POETRY.

By and By.

By and by! We say it softly,
Thinking of a tender hope,
Stirring always in our bosoms,
Where so many longings grope.

By and by! On love shall greet us
In a time that is to come,
And then the fears that now defeat us,
The shall all be stricken dumb!

By and by! The mournful sorrows
Clouding o'er our sky to-day,
Shall be gone in glad to-morrows—
Shall be banished quite away!

By and by! We say it gently,
Looking on our silent dead,
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of Heaven's sweet life instead.

By and by! We look in yearning
Towards the harbor of the blest.
And we see the beacons burning
In the ports of perfect rest.

By and by! Our ship shall anchor,
If the tide and wind run fair,
Some day in the port of Heaven,
Where our lost and loved ones are.

By and by! Oh say it softly,
Thinking not of earth and care,
But the by and by of Heaven,
Waiting for us over there!

—*Once a Month.*

The Old Story.

"The sails are set and the breeze is up,
And the prow is turned for a northern sea;
Kiss my cheek and vow me a vow
That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheek, and I kiss your lips:
Never a change this heart shall know,
Whatever betide—come life, come death—
Darling, darling, I love you so!"

Oh, but the northern nights are keen!
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds;
A kiss burns not through his dreams of home,
And his heart goes south through the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate—
Dreams of love are the soonest o'er!
Kisses fall on her lips and hair,
And the world goes on as it went before.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SELECTED STORY.

Mrs. Lemont's Pride.

Mrs. Lemont opened the parlor door without stopping to knock. A fateful door to her, though she did not know it.

Was it not the most natural thing in the world that she should walk from the hotel, a quarter of a mile further up the beach, to the pleasant old farmhouse, where the Weirs were spending the summer, when Grace Weir had been for years her dearest friend?

And is there any reason to suppose that she expected to meet, as she did, Colonel Everard Gilbert, though he was Mrs. Weir's favorite nephew, and had been expected to join her there some time in the course of the summer?

Miss Lemont had heard of him, undoubtedly heard his praises enthusiastically sounded by the whole family, and saw his photograph in Grace's album. It is just possible that she may have caught a glimpse of the colonel's handsome face in the stage as it passed the hotel on the previous afternoon, and so planned that morning call with direct reference to him. For certainly no young woman could be expected to be oblivious of the attractions of so distinguished a miltary hero as Colonel Gilbert. Yet, if that had been the case she would have made a daintier, more stylish toilet, you think? That is because you do not know Miss Lemont.

Close and careful study had long ago taught her what was most effective and most becoming to her, and that was not to be fine and finified in attire, to bedeck herself with ribbons, and laces, and jewelry and all the newest and most barbarous fashions. That was well enough for pretty little Grace Weir, and the hundred and one flirting girls at the hotel; but severe simplicity was Miss Lemont's aim, and in attaining it, she spent as much time and labor as the gayest, most stylish of the young ladies did in their "getting up."

That blue cloth cape that she wears, covering her lithe, slender little figure almost entirely, is strangely becoming, you see, tho' rather course and heavy in material, and so plainly made, and though blue is a rather unsuitable color for a brunette so dark as Miss Lemont.

The broad-brimmed gipsey hat, with a blue ribbon tied carelessly around it, is becoming also. You see that Miss Lemont affects blue, and seeing that you may be sure that it is becoming to her as no other color is, for, as I said before, Miss Lemont has given careful attention to the subject, and she knows.

Under the broad-brimmed gipsy hat Miss Lemont shows a face flushed by exercise and the healthful sea breeze, clear, dark eyes that can droop timidly, or sparkle mockingly as occasion requires, a straight, regular nose that gives a certain grave expression to the face, a dimpled, daintily moulded chin, and a mouth too wide and not sufficiently curved for beauty. She is not, as I said a slave to fashion, and she does not wear a waterfall. She wears her hair, "her own and not another's," in a French twist at the back of her head, with a curiously carved silver comb holding it in place—almost her only ornament."

"They had been talking of her just before she came in.

"I should like to see the girl who broke Charley Armstrong's heart," the colonel had said, with his blue eyes flashing and his brows knit.

Charley Armstrong was one of the moths who had swinged their wings in Miss Lemont's candle, and being a feeble, faint-hearted moth he had never been able to heal himself of his burns. He had been Colonel Gilbert's friend, and had thrown his life recklessly away in battle, in his sight.

Mrs. Weir, listening, read the meaning in the colonel's words and his angry yet regretful face.

"I wish he might punish her as she deserves, the heartless little flirt," she said to herself. "But it no use for him to try; he is no match for Annie Lemont."

It was just then that Annie Lemont came in. Grace sprang to meet her friend, and Colonel Gilbert lifted his lazy length hastily from the sofa, and bent deferentially over the little hand that Miss Lemont held out to him at Mrs. Weir's presentation. Miss Lemont was in an unusually gracious frame of mind that morning.

"I have heard of you Colonel Gilbert," she said, sweetly smiling upon him from under her drooping lashes.

"And I of you, Miss Lemont," responded the Colonel in a tone which Miss Lemont understood to be admiring, but in which Mrs. Weir heard a touch of bitterness.

"Charley, poor fellow! was a greater fool, even than I thought him," Colonel Gilbert was saying to himself. "I expected to see a beauty, at least."

Miss Lemont, after one glance at the handsome haughty Saxon face, one sound of the deep, cool, skilfully-modulated voice, congratulated herself on having found "a foeman worthy of her steel;" for the summer was on the wane, most of the guests at the hotel were departing, and all the "little affairs" Miss Lemont had had on hand during her sojourn there were finished. Her score of moths had all fluttered off, most of them not a whit worse for their singeing. But to keep at work luring others on was as much a necessity of Miss Lemont's nature as to breathe. And here was one that it would be some honor and great sport to catch. So Miss Lemont congratulated herself heartily as she sat down by the window, and bent her demure, innocent eyes mostly upon the floor while she talked. She had a sort of subtle intuition that taught her how to adapt herself to the person she wished to charm—a gift as rare as it is irresistible in its influence.

In a very short time Colonel Everard Gilbert had reversed his opinion in regard to her beauty; before she took her leave he had begun to look more charitably upon Charley Armstrong's folly.

The next night there was a hop at the hotel, the last one of the season. Miss Lemont was lovely in a white dress, festooned with clusters of vivid autumn leaves, and a cluster of the same in her smooth, dark hair, guiltless of "crimps" or "rats."

"Anne has such exquisite taste! She gets up such charming toilets out of such simple materials, and with so little thought! She hadn't decided what she should wear last night, even, while I have been weeks planning my dress, and see what a dowdy I am beside her!" sighed poor Grace Weir, in Colonel Gilbert's ear, as they entered the room.

Later in the evening Colonel Gilbert led Miss Lemont out on to the piazza. Strauss' bewitching waltzes were thrilling the air, and the sea-breeze was blowing up cool and sweet, but Miss Lemont was weary of dancing, and of the crowded rooms, and fain to accept his invitation to a promenade in the open air.

For a long time they walked up and down in silence, Miss Lemont's tiny hand resting on Colonel Gilbert's arm, his eyes resting continually on the shapely little head and the fair face, with drooping eyelids, beside him.

Miss Lemont found the silence embarrassing, at last, and made an effort to break it.

"This has been a pleasant evening," she said.

"So pleasant that I could wish it might last forever," responded the Colonel, earnestly.

"But it will not. The music is already beginning to lag—the musicians are weary—the dancers are flitting away, one by one, and the flowers are drooping. In another hour the pleasant evening will be nothing but a memory," said Miss Lemont, pathetically.

"Some memories, sad or sweet, welcome or unwelcome, last forever," said the Colonel, half tenderly, half bitterly.

A sudden breeze fluttered a cluster of leaves out of Miss Lemont's hair. She caught them as they fell.

"And my poor leaves are faded—withered and curled up by the heat. But see how beautiful they are still!" said Miss Lemont, giving no heed to the colonel's words, but laying two of the leaves on her palm and pausing when a blaze of light streamed from a window.

"This one is as golden as if it had absorbed the whole summer's sunshine, and this has surely steeped itself in a crimson sunset; and see this russet-brown one flecked with vivid, scarlet spots, like drops of blood!" and Miss Lemont gave a little shiver, and dropped the spotted leaf. "So much like drops of blood!" she said. And she gathered all the leaves together, as if to toss them away, too, but Colonel Gilbert stayed her hand.

"Give them to me—let me keep them as a token," he pleaded.

"A token—of what? That your friendship may 'fade as a leaf?'" said Miss Lemont, half-laughing, half serious.

"No, but that it shall be a compact as enduring as it written in blood!" answered the colonel, in the same tone, picking up the scarlet spotted leaf and adding it to the cluster.

And Miss Lemont made no demur, but took a bit of ribbon from her throat and wound it about their stems, then gave them back to him, with shy, downcast eyes, and blushing rosily.

The weeks came and went, and still Miss Anne Lemont lingered at the hotel, though her aunt and chaperone, Mrs. Maxwell, was impatient to be gone, and still Colonel Gilbert lingered at the farm house, though he had announced on his arrival that business affairs would positively forbid his staying longer than a week.

"I am really afraid," said Mrs. Weir, to her daughter Grace, "that Anne Lemont is bewitching him as she does everybody else! He looks terribly in earnest for a person who is only playing at love making. He meant to win her love without being caught himself, but I told him in the beginning that he was no match for her, I am afraid he will find it true to his sorrow!"

The hour of Colonel Gilbert's triumph was rapidly drawing nigh. In every possible way, short of a direct avowal of affection, he had shown to Miss Lemont that he was another victim to her charms. And Miss Lemont had by no means discouraged his suit. To be sure she had the reputation of always luring on her victims in the same way and Colonel Gilbert felt, now and then, a little humiliating doubt as to whether he were deceiving himself in thinking she cared more for him than for the score of youths who had had their hopes cut down like a flower that summer.

They went on a steamboat excursion on one of the clear moonlight October nights. There was dancing in the saloon, but Miss Lemont had stolen out on the deck, alone, and wrapped in her shawl, was watching pensively in the line of white foam that the steamer left in its wake, and the blue waves dancing and glittering in the moonlight. A step sounded behind her and she turned to see, as she expected, Colonel Gilbert.

"I have interrupted a pleasant dream, I fear," he said, "but I could not resist the temptation to follow you, knowing that I might not have another opportunity to bid you good-bye."

In the moonlight he saw the flush that his step had brought to her cheek drift away and leave it very white.

"You are going away?" she said with a little tremor in her voice, and her voice still drooping. Was she acting now, Colonel Gilbert wondered.

"Yes, in the morning. I have stayed already longer than I ought. I am going to be married next month, and I must get my house ready for my bride."

Charley Armstrong, if he could have witnessed the scene, would have known himself avenged. Miss Lemont's self-possession failed her, perhaps for the first time in her life. Her little white hands clenched themselves convulsively together in her lap, and her very lips grew white.

But there was no tone of triumph in the voice, no look of a conqueror on the face of Charley Armstrong's avenger. He hesitated an instant, his face growing white as hers; then, with a sudden, irresistible impulse, he snatched both the hands that lay helplessly in her lap.

"Anne—my darling!" he whispered, reckless of everything in the rush of passionate feeling that swept over him.

Miss Lemont came suddenly to herself at those words; she arose quickly, a flush of angry pride and shame dyeing her cheek.

"And you are really going away? It gave me quite a shock to think that our pleasant party was to break up, and our delightful summer to come to an end so soon, she said, her voice clear and sweet as ever, giving her flounces a little careless shake, preparatory to returning to the saloon. "I wish you were not going so soon; but of course one must not seek to detain an expectant bridegroom. Let us go back. I must have one more dance before we reach the Point."

Colonel Gilbert offered her his arm without a word. She kept up her careless air and talk, but the hand that lay on the colonel's arm trembled.

Mr. Earlston, a young gentleman who had come down to the Point for a week's shooting, and had prolonged the week to three, on Anne Lemont's account, came forward to claim her hand for a dance promised early in the evening, and Colonel Gilbert joined some gentleman at the further end of the saloon.

When the dance was over Anne Lemont sat down with a sigh of relief, and despatched Mr. Earlston for a glass of water. She sat in the shadow of a curtain, and it was evident that the group of ladies who sat beside her did not know she was there, for they were talking of Anne Lemont.

"You don't think he would marry such a flirt as Anne Lemont?" one of them said. And Mrs. Weir's voice replied:

"No indeed! he has no idea of marrying her; He has been engaged for years to his cousin, little Olive Perley. I will tell you how it is. Annie flirted desperately with a particular friend of his and broke his heart and Everard meant to revenge his friend by making her fall in love with himself. And I think from appearances that he has succeeded!"

A light broke over Miss Lemont's mind. She remembered now having heard Charley Armstrong speak of his friend Everard Gilbert, though until now she had not thought of it.

So that was it! He had meant to conquer her with her own weapons. Miss Lemont's face grew scarlet to her forehead. Angry, wounded pride drove out, as she thought, the last vestige of her weakness.

Never had Mr. Earlston found her so gay and gracious as on that evening. And he took heart of grace, and gave utterance to the words which he had been trying to find courage to say for the last fortnight.

It was a very sore temptation to Anne Lemont—this opportunity to show Colonel Gilbert and those impertinent, gossiping women that he had failed, but she promised Mr. Earlston his answer on the next day, and in a manner that left him very hopeful of success.

Though if he could have seen her that night when the door was locked between her white face and all curious, prying eyes, he might not have been so sure of his success in his suit.

Through her closed blinds Anne Lemont watched for the stage the next morning, with a vague, half-hope that before he left Gilbert would come to her, to prove that that cruel, foolish thing they had said of him was false. But the stage passed and she saw his face, his eyes never glanced towards the hotel.

Then the color flashed into Miss Lemont's face. Pride strong and unyielding, arose within her. She went down to the interview she had promised Mr. Earlston, and made him as he averred, "the happiest of men." The glittering circle that bound her finger might be, she thought, the "first sad link" of a galling chain, but a chain that drew her away from all that she wished to forget. And pride would keep her heart from breaking, through everything.

The Weirs had taken their departure on the same day with Colonel Gilbert, but Miss Lemont lingered still at the hotel and Mr. Earlston, of course, lingered also. It was less than a week after Colonel Gilbert's departure that Miss Lemont, sitting alone in the drawing room, with her gaze wandering dreamily seaward, saw his well-known form coming swiftly up the steps. She was inclined to think at first that it was a vision, for the stage had discontinued its daily trips and the railroad station was six miles away. But a second glance showed her a horse fastened before the hotel, whose rider had evidently just alighted for he was still heated and panting. An urgent errand it must have been that had brought the colonel at such speed, thought Miss Lemont, with a sudden thrill she could hardly tell whether of joy or dread. But she had little time for thought, for in another moment Colonel Gilbert was at her side.

She made an effort to give him a cool and careless greeting, but something in his eager, glowing face checked the words on her lips and made her flush and tremble.

"You here, Colonel Gilbert!" she faltered at last.

"Yes, I am here—here to tell you that I am free from all that could ever keep me from you! Anne, you will not refuse to tell me with your lips what I read in your eyes that night?"

If he could only have been a more humble wooer! If he had not "taken it for granted" in that lordly way!

Miss Lemont rose to her feet, her eyes meeting his steadily, a little scornful look on her face.

"I don't think I understand you. If you are trying to make love to me I must tell you that I have promised to marry Mr. Earlston."

A crimson flush rose to Colonel Gilbert's forehead. He looked startled, bewildered for a moment. Then:

"I have been a fool," he said, slowly. "They told me you were a coquette and heartless, and I had good reason to believe it before I saw you. But your arts bewildered and made me forget. Well,"—and the colonel turned towards the door,—"you have the satisfaction—I suppose it is a satisfaction to you—of having added another victim to your list, but not of having broken another heart. Mine is made of sterner stuff than poor Charley Armstrong's. I shall never kill myself for any woman." And the colonel was gone, oblivious in his wrath of all forms of politeness, and waiting for no response to his rough words.

If he had waited he would have got none from Anne Lemont. She stood there, with her face cold, and white and haughty, and heard him through, but when the door had closed behind him she sank into her chair, faint and trembling, and hid her face in her hands. Only a few moments she sat thus, when a noise outside of voices and hurrying footsteps aroused her. Two men were bringing into the house a helpless, prostrate form. The crowd that collected around it prevented her from seeing the face, but a quick thrill of fear shook her heart. They brought it in and laid it on the sofa beside her. One glance at the still face, with its closed eyes and pallid lips, and Miss Lemont sank down on her knees beside it with a low, shuddering cry.

As they laid him down a little note book dropped from the pocket of his coat, and out of it, down to Miss Lemont's feet, fluttered, one after another, three or four dry, withered autumn leaves, now dyed crimson with real blood.

One of the men who had brought him in was telling her how it happened.

"He seemed to be in an awful hurry, was going like mad, and out at the turn of the road his horse got frightened at something, and shied and threw him over his head against a rock. I dont think he's dead, but the sharp edge of the rock must have struck him in the chest there."

Miss Lemont motioned the man silently away. Her tears were raining down upon the still, cold face, and tender pleading words were falling upon the deaf ears. Miss Lemont's pride had taken to itself wings and flown away forever. Suddenly the Colonel's eyes unclosed, faintly and feebly.

"I am mad, wicked," whispered Miss Lemont, with sobs between the words. "What you said was true, I did, I do love you! And it is I that have killed you;" and she hid her head on his breast, her form shaken with sobs.

Such a gleam of triumph as lighted up the Colonel's eyes, but it softened into tenderness as he saw her dropping head. He raised his hand and lifted the prostrate head tenderly, looking into her eyes. The effort was too much for his strength. His eyes closed again, and a deathly pallor settled upon his face.

Miss Lemont sprang up and called for help. Turning, she met Mr. Earlston's gaze fixed steadily upon her. How much of the scene he had witnessed, she could guess by the scorn and anger of his face.

But she stood by Col. Gilbert's side until he had revived a little, and they had carried him up stairs, before she spoke to Mr. Earlston. Then she began a faltering explanation, trying to tell him all. But he stopped her abruptly:

"You need not trouble yourself to explain, I have seen enough to know the truth."

Miss Lemont, silent, like a chidden child yet meeting his angry gaze with clear, resolute eyes, slipped his ring off her finger and placed it in his hand.

Days and weeks went by, in which Col. Gilbert's life hung by a thread, and Anne Lemont watched over him with a pale face and a heart divided between hope and fear. But there came a day when hope predominated; the Colonel began to come back though slowly, to life and strength.

Six months later in the first flush of spring they were married. Mrs. Weir was at the reception, and with her the lady with whom she had held the conversation on the steamboat. And Mrs. Col. Gilbert, standing by her husband's side, heard her say:

"It is so very strange that so sensible a man as Col. Gilbert should dare to marry such a flirt! And I suppose he broke poor little Olive Perley's heart to do it."

"O no," responded Mrs. Weir, "Olive Perley never wanted to marry him. It was an arrangement between the two families. And I think this may be a happy marriage, for Anne seems to be entirely cured of flirting.

"Indeed! very sudden, then. I should like to know what cured her," replied the lady.

And Colonel Gilbert, hearing her also, looked down into his wife's face and smiled.

It is related that one of Commodore Vanderbilt's daughters, who is married, was lately discovered by a friend teaching her little daughter how to mend stockings, and, on being asked why she troubled herself with such occupations, made the reply that there was no telling what women might be called upon to do in this country, or what fate awaited them, and she believed in instructing them in useful arts, as a preparation for any reverse that might overtake them.

Mr. Frederick Douglass, Jr., recently married a daughter of Mr. A. Molyneux Hewlett, of Harvard University. Some of the papers have stated that the bride's father is a white man and a Professor in the College. This, says the New York *Sun*, is not the case. Mr. Molyneux is a mulatto. He was formerly a prize-fighter of considerable repute in England, and is now instructor in gymnastics at Harvard.

A French paper says that the captain of an American vessel bound for New York, recently fell in with a deserted ship at sea, in the cabin of which was found the body a man, about thirty years of age, his head resting upon a box containing $160,000 in gold. If this story be true how did it happen that only a French paper should hear of it?

Lord Taunton, better known formerly as Henry Labourchere, paid back £100,000 compensation money which the Bristol & Exeter Railroad Company had paid his father for cutting through the lands. He saw that his estates were enhanced in value by far more than the ordinary price of the land taken from him.

Austrian papers publish accounts of a nun confined in a cell, in a convent at Cracow, for twenty-one years. The Superior and Confessor of the convent were arrested, and the citizens attempted to destroy the building, but were prevented by the authorities.

A postal convention, establishing a reciprocal exchange of correspondence between the United States and British Honduras, has been concluded with Great Britain, and will be carried into operation on the 1st of October, 1869.

A very intelligent negro who left Columbus, Ga., two years ago for Liberia, has returned to his old home. He thinks the negroes had better stay here, and that Liberia is not a good country to settle in.

Civil marriages are about to be legalized in the Grand Duchy of Baden. The religious ceremony will henceforth take place only after the civil union before the Burgomaster of the commune.

An American who broke his ankle by a railroad accident in Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, in June last, was paid $4000, in gold, damages, by the railroad company.

Miss Sarah Redmond, a colored girl, of Salem, Mass., has been admitted to practice medicine in Florence, Italy.

A Woman Hater.

An advertisement appeared in a daily paper for a milliner and shop-girl, at a Madame Lavalle's, No. 121, Pearl street.

A pair of slender hands turned the paper over, a pair of brown eyes wandered up and down the long column of "wants," until they rested upon this.

"The very place, mama," said Viola Burnet. And forthwith the little hat and neat mantle were donned, and soon she was walking in the direction of Pearl street.

"I dare say that there have been many before me," she thought. "But surely, there is no harm in trying, when mama and I need money so much, and its coming all depends upon me."

It did not take long to bring her to No. 121 Pearl street, and she paused before the glass door to collect herself. There was but one lady within, and she felt much relieved, for she expected to see a crowd of eager applicants, among whom her chance would be but slight; and to find it all quiet, and no one to face except the aforesaid lady engaged in looking over some boxes in the rear was a pleasure unexpected.

She entered, and the lady came forward. She was not very young, perhaps thirty, with a pretty, kindly face; and when Viola made known her errend, she gave a little laugh, and said, "Dear me, I am delighted! Such a string of applicants as I have had, and all of them sour-looking old maids. We should not have five customers in a week. Are you experienced?"

"Yes; I have worked for a year in the establishment of Mrs. Latouche."

"Ah! her name is well known and her work much admired. I am sure you will suit me. When will you begin?"

"Now, if you wish. I am anxious to begin as soon as you can find work for me."

"Do begin at once. And to give us a specimen of your work, take this hat and trim it. You must know, my dear Miss—"

"Burnett."

"Ah, yes, Miss Burnett, that I have a brother, who is, in fact, the owner of this establishment, and it is to him that you must look for directions, for, to tell the truth, I am soon to be married!"

Viola nodded, and allowed the French woman to go on.

"I am a widow, but have lived two long years in a state of single wretchedness, and have now resolved to marry again. This fact, you must understand, brings you directly under the direction of M. Paul Lavalle, who, by the way, I must inform you, is a thorough woman hater."

"Is he old?" asked Viola.

"No, he is young; but he so utterly despises woman that I verily believe he would discharge you were you to ask a question beyond your business. He is polite, for all that, and may offer you the attention due to a lady; but I beg you to refuse every offer, for if you do not you will not long remain here."

The request was a strange one, but nevertheless easily granted; and she readily promised to do all in her power to retain her situation.

It was late in the afternoon before the gentleman arrived, and Viola only caught a glimpse of a tall, handsome man; then bent her eyes resolutely upon her work.

"My brother, Miss Burnett!"

Miss Burnett raised her beautifel eyes for a moment, and went on with her work.

"Do you fancy this work, Miss Burnett?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad, for Adele is hard to please. Do you think that you will be content to remain?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman turned away, evidently thinking it useless to try to engage her in conversation, and she went soberly on with her work.

It rained when the hour came for Viola's return home, and she stood a moment at the door, looking out into the dark, wet streets.

"Miss Burnett," said Mr. Lavalle, "allow me to see you home under my umbrella."

Viola was surprised. Not only because he was a rich man and she a poor milliner, and she wondered at this offer.

"No, sir, thank you," she replied, "I can go alone"

He had not time to repeat the offer before she was out and half way down the street.

It was darker than she had supposed, and the rain fell in torrents; but she drew her mantle tightly around her, and with bowed head walked swiftly along. Before she had reached the end of the street there came a sound of sharp, quick steps upon the pavement, and Paul Lavlle came up beside her.

"Of course you think me very bold, but I prefer to run the risk of incurring your displeasure rather than see you endanger your health by exposing yourself on such a night as this."

He drew her hand within his arm, and together they went to Mrs. Burnett's door. Viola allowed him to carry on the conversation, answering only when directly questioned, and then in monosyllables. She could not help thinking, however, what a pleasant, agreeable gentleman he was, and half repented her promise to Madame; but she managed to keep it, and bade him a formal good night, with a cool little speech of thanks for his kindness.

She had no desire to lose her situation, but she was almost inclined to disbelieve Madame's story. Well, it might be true; and if so, woman haters were certainly agreeable creatures.

This work became a pleasure since the establishment was brightened with the owner's presence; but Viola never forgot Madame's warning. It was all in vain that he brought fruits and flowers, and praised her work. She never lifted her dark eyes at his pleasantries, and once when he chanced to clasp her white hands in the midst of a confused tangle of ribbons, she never spoke or smiled—and he would not have known that she observed the action, but for the dash of blood which swept across her round cheeks.

There were many more rainy nights, and many times the umbrella was brought forth, and under its cover Viola trudged home beside Lavelle. She thought him a strange man, and felt that Madame had never clearly understood him. He seemed very unlike her notion of a woman hater.

One day he dropped a note into her lap, saying: "Here's a letter for you, Miss Burnett. You will send a reply before I come again,' and went away leaving her to stare wonderfully at the little note.

After awhile she opened it and read:

"VIOLA: You are a strange being—I cannot understand you—but I understand my own heart, and it bids me say I love you. Will you give me the blessed right to call you my own, my wife? I told you I must know your reply before I again come. And so it must be. Viola, my darling, I await your answer. PAUL LAVALLE."

A joyous light broke over her face, and with a flood of happy tears, Viola wrote beneath, "I will be your wife."

"Why are you so bright, Viola?" asked Madame, who had entered.

"Your brother, Madame, has asked me to be his wife."

"And you told him—"

"Yes."

"My sweet Viola, I knew my plan would succeed. I had worked for months to bring the change in Paul's fortunes, but had been thus far unsuccessful. He declared that all women were husband hunters, and that he would never marry one of them. I knew in an instant that you would please him, and so I trumped up the whole story. You will wonder at my anxiety, but will cease to do so when I tell you that I cannot marry until he is settled in life. Bless your heart, I am delighted."

Paul came in in less than an hour, and told her the same story—and together they [illegible] their happiness. If he ever was a woman hater, he laid it aside when he married, and became a model husband.

Recent investigations reveal the remarkable fact that the coasts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, New Jersey, and a portion of the eastern Atlantic shore are gradually uprising; while those of the Bay of Fundy and Greenland are slowly sinking. Should this phenomena continue for ten centuries, the map of the American continent would in 2900 present an entirely different appearance. The Hudson's Bay and Jersey shores would become fruitful valleys with countless inland seas. Where now the banks of Newfoundland lie, there then would be peninsulas connected with the mainland, as the banks of St. George are at present. The passage from Ireland to America—always provided balloons have not yet superceded steam—would then only take four days. The whole Atlantic coast line of the United States would be advanced as far as the bend made by the Gulf Stream, and the small islands, banks and rocks of the Bahamas would fuse into larger islands resembling those of the West India group. —*Grocers' Circular.*

Tennessee has not yet ratified the Fifteenth Amendment, but the friends of Senter insist that the majority in the new Legislature are fully committed to it.

Ninth Annual Fair

OF THE

NORTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

To be held in the City of Raleigh on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d of October, 1869.

OFFICERS:

Kemp P. Battle, President; P. F. Pescud, Secretary; W. H. Jones, Treasurer; J. Brinton Smith, Corresponding Secretary; S. F. Patterson, R. R. Bridgers, D. M. Barringer, S. L. Fremont, Vice-Presidents.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

A. B. Andrews, Granville; J. S. Dancy, Edgecombe; Willie D. Jones, Wake; M. A. Biedsoe, Wake; T. M. Holt, Alamance; J. M. Heck, Wake; W. H. S. Sweet, of Craven; R. W. Best, Wake; Robert W. Wynne, Wake; B. P. Williamson, Wake; W. A. Smith, Johnston; W. G. Upchurch, Wake; J. Brinton Smith Wake.

The Address will be delivered Thursday, at 11 o'clock a. m., by Prof. W. C. KERR, State Geologist.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

Department First—Live Stock.

DIVISION I.—HORSES, &c.

Class 1.—Thoroughbred.

Best stallion over 4 years old	$25
Second best over 4 years old,	15
Best brood mare over 4 years old,	15
Second best over 4 years old,	10
Best stallion over two and under 4 years old,	10
Best mare over 2 and under 4 years old,	10

In this class purity of blood being the highest point of distinction, a well-authenticated pedigree, must in every case, accompany each animal put on exhibition to compete for any of the above prizes.

Class 2—Light Dray and Saddle Horses.

Best stallion over 4 years old,	$20
Second best over 4 years old,	10
Best brood mare over 4 years old,	10
Second best brood mare over 4 years old	5
Best brood mare and colt,	10
Best stallion over 2 and under 4 years old,	10
Best mare over 2 and under 4 years old	10
Best saddle horse, mare or gelding,	10
Second best, do do	5
Best pair of Carriage Horses, matched,	20
Second best do do	10
Best Single Harness Horse	10
Second best Single Harness Horse,	5

In this class, individual excellence in form, action, and disposition, will be regarded as chief points of merits.

Class 3.—Heavy Draught Horses.

Best stallion over 4 years old,	20
Second best do	10
Best brood mare over 4 years old	15
Second best do	10
Best brood mare and colt,	10
Best stallion under 2 and over 4 years old	10
Best pair horses over 2 and under 4 years old	10
Best horse,	5

In this class, form, size, and docility will be regarded as chief excellencies.

Class 4.—Jacks, Jennets, and Mules.

Best Jacks, with approved certificates,	$20
Best Jennet, do	10
Best team of 4 mules,	20
Best pair of mules,	15
Best mule,	10

DIVISION II.—TRIAL OF SPEED.

1. Half mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness. Premium $150. Entrance $25. Three or more to enter.
2. Half mile heats, 3 in 5 to harness. Premium $100. Entrance $20. Three or more to enter.
3. Half mile heats, 2 in 3 to harness. Premium $50. Entrance $10. Three or more to enter.
4. Half mile heats, 3 in 5 to harness. For all colts and fillies foaled in 1865 or seven. Premium $50. Entrance $10. Three or more to enter.
5. Half mile heats, 2 in 3 to harness. Premium $50. Entrance $10. Two or more to enter.
6. Best pacing or racking horse, mare or gelding, either saddle or harness. Premium $35. Entrance $5. Two or more to enter.
7. Best children's pony, $5.

DIVISION III.—CATTLE.

Class I.—Imported.

Best bull	$20
Best cow	10

Class 2.—Durham, Devon, Ayershire, Alderney, Hereford and Grade.

Best bull over 3 years old,	$10
" " " 2 and under 3 years old,	10
" " " 1 do 2	5
" " Calf	3
" Cow over 3 years old,	10
" " " 2 and under 3 years old,	5
" Heifer Calf,	3

SWEEPSTAKES.

Best bull	$20
Best cow	10

Class 3.—Working Oxen.

Best pair working oxen,	$30

Class 4.—Fat Cattle.

Best lot of fat cattle, not less than five,	10
Best fat ox or cow,	5
Best spayed heifer,	10

Class 5.—Milch Cows.

Best milch cow, giving not less than 20 quarts, on exhibition,	20
Second best cow, 16 quarts,	10

MILKER.

Best milker, man or woman,	10

DIVISION IV.—SHEEP AND GOATS.

Class 1.—Merino, Cotswold or Southdown.

Best buck,	20
Best ewes, not less than three,	15
Best lambs, not less three,	10

Class 2.—Native or Grade.

Best Buck,	$20
" Ewes, not less than 3,	10
" Lambs, not less than 3,	5

Class 3.—Goats.

Best pair of Cashmere,	$20
" " Alpacc,	10

DIVISION V.—SWINE, POULTRY, &c.

Class 1.—Berkshire, Chester, Woburns, Grazier, Bedford, Duchess County and their Grades.

Best Boar, over 2 years old,	$5
" Breeding Sow, over 2 years old,	5
" Breeding Sow, over 2 years old, with not less than 4 pigs,	5
Best lot of pigs under 10 months old,	5

This class will be regarded chiefly for their size, form and fitness for pork hogs.

Class 2.—Suffolk, Essex, Neapolitan, Chinese Guinea, Snap-Dragon and their Shades.

Best Boar, over 2 years old,	$5
" Breeding Sow, over 2 years old,	5
" do do do 2 do with not less than 4 pigs,	5
Best Boar and Sow, under 2 years old,	5
Best lot of pigs under 10 months old,	5

In this class respect will be had chiefly to fattening qualities.

Class 3.—Native.

Best Boar, over two years old,	$10
Best Breeding Sow, over 2 years old,	10
" do do with 4 pigs,	10
Second Best with 4 pigs,	10
Best Boar or Sow,	5
Second best Boar or Sow,	3
Best lot of Pigs under 10 months old,	5
" lot of 10 Fat Hogs, of any kind,	10
" Fat Hog,	5

Sweepstakes.

Best Boar,	$10
" Sow,	5

Class 4.—Poultry.

Best pair Shanghais,	$3
" Dorkings,	3
" Polands,	3
" Brahmas,	3
" Cochin,	3
" Black Spanish,	3
" Game,	3
" Cross-Breed,	3
" Sebright,	3
" Wild Turkey,	3
" Domestic Turkey,	3
" China Geese,	3
" Canada Geese,	3
" Common Geese,	3
" Muscovy Ducks,	3
" Rouen do	3
" Aylesbury,	3
" Pea Fowls,	3
" Pied Guinea Fowls,	3
" White " "	5
Best exhibition of Pigeons,	5
Best and largest variety of Poultry by one exhibitor,	5

Class 5.—Bees and Dogs.

Best Swarm of Italian Bees,	$5
" " Common Bees,	5
Best Watch Dog,	5
" Shepard's Dog, trained,	5

Department Second.—Agricultural and other Products.

DIVISION 1.—PLANTATION AND FARM PRODUCTS, RAISED BY EXHIBITOR.

Class 1.—Grain and Seeds.

Best variety of Bread Corn, 1 bushel,	$3
" Stock " do	3
" Wheat, do	3
" Oats, do	3
" Rye, do	3
" Barley, do	3
" Field Peas, do	3
" Ground Peas, do	3
" Grass Seeds, adapted to the South for Hay or Grazing.	5
Greatest variety of above articles raised on one farm,	10

Class 2.—Cotton, Hemp, &c.

Best 2 stalks of Cotton as sample,	$3
" specimen do 50 lbs. in seed,	5
" do Hemp, prepared or dressed,	3
Best specimen of Flax, prepared or dressed,	3
Best specimen of Broom Corn, 20 lbs.,	3
" " Leaf Tobacco, not less than 10 lbs.,	3
Best specimen of Maple Sugar,	3
" Sorghum Sugar,	3
" Virgin Dip Turpentine, 1 barrel as sample,	3
Best specimen of Rosin,	4
For the best specimen of Linseed Turpentine, Castor, Cotton Seed, Olive, Fennel, or any other variety of Oil, made in the State and prepared by the exhibitor,	3
Best specimen of Sweet Potatoes, 1 bushel as sample,	3
Best specimen of Irish Potatoes, 1 bushel as sample,	3

Class 3.—Butter and Cheese.

Best jar of Fresh Butter, not less than 5 lbs.,	3
Best firkin of Butter, 6 months old, not less than 20 lbs.,	5
Best New Cheese,	3
" Cheese 12 months old,	5

The process of making and preserving butter and cheese, must be given in full by the exhibitor.

Class 4—Flour, Meat, Bread, &c.

Best specimen of Wheat, Flour, 1 bbl. ground in State from native wheat,	$10
Second best specimen of Whe