

But such is the perversity of the female sex, that they often trifle with noble emotions, when their hearts whisper how they wrong their better natures. It was very sweet to know that Harold loved her; and she could rely upon his constancy enough to feel certain that his love would bear a great deal, and never change. But she would so like to tease him—just a little. So, with a woman's usual quickness of action, she thought of a plan, which would be so much more uncommon than to say "yes," like anybody else did under similar circumstances. Without stopping to think, the spirit of mischief having again taken possession of her, she ran nimbly down the steep, sandy declivity, only looking back long enough to call to him: "I am yours, if you can catch me, Harold. The man I will accept must do something to prove his love; and you should congratulate yourself upon winning so easily."

"Edith—*dean* Edith, stop—come back. Does she not know that she will never keep her footing at that rate?"

Without a moment's thought of accepting her reckless challenge, but only of saving her from what he saw would happen, Harold sprang after her,—not with as much agility, but with more caution than she displayed, and gaining ground as fast as she did, though she was some distance ahead of him.

What he foresaw would, *did* take place. When nearly at the bottom of the hill, her foot slipped, and *avant* she rolled, the momentum being so great as not to allow her to stop, until she felt the cold water's kiss.

Before her head had disappeared under the waves, Harold was in the water, and had fairly won his prize.

"Foolish little Edith. Have I not caught you? You are mine now; but I would rather have you speak the words I wish you to say."

Had Edith repented of her rashness? Her answer,—just such an answer as a woman might make, when she knows that she is out of danger, proved that.

"Oh, my dress! just ruined by my silly freak. How foolish I was; wasn't I, Harold?"

He had brought her to shore, and held the limp figure in his arms, refusing to release her, until she said what he wished to hear.

Edith concluded that she had teased him long enough. Besides, it wasn't at all agreeable to be kept standing with the water dripping from her hair and dress; for Harold was so head-strong, he wouldn't wait till they reached the house.

"Yes, I love you, dear Harold. You have won, and if you care at all for the wilful girl, whose life, probably, you have saved,—she is yours."

Harold seemed perfectly satisfied with his prize; for several months afterward, when he led his blushing Edith to the altar, he did not look like one who had repented of his bargain.

He often tells his friends, that the best fish he ever caught, was at Mrs. Costleton's picnic.

THE END.

A FAMILIAR EXPERIENCE.—When you see a young man sitting in a parlor, with the ugliest six-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror, clambering over his knees, musing his white vest, kicking his shins, feeling in his pockets for nickles, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture and bijouterie, calling him names at the top of his fiendish lungs, and yelling incessantly for him to come outside in the yard and play, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic almanac, you may safely bet although there isn't the sign of a girl apparent in the radius of ten thousand miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that howling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

—F.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE SUNNY SOUTH, a paper for Boys and Girls, is issued by the Wilmington Amateur Publishing Company, on the first and fifteenth of each month.

The subscription price of the publication (which must be paid in advance) is

One Year, 1.00
Six Months, 60
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The Sunny South.

BERNARD P. RYAN, EDITOR.
JNO. W. COBB, SECY. AND TREAS.
JNO. C. CANTWELL,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

WILMINGTON, N. C., APRIL 15, 1877.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

"FIDELIA," "ZIP," "C. F. UNO,"
"TOITA."

Accepted Contributions.—APRIL SHOWERS.

ASSOCIATE

With this issue Mr. Jno. C. Cantwell has been appointed Editor of the Sunny South.

Mr. Cantwell (under a fictitious name,) has for some time been a contributor to these columns, and his sketches always seemed to please, being full of life, and fully equal to any of the articles that we have seen in other amateur publications. He will do all in his power to please our many readers.

N. C. AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Newbern "Boy's Courier," says:—Below will be found a list of those who approve of the plan of holding an Amateur Press Association at Goldsboro, and are certain of attending, in case the convention should be held.—We hope by next month to have as many more names, and if the amateurs of the State will take an interest in this enterprise we have no doubt but that it will prove a grand success.—Those who approve of the plan as presented last month, will apprise us of the fact by postal, and their names will be added to the roll.

We read the list with the proposer of the plan:—E. A. OLDHAM, Wilson, N. C.
GEO. M. CARR, Rose Hill, "
W. B. SOUTHERLAND, " "
R. A. RICHARDSON, Newbern, "
C. R. THOMAS, Jr, " "
JAS. M. HOWARD, " "

The idea of holding this convention is a good one, and we will lend the Enterprise our hearty support.

A month or so ago it was thought of holding a joint convention of the states of Virginia and North Carolina; but now, as we are to have a convention of our own, we think that the proposition of holding a joint convention should be abandoned. To swell the list of those in favor of holding a state convention, we add the following names.

John W. Cobb, J. Dickson Nutt, Jno. C. Cantwell, Bernard P. Ryan.

Amateurdom.

—The N. C. Amateur has enlarged.

—Went the amateurs please give Truax a rest?

—The *Empira Enterprise* is our best exchange; it is a hard matter to tell which is our worst, there are so many very, very poor ones.

—We have received the first copy of *The "Perplexer,"* a little four pp., 5x6 paper published at Carrolton, Va. It is a puzzle paper.

—*The Centinel*, from Hoosick Falls, N. Y. is one of our best exchanges.

—AN AMATEUR'S TRIP TO WILMINGTON.

"*Ratide*, writing from Aiken, S. C., to the *Wide Awake*, an amateur paper published in New York City, describing his trip through the Southern cities and states has this to say of Wilmington:—At Wilmington we spent a day and night very pleasantly. It has a good hotel kept by Col. Davis who does all in his power to make his guests at home. During the night they got up a severe rain, thunder and wind storm for our sole benefit and tore the tin roof off of part of the hotel. We rode about the town, that contains some very handsome residences and good public buildings.

We visited Hilton a few miles distant, on the Cape Fear River, also the Cemetery in which there is handsome tribute to the Confederate Soldiers killed in the war.

APRIL SHOWERS.

BY "XELA E. MAHDLO."

Glistening gems of Heaven—welcome,
Welcome to this earth of ours,
Bring thy perfumed treasures with thee,
And wait them gently 'mong the flowers.

Fill each tiny cell with sweetness,
Moisten every autumn leaf,
Cause the trees to bud and blossom,
Do not make thy visit brief;

Rain thy dewy gems in torrents
Down upon the ripening grain,
Send the brooklet spaking onward,
Sprinkle well the dusty lane;

Live thy days without a murmur.
Do some good each passing hour,
When thou art gone then we'll remember
Thy ever welcome—April shower.

PHILLIE;

OR,

THE BOY BANDIT.

BY M'LEO.

[CONTINUED.]

Allie took the letter, and opening it she read:
Dear Alice;

When you awaken you will be far from the place which has been your home for many years; but it is so no longer.

You will find yourself in a place in which your every wish, save one, shall be law. The one thing which shall be denied you is permission to leave the cave.

Then do not give me cause to appear as your jailor. For two years I have endeavored to place in this naturally beautiful retreat every thing that the heart could wish for. In the wardrobes you will find clothing of the finest material, which money could buy; in the diamond chamber which adjoins your bed-room, you shall be free from the intrusion of any one, even myself. Save by your permission, no one shall enter its threshold.

Adjoining that room, is your bath-room; as you see, I have brought your own maid.