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of the most eminent medical authorities, and is

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Prepared by

J. D. ROEHL, No. 31 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

FATHER BRAHEAM

“With malice towards none, and charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”—A. L.

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SHOUT FOR THE HERO. BY J. WILLIAMS FORT.

Shout for the hero, shout for the hero, None deserve it more than he. Give it in welcome, give it in earnest, Sound it over land and sea.

CAMPAIGN SONG. Come sing, come sing a song, my boys, In this present time of strife.

BABETTE. Babette sat in the doorway of the old hut, dreaming. Her clumsy shoes were hung aside; her bare feet touched the water that rippled up to the very door.

“A crazy old place,” the country people called it; and there certainly was a wild Ophelia-like grace about the

“I must go away!” said poor Babette, writhing in her stricken pride, “but whither?”

“Sinking down on the old skeleton boat, she buried her face in her hands. Aunt Margret, as she was called by all her neighbors, was a well-known character in these parts.

“I had never occurred to her that any little girl of her age should be so hard on the charity list because her hands were hard with labor and her back overburdened—bless you, no!

“Not knowing exactly what to do with her little pensioner, Aunt Margret sent her to the village academy; that at least would get the problem out of her way for a little time, and the girl would be losing that health-

“Very few friends she had, fewer still since Tom had gone for a sailor. She longed for a friend, and fate, as it is wont, had sent sister answer to her prayers in the shape of Professor Pees, the teacher of mathematics.

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what upon a girl! Child, you'll get your death of cold, as I've often told you afore, in this damp, unwholesome place.”

“I haven't been here long, Aunt Margret,” said Babette, rousing with a flush from her reverie.

“My white dress! Why, aunty, you're getting extravagant. I want to save that white dress.”

“That, my child, you ought to be more grateful.” “Grateful! Aunt Margret, why should I be grateful to that old snuff-taking professor? I like him not; I will be to him no more a pupil.”

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ing because she was so much in his power. “Patently, and with as little expression as possible, she hated the professor and mathematics. A big, emphy-headed man, with a soul the size of a cipher, a smart figure, a wig, and a gold-headed cane; an elderly man, who had never attained the beauty and dignity of age, and never would; oh, the learned professor, with all his arithmetics at his back, could not render any solution of this one humble Euclid nor common sense shed any light on the pursued his stupid fancy until the young girl learned to shun his presence with unspeakable antipathy.

“And here he was seeking her out again. And she had accepted a gift from him, and shone and blushed and been happy in the rag that her anger should have burned to ashes. Her whole nature felt demoralized and beggared by the thought. But over all the ruin and desolation the remembrance of Tom lingered like a glimmer of sunlight.

“The twilight faded over the sea, the long stretches of sand lost their yellow lustre, an ominous shadow, like an east wind made visible, brooded in the sky—and still Babette slept.

“At last it touched the top of the upturned shallop, it kissed the bare feet of the sleeper, and she awoke. Scared and amazed, she rubbed her eyes and looked about. On every side a very ocean seemed to stretch, rising, rising, away by a fierce wind, gathering wrath against the day of wrath, the blackening on-rushing tempest! Only at the back of the hut a slim, thread-like peninsula still stretched out seaward again, making an island of the sand-bank where stood the old hut.

“You are a little fool,” said the schoolmaster, violently. “I can compel you to come with me. I have you all in my power now. He stretched out his hand, but Babette eluded the grasp.

“You will not stay here and die?” he queried. “If God sends no one else to my rescue.”

“Come, come, that is childish nonsense and stubbornness. God has sent me. You are risking my life as well; I shall have some ado to reach shore with this old nag, though he can swim pretty well. The tide is rising every minute; there is a great storm coming. Nobody will see you. Only one kite, and I will bear you in my arms to safety.”

“I will not give it—no; not to buy heaven.” “But you shall,” he cried, his face gathering passion and insolence at the unaccustomed thwarting of his will. “It is my duty to save your life, girl, and I must do it in my own way.”

“A cry of fear and despair broke from the lips of Babette as she looked at the sea confronting her, a face whose hard and cruel lines a life-long submission to rules and decency had only deepened. Those lines, distorted now, losing the sanctimonious smirk that was their wont, revealed as on a map, a very villain.

“God help me!” she said, and turned to flee—whither? To fling herself into the waves and be carried out to the great, hungry depths beyond? Death was not a pleasant thing for a young girl to contemplate, a young girl full of rosy life, just lifting her bosom-like head to look at the world. There was a good deal to love after all, in the world, with all its shadows; and there was Tom. Tom was no shadow. But Babette did not hesitate for one instant. She had some of the old Puritan blood in her veins, or, perhaps, some of the old Huguenot—a stubbornness that had made good martyrs when need was. She would have died rather than submit to be saved by this man.

“At that moment, as she turned away, glancing with despairing and fearful eyes over the encroaching waste, a vision seemed to pass before them; their blue orbs dilated, gathered sudden gleam and light. A little boat, manned by a single oarsman, rounded the corner of the island. The school-master saw it also. He delayed not an instant, but plunging with his horse into the seething waters, made his struggling way toward the further shore. For the oarsman was sister Tom, and with a cry Babette, dripping, trembling, sprang into his outstretched arms.

Tom, with his sun-browned face, his bronzed hands, with the blue anchor pricked on the back—Tom was a “born sailor,” as Aunt Margret had often declared; but the lad loved home too, especially when home meant Babette. He had come home to tell her good news; he was to be the first mate of his next voyage. He had lifted the latch hastily, intending to give her a glad surprise. Cold disappointment, unexpected blank! In there he only found Aunt Margret, just returned by the hill road, and half distrustful to find Babette still absent. Tom had not staid an instant. He knew Babette's haunts well; he comprehended her possible danger.

“There was a gay supper-party that night in Aunt Margret's kitchen, and Tom and Babette sat side by side, while the storm went away its fury without.

“The last stone of that old hut has gone under by this time, I reckon,” said Tom, listening. “Glad of it,” was the savage comment of Aunt Margret, while she poured out a hot cup of tea for Babette. “Crazy old place—no use to nobody; and Babette would always be hankering after it and haunting it as long as it hung together.”

“I shouldn't haunt it much after this, I think,” said Babette, with a shiver. “I shall have to hunt up new places.”

“If all comes of your havin' furrin blood in your veins,” added the old woman, reflectively. “I shall be skeered now every time you are out of my sight, an' lookin' after you the hull blessed time!”

“I can't consent to your being bothered in that manner, aunty, at your time of life,” said Tom, benevolently. “I shall take Babette out of your way next voyage. The captain is willing, and she does need looking after.”

“Bless my soul!” said Aunt Margret, lifting up both her hands; “you're in a hurry, ain't you? Well, well, I say nothin' agen it, if Babette doesn't see her way clearer to better herself.”

“Babette is too high-spirited to take a gift from any ordinary mortal,” said Aunt Margret, curtly, remembering with lingering regret her ambitious hopes in regard to Professor Pees.

“This will be her wedding dress, you know,” said Tom, “and she won't want two.”

A Boy's Composition. A policeman has good times. He can wear good clothes, and go where he likes. I wish I was a policeman, so that I could go to all the shows that come in town. A policeman likes to fight. When he sees two fellows fighting he goes and takes a hand in the matter and the fellows are glad. The only thing I've got against policemen is, that they keep bad company. When they see a drunken man in the street they take a walk with him, and introduce him to the Judge. Most all policemen swear. I have heard them take oath down in the court room. Some policemen are big and some are little. The little policemen are smaller than the big ones. The policeman at the cattle-yard is a big one most of the time. When a fellow gets drunk he thinks he can lift a policeman, but he most always finds himself mistaken. Some folks think policemen will steal a watch from a drunken man, but they are mistaken. If a policeman wants a watch he goes around looking for a fellow who is drunk, and when he finds him he shakes him up pretty lively, and sometimes a watch falls out on the ground and policeman picks it up. This is not stealing. The policeman who walks around nights are called night watches, because they find watches nights. The day police are called patrols, because they roll Pat on a wheel-barrow to the station house when he is to drunk to walk. Most policemen keep their coats buttoned up for fear of losing their money. They also wear brass buttons on their coats, and when they resign cut them off and sew on black ones. Policemen like to go to balls and eat ham and wear calico clothes. The reason why policemen strike their clubs on the lamp-posts is to give burglars and rowdies notice to get out the way, as there is a policeman station, and he does not want to get shot. I have seen policemen who had but one eye, but you could never get on the blind side of 'em. Not much. This is all I know about policemen.

A liquor dealer at Niagara Falls last week thought to make a hit in the advertising line by hiring a peripatetic Hibernian to carry about the streets a transparency setting forth the goodness and abundance of his liquors. A fatal action. The man did not start when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note from the host procured their recall:—“Dear P—Send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys.”

It is said that bi-sulphite of lime can be successfully used to prevent the fermentation of cider. The manufacturers of this use. They let the cider ferment once, then rack off and throw into each cask a piece of raw beef. Let us hear from our readers on this.

CASH ADVERTISING RATES. Twelve lines of solid Nonpareil or its equivalent one inch in length, constitute a Square, and advertisers will be charged for the space they occupy in accordance with the following table:

Table with columns: TIME, 1 Sq., 2 Sq., 3 Sq., 4 Sq., 5 Sq., 6 Sq., 7 Sq., 8 Sq., 9 Sq., 10 Sq., 11 Sq., 12 Sq.