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1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s.,

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The Herald.

VOL IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FEBRUARY 26, 1868. NO. 19.

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
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For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the Herald Office.

ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 1st day, 2h. 3m., even., W.
Full Moon, 8th day, 7h. 22m., morn., E.
Last Quarter, 15th day, 7h. 4m., morn., E.
New Moon, 23rd day, 10h. 7m., morn., S.

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water		Moon sets		DAY'S LENGTH
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	m
1	Saturday	7 29	4 59	4 2	0 9	9		30
2	Sunday	28	5 1	5 2	1 14			33
3	Monday	26	2	6 3	2 22			36
4	Tuesday	25	3	7 4	3 28			38
5	Wednesday	24	4	8 15	4 29			40
6	Thursday	22	6	9 18	5 29			44
7	Friday	21	8	10 20	rises			47
8	Saturday	19	9	11 16	6 2			50
9	Sunday	18	11	even.	7 17			53
10	Monday	16	13	0 36	8 25	10	57	
11	Tuesday	14	15	1 43	9 35			1
12	Wednesday	12	17	2 18	10 42			5
13	Thursday	11	18	3 5	11 45			7
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15	Saturday	9	20	4 48	0 46			11
16	Sunday	7	22	5 50	1 48			15
17	Monday	6	23	6 50	2 42			17
18	Tuesday	4	24	7 42	3 33			20
19	Wednesday	3	26	8 33	4 20			23
20	Thursday	1	27	9 21	4 55			26
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28	Friday	46	39	2 2	11 6			54
29	Saturday	44	41	2 41	11 59			52

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, February 21, 1868.

PROVISIONS.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	4d to 5½d
Do by the quarter,	3½d to 6d
Pork, (carcass)	4d to 4½d
Do (small)	5d to 7d
Mutton, per lb.,	3d to 6d
Lamb per lb,	4d to 5d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	5d to 6d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1. 3d
Do by the tub,	11d to 1s 1d
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 10d
Lard, per do.,	8d to 10d
Flour, per lb.,	3½d to 3d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	21s to 23s
Eggs, per dozen,	1s 2d to 1s 6d
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	3s 6d to 4s
Oats per do.,	2s 9d to 3s
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 9d to 2s 3d
Poultry.	
Geese,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	70s to 80s
Straw, per cwt	1s 6d to 2s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	4s to 6s
Homespun, per yard,	6d to 9d
Calfskins, per lb.,	4d
Hides, per lb.,	1s to 1s 4d
Wool,	3s to 6s.
Sheepskins,	
Apples, per doz.,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced Busines on Dorchester Street, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch.

ON HAND,

A neat assortment of Tinware, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

including the patent Bon Ton Coffee Pot, which received the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few Water Coolers on hand, which together with a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for Cash.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Dandies Made, &c.

Charlottetown, July 24, 1867.

Poetry.

THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.

Her face is stern, but wondrous fair
Of feature, and her raven hair
Falls down in silken ripples where,
Wrapp'd round my sleep, I see her stand,
A visitor from some dim land,
This Lady of my Dreams.

Close to my bedside through the night,
Until the dawning of the light
Strikes feebly on my waking sight,
She stands, and at the break of day,
Like to a ghost, she flits away
With mornings earliest beams.

Twined with her locks of raven hair,
Are countless brazen serpents there,
Whose kisses rend the tortured air
From topaz tongues of sharpened flame,
Forked lightnings tipped with deadliest aim
That lure the charmed sight.

I know the time that she draws nigh,
Slow pass the hours when she is by,
A sullen fire glows in her eye,
That burns into my heart and brain,
Down deepening with a sense of pain,
Through all the troubled night.

Uplifted high above her head
Its blade all dashed with drops of red,
As if by it some heart had bled,
She holds a dagger in the air,
This woman with the face so fair,
The Lady of my Dreams.

Descending straight toward my breast,
Its hilt by her fair fingers prest,
Slowly, but with no show of rest,
Closer it nears my shuddering heart,
When, waking with a sudden start,
The grey dawn coldly gleams.

What is this vision of the night
That vanishes with morning's light,
And ever cheats my waking sight—
It is the ghost of guilt once wrought
In lasting deed or nursed in thought?
Oh, this it sometimes seems.

Often when by myself I sit,
Bound with slight threads by memory knit,
Unseen the shadow seems to flit
Before me, she with face so fair,
The woman with the raven hair,
The Lady of my Dreams.

TO A WEALTH OF HAIR.

Thou wear'st the gift of victory—
There's triumph in thy hair:
Oh! marvel of fair maidenhood,
And altogether Fair!
The eyes of all men follow thee,
As they of Old, enchained,
Whose hair disspread, a gorgeous mass,
Where strength and beauty reigned.

Assyrian Venus' locks of love,
Imperial from the seas,
Once shared the conquest of a world
With fair Queen Barsab's:
And Egypt hung thy mighty curls—
O! Ptolemean Queen—
As hair of Berenice, 'mong
The constellations keen.

But since the Star of Empire urged
From East to West its car,
Egyptian nor Arabian nights,
Nor Grecian, guides the Star:
Descendent on those Orient wastes,
It burns now as a crest
Upon the brow of one, whose head
Wears Empire in the West.

O! wealth of woman—wonderful!
O! crown of honor—lo!
Those Northern Lights, with streaming hair
Made glorious—but show
How pale their pallid splendors; nay!
Those splendors how withstood,
In presence of that grander maze,
Which crowns thy womanhood.

BACHELOR-HOOD.

What a pi iful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and his rueful phiz!
On a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow,
And when mother earth is covered with snow—
When his fire is out, and in shivering dread
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed—
How he draws up his toes,
All encased in yarn hose,
And he buries his nose,
'Neath the chilly bed clothes,
That his nose and his toes,
Still encased in yarn hose,
May not chance to get froze!
Then he puffs and he blows, and he says that he knows
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes,
And with ahs and with ohs,
With his limbs to dispose,
So that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze,
To his slumber in silence the bachelor goes.

Select Literature.

UNCLE INGOT.

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word."

So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common councilman of the City of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succour, about three months after the death of his younger brother, Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said, "legitimate"—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been fashionable enough for him, and he had 'finished off' as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house in which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplied in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half so well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—"allying herself with commerce", some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more on that account; for he was one of those Radicals who are not "snobs" at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower order, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their way as much as others, he made a gesture of contempt, and 'blew' like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of resort, of course, but so eminently expressive, that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her, had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had too strong a sense of duty for that! and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done, (in youth he had no time for such follies,) and it was not likely that at sixty-five, he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straightened. Her own family very much applauded the extensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relatives to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny.

The young gentleman at Cambridge was kept on a very short allowance, and the young ladies, whose beauty was somewhat remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing machine. If Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got the chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well, and, indeed nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His face was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile, Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobbly tree, in the lime-walk of Clare Hall, at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

The remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man to my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning, all the family to, if not Poverty, to very urgent want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot's slippers and book marks for his birthday, and sent him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that *Bacon's* emporium could furnish at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerky hand, but there was never any enclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel comfortable at the aristocratic tables of West End—and sent her a pine apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towads his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate use for "making it up" with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now widened the breach that it was not easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation, had grown to be true; he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivilous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and "see the old year out, and the new year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in those school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account; secretly I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of his carriage in several great-coats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a great polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madame, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

'Only engaged to you, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. 'Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?'

Mr. Beardmore had never heard anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

'Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?' asked the fair stranger, playfully, as the train flew by Ealing.

'Nothing, madame, nothing; I am astonished at you,' answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

'Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor,' continued the young lady, with a peal of silvery laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss on his horney cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life.

'Oh, no, I am not mad,' laughed she in reply to it; 'although I have taken a fancy to such an old fashioned creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again what will you give me?'

'I shall give you in charge to the police, madame, the instant I arrive at Reading.'

'Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?'

'For an assault, madame; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?'

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

'Do you suppose, you poor old doting creature that anybody will believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass; you poor dear? Are you aware how unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are now doing in a manner enough to frighten one? You have of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anyone wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous.

'What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?' cried the old bachelor, in an agony of shame and rage.

'I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds. What! not so much? Well, then, there's another for your other cheek.'

Like a flash of lightening she suited the action to her words.

'There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less, you will have to give it to the poor's box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend to complain of your disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that I kissed you, and not you me. What "roars of laughter" there will be in the court and how funny it will all look in the papers!' Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a strong dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind.

In short Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich, old dry-salter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle: but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed: his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them: his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the old year out, and the new year in," his heart began to thaw under the influences of friendship and gin punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

'I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, 'for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and half a dozen of old gentlemen have been coerced before now, into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike looking a girl as ever you saw.'

'Was she anything like this?' inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

'Why, that's the very girl!' exclaimed the guest. 'Ha, ha! Tom; so you, too, have been one of her victims have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary.'

Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun.'

'A bit of fun!' cried Mr. Beardmore. 'Why, she got a five pound note of me!'

But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, yes or no?'

'If she will give me back my money, yes,'

'Very well,' returned the host, 'mind, you asked for her yourself;' and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

'Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof.'

'Yes, uncle,' said the young lady, demurely, 'Here's your five pound note: please do give me that five thousand that you promised mamma if *ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word*, I know. But what would be better still, would be to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come,'

'There go the church-bells!' cried Tom Whaffles, 'It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your uncle a kiss, child.'

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one, perhaps, regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN ON KISSING.

This is a subject that is talked of, written about, and thought of a good deal; it is considered by a great many, especially the weaker vessels, to be a very sweet one, too. Yet what is kissing? Let us analyze a kiss, in its most popular form. A youth throws his arms around a struggling, blushing damsel; after some voilent contortions a smack is heard, and the happy youth, all smiles, compliments the miss, while she, all blushes and frowns, declares—

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I am real mad with you!" And then, perhaps, turning to a lady companion, says, "He's a real nasty fellow, isn't he?"

Does her companion think so, we wonder?

Then, there is a lady's kiss. When a lady meets a lady, generally there is a kiss, no matter whether relative or friend. Nothing will prevent them from practising this ridiculous thing. We cannot break them of this absurd habit. The idea of one lady kissing another! What a waste of the raw material! Preposterous! What would you think, Miss Brown, if you were to see Mr. Smith meet Mr. Jones in the street, and salute him with a good, hearty kiss? We can hear your answer, "Why, it wouldn't be good." Of course it wouldn't; and don't you think you and your darling friend would have a hearty laugh over it?

But we did not start out to write a tirade against this very silly, uncalled for, and highly to be censured practice. When we commenced we thought we would give a little advice to the bashful young men, and we will adhere to our original intention.

Young men, when you are in the society of some fair one, and you feel an irrepressible desire to take a sip of those rosy lips, so fair, so sweet, in fact, so charming, and your desire makes you forget your bashfulness for a moment, and you commence to talk of the all-important subject, saying, "Say, do you think there is any harm in kissing?" and she replies, "If a young man dared to kiss me, I would order him from the house; I don't think ladies and gentlemen should kiss unless they are married." just remember that that young damsel, who talks in such a disparaging strain of that which is nearest your heart, for the moment, is longing in her heart of hearts for you to lean over and steal from her a hearty kiss.

Remember that, in a case of this kind, everything goes by contraries. When the sweet one says "no" she means "yes." When she says "Oh, don't!" if you understand it rightly, you will be positive it means "Oh, do!"

When you get your arms around her, and are trying to imprint one upon her cherry lips or rosy cheeks, if you please her enough to get that far, just remember each of those little exclamations and shrieks of dismay means the same as if she were crying "yes! yes! yes!" You think it strange, don't you? You reply, "If she really means yes, why don't she say so?" Well, it is her way of doing things; that is the only solution we can give you to the puzzle.

If you are not convinced, the next time you are in this predicament, when the young lady says she will scream, and you don't know what to do, whether to advance or make a retrogade movement, go ahead, let her scream, and you will notice the very singular fact she won't scream very loud, especially if any of the family are in the next room, or directly overhead. She won't scream like she would if she saw a big bear right before her, or her mother *dishabille* coming in the room in the dark, just before retiring. Her screams might appropriately be called "baby screams" in comparison to what they would be on either of the above occasions.

Speaking of the love of kissing every one, reminds us of an incident that came under our personal observation, and it will serve, young men, to illustrate admirably what we have been trying to impress upon your willing but skeptic brain.

There was once a youth of the tender age of eighteen summers—and winters, we think—and he got into the very unfortunate habit of visiting two sisters. He had been there several times, and on each occasion the subject of which this treats was introduced. Both of the young ladies were emphatic in declaring "No one has ever kissed us except a brother or relative, you know," and if a young man attempted anything of the kind they would be so offended that he would have to suffer the penalty of never again hearing them speak to him; they would banish him as one unworthy of their society.

To prove this they recited numbers of cases in the great distress of the tender youth, who would much rather not have heard of his predecessors' futile attempts—attempts that he was contemplating—of how "Mr. So-and-so attempted to kiss me, and I sent him about his business, and I haven't spoken to him from that day to this. How Mr. ——— wanted to play a silly game of kissing at Mrs. Robinson's party the other night, and I wouldn't, and he tried to kiss me, and I slapped him right in the mouth." Is it any wonder that, after hearing three or four such conversations, he came to the conclusion that to kiss one of the young ladies would be equal to committing a first-class murder; that if he was guilty of such an act the vengeance of Heaven would surely overtake him.

One evening he called and found one sister alone; the other was out. "Now," thought he, "here will be a delectable interview," and so it proved to be, exceeding his most sanguine expectations. For some time they sat gravely discussing that most delightful and inexhaustible subject, the weather, and similar instructing and amusing themes. But, somehow, before he left, she so far forgot her scruples that he kissed her. Is it so, he actually, really, positively kissed her, not only once, oh, no! nor only twice, you know. When there is one there will be two, and when there are two there will be—and so on, and so on.

Of course there were many protests, many baby screams. She was mad; she wanted him to behave; but, somehow, he kissed her, that was unmistakable. When he rose to leave, and reflected upon the enormity of his crime, he said, thinking at the same time he was to be excommunicated.

"You must forgive me; I have forgotten myself."

She, however, hastened so sweetly to assure him that he was forgiven, if he would never do it again; (an invitation.) It was the first and the last. (Oh, yes!) the