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

ONLY ONE MAN KILLED TO-DAY. There are tears and sobs in the little brown house On the hill-side slope to-day;
Though the sun-light gleams on the outer world
There the clouds drift cold and gray.
"Only one man killed" so the tidings read—
"Our loss was triding; we triumphed" 'twas said—
And only here in 'he home on the hill
Did the words breathe aught but of triumph still. They had watched and waited, had prayed and wept,
Those loving hearts by the cottage hearth,
And the hope was strong that their darling would

Unscathed and safe 'mid the battle's wrath. Ouscaused and sare 'mid the pattle's wrath. They would have gladly shielded his life from ill; But their trust was all in their Father's will; They had felt so sure his love would save The pride of their heart from a soldier's grave. Now His wisdom had ordered what most they feared

Now His wisdom had ordered what most they feared, And their hearts are crushed by the news to-day, "Only one man killed." so the telegram reads—But for them life's beauty has passed away; And all the glory and triumph gained Seems a matter small to the woe blood-stained, That in sorrowful strokes, like a tolling b-ll, Throbs "Only one man killed," as a funeral knell. Throbs "Only one man killed," as a funeral knell.
"Only one man killed "—so we read full oft,
And rejoice that the loss on our side was small;
Forgetting meanwhile that some loving heart
Felt all the force of that murderous ball.
"Only one man killed," comes again and again;
One hero more 'mong martyred slain;
"Only one man killed," carries sorrow for life
To those whose darlings fall in the strife.

TALK TO ME, ALLIE.

Talk to me, darling Allie,
Talk to me, love, to-night;
Tell me some sweet, sad story,
Here, by the dim fire-light;
Sing meisome quaint old ballad
Of love, and of love's despair,
And I'll sit at your feet, Allie,
And comb out my braided hair.

Never mind me if I weep, Allie,
My heart is full of tears;
You see the shadows on the wall—
They are formless. as my fears;
I can not tell you whence they came,
Nor when they will depart;
But I know they gather in, Allie,
And darken all my heart.

You hear the storm-wind, Allie, Twirl through the darkling night Against it toss and fight; They know not why they are troubled, And 'tis samething like the forest, Allie, This feeling in my breast.

There's the surging and the wailing,
Like the sound of wordless wee,
As the tempest fails and freshens,
Now high. now wild, now low,
But sing some quaint eld ballad
Of love, and of love's despair,
As I sit here at your feet. Allie,
And comb out my braided hair.

WILD FRANK'S RETURN.

BY WALTER WHITMAN. would have a glass of brandy and sugar. he would be with them. He took off the liquor at a draught; after which he lit and began to smoke a cigar, with which he supplied himself from his pocket-stretching out one leg, and leaning his elbow down on the bench, in the attitude of a man who takes an indolent

off by that tig locust tree,' answered the woman, pointing to the direction through the open door; 'it's about half a mile from here to his house.'

The youth, for a minute or two, puffed in silence. His manner had an air of vacant self-sufficiency, rather strange in one

'I wish to see Mr. Hall,' he said, at any one who'll carry a message to him.' 'The boys are all away. It's but a short walk, and your limbs are young,' replied the female, who was not altogether pleased with the easy way of making himself at home, which marked her shabby-

looking customer.

That individual, however, seemed to give small attention to the hint, but leaned | brother's offer. and puffed his cigar-smoke as leisurely as

likely to be. I'll go and find out for you.' And she pushed open a door at her back, stepping through an adjoining room into a

able for their melody or softness.

ded the the youth, communing a moment well, when sweet affection, gentle forbear- said? Susie, can't you remember? with himself, 'you may tell him his ance, and brotherly faith, were almost unbrother Frank, Wild Frank, it is, who known among them. wishes him to come.' The old man deed his arms in thought.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. all his boys to labor in proportion to their It would be pleasant for a few minutes to sober-faced young fellow, was invested by the tree. Mindful of the comfort of his bell on the teacher's desk of a village- at first in a continual state of uneasiness;

Frank's kiss ever seemed sweetest to her of straying away. -perhaps, as in a hundred similar instan- There was no rude sound-hardly even a

dark-hued jewels, and her color that of his repose was without such interruptions. farmer to let each of his boys have some- opened languidly again at intervals, after own, and take care of as such, Black Nell, that he slept? It was so, indeed. Yieldfor so the mare was called, had somehow ing to the drowsy influences about him, and or other failen to Frank's share. He to his prolonged weariness, he had fallen was very proud of her, and thought as into a deep, sound slumber. Thus he lay, much of her comfort as his own. The and Black Nell, the original cause of his elder brother, however, saw fit to claim departure from his home-by a singular for himself, and several times to exercise fatality the companion of his return-quia privilege of managing and using Black etly cropped the grass at his side.

Nell, notwithstanding what Frank consid
An hour nearly massed away and ered his prerogative. On one of these young man slept on. The light and heat occasions a hot dispute arose, and, after were not glaring now: a change had come much angry blood, it was referred to the over the aspect of the scene. farmer for settlement. He decided in fa- signs of one of those sudden thundervor of Richard, and added a harsh lecture storms that in our climate spring up and to his other son. The farmer was really pass over so quickly and so terribly.—unjust; and Wild Frank's face paled with Masses of vapor loomed up in the horizon, rage and mortification. That furious tem- and a dark shadow settled on the woods per which he had never been taught to and fields. The leaves of the great oak ourb, now swelled like an overflowing tor- rustled together over the youth's head. by himself he swore that not another sun | the call of their leader's trumpet. A thick

grief pervaded the whole of the family, on | ing caution is sent forth, they close their discovering Frank's departure. And as eyes, and dream idly, and smile while they week after week melted away and brought dream. Many a throned potentate, many no tidings of him, his poor mother s heart a proud king with his golden crown, will grew wearier and wearier. She spoke not start wildly in the midst of the thunder-Nearly two years had elapsed, when about and wonder that he saw it not when it was As the sun, one August day some fifty years ago, had just passed the meridian of a country-town in the eastern section of Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was then in New Long-Island, a single traveller came up had been to sea, and was the long-Island and the long and the had not speak.

It was strange that the young man did not speak.

It was strange that the young man did not speak.

In youngster a week before the incidents at the com- coming. to the quaint, low-roofed village-tavern, York, at which port his vessel was just ar- coming on in its fury. Black Nell had the garden for? Perhaps you only receivopened its half-door, and entered the rived. He wrote in a gay strain; appeared ceased grazing, and stood by her sleeping common room. Dust covered the clothes to have lost the angry feeling which caus- master with ears erect, and her long mane of the wayfarer, and his brow was moist ed his flight from home; said he heard in and tail waving in the wind. It seemed with sweat. He trod with a lagging, the city that Richard had married, and set- quite dark, so heavy were the clouds .weary pace; though his form and features | tied several miles from home, where he | The blast came sweepingly, the lightning told of an age not more than nineteen or wished him all good luck and happiness. flashed, and the rain fell in torrents. Crash twenty years. Over one shoulder was Wild Frank wound up his letter by prom- after crash of thunder seemed to shake the slung a sailor's jacket, and in his hand he ising, as soon as he could get through the solid earth. And Black Nell, she stood carried a small bundle. Sitting down on imperative business of his ship, to pay a now, an image of beautiful terror, with a rude bench, he told a female who made visit to his home and native place. On her fore feet thrust out, her neck arched,

homespun apparel. The meeting between Do you know one Richard Hall that hardly of that kind which generally takes lives somewhere here among you?' said he. place between persons so closely related; neither could it be called distant or cool. Richard pressed his brother to go with him | body of the sleeper behind her. to the farm-house, and refresh and repose declined.

would be there to-day.'

But you must be very tired, Frank,' length. Here's a silver sixpence for you like-' he stopped a moment, and a favorite dishes-and arranged for him his can ride home like a lord.

I,' said Richard; 'I'll warrant when I 'Unless', continued the woman, catching a second glance at the sixpence, 'unorder as ever.' So telling him to amuse there. It was on the other side of the well.'

The clattering of a norse's noofs came 'I will tell you some—some other time.'—
Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't when I
to the ears of those who were gathered grant ain't when I
to the ears of those who were gathered well.' less old Joe is at the stable, as he's very himself for a few minutes as well as he house that the wagon road led; and they could, Richard left the tavern.

old master! She, neighed and rubbed yard, whence her voice was the next mo- her nose on his shoulder; and as he put. Nell stood a few feet from the door, with sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied ment heard calling the person she had his foot in the stirrup and rose on her her neck crouched down; she drew her mentioned, in accents by no means remark- back, it was evident that they were both breath long and deep, and vapor rose from there is in the State. But I will postble for their melody or softness.

Her search was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. She soon ding his brother farewell, and not forgetevery part of her recking body. And with pone settling with you for an hour yet. I because we was successful. returned with him who was to act as messenger—a little, withered, ragged old man, a hanger-on there, whose unshaven left the village behind, and came upon the face told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones and told plainty around the story of his long, monotones are the rough semblance of a long, monotones are the rough semblance face told plainly enough the story of his long, monotonous road before him, his human form-all battered, and cut, and to come :- go to your seat.' intemperate habits—those deeply-seated mind began to meditate on the reception bloody. Attached to it was the fatal cord, habits, now too late to be uprooted—that he should meet with. He thought on the dabbled over with gore. Fearful and sickwould ere long lay him in a drunkard s circumstances of his leaving home; and he ening was the object. And as the mother mind then, for he yearned to show his utterance, into a deep, deathly swoon. Tell Richard Hall that I'm going to parents that he was sorry for the trouble his father's house this afternoon. If he had cost them. He blamed himself for asks who it is that wishes him here, say his former follies, and even felt remorse tendent of a Sunday School was questionthe person sent no name,' said the stran- that he had not acted more kindly to ing his pupils concerning the address made ger, sitting up from his indolent posture, as Richard and gone to his house. Oh, it to them during the previous session. the feet of old Joe were about leaving the had been a sad mistake of the farmer that . Children what did Mr. Phonny tell door-stone, and his bleared eyes turned he did not teach his children to love one you this morning!' to catch the last sentence of the mandate. another. It was a foolish thing that he prid-

The day was now advanced, though the bashfully lisped out: parted on his errand, and he who called heat poured down with a strength little Pleathe, thir, he talked and he talked. No better place than this, probably, will home. The road here led over a high, nothing? occur to give a brief account of some tiresome hill, and he determined to stop on Fifteen miles east of that inn lived a farm- breath. How well he knew the place !- asked by a friend: 'Has your sister got er mained Hall, a man of good repute, And that mighty oak, standing just out a son or a daughter? He answered :-

age, -and his right-hand man, if he might street his limbs there again as of old, he t be called favorite, was his eldest son thought to himself; and he dismounted Richard. The eldest son, an industrious, from the saddle and led Black Nell under command; and as strict and swift obedi- which he strapped behind him on the ance was a prime tenet in the farmer's do- mare's back, a piece of small, strong cord, mestic government, the children all quiet- four or five yards in length, which he tied

but one, and that one was Frank. The other end for security, round his own the master spoke. He was a low thick-set the two struggled on together, mutually farmer's wife was a quiet woman, in rather wrist; then throwing himself at full length man, and his name was Lugare. tender health; and though for all her upon the ground, Black Nell was at liberty offspring she had a mother's tender love, to graze around him, without danger of plaint entered, that last night some of you ing, each for the other's sake, lips. She loved him more than the rest It was a calm scene, and a pleasant .-

seldom received more blame than he de- a dim, hazy cast, and was impregnated fourteen; and his face had a laughing, served, for he was a capricious, high-tem- with overpowering heat. The young man good-humored expression, which even the pered lad, and up to all kinds of mischief. lay there minute after minute, as time From these traits he was known in the glided away unnoticed; for he was very neighborhood by the name of Wild Frank. tired, and his repose was sweet to him. Among the farmer's stock there was a Occasionally he raised himself and cast a fine young blood mare -a beautiful crea- listless look at the distant landscape, veilture, large and graceful, with eyes like ed as it was by the slight mist. At length the deep night. It being a custom of the His eyes closed, and though at first they thing about the farm that they called their | a while they shut altogether. Could it be

An hour nearly passed away, and yet the With difficulty restraining the ex- Clouds flitted swiftly in the sky, like bohibition of his passions, as soon as he got dies of armed men coming up to battle at should roll by and find him under that rain-drop fell now and then, while occasionroof. In the night he silently rose, and, ally hourse mutterings of thunder sounded turned his back on what he thought an in | in the distance : yet the slumberer was not hospitable home, in mood in which child aroused. Lo! thus in the world you may should never leave the paternal roof, bent see men steeped in lethargy while a might his steps toward the city.

It may well be imagined that alarm and the floods are about to burst—as the warnier tempest gathers over them. Even as much, but was evidently sick in spirit .- | crash, and the bright glaring of the storm,

her appearance behind the bar, that he Tucsday of the succeeding week, he said, and her eyes glittering balls of fear. At Within half an hour after the departure there came a peal-a deafening crashof Old Joe, the form of that ancient per- as if the great axle was rent; it seemed to sonage was seen slowly wheeling round the shiver the very central foundations, and mare sprang off like a ship in an ocean-Wild Frank and his brother Richard was storm-her eyes were blinded with terror -she dashed madly down the hill, and plunge after plunge,-far, far away,-

swift as an arrow,-dragging the hapless In the low, old-fashioned dwelling of the himself for some hours at least, but Frank farmer there was a large family group.-The men and boys had gathered under They will all expect me at home this shelter at the approach of the storm : and the smoke from his mouth very leisurely afternoon, he said, 'I wrote to them ! the subject of their talk was the return of the long absent son. The mother spoke of him, too, and her eyes brightened with rejo ned the other; 'won't you let some pleasure as she spoke. She had made all of us harness up and carry you? Or if the little domestic preparations—cooked trifling suffusion spread over his face; 'if own bed, in its own old place. As the you like, I'll put the saddle on Black tempest was at its fury they discussed the Nell-she's here at my place now, and you probability of his getting soaked by it; and the provident dame had already selected Frank's face colored a little, too. He some dry garments for a change. But paused for a moment in thought—he was the rain was soon over, and nature smiled really foot-sore, and exhausted with his again in her invigorated beauty. The sun above his head in a very significant manjourney that hot day,—so he accepted his shone out as it was dipping in the west. Drops sparkled on the leaf-tips,-coolness 'You know the speed of Nell as well as and clearness were in the air.

The clattering of a horse's hoofs came opened the door and rushed through the

No answer was made. Susie, a bright little one of seven years, arose, and with one finger in her mouth,

Death in the School-Room.

this was a command for silence and atten-

Boys, said he, I have had a were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief.

charge now preferred against him, and the standing its fleshy, cheerful look, a singugales speed that day! Were you by Mr. Nichols's garden-

with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be

last night, that I'm ashamed to own.' 'No impudence!' exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, some-

speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg The youngster's face paled a little; his

ed the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?

forchead like rain-drops.

loud strike of his ratan on the desk. dent of having brought to light a criminal,

tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he of the boys who sat near him. was actually unwell. and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered savage anger into a smile, but that smile

faintly. His voice was husky and thick. I will tell you some -- some other time .--

Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks Could it be that Black Nell knew her adjoining room to the porch. What a with contempt. Do you think to make sight it was that met them there! Black me believe your lies? I've found you out, that you are as precious a little villain as

Glad enough of the ungracious permis-

widow's little family. Tim, the physician grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, well off in the world, and head of a large side the fence on the very summit of the Upon my life, I do not know whether I said, might possibly outgrow his disease; glared as at some monstrous spectacle of but everything was uncertain. It was a horror and death. The sweat started in

some moment of apparent health be sud-

Tim Barker, step up here, sir.'

ces, for his being so often at fault, and chirping insect—to break the sleepy siso often blamed. In truth, however, he lence of the place. The atmosphere had He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about a large farm in the neighborhood on stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithlar cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within .-As the stripling stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the ness. It might be, too, that the widow scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed -Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to severest pains. On the night in question, ture have reasoned themselves, ere now, men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We them a bag of potatoes, and the place at and even the chameleon man, whose mind are waxing toward that consummation which they were to be waiting for him was has in a measure lost its indentity, and is when one of the old-fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birchrod, and his many ingenious methods of gering under, and which caused the un- in contact, may learn to resolve and exechild-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious one little fitted for his important and re- any one from following it in preference to

> fence last night?' said Lugare. 'Yes, sir,' answered the boy: 'I was.' Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready

ashamed to own, without being punished, 'I have not been robbing,' replied the poy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell, ' And I didn't do anything

'I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and-and-But I did not go into the garden, nor take anything away from it. I would not steal, -hardly to save myself from starving.' 'You had better have stuck to that last

evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols's gardenlength, after a dazzling and lurid glare, fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other, over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this breath. locust-trees at the end of the lane, accoming every object appeared reeling like a morning the melon-beds are found to have panied by a stout young man in primitive drunken man. God of Spirits! the startled been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag ?'

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. he had been made of wood. Lugare shook All the school had their eyes directed at with passion. He sat still a minute, as if him. The perspiration ran down his white considering the best way to wreak his ven-

'Speak, sir !' exclaimed Lugare, with a The boy looked as though he would fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped and make the home-nest delightful with faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confi- away, like the minute which precedes the all those little arts that parents so perfectand exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a and the multitude around you are waiting, still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantine, the child seened hardly to know what to do with himself. His

'Speak, I say!' again thundered Lugare:

I hardly can, sir,' said the poor fellow

Oh yes, that's very likely; and Mr.

mysterious and baffling malady; and it great globules seemingly from every pore would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be sud-showed his teeth; and when he at length Ting-a-ling-ling !- went the little denly taken away. The poor widow was stretched fort his arm, and with the end his father with the powers of second in favorite, he took from his little bundle, school one morning, when the studies of but several years had now passed, and cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue the earlier part of the day were about half none of the impending evils had fallen of a snake; and his strength seemed as completed. It was well understood that upon the boy's head. His mother seemed though it would momentarily fail him. to feel confident that he would live, and be The boy was dead. He had probably ly submitted to their brother's sway—all to the bridle, and wound and tied the tion; and when these had been obtained, a help and an hother to her old age; and been so for some time, for his eyes were happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repin-Tim's pleasant disposition had made

him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his elder brother, worked some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindwas loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he

were an isolated instance in his profes-The hour of grace had drawn to its close, are puffed hither and thither by every idle and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully-received dismission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive | than a 'Walter the Doubter.' heavy ratan: 'give me none of your sharp times in indifference or inquiry. They himself when he first went to his seat .-Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which see aed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the

> behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him. 'Now, Barker,' he said, 'we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up

here. Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn | your sons, let them think that all mirth

'Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your iacket! The boy did not stir any more than if

geance. That minute, passed in deathlike silence, was a fearful one to some of and, perhaps, less profitable places. There the children, for their faces whitened with fore, let the fire burn brightly at night, climax of an exquisitely-performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible ca-

tastrophe. 'Tım is asleep, sir,' at length said one

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

'Asleep! are you, my young gentle man!' 'let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys, Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little Lugare smiled again as he made the

room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his sion, and answering not a sound, the child impending punishment as ever. He might crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt be dreaming some golden dream of youth grave. The young man informed him thought, too, on his course of life, how it gazed—for she could not withdraw her very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in which the required service was, and promised him the reward as soon as he should gently influences came over Wild Frank's return.

was being frittered away and lost. Very eyes—and the appalling truth came upon his arms on his desk, bowed down his face return. between them. The pupils turned to their can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high accustomed studies, for during the reign over his head, and with the true and exof Lugare in the village-school, they had pert aim which he had acquired by long been so used to scenes of violence and se- practice, brought it down on Tim's back vere chastisement, that such things made with a force and whacking sound which but little interruption in the tenor of their seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man ay.

Now, while the intervening hour is passfollowed blow. Whithout waiting to see ing, we will clear up the mystery of the the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch 'And yet, perhaps you may as well,' ad- ed himself on, of governing his little flock Can't any of you tell me what was bag, and of young Barker being under the plied his instrument of torture first on one garden-fence on the preceding night. The side of the boy's back, and then on the boy's mother was a widow, and they both other, and only stopped at the end of two had to live in the narrowest limits. His or three minutes from very weariness. father had died when he was six years old, But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and little Tim was left a sickly, emaciated and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, himself Wild Frank tossed his nearly less oppressive than at noon. Frank had and he thed ath how he loved uth, and he, infant whom no one expected to live many jerked away one of the child's arms, on smoked cigar out of the window, and fold- accomplished the greater part of his talked-and we all thought he wath agoin months. To the surprise of all, however, which he had been leaning over on the journey; he was within three miles of to thay thumthing, but he didn't thay the poor little child kept alive, and seemed desk, his head dropped on the board with to recover his health, as he certainly did a dull sound, and his face lay turned up his size and good looks. This was owing and exposed to view. When Lugare saw former events in the life of the young stran- the top of it and rest himself, as well as Never did an Irishman utter a bet- to the kind offices of an eminent physician it, he stood like one transfixed by a basiger resting and waiting at the village inn. give the animal he rode a few minutes' ter bull than did an honest John, who being who had a country-seat in the neighbor- lisk. His countenance turned to a leaden hood, and who had been interested in the whiteness; the ratan dropped from his

of one of his fingers touched the child's turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging A CORPSE.

Waverers.

A man without a mind of his own is the most helpless and shiftless of social beings His brain is a mere receptacle for shares. Jones very frequently made Tim shreds and patches of opinion picked up in a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or the streets, and the same infirmity which leads him to look to everybody save himself for guidance, renders him incapable of selecting from the multifarious counsel he receives that which is best adopted to his exigencies. Nay, in his weak bewilderment, he fails to make any selection at all, and while he wavers and hesitates the golden opportunity for decisive action slips by, and leaves him floundering in a 'sea of trouble' from which one manly stride in almost any direction would have extricated him.

But let the weak of purpose take heart. in people of her condition which makes | This unfortunate propensity to vacillate them shrink from being considered as ob- may be overcome. Habits of self-depenjects of 'charity' as they would from the dence may be acquired. Cowards by na-Tim had been told that Jones would send into a philosophic indifference to danger; fixed at Mr. Nichols's garden-fence. It accustomed to take, for the time being, was this bag that Tim had been seen stag- the bue of every mind with which it comes lucky boy to be accused and convicted cute on his own responsibility. It must by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was not be supposed that we would dissuade sponsible office. Hasty to decide, and his own impulses. The very fact of a inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the | man seeking counsel in the right quarter little world he ruled so despotically .- and promptly adopting it, is prima facie Punishment he seemed to delight in .- evidence that he has a mind of his own, that his judgment is sound, that his reason is stronger than his vanity. It is not with those who brace themselves against a rock in time of difficulty that we would remonstrate, but with the learners on reeds the catchers at straws, the chartless, point no-point voyagers of the ocean of life, who breeze. Of all impediments to success, instability is the most fatal. It is even better to be a sententions ass like Bunsby

Every young man, on entering the business world, should form for himself, or knew that he would have no mercy shown adopt at the suggestion of competent adhim, and though most of them loved him, visers, a plan of life based upon sound whipping was too common there to exact mortality, and shaped so as to accord with ed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned all dangers, a pure conscience amid all temptations, and a clear head amid all perplexities, push forward with hope and confidence, leaving the issue to Providence, and retaining for his consolation last class had been heard, and the last that God never neglects to help those who lesson regited, and Lugare seated himself have the manliness to help themselves.

have the manliness to help themselves.

Fun at Home.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake dow some of the old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sous, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyments must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own here; if they do not find it at their own the recommendation of the recommendati hearthstones, it will be sought at other ly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of manv a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright-little domestic circle.-Life Illus-

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