

kin all remember the oald times wen we used to talk about fitin for our country.....sense then moast of us has done it.....(here i looked at the principle warriers presunt)there is not one man heer who has not seen the huffs of the foman on his property.....(here i looked at Oald Square GROVER.....hoose wheet was utterly rewind by the Rebs).....and so we know the value of fitin.....as well as of kindness to them who fite.....Tharfor i beseech you.....Go in for the SANITERRY! You would'nt stop at givin medsin and food to a wounded soldier.....why then hold back from givin to those who are goin to take it strate to him?If you dont see it doneProvidence does."

These were my words in my humble, plane way.Mr. Editor i hoap nobody will laugh at them.....for my bad ritin.....there is others besides me hoose stile has fell off sum, sense they left off steal pens for bayonets.....and no moar at present from

Your Freind ISAIAH MILLER.
Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

A VERMIFUGITIVE SKETCH.

"All mortals are worms of the dust—i. e., ver-men."

MR. EDITOR :—As I sauntered leisurely over the Fair, and marvelled at the evolving of today's creation out of yesterday's chaos, my foot touched something, the like of which you have possibly seen before, viz: a MS. I raised it; I examined it; I sequestered it; and, although it purports to be eminently private and confidential, I instantly devoted it to print for the following reasons:

- 1st. It was in the Fair.
- 2d. It is on the Fair.
- 3d. All is Fair in love.
- 4th. The writer is in love.
- 5th. He is, therefore, Fair game.
- 6th, and lastly. The matter of which it treats is already, to a conspicuous degree, the property of the Fair.

Yours, respectfully, E. S. RANDOLPH.

DEAR THOMAS :—You write to express your sympathy with us of the "Central" on the subject of *Worms*. It is superfluous. The prevailing idea that the playful and curious little creatures, which suspend their myriad silken threads from roof, tree and banners, falling equally, as the rain, upon the just and unjust, embroidering skirts, exploring coats, examining undersleeves, measuring stockings, imparting an added liveliness to face-trimmings, measuring twelve feet to the inch, striped, acrobatic, social, inevitably sticking closer than a brother—the notion I say, that these interesting little companions are a nuisance, and not a blessing, is purely a vulgar error.

I entertained, at one time, the common prejudice against them. It was dissipated in the following manner: Being an eligible bachelor, and having approached the age of thirty without being able to concentrate my extremely

sensitive and overflowing nature upon any one in particular, it will be readily understood that I entertain a lively interest in the sisters in general.

On entering the scene of wonders yecept the "Great Central," after the first bewildering sensation of banners, and lights, and dolls, and roses, and fountains, my eyes were thenceforth drawn from the fair to the fairies, who minister there in hundreds—I may say thousands,—some of them talkative, most of them civilly, all of them peculiarly interesting. Wondering thus, my attention suddenly received a farther and final shock of concentration. Was it a face? a smile? a sash? No! It was what the poet calls

"A voice, a persuading voice."

The voice of an enthusiastic young creature, throwing all the energies of her nature into the endeavor to sell an article of merchandise for twice its value.

That was the voice for me. The effects of its peculiar persuasiveness might, in the domestic future, be irresistible—fatal, as in the case of the gentleman at that moment purchasing, at fabulous prices, articles he could never by any possibility use or dispose of. But destiny ordered it—that was the voice for me.

Those were the eyes, too, as I found when they flashed upon me. Uninitiated passers might have detected only the instinct for a customer in their fastening glance. I knew that it was destiny. Frantically I bought the things she set before me, after each purchase essaying to enter into conversation upon subjects other than barter, and ever baffled by her air of pre-occupation, from which she could only be aroused by the offer of another bargain. This was plainly a waste of time, not to speak of other treasures; know her I must, but this was not the way. Vainly I enquired of my numerous acquaintances; no one could give me an introduction.

What was to be done? Some men, so situated, would have planned a *coup d'état*, but, unfortunately, the great, perhaps the only, fault of my character is excessive modesty. I am not the man for a raid; I must sit down to a siege, and await the advantage of circumstances.

I watched her for more than an hour; at the end of that time she gave a sigh of relief, threw off her commercial expression, and, in company with another lady, also interesting, sauntered in search of refreshments. I followed distantly; they sat and ate their ices, chatting merrily; I leaned against a green-wreathed post, and awaited the fateful moment.

It came. I saw, to my horror, swinging leisurely down from a bough above them, three or four inquisitive worms. One of them touched, through the thin white muslin, the shoulder of the friend. Overcome by that timidity which is so touching and ornamental in the female character, she shrieked aloud for help. I perceived the advantage, and dexterously removed the intruder. Scarcely had she ceased to thank me, when a huge twig-colored creature lighted upon the up-turned cheek of my persuader.

Nerved by that heroic endurance so peculiar to the female character, she uttered no sound, but turned her mute, appealing eyes to me. I rushed to the rescue; she forgot her reserve in her gratitude; we conversed; we discovered the existence of mutual friends. The next day I secured an introduction; the next, achieved an acquaintance; the next, a mutuality of interest—in short, the thing is done.

And now you will ask, "Who is this fatal persuader? and by what signs shall I know her when I visit the Fair." Far be it from me to withhold from the friend of my heart, or, indeed, from all the world, a knowledge of that in which I take such pride. You will notice her at once as having if not the prettiest, the most expressive face at the stall to which she belongs; this stall is neatly papered and ornamented with banners. Her dress is a full black skirt and white body; and if this should not suffice to indicate her, you will, of course, immediately recognize her by her badge.

If, as is barely possible, all these signs should fail, I will state to you, in confidence, that hers is the table at which there has been a little—I hesitate to call it quarreling—let me rather say a little variation of sentiment, developed into variance of expression. (But this between ourselves.)

As for her name, it is scarce worth while to burden your memory with it, as I intend to have it very speedily changed.

And now, farewell, my friends; and hail, ye myriad denizens of the trees, so much tamer than birds—so much more easy to cultivate, and while I live vermicelli shall be my soup, and wormwood my bitters; and when I settle, never shall vermifuge have a place in my domestic institutions; and when my wife and I ride out in our carriage, the coat of arms on it shall be a measuring worm pendant.

Yours, vermicularly,

JOHN.

FATE AND THE ARAB LOVER.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare" by REV. W. ROUNSEVILLE ALGER, author of "Poetry of the East."]

Millawne Tanbe loved Ab Talib's wife,
The fair and gentle Leila el Akteel;
And vain of harp and words is every strife
To tell what love makes hearts like Tanbe's feel.

He pines away, his love so deadly strong,
With maddening thoughts of Leila el Akteel.
At length his dying soul exhales in song,
And thus the notes in faltering accents steal.

"Let Leila el Akteel, when I am dead,
But come where this poor body lies interred
And speak to me, and I shall lift my head
To answer, or my tomb itself be heard."

Three moons have sailed above the poet's tomb,
Built in the mountain side, his village nigh.
For camels twain the path yield, narrow room,
But there are two abreast now traveling by.

The burial place is still and lonesome all;
Weird lights and shades the fate of man rehearse.
"Go yonder, Leila, on that madman call;
See how he keeps the promise of his verse."

"A thing so cruel, Talib, do not bid;
I pray thee let us turn way and go."
Broke out the anger in his bosom hid,
"Must I enforce my order with a blow?"

Dismounts she then, unveils her lovely face,
And gropes her way beneath the summit sheer,
And reaching soon her lover's sleeping-place,
And softly calls, "Poor Tanbe, art thou here?"

A startled eagle in the cliff o'erhead
A stone sets loose, which falls with thundering sound,
Recoils from off the tomb and strikes her dead,
While frightful throngs of echoes wail around!

"It was the will of Allah, and her fate,"
Fierce Talib said, dismounting from his beast.
"To alter or complain it is too late:
But I will make one poor amends at least."

His sword breaks in the tomb: his wife he bears,
While mournful bodings through his bosom steal;
Apart the spicy shroud of Tanbe tears,
And places there sweet Leila el Akteel.