

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter. Sixteen lines or less will make a square.—Deductions made in favor of standing matter as follows:	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
One square, . . . \$3.50	7.00	12.00	20.00
Two squares, . . . 7.00	14.00	24.00	40.00
Three squares, . . . 10.00	21.00	36.00	60.00

When directions are not given how often to insert an Advertisement, it will be published until ordered out.

Miscellaneous.

A Duel—Strictly in Accordance with the Code of Honor.

The most vicious relic of feudal barbarity that curses society in these days is the modern duel. Human vanity—weak, sickly, and effeminate—herein manifests itself in its most dangerous phase, because it is never once suspected of being the prime and sole instigator to deeds of honorable butchery. Let us, taking a recent instance, convert history into "philosophy, teaching by example."

A young member of a family rendered illustrious by their virtues in a neighboring State, has attained a vigorous manhood, surrounded by loving friends, and canonized by the virtues and graces that high culture and the influences that home impart to character, he becomes affianced to the woman of his choice. Their hearts beat in unison. Their hopes and aspirations are henceforth tinged with like lines from the glowing portals of the golden future. His prospects, hopes, ambition, will, strength, are hers, and to him they are sacrificed because she shares and sympathizes with them. The man's life has been blessed by the prospective addition of a new personality to his previously barren life—which is thereby vivified, enlarged and exalted, without the sense of personal responsibility being in the slightest degree impaired.

The congratulations of mutual friends have been received, as well as the blessings of the poor and feeble who have enjoyed their benefactions, and rejoice in their joy. The wedding *trousseau* of the bride has been furnished in a style commensurate with the wealth and high social standing of the parties. The happiness of the people spreads contagiously among their friends and neighbors. A wide circle share, by kindly anticipation, the stores of well deserved happiness that the future has garnered up for them. The memory of good deeds done, and gentle words, fondly spoken, has blossomed into a rich harvest of earnest wishes for their future weal. The promised day approaches. What more could human heart desire? Not a cloud darkens their horizon.

At an evening party, ball, or casual visit, where their presence is hailed with unmixed delight by all who should be present, the demon of envy, malice, unkindness, stealthily creeps in and cradles like a beast of prey awaiting the fit moment to spring. It arrives. A slight—an insult—the bending of a brow with unkindly or unmanly seeming upon the destined bride, becomes a cloud no bigger than a man's hand that may gather to a fierce tornado, and dash the cherished fabric of their happiness to earth. It is retorted by an ominous frown from him to whom she is henceforth "all in all."

Next day friends are called upon and angry messages interchanged.—Few words are necessary, for Honor is a rigid disciplinarian, and brooks not temporizing. Some secret whispers have passed between the mutual friends of the party. It is understood they will soon depart for another State on business.

That night the unconscious girl's sleep is troubled with strange dreams, and weird images flit before her waking fancy. She sees the lord of her beating heart stretched pale and ghastly on the green sward—his manly form is rigid and encircled with white robes, while pitying angels weep above him. From this vision of terror she starts and wakes, thanking God! how fervently, that it was but a dream!

With the morning he comes to visit her. His frank face and every manner dispel the drooping thoughts of the dark night time. But he has come to say farewell—only for a little while, love, and he will be with her and happiness again. A tear glistens in her soul-lit eye, and moistens her silken lashes. But he chides her with a pleased fondness. He will be back in a day or two. One loving kiss, and his horse's hoof is ringing on the gravelled walk before the door.

She muses on her dream in strange bewilderment. There must be something in dreams. Had not Calphurnia dreamed and begged her Caesar to remain at home that woful day when he was butchered in the capital? Why is her usually calm soul so deeply troubled? Wherefore should he go away on that of all the days in the year? It is very strange, and a restless shadow has nestled in her heart and not be lifted up by the genial sunlight, or the perfumed breeze of that bright May morning, with its joyous orchestra of untaught melodists flitting through the willow branches. O! there is more in the faithful instincts of an earnest loving woman's heart than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

And where is he? Gone with two or three friends to an adjoining State to settle an urgent matter of business. He arrives at a neighboring city (say N. Orleans) where he is widely known, and esteemed for his noble virtues and many qualities. He is just going over the Lake, will be back to-morrow or next day at furthest. Bids his friends a gay and cheerful good-bye,

and seeks the green and velvety shores of Alabama—the State with softly musical name and generous inhabitants. Those he came to meet are on the ground with honorable punctuality. The business on hand is the exposure of a life chartered by the Almighty for a high and holy mission of usefulness, to be deadly impulse of a fellow-man's hostile hand. The distance is measured, the positions are taken, the ready rifles are raised and crack—a human soul is untimely ushered into the presence of its Maker! The generous virtues and manly truth that won him honor among his fellows shall be known to them no more. His lips are bloodless, his form is rigid, his eyes are glazing fast in death, and good pitying angels do weep above the prostrate form with its grand possibilities in the future dashed to earth.

Loving girl with the sun-lit eyes, thou art a widowed maiden. The day of thy promised joy is postponed to eternity. The fountain of thy tenderness is broken at the spring. What boots it to thee, that the young life with which thy own was inextricably entwined was laid down for thee in strict accordance with the hollow formula prescribed by shallow vanity, called the Code of Honor? Has it any healing balm or soothing nepenthe to offer to thy bruised heart, for the deep wound and immedicable scar that shall abide with thee for life? What will avail the kindly sympathies of true women and tender-hearted men, that never fail the afflicted, in all the long days of speechless sorrow to which thy guileless young life was condemned by the merciless prescription of the Code of Honor?

The above is no purely fancy sketch. The events recited are of daily occurrence. If there be sermons in stones assuredly there is a sermon in the simple narration of facts like these that should lead thoughtful men and women to war against the inhuman rule that for trivial or imaginary offences exacts a human life as propitiation—"in strict accordance with the Code of Honor."

Hope and Memory.

The following beautiful *morceau*, from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, has been in our scrap-book for years, and we publish it with the hope that the reader will admire it as much as we do:

A little babe lay in its cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its hands and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones which it should gather for itself.

The babe grew to be a child, and another friend came and kissed it.—Her name was Memory. She said, "Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that shalt be sweet to thee when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once when he went to bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the merry lay I sing thee."

But Memory said, "Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we will be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory, and was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silent by his side, weaving rainbow tissue into his dreams. When he woke, they came, with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him in his labor, and every night he snipped with Memory, at the table of knowledge.

But at length age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye, the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow-chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously and said, "Hast thou not lost something, that I entrusted to thee?" And she answered, "I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and sometimes Time purloins my key. But the gems thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are."

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man lay down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory waled with it through the open gate of Heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold, and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors. Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed into the bosom of a glorious form, and said: "Immortal Happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine. Jesus hath redeemed it!"

Three cities—Boston, Chicago, and New York—have been the scenes of forty-four murders since January last.

The Boy's Trials.

The Springfield Republican has a capital article on this subject. Here are some of the extracts:

HIS REGULATIONS WITH THE "OLD MAN."
We suppose that the first severe trial a boy has to undergo is to submit his will to the old man, whom he is taught to consider his father. To be restrained indoors at night, to be forbidden to go in swimming five times a day, or to be hindered from pinching the rest of the children, just for fun, is an interference with natural inalienable rights, every way injurious to the feelings.—And then when upon some overwhelming temptation the boy asserts his independence of parental control, and receives a "tanning," with a switch, from a quince bush, either upon his back or his bare feet, it becomes really a serious thing. We never could see that the smart of an operation like this was at all assuaged by the affectionate assurance that it was bestowed out of pure love.

SITTING WITH THE GIRLS.
The next great trial of that body is to be obliged by a cruel master to sit with the girls at school. This usually comes before the development of those undeniable affinities which, in after life, would tend to make the punishment more endurable. To be pointed out as a "gal boy," to be smiled at grimly by the master, who is so far delighted with his own ineffable pleasantry as to give the little boys license to laugh aloud, and to be placed by the side of a girl that had no handkerchief, and no knowledge of the use of that article, is, we submit, a trial of no mean magnitude. Yet we have been obliged to "sit up close" with big Rachel, laughing and blushing, till we came to hate her name. We wonder where the overgrown frowzy creature is now, and what the condition of her head is?

THE FIRST LONG TAILED COAT.
We do not believe that any boy ever pit on his first long tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors it seems to him as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky; the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; his very shadow mocks him. When he walks by the cottage where Jane lives, he dares not look up for his life. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stop a light in the garret window nod with derision. If he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes its most terrific stage. His legs get all mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, moved by the wind of his own agitation: he could not feel worse were it a dishcloth, worn as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church and sits down with his coat tail under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday school, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to "swing his long tail blue."

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.
The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative, before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial either to a tender or tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make satisfactory tour of the room, without stepping on their toes, and then to sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them in one's pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can get so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to spend a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself all the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, and unimpressible, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck, makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbow, stammers out the words, "shall I see you home." She touches her fingers to his elbow, and they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as a couple of goslings. As soon as she is safe within her own doors, he struts home, and thinks he has been and gone and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of Caroline and Calico, and he awakes in the morning to find the doors of life open to him, and the pigs squealing for breakfast.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.
We have passed over churning and learning the catechism, because we are fearful of making this article too long, although we might have talked of butter that would not come, and perplexities of literary turn of mind, and a head that measured seven and a quarter when asked what the chief end of man was. Boyhood is a green passage in man's experience in more sense than one. It is a pleasant thing to think

over and laugh about now, though it was serious enough then. Many of our present trials are as ridiculous as those which now touch the risibles in the recollection, and when we get to the other world and look upon this infancy of the soul through which we passed here, we have no doubt that we shall grin over the trials which we experienced when we lost our fortunes, when our mills were swept away or burned, and we didn't get elected to the legislature. Men are but boys of larger growth.

Royal Marriages.

Marrying for money is bad enough, and productive of great evils. But the very worst prostitution of the marriage relation, done, as it is, under legal and religious sanction, is the making of State matches. The sending of some innocent child abroad, as wife or husband, into a foreign royal or ducal family, is sending Pandora, and sooner or later the mischief becomes apparent. These State marriages complicate and embarrass European politics to an almost unconquerable degree. We felt a sort of sorrow for the daughter of Victoria in her Prussian match. And it is unquestionable that nothing but the remarkable good sense of Prince Albert, and the affection with which the British Queen is regarded, have prevented the Queen's continental alliance from being a source of great confusion. Even with these qualifying circumstances, the domestic relations of Victoria have embarrassed the British Cabinet. And the difficulty is likely to be rather increased than diminished, especially in regard of a war in Europe. The late French marriage is well understood to be a political union. The Bonapartes have not been happy in this sort of thing. The second marriage of the Napoleon was the great error of his life; and we have yet to see what the present Emperor can make of matrimonial brokerage. For the first Emperor not only failed in his own, but was disappointed in nearly all that he projected for his family.

It seems to us republicans a trifling matter to be studying court almanacs; but without this intrinsically small knowledge we can know really but little of the springs which cause eccentric movements in European cabinets and conferences. Here and there is a family which appears to be shelved, like the old French dynasty, for instance. It would seem of little consequence what the French legitimists may do or think. Yet, with their ineradicable pride and their inveterate adherence to tradition, favored by the prepossession in their behalf which is general in courts and among old European families, the day may come when even the despised Bourbons may lift their crests and burnish their faded bearings. Nobody but a Louis Napoleon could have restored the empire of parvenues in the face of the protests of dishonored legitimacy.

Again, we say, we may thank our stars that we have on this continent none of these difficulties. We have anomalies and perplexities; but the very worst of these is nothing compared to the European dilemmas. Our stripes evoke hard words, and cause threats and rejoinders. But no blood is shed. There are no arming and counter-arming. The newspapers do the battle, and the various sovereignties remain still in union. So we hope and believe they will, till our present great contests are fought out, and many new ones are entered into and peaceably disposed of. Without our central government to keep the peace, we should have more wars than have taken place in Europe. The federal compact attests the wisdom of our fathers, and secures our alliance better than all the treaties which could be imagined. Royal marriages neither make nor mar our peace, while the free intercourse between citizens of different States, and the marriages of individual choice and preference, which grow out of that intercourse, bind the United States together in social bonds. The southern gentleman does not marry the northern lady, and the northern gentleman is not attracted to the southern belle from any State or political motive. They wed because they like each other; and the good that follows, in softening of the sectional asperities, is as natural as any of the good results of matrimony, though just as little counted on beforehand. The republic is the true theory of government, and everything goes to prove it.

Cruelties of the Austrians.

The Turin correspondent of the Morning Herald says: "The Austrians have, it seems, behaved with great cruelty since their invasion. The General levies a certain sum of money in every village through which the army passes, besides a certain number of rations, blankets, carts, etc. Independently of this, the soldiers are allowed to help themselves to what they please—wine-casks are smashed, costly furniture is used for fire-wood, crockery is shivered, the men are sent to bear arms are seized upon and sent handcuffed to Lombardy; and as to the women, in the hands of a wild and infuriated soldiery, I leave you to imagine. Here, in Turin, the greatest indignation prevails in consequence of these atrocities. In the *cafes*, and all places of public resort, the outcry against the

Austrians is unanimous, and I fear but too well deserved. Reprisals are loudly clamored for, such as the bombardment of Trieste, and the shooting of prisoners. It is said that the King sent an envoy, under a flag of truce, to the Austrian head-quarters, to request the General not to make war like a savage, but as a civilized being. A curt acknowledgment of the message was the only reply, stating the difficulty of restraining the common soldiers, etc."

Remarkable Race by Railroad.

One day last week, as the eastward bound express train reached Laporte, Ind., a passenger stepped off while the engine was being replenished with wood and water, and walked back and forth on the platform, and continued to walk until the whistle sounded.—The other passengers got aboard and the train passed off, but the gentleman still walked on. A few minutes after the train had gone, a station man saw the pedestrian, and going up to him, asked in a surprised tone—

"What the— are you doing here?"
The man started, opened his eyes, and looked around bewildered. The fact was, he had been fatigued, and dropped asleep while walking. Rousing himself, he asked:
"Why, where am I?"
"Where are you? At Laporte."
"Where's the train I came in?"
"That left ten minutes ago."
"Ten minutes ago, and left me! I must go in that train. It is a question of life and death with me. Can you get me to it? Have you got an engine here? Where is the superintendent?"

The section master had an office near by, and the two went to find that official and procure an engine. The traveller stated his case—he must go on—could not delay—and offered the officer \$250 if he would put him on board of the train. This strange demand and strange offer caused the station master to hasten and do what he could. The fire was not out of the engine that had drawn the train to that point—the bargain was settled—a draft given on New York for the \$250 and in ten minutes the traveller started with an engine to overtake the flying express.

After rushing on for thirty or forty miles, some connection gave away about the engine. The engine was stopped—the engineer found the difficulty and in a very few minutes had a wooden pin whittled out and fitted to supply the deficiency. With this, on they flew. The train had, of course, many miles the start of them, and despite the wooden pin, the engineer crowded on steam, and tore through the country at a fearful rate. Thirty miles of the distance passed was run in twenty minutes, but the engagement was that they should overtake the train, and overtake it they did, but not until one hundred miles had been run, and they were approaching Toledo.

Having at length overtaken and stopped the train and hurried on board the traveller went eagerly to a berth in the sleeping car, and took therefrom a carpet bag containing \$275,000. His treasure was safe—none had molested it, and dismissing his faithful courier, he went on his way rejoicing at the success of his perilous and exciting adventure.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Montebello After the Battle.

A letter to the Messenger gives the following description of Montebello on the day after the battle:
"Within fifteen hours after the battle was over, we entered Montebello, where were only an advanced guard of 40 light Sardinian horse. The city was almost a desert. The inhabitants who had fled the day before, on the approach of the enemy's columns, were returning timidly, one by one watching and listening sharply, to find out the condition of their houses. Corpses covered the approaches to the town, and filled the streets, those of the Austrians in the proportion of 4 to 1 of Allies. While M. Gaidrau, my fellow-traveller, was sketching for *L'Illustration* the scenes of the battle, according to the Piedmontese officer, I went into some of the houses.

"Every where I saw soldiers dead and stiff in the attitudes in which they had been struck. Bodies strewn in pools of blood, furniture broken, walls grooved by balls, doors and windows smashed, bayonets bent and twisted, muskets which had been used as clubs; all this made up one of those scenes which are never forgotten.

"I went to the cemetery. It was literally filled with Austrians, lying along the graves. It is on ground elevated considerably above the road, and has a wall which is pierced with grated openings. It might almost be called a fortification. All the intertidal and incredible dash of our soldiers was required to dislodge a desperate enemy with so little loss.

"I have seen the Austrian prisoners. Many of them are Hungarians, and openly express their joy at being in our hands. They tell, in bad Italian, incredible stories of their suffering since the campaign commenced, and of the sorry state of Gyulay's army."

A Happy Man.

A zealous divine who had prayed earnestly that God would teach him the perfect way of truth, was directed to go to a certain place, where he would find an instructor. When he came to the place he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he wished a good morning. "I never had a bad morning," replied the man. "That is very singular! I wish you may always be so fortunate." "I was never unfortunate," said I.—"I hope you will always be as happy," said the divine. "I am never unhappy," said the other. "I wish," said the divine, "that you would explain yourself a little." "That I will cheerfully do," said he. "I said that I never had a bad morning; for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or snows, or hails, whether the weather is serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God, and therefore I never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances, and despised, I still praise God. You wish that I might always be fortunate; but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me but according to the will of God; I believe that his will is always good, in whatever he does, or permits to be done. You wished me always happy; but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God."

"But what if God should thrust you down to hell?" "I have two arms, faith and love, with which I would hold on to my God and Saviour, and not let him go; and I would rather be in hell with God than in Heaven without him."

The divine, astonished at the man's answers, asked him whence he came. "I came from God," he replied.—"Where did you find God?" "Where I left the world." "Where did you leave him?" "With the pure in heart."

"What are you?" "I am a king." "Where is your kingdom?" "It is within my own bosom. I have learned to rule my appetites and passions; and that is better than to rule any kingdom in the world." "How were you brought into this happy condition?" "By secret prayer, spiritual meditation, and union with God. Nothing below God could satisfy my desires. I have found him, and in him I have peace and rest."

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The Double-Headed Girl.

THE STORY CONFIRMED—STATEMENT OF AN EYEWITNESS—THE GIRL'S HISTORY.
To the Editors of the New York Evening Post:
In your notice of a double-headed girl on exhibition in Georgia you express doubts as to the truth of the statement contained in the notice you published. One year ago I saw this child in St. Louis, Missouri. She is a slave, born in North Carolina. While an infant she was sold for one thousand dollars. At the age of six or seven years she was sold again for five hundred dollars. The owner took the child to England and exhibited it to hundreds of thousands in the Old World. The present owner bought his mother, went to England, and instituted legal proceedings, in the name of the mother, for the custody of the child.

The resemblance which the child bore to the mother was so strong that the presiding judge directed it to be given up to the mother, which was done. The late owner then offered to deposit in court fifty thousand dollars to the credit of the mother if she would commit the child to him again, and remain with it herself; but by the laws of England, she and her child were free; but the offer was declined.—"What should I do with so much money?" said she; "I wish to return with my child to North Carolina," which she did by the way of New York.

Her owner then asked the mother in what manner she wished to live, and he would conform to it. She asked for a little cottage and a patch of ground where she could raise her own chickens. There, says her master, she lives, with her husband and five other children which he has purchased. Two others were sold while young to a negro-trader, and notwithstanding that the master of this valuable family has offered five hundred dollars to know who is the present owner of these two, no trace can be found of their whereabouts.

I never saw a more sprightly child of its age than this wonderful twin girl, which in fact is two children in everything but the body. A little below the shoulder-blade there is but one spinal column; there are two heads and necks, two hearts and sets of lungs, four arms and four legs—in short, the child is as much two as one.

The two heads converse with each other, as do the Siamese Twins. They can sing together or separately, and can talk with different persons at the same time.

This double creature can run and dance, and appears perfectly happy. It was dressed, when I saw it, in white, with a crown on each head, with long, flowing, curling hair. The complexion is a dark copper color, with bright full eyes, noticing all that takes place in their presence. But for fear of emacipation, the child would be taken North. Nearly one hundred dollars a day were received while it was in St. Louis.

Character is the only personal property that every body looks after for you.

The Wit of a Mischievous Belle.

Hon. Henry Stuart Foote, late Senator in Congress from Mississippi, and afterwards a shining light in California, is attracting considerable attention in the South at this time. It seems he is endeavoring to look young again, and has donned a brown wig and dyed his beard and moustache. Last winter the Ex-Governor was figuring about the parlors of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, in a flowing wig of dark brown locks, and an enormous beard and moustache of the deepest jet, which would have done honor to a Grenadier of the French Imperial Guard. As he passed the large mirrors he never failed to cast an admiring look at his own reflection, and not only smiled at himself, but was the cause of laughter in others who beheld him. One evening he joined a group of gentlemen who surrounded a young and charming belle, and soon addressed some remarks to her. She returned a look of surprise, as if she did not know him.—"Why, Miss —," said our venerable friend, "you don't seem to know me." "Oh, yes," said she, apologetically, "there is something quite familiar to me in your voice, but really I can't recollect your name." "My name, Miss —, is Foote." "Ah, now I understand it. I once knew a Gov. Foote, of Mississippi, but did not know that he had a son as young as you are!"

"Thank you, Miss —; I owe you one," said the orator, as he turned away, for his self-possession was not proof against the wit of the mischievous belle.

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