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Without or with offence to friends or foes, We sketch the world exactly as it goes."

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OUR STORY TELIER

"Now fiction's grows we tread where you haps the glad senses in her sweetest trance

COOUETTE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN

CHAPTER I.

to morrow night ?"

The speaker, a fashionably attired wang comfortable office chair, and sat lights humming an opera air, tapp ng an accomand clear grey eyes, sat leaning over a la. M. n. ble strewn with papers and tied with rel lore of Coke and Blackstone.

The latter made no reply, but give quick, nervous start, slightly contracted England home; thus I have the best rea. his arched ere-brows, then bent over his sons for decilining." books again-and his companion contin-

Well, this Hunter's a lucky dog ! Ith be a splendid affair-the wedding-they say. Of course you'll be there, Paul P

'No,' replied Paul Deaning, without hand P raising his eves. Not at Mattie Archeis wedding ! Wh

I'm astonished !" 'So it would seem,' returned Denning, herelf for gold.

But, Paul, I don't understand it. Why what's come over you, man ! Haven been slighted in the invites, have you?"

'No I-received an invitation ca d three

'And do not accept it !'

'And why ! if I'm not too inquisitive If you're not present, people will be apt sent 'regrets' to the bride elect. Good to say, 'Denning hasn't forgotten old scores | morning !

'Old scores ! pray what do you mean before Dening sprang up, locked the by that, Nelson ? asked Denning, sharply. door; and then, free from all intrusion, a but carelessly twirling his pencil case about rapid change came over him. his finger as if to appear indifferent.

'Why,' returned Nelson, with a smile, that one Paul Denning, Esq., a rising bit his lips till the blood came. young lawyer was the belie's favored suitor, until one day, this Hunter, just returned from California with his pile, appeared on Fickle, false cognette, that she is !- but the stage of action -and then ---

"And then,' broke in Paul, nervously bipensed with the attentions of the poor law ver in order to receive those of the millionaire-in plain English, dismissed me-That's it.'

'Yes, just so.' said Felson. 'You've summed up 'the case' with the ease and skill of an old practitioner.

Denging's eve kindled, and his cheek had rooted out from his heart every ves flushed, partly with shame, partly with an- tige of the brief, wild love he had cherish-

I wish I could say the world lies ? he Archer, replied, with spirit.

'Then you don't deny the soft impeach

'I deny nothing,' retorted Paul, angrily. 'I made myself a fool, as scores have Denning, was not of the number. In the done before me, for a coquette's smiles,-But, thank heaven, I'm free now ! anare is broken-her fascinations are over -and now I almost wender where the lure

'Perhaps you're not alone in that. Paul We discarded lovers are apt to feel blue at first, but after a little the divinity who jilted us gets hurled from the lofty pedes tal she occupies in our hearts, and becomes to us, wonderfolly like other mortals -Paul, they're all alike-these women !-Just give 'em the chance, and they'll cut the best fellow in the world, be he poor, for a richer one. For an elegant estab lishment, handsome turnout, a box at the opera, jewels, and 'loves of bonnets,' they'l se!l themselves bodily. Talk about our freeborn American women! they're no boyhood home a heart sick and weary. CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

better than Circassian slaves, half of 'em | He had wildly loved the beautiful and -there's this difference, the one is sold,fascinating Mattie Archer; and the city the other sells herself ! and Fred Nelson, beile, who counted her admirers by the himself the veriest dandy that walked Broadway, after delivering this famous ti- from them all-and, awaking to the knowlrade against the gentler sex, leaned his edge that she possessed a heart formed chair back against the wall with a wonders for better things than the idle butterfly fully comical expression of grav twand wis life she was leading, had, in her encour. dom on his face. agement of the young lawyer, been true

'Pshaw I exclaimed the oung lawyers to her better nature. smiling, 'you overshoot the mark, Nelson' But it was for a brief season only. The Because this fashionable city belle, Miss life she had led had made Miss Ascher too-Argher, loves wealth and the fuxuries it much of a coquette to receive exclusively will bring her too we I to share the lot of for a length of time any man's attentions; s poor professional man who has yet his other lovers must share her smiles; her name and fortune to win, it does not follow better impulses were banished; and tho' that all her 'sex are swayed by such mer- she loved Denning better than any other cenary motives. I have more faith in woman than to believe that!' and his eyes most drove him mad with jealousy. grew tender, and his voice took a sudden Matters stood thus when a new suitorthrill, for in that hour his heart cried out

olden days, 'Mary ! Mary !'

Deanings' words and tones were strange.

Nelson's land was on the door. 'Then

you'te off in the morning, Paul-and i

anybody asks me of you I shall say busi-

He pervously paded the floor the color

'Fool, week find that I am, despite my

bossts of freedom to think of her thus!

yet,' he continued after a brief pause,'and

vet why should I who am myself so un

sweet pictured face and a tress of nut brown

hair, he tenderly kissed it, and murmured,

Hours passed-the struggle was over ;-

and when Paul Denning, slightly pale, but

calm, sought his lodgings that night, he

ed for the brilliant and beautiful Mattie

It was a large and elegant party which,

on the mor ow's eve, met in the Mansion

of the mer hant prince, to witness the nupt

tials of his daughter with the wealthy Ron

bert Hanter ; but the young lawyer, Paul

he ne of his boyhood in a pleasant village

at the old hearth-stone, beside his mo-

ther's chair, with bro her's and sisters a-

the wound which it had so lately experi-

of that brilliant bridal party what a wea-

ry heart beat under the peerless bride's sa

rin and orange flowers; and how could

they foresee the visions which would come

to mock her in her luxurious home-vis-

ions of lost happiness following her like

CHAPTER II.

Pau Denuing carred with him to his

haunting spectres !

Poor Mary!

came and went upon his cheek-and he

nes or pleasure called you away !"

tepesed emotion.

the wealthy Mr. Hunter just returned from for one who had been very dear to him in the ElDorado of modern adventures -- ap> peared in society and strove to win the fair 'Well, well, we won't quarrel-they aren't | belle. And the show and glitter of his alworth it. Oh, frailty, thy name is wom i most fabulous wealth, his gay equipage,an l' said Nelson with good humored pom, the dazzie of the jewels he could bestow posity; and went on, 'The question's of upon her, and, still more, the command of "So Mattie Archer's wedding come off Mattie Archer's wedding. Now here am her father, who stood on the verge of ru I, who at one time, even as yourself, was in, that she should bring him a son indancing attendance upon the lady; and whose wealth would most effectually avert man, had thrown himself carelessly in a yet, because she didn't choose to have her the impending crisis in his mercantile af name engraved on my wedding card, I fairs-all these blinded her to the fact shall not refuse to go and see her render that she did not bestow one particle of paniment on his polished Wellington win some other man-miserable! Better lay love where she had promised her hand. the timest of all dandy canes; while the aside all pique, Paul, and accompany me Not until, in his esperation, Paul Den-

kiss the bride, and then come away thank. ning sought her presence and demanded graceful figure, with a high, pale forebest ful that your are not moosed, urged Nel- her love, did she awake. Then the strug- tle, blue-eyed, brown haned girl-not pling all over her averted face, she sprang and wandered into the conservatory. 'No, thank you,' replied Denning, cold- free again, she would not become his, for tape, and huge quartos filled with the ly. It's not bique I feel-but I don't care he was poor ! Her proud, worldly heart to go. Besides, I leave the city to rmore conquered; but her lips were white, which Hanover-and where he had learned othrow morning, to pay a visit to my New-

> mised wife. We have been friends let us "Aha! that's it, then ! You're off !- remain so still. I would not have our But have you heard,' said Nelson, ising .triendship broken."

that old Archer can hardly keep above With a bitter and proud retort that she board-has met with heavy losses of late was free as air, he flung off the white and people think the fair Mattie had hand, which, sparkling with costly gems, his in view in securing her wealthy hus_ was I id appealingly upon his arm, said,

'May the gold for which you sold your-Yes, I did hear something of the kind. self give you happiness !' and so they par-Heaven send her happiness! her chances brit are small enough though, if she sold ted-he to his studies again, and she to superintend her bridal trousseau, No one dreamed of how in her bridal

hour she took her marriage vows upon at variance—the one full of deep feelher with white lips; while her accusing ing the other of scorn ; while his lip carl d sith contempt, then quivered is with angel stood by her side and whisper-

> 'You have sold your self to misery !' and her heart sanctioned it.

No one knew how much of suffering Paul Denning bore with him to the quie Yes, anything either. I have already tude of his country home, whither he had fled that he might not make one of the group who gathered with congratulations about the new made bride. Hard whad Nelson quitted the office,-

'It is enough ! The pell is broken, and you are free! he had scornfu'ly exclaimed, in that moment when she had discard ed him; and those wo ds were true.

Had Mattie Archer, ere she took her marriage vows upon her, repented and plead for his love again, he would have told ber, and truly too, that he felt that love no longer. A feeling akin to scorn and pity for her who had proved herself so mercenary swayed him; but though ting his lip, then the belle politely dis; worthy, call her false? and drawing from his dream of love was over, his heart was aching yet, with that suffering which eve his vest a little locket which encased a ery one experiences when they become aware that they have loved an unworthy

> And then, heart sick and weary, his thoughts wandered back into the days of the past, where the bright sunlight of an earlier and purer affection flooded his whole being with a rosy light; the haunting gaze of tender eyes followed him reproachfully; and he knew that even as he had acted a falsehood, and wronged the trust of a gentle heart, he had been met and foiled with his own weapons, and the punishment which Mattie Archer's deser tion had caused him was but just.

'Paul,' said his favorite younger si ste Lizzy, on the morning of the third day of his visit, the Butlers give a party to-morrow night, and your worshipful presence is round in-he was solacing his beart for most respectfully solicited I shall claim you for my exclusive escort.'

'And so, in lieu, of a more agreeable beau And it was not known among the guests my little Lizzy will accept the company of an old bach like me !" and he foundly stroked his pet sister's sunny curls.

'Yes, indeed-but I forgot to mention who may slightly shake your bachelor sentiments. She is an old acquaintance - and one whom I shall not object in the least to receiving as a sister-in law, said Lizzy

she be ? querried l'aul,

Oh, never mind-I prefer to keep you in suspense! Meantime coax your hair into curl, and trim your "incipient mous. name of "legion,' had turned, for a time, tache, for I want you to look your best on the occasion.

> 'Nay-but Lizzy, I shall keep you prisoner here till you sati-fy my curiosity.'and Paul shut the door and stood with dyed her cheek. his back against it. ·Well, then, and Lizzy pouted-topen

bably heard of fiele Mary Derwent ? and she bounded away. A red flush tinged Denning's cheek an t

even died his forehead; and he walked the

floor in agitation. 'Mary here ?' he murmured : but why. on earth yet her coquetries at times alt had that name power to move him thus, but that its owner had been, or was still

> very dear to him ? 'Oh' don't look so horror stricken, sir lawyer, said Lizzy, putting her curly head through the half open door, just as if we didn't know all about your flirtations with this Miss Poole. You recollect Kate Butler used to visi at Hanover, and of course she heard all about your 'college divini'y; and brought home the news. Of course you've corresponded with her ever since .and intend soon to make her Mis Paul Denning, Esquire! and with a light laugh the mischievous little witch was

gle was wild and bitter; and yet, were she beautiful by any means, but very pretty, from his embrace. graceful and loveable withal - wl om he had met in his old days of college life at er lessons than those his Alma Mater 'Paul Deuning, I am Mr. Hunter's pro- taught and conned a sweeter book-wom-

In those days there had been many a said tremblingly. May iday ramble through the forests, to arburus, purple fox glove, and pale anes now. Hear me, I beseech of you, mone-many a long walk, after a long steel, and sparkling with burning constell alone. lations, there had been the gay steigh ride, and merry singing-school-and in all these had little Mary Derwent been Paul's

There had been many a tender pressure of the hand, perchance a stolen kiss, at the gate of her father's house : and a new light sparkled in the gentle Mary's blue eyes, and a richer bloom tinted aer del icate cheek those days, for she was taking ers her first degree in that heart-love which every woman, at some future period of

Time passed, and Paul Denning graduated. There was a long walk that starlit August evening; and though no love-vows were uttered, they were implied in the long, lingering, tender fare-well; and Mary went to her blissful dreams, and he to the enger world strife

Three vears went by, and they had met but twice during that time- -once at her home, and once at the house of a mutual

When they parted in the city-Mary to requin to her country home, Paul had seized an operanity to whisper tenderly. In Spring, Mary, I shall have completed my profession and established in self, in spring Mary Derwent. shall see you again-then-' but thou the senience was unfinished, the loving and trusting girl's heart understood what remained unsaid. And happy dreams came to her as she laid her head upon her pillow that night. Aud how were those dieams fulfilled ?

A as, for Paul Denning's vows! The meekz ved spring came and passed-hot. panting summer died in the embrace of stalwart autuinn-winter was born, grew old and hoary, and wore a shroud of glory. came not. Poor Mary Derwent!

And all the while the forgetful lover was basking in the smiles of the city belle. with never a thought for her who had so counted upon his words and promises, until in that hour when the new love, mocks ing, fled, and then his hears stretched forth ics tendrils for the oid.

And there, where his gay sister left him alone Paul Denning scood long that you will meet there a certain lady silent. Mary Derwent was near him, and they should, they must meet ! And how! Would she, neglected as she had been, receive him with the gentle regard of olden days ! or, calling her wrongs to memory, would she soorn nim as he felt he deserv-'An old acquaintages!-pray who can ed ! His conscience whispered that he had acted undenerously, unfairly, madly.

crowded apartment they stood side by side Mary Derwent was slightly pale, but there was no agitation in her manner; her hand trembled not as it met his; her voice wavered not as she greeted him; her blue veined evelid drooped not, and no blush She neither avoided or sought his pres-

ence, and her whole demeanor was calm the door and I'll fell you. You have pro- and composed ; she betraved no sign that Ity. But they were seperated, how widely this interview let us bury in the past ; let they had ever met before, nor once refere now. red to the pas . He could not fathom it he knew not that she had called her woman's pride to her aid, and her heart was forcing back the memories which, spite of herself, would rise before her.

was over, Lizzie Dennirg, despite her bro- men of the beau monde. ther escort, had departed homeward with another favored cavalier, and Paul, linger. a minute's conversation with Mary Derwent to the conversation of the gifted young

All his love had revived tenfold ; look ing upon her delicate, gentle face he wond red how he had ever permitted himself man to bend at another hrine; and by a bold stroke he sesolved to win her.

'Mary, darling ! you have not forgotten the old times?' he said, in a rapid and ten der whisper as he stood beside her-and he passed his arm caressingly around her, "And who is Mary Derwent ! I hear as and would have teuched her white for chead with his lips. In an instant, like a fright-Well, good reader mine, she was a gen- ened fawn, but with tender emotions rip- and dispinied, left the crowded apartment

'Mary, one kiss-I beseech !' he exclaim-

'I cannot !' she replied. "By the memory of our old friend-

'For that very reason I ought not !' she

Listen, Mary. I have played the foolgather boquets of the pale pink and white the villain-but you alone are dear to me

Your yows have been spoken to another days study, beneath the delicious summer | too lately for me to hear them now. Paul, a pillow and gave himself up to moody only bowed her head and murmured. moonlight many a stroll in the autumn | Paul, I will not reproach you, but I canwoods, under wintry skies, cold clear as not listen I and in another instant he was

CHAPER III.

Five years had fled into the sea of eter nity, and brought many changes on their wings. Paul Denning had attained eminence in his profession; in all the city there was no lawyer who made a better plea, whose counsel was more sought after among hundreds of leval practition-

fession was his only mistress. No womans eve beamed for him -the blandishments of beauty had failed to captivate-and those struggle to forget !

band had met a sudden death in the third | beside hir i year of their marriage; and it cannot be supposed that he was very deeply mourner by her who had wedded him for his wealth. Still young and beautiful, and fascinating as in the early days of her belle hood, after Mattie, as in other days, I have called you friend where Mary visited, in the city her period of mourning had expired, the Paul exclaimed the beautiful temptress, where he was pursuing his profession, but gay widow took her old station as the aca correspondence had kept alive the old knowledge leader of fashion-and her lux- dark eyes seeking his. uriant home was the scene of many a briltheir train of attendant admirers met.

But to no one had those five vanished

The timid shrinking, unknown girl, had become metamorphosed into a flatter- proffered his arm. ed, carested, and lauded authoress.

'And she had grown very beautiful withpink of the rare seashell, and all this ha been wrought by the power of a rapidly developed genius-it was but the outward manifestation of that inward gift which was dowering her whole being with a new

snows to lie down and die i-and still he Beautiful thoughts irradiated her face; revoke those words which once in my and all the sweet and hallowed influences which the soul of the gifted can create dwelt with her and beautified her life. Paul Denning had read her soul fraught productions; had revelled in the glowing imagery her rainbow draped fancy had woven into sketch and form; had, after many a long day devoted to the duties of his profession again gathered up the memory of that old love, and bound i's broken pearals around his aching heart.

And yet, since that hour when she had

repulsed him, they had not met. Martie Hunter was free now He met her ofte in society-they talked, sang and danced together-the fatt widow even sought his presence, and hesitated not to

The morrow evening came; and in a | by her side; yet vainly did he strive again | now. I will not deceived you, I do not to weave about his heart the meshes where love you. with she had first entangled him. He was coldly polite-nothing more.

> One day it was told him that Mary Derwent was in the city near him. Everybody she was sought and caressed-her name his own lips receated it tenderly but sad-

Once again they met. It was in the my hand or it' crowded drawing room of Mrs. Hunter's elegant mansion, for she never failed to wits and deepest 'blues" of the literati-The evening passed gayly-the party the fairest ladies and most gallant gentle- quivering with intense emotion.

They met and were introduced as stran gers; and the old time lover was but one ng, found the opportunity he so desired; a samong the throng who listened spell-bound authoress. No longer was she a shrink. ing diffident girl, but a self possessed, ret fined, cultivated, through unassuming wo-

> And then so well had she schooled her woman's heart in concealing its emotions and so calmly did she meet again her old lover that he was deceived.

> She loves me no longer. Some one will win and wear, before my very eyes, the pear Lithrew carlessly away, and with a sharp pang of regret Paul Denning, weary, sad It was silent there. The moonligh flood-

ed the portico upon which the low windows of the conservatory opened and gleas mad softly in upon the flowers almost subdueing by its lustre the light of the many colored lamps which burned there. Ato matic plants and Indian exotics filled the air with delicious perfumes; all was balmy and luxurious as the spice groves of Southern island; but with no heed for the beauty or fragrance of that flower-wreathed bows er, Paul Denning leaned his head against

He would have bartered all-his name the honors and wealth his profession were fast pouring in upon him, all could he but have been transproted back into the vanished years, and once more wander with little Mary Derwent beneath that August

moonlight and under starlit skies. The shadow of the past lay heavily on

his soul; but oh, how vain was regret. Time passed; he might have been there one or two hours, he took no heed of time until he heard the rustle of silken robes And as yet 'le was unmarried; his pro- and a low sigh beside him, and a hand was laid upon his a m. He looked down; the hand was small and white and sparkling with diamonds-he turned to the owner of has five years had been one unceasing that lily hand her face was magnificently beautiful but it was not the face which Mattie Hunter was a widow. Her hus- haunted his thoughts. His Hostess stood

'Paul,' she murmured softly. 'Mrs Hunter!' he ejaculated, in great surprise at her appearance there.

'Hush!' always that cold name. Call me her cheek crimsoning with a rich glow,her | Paul Denning and Mrs. Hunter knew that

'Martie, Mattie!' he murmured almost liant gathering, where youth, beauty, and tenderly for a moment while her siren words fell on his hewildered senses, then dropping the hand which had slid into his, he vears brought gre ter changes than to continued coldly, No that name is for me to utter no more. Mrs Hunter, let me conduct you to your guests! and he politely

Mattie Hunter drew back scornfully. turned very pale, and then going up close al : for her blue eye had caught a de per to him with rapid waves of passion and light, her cheek become tinted with the tenderness chasing each other in quick succession over her face said,

Paul Denning, you shall hear me! have waited long-long, but you would not say what your haughtiness compels me now to utter. You may call me bold, unwomanly, anything. I care not-I must madness, I uttered to you. Paul, were you to ask me again the question you then asked my answer would be far different. You understand me, Paul I' and the passionate woman grasped his hands tightly and gazed into his eyes.

Denning listened with mingled sensa tion's of surprise, scorp and pity; su prise that the worldly woman could feel so deeply and so far subdue her pride as to plead for that affection she once cast from her scorn for the mercenary spirit wiich had swayed her in his rejection, and pity. for he had no love.

'Mrs Hunter,' this is strange language, words I never expected to hear from you. Once they would have moved me strangemanifest frent pleasure whenever he was ly, filled my heart with wild joy ; but her ma

Scorned, despised, and I have betrayed maself! exclaimed the humiliated woman, The theme for laughs and jeers.

'Nay, not so ? said Denning, kindly for was lavishing praises on her-in society his heart was touched. Your secret shall remain locked in my keeping as safely as was breathed by the literary world, and if it had never been spoken. I too have nothing to boast over. The memory of us be friends. Mrs. Hunter, I give you

She seized the proffered hand, covered it with tearful kisses, then turned away .gather at her brilliant soirces the choicest Again she came back, and looking earnestly into his face, said in a low voice,-

"Paul Denning you are the soul of hon or I do not deserve your love, nor even your kindness, since it was my own pride which ruined my bappiness. I go again to the world-to that hollow world of fashion and gaiety for which I periled my peace -yet, ere I go thither tell me do you love

Trembling and awaiting his reply, as hough her very existence hung upon it, she clung to his arm.

There was a long, long pause. Should he tell her all-of that earliest, best love which was neglected when her fascinations held his heart in thrall, but when the spell was over, had claimed him to his old allegiance?-and how even then his heart kept a sad despairing vigil at the alter whose shrine was broken and whose fire his own hand had quenched. Could he

After a little the struggle was over ; he repeated the story of his olden love; and when he said by way of conclusion, "I know not if my memory is cherished now with the slightest regard - but this much I do know, I shall never love any other on earth than her whom in youder room! met tornight as a stranger. When he had ended, the miserable woman beside him. "May heaven pity us both, Paul Denn

They saw not then-they had not seen all the while-the figure of a weary wom an who weakened by the glare and press tre of the crowded rooms, and the combat between awakened love and pride going on in her own heart had stolen away to the quiet of the flower-room before her hostess had entered there and who now sat trembling on a couch in a little concealed alcove; nor could they mark the alternate shades of despair, hope, joy, which went over her white face like ripples over still water, when Paul Denning's words fell on

But when the transition from doubt to perfect faith was once more gained and she uttered a quick convulsive, glad cry of joy -such a cry as the birds give when he bursts his prison cage-such a cry as the glad waters send up when they gush thro' the foaming outlet-such a cry as a heart can give which has loved and suffered, and is suddenly made strong again -when they heard that cry and turned to where she sat pailed with excess of happiness, then old love had not been in vain!

For Mary Derwent stood close beside

And then the once proud, and now humbled Mattie Hunter, wi h a generous impulse, took the hand of the pale trembler. and joining it with Paul Denning's and speaking no word left thein thus

That mute union did for the estranged lovers what years of pride and coldness could not have done.

There were two hearts that night which m ngled in one silent stream of love and happ ness; and one, a sorrow freighted barque which sailed forth in cold and hole low point upon the sea of worldly pride and fashion-and through all time still glided on oh how uterly desolate and alone The coquette received her punishment

Bad Company

Lawyers although generally pretty cute are, no mich for the ladies. Dimity takes as naturally to wit as a lawyer does to his clinents pocket book. A lawyer drivingthrough the town of Worchester stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep straight on for some time then turn to the right but said, that herself was going to pay the road he must take and if he could wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready she would show him the way.

Wel said he, bad company is better than none-make haste. After jogging on for five or six miles the gentleman asked if he had not come to the

Oh yes, said she we passed it two miles,

back but I thought bad company was bet ter than none, so I kept you along with