

The came along the little lane
When the bushes dripped with rain,
And robins sang their morning strain.

As if with sudden, sheer delight,
For such a world so fresh and bright,
To swing and sing in day and night.

But, coming down the little lane,
The one who bore the robin strain,
Nor felt the sunshine after rain.

A little face with two brown eyes,
A little form of tender size,
A little head and hair very wise.

A little heart to match the head,
A foolish little heart, that led
At every foolish word was led.

So, coming down the little lane—
I saw her now, my little Jane,
Her foolish heart with foolish pain.

Was sobbing, aching in her breast,
And after pretty golden crest,
Was drooping as if sore oppressed.

And something, too, of anger's trace
Was on the flushed and frowning face,
And in the footstep's quick pace.

So swift the step, so low the least
Her pretty face, on thought intent,
She scarcely saw the way she went.

Nor saw the long, slim shadow fall
Across the little lane,
As some one rose up and fell.

Rose up, and came to meet her there,
A youth, with something in his air,
That was not of the common air.

In all this foolish, girlish pain,
This grief and anger and disdain,
That rent the heart of little Jane.

With halting steps that here he came,
And in a moment, red as flame,
She blushed, and blushed, and in her eyes

"What, you?" she cried, "I thought—they said—
Then stopped, and blushed a deeper red,
And hid up her drooping head.

Shook her lovely laughing hair,
And arched her brows as if to wear
A nonchalant and scornful air.

A moment thus she held her gaze,
With lovers' love and wedding gaze,
Then swift he caught her to his heart.

What pleasure there was born of pain,
What sunshine after cloud and rain,
As they forgave and kissed again!

"I am glad that I talked of May,
And that the evening's quietude
Did bludgeon, but scarcely said his name.

What pleasure now is mixed with pain,
As, looking down the little lane,
A graybeard grows a sea-green green.

Through twenty April's rain and mist,
The little sweetheart that I kissed,
The little bird my folly nuzzled!

"OUR PEOPLE SENT ME."

An Episode from the History of the Days of June, 1848, at Paris.

It came the fourth of the celebrated days of June, 1848, which are inscribed in blood lines on the tables of French history.

Lived then in a house, long since destroyed, on the corner of Rue de la Paix and boulevard des Capucines.

From the beginning of June the air seemed to smell of powder, everybody felt the conflict inevitable; and after the interview between the delegates of the closed workshops with Marie, a member of the provisional government,

who, in answer to them, had thoughtlessly pronounced the word slave (esclaves), construed by them as a reproach or offense at once the question at issue was not whether many days, but how many hours remained before the inevitable impending conflict? "Est ce pour aujourd'hui?" (Will it be to-day?) was the sentence with which the people greeted one another each morning.

"A commencement!" (It has begun!) my landress told, Friday morning, the 23d of June.

According to her words, a great barricade was erected across the boulevard, not far from the gates of St. Denis. I went there immediately.

At first nothing particular could be noticed. The same crowds of people in front of the shops, the same stores, the same endless procession of carriages and omnibuses—the faces seemed somewhat more animated, the conversation louder and, strange to say, more cheerful than of old.

I proceeded, the more cheerful the physiognomy of the boulevard. Fewer carriages were to be met, the omnibuses disappeared entirely; the stores and shops were being locked hurriedly, or were already closed. The crowd on the streets became less. But the windows in the houses were opened from the basement to the top; and near these windows and on the thresholds of the doors were crowds of people, mostly women, children, servants, and nurses; this multitude chattered, laughed, called over to one another, turned their heads, waved their hands, as if in readiness for a spectacle; a mildness, holy curiosity seemed to seize all. Ribbons of different colors, fichus, caps, white, pink and blue dresses intermingled and appeared variegated in the bright sun, and rustled in the summer breeze—like the leaves on the numerous poplars—trees of freedom.

"Impossible that in five or ten minutes there will be riot, a shedding of blood!" thought I. "No place to imagine a tragedy—no yet."

But suddenly, in the foreground, crossing the entire boulevard in a zig-zag manner—projected the uneven line of a barricade—three yards in height. In the very midst of it, surrounded by tricolors, gold embroidered banners, a little red flag flaunted its sharp, ominous tongue. Some blouses were seen from behind the ridge of heaped-up gray stones. I approached nearer. The front of the barricade was quite deserted; about fifty men, not more than a hundred, were posted on the pavement. (At that time the boulevards were not macadamized.) The blouses jostled with the arriving spears; one belted with a soldier's white sword-hanger offered a unopened bottle and them to come and drink of it; another, by his side, with a double-barreled gun on his shoulder, cried out, in a hoarse voice: "Vive la nationale, vive la republique, democratico social!"

Near him stood a tall, dark-haired woman, in a striped dress, equipped therein with a sword-belt, a pistol placed in a thoughtful manner; but in a single eye upon the scene. I crossed the five blouses like myself, took refuge near the straight line of the boulevard to curve, where was, and is located Jovin's glove factory. The balconies of the windows of that house were standing the expectations of doubt, notwithstanding of the preceding days, when the affair would take a serious turn or drama.

Warmer and nearer were heard the drums. From morning the streets had resounded with a peculiar three-fold beat—the rattle—by which the National Guard was assembled. And, at once, slowly swaying and stretching out like a long black worm, appeared, about 200 steps from the left side of the bur-

ende, a column of citizen soldiers; above it, like fine sparkling needles, glistened the bayonets; the officers rode in advance.

The column reached the opposite side of the boulevard, and, occupying it entirely, wheeled in front of the barricade and halted, eyes increased in size, and becoming more consolidated. Notwithstanding the arrival of so many troops, everything became more still; voices were lowered; at rarer intervals resounded the former laugh; it was as if a pall had fallen on every sound.

An empty space between the line of the National Guard and the barricade was suddenly formed, over which lightly whirled two or three small eddies of dust, and, glancing about, walked a little black-dappled dog. Suddenly from front or behind, from above or below, was heard a quick, hard sound, resembling rather the noise of a falling iron bar than of a shot; immediately followed by a strange, death-like stillness. All was silent in expectation—it seemed that the air itself pricked up its ears.

Then abruptly, above my very head, something was cracked and shrieked, like quickly torn linen. It was the volley of the insurgents bursting through the balconies of the upper story of Jovin's factory, or occupied by them. My comrade flung and I immediately hurried along the boulevard (I remember having had time to notice on the empty space in front, a creeping man, a powerless cap with a scarlet pompon, and a black-dappled dog, covered with dust), running we reached a small lane, and entered it. Our company was soon enlarged by twenty others, among whom was a young man of about twenty, who had been working in the workshop of the boulevard behind us, the musketry roared incessantly. We entered another street—if I mistake not Rue de l'Equiper.

At one end of it a low barricade was erected, and, early on the 12th, twelve years of age jumped on its top, making wry faces and brandishing a Turkish sabre; a fat National Guardsman, white as a sheet, ran by, stumbling and groaning at every step.

The tragedy had begun—its seriousness was not to be doubted, although scarcely any one could foretell what dimensions it might assume.

I was not obliged to fight on either side of the barricades; I returned home. The entire day passed in unspoken anxiety. The weather was hot, suffocating. I spent all day on the Boulevard des Capucines, which was crowded with all sorts of people. The incredible rumors circulated, immediately followed by others still more improbable.

Toward night one fact was particularly noted: the chief of the Parisian army, General Lamoriciere, was in the hands of the insurgents. Barricades were erected everywhere, particularly on the left side of the Seine; the army occupied the strategic points; a forlorn struggle was at hand.

Nearly every morning, the aspect of the boulevard and the general appearance of that part of Paris not yet in possession of the insurgents, was changed as if by magic. An order, issued by Cavagnac, the chief of the Parisian army, forbade the citizens from leaving their houses. The National Guard, Parisian as well as pro-German, from the sidewalks watched the houses selected, as their headquarters; the regular army, Garde Mobile, were on the battle-field; foreigners, women, children, old and infirm persons, were packed in their houses; all the windows were ordered to be kept wide open to prevent ambushes. The streets were deserted. From time to time the mail omnibuses rolled along, or the carriage of a physician, constantly stopped by the crowd, to show his patients the rumbling noise, battering of the place of conflict. Detachments of soldiers marched, adjutant or ordinary galloped. It was a dreadful, anxious time; and those who continued it can fully comprehend the certain and painful future for the Frenchmen; to imagine their native land, society, being destroyed; but the anguish of a foreigner, sentenced to involuntary inactivity, is not so much terrible, at least more harassing.

Sultry heat; no possibility of going out; through the open windows unimpeded pours the burning steam; the sun blinds you; all occupation, reading, writing, is out of the question. Five times, ten times in a minute, the cannon shots; from time to time is heard the burst of rifles, the confused buzz of the battle.

The streets are empty as a ball-ground, the burning pavement becomes yellow, the dusty, red-hot streams in the sunbeams. Along the sidewalks stand the immovable figures of the National Guard—there is not one who is not armed; and, as if in the grip of one feels oppressed, as if in the grip of a prison. Noon beholds a new spectacle; litters with wounded and killed appear. Here is carried by a gray-tired man with face white as the pillow on which rests his head, a man mortally wounded deeply—Charbonnel. Heads are silently bared before him—but he does not see these tokens of heartfelt esteem; his eyes are shut. There goes a crowd of priests, escorted by the Garde Mobile; the latter are all young men, almost boys; very little was expected from them, but they fought like lions. Some bear on their heads the bloody cap of their deceased comrades—or flowers thrown to them by women, out of the windows.

"Vive la Republique!" exclaim on both sides of the boulevard the National Guard, laying a somewhat wild and gloomy strain on the last syllable—"Vive la Mobilite!" The prisoners walk with downcast eyes, and as close together as a flock of sheep; a very discordant crowd, gloomy faces, many men in rage, barbed; some having their hands tied. The cannonade does not stop. A uniform roar seems to pervade the air; it heaves over the city together with the smoke and heat.

Toward evening I could hear from my room, on the fourth floor, something new; added to the former uproar could be detected other sharp and nearer sounds—short, crashing volleys. The people at the windows were being executed in the prisoners were being shot.

And so for hours and hours. Impossible to sleep even at night. If you venture on the boulevard to reach the first street with the purpose of obtaining news, or wish to breathe the fresh air—you are stopped at once and questioned; who are you, from whence, your residence, and the reason you are a foreigner; they eye you with grave and imperiously order you home. Once a National Guardsman from the province (who seem the most zealous) comes to arrest me at all hazards, on account of my wearing a morning cap. "You wear it in order to be in rapport with the rebels," cried he, contemptuously. "Who can tell but what a Russian agent, and have gold in your pockets to foment our civil dissensions?" I proposed to have my pockets examined, but this enraged him

more. Russian gold, Russian agents, with many other equally ridiculous and improbable phantoms were the night-mares at that period, and were held in awe by the excited populace.

I again repeat this was a time of terror. Three days were spent on such mental rack; the fourth came (26th of June). The news from the conflict reached us quickly, and, with a sigh, from the lips of one person or another along the streets. For example, we already knew that the Pantheon was captured, and the left side of the Seine held by the army; that Gen. Bessat was shot by the insurgents and Archbishop Affat mortally wounded, that only the Faubourg St. Antoine still resisted. I remember listening to the reading of the proclamation of Cavagnac, appealing for the last time to the patriotic feeling which still remained in the most hardened hearts. An ordinary, an innkeeper officer, galloped along the boulevard, and forming a circle as big as an apple, with the fingers of his right hand, exclaimed: "With such bullets they fire on us!"

In the same house where I lodged, even on the same floor, lived the renowned German writer, who was acquainted with him. I called on him for the purpose of unbending my thoughts to him, of escaping from myself, and the aching grief of idleness and isolation.

On the morning after the 26th of June I was sitting in his room—he had just finished his lunch, when suddenly the garcon entered with a disturbed countenance.

"What do you want?" "A blouse wishes to see you, Monsieur G—."

"What blouse? What blouse?" "A man in a blouse, a workman; an old man inquires for citizen G—."

"Will you admit him?" "G— and I exchanged looks. 'Show him in,' said he, after a pause.

The garcon retired, repeating as if to himself: "A man—in a blouse." He was horrified. And was it long since when, after the days of February, the blouse was the most fashionable, proper, and safe dress? But, other times, other morals; at the epoch of the insurrection of June, the blouse in Paris became a stigma, a seal of Cain, and excited a feeling of horror and animosity.

The garcon returned and silently beckoned to a man, following his steps to enter the apartment; he was indeed a blouse—a ragged, spotted blouse, worn and covered with dirt. His red cap encased his head, and his head was covered with a mass of grayish-black hair, matted and covering his very eyebrows. From under his hair projected a long, aquiline nose, and peeped small, dark, and inflamed eyes. Sunken cheeks, wrinkles on his face as deep as scars, a large, crooked mouth, unshaven beard, red, dirty hands, and that peculiar bending of the spine indicative of the pressure of prolonged, overtaxing work.

There was no doubt that in our presence stood one of the numerous laborers, hungry and unknown, with whom the lower layers of civilized societies abound.

"Which of you is citizen G—?" he asked, with a hoarse voice. "I am G—," answered the German poet, but not without a certain confusion.

"You are expecting your son with his nurse—from Berlin?" "Yes, indeed, I am. But how did you know that?" he left Berlin four days ago, but I presented him with a letter.

"Your boy arrived yesterday; but as the railroad depot at St. Denis is in the hands of the people—(at these words the garcon almost jumped with fear), and it was impossible to send him here, he was intrusted to one of our women—on this paper is written her address—and I was deputed by my regiment to come here and tell you about the matter, so that all may be ready to worry. His nurse is with him; not lodging is good—they both will have sufficient food, and are out of danger. When the trouble is over you can obtain him—this paper contains the directions. Good-bye, citizen."

The old man turned to the door. "Wait, wait!" exclaimed G—. "Don't go away."

The old man stopped, but did not turn his face to us. "Is it possible," continued G—, "that you came here merely to satisfy me concerning my son—a person entirely unknown to you?" The old man raised his head. "Yes. Our people sent me." "For this purpose alone?" "Yes."

G— threw up his hands. "But for God's sake—I do not positively know what to say. I do not see how in the world you could reach this house! You must surely have been stopped on every crossing."

"They asked you where you were going, and for what purpose?" "Yes. They examined my hands to see if there did not bear traces of gunpowder. One of the men, whom I met, threatened to shoot me."

G— was paralyzed with astonishment; the garcon also opened his eyes widely. "Get out of the room!" unconsciously murmured his lips, growing pale.

"Good-bye, citizen," said the messenger, astounded, as if resolved to leave at once. G— rushed to prevent him. "Don't go away—give me an opportunity to thank you."

He commenced to examine his pockets. The old man warned him off with his large, stiff hand. "Don't trouble yourself, citizen; I will not receive money."

"Then, at least, allow me to invite you to lunch—if not, to a glass of wine—to something—"

"I will not refuse," ejaculated the old man after a short silence. "It is almost two days since I have tasted food."

G— ordered the garcon to prepare lunch immediately, and meanwhile invited his guest to take a seat. The latter sat heavily down upon the chair, placed both palms on his knees, and cast his eyes down.

so we resolved; it is the same how we perish!" "But allow me," remarked G—. "What good could you expect from such a foolish revolution?" "Yes, I must die, but not the same now?" He carefully wiped his lips, folded the napkin, thanked us, and rose from his chair.

"Are you going on our people? For what reason should I remain here?" "But you will certainly be arrested on your way home, and perhaps, even shot."

"Perhaps. But what is the difference? While I live I must provide my family with bread, and how am I to obtain it? If I am killed, our people will not allow my orphans to starve. Good-bye, citizen."

"Give me your name, at least! I must know the name of one who has done so much for me."

"That is quite unnecessary. To tell the truth, and what I did I have not done for your sake; our people ordered it. Good-bye."

The old man left escorted by the garcon. That very day that insurrection was definitely crushed. As soon as a peace was made, G—, guided by the address, found the woman who had given refuge to his little boy. Her husband and one of her sons were prisoners; another son was killed on the barricade, a nephew was shot. She, too, refused to accept any money, but pointing to two girls, playing in the room, daughters of her dead son, she said: "I have nothing to ask for anything for them, let your boy remember them."

The fate of the old man who visited G— was unknown. It was impossible to determine his death, the mysterious and almost sublime simplicity with which he accomplished it. It was evident that even the thought did not cross his mind, that he had done any thing to gratify his vanity, or to glorify himself. And it was also impossible to admire those men who sent him; who in the very heat and fury of a desperate battle could find time to think of the English and perfect strangers, and a bourgeoisie that did not like those, it is true, twenty-two years afterward set Paris on fire and shot the hostages, but one who knows, at least a little, the human heart will not be perplexed by these contradictions.

When Confederate Money Was Easy.

Money was so easily got, and its value was so utterly uncertain, that we were never able to determine what was a fair price for anything. We fell into the trap of paying for things as they were asked, and the more we paid, the more we were asked to pay more. Speculation became the easiest and surest thing imaginable.

The speculative saw no risks of loss. The value of merchandise rose in value every day, and to buy anything this week and sell it next was to make an enormous profit quite as a matter of course. So uncertain were prices, or rather so constantly did they tend to rise, that the price of a pair of gray cloth was brought into Charleston, once, an officer in my battery, attending the sale, was able to secure enough of it to make two suits of clothes, without the aid of a broker, merely by speculating upon an immediate advance. He became the purchaser, at auction, of a case of the goods, and had the goods brought to his quarters, and he took to breakfast at 8. After breakfast he resumed his labors until, when he stops for the day, and usually takes a ride on horseback, followed by a "constitutional" walk of two or three miles. The evenings he devotes to social enjoyment.

COMER BARCROFT, of the United States Mint, San Francisco, Dec. 12, delivered to Superintendent La Grange the sum of \$860,000 in double eagles. This is the largest day's work ever performed in the mint in the United States. In the three days, terminating with Saturday, the mint has turned out \$1,600,000, the largest amount of coinage ever run in the same period.

MRS. JOAQUIN MILLER has written a drama founded upon the incidents of the life of Joaquin. Joaquin is a character in the play; so is Mrs. Jo; so are many living "Oregon characters," of the time. Climax of Act I: "My marriage with Joaquin." Do. of Act II: "His departure, and myself standing on that lonely rock, watching the receding ship."

A LIBEL suit in Lowell involves the question of how much publicity is given, in the eyes of the law, to matter written on a postal card and sent through the mail. The defendant writes a letter to the plaintiff on a postal card, accusing him of forgery, and his defense is that, as the postoffice clerks are enjoined to secrecy, there was no more of a publication than if the matter had been sent in a sealed letter.

An illustration of the poor-debtor laws of Massachusetts is found in the imprisonment of a man for debt in one of the jails near Boston. He placed all his property at the disposal of his creditors, but for some reason was not allowed to take the poor debtor's oath, and is now denied almost all communication with his friends, and is obliged to march daily with the prisoners who have committed great crimes.

ANGORA, generally celebrated for cats, is a town of Asiatic Turkey, 215 miles from Constantinople. It contains the ruins of ancient Byzantine architecture and Greek and Roman relics, and is also celebrated for the long-haired camel-goats. Just at present Angora is a great distress, being upon the point of being taken by the Sultan of Turkey, a monarch not generally credited with charity to his subjects, has contributed \$100,000 for the relief of its inhabitants in the act which greatly redounds to his credit.

A Reformed Prize-Fighter.

The London Times says: "Bendigo, formerly a well-known prize-fighter and 'champion of England,' delivered a religious address recently to the congregation at the London Bible Society's Mission Hall at King's Cross. Mr. John Dupe, the superintendent of the mission, a former companion of Bendigo at Nottingham, conducted the services. The reporters stated that Bendigo, who is now 63 years of age, 'stands as straight as a dart,' and his address is described as 'simple, though coarse.' He said he was the youngest of twenty-one children, and his father dying when he was 13, he was placed in the workhouse. He began fighting when he was 16 years of age, and gave it up when he was 40. Two years ago, after spending his time alternately in police cells, the prize ring, and the public house, he was converted as if by a miracle. Ever since he had been the happiest man alive, and he should be happier still if he could only read the Bible for himself.

Current Paragraphs.

TWO CENTURIES ago, last month, since Milton died.

EX-QUEEN Isabella has been reduced to 184 nightgowns.

A WOMAN in Berlin, Germany, has forty-nine children.

The new army bill in France increases the army to 830,000 men.

An Iowa father of seventy-five antonyms is gladdened by a 12-pound scion.

EMIGRANTS received at Castle Garden since January 1, 1874, 131,322.

The chandelier for the new opera-house in Paris will cost \$8,000.

LONDON expects to have 250,000,000 people before she stops growing.

The law-abiding Bostonians have violated the building law 1,010 times this year.

ACCORDING to the military survey of the Russian empire, the monarchy extends over 400,227 geographical miles, or one-sixth of the inhabited globe.

JOHN ALLEN, of Pierpont Manor, Westchester county, N. Y., has just been elected Justice of the Peace by the Republicans for the thirteenth term of four years each. Squire Allen is 82 years of age.

AMERICAN cities pay roundly not to have their streets poorly cleaned. Paris receives \$130,000 a year for the privilege of contractors, who manufacture the refuse into compost and sell it for \$600,000—a clear profit of \$380,000.

WILLIAM MORAN, of the Philadelphia Sunday Chronicle, was convicted a few days ago of a singular libel upon George C. Hearst, member of the Common Council. He charged Hearst with picking the pocket of a marble statue of George Washington.

It is stated as probable that one of the Paris theatres will adopt the rule of closing the doors as soon as the curtain rises and keeping them rigorously closed while the play is going on. The late comers may not interfere with the comfort of all who are seated betimes.

In the great "hop district" of New York—comprising the counties of Herkimer, Madison, Montgomery, Oneida, Otsego, and Schoharie—not more than 4,000 bushels of this season's hops are now held. The price from first hands ranges from 36 to 45 cents. Brewers are now pretty well stocked up.—Eochester (N. Y.) Union.

GEORGE LABAR, whose death, in Pennsylvania, at the age of 107 years, we reported last week, left 516 descendants. His father, when 95 years old, married a woman of 30, who thought she would worry him out, perhaps; but he proved to be like Joey Bagstock, old and tough, and outlived her, dying at the green old age of 111 years.

A TENNESSEE paper celebrates the achievement of the "best man in the county." In a single day, last spring, she dug six pounds of ginseeng, captured and killed two rattlesnakes with eleven and thirteen rattles, and gave birth to thirteen children through the legs of her Rattlesnakes, not to mention twins, and not to be had more than once or twice a week.

MR. BANCROFT continues to drive his inexorable quill with vigor. He rises at 6, lights his fire, and works until announced to breakfast at 8. After breakfast he resumes his labors until, when he stops for the day, and usually takes a ride on horseback, followed by a "constitutional" walk of two or three miles. The evenings he devotes to social enjoyment.

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"HOSTILE MEETING."

An Affair of Honor Between Two Chivalrous Bostonians.

A Mobile telegram to an Atlanta paper gives the appended particulars of one of those pleasant little pistol affairs for which that locality has become famous.

There was a hostile meeting between two well-known gentlemen of this city yesterday noon, a little way from Grand Bay, but in the State of Mississippi. The gentlemen were Mr. A. H. Tardy, an insurance agent, and Dr. Benjamin D. Lay, the actuary of the Grange Life and Health Insurance Company.

The origin, as we understand, arose from a letter from this city to a prominent Northern insurance journal, over the signature of X. Y. Z., making some comments upon the new company with which Dr. Lay is connected. On Monday Dr. Lay met Mr. Tardy, and asked him if he was the author of a communication signed "X. Y. Z." in the Spectator. Mr. Tardy said he was, whereupon Dr. Lay slapped his face.

A few words passed between them, and then Mr. Tardy sent to Dr. Lay a written message, in which he expressed his regret for the insult, and referring to Col. James Williams as authorized to make any necessary arrangements. The message was answered, granting a commission to signed "X. Y. Z." in the Spectator. Mr. Tardy said he was, whereupon Dr. Lay slapped his face.

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