Daily Appeal.

EMMA.

"Oh, kiss me as I sleep"
Shall the thrill of my heart
Air or flower kiss my
A kiss to forget—
"The midnight moonlight
My one love's kisses—
My bride's and mother's
Oh kiss me and sleep!"

He gave me the flowers
In the dewy eve,
The bell of Jupiter and
Fair in the twilight
Blow—but all the morning
Come in with the dew,
Pale as the very morning,
"With Emma—and so."

AN ADVENTURE.

In the police court, one morning last week, a woman, still young, and handsome form taken of future beauty, was in the unfortunate, was arraigned for the crime of pickpocketing. A few months in her life have come to our possession from reliable source. Five years ago she was a school teacher in a small town in the State of Michigan. She was jovial, educated, a deceptive in manners. But she had an uncontrollable passion for dress, and was one day arrested in the act of stealing a costly silk from the counter of the village store. She was released, but under promise of leaving the village and never see her to return, she was spared the pain and mortification of a public trial for larceny. She traveled West, and encountered a southern planter somewhere on the route, who employed her as a governess in his family. She accompanied him to his home in the South, where she succeeded in captivating him, causing his wife to sue for a divorce.

After thoroughly ruining the planter and scandalizing his friends, she eloped with a Mississippi gambler, the most valuable servant in master's collection, and went to St. Louis. Becoming sick of the gambler, she sold $2000. Shortly next heard of a masquerading across of a strolling troupe, playing star parts on the stage, and "doing" susceptible grain merchants off. The St. Louis papers, last spring contained numerous reports of her performances along the Mississippi river. She ran a wild race in Chicago, and brought up in Bridgewell, where she served out a short sentence for theft. She reached Cleveland in the course of time, hopelessly dissipated and shattered.

Undoubtedly there is plot enough in her miserable life for a good numbers of the real French school. But the adventures was too heartless and scheming to bring tears to soft eyes, like young Dumas' Camille.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*

Prentiss' Duel with Gholson.

A writer in the Vicksburg Sun furnishes the following incident of the celebrated duel between Judge Gholson and S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi:

The facts are these: At the first fire, Gholson leaped exactly three feet one inch and a half from the ground, and with a half inch more hear; because the ball had struck the top of his right foot, glancing in a westwardly direction, hitting Gholson's second in the pit of the stomach, carrying his body back with such violence that an empty pistol he had in his hand flew forward with such a force as to hit his principal on the head, causing him to jump as aforesaid, because he was so completely astonished, following his antagonist's ball had hit him on the back of the head! Gholson was cured of a corn on his right foot, but had the tooth ache for a week. Gholson's second took the cramp cholic.

The ball of his adversary passed so close to the lips of Prentiss as to cause him to stay his breath, causing him to fall upon the ground, from which ever afterward he had a slight lisp in his speech.

The parties were reconciled on the ground in this manner: After they had untangled and unrolled Gholson's wound out of a hard knot, and somewhat relieved him, Prentiss, laying down his pistol, said to Gholson, "owe me a dollar?" "What for," said Gholson. "For curing your corns" says Prentiss. "No," says Gholson, "you owe me a dollar." "What for?" says Prentiss. "For damage," said Gholson, "your ball hit my second in the stomach and caused him to hit me on the head, which gave me a toothache, and now I'll have to have the tooth pulled, which will cost me a dollar."

"Well," says Prentiss, let's call it square, and they shook hands on the spot.

EXPENSE OF MARRIAGE.—I will cities would reach lower measurement of single numbers. It is the bottle, especially of American young—protection. The mark of a man of the world is the lack of protection. He does not lie a speech, he does not lie to his mother, avoids all lead, is nonchalant, dresses plain, pronounces—I at all, personal oath, speaks in monosyllable, hugs his tailor, he cuts his sweetheart by a lower magnet, and she finds fault—all, and yet their sharper's tongue. He converses in slang to the mother and drawer, he admits he is used to be surprised in a gentle way, and the sentiment of the bewitching prattle-boy. How the slang-mania is joined by stencil-ses of some great many passing in Capital, he a blind to any, and the Dryden, Dryden, Dryden a place and at his elevating level of Brook or Scott, or Walt Whitman or Cooper. Transcendent power, and the lad, "I'm Gothic, also preferred trifling subjects and common-place sentiments into one chapter—give, and perfect the charm, and a certain twaddle in the mouth of a young man of a still more experienced has he would. Here are some images to be of the end but a lad. I have seen the time when the cultivation of