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Perhaps the most graceful and accomplished artist, after Jack, was a charming young dandy of some seventeen summers (and winters, for every season must and will count in the race of life), by name Fanny Leyton, who lived in the cottage lowest down the river, nearly half a mile below Phillips's house. Fanny and Jack often ran races, and it was a doubtful matter which was the swifter of the two on a straight ahead match, though Jack far surpassed her in the arabesque, if I may so call them, evolutions and figures of the art. My readers will not be surprised to learn that Jack Phillips was desperately smitten with Miss Fanny; but it will give them pain, I fear, to know that she looked coldly (even in summer) upon his passion. What the reason was I never knew, nor did he, I believe. Probably it was simply one of those mysterious causes that seem incident to maidenhood. At all events it was a fact, and to Jack a melancholy one, though he bore up under it manfully, and, believing that a faint heart never won fair lady, kept hoping and persevering in his suit with praiseworthy ardor.

Choice Poetry.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY HENRY J. HOWARD.

Household gifts that memory saves,
But help to count the household graves.
Look! beneath my silvered willow,
Where its weeping branches wave,
Is my brother's lonely pillow
In the dark and dreamless grave:
There his body peacefully slumbers,
Low beneath that grassy sod,
While his spirit swells the numbers
Of the chosen band of God.
Well, too well, do I remember,
(Oh! that memory had died),
Of the morning in November,
Brother last sat by my side;
He then seemed as happy ever
As I'd seen him e'er before,
Yet, that day, we parted, never,
Nearer to meet on earth no more!
Alone Life's path I've wandered,
Since Death rudely spread his pall—
And the hours I have squandered
May I ne'er again recall;
Yet, methinks, I faint must love him,
Tho' beneath Death's dankest gloom
He sleeps—while we, above him,
Weep o'er the imperial tomb.
Oh! how long upon that pillow
Will he lie in dreamless sleep,
Where the silvered bending willow
Bows in silent awe to weep?
But his body peacefully slumbers,
There, beneath that grassy sod,
While his spirit swells the number
Of the chosen band of God.
Had I loved him not so dearly,
In a world so cold as this,
Then, perchance, he'd not so early
Flown to Heaven's eternal bliss!
But since Death has bereft us—
We'll no longer mournful weep;
For a while, but short, he left us
'Neath the silent grave to sleep.
Then, oh! rest thou, dearest brother,
In the dark grave's dankest gloom,
Or, arise to greet thy mother,
Who has triumphed o'er the tomb;
And I'll strive, when life is riven,
And my soul from clay hath fled,
There, to join you both in heaven,
When the graves return their dead.

Select Miscellany.

THE PHANTOM SKATER.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETT.

John Phillips was, and is one of the most accomplished skaters I ever saw. Morning, noon and night, through every skating season, found Jack skimming over the glossy surface of the river that ran by the foot of his garden, or whirling in wondrous curves and gyrations manifold within a magic circle of a few yards in diameter, whose periphery was closed by a triple line of admiring spectators. He seemed to live on the ice. People who wanted to be witty insinuated that ice was his meat and drink, and that he had been seen making a hearty lunch off a good-sized block of it, washed down by a draught of the clear, cold water of which it was composed. I have too often lunched with Jack off cold chicken and ale, however, in the noontide interval of his skating, not to know that this was pure invention. There were a number of cottages along the river bank on each side of the Phillips mansion, and a number of pleasant people lived in them—amiable old folks, clever lads and pretty lasses, all of whom (saving the elders, whose skating days had gone by) were more or less familiar with Jack's favorite accomplishment, and many merry skating frolics were held thereon.

"Not a bit of it, mother!" cried Jack, cheerily. "I'm used to it, you know. And haven't I that splendid worsted jacket you knit me? I'd defy Lapland in that jacket."
"They've been cutting ice up the river to-day, Jack," said Kate.—
"Look out for air-holes."
"Pooh! as if I didn't know all about it," answered Jack, chucking his sister playfully under the chin. "I'll jump them, my dear, if I don't see them in time to go round."
Being aware, from experience, that remonstrance would be useless, neither Mrs. Phillips nor Kate volunteered any further remarks of that nature; and, at ten o'clock, Jack bade them both good night, and, apprelling himself in skating guise, went merrily forth to his solitary ice frolic.

Fortunately, there was no wind. A still, bitter cold made everything crisp and brittle. The turf crackled under the foot, and though it was many inches thick, the ice ever and anon gave a sharp snap as the weight of Jack Phillips pressed for an instant upon it, here and there in his erratic course over its moonlit surface.
After loitering, as it were, back and forth in front of his own grounds for a while, an idea, and a very natural one under the circumstances, struck Jack that it would be a pleasant thing to skate down the river as far as Fanny Leyton's domicile, and have a look at the windows thereof, especially certain two that gave air and light to that young lady's chamber. Jack immediately acted on this idea, and in a very few minutes brought himself gradually to a stand in front of the Leyton villa. His hope, however, if such it was, of seeing a light glancing from the casements, or from any special casement, of that mansion proved fallacious. The house was entirely dark within, and the moon, which was but lately risen, shed a pale, cold glitter on the gray stone walls, blackened fantastically here and there by the shadows of the old trees that stood around them.

Jack heaved an involuntary sigh, and, after remaining a few moments longer in a sort of reverie by the river bank, struck out towards its centre with the intention of returning homeward. Gazing mechanically down the stream, as he shot out from the shadow of the bank, his gaze was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a form that seemed to be skating in a circle near the further shore, about a couple of hundred yards lower down. He fancied for a moment that it was an optical illusion, as the distance and the uncertain light thrown by the moon through the belt of trees that lined the river bank made the figure somewhat shadowy and indistinct. He rubbed his eyes, skated further out into the line of vision, and looked again. No! there it was, an actual form, curving and swaying in the fantastic evolutions of an accomplished skater in the same spot where he had just beheld it the instant before.

"Who can it be?" muttered Jack. "Some one from town, I reckon.— At all events, I'll run down and have a nearer look at him."

And, suiting the action to the word, he struck out leisurely down the river.

A few yards below the point at which the form seen by Jack was gliding about, the river took a bend, and narrowed suddenly, running for more than three miles between lofty, overhanging banks, from which the trees, chiefly hemlock and pine, projected themselves towards each other from either shore, throwing the stream into deep shadow, with here and there a band of light, where a few trees had been cut down, or had fallen away from the bank with the gradual wash of the soil from their gnarled roots.

To Jack's astonishment, no sooner was he fairly under weigh for the mysterious skater than the latter, apparently seeing him and divining his intention, suddenly ceased his gyrations, and, after an instant's pause, swiftly shot down the river, keeping close in shore, and evidently with the design of evading Jack's pursuit.
"Ho, ho!" said Jack to himself, half aloud. "That's your game, is

it? Very well! Here goes for a chase, my fine fellow!"
And, putting forth an additional amount of strength, he increased his speed so far and quickly as to gain a hundred yards in a moment upon the flying phantom. But the other, apparently perceiving this again, immediately increased his own pace, and, without materially widening the distance between them, sped onward with a rapidity that defied Jack's utmost efforts to surpass. In a moment the form had entered the deep shadows beyond the bend, and Jack lost sight of it. In another moment he again beheld it flitting across a space of moonlight, still the same distance ahead, to become again lost almost instantaneously in the next line of darkness. In this manner, through gloom and through glitter, the chase continued with wonderful swiftness for nearly two miles, neither pursuer nor pursued gaining upon each other.

What the emotions of the phantom were (for Jack had begun involuntarily to call it thus to himself) of course, I cannot pretend to say; but Jack Phillips's mind was aroused up to a pitch of excitement that sent the blood coursing hotly through his veins, and caused a profuse perspiration to start forth upon his bosom and brow in spite of the bitter cold. He, however, was utterly unconscious of this, and felt neither cold, nor heat, nor fatigue. His whole soul was possessed with the one fixed resolve of overtaking the phantom; he neither saw nor heard anything else but the fleeing form and the echoes that rolled along the glib ice from the skate strokes; nor did he relax his speed for an instant, whether in shade or in moonshine, nor give other heed to his course than to make it as straight and swift as that of an arrow launched by a stout archer from an ash bow!

The chase had now entered on its third mile, and here the river became tortuous and irregular, a sharp curve spreading out into a broad, bay-like expanse, and as suddenly closing up again into a deep, dark gorge, only to carve out its banks again, a few yards further on, into another brief space of clear moonlight and calm water.

Whenever these open spaces occurred, the phantom hugged the shore, which was always in partial shadow, while Jack held straight across the open space, hoping thereby to gain upon the fugitive by substituting the straight line for the curve. The advantage, however, had been but slight and transient so far, and the race bade fair to carry them both to the sea, which was but twenty miles further down, when, as Jack Phillips entered the third of the openings above described, he beheld (for his eye was ever steadily fixed in quest of the phantom) with a grim delight, the form scarcely two-thirds of the distance around its margin, and evidently gliding with diminished speed. The pace had at last begun to tell upon it.

Jack's heart bounded fiercely, for he was possessed with a kind of rage against this weird skater, who had thus far foiled his powers of speed and endurance, and, with a desperate effort, he shot, almost with the speed of light, straight out across the moonlit space, feeling confident that he should head the phantom off in the mouth of the opposite gorge. His eyes were still fixed upon the dark form seen indistinctly skimming along under the shadow of the further bank.— He was more than half way across the opening, and nearly abreast of the figure, when there was a sudden crash. He felt the ice give way beneath him, and in an instant he was plunged into the deadly cold water with a shock that caused him to utter a wild, sharp shriek of mingled terror and pain ere his head sunk beneath the bubbling surface.

Fortunately, the river was not very deep at this point, nor was the current at all rapid, and in another moment Jack was struggling manfully among the broken ice to reach the firm edge of the air-hole. But, encumbered as he was by his skates and his heavy clothing, and nearly paralyzed by the intense cold of the water, it is more than doubtful whether he would have succeeded in rescuing himself from a horrible

death! Help, however, was at hand! The phantom had heard the shriek and seen Jack disappear, and, swift as a swallow's flight, it sped to the rescue. On the very edge of the air-hole it halted, and, rapidly tearing off a long cashmere scarf, with which its throat and shoulders were protected, planted its skates firmly athwartwise on the ice, and flung the end of the scarf, with skilful aim, right into Jack's face, crying at the same time, in a clear, sweet voice—
"Hold hard, Jack, and never fear! Now for it!"

That voice gave Jack new life.— A sudden glow seemed to gather round his heart, and to start the warm blood afresh through all his stiffening frame. He caught the scarf in his teeth, and then, grasping it with his left hand, was enabled, without great strain upon his rescuer's strength, to climb upon the solid ice, hoarsely ejaculating, "God bless you, Fanny!" and instantly lost consciousness.

There was not a moment to lose. Assistance must be had at once, or Jack had only been saved from one death to succumb to another almost as speedy. There stood a small cottage on the shore of the stream, inhabited by a ferryman. To this cottage Fanny Leyton, brave and devoted girl, and no longer the provoking phantom, flew rather than skated. A few heavy blows with a large stone soon awoke the inmates, ten hurried words told the tale, and in a few minutes Jack Phillips was stripped, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a mattress before a blazing fire, while Enoch, the ferryman, concocted a powerful hot gin toddy, his panacea against all fleshy ills, for his slowly reviving guest.

Fanny Leyton, having sent Enoch, by land, to her own house with news of the affair, heroically rebuked on her skates, and started as swiftly as ever up the river to bear the tidings to Mrs. Phillips and Kate. In an hour Jack was as well as ever, apparently, and took a second toddy with decided relish, and in less than two hours later, Mrs. Phillips's carriage, with Kate and all sorts of remedies and clothing within, drove up to the ferryman's door, and carried Jack home.

The next morning, however, Jack was not so well. He had a high fever, and every limb seemed to burn and throb, as if with acute rheumatism. About nine o'clock came Fanny, with anxious inquiries about his health; and before she left Kate, with whom she was in close confab for an hour, she wrote a few lines with her pencil which she desired might be given to Jack as soon as she was gone.

As my friend would never show me the note nor communicate the contents, I am unable to give them to the reader. But that they were eminently agreeable I feel confident, for as soon as Jack recovered, which was in a very few days, he called at the Leyton mansion, and continued to repeat his visits daily for the next month, at the end of which period he announced to me, and to the rest of mankind who cared to know it, that he was engaged to Miss Fanny Leyton.

They have been married more than a year, and a happier couple I never desire to see. They still go skating now and then, both by day and by night, when there is a moon; but always together, and so they are sure never to be betrayed into danger by the fantastic chase of a Phantom Skater!

SIGHTING A TRUNK.—Old Governor H— has many laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of mind usually called wrath. The circumstances were as follows:

The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the state, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox river. The next morning, after arriving at home, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, twenty miles away. He just then saw one of his neighbors and his heavy clothing, and nearly paralyzing by the intense cold of the water, it is more than doubtful whether he would have succeeded in rescuing himself from a horrible

"Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor. When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk proved to be a large and well filled travelling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble; so, seeing that it was safe at the hotel, he drove home. As he approached the residence of the Governor the latter went out and opened the gate, expecting the trunk would be taken in and left at the door. The farmer told him he was not coming in.

"But," says the Governor, "did you not get my trunk?"
"No, you didn't ask me to get it."
"Did not?" What would you call it I asked you?" thundered the exasperated Governor.
"Why, you asked me to look and see if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good day, Governor, good day."

Suffice it to say, the Governor did not ask that neighbor to do any more errands for him.

Along with the compassion that is excited by listening to a tale of want, there is apt to arise, at that time, a feeling of astonishment that such a thing should be in a land like this. Perhaps, the true wonder is that want is not universal.— One-half of the race die before they have contributed an iota to the world's sustenance or their own.— One-half of those who survive the period of childhood are women, who do not, as a general thing, contribute directly to the production of wealth. Of the men, many are sick, many are old, many are lazy, many are idle, many are wasteful, and many are parasites. Those who do work, and live to the age of three-score years and ten spend one-third of their lives in bed, one twentieth at the table, one-sixth in recreation. Much of their time is wasted in mistakes. Much of what they succeed in producing is swept away by fire and flood. During half of the year nature sleeps. One harvest in five produces a failure. Only a fraction of the earth's surface is capable of cultivation. A large part of the general labor is absorbed in the production of luxuries, in repairing the damages of war, in preparing for future conflicts, in the transportation of produce, and in journeys.— Probably not more than one-tenth of the whole amount of human force is expended in earning the world's daily bread. The standing marvel, therefore, of society is, not that any should suffer for want, but that there should be any one who do not.

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.—A lady who had been travelling during the past summer, on her return home wrote to a distant friend an account of her journey, and, among other things, of the following adventure: "I concluded my various exploits by suddenly visiting old Neptune's bed at the bottom of the ocean. Not of my own free-will, however. I was forcibly thrown from the deck of a ship as we were out on a fishing excursion. As usual, my good man was after me in a twinkling, and caught me as I appeared on the surface, and, with prompt assistance from the boat, I was fished up again, a sorry-looking specimen of humanity, but all sound and unharmed, though a very narrow escape," &c. And after some more matters, she added: "I am going to leave room for — to speak for himself. I think he is able, as he is now fifty years old."

So the husband—"the goodman"—does speak for himself, and adds a P. S., in which, among other things, he says: "Mrs. — tells me she has written to you about her being saved from being food for fishes by the subscriber. Well, it may be so, but she had on a great lot of jewelry, which I thought was worth saving, particularly as gold now is pretty high."

"Pete, how does your father hamper his sheep to prevent them from jumping over fences?" "Oh! that's easy enough; he just cuts a hole through one hind leg, and sticks the other one through it, and then puts the fore legs through that for a pin."