Jeave

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

On Longwood's shore the exile stands, Despair upon his haughty face; Behind him clasped his uscless hands That fain would rule the human race. Victor of many hostile lands, He falls in peace—to him disgrace.

The iron girdle round Sedan Grows narrower yet; no man can fly; He fights for death, that broken man, Capitulates, and does not die. Not then-while yet the eagle floats Above a cause worth fighting for-

But cast out by his people's votes,

He fades, like his great ancestor.

At Chiselhurst an Empress weeps Half-mast the flags of England wave . While far away our soldiers sleeps Securely in a soldier's grave. What'er the name he might have won, No grander this in victory's breath-"He of his race achieved alone The glorious end-a hero's death."

Last of the Caribs.

white foam-sheets a furlong broad-and verge of the horizon. then fall back in vain. And it is always going on: it never ceases. There my father's house was situated.

We silently left him and gained our cool hall before the burning noon made it intolerable without

But farther down, the country changes entirely; it becomes perfectly fascinating. The two sides of the isthmus resemble two fairy lakes. It was for this reason that its proprietor, the Count de Saint Croix, called t Beau Sejour-the beautiful home.

The Saint Croix family and ours formed,

brother with my sister and me. Any who had seen us, three-in-hand, laughter with the murmur of the waves, palm tree, looking at the deep blue sea. would have believed that there are some

happy beings here on earth. Our greatest pleasure was to run out on the caves, or sand-bars, and a hunt of shells. We left at sunrise, a little basket on our arms. The songs of the negroes fishing in their log canoes, came to us over

One winter day we returned from running on the sands. It was an evening foreboding storm. Distant lightnings darted across the sky. Julia was delayed by en- again, I would drown myself." deavoring to tear up from a seafan a shell. which she stood became an island. The with her shells. poor girl became alarmed, and lifting her arms, cried aloud for assistance. Her long, black braids fiapped in the the storm-wind,

and coiled, like serpents, around her neck. The negroes, hearing the cries, came in their cances. Defore they arrived, Francis had swam across, and stood by his sister,

supporting her. They carried her beneath the palm trees which bordered the shore. With her arms entwined around her brother, she cast on him glances of love; but from time to time

looked regretfully toward the island. "Wko will bring me my shells?" she

And, as if she had power to command the elementary spirits, there suddenly arose a deep, strange voice, which exclaimed 'I.'

A man of copper hue, grey eyes, bushy browns, long hair, dripping with salt water, came forth from the waves, bearing the wished-for shells. "Father Sassa!" cried all the negroes. Father Sassa was neither white, mulatto, nor black. He was of the indigenous Carib

race. His family, a last remnant of the escaped the massacre of civilization and be mine.' taken refuge among the rocks of our wild peninsula. But the family had been sadly reduced under the English rule of the island, and Sassa survived. He bore the title of cacique, though without subject to rule. His name was Sassaggari, but the blacks, following their custom of giving diminutives, always called him Father Sassa. He had brought the longed-for shells to

Julia. When he first heard her cry, he had plunged into the waves. "Ah! what a horrible shell!" I cried, perceiving a dark mass in the hand of the

"Why, 'tisn't worth the pain it has cost. Throw it back into the sea, Father "To the sea! to the sea!" cried all the

But the Carib deaf to these murmurs,

advanced with us under the shade of the "Little whites," said he, "you love what

shines and for that reason do not throw away this shell. It is colorless on the surface, but it gleams within. The stars of night have marked its heart.'

"What, Father Sassa," we cried, "do you mean to say that you can see through The cacique stretched out a hand toward

little hut gleamed out and vanished every moment in the frequent lightning.

"Come there," said he, "and you will And entering his canoe he disappeared. The lightning grew more brilliant : large

tropical hurricane. We hastened homeward, bearing the shell. The next morning the banana trees beaten

of the storm of the previous night. The never heard. Children, adieu!' heaven and the sea rested, calm and beautiful, after their wild passions had been We started for the cabin of Father Sassa.

We found the Carib seated on a large stone before his dwelling, preparing nets to embrace the Carib. He had disappeared. for fishing. Seeing us he raised his heavy But far off, in the last rays of the setting eyebrows; his strange eyes gleamed, as with a gratified feeling that we had remembered him and what he had told us the eve-

ning before. "Who gave me this twine to mend my nets with?" said he. "I, Father Sassa," replied Julia.

twine, make the wooden needles, cover my cabin with reeds, curve my canoe?" "I, Father Sassa," replied Francis. "And for that," continued the cacique, "Sassaggari follows you wherever you go. yourself a man of genius, and spend Sassaggari would let the sharks eat him too much time in watching your hair holding the "rammer" in one hand, he Sassaggari would let the sharks eat him too much time in watching your hair took with the other a riveting hammer from took with the shelf, testing it first and then swinging town, Pa., who has 1000 parrots for sale after him, beating him continually. jured. Sassaggari saw the little master and ple that you are not like other folk,

"Who gave me this good knife to cut the

mistress struggling against the sea; he went under the water: he saved their shell."

"But what is this shell, Father Sassa? I inquired; "and what was the meaning of all the sorceries of Zombi (a negro fetish), which you told us yesterday evening under the cocoa trees?

"See!" said the Carib, pointing with his finger to the fragment of shells heaped up around his hut, "see what remains of Sassaggari, my father, who was the first in these lands to walk securely beneath the

deep."
We observed that the shells were of the same kind as ours. "The white strangers chased our fathers

from their home. We are not negroes. To escape from slavery the old Sassaggari embarked his family in his canoe; but he would not leave behind him the shells which bring luck to the fisherman and keep afar the witchcrafts of the water. The whites suspected some mystery. They broke the shells against the rocks. Furious at finding nothing but the white gleam of the shells, they persued us-we rowed in vain. They shot all except me, who saved myself by swimming under the water. I have caught since then far more than they have snapped up, the blood-suckers. The rock only, besides Sassaggari, knows the You have often told me that you know nest where they slumber. But keep the the island of Martinique. Then you have shell of yesterday, little whites; when it heard them speak of the Caravelle. It is a speaks, Sassaggari will reply. He who wild isthmus, so called by the sailors from sings in the shells the plaints of the sea, a Spanish wreck. The sea is always rag- and who paints the sunrise on their faces, ing wild enough there. Ah, you should will make the stars of heaven sink into see the waves as they leap madly on the their heart." So the Carib spoke. He was rocks. Then they break into drizzling motionless, his glance sweeping afar to the

We silently left him and gained our

But these early happy days were coming to an end. We were about to quit this pleasant paradise for new scenes.

We grew up. Our parents spoke of sending Francis and me to France. When Julie heard this she sighed—was agitated. The Saint Croix family and ours formed, so to speak, only one, we were so intimate. the town and said that passage had been Francis, the Count's only son, was like a taken for us on board a vessel which would sail in two weeks.

My poor sister, the news was terrible to running, like deer, over the sand, our hair her. I think I can see her now during these lifted by the breeze, mingling our merry days. She would sit for hours under a Once when Francis stole up to her, taking her hand, he said in the tenderest tones:

"My lily, what is it you see there at the bottom of the sea?" "I see," she replied, "the white sail of ship which bears you far away-away!" The Count consoled them both, and,

passing his hands over the golden curls of his boy, said: "You love Julia very much, then."

"Yes, papa; and were I never to see he The day of departure came. We bade The tide rose until the sand-bank on adieu. Julia, pale as a sheet, came to us

> She gave the fin ing me by the hand, said: "Jules, I give you this horrible old shell don't forget that I found it that evening

when Fro

memory of your sister and of her love for Francis. Six years later, during the winter 1747-8, a young man completed a highly successful course of studies at the University of Paris and entered aristocratic life.

It was the Vicompte de St. Croix. We made our preparations to return to Martinique. Between our departure and the wedding there came an obstacle. This obstacle was a revolution.

The freedom of the blacks was proclaimed. The Count de St. Croix was ruined. He hoped to save his crop by borrowing. The money was obtained and

wasted in vain efforts. Francis rose in dignity and energy during this trial. "I will overcome this dis-

He left soon for Havre and for New York. Not long after his departure his father, the old Count, arrived in Paris. He hoped to obtain from the Government some indemnity for his lost estate. Every effort was in vain. One morning the poor old Count tottered into my room, and, casting

himself on the sofa, exclaimed: "All is lost!" In sudden alarm I started up to relieve him, and so suddenly as to overthrow a heavy table. Owing to its concussion, the portraits of Julie, which hung on the wall, fell to the ground, and with it the shell, which rested upon the portion of the frame. As the shell fell it separated into two por-

tions, from which rolled three white balls. They were the three stars of night-three extremely large, immensely valuable pearls!

That very day the first jeweler in Paris gave us \$30,000 for the three pearls. We met again in Martinique. The mar-Indian, and cast ourselves, shedding tears

of gratitude, into his arms. "Father Sassa," said Francis, "You told in the shells of the sea.

The eyes of the chief shone with a strange light. "Who were kind to the poor Indian? the last rock of the Caravelle, where his Who gave him wood for his canoe, a knife you." The convict was then about fifteen for fishing? Who were good to him? for all that children, follow me!'

He placed his hand on a great smooth stone, or rather rock, which seemed cast, where it was by the fury of the waves.

"Sassaggari goes to the south. He goes drops quickly falling announced a coming to the hidden land to join his fathers. There they live in the city, where all is gold, where the race of the Incas of the south and the Aztecs of the north talk the down in the fields, the uprooted trees borne old sacred language of the serpent and of afar by torrents, were the only indications the sun. There the voice of the white was

> He rolled away the stone. It covered the entrance of the cave, in which we saw piled high hundreds of shells, containing We stood bewildered at the sight pearls. of such enourmous wealth, and then turned sun, vanishing in its purple mist, we saw a canoe paddled by one dusky form, which waved us an adieu.

We had gained a million. On the grotto we had placed the inscription: "The Sassagari, last of the Caribs of this isle."

You are more sure of success in the end if you regard yourself as a man of ordinary talent, with plenty of hard work before you, than if you think

The First Pair of Pants.

When the eventful time arrives in which the pants are finished, the earth is hardly large enough to contain our embryo young man.

How his eyes shine, and how his cheeks glow! and he struts like a peacock with all sail set, and thrusts his arms to the elbows into the capacious boys' pockets.

tell him he looks like a man.

He will tuck the legs of his new the stockings are boots and the streets preparatory to dinner, was broken, the men like papa, and tip over backward in the vain attempt to put his heels on the them on, hooting and yelling. Somebody in the back part of the foundry here called reading and smoking.

tal enemy for life, insinuate that he is shooting-irons were ready? Up went the too small for pants and call him the revolvers from half a dozen pockets, and,

How his blood will boil! and how all the revengeful elements in his boyish theirs at the threatening convicts, some of

He "bosses" the playing horse and going in that line; do what you d--n "tag' proceeding, and puts down the other boys unmercitully with the cry:

girls in petticoats and gowns!" To all the callers at his house, he says could not get there he lifted his heavy

"See my new pants!" and then he shows the pockets and stretches out his dumpy little legs, and feels proud and happy in a manner that will never come to him again.

He wants to climb trees and ride other boys; and if the new pants con- vers to protect their fellow keepers, Officers tinue intact for a week, under the strain lifeted upon them the cloth was inflicted upon them, then the cloth was just four minutes after he had been shot. genuine, and the tailor was loyal to his

unalloyed enjoyment, do not meddle mar such a state of felicity would steal the cents off the eyes of a dead mother-in-law.

Death ot a Desperado.

fined in Sing Sing prison, lately outraged the laws of that penal institution, and officers McCormick and Mackin were detailed of his work cell to the main hall in front tion to his constituents, he said : aster," he said. "I will not be crushed. I of the chaplan's office, but while standing will go to America; a few years of labor, there he continually kept his hands in his get nothing good from them. Sure, if I original tribes found by the Spaniards, had and we shall be reunited, and Julie shall pockets. He was told to take his hands only shake hands with them, they give me out and fold his arms, but as he was raising the itch." somewhat, and one of the officers saw that by what he termed his "jury eye." he had a sharp knife in his hands. Officer cane and drove him back, and just as offi- to note some particular answer from an adcer Mackin was warned that Barrett had a verse witness. been cared for by others, Officer McCormick usual, a sympathizing friend said : pursued Barrett, who, by this time had fled to the North end of the yard. Reinforce- as lively as usual. ments soon came up, but the convict, who was a young man of about twenty-one, was swered. too fleet for his pursuers. He had disappeared and for a time their search was fruitless. Officer Good, who had in the meantime been ordered to join in the chase, happened to pass through the mouldingshop. There he was informed by one of the workmen that Barrett had just been in there and armed himself with several pieces riage was solemnized. We sought the old of iron known as "sprues," and that he had climbed up the roof. Quick as lightning Good jumped through one of the windows that cover the roof, and he had just us the truth. We found the stars of heaven one foot outside when one of the heavy 'sprues" was hurled at him, but fortunately it only g.azed his head. Barrett hallooed to him: "If you come near me I'll kill feet from the officer, while another keeper was stationed at the other end of the roof. Good called upon him to surrender, when, in reply, another sharp piece of iron was hurled at him. The officer then drew his revolver and fired without taking aim, advancing at the same time steadily, but cautiously, along the roof. The shot, however, did not frighten Barrett a single moment. From the roof he went through a window into the cupola room, this time followed by both officers. There, too, he defied both of them to approach, and while one of them called for more help, the fellow escaped from the roof down into the moulding rooms to the very spot where his ordinary working place was. That was about halfpast eleven o'clock. He was now once more in the midst of his comrades with only a few keepers around him. There he stood, as the pursuing officers found him, leaning against a huge water tank, and,

stand by him. Thus encouraged, still

it with defiance at the officers. It was now a critical moment. The whistle had just blown for dinner, and some of the convicts were forming in line. Extreme caution had to be taken now by the officers. The least mistake on their part, and over two hundred convicts would have hurled all the mass of iron and tools that lay around in the shop at their heads, and made short work of them. Taking in the situation at a glance, Biglin, the chief keeper, began pockets, which will, in a short time, to parley with Barrett, telling him not to be filled with a miscellaneous collec- make a fool of himself and to surrender. tion of twine, fish hooks, old buttons, Ba.rett said: "If you promise not to padnails, jack knives, whistles, angle- dle me for this I will go." Biglin, howworms, spruce gum, bullets, hard-shell- ever, made no promise. "Then," said Barrett, "I'll be G-d if I surrened bugs, fragments of stolen cookies, der!" swinging his formidable weapons and other articles usually found in defiantly at the officers. Over a hundred convicts were cheering him on. Once more All the aunts in the house must ad- Biglin urged him to surrender, but Barrett mire him in his new toggery. All of raised his hammer and was about to hurl it them must kiss him and shake him, and at Biglin's head when Officer Good again drew his revolver and said: "Barrett, if you fire that hammer I'll shoot you." Derisive laughter, groans and catcalls now pants into his stockings by the time he arose from all parts of the foundry. The has them on an hour, to make believe line of convicts which had been formed are muddy. He will sit cross legged were circling around the officers, crowding table, like Uncle Jack does when he is out: "He dare not shoot!" Then arose the cry all around the officers: "You are cowards! You dare not shoot!" and it became If you want to make him your mor- high time to show them at least that the while Officer Good kept his revolver pointed at Barrett, the other officers, having stationed themselves in a semi-circle, pointed heart will come to the front, and he whom had now begun to reform their line. will tell Tommy Jones you are a nasty old thing! and he wishes you'd fall in a well as Towzer did!

"I am going in that line," exclaimed Barrett. "If you do," said Good, "it will not be well for you." Barrett's object evi-Among his young companions, the dently was to go with the convicts into the boy with his first pair of pants is a gen- hundred fellows there assembled, create a eral-in-chief. He issues orders which general revolt. With all the appearance of are obeyed. The mud-pie-making bus- a leader among desperate men, he swung iness goes agreeably to his commads. his weapon defiantly to and fro. "I am

motion as if to leap in the gangway, whitner the the other convicts had been "Don't mind them! They're only driven by the ugly appearance of the offihammer and was aiming it at Officer Good when, just as he raised it over his head ready to strike, Good fired. Barrett stum-

business; and while several of the latter

A Venal Lawver.

An Irish lawyer, named Grady, had wit

bled into the gangway. He was with his comrades now, but a dead man. The moment this shot was fired the convicts scattered, they had seen that the officers meant

horses, and stand on his head, like the had now come forward with drawn revol-

Never laugh or ridicule the boy with his first pair of pants!

science." The following anecdotes reveal his character: He had been elected one of with it. Let no scornful smile come the members for Limerick in the Irish be said to abound. This system of inover your face when you see the exulta- House of Commons, and soon became one tion of the boy in his first pair of of the Government's staunch supporters. pants! The man who would willingly When remonstrated with on going against the wishes of his constituents who were opposed to the Union, he very resolutely declared his ideas to be strongly in favor of that project, and hinted the Government had made it worth his while to vote for that

"What!" cried his indignant remonstra-

tor, "do you mean to sell your country?" John Barrett, a New York burglar, con-"Thank God," cried this pure patriot, "that I have a country to sell. He was very coarse in his expressions,

to bring him down stairs. He was led out and when reminded that he owed his posi-"I care nothing for my constituents;

his arms to told them he stepped back Grady exercised much influence in court His right eye was constantly used in McCormick at once struck at him with his winking at the jury when he wished them

knife, the convict plunged it into Mackin's Appearing in court one morning in his left thigh, inflicting an ugly wound several depressed spirits, which, for one of rather inches deep. The wounded man having usual joyous temperament, was very un-

> "Harry, are you unwell? You are not "How can I be, my dear fellow?" he an-

"My jury eye is out of order,"

Trying to Astonish a Pawnbroker.

he reply.

The imperturbability and extreme caution of the average pawnbroker are proverbial, The other day a young man of an experimental and facetious turn of mind resolved to astonish a pawnbroker or die in the attempt. So, entering the secret shrine, he gave the officiating pontiff a \$10 goldpiece and said: "Well, old man! how much'll you advance me on that?" The pawnbroker tested, rang and weighed the coin, dropped a little aquafortis upon it, and replied: "I can let you have \$4 on it." 'Four Erebuses?" cried the young man; 'why, it's worth more!" "Well, yes." answered the pawnbroker;" "the gold is good, evidently. But it's very old-fashioned-it was made in 1834-and isn't worth any more than it's weight in old metal. Besides, there is such fluctuation in gold and silver. I've seen gold up to 285, and silver down to 84. How do I know but that silver may go up to 285, and

gold down to 84? I can't take any risks in my business like that, you know! But I'll tell you what I'll do, seeing it is you; I don't mind letting you have \$5 on it. But don't let the boss know, for he has the heart disease, and the shock might kill him! 'Gimme \$7, and I'll take it!" said the impetuous youth; but the pawnbrober shook his head so sternly that he knew it was no go; and so, picking up his \$10 piece, he departed. He returned three minutes afterward, and throwing down the having armed himself in the meantime with same piece, said to the pawnbroker: "Say! a "rammer"—a most formidable tool used can you give me two \$5 greenbacks for in the foundry-he defied the officers to this?" "Certainly, sir!" said the pawncome near him. Right in this and the adbroker calmly, and produced the notes. joining shop some two hundred convicts "You sweet-scented old idiot!" said the are employed. When they heard the noise young man as he pocketed the bills, "that's they all came rushing on as if ready for a the same \$10 piece that you wouldn't lend fight. One fellow went up to Barrett and me \$7 on at interest a minute ago!" "I whispered words of cheer to him, telling him to hold his ground, they would all

-There is said to be a man in Allen-

'That was business! that was business!

"My Lord, a Letter." Wedding Gifts. In the weddings of the poorer classes in Ireland this levying contributions on guests never takes place; but how. ever poor Paddy may be, his pride revolts from the appearance of poverty on such an occasion. There is a collection, however to raise a sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who "has tied the knot," and in the house of a rich farmer, this swells up to a good round sum. In Wales among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day of "bidding," not single guests but whole families to a wedding. That such an advent is to come off, with the where and when, is duly advertised in the local newspapers with a request that all persons who in times past, have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and bridegroom. Besides this, particular and almost peremptory invitations in writing, are sent to each household on whom the to-be-wedded folks may have some special claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts-food, flour, fuel, table, and chamber linen, even sheep, lambs, calves, goats and ponies, are among the gifts. In Germany there is the "pay wedding," at which the bride receives her guests with a basin before her, each person depositing a jewel, silver spoon, or a piece of money, at the same time apologizing for the donation being so far below value compared with the damsel's deserts. In some parts of Germany the rule is that the expenses of the marriage feast shall be met by each guest paying for what he eats and drinks-just as if he were in a hotel, but not at fair hotel prices. Thus the entertainment sometimes extends over several days, and the young people often realize a sum out of the profits sufficient to start them fairly in life. cer's revolvers. Seeing, however, that he From one to three hundred guests are often present throughout these fes- said: tivals. Sometimes the flow of pres-"My Lord, a letter." ents takes a very different course. In Poland a lady is not regarded as eligible for double blessedness until she wrought with her own hand, cloth and wrought with her own hand, cloth and garments for each of her future lord's friends (groomsmen) accompanying man, aroused all the humorous element of the light of the sun, garments for each of her future lord's John Owens as Jakey, the butcher firehim to the altar. In Norway, the cler- of Mr. Forrest and gazing upon the lad because you can find a candle. gymen has to be propitiated with two for a moment, he said: or three bladders of mince meat, made

viting people to a wedding reception and expecting them to make a valuable

factory.

by the hand of the bride, and a bottle

or two of brandy. In that country

most presents made on wedding occa-

sions take the tangible form of larder

and aftisant. ort most cothores, ar the

present time, wedding presents may

present has become a serious tax, and

though much money is thus expended,

the result is generally not quite satis-

Eastern and Western Story Telling. Its no use for an eastern man to try to tell a big story when there is a western man about. "When I was a young man," said Colonel B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been wellwooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the ploughing. We had a 'sulky' plough, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever a man drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and if you'll believe it they just walked that plough right through that stump as though it had been cheese." Not a soul expressed surprise, but Major S., who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly, "It's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespunsaid it was the strongest cloth in the state. One day I had just ploughed through a white-oak stump in the way you speak of Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out, roots and all. Something had to give, you

know." An Oriole's Spite Against a Dog. An incident interesting to students natural history occurred a few days ago at a residence in Rochester, N. Y. In front. of the house a small tree is growing, in which an oriole some time ago took up its abode, building a nest and evidencing an intention to raise a family. The owner of the house has a spaniel, over which he has shot innumerable game birds within a few years past. From the time the oriole began to build its nest it exhibited a marked antipathy to the dog, flying at him boldly whenever he came in front of the house, and pecking him until he retired from the field. This occurred several times, the bird always coming off victorious. Of late the oriole has shown more objection than common to the dog, perhaps because there are now some young ones in the nest. Recently the unhappy spaniel came out to lie on the front steps, but was not allowed oriole swept down on him, pecked his back, know it, my friend," said the pawnbroker. flapped his wings in his eyes, and made it so uncomfortable for him that the dog ran

Edwin Forrest's career as an actor furnished the foundation for many stories which he told with freal enjoyment. One which was a favorite with him ran in this wise: While playing an engagement at one of the theatres in Philadelphia, he desired to produce a certain piece with a full and complete resurrection of all his joys. cast of characters. Among the minor parts was a page, whose duty it was to deliver a package and pronounce the simple sentence: "My Lord, a letter!" Mr. Forrest had attended to all the main charcters with his usual care, and had a company entirely to his judgment. This being the case he antici- most when there is least of assurance. pated an exceptional success for the play when it should be enacted. The first rehearsal of the piece was called, and Mr. Forrest who had entrusted the stage manager with the duty of procuring a lad to fill the role of the page, otony. asked if that personage was on hand and prepared. The manager assured beggar may hold himself as highly him the lad was in the theatre and master of his lines. The first two acts went off in good style and Mr. Forrest was in high spirits. At the opening of the third act he took his seat in the the golden harvest. chair of family state and waited the enrehersal and hence each actor was in flowers that lift their bright heads for his every day clothing. When the cue was given the page appeared. He wa a sharp-featured, black-eyed lad, abou derbuss, which may accidentally go off sixteen years of age. His gait was the and do us an injury. mixture of the strut of a dandy and the roll of a sailor. He was clad excepting those who sincerely hate in color. His pantaloons was stuffed encased in a pair of gloves of a decided thyself to God, and not to be troubled lemon color. Had the Gorgon head ap- by the judgment of men. peared to Mr. Forrest it could not have more effectively transformed him into stone. He was speechleas and motionless. While in this condition the page

The wonderful and fearful appearance of the lad and the manner in which he pronounced the words, the

"That will not do my boy. Try it

again." The lad did try again and again. not. But with no better success. He could Let not thy peace depend on the not master the stage walk. He could tengues of men; for, whether they meaning or pronunciation or the most sinder well of thee or ill thou art no Where are true peace and true group sage. It was Jakey in all respects. But are they not in Me? the patience of Mr. Forrest did not give way. He saw the lad was in earnest sults from a perpetual continuance of and wished to help. At last he arose petty trials. A chance look from those from his seat and said to the page: "Sit down, my boy, and I will show

you how to do it." his best manner, presented the letter remainder of our journey. and pronounced the words. Then lay-

ing his hand upon the shoulder of the his own door and not busy himself lad, he said in a kindly manner: "That is the way to do it, my boy,

Can you not act and speak in that manner?" The lad evidently struck with the acting of Mr. Forrest assumed a more pearance of a life of piety than any

upright attitude, and said in a bold, confident tone: rest, I wauld not act for fifty cents a

night." The answer was so apt and ready that Mr. Forrest could only answer : "Right

A Forest Fire.

from Frackville, Shenandoah, Pa., re-

the page.

along awhile he observed that the woods were on fire on both sides of the road. After driving through the fire miserable occasionally. Trouble, like several hundred yards, the smoke be- cavenne, is not very agreeable in itself, came so dense that the travelers were but it gives greater zest to other things. nearly suffocated, and they had to lie down in the wagon bed to prevent be- coat, and keep a good character, are the ing smoothered. He then urged the three requisites for a young man who horses into a gallop, having first to be- has his own way to make in the world. labor them with a cudgel, and the race continued over the rough mountain road for a considerable distance with the flames roaring on both sides, and vision is the same, but the capacity for myriads of sparks talling in and about receiving enjoyment from it vastly difthe wagon. Mrs. Uffner's dress caught ferent. fire, and her husband dropped the reins to assist her in extinguishing it, when she fainted in his arms. While he was endeavoring to bring his wife back to consciousness, the horses were tearing ted me out of my best interests for eteralong at a breakneck speed, the wagon nity. swerved, jolted and swung around in anything but a comtortable manner. Mrs. Uffner became conscious in a few seconds, however, and just then her husband saw a cloud of dense black ered with smiles: when they fail in smoke enveloping the road, and knew that they become sarcasms. that they had reached the outskirts of the fire and were safe. The travelers a well-governed community becomes were all slightly burned, but fortunate- lawless; a peaceful community is inly escaped without any serious injuries. Some idea of the terrible heat they passed through may be had when it is sta- and a community that is poor becomes ted that the paint on the wagon was impoverished. burned entirely off, and the horses' Infinite toil would not enable you to to enjoy his rest unbroken, for the hair was scorched in hundreds of sweep away a mist; but by ascending places by the clouds of sparks that fell a little you may often look over it altoon them. On the same day the omnibus that carries passengers from Frackend there, for the bird went into the house ville to Shenondoah ran the gauntlet, hold upon us if we ascended into a highand the driver was severely scorched. er moral atmosphere.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

From inordinate love and vain fear ariseth all disquietness of heart and distraction of the mind.

My son, take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that which thou wouldst not willingly hear.

Death, to the Christian, is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the

The first time a man deceives you, the fault is his; if he deceives you the second time, the fault is your own.

Circumstances cannot control genius; it will wrestle with them; its power will bend and break them to its path. The direct and proper act of faith is

of perpetual use and necessity, and then He who, with wealth, has a true wife. a dutiful child, a true friend, may laugh adversity to scorn, and defy the world. One moment of true love and happi-

ness among years of sorrow is worth more than a lifetime of quiet, even mon-The angel who ministers to a dying honored as he who keeps the gate of

heaven. They who prepare the soil of the world for the seed are but little known; for unto those who sowed is ascribed

Looking up so high, worshipping so trance of the page. It was not a dress silently, we tramp out the hearts of

us and die alone. A passionate man should be regarded

If none were to reprove the victous,

in clothing coarse in texture and loud vice, there would be much less censorlousness in the world. It is no small wisdom to keep silence in the tops of his boots and his hands in an evil time, and in thy heart to turn

> The man or woman whom excessive caution holds back from striking the anvil with earnest endeavor, is poor

and cowardly of purpose. When you have nothing to say, say advanced, and presenting the package nothing. A weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

> place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

A true man never frets about his

It is impossible to make people under-stand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, there-

fore, he that can perceive it, hath it

-The deepest wretchedness often rewe love often produces exquisite or unalloyed pleasure. A misfortune, like a storm in travel-

ling, gives zest to the sunshine, fresh-Acting upon the idea Mr. Forrest ness to the prospect, and often introwent to the wings, and advancing in duces an agreeable companion for the Let every one sweep the drift from

about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously from the heart, and not from a sense of duty. A contemplative life has more the ap-

other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise. The immortality of the age says one, "If I could do it that way, Mr. For- is with some men a standing topic of complaint. But if any one likes to be

prevent hi n. "Doctor," said a gentleman to his clergyman, "how can I best train up my boy, right." But he did not forget my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," replied the reverend doctor. No one can over-estimate his own

moral I can see nothing in the age to

continually exposed; no one can over-Mr. and Mrs. Robert Uffner, and state the strength, and safety, and comtheir daughter, twelve years old, drove fort, of constantly abiding in Christ. Whosoever would be sustained by cently, in an ordinary farm wagon the hand of God, let him constantly drawn by two horses. After driving lean upon it; whosever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose

weakness, or the dangers to which he is

himself under it. To enjoy life you should be a little To write a good hand, wear a good

One man gazes on a beautiful landscape, and he is thrilled and satisfied. Another gazes on the same and sees only good land for raising crops. The

Was that a merciful man, who, when he lay dying, said of his vast ea thly possessions, to the accumulation of which he had devoted the whole energies of his life-these things have chea-

Wit is not the produce of study; it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as the hearer. One of the first principles of it is good temper. The arrows of wit ought always to be feath-

Without the preaching of the Gospel volved in broils; an intelligent community becomes ignorant; a rich com munity becomes victous and ruined;