

W. LESUEUR, Publisher and Proprietor.

Select Miscellany.

LINES ON TOLD STATE HOUSE AT BATON ROUGE.

Where Mississippi's turbid stream along, That mighty fabled in tale and song; And gently love James' fertile shore, Ere he mummy mingles with the ocean's roar; A noble castle as olden feudal days, From distance me the traveler's wandering gaze; High on a hill the deadly pile doth rise, Far reaching up to the azure skies; With many a frowning battlement and turret high, While round it grows of classic beauty lie; Within those walls no crumbling back to dust, Once met the wise, the righteous and the just; The savans and the sages of a mighty State, To sway her destinies and rule her fate; The holy love of country did their breasts inspire, And warmed their hearts with patriotic fire; The Spartan virtues did these sages feel, More potent far than walls of triple steel; Like the stern warriors in the days of old, They scorned to mart the offices of gold; As of yore did the Roman State stand, A guardian bulwark of its favored land; And when destruction sought with eager hand to tear, Her conquering eagles from their native air; Stood firm to guard them in their flight, With the sage's wisdom and warrior's might; Even so stood they, those statesmen stern and just, The faithful guardians of sacred trust; But when corruption with its healthy tread, Crept into her councils, and poison spread; Proud Rome, so long sole mistress of the world, With drooping eagles and withers furled; From the high pitch of her power, Declined and fell e'en from her tower; Even so, the pillars of this mighty State, Are trembling, conscious of coming fate; Her quaking heart the throes of warring feuds, As through her veins the poisonous darts steal; That liquid black which vile carbon sips, And false comments unto her shaming lips; Where virtue once and love of duty dwelt, The hearts of men, and their passions stayed; Now dark misrule, with ill-doing hand, Hath seized the reins and lords it to the land S. M.

A HEART'S SECRET.

"Was John Anderson there?" Mary, with great interest. "Bless me, Cousin Mary, you know me! What was it you asked me to see—what was it?" And the speaker glanced shyly at her cousin. "I asked if John Anderson was Mrs. Allen's party." "O, yes, to be sure. She was to get a lion, you know, or any wild beast—which reminds me of Marian Church told me she had been spending a day in town at aunt's. I asked her if she saw the lions; and she said no, she was disappointed. Aunt took her out to see them, but they went to the Museum, the Park, and the Town Hall, and that time it was so late she did not think to remind her aunt of the lion; though she had rather have seen the than anything." Cousin Mary smiled faintly, then, with the air of a martyr, said: "What is he like?" "Who? O, John Anderson! Well, to quote Tennyson: "His beard stands out a foot before, His hair a part between!" "As I am not his barber, suppose we let his hair alone; and do try to be sensible, Jennie!" "Sensible! Why, wasn't Tennyson sensible? However, I don't want to touch his hair; but, really, would he look like that? He looks starved, and his face, what there is of it—well, I could not help thinking of the old song: "His guineas they were yellow, and his hair was his face." So he won't do for me!" Here Miss Jennie danced off, singing the rest of the song at the top of her clear, strong voice, and her sedate cousin was left alone. Cousin Mary was an old maid; she was 49, and very quiet and self-contained; apparently the even temper of her life had never been disturbed, and it would be difficult to imagine that the calm surface had ever been

ruffled by love's conflicts. Yet it was so, though very few had ever known of it at the time, and now it was a "thing of the past," as she kept repeating over and over again to herself as she sat there in her accustomed seat, fit not in her accustomed quiet; for after Jennie, her young and volatile cousin, who was visiting her, had left her room, her work had dropped from her ever-busy fingers, and, as she sat thinking, the fingers were clasped and unclasped each other with wild nervousness, and her face worked with a strong emotion. "Wonder if he will call," she murmured. Then she walked to a mirror in her room, and, looking steadily at herself, continued her self-communing. "I must have seen so many beautiful women—and my prettiness is all gone." Then, putting her hand to her head, she murmured, "Poor hair, it is so gray! Ah, Johnny, you've been long at the fair! Well, I suppose he has forgotten me by this time." Then she sat down, and by and by two tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. Long years before, when she was only 19, and a pretty, bright young girl, John Anderson had been her avowed lover. At parties he was always at her side, and other young men complained that he would allow no one a chance to dance with her but himself. He it was who took her to picnics and all pleasure-parties; he was her attendant cavalier in moonlight walks, which the young people were in the habit of taking. He walked to and from church with her, and then passed hours by her side in her own home. He was only one year older than she, and though there was a tacit acknowledgment of love, no formal engagement had been entered into. Then a young doctor came to settle in the village; and as Mary was one of the belles of society, and the doctor a gay, young man, with plenty of leisure time, he devoted his spare hours to—as he expressed himself to a friend—"making the young rustic fall in love with me." In that he was mistaken, however. Mary felt flattered by his attentions, and still more flattered by John's evident jealousy. At last John remonstrated with her for "leaving him and flirting with that medical fool." Mary grew angry, and told him she never flirted, and that he was an "impertinent boy" to speak so to her. A lover's quarrel ensued, and would, in all probability, have been "made up" and all gone on well again, as according to the Latin proverb, "The falling out of lovers is the renewal of love," but unfortunately Mary had a maiden aunt, who must have been born with an old and withered heart. She was now on a visit to Mary's parents, and took upon herself the office of duenna. She talked to her niece severely on her encouragement of two "deluded young men," and on no account would let her meet poor John alone; so the coolness consequent on the quarrel continued. Just at that time an uncle of John's, who was a sailor, was going on a voyage to Australia, and offered to take his nephew with him. John eagerly accepted the offer, and in a short time he was on his way to the land of gold. He called to see Mary before leaving; but the inevitable aunt was present, and they only gave each other a warm hand-shake; for in that last moment the pride of Jack gave way to tenderness. Years passed, and still John did not return. From Australia he went to India, and there his uncle procured him a lucrative situation in a mercantile house, where he had remained until the present time, his first coming home after thirty years' absence. Meanwhile, Mary's aunt had died, and her parents had also died within a few years of each other, and five years after John left for Australia; so that her aunt had been her sole household companion until her death, which occurred fifteen years before any story opens. After she died, and Mary was looking over the papers in her desk, she found a letter addressed to herself, which had been there for four years. It was from John Anderson, asking her to correspond with him. He was "doing well," he said, and hoped soon to come home, if she would be glad to see him. Mary read the letter, and put away to be read many times; but being of a very delicate nature always, and having been more so while living with her aunt, she never told any one of it. She felt a delicacy about answering the letter, after so many years of silence, knowing that John must have been in the difference. Now he was home again, and she too had been invited to the party by Mrs. Allen's, which she had just been questioning Jennie about, but a nervous, sick headache often kept her at home. Yet in her mind the constant question was, "Will he come?" and every

ring at the bell set her nerves quivering and cheeks burning, like those of a young girl. At last she grew so nervous that she determined to take a brisk walk, and try to regain her wonted calmness. With hat and shawl hastily put on, she was in the act of leaving her door, when a tall, very thin, yellow-faced gentleman met her, and, bowing, asked if she would be kind enough to tell him if this was Miss Holmes' house; he used to know it well, but there had been changes in its appearance since he saw it last. She knew him. Her heart beat thick and fast, her limbs trembled, and the flushed face suddenly paled as she thought, "I am so old he don't know me." But summoning up the pride and resolution which had covered many a heart-ache before, she quietly extended her hand, saying: "This is her house, and she is happy to welcome to it her old friend, Mr. Anderson. Does he think her so changed also?" He eagerly seized the proffered hand, saying: "Then you are Mary?" They entered the house together, and were soon talking, sometimes sadly, sometimes merrily, of the events of the years during which they had been separated; but he made no allusion to their early love. A happy hour passed in retrospective converse; still no mention was made of the letter; she could not speak of it first, and he seemed to have forgotten it, until, just as he was leaving, he said: "You never answered my letter." "No; I did not receive it until four years after it was written; then I found it among my aunt's papers." Her voice was low and agitated, and her eyes burning in their eager intensity. He started, flushed slightly, and her eyes burning in their eager intensity. He started, flushed slightly, and looked embarrassed; but, quickly recovering himself, said: "Ah, that was rather unfortunate. So you did not answer it then?" A pause, then he added, "Well, I trust I should like to bring my wife to see you. I am to be married next week to a young lady whom I met in Calcutta three years ago, and who is willing to go back with me; for I have lived too long in the torrid zone to come back to ice and snow." Still pale, but calm and quiet, she told him that his wife would be welcomed by her; and then he bade her adieu, and she went to her own room. What passed there, only her Father in Heaven knew. Outwardly, she was the same quiet, gentle lady, with perhaps a little more sadness in eye and mood. No one ever knew of her sorrow, and she is still an old maid.—New York News.

DEATH OF THE PANTHER.

Willis and myself, after a long day's hunt, found ourselves fifteen miles from our cabin, and the night had set in with a tempest. But before it was quite dark, we had hunted the country round for a safe resting place, and had come to the conclusion that such an one was not to be found in the district. Ascending a high hill, and climbing to the top of a tree, Willis had seen smoke rising over the forest at not more than two miles distance in the Northwest. It was cloudy, and occasional snow squalls chilled us; but, heading the wind, we hurried on toward the smoke. Hurry means something different in those wilds from what is ordinarily understood by it. A mile in three-quarters of an hour is extraordinary traveling over fallen trees and through dense swamp thickets. A mile in two hours is often swifter than is either convenient or possible. Darkness, dense and unwelcome, overtook us in the forest, and now we dared not trust the wind for our guide. We did not know North from South, and of course not East from West; therefore, it was not safe to move a step after we lost the direction, nor when we found it again could we trust ourselves to keep it, for every one has heard of the tendency to go in circles, when one is lost in the woods. After satisfying ourselves which was North and which South, by an examination of the trees, we proceeded on a plan which Joe and myself had frequently practiced in similar cases. I would go on in the proper direction a hundred yards, and then shout. If I had pursued the right course, Joe would come up. If not, he, who had been standing facing the course, would direct me till I was due Northwest from him, and then come up to me, walk directly past me, and I would face his course, and again set him right if he wandered, and walk up to and past him. So we kept on for another hour, and found we had not mistaken. A little to our right we saw through the forest a gleam of light, and Joe immediately said: "It must be the cabin of old Paint, the Indian. You know, Black said he lived about here, and this is on the bank of a stream, just as he described it." So we approached, and were glad to obtain admission; for the wind was blowing almost a hurricane, and we had been forced to walk so slowly that we were chilled. "The Panther" was the English of the old Indian name, and this had been shortened by the hunters to "Paint" (thus, Panther, Painter, Paint), and he was distinguished from his son, who alone occupied the cabin with him, as old Paint. He was emphatically old. Certainly not less than four score years and ten had left their marks on his dark forehead. Even the scalp-lock was scattered on the winds of years ago! And that night the old man's pilgrimage was ended. The storms of a century had not bent his body; the clouds of a hundred years had not dimmed his eagle eye. As we entered the cabin, he lay on a rude deer-skin couch, elevated some inches from the floor. His quick glance caught in an instant the features of our race, and the first words I heard, as the cabin door swung on its rough hide hinges, were, "White men, white men," muttered in a low tone to himself. I walked toward him, and taking his hand in mine felt his pulse—for I saw at a glance that he was sick. But I could hardly distinguish it, so very feeble was it. And as I looked in his eye I knew that he was beyond my skill, or help of man. "Ha, ha!" laughed the old man with a deep guttural laugh. "The Panther will not leap again, you think?" He had read my face, and I replied calmly, "I fear not, my old friend. Your life has been a long one, and somewhat adventurous I imagine. But you'll not have to struggle much longer." In a little while we were lying asleep on the floor by the fire. It was after midnight when I awoke. The fire in the stone chimney was blazing brightly, and the whole cabin gleamed in the light. The younger Indian was standing by the side of his father, whose giant limbs were straightened on his couch. I thought he was dead, and laying my hand gently on Joe, he started up, and watched with me the scene. A moment undecided as to the old man's death, for his eye was flashing with the fitful glare that precedes the glaze of death. He spoke some words occasionally in a low and distinct voice, and to my surprise used the English language instead of the musical dialect of his nation. I soon saw that his mind was wandering

among the scenes of years long gone, and that he fancied himself sitting by the fire and telling to his son the stories of hard-fought fights and the golden days of his tribe.

There was one eloquent story that I gathered from his broken English, he told his son of the manner in which he first met and carried off his mother. Then he spoke of her. "The Fawn," I believe, was the translation of the name he gave her, and his eye flashed vividly as he recounted her beauties and his love. Is it not strange that that early love of the heart should come back, as it so often does, when the dim eye is brightening with its last light. It is not strange that the freshest fountains the heart has ever known in its wastes, should bubble up anew when the life-blood is growing stagnant. It is not strange that a bright memory should come to a dying old man, as the sunshine breaks across the hills at the close of a stormy day; not that in the light of that ray, the very clouds that made the day dark, should grow gloriously beautiful. "Air, air! I can't breathe," moaned the dying warrior. His son stalked to the door, threw it wide open, and returned to his statue-like position by the side of his father. Turning on his side the old man looked out of the door. The moon had risen, and the clouds were gone, and the stream was brawling aloud to the wind, which was even wilder than in the early evening. I saw the moonbeams glancing on the waterfall before the door, and the old man saw it too and smiled. I saw that smile stealing across his face, and the flickering fire-light perhaps deceived me, but I am certain that it was a bitter smile before it left his rugged countenance. Perhaps the memory of a boyhood in the forest, of a seat by the brookside with an Indian girl, of a gay, glad heart, gave place to memories of a race that passed away like the dreams of that childhood, of a life that was closed among the scenes unworthy the Panther warrior of the Mohawks. At length he spoke; and now in the low musical language of his earlier years. I could not understand a word here and there, and the son afterwards translated for me the last words of his father: "I have no song to sing, my son. My life has been like yonder stream, flowing along in darkness and over rocks and down steep hill sides. Once, only once, there was a bright still place in its current, like yonder place where the stream rests awhile in the moonlight, before the door, and then falls over the rocks again, and then passes on in the forest. "I will tell The Fawn that her son lingers yet on the river bank, and sometimes we will come to the cabin and talk with him. The snow is deep on her grave by the shore of the great lake. I will go there and see it before I go to the great council of our tribe up yonder! The winds moan over her. The waves dash up about the mound. I built it high. I dug her grave deep—deep—deep." His voice ceased suddenly, and he lay motionless, looking up at the rude covering of the hut. After some time, seeing that he was silent, I turned over and slept daylight. We then rose, and walking across the cabin found that he was sleeping, and left him thus. He never spoke again. Before that night he had joined his fathers. I have fancied a scene in the hunting grounds of his tribe that day. There was a gathering in a lodge, where the old chiefs sat in solemn council. And, at a moment of silence, a shout was heard without, and all eyes were turned toward the entrance. A hand thrust aside the deer skin that hung across it, and the giant form of the Panther stalked across just sense enough to hear the splash, and to know that something was wrong, but he was so drunk that he did not in the least suspect that it was himself! "Watty," says he, "there is surely something tumbled into the brook." "Faith you may say that," replied Watty, ready to tumble off his horse with laughing, "for it's jest yourself, Laird!" "Hout fie, no Watty," cried the Laird, "it surely canna be me." "Surely, meister, it is yourself!" "It canna be me, Watty—for I'm here." The longest train believed to have ever been drawn by a single engine, recently traveled over the Northern Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. The train consisted of 183 empty freight cars, one loaded eight-wheeled car, two cabooses and a dead engine. The train was 6,200 feet long, or 990 feet more than a mile. The distance traveled was 31 miles, mostly up grade, at a speed of ten miles an hour. When Roscoe Conkling began to make faces at John Sherman he must have suspected that Sherman had the ugliest face in the world. anti-Chinese of sed by Congress. it were one head, that he might chop it off.

CHEERY BRANDY—"TM HERE."

The Lord of Bonniemoon was ever fond of his bottle. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R—, a neighbor of his; and his Lordship being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine elegant stuff, and went on filling his glass like the rest and telling his jokes, and ever the more he praised his lordship's port. It was a fine, full-bodied wine, and lay well on his stomach, not like that poisonous claret, that makes a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of poisonous docks." The Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or as his lordship called it, his particular port, and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he thought to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that his Laird's horse was at the door. "Get out of that, ye fause loon," cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head, "do not ye see, ye blethering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle!" "But, meister," said Watty, scratching his head, "it's amais twelve o'clock." "Well, what though it be?" said the Laird turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides laughing at him and Watty. "It canna be any later, my man, so reach me my wig and let the naig bide a wee." It was a cold, frosty night, and Watty was soon tired kicking his heels at the door—so in a little while back he comes, and says he, "meister, it's amais one o'clock." "Well, Watty," says the Laird, with a hic-cup, for he was far gone by this time—"It will never be any earlier Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yoursel a wee while longer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty." Watty was by this time dancing mad, so, after waiting another half hour, back he comes, and says he: "Laird, Laird, as true as death, the sun's just rising!" "Weel, Watty," says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, "let him rise, he has further to gang the day than you or me, Watty." This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine daylight for his journey home. "Hech, Watty, my man," said the Laird, patting his stomach, and speaking awfully thick, "it were none the worse for that second bottle, this frosty mornin'." "Faith," said Watty, blowing his fingers and looking blue as a bilberry, "your honor is, may be, name the better; worse for it, but I'm none the better; I wish I was." Well, on they rode, the Laird gripping hard to the horse's mane, and rolling about like a sack of meal, for the cold air was beginning to make the spirit tell on him. At last they came at a bit of a brook that crossed the road, and the Laird's horse being pretty well used to having his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the Laird lose his balance, and away he went, over the effect to make the Laird lose his balance, and away he went, over the horse's ears, into the middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash, and to know that something was wrong, but he was so drunk that he did not in the least suspect that it was himself! "Watty," says he, "there is surely something tumbled into the brook." "Faith you may say that," replied Watty, ready to tumble off his horse with laughing, "for it's jest yourself, Laird!" "Hout fie, no Watty," cried the Laird, "it surely canna be me." "Surely, meister, it is yourself!" "It canna be me, Watty—for I'm here." The longest train believed to have ever been drawn by a single engine, recently traveled over the Northern Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. The train consisted of 183 empty freight cars, one loaded eight-wheeled car, two cabooses and a dead engine. The train was 6,200 feet long, or 990 feet more than a mile. The distance traveled was 31 miles, mostly up grade, at a speed of ten miles an hour. When Roscoe Conkling began to make faces at John Sherman he must have suspected that Sherman had the ugliest face in the world. anti-Chinese of sed by Congress. it were one head, that he might chop it off.

A VIEW OF HAVANA.

THE LOVELY PANORAMA THAT UNFOLDS AS THE TOURIST ENTERS THE HARBOR. The startling panorama of the city of Havana breaks upon the view like a theatrical transformation scene; but happy would be the manager who could put such a scene upon his stage. The city has been hidden by the castle. Rounding the castle, the queer old Spanish town is before you. The harbor is full of ships, the streets are full of life, and the sun is giving them his first reminder of what he intends to do at noon. This is fine soil for forts hereabouts. They flourish without watering. Take a stone in your hand, blindfold yourself, turn around three times, throw the stone, and five to one, you hit a fort. And if the same stone doesn't knock down two or three officers and a priest, Allah has been good to you. Just back of the Morro is another fort that looks very much like the high stone wall around a country jail, dotted at intervals with stone crosses and here and there a rusty bell. The use of this second fort is evident. Should the soldiers ever have to desert the Morro they would have something to run into, and wearing very few clothes, they ought to be good runners. The castle and this second fort occupy nearly the whole of the hill opposite the city across the harbor. There is one little cottage, southward, that looked to me, coming out from among the icebergs, like a vision of heaven. It was small and low, and thatched with tiles; two immense, spreading trees, greener than the darkest ocean tint, fanned its roof and almost hid it from sight. Their foliage so darkened the place that the man who sat in front of the door and smoked his cigarette looked more dusky than he was. A row of palm trees, tall and green, stood guard a few yards in front of the cottage. We watched the man, and as the sun came up higher and higher he moved further and further back into the shade, and while we watched him a flock of sheep and goats, and a shepherd with a crook, came down the hill from behind the cottage in single file, the shepherd's edge and went in and bathed. Look at this picture, Mr. New Yorker, as you pull on your ulster; shade, and green leaves, and bathing flocks; date, January 2. To the left of this cottage, still on the hill opposite the city, are some small buildings, the homes of fishermen and boatmen, built of stone, roofed with clay tiles, as indestructible almost as the rocks they stand on. Among these little buildings, painted blue in the front and red on the side facing us, is a larger one. It was once the Havana Hospital, but now it is used for cheap dwellings. Before the sun is high, the front windows, which are large and frequent, are all open, the shutters have disappeared, and the air has free course through the building. The harbor is full of ships; Spanish men-of-war, English, Spanish and German merchantmen. On a little schooner, tied up to the wharf float the Stars and Stripes. Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Traveler in foreign waters, when you saw the Stars and Stripes flying, to go over to the skipper and shake hands with him, and say, "How are you, old boy?" And when you saw some foreign flag at the masthead to want to say to that skipper, "What are you doing here, you old hulk?"

RESULT OF A LAWSUIT.

Mr. B. was out hunting with his rifle, and crossing the field of Mr. C., a Frenchman, C's large dog attacked him savagely, while C stood looking on without attempting to call off his dog; B, getting out of patience, shot the dog, and he fell apparently dead. C, in high indignation, forthwith got out a warrant, and had B. arrested for killing his dog—swore to the killing, and was corroborated by two of his neighbors, who were present at the shooting. The Magistrate fined B. ten dollars and costs, which amounted to about ten more. B. paid the fine and costs—and when the parties got home from the trial, the dog had come home also, and was not killed. B. then got a warrant against the Frenchman and his two associates for perjury, in swearing B. had killed the dog. They were frightened, and made peace with B., paid him back his twenty dollars, and ten more for his trouble—and no trial was had; and when the parties returned home from the last suit, lo! the dog was dead. Imagine the "feelings" of the Frenchman and his party. The Frenchman says, "he shoot my dog—I swear—and dam dog resurrects himself. By gar I find I swear bad; I settle for him—then my dog he die by gar! Sacre!" Stonewall Jackson's old sorrel war horse, which bore his master under the moon on the fatal night at Chancellorsville, is still living at the Morristown homestead, in Lincoln county, North Carolina.

MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

This saying was supposed to take its origin from one of Penelope's wooers being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose, as Ainsworth has it, thus: "A King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that work, prophesied that he, the king, should never taste the wine produced by it. The King disregarded his prophecy, and when at an entertainment he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for this slave, and asked him insultingly what he thought of his prophecy now? The slave only answered, 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.' Scarcely had he spoken when news was brought that a huge boar was laying in his vineyard waste. The King arose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed without ever tasting the wine." The very best people in this State are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the best way to secure the peace and good-will of the best portion of the Northern people, is to cease fighting the Northern Republican party.—Vicksburg Herald. This is just as much as to say that the Republicans are the best portion of the Northern people! It is just as much as to say that the men who fought us, plundered us and oppressed us for years and years, are better than the friends who stood by us, cheered us and helped us to redeem and disenfranchise our Commonwealth! And yet the Herald professes to be a Democratic paper.—Southern (Miss.) States. We have heard of marriages on railroad trains, street cars, steamboats and even in balloons, by proxy, by telegraph and telephone, until we thought that there could be nothing new in that line. But a Western couple were united a few days since by a preacher who straddled the line between Utah and Nevada, while the bride stood in the former State, and the groom in the latter.—Summit (Miss.) Conservative Times.