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Select Poetry.

ONE BY ONE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall—
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee from above,
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one the gifts shall meet thee—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not laugh at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If they set each gain with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven but one by one;
Take them lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done!

A Select Story.

AN INTERESTING STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

CHAPTER I.

"What an idea! Absurd! Preposterous! I, Julia Winters, roll up my flounced sleeves, put on a checked apron, and go in the kitchen. I, the belle of S—, with my jewelled fingers in the dist water, my white arms turned as red as salamanders in the sud's washing days, and my fair face boiling over the cook-stove bakings. No indeed, not I!" and the young lady sank back on the luxurious sofa, so indignantly one would certainly have imagined her to be an invalid.

"Yes, yes, you would be a martyr, no doubt; the fate of John Rogers nothing compared to it!" exclaimed a merry voice, and a slight girlish form sank down by Julia's side. "Allow me to sympathize with you in your anticipations if, indeed, you anticipate venturing upon this life of toil and imaginary suffering, for I have the benefit of a little experience, having passed through a few of these fiery trials."

The light, merry voice was slightly ironical, and seemed not in the least to lessen Julia's anxiety, for she raised herself on her elbow, and exclaimed, petulantly:—

"Well, well, don't be always trifling; seriously, don't you think housework an old story, by this time, and wish you had never left your embroidery for baking and drudging?"

"Honestly, then, I must tell you no, if you still persist in knowing it."

"And how do you progress?"

"Oh, famously! Cook is so willing to teach me, and so patient with my ignorance, I am learning finely; but great work indeed I should make without her. As it is, however, I think in a year or two, I shall make a first rate housekeeper."

"A year or two! horrors! You don't pretend to say it takes as long as that to do housework? Why I supposed a month or two was all that was necessary."

"And why should it not take a year or two, or even more time to acquire a good domestic education? You know we spent four years at Mount Hope, finishing our scholastic education and preparing us to fulfill our antics in the *parlor* gracefully. I tell you, Julia, among the fashionable of our day, a young girl's domestic education is entirely neglected. So that one can boast a diploma as a skillful performer on the piano, dress elegantly, dance gracefully, and entertain visitors with fashionable politeness, all is accomplished, as far as education is concerned, to render a young lady an acceptable member in the first class of society. If there was a new era in fashionable society, if girls were educated in the kitchen, as well as in the school-room and parlor, there would be an entirely different state of society; fewer slatterns, dissipated husbands, ruined families, and more true, noble-hearted, energetic women. What is a fashionable woman?—With a few exceptions a mere doll, fit only to be dressed richly and to be admired. In this the highest, the most ennobling sphere our sex is to occupy. I truly hope not; there is one more worthy the true woman—that of—"

"Well, well! don't go into heroics, pray, Louise! Your lecture has had a very unpleasant effect upon me; if you know how I detest any thing pertaining to the kitchen."

"A good dinner, for instance."

"No! no! the work I mean!"

"And why is there more disgrace in preparing than eating a dinner?"

"There is no use in trying to explain it to you, Lou.; enough that the odor of the kitchen is too much for me!" and the young lady applied her perfumed handkerchief to her face, and commenced fanning herself vigorously.

"Never mind, sister Julia, you may yet see the day you will repent your negligence on this subject," replied Louise, seriously; "a woman should know how to superintend her own household affairs, and there is no better teacher than experience."

"Never mind, Louise, you need not fear I shall ever be reduced to kitchen labor; if so, however, that will be time enough."

"I believe you are a hopeless case," laughed

ingly responded Louise, as she left the room.

CHAPTER II.

Ring, ring, ring!
"Who can be calling so early?" soliloquized Julia Winters, one morning, glancing at her jewelled watch and discovering it to be ten o'clock. Arising, she stood before a full length mirror smoothing the dark folds of her splendid hair, and arranging the rich tassels of her blue silk morning habit, turned to meet the visitor announcing.

"Mr. Leslie?"
He was a tall, fine-looking man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, with a handsome, intelligent countenance, and an air of true politeness which distinguished him as a man of good sense, combining the fashionable air and manner with rare manly excellence and true merit; not passing with power alone among the gay and heartless, but also among the honored and the learned.

After the compliments of the day were passed, and he had apologized for this early call, on account of business taking him from the village to be gone some length of time, he inquired for Miss Louise.

Julia touched the bell, and ordered the servant, who obeyed the summons, to call Louise.

"Plaze ma'am, but, indade, Miss Louise cannot lave now, for she's got her hands in pa'chrust, bless her swate sowl!"

"Obey me, this instant!" commanded Julia; and the daughter of the Emerald Isle closed the door with a bang, and descended to the kitchen.

"I am truly ashamed to say, Mr. Leslie, that my sister has some very strange notions, that of assisting the cook, a certain number of hours every day, for instance; I am afraid," she added, gaily, "you will be troubled with her very much before you can rid her of them; for when she is Mrs. Leslie, you will have a little idea of my anxiety on her account."

We will here inform the reader, Mr. Leslie and Louise were betrothed. There was a slight curl of the gentleman's lip, but he made no reply.

"Louise is a strange girl," and Miss Winters played nervously with her watch chain. "Do you not think," she continued, "it is a singular as well as foolish idea, that a young lady should understand all the mysteries of the kitchen, Mr. Leslie?"

There was no reply, for the door was thrown open and Louise entered. She was dressed in a simple gingham, plain and neat, with a white linen collar and silk apron; her soft curls were thrown carelessly back from her sweet face, flushed with exercise, and a playful smile wreathed her rosy lips as she extended her hand to her visitor.

"I did not keep you waiting to make a more approved toilet, Mr. Leslie," she said, gaily. "I have been busy in the kitchen this morning with Jane, which, according to my views, is a very pleasant, as well as profitable way of spending a forenoon."

"So you think housework pleasant?" Young ladies generally pronounce it drudgery," replied her lover, smiling.

"Indeed!" answered Louise, "it can be made a drudgery, as well as all other things, and to one inexperienced, with no teacher, it would be truly so; but I enjoy myself very well thus engaged."

"But do you really think it pleasant?" persisted her companion.

"I truly do; one should know how things should be done, and learning is not a disagreeable task."

"But work in the kitchen is tiresome."

"Not more than that of the parlor. We often see young ladies too weak to make a bed or dust a room, who practice many hours at the piano, and dance a good part of the night without acknowledging themselves weary."

Kind reader, let us pass over two years.—Louise is married, and now occupies one of the handsomest residences in the city; for Mr. Leslie is quite wealthy, and his young bride enjoys every luxury that wealth can purchase. Yet her domestic education is very useful; she presides over her own household. Although they live richly, nothing is wasted. The elegant rooms show plainly Louise's taste and skill, while she possesses that knowledge which enables her to know how to direct her servants and to judge if things are done in the right manner. I need not say how much benefit she would derive from her domestic education in case of a reverse of fortune, for that will be very easily seen.

And Julia, the bright beautiful Julia had, too, found one she loved for herself alone; a man noble and good, with talent of a high order, and a lawyer by profession; he is far from being rich, but Julia considers her large property will make them independent; and they intend, after their marriage to remove to a neighboring State, there to find a home in some village or city.

It was but a week previous to her intended bridal that Julia sat by the window of her luxurious apartment, playing carelessly with the rich heavy curtain tassels, and gazing out upon the moving crowd on the pavement, when a servant opened the door and informed her that her father wished to see her in the library.

With a light and graceful step Julia obeyed the summons. She found her aged father reclining in his easy chair, his trembling hands pressed over his furrowed cheeks, and the silver hair floating above his careworn brow. There were tears coursing down his face and wrickling between his fingers, and his whole form trembling with emotion.—With many dark forebodings, Julia approached him; he drew her down upon his knee, and smoothing back her dark hair from her brow fondly, he gazed into her eyes a moment with a sad, heart-broken expression.

"Julia," he said at length; "can you hear ill news—very ill, my darling? I have lost all that I once possessed; not a penny remains! My going security for Morris has ruined me."

Julia heard no more; with a deep cry she sank down in a swoon; the surprise was so sudden, and the misfortune so great she could not but be very much affected. When she returned to consciousness, she was told that her father was dangerously ill with a brain fever. For days he lay in a wild delirium, and at length the death angel released him from his sufferings.

After her father's death, Julia made her home with her sister for a few months, when she was married to her affianced lover, Charles Harvard, and removed with him to the west. They found a pretty little cottage, for a home, in the suburbs of a rustic village, and Julia imagined a cottage would be a palace with her good and noble husband. Ah! Julia, you made a sad mistake once when you supposed you would always enjoy luxury and ease; reverse of fortune will come, and you, of all others, are least prepared.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, it was a pretty little cottage with its white walls and green blinds, its lattice entwined with clinging vines and shaded by a few ornamental trees. The front yard was enclosed by a pretty white fence, and rose bushes, and a few choice flowers bordered the little path leading to the gate.

The cozy little parlor, too, with its simple white draped windows, plain carpet and prettily papered walls, with its simple but tasteful furniture, and a few choice pictures, presented a most pleasing and home-like appearance; there Julia sat from day to day at her embroidery, while the trusty Jane attended to her household affairs; but, alas! a change came at length to Julia, for Jane was summoned home, and where could a girl be found to fill her place? Mr. Harvard now started off in search of one, and Julia was in a dreadful state of anxiety.

At length a violent ring summoned her to the door.

"The top of the morin' to yer, ma'am; sure, an' it is yerself as is wantin' a girl?" asked a rosy daughter of Erin, bowing and courtseying violently.

"Did Mr. Harvard send you?" asked Julia, with ill-concealed vexation.

"Sure it was his own blissed self, an my name is Biddy McCrakin, ma'am; an' it's me that will do yer work right well." And Biddy followed Mrs. Harvard into the kitchen, where she installed herself forthwith.

Now we will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Biddy had previously attended to chamber-work alone; but as she was out of a place concluded to try her hand in the kitchen. Did Mr. Harvard order pudding, custards, or any kind of pastry, they never bore the least resemblance to what they were intended. Bread, meat, vegetables, were entirely ruined in the cooking; the kitchen and dining-room were always in the utmost confusion and disorder, to say nothing of pantry and cellar; the parlor and sleeping-rooms were but slightly put in order; everything became disorder, and Julia, tired and sick of the mismanagement, grew peevish and sullen, greeting her husband to the dirty, dusty parlor, and uninviting table with an ill-concealed frown.

"Can't you learn Biddy to keep a neater house, and cook better?" asked Mr. Harvard, pleasantly, one evening, as he sat by the little centre-table, and pointed to the pretty lamps covered with dirt and grease. The remark was evidently not intended as a reproach, but Julia answered, sharply,—

"I think you might have known better than to get such a girl as Biddy—can't I learn her?"—I never was brought up for such drudgery."

"You know I could find no one else," answered the husband, still pleasantly; and, moreover, I always supposed a lady should know how to superintend household affairs herself."

"You might have known I wasn't acquainted with such work."

"It would have been better if you had!" was the quick reply.

"Yes, I suppose you would like to make a mere drudge of me;" answered Julia, sharply.

"That is your opinion."

"Do you insult me, Mr. Harvard?"

"Just as you please to term it."

"It is a pity you hadn't married some one to your mind."

"So it is."

We do not know how much longer the angry husband and wife would have talked had Biddy not entered the room. Mr. Harvard took his hat and left the house, while Julia threw herself upon the sofa and burst into tears; poor girl! those were the first unkind words that had ever passed between them.

Long did Julia lie there; nine—ten—eleven—twelve—and still no husband; the agonizing wife pressed her face upon the window-pane and listened for his well-known footsteps; but in vain; then she opened the door and looked out in the night; then walked down the narrow path, and leaning over the gate, gazed down the street. At length a sense of chillness warned her of the danger of the damp air, and returning to the house, she retired to her room, threw herself upon her couch and tried to sleep. Where was he?—why did he not come? The heart of the young wife was filled with strange and dread emotions. At length, when the little clock on the kitchen mantle-shelf rung out the hour of two, the well-known footstep was heard in the hall. Julia's first impulse was to meet him kindly and confess her fault; but, when she saw him safe at home, her pride awoke, and a remark touching the lateness of the hour was the only greeting.

Thus commenced an estrangement between those two once loving hearts. Julia, discouraged and vexed, after trying in vain to find a better "girl," settled down into a sort of a desperate calmness—ay, moroseness—endeavoring neither to make herself or husband happy; while he worried and annoyed, weary with daily care and anxiety, returned to his home where he should have found rest and

happiness, to find everything gloomy and disordered; an untidy room, a miserable meal and frowns, and sometimes unkind words for a welcome. At last he staid from homes almost entirely; his dinner was eaten at the village tavern, his evening spent over a "social glass," with a few friends in the "club room," and after a few weeks it was reported through the village that the young lawyer, Mr. Harvard, had "taken to drinking."

"Poor fellow, if he had only had a little comfort at home; but his wife is too stuck up to descend to such meanness as making it so!"

The sentence was spoken sadly, in a slightly sarcastic tone; the speaker did not know Julia was walking directly behind and heard every word; but could one have looked into the countenance of the young wife they would not have doubted it.

"Has it indeed come to this," she whispered to herself, and pressing her hand over her heart and pausing in her walk, "am I the cause of this? Is it because of my negligence that my husband is forsaking his home and turning daily from me? Oh the mistaken ideas that once possessed me! but for a false gentility I might now possess the undivided affections of my husband, and instead of a cheerless, untidy home, have one of neatness and order. But it is never too late to learn; I will commence now; yes, I will put an end to this, and strive to the utmost to again be what I once was to my husband; and more, learn what I once despised, to be a good housekeeper."

The next morning Biddy was dismissed, and without informing her husband of her intentions, Julia went to work; she was in good spirits, for she wished to surprise her husband with a neat home and nice supper; so she did not stop to wonder if rolled up sleeves were becoming, if a broom and dust pan were unfashionable articles, but commenced with great energy. But Julia knew nothing of that part of housework, for in a few moments such a dust was raised as to almost blind and suffocate her, settling upon books, furniture, curtains, &c., much to her discomfort.

We will pass over washing dishes, making beds, and other things, which she tried, however, took up the entire afternoon; although she tried her very best, everything had a peculiarly slovenly appearance, and one o'clock, P. M., found her weary and almost discouraged, and the kitchen still in disorder. The sink was filled with dirty dishes, rusty knives, broken tumblers and cold dish-water. The cupboard with half-washed dishes, shelves covered with crumbs, spices, scraps of cold meat and mouldy cheese, which formed a very disgusting sight. The white smooth floor covered with grease and dried grout; the pretty cherry table had lost its varnish, and the stove, once so black and shining, wore a very different appearance. Poor Julia! she was very weary and almost discouraged, and all these things meeting her view, she sat down rested her face on her hands and burst into tears.

But that would not do; there was nothing for supper, nothing cooked in the house but some cold burned meat and a few dry crumbs of bread; with a heavy heart, Julia took her cook book and looked over a number of receipts.

"Yes, that will do; Biscuits and butter, some of my nice preserves—Jane made before she left, and some cookies—or some kind of cake—let me see!"—and she named the different ingredients of which each were composed, and, finally, set to work in earnest.

Reader if you never made a cake, you imagine how perfectly ignorant was Julia. "Butter, eggs, buttermilk, soda—let me see—I guess this is soda—yes, it says soda on the box"—and Julia proceeded to mix the afore-said articles together, but, to her astonishment, the cake instead of being a delicate color was almost black.

"I suppose it will be lighter when baked; let me see—bake in quick oven—wonder what a quick oven is?—well the fire is all out all as true as the world!" and with this soliloquy she burst into tears.

Yes, sure enough, the fire was out, every spark; and, turning to the woodbox for shavings, her flowing sleeve caught a cup of melted butter on the table, upsetting the contents upon her dress and breaking the dish.

As she stooped to the floor to pick up the fragments, the flounce of her thin dress caught on the corner of the stone-hearth, making a sad rent, and raising her head from its stooping position, gave it a stunning blow under the table. Almost dizzy with pain, and overcome with vexation, after a half-hour of blowing and puffing the fire began to burn. Julia cooled the cake in the oven, and as she sat, according to the cook-book, it must bake three quarters of an hour, looked at the clock and calculated the time it would be done; five minutes—ten—fifteen—twenty—it would not bake—more wood was put into the stove, and as some other things needed her attention, she did not look to it again until the striking of the clock reminded her it must be done. And it looked done, in fact, black as charcoal. Julia tried to take it out of the pan but found it impossible.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" and again the tears streamed down her cheek. She was a picture then very different from the morning she said, "never fear that I shall be engaged in kitchen labors;" then reclining on her crimson damask sofa, she dreamed not of a day like this.

Ring, ring, ring!

"Oh! oh! who can it be?" Julia glanced at her torn and dirty dress, at her arms and hands covered with burns, smut, and dough; her hair was standing out in every fantastic manner, partly unconfined by combs and pins, her face was smutty, wet with tears, and her eyes red with weeping; oh, what a plight! Gentle reader or tidy housewife, believe me, such was the appearance of Julia, the proud, scornful Julia Harvard.

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring! That would not do; there must be something urgent to cause such a summons; forgetting her appearance, Julia now obeyed the call, and the next moment stood facing her sister Louise, and Mr. Leslie her husband. We can better imagine than describe the meeting.

Mr. Leslie was going west on business, and Louise accompanied him; the surprise was intended to be a pleasant one, although to Julia it was a very mortifying one. But Mr. Leslie made an excuse to go and attend to the baggage, really so as to leave the sisters alone; and Julia, after confessing her past faults, begged her sister to forgive her past faults and lend her a little assistance in her hour of need.

It is useless to tell how willingly that assistance was granted. Louise went into the kitchen, and, after laughing at her sister a little for using indigo for soda, because the articles had exchanged boxes, told her sister to go to her room and dress and she would attend to the supper.

In the first place the dishes were washed, the cupboard wiped out nicely and things put in order. The sink was removed of its load, and the room swept nicely. Louise did everything quietly and quickly; there were no steps lost; every turn and movement counted and when she had put everything in its proper place, the biscuit were made, table set, and when Julia again appeared, Louise was ready to sit down and talk with her.

Not long after Mr. Leslie and Mr. Harvard came in, and Louise was as engaging and lady-like as if she had sat in the parlor all the time. There was not a very great variety for supper that evening, but the biscuit were light and nice, and Mr. Harvard thought it the best meal he had eaten for a long time.

Louise spent a month with her sister, and during that time a wonderful change has taken place in the cottage. Let us peep in, kind reader, as they sit around the cheerful fire in the cozy little parlor. Louise has returned home, yet the order and neatness has not gone, too. Julia sits by the table busily engaged with her needle, while her husband with a pleasant countenance and cheerful voice, is reading aloud. The light of the pretty astral lamp reveals the neatness of the room and streams through the door into the kitchen, falling upon the cupboard with its snowy dishes and white shelves, gleaming upon the bright tin-ware, and resting upon the clean oaken floor. If one would notice carefully they would observe there was a place for everything and everything in its place; one of the great mysteries of good housekeeping. The sewing is laid aside, and Julia seats herself at the plain though rich-toned piano and plays a sweet good night song; then Charles draws his chair to her side, saying—

"I have good news for you, Julia, I have paid the last cent we owed for this little cottage, and it is now ours; and another item, too. Jane sent me word to-day she will return and take her old place next week; I am very glad, for your sake, although a better housekeeper could not possibly be found."

"Then would you not prefer this same housekeeper, Charles? Believe me, when I say I have learned the great art of housekeeping; and the labor is not hard when one understands it; we are both young; our means are limited, and I find that I enjoy much better health in active employment than moping in the parlor."

"But, my dear—"

"Now don't make any objections; let me have my own way this time," and Julia kissed her husband playfully, then turning to the piano, played, while he joined with his deep manly voice in singing—

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

UNITED IN DEATH.—A few days since was seen in Portsmouth, Ohio, the solemn spectacle of a funeral, in which were two hearse, bearing to the last resting place, the remains of a husband and wife who after a pilgrimage together of forty-five years, had together, on the same morning, gone up that long journey from which no traveler has yet returned.—The husband was Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, at the age of 87. He died in the house which his grandfather built, and in which his mother was born; and till the last week of his life he occupied the rooms which were his birth-place, and that of his mother. He never entered a rail car or a stage coach in his life.—By his first wife, who died about fifty years ago, he had six children, most of whom arrived at mature years, but have been dead for the last fifteen years.

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald* states that a disease called by some the "hoof ail," and by others "black leg," is making serious havoc with horned cattle all over the country. It commences in the hind foot, and extends upward, paralyzing the hind parts so that the creature comes to the ground on its hind quarters; the appetite is destroyed and the eyes grow dim. This malady is attributable to ergot in the grass, grain, &c. As wet weather is favorable to its development many suppose its appearance lately is attributable to that cause. Webster defines it thus:—*"A parasitic fungus growing within the glume of various grasses, as wheat rye, herd's grass," &c.*

DANGER OF CATS SLEEPING WITH CHILDREN.—A small girl seven or eight years old, on the night of the 27th ult., came pretty near losing her life by a cat. Her mother heard a strange noise which awakened her, she hastened to the bed where the child was lying, found the cat with her mouth close to the child's mouth. At first they took the child to be dead, but they soon perceived it seemed to catch for breath occasionally. After two or three hours she was restored to consciousness, but has been very stupid and unwell since.—Parents should beware how they trust their cats to sleep with their children.—*Galesburg (Ill.) Democrat.*

When Gen. Ethan Allen was a prisoner in Canada, he was dining with a party of officers and their ladies, and seeing some small red peppers on the table intended to eat up with the meat to season it, he picked one up and put it in his mouth. After chewing awhile upon the tough skin, he picked it out of his mouth, and, looking rather admiringly at it, said, the tears starting in his eyes:—"Ladies and gentlemen, if you have no objections, I will put this little red thing back," and he immediately suited the action to the word.

Incident of History.

"Twas a glorious morn'—a morn for life in its most subtle luxury." The first faint rays of sunlight had begun to gild the eastern sky of an ancient city, when the sound of martial music, and the prancing of steeds, hurried feet, proclaimed a mighty nation going forth to war. They have gathered themselves together, and now with glittering spear and flashing bayonet, they prepare to go forth amid the flourish of trumpets and the shouts of the people. But why this delay? The captain of the host, a mighty man of valor, speaks. Silence prevails, and all heads bend low, as with uplifted hands, the mighty man makes a vow to God, that if he is victorious in this battle, if the enemy is delivered into his hands, he will offer as a sacrifice, the first living thing that cometh from his gate to meet him when he returns. The vow is recorded; the word of command is given, and the gorgeous cavalcade moves on. Long they traveled ere they reached the field of battle.—'Tis reached at last.

A glorious array of men in warlike armor present themselves to view. And they are engaged in deadly conflict; man strives with man; the conflict rages fierce and terrible; blood flows like water; the shrieks of the wounded and dying rend the air; the field is covered with heaps of the wounded and the dying, and the dead, ere the flourish of trumpets and the shouts of victory announce the battle won—by the mighty man whose vow was recorded, ere they left home, and now he prepares to lead his army in triumph to the city.

On they go for many a mile over hill and dale, through forest and city. They near the gates of their homes. Every eye is strained; they remember the vow, and look on the right and on the left for the sacrifice, but no goat is by the side, no heifer gambols near, no lamb is in sight, no bird skims the air, and even the dogs do not come forth to meet him.

What means this stillness? Why doth no living thing come forth to meet him? Are they not victorious, fresh from the field of battle—upon their brows the laurel wreath, and in their hand the palm of victory? Do not they come with all the pride and pomp of martial glory? Why does no living thing come to greet their coming?

They approach the gates of the palace, and the eye of the captain casts quick and anxious glances around, and his heart trembles for his vow. What shall come forth to meet him? Perhaps a well trained hood, or it may be a favorite servant.

Hark! a sound of music is borne upon the air. Soft and sweet its strains are heard in the distance, and now they sound louder and more near. It is a song of joy and triumph! Why does the cheek of that proud man blanch and his hand tremble upon his rein, and his head droop upon his breast? Behold issuing from the gates, a maiden of surpassing beauty, dressed in gala robes, with timbrel in her hands she comes to meet the conqueror, and congratulate him upon his safety. Well may his cheek blanch, and his heart quiver, for in that fair girl he sees his daughter, his only one! Beside her, he had neither son nor daughter. She is all in his aged heart. Can he yield her a sacrifice to the flames?

"Oh, my daughter," he exclaimed in anguish, "why didst thou come forth to meet me? Behold, I have made a vow that the first living thing I met on my return from battle I would offer as a burnt offering. *Thou art that living thing!*"

One earnest and imploring look she cast upon her father, then sank upon her knees, her whole form convulsed with agony at the dreadful import of those fearful words. The stillness of death prevails, as with blanched cheek and quivering lip, the maiden said—

"Do unto me according to thy vow, my father!" And these brave warriors who had waded through seas of blood and never wavered on the field of battle, turned silently away, and murmured, "Alas for thy vow!"

A short time has elapsed, and now behold the maiden ready for the flames. Dressed in simple white, she comes accompanied by her maidens, singing a low, mournful chant. A large multitude had gathered to see the sacrifice. For a moment father and daughter are locked in a close embrace, as if soul had melted into soul. The old man trembles, for paternal love is strong within his heart, and gladly would