

North Carolina Argus.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. L.—New Series.

WADESBORO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1858.

NO. 13.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
FENTON & DARLEY.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.
No subscription received for less than six months.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
SIXTY CENTS per Square for the first, and THIRTY CENTS per Square for each subsequent insertion, except for
Three months, when the charge will be \$4 00
And for six months..... 5 00
To yearly advertisers a liberal discount will be made.
Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding five lines in length, will be inserted for \$5 a year; longer ones in proportion.
Advertisers must state the number of times they wish their advertisements inserted; otherwise they will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.
Ten lines or less (Brevier) make a Square.

NEW FEATURES.
FIFTH YEAR OF THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.—SUPERB ENGRAVINGS—EXTRAORDINARY TURKISH VALIARRE PRIZES—MUSIC, &c. The popular Art Association, now in its fifth year of unexampled success, having purchased and engraved on steel, Herrig's great painting, "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," will now issue 20,000 copies (to subscribers only) on heavy plate paper, 20x25 inches on the following
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Every person visiting the States will receive a copy of the superb steel engraving, after Herrig's celebrated painting.
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.
Also, a copy of the beautiful
COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL,
an elegantly illustrated quarterly Magazine.
Also, free season tickets of admission to the Eastern (or Düsseldorf) and Western Galleries of the Association.
There will also be given to the subscribers several hundred valuable works of Art, comprising fine Oil Paintings, Bronzes, Sculptures, &c., from celebrated American and Foreign Artists.
Subscriptions will be received up to January 1, 1859. On the evening of that date the premiums will be awarded to subscribers.
For full particulars see December Art Journal, price 50 cents. Specimen copies sent to those desiring to subscribe, on the receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps or coin.
C. D. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.,
9-1/2 Eastern Office, 548 Broadway, N. Y.,
Or Western Office, 160 Water st., Sandusky, O.

MONEY—THE BEST OF MONEY.
I HAVE A VALUABLE RECEIPT FOR MAKING MONEY, which I will send to any person upon the receipt of 50 cents. We make and use it in our family at half the cost, and consider it as good as the best article of genuine Home-made Money, which cannot be sold. Any person who will make and sell it can clear from three to three dollars a day. It only requires four articles to make it, and they can be had at any store for fifty cents. Every family may have this delightful luxury, for any lady can make it in fifteen minutes at any time. Three-cent postage stamps as good as money. Address J. P. CREEGER, Baltimore City, Md. 10-22

THE GREAT FEMALE PILL.
DR. J. P. CREEGER, THE AGENT,
Wholesale and Retail, for Dr. Whiting's celebrated Female Pills. These Pills are truly valuable for Ladies, for they restore the monthly course when they may stop from any cause whatever. They never have failed in any case where the directions around the box, containing the Pills have been strictly followed; indeed, there has been no case of failure occurred to our knowledge. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly safe. Single boxes mailed to order, postage paid, upon receipt of \$1; three-cent postage stamps good as money. Address Dr. J. P. CREEGER, Baltimore City, Md. 10-22

"Why Labor so Hard to Wash?"
I HAVE A CHEMICAL PROCESS FOR CLEANING clothes, by the use of which they can be washed in one half the usual time without being boiled, and with scarce any rubbing, thus saving labor, and the clothes are very white and clean, and they last much longer than if washed in the ordinary way of rubbing by hand, or with washing machine, by which the clothes are much worn. The articles used cost very little, and are easy to obtain. I mail this very useful receipt to order, post paid, upon the receipt of 50 cents; three-cent postage stamps good as money. Address Dr. J. P. CREEGER, Baltimore City, Md. 10-22

GOOD NEWS FOR LADIES!
ANY LADY THAT WILL SEND HER ADDRESS to Mrs. E. CREEGER, Baltimore City, Md., with three three-cent postage stamps enclosed, will receive by return mail information of importance to her. Woman, know thyself, and be happy. 10-22

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS.
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.
WANTED—AN AGENT IN EVERY COUNTY to engage in the sale of Texas New Works, beautifully illustrated, entitled "MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY CLAY," giving a complete and reliable Biography of HENRY CLAY, his most able and important Speeches, and also Essays, Biographies and Orations, delivered at Washington and other parts of the Union, on the occasion of his death—subscription price \$2; "THE LAND WE LIVE IN; OR, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA," price \$3.50; and "HOWARD'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE," containing over 1,000 large octavo pages, price \$4. Single copies, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, sent on application. Address, DUANE BULLSON, 1-18 No. 33 S. Third st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. H. C. BROCKEN,
29 CHURCH STREET, New York.
MANUFACTURER OF GLASS SYRINGES, HORN INSTRUMENTS, GRADUATED MEASURES, RUBBER BOTTLES, &c.
Glass Ware for Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, Photographers, &c. Green Glass Ware by the package. A liberal discount made to the trade. Orders from Country Druggists and Dealers solicited. Price Lists sent on application. 2-14

Consumption.
THE REV. DR. BURNETT, several years a Missionary in Southern Asia, discovered a SIMPLE and CERTAIN CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SCURF, PULS, COUGHS, COLDS, and NERVOUS DEBILITY; also an easy and effectual mode of inhaling the Remedy—a method by which the CURATIVE properties of the Medicine are DIRECTLY addressed to the diseased organs and the integument. Actuated by a desire to benefit his suffering fellow-men, he will cheerfully send the RECEIPT (free) to all who desire it, with full and explicit directions for preparing and successfully using the Medicine. Apply to or address
REV. C. S. BURNETT,
831 Broadway, New York.

To the Public.
WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL kinds of business in our line at the shortest notice.
BRICKLAYING, MAKING AND BURNING BRICK, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERING, including all kinds of CORNICE, CIRCLE and CENTER PIECES, done in style. Our work shall equal the best and latest done in this country. We respectfully solicit you that have such work to do to give us a call. We will make our prices to suit the times. All orders from a distance promptly attended to. Address
FREMANT & COBURN,
1-14 N. 3-1/2

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

should conform to the custom of the country he visits."
"And do you then go prepared for highway robbery? and have you no fear of thus journeying by yourself?"
"Well, Senator, what can I do? I am you perceive, an unprotected lady; and of those weapons, for now is the time for certain reasons, am required to make a journey between Perote and the capital some two or three times a year, and on such a journey I could not expect me to go prepared to resist an armed band! As to fear, I do not deny I have my share of that; but so far, I have never met with any rough treatment, and of course I trust to the saints that my fortune will ever be as propitious."
"And have you really been robbed on your journey back and forth?" I inquired.
"I think I have paid my share to the *ladrones* for my transit through their country."
"And you expect to continue a regular journey for the rest of your life?"
"Who knows?" she replied. "At least I hope to be always prepared."
"And your fellow travelers," said I, "have you never seen any disposed to resist these unlawful acts?"
"Once, Senator, an American and an Englishman, who were in the same diligencia with me, fired upon the robbers, killing one and wounding two."
"And did the robbers fire back?"
"Yes, but fled immediately, and fortunately injured none of our party."
"As I should have expected," returned I, "you were not robbed on that occasion, I suppose?"
"We were not, Senator; but the two foreigners subsequently paid dearly for their resistance; for in journeying back and forth both were killed, separate and at different times, near the same spot. You see these crosses by the side of the road, Senator?"
"I have observed them frequently, but here they seem to be much more numerous," I replied, looking forth from the vehicle.
"Each stands on the spot where some one has met a violent death," she rejoined; "and as we go along, I will call your attention to those which mark the places where the foreigners met theirs."
"Do you know," said I, "that I am resolved to emulate their example, let the consequences be what they may?"
"Holy saints defend us!" she exclaimed; "you are not in earnest, Senator?"
"Seriously so, I assure you."
"You would only bring certain death upon us both."
"Say, rather, I should lighten the expenses of the journey—for your knights of the road understand retreat as well as advance—and you yourself have acknowledged that firm resistance is the best way to flight for once."
"But there were numbers opposed to them, Senator, and you are only one."
"But, fortunately, I have a couple of revolvers, which in two good hands, amount to some ten or a dozen shots, and my friends have repeatedly told me I am not a bad marksman."
"Ah! Santa Maria! you will think better of this, Senator—the very idea of resistance terrifies me!"
"But not the idea of robbery?"
"Because I have never met with violence."
We continued to converse in a similar strain for some time longer—my fair companion gradually changing the subject, and seeming much interested in myself. I learned that her family name was Valerde, that she was unmarried, that her father and her brothers were officers in the army, and so forth, and so on; and in return I gave her my own name, stated something of my history, business and prospects, and altogether became more communicative than I would advise any friend to be with any stranger of either sex in a strange country.

As we continued our journey, the conversation gradually changing from one thing to another, Senorita Paula suddenly brought it back to the point where it first opened.
"We are coming upon a dangerous part of the road," she said, "are you still resolved to defend yourself if assailed?"
"With your permission, Senator?"
"I don't think it advisable," she replied, "but still, if such is your intention, I think it no more than right that you should give me a chance to take a part in my defence, since my risk of danger will be as great as yours."
"And have you really the nerve, after all, to defend yourself?" I inquired.
"If I had the means, Senator."
"I have two pistols," said I; "if you will accept of one of them, it is at your service."
"You are very kind, Senator—but can I fire it?"
"With ease, Senator," and producing one of my revolvers, I explained to her the manner in which it was to be used.
"And this, you say, will shoot some half a dozen times?"
"I think it safe to calculate that five charges out of six will explode, Senatorita."
"A very formidable weapon indeed," she replied; "and with such I can almost fancy we are safe. You have another, you say, like this?"
"I produced it."
"What a beautiful invention!" she observed, reaching over and taking it from my hand; then extending her hands, one of the revolvers in each, she continued: "Armed like this, one might almost count himself safe against a host! You say this is fired in this manner?" she proceeded, cocking one of the weapons as she spoke, and pointing it towards the road.
"Have a care, Senorita, or you will discharge it."
The words were scarcely uttered when her finger pressed the trigger, and one of the barrels was exploded with a sharp report. A minute after, and while I was gently chiding her, we heard a loud quick tramp of horses, and several sharp, rapid exclamations. The next moment our conveyance was stopped suddenly, and we saw our-

elves surrounded by some eight or ten mounted men, one of whom in a loud voice exclaimed:
"Yield yourself prisoner or die!"
"Quick, Senorita," said I, extending my hand; "quick! in Heaven's name! give me one of those weapons, for now is the time for decisive action!"
"Nay," she replied putting the weapon behind her, "you will be too hasty. Let me suppose we yield—let them open the door, and it will then be too late."
As I spoke, the door was suddenly thrown open, and three or four swarthy, heavily armed men presented themselves to my view.
"Quick Senorita, for the love of God!" I grasped her arm.
"I think," she exclaimed, instantly presenting me my own revolver to my head, "I am a useless man—you are our prisoner."
"Good God!" exclaimed I, perfectly astounded; "our prisoner did you say? It is not possible that one so fair and lovely as yourself is in any manner connected with these banditti!"
"It is even so, Senator," she replied with one of her most bewitching smiles, still keeping one of my own weapons turned against myself, and significantly pointing the other to the door. "You will oblige us by stepping forth and giving yourself into the care of these good gentlemen, who will see that you are treated as a brave man should be, but who will trouble you, meantime, for any little change and valuables you might have to spare!"
There seemed to be no help for it—the beautiful Senorita Paula Valerde was a spy and accomplice of the *ladrones*. She had entered the diligencia at Perote for no other purpose than to ascertain the exact condition of things inside, and be able to signalize her associates as she passed along, so that they might know exactly in what manner to conduct themselves and make their work safe without risk. By a simple stratagem she had obtained my arms, just at the point where she knew the attack would be made; and her discharge of the pistol, as if by accident was the sign to show them that all was secure.

"I acknowledge myself conquered by being outwitted," said I, bowing to the Senorita.
Then turning to the robbers, who had now collected in a body, in front of the door of the diligencia, I continued:
"Gentlemen, will you permit me to alight and make you some valuable presents? in the language of your country, all I have is yours."
The leader of the party bowed politely in return, and said with a grim smile:
"Si, Senor, we shall be most happy to receive anything which so distinguished a traveler may have to bestow."
With this I quietly stepped from the vehicle; and one quick, searching glance put me in possession of the whole state of affairs. The diligencia had been stopped in a wild, gloomy place and the driver was sitting carelessly on his box, taking every thing as a matter of course. He might also be an accomplice of the robbers, or he might not, but in either case, there was a little hope of assistance from him—for any attempt of the kind would certainly bring upon him a severe punishment, sooner or later. I glanced up and down the road, where it wound between dark overshadowing trees but discovered nothing to give me any hope. The robbers, some eight or ten in number, and all well armed, were collected around me, part of them mounted and the other standing on their feet, holding their mustangs by the bridle. Looking upon my case as a desperate one, so far as being plundered was concerned, I still retained my presence of mind, and did not wholly despair. True, I had been outwitted, and disarmed, and now stood singly between numbers; but the idea of yielding tamely to this outrage was repugnant to my very nature, and I resolved to put the last favorable opportunity for defence and retaliation to the strongest test.
"Will you accept this purse?" said I, producing one that held several gold coins, and handing it to the chief of the *ladrones*.
"Thank you, Senor! you are very kind!" he said, as he took it in his hand, with a polite bow, and chinked the money.
"This diamond pin may prove acceptable to you, friend!" I added, as I quietly removed it from the bosom of my shirt, and handed it to the gentleman on his left, who received it in the same polite manner. "This diamond ring I trust you will retain as a keepsake!" I continued, drawing the jewel from my finger, and presenting it to a third.
"I beg your pardon, Senor!" I pursued, glancing at the Senorita Paula, who, with my pistols still in her possession, was quietly standing within the diligencia, regarding the whole proceedings with one of the sweetest smiles. "I must not forget this beautiful lady. I have here," I went on, at the same time producing the article, "a very beautiful gold snuff box—set, as you perceive, with diamonds—will your ladyship honor me by accepting this as a slight token of my regard for the pleasure afforded me by your company and conversation?"
"You are a very gallant gentleman, Senator!" she laugh, taking the two revolvers in one fair hand, and presenting the other.

I reached the box towards her—but my hand trembled a little—and just as the present was about to touch her fingers, it slipped and fell between us.
"A thousand pardons, Senorita, for awkwardness!" I said, as I bent down to pick it up.
Now was the all-important moment—the moment of life and death! All were in a measure off their guard; and one quick, furtive glance showed me that the girl still held my weapons carelessly in one hand, with the other remaining extended for the prize. I

lifted the box carefully; but as I raised myself, I gave a wild, starting yell; and as the Senorita started back, I, with the quickness of lightning, seized both weapons, and wrenched them from her.
To wheel and commence firing upon the party was now only the work of a moment. The first shot, fortunately stretched out the chief; the second took effect on the one nearest to him; and by the time the third had been sent on its mission, there arose one simultaneous yell of dismay, and the astounded robbers began to scatter in every direction. I had no disposition to follow them, however; another minute they might rally and turn upon me; and springing forward, I grasped the reins of a freed mustang, and vaulted into the saddle. One more glance around me showed me the Senorita Paula upon the body of the chief, her laughter changed to grief, and some of the scattered cowards bringing their weapons to bear upon me.
"Adios, Senorita and Senores!" said I bitterly; "he laughs best who laughs last!"
The next moment I was dashing away down the road, the half-rallied robbers pouring after me a volley, but fortunately not touching their mark. They would doubtless have followed me in hot pursuit, but for the wholesome dread they had of my still undischarge weapon. As it was, I escaped, and entered the town of Puebla in triumph—where, it is almost needless to add, a narrative of my exploit made me a hero and a lion for the time. Here I sold my captured mustang and trappings for enough to indemnify me for what I had disposed of in the way of presents, and the next day saw me an inside passenger of the same diligencia, en route for Mexico, where I arrived in safety, without any further event worthy of note.

What became of the robbers and their beautiful accomplice I never learned; but the lesson taught me on that journey I have never forgotten: and during the remainder of my stay in that country no pretty woman ever had the honor of being my business confidante, or of getting possession of my trusty and unfailing revolvers.
Mr. Reporter Jones, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, whose fame is coextensive with that of "Cousin Sally Dilard," tells the following with admirable humor, showing clearly that some of the comers of Gaston, Ruffin, and Pearson are rather slow at taking. Judge _____ of the Superior Court Bench, was once holding court at Fayetteville. A case was called up for trial in which Judge Strange was counsel. A witness in the case, named Sarah Mooney, was absent. Mr. Strange arose and stated to the Court that he could not go into the trial of the case without ceremony (Sarah Mooney.) At this Sally the whole bar burst into a giggle of merriment. The Judge was somewhat irritated, and sternly rebuked the members of the bar for their want of respect to the Court. After adjournment of court some member of the bar explained to his honor that the merriment was called forth by Mr. Strange's pun. The Judge appeared to be satisfied, but still did not see the point of the pun. At the close of the circuit the Judge returned home still pondering on the remark of Mr. Strange, and wondering where the pun could be; just before he reached home, however, the point occurred to him, and he commenced laughing immoderately. When he entered his yard he was met by his wife, who was amazed at his cacophonous fit, which had not yet subsided.
"My dear husband!" she exclaimed, "what can be the matter? are you beside yourself?"
"Well, my dear," he answered, after he had become somewhat calm, "at the Cumberland Court there was an absent witness in one of Mr. Strange's cases whose name is Mary Mooney, and Strange remarked that he could not go into the trial without Mary Mooney," and here he relapsed into a hurricane of laughter.
"Why, Judge," replied the good lady, "I don't see any thing laughable in that remark."
"Well," replied the Judge, after a long pause, "I don't see the point just now myself, I did a few minutes ago, and you may depend upon its being a rich one if you will only discover it."
Just so; if you could only see it! Well, the joke was not very smart, and the Judge was very excusable for not taking the fun of the thing was the after-clap.

An occasional New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, tells the following: A good story is current concerning the Rev. George Ripley, who is one of the editorial staff of the Tribune. It seems that Judge Clark had given public utterance to the opinion—which, by the way is shared by not a few others—that the editors of the Tribune were regarded by him as no better than lunatics. Of course, it went to the ears of the paper. A short time afterwards, Mr. Ripley was summoned to act as a juror. Now, any one who has tried it, knows that it is not an enviable position to occupy, and the reverend editor not relishing the idea, betrouth himself of the aforesaid judgment of lunacy as the loophole of escape. He accordingly wrote on the back of the subpoena, "Mr. Ripley begs to be excused on the ground of lunacy, and in support of the plea, mentions the fact that he is one of the editors of the Tribune." Judge Clark being on the bench, took the document, and, reading the explanatory endorsement, promptly said, "the plea is recognized by the Court," and dismissed the wretched reverend, who, to the no small amusement of those who were in the joke, forthwith went on his way rejoicing.

James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, was arrested on the 26th ult. on an indictment found against him by the Grand Jury of Westchester county, New York, for an alleged libel published in that paper, in June last on Mr. John B. Haskin, charging that gentleman with having forged the records of the Willer's Point Committee, of which he was chairman.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POTATO.—W. Jones, Esq., of Liberty county, has presented us with a specimen of a Japan Yam, *Dioscorea Batatas*, raised on his plantation. It is a very prolific plant, and from its fine flavor and tenderness well suited for table use. It was first introduced into France during the prevalence of the potato rot in Europe, by the French Consul at Japan, who sent a few bulbs home, where they were planted by the government and pronounced a decided success. Mr. Jones obtained six bulbs from a gardener in New York, at an expense of one dollar a piece, and has now cultivated them for two years. He informs us that they thrive best in sandy land, and grow perpendicularly, sometimes so long that over a foot of it will be fit for use. The top dies down in the winter, but the roots remain alive and sprout again in the spring, growing larger every year. It is so tender and entirely free from fibre that it cannot be pulled up. The skin bursts when boiled, like an Irish potato. The vine has to be supported by a stake, and runs to a great length, the leaves projecting immediately opposite each other, and a tuber, from which the Yam grows, is produced with every leaf. The flowers have a peculiar fragrance, resembling the odor of cinnamon, and so powerful, that it fills the surrounding atmosphere. Mr. Jones has kindly left us a few of the tubers for distribution, which we will supply to any of our agricultural friends who have a desire to try them.—*Savannah Republican.*

THE FASTEST TIME OF RECORD.—Porter's Spirit says the fastest time ever made by an American horse was made by Prioress in her running for the late Cesarowitch in England over the turf of New Market Heath. The distance ran was two miles and a quarter and twenty-eight yards, and the time in which it was run was three minutes and fifty-six seconds; the mare carrying one and seven pounds. This is at the rate of one minute 45 3/4 seconds, or say 1.46 to the mile, two miles at the rate of 3.32; and if carried out at the same rate the Good-wood-cup distance in 4.25, and a four mile heat in 7.04. The two-mile race, however, having been done, is that which fairly compared with the two-mile time performed by American horses in this country. The "American Racing Calendar and Trotting Record" gives the time of Hegira, a four years old, which ran a two-mile heat at New Orleans in 1850, with catch weight, in 3.34 1/2, the best two-mile time made in this country; consequently, the 3.32 of Prioress is in every way better, and deserves to head the American record.

LEARNED BODIES.—I have seen stiff parents trying to get their children to say that they liked school time better than holiday-time; that they liked work better than play. I have seen, with joy, many little fellows repudiating the odious and unnatural sentiment, and declaring manfully they preferred cricket to Ovid. And if any boy ever tells you that he would rather learn his lessons than go out to the play-ground, beware of that boy. Either his health is drooping and his mind becoming prematurely and unnaturally developed, or he is a little humbug. He is an impostor. He is seeking to obtain credit under false pretences. Depend upon it, unless it really be that he is a poor little spiritless man, deficient in nerve and muscle, unhealthy and precocious in intellect, he has in him the elements of a sneak and he wants nothing but time to ripen into a pickpocket, a swindler, a horse-dealer, or an "Old Line [Buchanan] Whig."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—The Vicksburg Sun says: Among the many things that attracted the attention of the thousands at the fair in Jackson, was the identical sash worn by Col. Fergusson, who fell at the battle of King's Mountain in 1780. It was entered for exhibition by Col. Donald, of Leak county, and as a relic of the days that tried men's souls, it was regarded with peculiar interest by the assembled throng. The sash, it seems, has been an heirloom in the family of Col. Donald's wife (the Seviers) a name that figures conspicuously in the pages of history for these many years past. The corroding tooth of time has made many inroads upon the relic, but this, if anything, serves to render it still more interesting to the gaze of the beholder, and attractive to the lover of relics of days long past and gone.

A SMART REPORT.—The following story respecting Lord Chesterfield, "the pink of politeness," is told in the Memoir of the Rev. J. Hodgson, M.A. Lord Berkeley was once dining with him in a large party, when it was usual to drink until they were mellow. Berkeley was a plain blunt John Bull, and had, whether by design or accident, I am not told, shot one or two game-keepers, and Chesterfield, under the warmth of wine, said: "Pray, my Lord Berkeley, how long is it since you shot a game-keeper?" "Not since you hanged your tutor, my Lord!" was the reply. You know that Lord Chesterfield brought D. Dodd to trial, in consequence of which he was hanged.

FRANKLIN AND HIS LIGHTNING.—At the corner of Fourth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, is an old cemetery, and there lie buried the remains of Benjamin Franklin and his wife. A plain flat slab, with the simple inscription of the names of Benjamin Franklin and his wife Deborah, marks the spot. Directly over this grave runs a telegraph wire, across which the lightning, which Franklin first controlled, is constantly flashing communications of intelligence, noting daily the progress of events and incidents of consequence in the world.
"So, you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka, a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION