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Poeticul.

GOOD NIGHT.

Downward sinks the setting sun Soft the evening shadows fall in Light is flying, Day is dying, Darknoss stealeth over all,

Treasures of the fading year; Loaves are dying, Winds are sighing-Whispering of the winter near, Good night

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes, Age its forward shadows throw; Day is dying, Years are flying, Life runs onward to the close, Good night!

THE SECRET OF LOUISE HASTINGS.

Something must be done; I can bear this n longer.

I remember just the spot where, as I spoke hese words, I paused between the table and the rug in my small parlor—small, but pleas-ant and tasteful, as I had often congratulated myself, looking at the pretty lace curtains and the Brussels carnet, its dark moss-green ground, flushed and warm with tropical roses. I, Iruise Hastings, had carried for a whole week a slow, steady heartache. Sometimes heree life, and pain which seemed as though it would smother my breath and drive my reason into a great whirl of madness: But that was when I looked off to the future, and remembered the past; and my will was stubborn and my pride was strong; and I held down memory and imagination with all the might of both, for I dreaded every recurrence of that fierce, choking pain as I would have dreaded tongues of fire leaping suddenly slong my shrinking nerves. So I had borne Don't do anything of the kind, my child; bun I chanced to be thrown stendily enough, wans with a little added dignity; but that

wed for a year, and that winter was the from injudicious disclosures of this kind. twenty-fourth of my life. It was the thirtieth tae old town of Woolcottville, where we had resided ever since our marriage,

I was an only child, and my parents died own heart. You will be glad if you take my before my remembrance. My aunt, who had ladvice. adopted me, was a childless widow in very comfortable circumstances, and she was very fond of me, and had indulged every wish of mine, so far as her fortune permitted. At the alcove beyond the parlor: nineteen, with small knowledge of the world and smaller of my own heart, I had become

all those charms of conversation, those graces | and living. of person and manner which are so ant to at tract the fancy of the young, inexperienced girl, he was intelligent, enthusiastic, full of ing to their taste and feelings." warm, generous impulses; but, I could not and discipline. For a while we got on very smoothly together; then certain antagonisms in our characters began to develop them-selves. Both were high spirited, both unconsecond six months of our engagement, we had 'Because—because I do.' frequent jars, recriminations, and reconciliations. Then Harry went West to survey some lands in which his father had been spec-

We were to have been married on his return; and we parted with mutual protesta-tions of eternal fidelity. But Henry Somers was impulsive and susceptible; his absence was necessarily prolonged; and an old friend of his father's with whom he passed several weeks had a young and beautiful daughter, in whose society he was constantly thrown. I was grieved to find that his letters grew less frequent, and that there was a sensible diminution in their first ardor.

My aunt was not a woman to submit qui-etly to this, if I had been; and she soon obfained indubitable evidence that Harry had involved himself in a flirtation which was occupied to each other. Her indignation was keen; her fears were aroused for the happiulated my pride into dissolving our engage-

But the knowledge of Harry's perfidy was row thundered in a wild storm over my soul, but it passed away, leaving it better and stronger; and as I have lived to know that the aim and end of all living is to become this, I have thanked God for the rain in the

morning of my life.

A year and a half later I met my husband for the first time at a quiet little wateringplace, situated near a cove where we had gone for the sea air and bathing.

Maurice Hastings was unlike any of the

men with whom I had been thrown; he was grave, thoughtful, studious; yet there was a spring of keen humor in his nature, which sparkled in his deep gray eyes and flashed in ripples of light over the fine, grave face. Each was interested in the other from the beginning. His conversation formed a vivid face of Henry Somers; and sitting in my contrast with that of any other man's I had ever known, as we walked down on the beach heart went back to the past for a moment, in the sweet summer evenings, and watched and I almost, believed that I was a girl again. tery, religion. I felt my whole nature expanding and intensifying as I listened, and the granded of the granded

rice Hastings was pedantic, but to me his conversation was full of stimulation and sug-

It did not take as long to penetrate the mutual interest which each took in the other. Maurice was the sincerest and most candid o men, and though he seldom flattered me still the look of pleased interest and amusement which flashed down on me as we stood on the yellow sunds bordered with a great silver blossoming of spray, deepened into one of tenderness before that fair chapter of my life tinued until all arregrages are paid unless a vas closed. My aunt was pleased with Maurice, still she was very ambitious about my future, and the thought that I should marry country physician with no prospect but his profession, was not very gratifying to her pride. But, spite of herself, Maurice daily compelled more of her respect, and my engagement with Harry Somers had shown her much better than wealth is it for a woman to have a strong, true heart to depend on. Woolcottville was not so far from New York but that Maurice could see me for a few days every month; and in a little while

those days had become precious jewels strung along the thread of weeks. My mind and heart had found before they had passed out from the gates of girlhood the companionship which they had lingered and thirsted for, and life had something better than the mere living for selfish enjoyment and happiness. And in one of those visits Maurice told me those most blessed and tender words whose memory still thrills my heart, and shakes, while I write, the old,

sweet tears into my eyes.

My aunt gave her consent to my choice, on the whole, with cheerfulness; and the next spring Maurice brought me to his home, the small, graceful cottage lying like a white shell among green surges of larches and cedars, and here there went over my head in great light and love my first year of wife

Sometimes there stole across my heart, when I sat by the side of my husband, a litle shadow, and that was the thought that my ife had one secret from him, for I never revealed my engagement to Harry Somers. had been my intention to do this, but my aunt had dissuaded me from it. I was young, and had great faith in her wisdom and discre tion, and I did not altogether perceive that her standard was a worldly and politic one; that she had no lofty stand-point, high ideals of living; and, kind and generous though this aching had suddenly sprang into a quick she was, that her wisdom was only that o her day and generation. So when I turned suddenly to her one morning, from the piano, where I had been practising my music lesson for the day, while she was carefully washing some old fashioned china, which had been preserved as heir-looms in the family, and said to her: ' Aunt Eliza, don't you think it

Don't do anything of the kind, my child; self before my husband and any one with a man has no right to be inquisitive about such matters, so long as they in no wise concern himself, You would only annoy and pain only would be likely, to observe who had. Maurice by making my allusion to the sub-of the key to it. I had been a wife, loving and deeply be still. I have known serious trouble to result

"But, aunty, it doesn't seem quite honoraof that of Maurice Hastings, my hüsband, ble, somehow. If Maurice were in my place, who had been for four years a physician in I should want to know the whole truth. 'That is quite natural, Louise; but he would be wiser to look the secret up in his

> And I took it, but I was not satisfied. One night, not long before our marriage, I said to Maurice, as we sat together on the divan in 'I wonder what your faults are ; I haven't

found one vet the betrothed wife of Henry Somers, whose mother was an old and beloved friend of my aunt.

Harry was a spoiled child; so was I. We find that we adored each other. He had all these aboves of conversions the first support of the first suppor

'But everybody, almost, funcies it is only to be happier in one way or another, accord-

'I know it; but we must get a higher penetrate beneath these, and see that the range of vision than that. As for my faults. character of Henry Somers lucked moral force | you'll find them out soon and fast enough, I'll

'Tell me once, just one of them, Maurice; please, now,'-drawing closer to him. 'Why do you want to know?' drawing his

'Most satisfactory reason for a woman, but you shall be gratifled for this time. One of my faults is, Louise, that I am naturally alous-that is, if there is any cause for it. I've tried to curb and control this quality, and you will never experience any trouble from it, my little girl. Then, as I am exclu-sive in my fancies and affections, I am apt to be

My conversation with my aunt flushed at this moment across my memory. 'Maurice, you must have perfect confidence in those whom you love? 'Perfect; if that is once shaken, it is gen-

erally never restored. If I am once deceived there is not in my nature to trust again. can forgive much, but I must have faith in which there is no change, no shaking.' most dishonorable, with the relations that we words of my aunt came back to me, and my A confession trembled on my lips; but the heart played me traitor.

ness of the child who was dearer to her than day. Maurice and I had been out to ride, It was the first anniversary of our wedding. life. She laid the facts before me, and stim- for it was the time of the year's awakening, and her pulse were full of the youth and the joy of the spring. Maurice had set me down at the gate of our home, in the late afternoon, a terrible stroke to me, for my faith in him and driven on further to see a patient of his. had been boundless, and he was the idol of I had gone up stairs, and only removed my by girlish dreams and fancies. But the bitter experience did me good. That great sorbead in at my door, saving there was a gentle did not stay to hear another we head in at my door, saving there was a gentle did not stay to hear another we have hear another we have a second which we have a second we have a second we have a second which we have a second we have a second which we ha ' Louise Carlton !'

I knew him with the first glance, and it was not strange that my heart gave a quick flutter, for the last time that I had looked on been the betrothed wife of Henry Somers. He came forward now, with all the odd grace and assurance of manner, and gave me his and constrained, for the thought of my husband made my guest an unwelcome one.

'I was within a half a dozen miles of could not go farther until I had been nearer it. And a shadow crept over the handsome the graceful flatteries and insipid talk with with I had formerly been entertained now Krew rapid and disagreeable. Not that Mau
The graceful flatteries and insipid talk with our relations make a little less freedom of manner more acceptable to me.

A shadow darkened his face; he looked a paler every day, and the grave kindly mouth, and moved in gend, and free membered; You forget Mr. Somers could not have referent matters with my friends, while I carried that pr in in my heart which leaped into such vivid life and anguish when I was alone.

As for Maurice, I could see that he grave kindly mouth, where Maurice procured some cordial which band, populations make a little less freedom of manner more acceptable to me.

A shadow darkened his face; he looked a paler every day, and the grave kindly mouth, restored me. And now all the barriers of my pocket.

out, 'have you no warmer welcome than this for the man who has come to entreat your pardon, and who must go mourning all his days for the wrong which he has done you?' 'Mr. Somers, you, the husband of another woman, I, the wife of another man, have no

right to listen to words like these.'
'No, Louise, I am not the husband of an other woman !'

'Are you married?' I asked, bewildered 'No; I was a fool and a scoundrel, Louise and for a while I was fascinated, bewildered by the beauty and arts of one who penetrated my weakness too well, and took advantage of it. But she never superseded you in my affect tions, though I was too angry and too proud, when I got your letter and your aunt's, to tell you this. I lived on, after I awoke from that mad intoxication, for which I have

in the hope that all would yet be restored be

twixt us, until, just as I had finished up my

business, and was about starting for home, heard—oh, Louise, have pity upon me for all that I have suffered !' He came over to my side, and sat down by me, and grasped my hand. The handsome face was white with anguish, and, looking on it I pitied Harry Somers for his folly and his weakness, and this feeling must have fal-

tered through my tones.
'It is sin for me to listen to such words from you, Harry Somers. What if my husband should hear, should know'-I caught and choked back the words, remembering. 'What, Louise, have you never told him of

our engagement ?' I did not answer with my lips, but the pain and anguish in my face told Harry Somers what he asked. A look of gladness, triumph, flashed over his face. I saw the hope which he had gathered from that knowledge, and it galled me as a great wrong done to my husband. But the next moment all other feelings were merged in the dread of his return. What would he think, what would he say, if he should return and find Harry there? Oh, I saw my mistake then, and all the misappre hensions and misery to which it might lead. and I resolved that before I slept Maurice should know all that I had to tell him. But every moment that my guest remained was

dangerous now. I rose up.

'Harry Somers, I forgive you for all that is past, and with these words I beseech you to leave me this moment. I am the wife of a good and noble man, and I love him too well prolong our interview now. Forget me from this hour, and may the lesson which, it teaches make you a wiser and a better man. You have all that my heart can give you-its best wishes. Now go !' He rose up with great reluctance and great

pain in his face; he grasped both of my hands, and kissed them wildly. 'Oh, Louise, of whom I was not worthy, farewell!' And he was gone.

I drew a long breath of relief as the front I drew a long breath of renet as the room passengers were kined of the gate opened and closed sharply. Thank mangled!'
God, Maurice has not met him! I murman My lossband was a loss of the grant of the great jets of tears poured over my cheeks; but the bitterness in them was the thought of my husband, not of Harry Somers. I did not weep there long; it would not do for Maurice to come in and find me thus, and

started to go up stairs. shadows had begun to steal into the corners; but in one of them was a shadow darker than that of the early evening. It rose up and

Ceame forward. 'Oh, Maurice, is that you?'

'It is I, Louise.'
He had heard all—the change, strained voice told me that, without his uttering another word.

I grasped his arm. 'Oh, Maurice, only hear me; I can satisfy you, I can explain

He shook off my hand, and stood stern and still before me. His lips were white as the lips which never give forth sound or smile,-Louise Hastings, you were once the be-trothed wife of that man who had just left

I could not deny it; and before my lips could stammer out any words my face had

'And you have never told me this: and he has dared to come into my house and pour into your car the old story of his passion; and you have listened to it, and only sent him away because of your fear that I, your miserable dupe, your wronged and wretched husband, should know the truth.' 'Only hear me, Maurice ; only let me ex-

He shook me off again, and the anger in his eyes was terrible enough to strike me to tainty whether my husband was among the the earth, if I had not the consciousness that I was far less guilty than he supposed. But the facts were against me, and Murice was a ealous man.

'Out of your own mouth do I condemn you. Louise Hastings; my confidence in you is lost forever. The wife that I believed in and loved better than my life, has gone out of my heart forever. It would have been better for us both if we had died pefore this hour.' I shivered and staggered under the terri-

ble words, but there was no pity in Maurice's face. Then my pride roused itself. 'I shall not stand by and hear such words from your lips, Maurice Hastings, no matter how the facts may condemn me, so long as you will not listen to the explanation which I could make. And as you send me out of your heart forever, it is best that I should go

out of your home, also, to night.'
'No, unless you insist upon it; you can stay here if you like, and what I have learned this night, need never be alluded to by either of us. Only remember my confidence in

I did not stay to hear another word. I went up stairs with a deep weight and pain in my heart. I was proud as well as Maurice, and I knew that he had been unjust to me. No matter how strong the facts were against me, an explanation of them was my right and his duty. But for once anger and jealousy had hardened the noble heart of Maurice Hastings, and his reproaches had hand. My getting must have been awkward stung me into silence and endurance. We were both in the wrong, God forgive us!

Of the week which followed I must write briefly. Its long, slow days went down into Woolcottville, and the longing to look on your face, Louise, had grown strong that I served towards each other a grave reserve, which would not have attracted the notice of a stranger, and as we had company for three or four days at this time, we were left but little alone. I managed to preside at my tathe great white temples of mist rising slowly in from the ocean, and lifting their silver colonades to the stars. Our talk ranged everywhere to the stars. Our talk ranged everywhere to the stars of th feeling of lurking tenderness for the man be-fore me; and I said, with a calmness and which I often found myself discussing indif-

moment in mine. 'Ah, Louise.' he broke had a look of fixedness and pain which had never borne its witness there before. Sometimes a thought flashed across me that

Sometimes a thought nusueu across me that I would leave my husband; and go out from his home, as he said that find done from his heart—forever; and then, looking off to my future, it rose before me so hard, and bare, and the same the content of the same than the same and desolate that I had not the courage to set my feet on its way, and Is put the thought back: I could not live without him! Someback; I could now it in glance of those times, when I caught the glance of those stern and gay eyes on my face, a great temptation would sweep over rie to rush to his side and cling there fast, and compel him to hearken while I told him fall the truth rehearken while I told him fall the truth rehearken while I told him fall the truth remains my engagement with Harry Somers.

"Never, Louise, his that my heart was his."

And laying my head down on his shoulder, I told Maurice the history of my engagement with Henry Somers, and all the weight and pain which the knowledge of that one secret hidden from him had caused me, until the But the harsh repulse; the litter words which had once met me came bank, and steeled my neart and silenced my lips. And I cried to God, and there came no answer, and I did not know that the sin of my redie lay darkening betwixt my soul and Him.

betwixt my soul and Him

I had uttered the word with which my story commences half an hour after my guests of the three or four previous days had gone. I had been pacing the floor to and fro ever since I had smiled and wared my farewells to them. It was a beautiful my in the closing up of May, the windows like the breath of sweet spices, the year was full of the strength and joy of her youth, and the trees stood up in their white fluting of blossoms, and the sunshine wrote on the earth the old, new prophecy that the summer was at hand. But. for me this beauty had now neither voice nor meaning. The darkness in my heart lay like a shadow on the fair face of the day, and like a shadow on the fair face of the day, and 'Oh breathe,' the ballad saith, 'some sweet-when the first words I have written crept out ness out of each.'—Godey's Lady's Book. of my-lips, my resolution was taken. After-wards I did not hesitate long in making up my mind what course I should pursue; I would go up stairs, write my last letter to my husband, pack up my trunk, take the after noon train for my aunt's that very afternoon, and leave forever the house whose proud and happy mistress I had been for a year.

for leaving you! I sat in my own room, before the open window; and the song of the
fore the open window; and the song of the
clams and fish. The market hours passed
clams and fish. The market hours passed green rafters of the old pear tree, surged sweet-ly in and out of the room: The pen was in too weak to write the words which were to part us forever.

'Oh, Mrs. Hastings, have you heard the news? I was quite startled at the abrupt entrance of my nearest neighbor, the wife of a lawyer, with whom I had been on quite intimate s cial terms; but her white, specked face fully apologized for her abrupt enfrance.

'No; is it anything very bad, Mrs. Malthy?' as I rose up and offered myguest a seat. 'Michael, our gardener, just brought me the dreadful tidings, and as there was no one in the house I ran over here to share my horror with you. The cars ran off the track this morning, on the long bridge between Wool-cottville and Glencove, and h large number of

patient there!'. 'Are these claims fresh the second in the

but I felt a cold tremor stealing over me.

Mrs. Multby's face grew whiter as she Mrs. Multby's face grew whiter as she them myself, was the reply; and a pure gasped out. Oh, Mrs. Hastings, have I killed being made, the gentleman went away.

'I guess you have,' I said, as I passed my hand across my forehead; 'but it's no matter ; Maurice wouldn't care!'

She thought the sudden shock had driven me wild. She chafed my cold hands amid great jets of tears, and begged me to grow alm, and not yield until I kenw the worst. for the last week rose up and reproached me. I did not excuse Maurice; I knew that before God he had somewhat to answer for his harshness when his young wife had hung had repulsed her. But grief and despair had well nigh maddened me. I dashed Mrs. Maltby's arms furiously away, when they crept entreatingly about my neck. I stamped my feet at her when she implored me to be quiet, and at last I dashed out of the house, out of the front gate, and down the road, where her cries followed me for a while, and then grew faint, and were lost in the distance. On, on I rushed, for a resolution possessed me to walk to the scene of the terrible disaster, five miles distant, and know for a cer-

living or the dead. But in descending a steep hill on the way, I suddenly caught sight of the familiar chaise approaching me. My heart stood still; so did my feet. inmate of the carriage must have discovered mic, for he suddenly spurred his horse, and a moment later I caught sight of the face of my

'Why, Louise, are you gone wild?' Maurice sprang from the carriage, his face white with wonder at the sight of me. The great joy of my heart must have its way. I put my arms about Maurice's neck; I shouted, and laughed, and cried. 'Oh,

Maurice, I thought that you were lying there cold, and white and dead I' And I shook him to and fro, as I held his shoulders, in my frantic joy. My dear child, what has happened to

'My dear child, what has happened to vou?' And I felt the great tenderness and the great fear which surged through the tones of my husband; and a sudden faintness went all over me. He lifted me into the carriage as though I was a little child, and drawing one arm tightly around me, urged the horse slowly homewards. And his words and his voice were after the manner of a mother soothing her frightened child: 'There! don't be scared darling. Nothing shall harm my little girl. Try and be quiet;' for he evidently thought that I was partially demented 'How came you to be here, Maurice?' I gasped at last, as long shudders went over and shook me as winds do autumn leaves.—

'I thought that you took the train for Glen-'I intended to, but when I left the house I found a hasty messenger for a man who had broken his arm about three miles off. And so I delayed my trip to Glencove for the af-

'Thank God! thank God, Maurice!' 'What do you mean, my dear wife?'
'There was a terrible accident—the bridge broke down-the dead and the mangled lie heaped together. Oh, Maurice, I thought

that you might be among them.'
'He understood all now, my frantic fears my wild flight, and, drawing me closer to him, Maurise Hastings bowed his head, and pride were broken down. I knew that the deep well in the heart of Maurice Hastings had not grown dry in the last dreadful week, and that its springs had burst and overflowed his soul like the freshets of April. 'Oh, Maurice, it shall not be as it has been

between us any more?' I whispered, in the old tavern parlor, where we were left alone

day on which he presented himself in my parlor, and Maurice coming into the sitting room a moment later had heard nearly al

lisclosures set the whole matter in its true ight. There was no need that I should say o Maurice- You will forgive and forget i 'All, Louise. It is I who have sinned mor n my anger and harshness than you.' We drove home in the golden May neon, our hearts flooded with light and gratitude

fairer than its sunshine. On the way we encountered Michael, Mrs. Malthy's gardener whom she had despatched in a fruitless search And so the only secret which my life had held from Maurice Hastings, was revealed at last. It has its message and its warning .-

Be Truthful Always,

[This little story, copied from an exchange aper, is excellent. Read it, boys, and take ts lesson well to heart.]

n market town, and arranging their little Oh. Maurice, Maurice, my heart will break stands, sat down to wait for customers. One along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and my hand, and the cry was wrung from a heart | an equivalent in silver bits shining in his money cup: The last melon lay on Harry's stand when a gentleman came by, and placng his hand upon it, said: What a large melon; I think I must have this for my dinner. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

'The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side, said the boy, turnng it over.
'So there is,' said the man' I think I

vill not take it. But,' he added, looking into the boy's fine countenance, 'is it very business like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?' 'It is better than being dishonest, sir,'

said the boy, modestly.
You are right, my little fellow; always ght or shockingly remember that principle and you with God, and man also you with God, and man also you will say the control of the control o remember your little stand in fuci

> Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I come 'Henry, what a fool you were to show the I forgive you.
> gentleman that spot on the melon. Now, 'Does the II you can take it home for your pains, or hrow it away. How much wiser is he about those clams that I caught yesterday. Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the

melon until he had gone away.

er penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed: the gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, continually patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future hopes and prospects. To become a merchant was his ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanted boy, a boy that he could trust for his store decided on giving Harry the place. Steadily his employer, until having passed through the various gradations of clerkship, he became at length an honored partner in the

THE DOMESTIC OPERA. - Since the night that ke went to the opera he has been, as Mrs. Partington says, as crazy as a bed bug, and should become 'non pompous mentus' through his attempt at imitating the operatics. The next morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike reached over his cup, and in a

Will you, will you, Mrs. P., Help me to a cup of tea? The old lady looking at him with surprise his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more

impassioned strain-Do not, do not keep me waiting, Do not, pray, be hesitating. I am anxious to be drinking, So pour out as quick as winking. She gave him the tea with a sigh, as sh saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last he sang again-

Table cloths, and cups and saucers, Good white bread and active jaws, sirs, Tea-gunpowder and southong-Sweet enough but not too strong. Bad for health to cat hot biscuit, But I'll risk it—butter'll fix it. 'What do you mean, my boy?' said Mrs Partington, tenderly.

All right. steady, never clearer, I am not bound by witch or wizard, So don't fret your precious gizzard. 'But, Isaac,' persisted the dame. struck his left hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing-

What form is tractor in appearing ? Is it muckered or is it herring? Let me dash upon it quick, No'er again that fish shall kick—No'er again, though thrice as large-Charge, upon them, Isaac, charge! Before he had a chance to make a dash up on the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed umbler of water into his face to restore him to 'conscientiousness.' It made him catel his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing

What form is that to me appearing?

Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can; her second hus-band, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his

any more at the table, though the opera fever

still follows him elsewhere.

Talks with Charlie

[From the Episcopal Recorder.] A boy whom I had reproved for swearing, and using other bad language, came to my house this morning of an errand.

As I met him, I, of course, greeted him

His errand done, he went out, I bidding him good morning.
The door had scarcely closed, when Charlie pulled my dress, and with a tone and a look of reproof, said, 'Mother, you know John

'Yes, dear, I know and regret it very 'Then what made you smile on him just

Not being conscious that I had done so I hardly knew what reply to make; but reflecting a moment, I recollected that my little son never mistook the expression of my that had passed betwixt Henry and me. - My countenance, I saw that he was under the impression that I had approved of the conduct of an evil-doer, and hastened to say, that John was not swearing now, and was perhaps, trying to be good '. But he did swear, mother.'

Thinking it was a good opportunity to make a lasting impression upon his mind, and knowing that it is the every day incidents that mould the plastic character of a child, I took him upon my lap, and said, Charlie you know the other day you disbeyed me about going out when it was wet. I looked very stern, and reproved you for it. But after you had asked my forgiveness, saying, 'you were sorry, and would try to remember and obey me next time, I forgave you, and even smiled. You were happy

again, and laughed and kissed me too. · How very unhappy you would be if I did not smile when you are good, and try to do what is right. You would feel as though I did not love you, and after awhile you would not love me.

'Now when out, I presume he thought I

was not angry with him, if I was grieved the other day when he was so wicked. And when he swears again, he may think of my reproving look, and when he is doing right

pray to God to help you ke grieved is God and his dear Son (who never have sinied), when we sin against them.
You know I told you the other day about the Holy Spirit; sometimes called the Com-

'Yes mother I remember about that 'Well, when we do wrong, the Holy Spirit is so grieved that we feel it moving in our hearts as though greatly troubled; so that we often say our heart aches. And nothing will make it lie still unless we repent, that is say

we are so very happy; just as you are when Does the Holy Spirit take all the prayers

ap to heaven?'
No, dear, there are a great many prayers that sound very pretty, but they do not rise above this world. The Holly Spirit is never deceived; it knows which are sincere, that is, the real, ones that come from the heart;

gratified, I always do so.
'Well, it is just so with our prayers. What

we ask for in carnest, of our Heavenly Parent. 'Mother do you think that if John Gains

would ask the Holy Spirit to keep him from swearing, he would do it?' 'Yes, dear, if he was really in earnest in asking; for every time he was about to swear, he would feel the Holy Spirit reproving him, and it would make his heart ache so that he would soon leave off the wicked habit? 'May I tell John about it when I see

him? 'Yes, Charlie, and tell him that he continues to swear, the Holy Spirit will leave him, and not come back any more; then be cannot

Now, little one, go to your play; but he careful that you do not grieve the Holy Spirt by getting angry, or by speaking unkindly to any one to-day.

'I'll try not to, mother, for I should not like to have it leave me, for if it does make my heart ache when I am bad, it makes me very happy tchen I am good?

The Best Advantage.

A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entrusted him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated

the best.
If e had been very well treated in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his riends money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the ut-

most suavity the trader says: 'I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you want to be treated?' 'Well,' says the farmer with a leer in hi

eye. In the first place I want a glass of toddy, which was forthcoming. 'Now I will have a nice cigar,' says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurelyl ighted, and ben throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

. Now what do you want to purchase?' says the storekeeper . 'My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco,' ariswered the farmer, ' have you got the arti-

next thing that was heard from him was, that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends down Jones, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him: 'How came you to lose your leg?' said,

Well, on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found that there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it liad settled in my left leg. I had it cut off at once." "Be jubers," said Pat, "it 'ud be a good thing if it had only settled in your head!"

The Showman's Courtshin.

There was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn; squenscht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parents (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabors used to obsarve, ' How thick the Wards and Pensleys air !' It was a sublime site, in the ers, (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pined up so they couldn't sile 'em. affecshun-

ately bilin soap together and aboozin the na-Altho I hanker intensely arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Ruzzum. up again the roof of my mowth, and stick thar, like deth to a deceased African, or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my heart whanged agin my ribs like a old fash-

ioned Flale agin a barn flore.

Twas a carm still night in Joon. All natur was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flowers and driv-in the Woodchuck from his Nativ'Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot there on the fense, a swinging our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very cimple. I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was wound lovinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblingly sed, Betsy, you're a Gazelle.' I thought that air was putty fine. I waitd to see what effect it would have upon her, It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and

Sezza Betsy, I think very muchly of you. 'Ldon'b' leeve a word you say-so there now cum!' with which observashun she nitched away from me.

'I wish thar was winders to my soul,' sed I, 'so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here, sed I, strikin my buzzim with my fist, 'to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Vercovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans.' She bowed her head down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

worry threw with on your account, how vit-tles has seased to be attracktive, and how my limbs has shrunk up, you wouldn't doubt me. Gaze on this wastin form and these ere sunken cheeks'-I should have continuered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortunitly I lost my balluns and fell over into the paster ker

tecrin my close and severly damnerysell generalis.

1915y Jape sprog.

1916y description of the state of

If you mean gettin hitched. I'm in the I considered that enuff for all pracical purpusses, and we proceeded amejitly to the

parson's, and was made one that very nite. tific doctrine is now very generally inculca-ted and believed, that heat is the result of motion, and that light is also due to an undulatory motion. Some confusion of ideas has been experienced by many persons with respect to a correct understanding of this And at last great cry rushed up from my heart as the thought flashed across me that Maurice might be lying cold and stark on that fair spring day with the life suddenly choked out of him. And we had parted in silence and bitterness, and my last memory silence and bitterness, and my last memory and so it proved, for the next day the silence and bitterness, and my last memory and caress.

Meeon until a lie, or art one either, for twice what I have carned this takes to Jesus.

You know when you all it is only those that no necessary takes to Jesus.

You know when you are not lied for things that you don't result for Jesus that you don't result for you or not, Lidding the for you or not, Lidding the for you to be gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and versions to conver an idea of the operations of nature. Motion means the relative change in place, position or condition of ative change in place, position or condition of bodies. The expression, "force is the caviso ot motion," is also frequently used. But this we will receive, if it is for our good to receive is also a simple statement for the operations of matter, and is equivalent to saying "an apple falls by gravitation." In this use of the term, gravity is the understood cause of the motion; it is a force of nature, but the great First Cause is beyond the comprehen-

sion of man's intellect. A HINT TO THE GIRLS .- Our girls will have to take care hereafter to paint their cheeks with nature's "blooms" only; to take heed and not rinse the windows of the soul with tincture of beladonna, and to guard against looking interestingly pale. The highest court of England has ruled that want of health in one or two engaged to be married, justifies the other in a breach of his or her promise; and as the ruling of the English courts is often adopted in our own, it is very probable this will become a principle with our judges. So, young ladies look to your enlis-thenics. Do not paint your cheeks, dawdle too long over a novel, or emit to take your

morning walk. ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO CIRCUMSTANCES. —A spruce young couple visited a neighboring western city, one day last week, to see friends in the——regiment. They applied at a hotel for lodgings, but were told that all the rooms were full except a small one with a single bed. This embarrassed them for a while, but after whispering an earnest consultation, these young Americans told the landlord they would take the room, as they thought they could 'adapt themselves to the circustances. So, they went to the clergymen and had the puptial knot tied, and then returned to their room at the hotel, eminently satisfied with their relation.

A Few HINTS BY A VOLUNTEER.-Ground arms don't mean grind them in a mill to pow-

A picket isn't used in a fence.
When a man is an officer of the day, it esn't mean that he is a civilian at night. Present arms is quite different from giving your hand in marriage.

A countermarch is not a shop parade. 13 A contraband being escorted to the fortifications yesterday by a soldier : he was met by another 'gemman ob color.'

'Hellow, like, whar ye gwine with dat The storekeeper stopped instanter, and the gard? 'I'so gwine to reinforce the army." 'Is dat so?'

'Yes, I'm gwine to do mortifications to dig trenches.'—Louisville Democrat. What a poor world this would be with-out women and newspapers—how would the

news get about?

Physicians should make good sailors. hey are so thoroughly used to sea sickness.

The times are getting so hard that

people can't pay attention.