fortunately, my recent exercise has rendered the need of my blanket superfluous. An hour ago, perhaps, I would not have shared your delight at its destruction. I was on my way to your house with these books from Aunt Mary. Let me assist you over the fence and I will proceed to fulfil my trust."

"I was just on my way to 'Aunt Mary's' after them, replied Miss Sarah. "I will take them now, if you please, and return home."

"By no means. I will escort you, unless you utterly forbid it, and leave the books where I promised my Aunt I would."

Sarah glanced up at Mr. Gay's handsome face. Perhaps she felt her words might have wounded a little too much, and perhaps she felt willing to know a little better this young man whom she had often heard Mrs. Montgomery laud so highly.

"As you please," she said, and they walked on together.

Mrs. Montgomery wondered that day what in the world kept her nephew so long away from his favorite dinner of game. When he returned, long after the dinner hour, and hurried out some excuse about Mrs. Beaufort having detained him, Aunt Mary smiled quietly, mentally substituted "Miss" for "Mrs.," and demanded no further explanation.

"I have engaged to join a fishing party to-morrow, on the lake, Aunt," Montgomery said, over his desert.

"Going in boats?"

"No; I believe the arrangement is to fish from the piers. Won't you go along?"

"I can neither bait a hook nor take off a fish, my dear boy. My sole service would be to the fish themselves, which my chatter might save from your lines."

Mr. Gay made a deprecating gesture; and Mrs. Montgomery before night made up her mind that her nephew intended to catch all the fish to be had in their little lake, by the preparations he was making all the afternoon for the morrow's sport. And when the morrow came and she found that he was to escort Miss Beaufort to the lake on horseback, the rest going in carriages, she concluded her nephew would learn to appreciate Miss Sarah, without any interference on her part.

The party were growing weary of success, and many had already made a homeward movement, when Miss Sarah hooked a fish which, from its weight, she felt must be a prize worth securing. She allowed him to run out—played him beautifully, but in spite of all her skill failed to land him as she wished. Turning to make some remark to Mr. Gay, who had been fishing at her side, she lost her balance, and the next moment her fish and herself were both buried in the same element. As she rose, she saw Mr. Gay had thrown himself in after her; but waving a hand to him not to approach her, she struck boldly out, swam round the end of the pier, and with quick, graceful stroke, turned toward the shore. Then came a load cry from those on the pier. She heard them say, "he will drown! he cannot swim!" mingled with other hurried and alarmed ejaculations. In an instant she had turned about; with the swiftness of a skillful swimmer, she hurried back and saw Mr. Gay as he rose for the third time to the surface. She fastened her fingers in a portion of his vest, and turned with her burden once more shoreward. Not one of those remaining on the pier could swim to render her assistance, but some one unmoored a boat and rowing out, took the tired, brave swimmer and her burden in.

Miss Beaufort did not fall ill after her impromptu bath, but Mr. Gay did. It was some weeks before he left his room, a high fever setting in, which confined him to his bed. There were as many more weeks which saw him convalescing; just able to while away his hours in either his aunt's parlor or Mrs. Beaufort's. By the time he was well enough to leave, he found his heart could not be taken away.

Miss Sarah was one day forced to listen to him, as he stated to her his strange dilemma. "The jailor *carries* the key of the door; he locks," he said, "cannot I induce you to go forth and abide in the citadel, which, by right of conquest, has become your own? The poor life which you pitied and saved, dear Sarah, belongs to you, is henceforth devoted to you. May it not glide away to its end mingled with your own?"

"Nonsense!" said Sarah, trying to smile, though a tear lay perdu under her eyelid: "the idea is preposterous, that the fastidious Mr. Gay could think of passing his life with a woman who 'whistles like a boatswain and for aught knows swears like a trooper.'"

"Let er swear but to be mine, and she shall find the heart she brought warm from 'the arms of the waves' is a true and loyal one, able to appreciate the noble worth of its preserver, and ready to devote its every throb to her happiness."

"As for my saving your life, a Newfoundland dog would have done just the same, and surely you would not have offered such an exceeding great reward to him, would you?"

"Have mercy!" supplicated Mr. Gay.

"You had none, when you plunged into the water, knowing you could'nt swim, making me risk my life to save that which you so recklessly endangered."

"It was from an instinctive desire to save you, that I forgot my inability even to save myself. Torment me no longer, I implore you! In a word, will you be my wife?"

"Upon conditions, yes. You must go away, learn how to hunt, how to swim and how to *fence*. I don't consider such accomplishments practicable for ladies, and only serviceable in isolated homes or scenes of danger. Once a wife, I shall resign fish-hooks, shot guns and the best mode of defeating mad bulls into the hands of a husband; always, however, treasuring such requirements for myself, as a good housewife does her receipt books, to be used when occasion demands them."

It is presumed Mr. Gay gave the promise and fulfilled his compact, for this card has been in my basket for nearly two years.

CLOTHING FOR THE MILLION.—The fall stock is in, open and on sale at the great wholesale and retail establishment of N. C. Folger & Son, corner of Magazine and Gravier streets. These merchants are prepared to supply to dealers every article requisite in a clothing store at rates which they will guarantee them to purchase advantageously, and for the city retail trade they are ready equipped with what is more to meet the demands of customers who wish to be neatly, stylishly and cheaply attired. Their goods are thoroughly made of durable material and nicely finished in every respect. We ask attention to their advertisement.

J. B. WALTON, auctioneer, will sell to-day at 11 o'clock, at No. 400 Dryades street, between Felicity Road and St. Andrew street, mahogany and black walnut furniture, carpets, etc., also one Pleyel piano, nearly new. For particulars, see advertisement.

MONTGOMERY & SMITH, auctioneers, sell this day at 11 o'clock, at No. 187 Customhouse street, elegant mahogany parlor and bedroom sets, elaborately finished; fine dining room and other furniture, etc. Purchasers should be present. See advertisement.

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Union Guard,

OF THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH WARDS, THIRD DISTRICT, (AUXILIARY).

Meet at the Third District Exchange, corner of Elysian Fields and Gentilly streets, on Mondays.

OFFICERS:

President—Aug. Duquercron.
Vice-Presidents—George Clark and John B. Leefe.
Grand Marshal—Chas. O. LeBlanc.
Assistant Marshals—P. Schomberg, S. D. Maxwell and Benj. P. Leefe.
Secretary—Louis Power.
Treasurer—Val. St. Ceran.
Finance Committee—John B. Leefe, Chas. W. Culbertson, George Clark, Charles E. Fortier, U. F. Seleshaydre and James Brooks.
Committee of Arrangements—Aug. Larose, Jns. B. Guast, P. L. Mailloux, Charles Morel, P. Schomberg and Chas. LeCharpentier.

Union Guard,

OF THE NINTH WARD, THIRD DISTRICT, (AUXILIARY).

Meet at the Star Confectionery, Levee street, on Mondays.

OFFICERS:

President—P. S. Wiltz.
Vice-President—Robert Wynne.
Secretary—Philip Power, Jr.
Treasurer—Chas. Keller.
Grand Marshal—James Hoban.
Finance Committee—P. S. Wiltz, A. N. Power, Jas. Hoban, G. C. Gottschalk, J. B. Juneck, M. Hernandez, Charles Keller.
Committee of Arrangements—Robert Wynne, G. C. Gottschalk, J. Hoban.

Union Club,

OF THE FOURTH DISTRICT.

Meet at Union Hall, Dryades street, on Tuesdays.

OFFICERS:

President—William Freret.
Vice-Presidents—A. W. Bosworth, John Livingston, C. T. Buddecke, C. R. Pitcher, Jacob Staub.
Secretary—A. S. Phelps.
Treasurer—B. Campbell.
Committee on Funds—H. S. Buckner, H. T. Lonsdale, E. Parmele, S. Shumway, A. Levy, D. Adams, J. H. Phelps.
Chief Marshal—Hon. Lucien Adams.
Assistant Marshals—H. M. Verlander, J. S. Berthelot, Wm. Woelper.
Committee of Arrangements—J. E. Caldwell, E. A. Patterson, B. Campbell, W. R. Miller, W. C. Quirk.

Fossil Club,

(COMPOSED OF GENTLEMEN OVER FORTY YEARS OF AGE).

Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday Evenings.

OFFICERS:

President—J. M. Lapeyre.
Vice-Presidents—First District, T. L. McGill; Second District, M. Barnett, Sr.; Third District, John B. Leefe; Fourth District, Jacob Staub.
Secretary—Henry Bier.
Treasurer—Benj. Florance.

Fossils' Guard,

Meet at the Hall over the Carrollton Railroad Depot, on Friday Evenings.

OFFICERS:

Captain—R. L. Bruce.
Treasurer—C. Huchez.
Secretary—Chas. Thompson.

Bell Champions,

COMPOSED OF THE YOUTH OF NEW ORLEANS.

Meet at Templars' Hall, Carondelet street, on Friday Evenings.

OFFICERS:

President—Theodore W. Boddecke.
Vice-Presidents—First District, E. D. Hyde; Second District, B. Tavarios; Third District, M. Mount; Fourth District, A. H. Pierson.
Grand Marshal—W. P. Noble.
Assistant Marshals—First District, J. D. Clancey; Second District, F. Bonito; Third District, J. A. F. Brown, Jr.; Fourth District, A. Pierson.
Treasurer—Otis Harris.
Recording Secretary—S. Yulee Hyams.
Corresponding Secretary—M. P. Morice.

Everett Knights,

Meet at No. 82 Camp street, corner of Market, on Thursday.

OFFICERS:

President—R. G. Latting.
Vice-Presidents—First District, George Burns; Second District, A. G. Bakewell; Third District, Dr. H. S. Forwood; Fourth District, R. D. Gribble.
Treasurer—William Gribble.
Secretary—Charles N. Frost.
Grand Marshal—George W. Helme.
Assistant Marshals—H. W. Bassett, H. S. Torwood and L. H. Gardiner.
Finance Committee—A. G. Bakewell, J. R. Picton and W. G. Coyle.
Executive Committee—L. H. Gardiner, R. G. Latting, E. B. Adams, Robert Gribble and George Thomas.

Everett Guard,

OF THE FOURTH DISTRICT.

Meet at their Hall, corner of Nayades and Josephine streets, on Wednesday Evenings.

OFFICERS:

President—W. M. Perkins.
Vice-Presidents—Wm. Northern, John A. Watkins, Theo. A. James, Samuel A. Shumway, L. N. Phillips.
Secretaries—Wallace Hunter and R. F. W. Bachemon.
Treasurer—Samuel Sumner.
Executive Committee—George W. Squires, D. P. Logan, B. M. Howell, Samuel H. Kennedy, M. Kirkpatrick, Jas. Turner, Hy. Block, B. F. Given, E. S. Keep, W. B. Conger.
Finance Committee—W. B. Bowles, M. T. Squires, George D. Field, Samuel McConico.
Committee of Arrangements—C. D. Bunce, Chas. Ballejo, W. H. Reese.
Grand Marshal—Gaspard Schrieber.
Assistant Marshals—F. McM. Swain, Henry S. Whitemore, Louis A. Adam, Joseph P. Marvel.

Bell Knights,

Meet at the St. Philip Bell Room on Tuesday Evenings.

OFFICERS:

President—Francis V. Duplessis.
Vice-Presidents—A. L. H. Kernion and M. E. Macoin.
Secretary—Oscar LeBlanc.
Treasurer—Charles Escoffier.
Grand Marshal—Alfred Cornu.
Assistant Marshals—E. P. Legendre, A. D. Bernoudy, C. Everett, J. T. Beach.
Committee of Arrangements—E. Vidal, Chairman; Louis Prados, Alfred Cornu.
Committee of Ways and Means—A. L. H. Kernion, Chairman; J. T. Beach, A. Morel, Chas. Duplessis, R. J. Ducros.

Constitution Club,

Meet at the Orleans Bell Room on Tuesday Evenings.

OFFICERS:

President—G. Duplantier.
Vice-President—Henry Gardel.
Secretary—H. R. Cenas.
Treasurer—Alfred Bachhard.
Grand Marshal—Philip Buchanan.
Committee of Arrangements—Ed. Jordy, Alfred Bernard, Emile Dupre, J. K. Baily, Numa Delery.
Assistant Marshals—H. Grimshaw, Jas. Vienne, C. W. Hoy, C. W. Allen, Emile Dupre.

Minute Men of '60,

Meet at Station Hall, on Nayades street, near the House Station, on Wednesday.

OFFICERS:

President—P. R. Middlemiss.
Vice-President—A. E. Dick.
Secretary and Treasurer—G. W. Neutz.
Captain—James Beggs.
Committee of Arrangements—G. W. Neutz, C. W. Grissan, Toby Hart, J. A. Brown.

Bell Rangers,

OF THE FIRST WARD,

Meet at Eagle Hall on every Tuesday Evening.

OFFICERS:

President—J. M. McClandish.
Vice-Presidents—Benj. Bland, J. S. Clark.
Secretary—Frank L. Clayton.
Treasurer—W. W. McGarity.
Chief Marshal—Wash. Marks.
Finance Committee—I. N. Marks, W. H. Cook, J. P. Harrison, W. K. Day, A. Kearny, H. Renshaw.

Mount Vernon Club,

OF THE SECOND WARD.

Meet in No. 9 Nye Basin every Friday Evening.

OFFICERS:

President—Thos. Murray, Esq.
Vice Presidents—A. Howell, Chas. Pride.
Secretary—Edward S. Hoole.
Treasurer—W. T. Stocker.
Marshal—John L. Gubernator.
Assistant Marshals—E. Blessy, Jos. Laborde.
Finance Committee—J. W. Wilder, Wm. Grant, Dr. Bensadon, E. W. Durr.
Committee of Arrangements—Mark Breeden, Robert Armstead, W. P. Coleman, E. Toledano, E. A. Tyler.

Kentucky Bell and Everett Club,

OF THE SECOND WARD.

OFFICERS:

President—Jas. D. McMickle.
Vice-Presidents—R. B. Cummings, M. Williams, Charles Floral, Thomas Lynch.
Secretary—Wm. P. Comstock.
Treasurer—Wm. Ireland.
Committee of Arrangements—Peter D. Kelley, Henry Hastings, P. Haly.

Everett Rangers,

OF THE THIRD WARD.

Meet at the Carrollton Railroad Depot, corner of Baronne and Prytania streets, on Wednesdays.

OFFICERS:

President—Lea F. Bakewell.
Vice-President—W. G. Dales.
Secretary—C. F. Verlander.
Treasurer—R. Yeatman.
Grand Marshal—Thos. Askew.

Metropolitan Club,

OF THE THIRD WARD, (AUXILIARY TO THE EVERETT RANGERS).

Meet corner Chestnut and Claiborne streets on Tuesdays.

OFFICERS:

President—Henry Beebe.
Vice-President—Hanson Kelly.
Treasurer—Robert Pringle.
Secretary—Geo. W. Simpson.
Finance Committee—Geo. W. Stoddard, John R. Bradley, Robert Prinkle, Hudson English, — Perkins, Hanson Kelly.

Bunker Hill Rangers,

OF THE FOURTH WARD.

Meet corner Canal and Franklin streets, on Mondays.

OFFICERS:

President—W. J. Maynard.
Vice-President—Victor Gaschet De L'Isle.
Secretary—George A. Bears.
Treasurer—L. A. Blache.
Marshal—T. E. Sykes.
Assistant Marshal—Joseph Baker.
Finance Committee—Geo. Watyman, Jack Wilson, James McCracken, Arthur Saucier, William Hodgkins.

Rough and Ready Club,

OF THE SIXTH WARD,

Meets at the St. Philip Bell Room on every Monday Evening.

OFFICERS:

President—Joaquin Viosco.
Vice-Presidents—A. Sambola, T. C. Hoggarth.
Secretary—J. A. Weysham.
Treasurer—F. Sambola, Jr.
Marshal—Ed. Fagot.

Young B