THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. appland, and which is said to have won me | men carrying the wounded. Before I got BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS. SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, psychie in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrear-aged are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVENTIMENTAL—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-lav cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion.

JOB PRIMTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL TO HER HOME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, BY THE REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved pastures And peaceful, friendly valleys, fare ye well, Farewell, ye mumically valleys, fare ye well,
And peaceful, friendly valleys, fare ye well,
Joan no more along your paths may wander;
She bids you a fond, a last farewell;
Meadows that I have watered, trees I planted,
Long may your smiling green my kindness tell
Farewell, ye cooling grottos, murmuring fountains
And thou, soft Echo, voice of the lone dell,
The firm add at answer to my jocund strain;— And thou, soft Echo, voice of the lone dell, That oft mad'st answer to my jocund strain;— Joan may never visit you again.

Ye scenes where all my quiet joys were found,
I leave you here behind for evermore;
Ye lambkins sporting on the flowery ground,
Soon, a lost flock, ye'll roam the mountains c'er.
I go to lead another flock, 'mid sound
Of drum and trumpet, on a field of gore.
A spirit's voice has summoned me—I yield—
No earth-born passion spurs me to the field.

He who of old from Horeb's height came down, And from the burning bush to Moses spake; Who bade him stand and brave stern Pharaoh' Who bade him stand and praye stein realization frown;
Who bade the shepherd-son of Jesse take
A warrior's spear and wear a kingly orown;
Who still loves shepherds for his mercy's sake,—
To me hath spoken from you whispering tree,—
"Go forth; thou shalt on earth my witness be!

"Go, and henceforth the brazen armor prove;
Bind the steel breast-plate to your tender breast,
Let not man's love have power thy heart to move,
Nor wild unholy firse thy soul molest;
No bridal wreath shall bloom thy brow above,
No smiling infant on thy bosom rest,
Yet shall the hero's lasting fame be thine;
Above earth's noblest daughters thou shalt shine.

"When in the shock of fight the mightiest reel, When the last hour of France is drawing nigh, Then shalt thou wave thy oriflame on high; Like corn before the reaping maiden's steel, Low in the dust shalt see the tyrant lie, Roll back his proud, triumphant chariot-wheel, To the brave sons of France salvation bring, Deliver Rheims, and crown thy rightful king."

The Lord of Hosts has promised me a sign,
And now he sends this home—'tis from Him!
Its iron touch nerves me with power divine;
I feel the glory of the cherubin;
I must away to join the bristling line—
A tempest whirls me ohward; earth grows dim;
The din of battle summons me away,
The war-steed prances and the trumpets bray. Much Siekness from "Exposure to a Draft."

Of the "Danger of Exposure to a Draft," we often That it generates disorders which are very bad in-But the danger from "Exposure to a Draft" was ne'er so great

As, I judge from indications, it has grown to be of late.

Of all our "loyal citizens," I think I cannot tell That I wonder if Dame Nature is steadfast to her around me.

One is halt, and one is blind, and one is deaf as any A fourth gone in consumption, and can hardly walk There is Jenkins, stalwart-looking, standing six feet in his shoes; And his cheeks so plump look ruddy as the sunset's golden hues;
But, alas! the fond delusion! 'tis a hectic flush we 'Tis a pulmonary Jenkins who ere long must cease to be.

There is Muggins, with an abdomen protrusive and

Logan (Ohio) Gazette.

So then the problem is solved, and I am sabre right and left, though with what after all a hero! I am glad to know it, for it gives me confidence in myself that I did not before possess. I had long doubted as Edgar Brandon, was a brave man or a comrades and strangers, been acknowl- the cannon, and I fell down under it. edged as such by my government, and am lying here in the hospital with a broken arm, two broken ribs, a bruised head, a private in a battalion of cavalry, flanking the right of a column of infantry, and enemy, as they steadily moved up into consciousness. position for opening the terrible conflict, their bright arms glittering and flashing in | ded by my comrades, and then nine hearty the unclouded rays of a clear, morning cheers rent the air. sun, I had not the responsibility of command to distract my thoughts from the conforth their messengers of death. Though | be saved. Poor Brandon! I shall never I sat firm and still, I felt very ill at ease, and looking round upon my comrades, I forget him. The first upon the enemy, he fought with a valor seldom equalled. saw many a pale face and quivering lip, With his horse shot from under him, he which convinced me their thoughts and engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, and feelings were similar to mine. Why could slew three desperate fellows before he was hail strike us with all our cold, shuddering reflections upon us. Oh, for action, action of some kind, to ward off the thoughts that were secretly making us tremble, like

alyzing dread? But no-marching, marching-moving here, there and yonder -all except our column, which had got into position too soon, and must now wait idly for the dread messengers of destruction, like so many sheep in the butcher's

other, face to face, watching each other in that ominous silence which proceeds the

such honorable distinction.

From my position on elevated ground, I came prancing down toward me, and with thousands, perhaps of a nation itself!

foe, and the battle had begun.

the ground fairly trembling under the roar sense I possed trampled out of me on the of cannon, and still there was nothing for | ground. me to do but sit my horse, look down upon shricks and groams of the combatants, made | yet all concurred in pronouncing me a hero a horrid din in the ears of one who, with worthy of the palmiest days of Sparta. nothing to do wished himself a thousand miles from that perilous place. Why were of blood, I know that some must have we kept idle, to be shot at like so many found its way to my cheeks as I humbly dumb targets? Occasionally, as the smoke | confessed that my last Quixotic charge lifted, I could see cavalry charging, and was all the work of an unmanageable infantry advancing and firing, and I envied horse; but to my surprise the doctor those who, while doomed to face the danger, had some action for the body as well that true merit was always modest. After as the mind. If we must remain in that I that I told others the same, truthful story, horrible locality, (and I must confess I with the same result; but now I do not away,) in the name of Heaven, let us have action of some kind!

Well, Palmer, what do you think of reward. this?' I said, while turning to the man on | my left.

His lips opened for a reply, but none an involuntary cry of horror, and clung to bear me on to glory in spite of myself. And so various are the phases of the illness from one my saddle, with everything swimming

While thus I sat, sick, faint and dizzy, a dim consciousness that he said something

'We must take yonder battery!-let every man do his duty! Forward! charge!

The bugle sounded, and somehow I found my horse in motion, with my comrades riding besides me. On we went, faster and faster, through smoke and flame, rotund, One would think his "constitution as it is" disease amid a confused roar of fire-arms and huhad shunned;
But the Dropsy, that deceitful and insidious compitching me clean over his head and into plaint,
egotten his distention—"you may ask him if the arms of a man, who grappled me by the throat, and springing back, struck at If Jeff Davis were a man of any gumption, he would me with a sabre. Instinctively I parried That he wastes his ammunition when he shoots a the blow, and then somehow getting the dying foe;

Just let him halt in Dixie till a few more months would me, I cut him down. Then there impression that if I did not kill him he sped, sure our "loyal citizens" will nearly all was a rush and whirl around me, that I did not understand, and somebody else seemed trying to take my life. Of course · A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE. I could, and I remember striking out with

effect I really do not know. However, in something like a minute or so, I found myself standing all alone, just whether that identity known to its fellows in front of a large cannon, with several persons fighting near me, some mounted coward, and now the doubt is removed, the and some on foot. One of the mounted matter is clear, the fact is established, men looked like my captain; and with a numbers have witnessed it, and the general | vague idea that I ought to assist him, I has made it public. Well, now that I am was moving toward him, when a sudden a hero, have been congratulated by my blow on the head sent me reeling against

Though partially stunned, I was not deprived of my senses, and I might easily have got up and continued the fight; but serious stab, and sundry minor ailments, it occurred to me that I was safer where I with plenty of time to think and reflect, let | was-that I had a rather Providential esme recall the details and see what claim cape- and so I concluded to lie there for I have to the honorable distinction. A awhile, more especially as I believed I could meet any malicious charge of cowardice with the bold assertion that my quietly watching the dense bodies of the wound had for the time deprived me of

In a minute or two the gun was surroun-

Bravely done, my gallant fellows said the voice of our commander; 'the sideration of personal danger, and I re- battery is ours; but, alas! with the loss member calculating the chances of my be- of some of the noblest spirits that ever ing one of the first victims when the black- went into battle. Let them be taken up mouthed batteries of the foe should belch and carried back-some of them may yet we not advance? Why must we remain overpowered. Ah! my heart swells with there, like so many statues, and let iron pride at the thought that I command such men!-let the memory of the dead be honored.'

Good heavens! was he in earnest or in jest? I anxiously listened for the laugh, cowards? Should we break and run at but none came. Could it be possible that the first sight of blood? There was no he had mistaken me for a hero? me! who telling, for we were as yet untried soldiers, | had blundered through all I had done, and and scarcely a man among us had the right got out of the way at the earliest possible to say he would stand fire. How was it moment. No, no-already I was doubtwith veterans? Did they ever feel less the butt of my captain and comrades!

as we felt while waiting for a battle to be-'Ah! here he is! here is Brandon! exclaimed two or three voices; and imme-The suspense was awful, and every diately a dozen hands assisted me out from minute made it worse. Why did not one side or the other fire, and break the parpoured in upon me till I was more completely bewildered than while I was unconsciously acting the part of a daring hero. Such then was my first glorious exploit, with the exact amount of credit that ought

to attach to it, but which I think I will juvenile. keep to myself, notwithstanding I have recorded it in my journal. What business always speak the full name. You should Gradually the whole field began to settle has the critical public with motives? Facts have said Thom-as. down into a death-like quiet, and at last the have made me a hero in spite of myself, two armies stood passively before each and let the facts stand as others have recorded them.

In a few minutes another order called idea; the teacher inquired: bursting of the tempest. And then I my corps away to another charge; but I, would have given half of my life, whatnot being mounted, could not accompany what your name is?'
them. So I started off afoot toward that Jack-ass,' replied the lad in a tone of So much for that courage which men now part of the field whither I perceived some confident decision.

half way there, one of the enemy's horses could see the headquarters of the opposite a sudden spring I caught it. Having army, with mounted officers prancing and mounted, I was riding away as fast as I curvetting around a centre, which I knew to be the commander-in-chief, the single dering along, with the bugler sounding a human being who was to direct that host charge. I would have given these foemen amid the roar and rush and carnage so soon a wide berth, but unfortunately my con-

to be. Ah! cool should be the brain and founded fool of a horse would not let me. great the skill of him who is the thinking Taking the bit in his teeth, he rushed principle of such a mighty mass! whose directly in among them; and I, being a will may be the fate of hundreds, perhaps good deal excited and confused, thought l was now obliged to fight, whether I would There was now a deep and awful silence or not. Had it occurred to me that I of perhaps a minute, as if each commander | could surrender myself a prisoner of war, dreaded to be the first to open the work of I should unquestionably have done so at death, and there was a single flash, a single once; but instead of this, I began to lay roll of smoke, a single heavy boom, and the about me, right and left, with no particular signal of deadly strife had been given from design in view, except it might be to get the cannon's mouth. Then came the united away as quick as I could. Surely they roar of more than twenty batteries, all must have thought me either a madman or along the lines, to which our batteries gave a fool, to contend single-handed against the answering roar, and in an instant the such odds, and they treated me accordingmissiles of death had passed from foe to ly. Sabres flashed, blows fell, and soon, with a broken arm and a broken head, I Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, with dropped from my horse, to have the little

Now seriously, this is all I personally a cloud of smoke, listen to the sounds of know of a battle in which it is said I disstrife, and calculate the chances of being tinguished, if not immortalized, myself by suddenly hurled into eternity with every prodigies of valor; for the next I remembreath I drew. At first the balls went ber is of finding myself among the wounwide of the position I occupied, and men ded, under the care of our surgeon, who fell at a distance; but gradually the strife informed me that the enemy had been degrew nearer more near, till at length the feated, and we had won a great victory .balls began to sing around us, and the He further stated that my name was in heavy smoke rolled up to envelop us in its everybody's mouth, from the General sulphurous folds. Now the roar of can- down; and though a few of the more prunon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts, dent were disposed to censure my rashness,

affected not to believe me, and declared thought seriously of the chances of running repeat it any more—finding it a very pleasant thing to be a distinguished hero with a somewhat lucrative promotion as my

The only thing that troubles me now, aside from my honorable wounds and bruises, is the mental query, whether, ever came. A cannon ball passed through in case I should so happily blunder his breast, and he fell over against me, his through the second as the first, and ever life-blood staining my garments. I uttered find another vicious, head-strong beast to

Spurgeon and the Yankee .- A gentleman from England relates an anecdote I have a dim recollection of seeing an officer of Mr. Spurgeon that is too good to be dash up to the commander of our troop, and a dim consciousness that he said something 'personal effort,' one day told a story at most; a unit consciousness that he said something of a 'Yankee' who bosted that he could have a fifth is dying daily from a weakness of the spine, in a loud, hurried tone. Then I remember of a 'Yankee' who bosted that he could whip the entire English nation.

'And how could you do it?' said a bystander. 'Why,' said the Yankee, 'I would take one Englishman at a time, then another,

and so on, until all were whipped.' At the close of the sermon there came a tall, solemn-looking man, who hailed from the State of Maine, and presented to Mr. Spurgeon a letter of introduction. Soon Mr. Spurgeon addressed the new-comer by

Well, my American friend, how did you like my illustration of individual power, drawn from your countryman?

'Oh, I was quiet well pleased with it because it was so true.' 'So true, so true,' said Mr. Spurgeon, what do you mean, sir?'

'I knew a Yankee that did that once, was the reply. 'And what was his name?' Mr. Spurgeon asked.

'The name, sir, was George Washington ; perhaps you have heard of him!' Mr. Spurgeon joined in the hearty laugh, and allowed that the Yankee was too much for him.

A RELIGIOUS DOG .- The N.Y. correspondent of the Boston Journal is responsible for the following:

In the ancient and beautiful town of Chatham, New York, is a very remarkable dog, whose character and behavior would excite the admiration of all good men. On week days he is a dog of like passions and behavior with other animals, but on Sunday his peculiarities and sectarian prejudices shine out. Unlike the crow, he can count, and knows when Suuday comes. He is not the same then as on other days. He indulges in no pastimes. He encourages no company and no familiarity. He says in action louder than words to the vain and canine race- Six days shalt thou play and do all your sports.'

The family are all Presbyterians, but the dog is a Methodist. On Sunday mornings he attends the family on their way to church leaves them at the house of the attends the service with decorum, and pays was a little mound not yet green over just dogmanical attention to the word of Scripture. Every Sunday he can be seen on his heart to put the poor wounded boy away. way to church, foul weather as in fair- Let him stay whether he lived or died. and his denominational prejudices are as

well known as those of any gentleman in town. and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain town. On making their appearance the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, ages, parents &c. Well, my fine lad,' said the teacher to

one, ' what is your name?' 'Tom, sir,' very promptly responded the 'Tom does not sound well. Remembe

Then, turning to the other boy, whoes expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly comprehended

A little pauper boy sat down on the curbstone and tried to think. His feet love me dearly? were bare, red, and cold; but never mind that. The chill air penetrated his ragged garments; but never mind that. He wanted to think. Who are those people passing him, looking so warm and com-fortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and be so sad? None of them had such heavy sad ? hearts; that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who lived up there? Somebody said once that God would take care of him. Where was God. Why didn't He take care of him? O if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angel that the good man told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see angels?

An organ-grinder came near and took of the vicious and deprayed, his stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat; but it didn't warm him, it didn't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of music; and he felt s all alone, so despairing. Then the organ-grinder passed away; he never heeded the little child sitting on the curbstone; he had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts, and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show of himhe was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse-looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor little homeless child into the gutter. One scream. one sob of anguish, as he gathered himself up and looked after the boys, now flying away with shouts of mirth. O how cruel it seemed in them-how cruel! The little hungry boy walked slowly on sobbing and shivering to himself. He didn't know what he was walking for, or why he was living. He felt out of place—a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost its way—a bruised reed that any one might break--a

little heart so tender that a look was anguish, how much more a blow! The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far scene of the tragic adventure here recordoff, was tended by a cross-looking old man. There were cakes on the stand, and the poor little mouth of the homeless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny, and take his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old

man never offered him a morsel. The tempter came. The old man's back was turned. A vile boy at his side—at the side of the homeless child-nudged his elbow. 'You take one,' he whispered;

I'll give you half.' The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bleared eyes that made him shrink to beating. 'I tell you, hook one," whispered the

boy; 'I wont tell, and we'll go away and 'I don't want to steal,' said the home

less child. 'O you fool!' muttered the brutal

tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment. A great sob came up in his throat. 'O what have I done to be treated There never, never was a God, or He would not let him suffer so, and that

because he refused to be wicked. I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavments suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was literally swelling grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there were great and sore injustice somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark blinding pain made his poor temples ring. Back! back! Good heavens! the child is under his feet. Back! back! O mamma, it is our horses ran over

poor little boy! O mamma, mamma!' 'Is he hurt much, coachman!' The woman's face is pale as ashes. 'Yes, he is hurt badly. Take him right in, don't wait; carry him right in and up stairs. It was your carelessness. The child shall he attended to.

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart there to heal. How very white and quiet! 'O a sweet face, a sweet face!' murmured the woman, bending over the boy; and tears fell upon his forehead, but he did not feel

them. O the poor little boy!' sobs Nelly 'the poor little boy! I wish he had kept on the sidewalk; I wish he had stayed home with his mother. Alas, in this world there was no mother

to keep him. The doctor came, said he was not dead, Lord where they attend, and goes on his but would very likely die. There was a solitary and unbroken way till he comes to | hospital near. The poor thing had better the Methodist church, which is a little be sent there. But the good woman would further on. When he reaches the church, not allow that. She would care for him he goes up-stairs, and has a particular herself, she said. He had been injured by place in which he sits; and when an intru- one of her horses, and she felt it was her der ventures into his place, no belle or duty to attend to him. Besides, it was madam of fashion, who goes sweeping up likely that the child had no mother. Such the aisle of Grace and finds a plebian in a boy as he, with his face so sweet and her elegant pew, can give more decided girlish, so pure and lovable would never be indication of displeasure and annoyance sent on the streets like that if he had a than does the dog. His seat yielded, he mother. Besides (and here tears fell) there

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His A SCHOOL BOY'S PRANK .- Two boys of glance fell wearily on his hands. There tender age, who went by the name of Tom were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was snowy white, too, and a crimson light fell over

such a child. No, no, it was not in her

'Dear God! I am in Heaven,' murmured the child. 'Yes, God will take care of me now.' What visions of loveliness glanced forth

from the shadow behind the bed. The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty. The beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him. 'O yes! there is an angel!' he said

everything.

softly. 'I am glad. They won't knock me over again, they won't want me to steal apples here, and perhaps I shall never die again. Now, I want to see my mother. My dear boy, are you better this morning?' asked a low soft voice.

He turned slowly and wearily.

' Is it mother ?' he murmured.

ed that child, and guided him out of and thrown himself into the current which

ven 1

securing evil into positive good. Surely, had borne him away. on all who hold their arms out towards arks of refuge. Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing, for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, the tears gushed from his eyes at the memand perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a little child.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

THE PIONEER'S LAST SHOT. We question whether in all the history of 'hair-breadth escapes' a parallel to the following can easily be found. The story was told us by an old and valued friend now residing in the country near this city, and whose early days were spent near the

We give the story as related to us, in the words of our hero:

'It was about the year 1765 that I settled in Virginia, near the falls of the Canasho. The country at that time was an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hope of assistance in case of an attack and the British, confessedly, are the best from hostile Indians-numbers of whom still infested the neighborhood.

'I lived here alone with my wife for are a peculiarly stalwart race; and the several months unmolested, and by dint of reason is, not merely that they live so untiring perseverance, being then young much in the open air, but also because and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest which I had planted with corn, and which promised an abundant vield

One morning after we had dispatched our humble meal, and I had just prepared to venture forth upon my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow bell in the corn

"'There,' said my wife, 'the cow is in the corn field.' But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes by education very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends on the nice cultivation of that sense. was not easily deceived, I listened-the

sound was repeated. "'That,' said I, in reply to the remark of my wife, 'was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some Indian who desires to draw me into

ambush. Believing this to be the case, I took down my musket, (I had no rifle) and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field toward the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I had suspected, there, in a cluster of bushes crouched an Indian waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached without discovering myself to him, until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its

mark, and the Indian fell dead. 'Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to my cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the port hole, in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed. To add to the danger and seeming hopelessness of my situation, I discovered that I had but one charge of powder left, I could make but one shot, and then, if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power. Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured in my last charge of powder, and put into my musket fifteen slugs, and then waited for the approach of night, feeling confident of an

' Night came on at length. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favor-ed me greatly, as I would be able to observe the movement of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was two hours after nightfall, and as yet I had neither seen or heard a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the barking of my dog at the stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of clear ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port hole on that side of the cabin.

'I had previously placed my wife upon the cross-pole in the chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance to the cabin she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself I determined not to be taken alive, and resolved to sell my life dearly. With breathless anxiety I watched at

the port hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground toward the cabin. One-two-three-great heavens! six stalwart Indians, armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge. And I alone to oppose them with but one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick but stealthy step in close single file they approached, and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight change or divergence in the movement of the forward Indian, changed the position of the entire six; so that a portion of the left side of each was may 14 tf 18] No. 44, Corner N. Queen & Orange sts. O yes!' and there were quick sobs and that a portion of the left side of each was

mother, and you shall be my son. Will aim would cover all. Quick as thought, I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared Yes, I do love you mother, is it Hea- away, I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. 'Heaven! no, darling, it is earth; but The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded God sent you here to our hearts, and you my musket had done their work wellshall be loved and cared for. See, here is Five of the six Indians lay dead upon the a little sister, and you will be very happy ground and the sixth had disappeared.

with her. Kiss him, Nelly.' Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and 'Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning .a heavenly smile lighted up in his face. There lay the bodies of the five Indians. The past was not forgotten, but it was undisturbed, together with the rifle of the gone. No more mouldy crusts, oaths, other. Securing the arms and ammuniharsh words and blows. No more begging tion of the fallen Indians, I followed up. at basement doors, and looking half fam- the trail of the missing one, until it reached ished to envy a dog gnawing a bone in the the river, beyond which point I could streets. No more fear of rude children discover no traces whatever. From the who never knew where their own hearts amount of blood which marked the trail, lay, no more sleeping on doorsteps, and together with the unmistakable evidence listening in terror to the drunken quarrels that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he had been mor-Yes, the past was gone, and in the rosy | tally wounded, and in order to prevent his future were love, home, even God and the body from falling into the hands of his angels. Certainly, sweet spirits had guard- white foe, had groped his way to the river

henceforth he would put his hand trustful. 'The Indians had killed my cow, and ly in theirs, and turn his face Heavenward. that you may be assured was no trifling Yes, it was so to be. The dear, teachable loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape child-a jewel picked from the mire, a from the merciless savages, I would have brand snatched from the burning-was yet | been entirely willing to have made much to illumine the dark paths of this world greater sacrifices. I was well provided with his holy, Heaven-like teaching. Like | (by means of arms an ammunition taken a dove he was to go forth over the waters, from the slain Indians) in case of a secand find the olive branch with which to ond attack, but this fortunately proved to garland his glad tidings. Blessing, then, be my last adventure with the savages. Not one of the band had escaped to tell needy little children making their homes the tale, and incite his brethren to revenge the death of their comrades.

"Ah!' exclaimed the old man, while ory of that eventful night, that was a glorious shot-the best I ever made.' The hero of this adventure lived to see the rude wilderness where he had pitched his lonely cabin, transformed into smiling fields, and peopled by hardy and enterprising pale faces, among whom his last days

turbed by his old time foes.

THE FOOD THAT WE EAT.—It is told by quaint old writer, that the Caribs, those cannibals of early West India history, used to declare ' they could distinguish an Englishman when cooked, from any other, he was so rich and succulent.' There can be no doubt that the diet has a good deal to do in producing plumpness and muscular strength also. The greater weight and vigor of the British have won for them many a battle-field, from Cresy and Angincourt, down to Waterloo and Inkerman; fed people in Europe. In our own country, the men of the mountains, or the border, their food is so nutritious. Is it not worth our while to inquire what sort of diet it is that produces these results? Why is the Englishman stronger than the Frenchman? The solution is, that a judiciously mixed diet is more favorable to vigor and long life than one purely animal or vegetable and that slightly oleaginous food is better fitted to give weight to the person, and beauty to the form than one of a different character .- Philadelphia Ledger.

WIFE VS. LADY .- It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his 'lady,' or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as ' John Smith and Lady,' or to ask a friend, 'how is your lady?' This is all fashionable vulgarity and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful, appropriate and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of 'My Husband,' 'My Gentleman,' or suppose we were to speak of 'Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman.' The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightfully considered. A man's wife is his wife and not his lady; and we marvel that this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people. It ought to be left for the exclusive use of the codfish aristocracy .- Providence Post.

A man made a fortune by industry and close economy, and used to loan his money on interest. One day, in midsummer, a friend happening to say to him. 'How pleasant it is to have such long, bright days?' 'Why, y-e-s,' replied he, but these long days the interest comes in slow.'

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