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MY CARD BASKET.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

NUMBER IV.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE W. BRUCE.
Miss Kate Howard.

I used to think sometimes that Kate was made of sunshine. She had the most unclouded brow I ever saw, and her eyes shown with a light which proved they had always been accustomed to look on the bright side of things. Her father was a man of great wealth, stern in his bearing and proud of his position in the world. Her mother was a small, timid, fairy-like creature, and I do not believe these two people, so totally unlike each other, could have ever lived happily together had not Kate been sent as an equalizer between the two extremes. Their love for her was the only sentiment they had ever felt in common.

The home of the Howards was a grand old place, long since past that newness so suggestive of carpenters, of chips, of mortar, lumber, plaster and paint. One could lie down under one of the grand old trees in front of the house and fancy a thousand romances connected with the stately manor, rearing its white walls near. At the back of the house lay the garden; and as the pruning passion was never admitted there, it was a mass of clambering vines, trailing roses, ivy cloaked oaks and beds of myrtle, instead of the prim trees trimmed till they looked like hoopless old maids with huge [illegible] bonnets on their heads; roses snatched from native groves and made to grow over wooden hoops, or nondescript devices made of string and shingle; with myrtle clipped to resemble a milk pan full of greens, and ivys torn down and cast out as intruders—which is the style of the modern garden.

This was Kate's favorite haunt; and in the shade of one old cherry tree, under the branches of which was placed a rustic seat, did she spend the few hours she devoted to meditation or day dreaming.

An only child, with great personal attractions, and the heiress of a large fortune, suitors were, of course, plenty. But Kate seemed proof against all of Cupid's shafts, however well directed. There certainly was about the young lady the most chilling air of indifference, when she did not care to make a friend even of a lover, that ever woman wrapped herself in. An iceberg were twenty times as approachable; and whoever the unlucky wight, who dared to venture nearer after she had assumed this manner, was sure to go away feeling as if the mercury had suddenly fallen from fever heat to zero.

Hospitable in the extreme, Colonel Howard frequently invited guests to spend several weeks at a time at his house; and himself enjoyed leading the fishing and hunting parties gotten up at such times, and delighted to display his own unbroken progress in the manly sports and games the young men diverted themselves with in the long summer twilights.

One evening as he sat upon his front piazza, chatting with a young Dr. Bell and Mr. Ross, both guests at his house, and both decided suitors for Kate's hand, the evening stage drew up at the foot of the lawn, and a young man alighted. Kate, who was standing in the front door, watched him as he came up the walk, and as he mounted the piazza steps returned the distant bow he made her with one quite as formal, and with a slight gesture said, "My father is yonder sir."

The Colonel rose as the new-comer approached, and glancing over the letter of introduction the latter handed him, said with a cordial smile as he finished its perusal, "I am glad to welcome you here. Gentlemen, this is the son of an old friend of mine—Dr. Bell, Mr. Ross, this is George Bruce; and here, Mr. Bruce, is my daughter," he added, as Kate demurely advanced bringing a chair to the new guest.

Mr. Bruce was a tall, slender, pale young man, not at all handsome, but exceedingly graceful. He seemed like one not much accustomed to mixing with the world, for his introduction had embarrassed him and he had blushed twice. Blushes are not used in the *grand toilette du monde*. They are cosmetics prepared by nature, and the world replaces them with the works of chemists it deems superior. Mr. Bruce's blush was the sign in the heavens which led Dr. Bell and Mr. Ross to suppose he was a very verdant specimen of humanity, against whom they could display their own superior attractions and accomplishments. Whatever Kate thought, did not show in her face, but she listened without seeming to, to all Mr. Bruce's conversations with her father, and more than once, as her eyes wandered toward the young man's face, they caught an exchanged glance passing between Dr. Bell and Mr. Ross, plainly indicating that their opinion of the stranger was no exalted one. Yet Mr. Bruce could talk well; it was only that culture of brain which excludes ornate culture of body, that gave him the air of a man of little taste. Self-taught, he had been an earnest student, and the book-worm is not of that species which spends its life weaving silken cocoons, in which to encase its form. He was poor, but to him the future looked doubly bright, viewed from the shadows of the past, and to rise high in his profession as a lawyer was a determination which only the most untoward events, or the sudden close of life, could thwart. As his business with Mr. Howard was ended, he rose to go; but his host would not listen to such a thing, assuring him he would be both grieved and mortified to see the son of an old friend stopping at a hotel when his house was at his service. Mr. Bruce hesitated a moment, glanced down into Kate's face, thanked Mr. Howard and remained.

Some time passed, during which Mr. Ross and Dr. Bell had allowed no opportunity to slip in which they could possibly make Mr. Bruce appear in a ridiculous light in the presence of Kate. At the same they were anxious not to appear as the real agents of his discomfiture. Any sport in which they thought him not proficient they were sure to propose; and any passing subject of conversation, such as questions of dress, manner or fashion, that they imagined it would embarrass the young student to be called upon to join in, and which they, as young men of the world, could talk upon fluently, was often advanced. Kate was blind to none of these things, and Dr. Bell and Mr. Ross—neither of them ever great favorites with the young lady they were addressing—grew less and less such every day.

One afternoon Dr. Bell proposed going down on the flats target-shooting. He was a capital shot himself, and promised himself much sport at witnessing Mr. Bruce's efforts to hit the mark. The flats consisted of several low, marshy fields, which, for the purpose of draining, had been ditched at regular distances, each ditch being about two feet deep and one wide—these were generally half full of muddy water, and a person unacquainted with the ground ran great risk of tripping into one of them. Whether this had anything to do with Dr. Bell's selection of the flats he only knew.

Mr. Bruce, when asked to join them, consented readily, and made his appearance a few minutes after with a fine double-barreled rifle upon his shoulder, and other shooting accoutrements worn with the air of one accustomed to them. Kate looked at him as she went out to mount her horse, and wondered how she had ever thought him homely. As the servant led up her horse, Dr. Bell flew into the house to get a chair for her to mount from, and Mr. Ross took the bridle from the ostler to hold the animal for the young lady. Mr. Bruce bent a little and extended his hand, in which Kate placed her dainty foot and sprang thence into the saddle; thanking Dr. Bell with a bit of malice in her smile, as he sat down the useless chair. Her father joined her, and they rode slowly along to the grounds to witness the sport.

Arrived at the spot, the target was placed and Mr. Ross given the first fire. He raised his rifle with the air of a man sure of his mark—took slow and deliberate aim—fired, and missed the target—his ball plunging into the sand a foot to the right of it. Dr. Bell next tried his skill, aimed with care, and the ball struck an inch above the mark.

"That's good for such a distance," said Mr. How-

ard, as the Doctor ran across the flat and pointed out his shot—"two hundred and fifty yards is long rifle distance."

"Now, Mr. Bruce," cried the Doctor, "it is your turn."

Mr. Bruce stepped forward, raised his rifle without taking any apparent aim, and sent the bullet straight into the target's center.

"Bravo," cried Mr. Howard. "Really that is the best shot I ever witnessed."

Dr. Bell looked confounded; then, as much to conceal his astonishment as to prove by closer inspection his rival's success, he started on a brisk walk for the target. A little excited and still more vexed at having himself outdone in the presence of the woman he loved by the man he had intended to embarrass, Dr. Bell forgot to pick his way and suddenly found himself in the bottom of a ditch, the thick and slimy water of which penetrating his thin clothes and causing them to adhere to him rendered him, as he regained dry land, an object of mirth as well as pity. Overwhelmed with confusion, he neither heard the expressions of sympathy lavished upon him, nor saw the polite effort to restrain the smiles his appearance excited. Catching his hat from the grass, he beat a precipitate retreat; cursing inwardly the nature of the ground which offered no friendly mound or kindly hollow to conceal his ridiculous plight.

The accident put an end to the target shooting, and the party strolled homeward. Dr. Bell, in fresh attire, was the first to meet them, and with assumed good humor led the laugh at his first experience in ditching. Underneath his light raillery lay the bitterest resentment toward the innocent cause of his mishap, and he determined, by a series of petty annoyances, to have his revenge.

Mr. Ross, meanwhile, determined to have his fate decided at once. He felt sanguine; for he was rich, dressed always in the hight of fashion and could lisp soft nonsense in a lady's ear by the hour. These were enough, he imagined, to win any woman's heart.

The evening was warm and rainy. The showers came down in that soft hushing way which in dreamy summer evenings seems like a lullaby sung by the clouds to hush the earth to repose. The shrubbery was dripping, the lawn was soaked, and Kate sat by the sitting-room window looking out into the darkness and listening to the rain. She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of Mr. Ross, who, after a few preliminary remarks, informed Miss Howard he was about going away. If he expected to see the young lady give the most approved start and anxiously demand when and why, he was sorely disappointed; for with the most indifferent expression of countenance, she turned her face from the window and asked quietly, "In this rain?"

For a moment Mr. Ross was confused; but only for a moment. With the readiness of shallow minds, his at once regained its composure, and he formally proposed for her hand.

"You honor me too much, Mr. Ross," was the cool reply. "I have looked upon you as my father's guest—as my lover, never!"

"I am astounded to hear you say so," cried the excited young gentleman. "What, then, am I to understand by all those acts of kindness with which you have encouraged my suit, Miss?"

"Simply that you are one of those young men, sir, who contrive to turn the slightest act of courtesy or hospitality, on the part of a woman, into a decided acknowledgement of love. I never gave you the most distant encouragement; for, let me assure you, you are one of those friends a young lady could not feel pleased ever to remember as a rejected lover."

Mr. Ross considered for a moment on this rather equivocal remark, then exclaimed:

"Your manner *has* changed, Miss Howard, since the arrival of this young jackanapes of a lawyer. I see how it is. For my part I shall remain no longer to be played off against such a fool. I feel hurt—insulted. I would like to warn my friend, Dr. Bell, of his danger; but let him look out for himself. I bid you adieu, Miss. Maybe you will regret this hour yet—maybe."

Mr. Ross seemed at a loss how to express himself further. In spite of Kate's request for him to remain until the rain was over, he seized his hat, declaring he would never exist five minutes under the same roof with a woman who had jilted him; and bowing himself out backwards, with an ironical air of politeness, he suddenly found himself on the edge of the piazza—too late to heed Kate's hurried warning, too late to recover himself, and over he went, backwards, falling a distance of seven feet, plump into the loose soil of the flower beds below.

Kate rushed to the steps, anxiously demanding if he was hurt. A strange vision of a man of mud rose one instant to her view, answering never a word, and the next moment was lost to sight. A dilapidated beaver, and the impress of a man's figure in the soft soil, showed in the morning where he had been; but he was seen no more, and to Mr. Howard alone was his sudden disappearance satisfactorily explained, through Kate.

The next afternoon Kate's horse was brought around for her usual ride, and turning to Mr. Bruce she remarked, that if he would like to accompany her, her father's horse was at his service. Mr. Bruce stammered, hesitated—then catching a malicious glance from Dr. Bell's eye, expressed his pleasure, and at once went out with her, and, mounting, they rode slowly away:

"Miss Kate," said Mr. Bruce, after a few minutes silence, "it is needless for me to tell you I am no horseman. The delight I experienced in the prospect of being your companion on this ride overcame my remembrance of my awkwardness. When a little child, I was thrown from a horse, dragged a long distance in the stirrup, and horribly wounded by the animals hoofs. I never recovered from the horror of that hour, and must frankly confess to you that I am afraid of a horse, and, as you must see, no rider. I was telling Dr. Bell of this the other day, and——"

At this moment a horse's heels in swift career came down the road behind them, and the next moment Dr. Bell, flushed, merry and malicious joined them.

"I could not resist the temptation to be of your party," he said to Kate, as he doffed his hat and shook back his hair.

"And the temptation," thought Robert Bruce bitterly, "to display his superior horsemanship where mine must appear to such disadvantage."

"Here is a fine lane," said the Doctor. "Where does it terminate?"

"At a rail fence which encloses a clover field. The lane used to lead to Farmer Bloom's house; but another has been made, and this is no longer used.

"Let's have a race," cried the Doctor; and as he spoke he struck his own horse, and the one Kate rode being its mate, they started off at a mad pace, her efforts to hold her horse being all fruitless. Sure that Bruce's horse would follow suit, Kate looked back, and sure enough there came the poor student at a John Gilpin rate, stirrups flying, his hat off, both hands clutched in the animal's mane, and looking the very image of mortification and chagrin.

The doctor and Kate cleared the fence at a bound; the horse of their companion broke as he neared it, stopped short, and sent its rider flying over, to find a resting place in the long clover.

"Are you hurt?" cried Kate, leaping unaided to the ground. "Believe me, Mr. Bruce," she added, as the young man rose to his feet, "could I possibly have held my horse, this should not have happened."

He glanced into her soft eyes, and took the proffered hand. "You are forgiven," he said; and, folding his arms across his chest, he stepped aside, permitting them once more to leap the fence.

"Mr. Bruce," said Kate, turning her head, "I invited *you* to accompany me upon this ride; surely you will not desert me? Dr. Bell," she added, "you have proven that our horses will not travel quietly together; I must beg you to ride on." The doctor bit his lip, but obeyed; and Mr. Bruce, remounting his now quiet steed, rode slowly back, by Miss Howard's side. What passed upon that return none knew but the young lawyer and bonny Kate; their ride was long and slow, but words flowed fast, and were followed by that deep silence which says more than language.

As they sat down to tea that evening, Dr. Bell, a little late, came hurrying in, and with a laughing look toward Mr. Howard, said: "I suppose you heard of our race this afternoon?" Mr. Howard had not.

The Doctor at once burst forth in the most ludicrous description of it, winding up by saying, "After we had cleared the fence, I looked back and there comes our friend Bruce, flying over, free from the saddle and bringing the top rail in his lap!"

"A sight which Dr. Bell might have lost had he not have taken so much pains to bring it about. I for one, fully appreciate the motive which led him to thrust himself where he was not expected," said Mr. Bruce coldly.

Dr. Bell's eyes flashed, but he did not at once reply. Rising soon from the meal, which was finished in awkward silence by the whole party, he said: "I will have a moment of your time, Mr. Bruce, if you please," and the two walked hurriedly out into the yard. With a pale face, Mr. Howard rose to follow them.

"Do not leave me," cried his wife, clinging timidly to his arm. "I am frightened—nervous—stay by me, I beg of you." Mr. Howard reseated himself. "Kate," he said, "do you go and in my name, forbid any serious difficulty between those hot-headed young men. I hear high words in the garden; go at once, child."

Kate sprang up, and hurrying forth, found the gentlemen beneath her favorite cherry trees in hot dispute.

"My friends," she said, "let this quarrel end here. Do not, I implore you, make a matter of life and death out of a mere joke."

"Dr. Bell's jokes are insults," said Mr. Bruce, striving to speak calmly. "I have borne them long enough; I had rather be a target for his bullet than his tongue."

"He expects to evade fighting me, by refusing to end this on the spot," hissed Dr. Bell through his clenched teeth; "he pretends to feel delicate about making your father's grounds the scene of a duel, and to hide his cowardice proposes that we wait a more fitting opportunity. He refuses to apologize for insulting me at your father's table, and dares not fight me in your father's grounds.

"You shall have my apology at a fitting place and time, in the way you have demanded it—from the muzzle of a revolver—but not here."

"No doubt you desire time to practice," sneered the Doctor. "If you were as skillful with the revolver as with your rifle, probably the respect due your host would not so far outweigh the respect due yourself."

Mr. Bruce stepped up to the rustic bench where lay his rival's case of pistols, and fixing a five-cent piece against one of the cherry trees, walked back fifteen paces, and cut a piece from the edge of the coin with his bullet. "Any time and place but this," he said, laying down the weapon and folding his arms across his chest.

Dr. Bell bit his lip, while his hot cheek grew pale with intense anger.

"Gentlemen," said Kate, stepping forward, "I ask as a personal favor that you let this matter rest here. Be assured, should either of you persist in making it the subject of a duel, I should despise you both. As you value my esteem, let hostilities of so deadly a nature cease at once." "These I will take into my possession," she added, closing and taking up the case of pistols, "and I beg you both, as my father's guests, not to make his home the scene of an angry dispute."

She placed her hand on Dr. Bell's arm and led him away, leaving Mr. Bruce to follow at his leisure.

"Miss Howard," said the Doctor as they turned down the winding walk, "may I hope that it was any feeling of alarm on my account that caused you to interpose just now? May I believe that you care enough for my life to wish to prevent my risking it?"

"I would seek to prevent the risk of any human life," replied Kate distantly. "As a woman, I am strongly opposed to the duello. Were I a man, it would perhaps be different. There is a moral courage which excites my admiration more than this sort of bravery which finds its achme in standing up to be killed and daring to kill. To a horror of bloodshed, not to personal feeling, attribute my interference."

"And may I not hope that the affection I have long cherished for you, long trembled to disclose, has met a response from you?"

"I cannot answer you now," Kate said; "to-morrow—some other time."

"But I cannot remain under this roof longer with Mr. Brace."

"You can, if you really desire the reply you have asked for."

They entered the house and the evening was spent in an embarassed manner on all sides, Mr. Howard having retired early complaining of a slight indisposition, and the two young men each lingering, unwilling to leave the field clear to his rival, while Mrs. Howard, more than usually taciturn, aided Kate not at all in her efforts to keep up a conversation.

The next morning Kate hurriedly entered the drawing-room, and was followed by Mr. Bruce who had been awaiting her presence. There Dr. Bell stood looking out of the window; but he turned to give Miss Howard a gracious good-morning, while Mr. Bruce in no position seemed to come within his line of vision.

Kate's face expressed alarm and agitation.

"Doctor," she said anxiously, "my father you know has not been in usual health for a few days past, and this morning he has symptoms of a serious nature. May I, in the absence of our family physician, ask for your services?"

Dr. Bell grew very red. "I am grieved," he said, "to know of your father's illness, but, I supposed you knew—the fact is, Miss Howard, I could give no medical aid, being 'Doctor' only by courtesy—a mere college title."

"Indeed! You bore it with a good grace which certainly led us all to believe you justly entitled to it."

"I have spent much time among the sick," but am no practitioner. Anything else I can do for you, rest assured I shall only be too happy to perform."

"Then, may I ask you to remain with or near my father, until I can secure for him other attendance?"

"Oh most assuredly—your requests, Miss Howard, are with me commands."

"What is the nature of your father's malady? Has it yet assumed any decided form?" asked Mr. Bruce, who had remained a silent listener to the conversation.

"We are fearful," said Kate, "that it is small-pox!"

"Small-pox," groaned the Doctor, "small-pox! that vile disfigurer of the human face divine, that loathsome leprosy which leaves its impress forever on its victims! Small-pox, in this house! in our midst—horror of horrors! it has been the dread of my life—and now I breathe its very breath! Recovering himself a little he suddenly turned to Kate—

"Fly, Miss Howard, fly! *You* exposed to this frightful scourge—this fearful pestilence!—let me entreat you to leave the house at once!"

"Alas!" said Kate, "the disease is so dreaded, and creates such a panic wherever it breaks out, I fear we could obtain no efficient aid if I left. Still, Doctor, it will be a comfort to know that I can depend upon you—that you will not desert us in this trying hour. I thank you for your ready promise to remain."

"Miss Kate, you cannot be serious? You would not ask me to face this awful disease—to run the risk of taking it, of suffering from it? Pardon me; I cannot encounter it."

"Unless deemed unworthy of so sacred a charge, I would ask of you, Miss Howard, the position you have offered to another," said Mr. Bruce, blushing and embarrassed. "I would deem it a favor. Only seek safety for yourself."

"Mr. Bruce will stay," eagerly cried the pseudo Doctor, forgetting for a moment his foe in his fright. "You can trust your father with him; he is not afraid of the disease. As for myself, really I could not breathe this atmosphere another moment. I would feel that I committed suicide to do so. I will order my horse at once."

"Have you had the disease?" asked Kate, turning to Mr. Bruce.

"I have not; but I will guard your father's life as I would my own. Only seek some place of safety for yourself."

"Do fly, Miss Howard," urged the Doctor, "let me bear you from this fearful place."

"I cannot go," said Kate coldly. "I am surprised that the life which last night you offered as a target to an enemy's bullet is this morning too valuable to be risked in the service of a friend."

"Really, Miss Howard"—

"Not a word, sir! Mr. Bruce, you will find my father in the library; not well, certainly, but as free from small-pox as ever in his life, and ready to answer the questions you yesterday desired me to authorize your asking."

"Miss Kate—Miss Howard—am I to believe myself the victim of a vile hoax?" cried the Doctor, angrily.

"By no means—only the subject of a test, by which I desired to prove if your moral courage equalled your animal spirit of bravado."

"And are your father's symptoms of a serious nature?"

"Only such as a parent would naturally exhibit when told by his only child that in a few minutes she would send into his presence a suitor to gain his approval of the choice she had made of a husband. But you said you wished to order your horse, Doctor; I will not detain you—good morning."

Three months after this I received the card of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bruce; and as the young lawyer lives to enjoy the eminent position he desired in his profession, I presume the Doctor's duel is indefinitely postponed.

Practical Jokes.

We remember of hearing a story of a fellow who aroused a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock one winter's night, and coming to the door coolly inquired:

"Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?"

"No," growled the victim.

"Well never mind," said the wag. "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday."

We thought that very cool, but the following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence anything within our recollection. Read and judge for yourself.

When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was British Minister in this country, he resided in New York and occupied a house on Broadway. Neil one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough riders, while passing the house, noticed it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hollos!" said the wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the company remarked that Jackson had a party this evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil; "Jackson have a party, and I not invited! I must see to that."

So, stepping up to the door, he gave a ring which soon brought the servant out.

"I want to see the British Minister," said Neil.

"You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed."

"Don't talk to me that way," said McKinnon, "but go directly and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business."

The servant obeyed, and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your business with me at this time of night, which is so very urgent!"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?" asked Neil.

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British Minister?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson."

"Yes sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume."

"Yes sir, a large party."

"Playing cards I understand?"

"Yes."

"O, well," said Neil, "as I was passing I merely called to inquire, what's trumps."

The Other Life.

As I grow older, and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I hear God say, "O thirsting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awaken in God's likeness, and see him as he is. If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life and light, and beauty, and its sound of joy; they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him by pointing to stalactites how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals, and the rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet reigning therein.

But when he came up some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a glitter with dew, and the landscape away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and interpretations made within the cave, and the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into the land where Spring growths are, and where is Summer, and not that miserable travestie which we call Summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life.

But on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drank at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I shall behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied!

An Accomplished Female Swindler—The Shrewdest Trick on Record.

Yesterday morning a well-dressed female alighted from a carriage in front of one of the largest and most fashionable dry goods houses on Fourth street, and, entering the establishment, asked to be shown some shawls. After looking over the stock, she selected one worth forty dollars, handing the salesman in payment a hundred dollar bill, of the genuineness of which the cashier expressed some doubt, and submitted it to an expert in such matters, who pronounced it perfectly good. The change was then handed to the customer, when she pointed out some blemish in the shawl, which had not previously been observed, and declined to take it, demanding the return of her money, which was done, and the bill once more placed in her neat little portemonnaie, from which it had but a minute before been extracted.

The attentive *attache* somewhat disappointed at missing the sale, politely insisted upon her again looking over the stock telling her he did not doubt she could be suited, and regretting that he had not a duplicate of the one she had first chosen. She readily consented, seeming desirous of making a purchase, but after once more examining the assortment, concluded that none would answer her purpose. When about to leave she offered the salesman thirty-three dollars for her first selection, which, owing to the blemish, he thought best to accept, notwithstanding a rule of the house that no goods should be marked down. The shawl was then neatly enveloped, the hundred-dollar bill again brought forth, and the change carefully put away, when the lady stepped into the carriage and was rapidly driven away.

A few hours later, when the cashier went to bank, he was surprised to learn that the hundred-dollar bill was counterfeit. The truth flashed upon him in an instant. The lady had given the salesman a genuine bill the first time, and afterward substituted for it the counterfeit. She is an entire stranger, has not been seen since, and probably never will be again, at least in that establishment.

* * *

WIRT AND CORWIN.—It is said that Tom Corwin was once trying a case, in which he was opposed to the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting Corwin's principal witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity. Wirt—Have you read Robinson Crusoe? Witness—Yes. Wirt—Do you believe it all? Witness—Well, yes, Squire, I don't know but what I do. The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's Travels, and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently, Mr. Wirt considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him, with a bland smile. Mr. Corwin said he had only one question to ask, and put it. Corwin—Have you read Wirt's life of Patrick Henry? Witness—Yes. Corwin—Do you believe it all? Witness—Why, no, Squire, I can't go that!

* * *

NO MORE TASTEFUL AND GRATIFYING PRESENT can be made an esteemed friend or relative than the picture of the donor, and therefore we advise those who have not quite determined as to what would be appropriate to give, to call at the splendidly furnished and spacious art saloon of Messrs. Anderson & Blessing, 60 Camp street, and have ambrotypes, photographs or daguerreotypes done up in that admirable style of execution and finish which have rendered the accomplished artists of the establishment celebrated in the Southwest. Step in and examine specimens and inquire prices and you will be pretty sure to walk away with a picture of yourself.

* * *

EXCHANGE ON EUROPE, WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.—Messrs. C. Cavaroc & Co., 116 Royal street, importers and wholesale dealers, offer for sale exchange on over twenty cities of France, all sorts of foreign wines, cordials and liqueurs, sardines, preserved fruit, demijohns, bottles, castile soap, etc. We direct the attention of the trade to the advertisement of Messrs. C. C. & Co.

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BUSINESS, AND
SAC COATS, in—
SILK MIXED CASSIMERE.
FRENCH BATISTE ..
LIGHT MIXED ..
GREY TWEEDS ..
BLUE .. ..
FRENCH MERINO.
BLACK ALPACCA,
COLORED ALPACCA,
FANCY DRILL,
WHITE AND COL'D DRILL
Planters' LINEN Do.

Frock Coats.

SUPER. FR. BLACK SINGLE MILLED CLOTH.
.. .. BLUE .. .. ..
.. .. BROWN .. .. ..
.. .. DRAP D'ETE.
.. BARPOUR MERINO.
.. BLACK ALPACCA.

Pantaloons.

BLACK SINGLE MILLED CASSIMERE PANTS.
.. FR. DRAP D'ETE ..
SILK MIXED CASSIMERE ..
FRENCH BATISTE ..
LIGHT MIXED CASSIMERE ..
GREY TWEEDS .. ..
FANCY LINEN DRILL ..
WHITE .. .. ..
COLORED .. .. ..

Vests.

RICH FIGURED MARSEILLES VESTS,
WHITE .. .. ..
PLAIN AND FANCY LINEN ..
BLACK SILK (very light) ..
FANCY .. .. ..
BLACK BOMBAZINE ..
BLACK ALPACCA ..

Dusters for Railroad Traveling.

BROWN AND COLORED LINEN DUSTERS.
ALPACCA DUSTERS.

Shirts.

SUPER. FRENCH COLORED CAMBRIC SHIRTS.
.. .. .. MUSLIN ..
.. .. WHITE EMBROIDERED ..
.. COLORED LINEN ..
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF L. B. C. SHIRTS, MADE UP IN EVERY STYLE.

Furnishing Goods.

A LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT NEW STYLES
RICH FANCY SILK TIES.
RICH BLACK LACE TIES.
RICH BLACK AND COLORED LACE SCARFS.
FRENCH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS—Bordered.
.. .. .. Plain.
SUPER GAUZE MERINO UNDERSHIRTS.
.. SILK FLANNEL ..
.. LISLE THREAD ..
.. JACONET ..
WHITE LINEN DRAWERS.
.. CAMBRIC ..
GAUZE MERINO ..
LISLE THREAD ..

Half Hose.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COTTON HALF-HOSE.
LISLE THREAD ..
SILK ..

Gloves.

COLORED LISLE THREAD GLOVES.
.. GAUZE SILK ..
.. LINEN THREAD ..
JOUVIN'S COLORED AND WHITE KID GLOVES.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH SUSPENDERS.

The Balance of Our

WINTER STOCK

SELLING OFF

At Very Reduced Prices!!

F. STRINGER & CO.,

35.......................CAMP STREET.......................35

Between Common and Gravier streets.

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NEW ERA IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

A NEW ERA..........................A NEW ERA

—In—

PHOTOGRAPHY!

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The Improved Hallotype.

J. B. HALL,

—And—

ANDERSON & BLESSING,

No. 61 Camp Street,

Respectfully solicit the attention of the public to a new and elegant style of Portraiture, which is now for the first time presented to the public.

Mr. HALL, the inventor and patentee of this new invention, as the result of years of experiment, has succeeded in perfecting it to such a high degree that artists, connoisseurs and photographers pronounce the

Improved Hallotype

Unequaled and unapproached by any other style of Photographic picture.

The Improved Hallotype—a name given by the Photographic journals—for softness, delicacy, truthfulness and durability, surpasses the finest Ivory Miniature; whilst its fidelity and stereoscopic effect renders the picture more charming and life-like than any other style.

These peerless portraits will be executed of any size required, at a less price than any other style of colored Photograph.

J. B. HALL and ANDERSON & BLESSING, No. 61 Camp street, (opposite the Picayune office) invite those wishing pictures, and all lovers of art, to call and satisfy themselves that they have inaugurated

A NEW ERA IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
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We beg leave to inform our numerous patrons and the public, that we have removed from 134 Canal street to the above named commodious building, which we have fitted and furnished in a suitable style, with the

Largest Sky-Light in the City,
A LARGE RECEPTION ROOM for the Public,
A SPLENDID PARLOR AND DRESSING-ROOM,
Exclusively for Ladies, and
A LARGE STUDIO for our Painters,

Together with all the necessary rooms and conveniences for the execution of

EVERY SIZE AND STYLE

—OF—

Miniatures and Portraits known to the art

—From—

THE SMALLEST LOCKET

—To—

FULL LENGTH LIFE SIZE ON CANVAS IN OIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS, Life Size, made by the new SOLAR CAMERA PROCESS.

PHOTOGRAPHS on Visiting Cards, by the hundred.

PHOTOGRAPHS, all intermediate sizes.

PHOTOGRAPHS, all sizes, untouched.

PHOTOGRAPHS Painted in Oil Colors.

PHOTOGRAPHS Painted in Water Colors.

PHOTOGRAPHS Painted in Pastel Colors.

PHOTOGRAPHS Touched in India Ink.

PHOTOGRAPHS Copied from old Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, Paintings, Drawings, etc., and finished in any style.

PHOTOGRAPHS taken in Groups of Families.

PHOTOGRAPHS taken of Buildings in any part of the city.

DAGUERREOTYPES taken in all their beauty and perfection.

DAGUERREOTYPES taken of deceased persons part of the city.

AMBROTYPES taken on a new and improved plan upon metallic plates, thereby obviating the danger of breaking.

AMBROTYPES transferred to Paper or Leather, letter size, for mailing.

—Also—

ANY, EVERY AND ALL STYLES

—Of—

Miniatures and Portraits,

Too numerous to enumerate here

Gallery open free to visitors the entire year, (Sundays excepted.)

Prices as low as any similar establishment in the city.

Perfect satisfaction given in all cases, or no charge will be made.

None but the best Artists employed at this establishment and the public may safely give us a trial.

—Constantly on hand—

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

—Of—

Fancy Cases, Frames, etc.

—Also—

GOLD LOCKETS, PINS AND TRINKETS.

ANDERSON & BLESSING,
No. 61 Camp street,
Corner Commercial Place, New Orleans

ANDERSON & BLESSING.

61.......................CAMP STREET.......................61

—AND—

No. 10 Commercial Place,

IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

—In—

EVERY DESCRIPTION

—Of—

Ambrotype, Daguerreotype, and Photographic Materials,

APPARATUS AND CHEMICALS,

At the Lowest Market Prices.

☞ Orders solicited and filled promptly.

ANDERSON & BLESSING,

s4 No. 61 Camp street

VALUABLE REMEDIES.

HAIR RESTORATIVE!

THE ONLY DISCOVERY
WORTHY OF ANY CONFIDENCE FOR RESTORING
The Bald and Gray!

Many, since the great discovery of Prof. Wood, have attempted not only to imitate his Restorative, but profess to have discovered something that would produce results identical; but they have all come and gone, being carried away by the wonderful results of Prof. Wood's preparation, and have been forced to leave the field to its resistless sway. Read the following:

BATH, Maine, April 18, 1860.

Prof. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: The letter I wrote you in 1856 concerning your valuable Hair Restorative, and which you have published in this vicinity and elsewhere, has given rise to numerous inquiries touching the facts in the case.

The inquiries are—first, is it a fact of my habitation and name, as stated in the communication; second, is it true of all therein contained; third, does my hair still continue to be in good order, and of a natural color? To all I can and do answer invariably yes. My hair is even better than in any stage of my life for forty years past, more soft, thrifty, and better colored; the same is true of my whiskers, and the only cause why it is not generally true, is, that the substance is washed off by frequent ablution of the face, when if care were used by wiping the face in close connection with the whiskers, the same result will follow as the hair. I have been in the receipt of a great number of letters from all parts of New England, asking me if my hair still continued to be good; as there is so much fraud in the manufacture and sale of various compounds as well as this, it has, no doubt, been basely imitated and been used, not only without any good effect, but to absolute injury. I have not used any of your Restorative of any account for some months, and yet my hair is as good as ever, and hundreds have examined it with surprise, as I am now 61 years old, and not a gray hair in my head or on my face; and to prove this fact I send you a lock of my hair taken off the past week. I received your favor of two quart bottles last summer, for which I am very grateful:

I gave it to my friends, and thereby induced them to try it; many were skeptical until after trial, and then purchased and used it with universal success. I will ask as a favor that you send me a test by which I can discover fraud in the Restorative, sold by many, I fear, without authority from you. A pure article will insure success, and I believe where good effects do not follow, the failure is caused by the impure article, which curses the inventor of the good. I deem it my duty, as heretofore, to keep you apprised of the continued effect on my hair, as I assure all who inquire of me of my unshaken opinion of its valuable results. I remain, dear sir, yours, A. C. RAYMOND,

Aaron's Run, Ky., Nov. 30, 1858.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: I would certainly be doing you a great injustice not to make known to all the world the wonderful, as well as the unexpected, result I have experienced from using ONE bottle of your Hair Restorative. After using every kind of restorative extant, but without success, and finding my head nearly destitute of hair, I was finally induced to try a bottle of your Hair Restorative. Now, candor and justice compel me to announce to whoever may read this, that I now possess a new and beautiful growth of hair, which I pronounce richer and handsomer than the original was. I will, therefore, take occasion to recommend this invaluable remedy to ALL who may feel the necessity for it. Respectfully yours,

REV. S. ALLEN BROCK.

P. S. This testimonial of my approbation for your valuable medicine (as you are aware of) is unsolicited; but if you think it worthy a place among the rest, insert it, if you wish. If not, destroy it, and say nothing. Yours, etc., REV. S. A. B.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: Large, medium and small. The small holds half a pint, and retails for one dollar per bottle. The medium bottle holds at least twenty per cent. more in proportion than the small, and retails for two dollars per bottle. The large holds a quart, forty per cent. more in proportion, and retails for three dollars a bottle. O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 144 Broadway, New York, and 11 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.; and sold by all good druggists and fancy goods dealers.

J. WRIGHT & CO., Agents,
21 and 151 Chartres street.

Dr. Hoofland's

GERMAN BITTERS,

—And—

Dr. Hoofland's

BALSAMIC CORDIAL,

The great standard medicines of the present age have acquired their great popularity only through years of trial. Unbounded satisfaction is rendered by them in all cases, and the people have pronounced them worthy.

LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, DEBILITY OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or weakness of the stomach and digestive organs, are speedily and permanently cured by the GERMAN BITTERS.

The BALSAMIC CORDIAL has acquired a reputation surpassing that of any similar preparation extant. It will cure, without fail, the most severe and long-standing COUGH, COLD OR HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, CROUP, PNEUMONIA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, and has performed the most astonishing cures ever known of

CONFIRMED CONSUMPTION!

A few doses will also at once check and cure the most severe DIARRHEA proceeding from Cold in the Bowels.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON & Co., No. 418 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere, at 75 cents per bottle. The signature of C. M. Jackson will be on the outside wrapper of each bottle.

In the Almanac published annually by the proprietors, called EVERYBODY'S ALMANAC you will find testimony and commendatory notices from all parts of the country. These Almanacs are given away by all our agents.

J. WRIGHT & CO., Agents.
21 and 151 Chartres street.

Mothers.

Thousands are daily speaking in the praise of

DR. EATON'S INFANTILE CORDIAL.

and why? because it never fails to afford instantaneous relief when given in time. It acts as if by magic, and one trial alone will convince you that what we say is true. It contains

NO PAREGORIC OR OPIATE

of any kind, and therefore relieves by removing the sufferings of your child, instead of by deadening its sensibilities. For this reason it commends itself as the only reliable preparation now known for Children Teething, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Griping in the Bowels, Acidity of the Stomach, Wind-Cold in the Head and Croup, also for Softening the Gums, Reducing Inflammation, Regulating the Bowels, and Relieving Pain, it has no equal—being an anti-spasmodic it is used with unfailing success in all cases of Convulsion or other Fits. As you value the life and health of your children, and wish to save them from those sad blighting consequences which are certain to result from the use of narcotics of which all other remedies for Infantile Complaints are composed, take none but Dr. Eaton's Infantile Cordial, this you can rely upon. It is perfectly harmless, and cannot injure the most delicate infant. Price, 25 cents. Full directions accompany each bottle. Prepared only by

CHURCH & DUPONT,
No. 409 Broadway, New York.

Blood Food.

Healthy Human Blood upon being ANALYZED, always presents us with the same essential elements, and gives, of course, the True Standard. Analyze the Blood of a person suffering from Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, etc., and we find in every instance certain deficiencies in the red globules of Blood. Supply these deficiencies and you are made well. The Blood Food is founded upon this Theory—hence its astonishing success. There are

FIVE PREPARATIONS

adapted to the deficiencies of the Blood in different diseases. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, or any affection whatever of the Throat or Lungs inducing Consumption, use No. 1, which is also the No. for Depression of Spirits, Loss of Appetite, and for all Chronic Complaints arising from Over-Use, General Debility, and Nervous Prostration. No. 2, for Liver Complaints. No. 3, for Dyspepsia. Being already prepared for absorption it is taken by drops, and carried immediately into the circulation, so that what you gain you retain. The No. 4 is for Female Irregularities, Hysteria, Weaknesses, etc. See special directions for this. For Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Scrofulous, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, take No. 5. In all cases the directions must be strictly followed. Price of the Blood Food $1 per bottle.

Sold by CHURCH & DUPONT, No. 406 Broadway, New York; J. WRIGHT & CO., No. 21 & 151 Chartres street; O. J. WOOD & CO., St. Louis, Mo., and by all respectable Druggists throughout the country.

SANFORD'S

LIVER INVIGORATOR

Never Debilitates.

It is compounded entirely from Gums, and has become an e tablished fact, a Standard Medicine, known and approved b that have used it and is now resorted to with confiden the diseases for which it is recommended.

It has cured thousands within the last two years given up all hopes of relief, as the numerous unsolici cates in my possession show.

The dose must be adapted to the temperament of [illegible] ual taking it, and used in such quantities as to act [illegible] Bowels.

Let the dictates of your judgment guide you in [illegible] Liver Invigorator, and it will cure Liver Compl [illegible] Attacks, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhea, Summer Comp [illegible] Dysentery, Dropsy, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Ch Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Flatulence, Jaun dice, Female Weaknesses, and may be used successfully as a Ordinary Family Medicine. It will cure Sick Headache, (a thousands can testify) in twenty minutes, if two or three te spoonsful are taken at commencement of attack. All who use it are giving their testimony in its favor.

Mix water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

Price, $1 per bottle.

—Also—

Sandford's Family Cathartic Pills,

Compounded from pure Vegetable Extracts, and put up in Glas Cases, air tight, and will keep in any climate.

The Family Cathartic Pill is a gentle and active Cathar which the proprietor has used in his practice more than twen years. The constantly increasing demand from those who hav long used the Pills, and the satisfaction which all express in re gard to their use, has induced me to place them within the reac of all. The Profession well know that different Cathartics ac on different portions of the bowels.

The Family Cathartic Pill has, with due reference to this we established fact, been compounded from a variety of the pure Vegetable Extracts, which act alike on every part of the alimen tary canal, and are good and safe in all cases where a Cathar is needed, such as Derangement of the Stomach, Sleep Pains in the Back and Loins, Costiveness, Pain and S over the whole body, from sudden cold, which frequen neglected, end in a course of Fever, Loss of Appetite, a C ing Sensation of Cold over the body, Restlessness, Headac Weight in the Head, all Inflammatory Diseases, Wor Children or Adults, Rheumatism, a great Purifier of the [illegible] and many diseases to which flesh is heir to, too numerous t mention in this advertisement. Dose, 1 to 3. Price, 3 Dimes.

The Liver Invigorator and Family Cathartic Pills are retail by Druggists generally, and sold by the trade in all the la towns.

S. T. W. SANFORD, M. D., Manufacturer and Propri
335 Broadway, N. Y.

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents,
And sold by every Druggist.

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