

Madeline met Ernest several times after this, but it was always in presence of others, and no opportunity was offered him for private conversation with her.

Mrs. Humphrey thought that the joyful event of settling the debt upon the farm ought to be celebrated; so it was agreed that on the evening of that day Mr. Humphrey and Madeline should drive around and invite a few of their old neighbors to a tea-drinking on the next afternoon.

The day that had at one time been so much dreaded dawned bright and cloudless, and after the morning work was done Madeline threw on her hat, and ran out into the glowing woods to gather a few of the brilliant leaves to decorate their best room for the company on the morrow. She was singing away merrily at her work, when she felt a touch upon her arm, and turning around found herself face to face with Ernest Seaton.

"Good morning, Miss Madeline," he said; "you seem very happy, if one can judge by the merry song to which I have just listened."

"I am, thank you. Did you have a pleasant time in England?"

"Yes; and I long for the time when I can return. I have put Seaton Hall in splendid order, and now that my father is dead I shall live henceforth upon the estate. My mother and sister will reside with me. I hope this arrangement will meet your wishes."

"I wish you to understand, Mr. Seaton, that the future arrangements of yourself and family are no concern of mine, whatever."

"Madeline, you must be my wife; every alteration and addition to my estate has been made with that in view. I cannot, nay, I will not give you up."

"You must, Mr. Seaton! we haven't one sentiment in common, and why you persist in forcing yourself upon me, I cannot see."

"Then you refuse me again, do you?"

"I do, most emphatically."

"Then take the consequence, rash girl! Before another week John Humphrey and his family will be houseless beggars. One word from you would secure them a home for their old age, but you won't speak it, and this is the gratitude you have professed to feel for them."

"Do your worst, sir. I see my father has just entered the house, and I presume you will find him at leisure now to attend to you."

Madeline led the way, and the two were soon in the presence of Mr. Humphrey.

"I have called, sir," said Seaton, in a haughty tone of voice, "for the payment of that mortgage."

"Yes sir, be seated, please, and I will attend to the matter."

"I wish the cash, Mr. Humphrey, every cent of it, or I shall foreclose immediately."

"Here it is, sir," replied Mr. Humphrey, in a calm voice. "I think if you will count the bills you will find the amount correct."

"Baffled," was plainly written upon Seaton's flushed face, and he angrily replied:

"For once, John Humphrey, you have paid a bill when it was due; I fancy you have had help about this." And he gave a malignant glance at Madeline.

"That is no affair of yours, sir. You have your money, and I have your receipt, and now the quicker our interview ends the better it will suit me."

"A pretty return you make for my kindness in lending you the money."

"Your kindness, indeed! I happen to know, sir, the motive which prompted it, so the least you say about that, the better."

One more glance at Madeline, in which love and hate were strangely blended, and Ernest Seaton strode away in the direction of the village.

On the forenoon of the day in which the company were expected, a gentleman drove up to the door, and stepping inside, politely asked for a glass of water.

"Madeline!" called Mrs. Humphrey, "wont you bring a tumbler of water to this gentleman my hands are in the snow."

Madeline soon appeared with the water, but the gentleman started back upon seeing her, and turning deadly pale, sank into a chair.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Humphrey, hastily wiping her hands and hurrying towards him, "you are very ill, I fear."

"Not ill, madam, but startled. That girl has the face of my long lost wife and her name, too. Tell me, I beseech of you is she your own daughter?"

Mrs. Humphrey briefly told him Madeline's history, to which he listened with breathless interest.

"And is this all you know about her?" he asked.

Madeline told him what she had learned at Mrs. Tilbury's and showed him the handkerchief.

"I marked that handkerchief myself," he cried, "and there is now no doubt of your identity. My child, my lost Madeline come to your father!"

and settling down upon it, as a gentleman farmer.

Madeline divided her time about equally between her two homes, until Mr. Carroll claimed her as his bride, and then, at the earnest desire of Mr. Lindsay, the married pair took up their permanent abode with him.

John Humphrey and his wife passed serenely down the vale of life, and were never tired of telling Madeline's children the story of her early life, and what a blessing she brought with her as she entered their old home, on that autumn day so long ago.

Basted with a Porker.

At Culpepper Court House, a few years ago, Dick Hardy, then a good-humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the pig at the Court dinner. The district judge was at the table, the lawyers, justices, and every body else that felt disposed to join. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstances admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court-martial, imposing fifty cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the superfluous gravy. "Beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stain from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The Colonel, swelling with wrath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt-frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouths sat in astonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and looked at his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The Colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glances of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair, with arms akimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of surprise and indignation arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned red as a turkey-gobbler's. He deliberately took the pig by the hind-legs, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squelching blow, astounded and blinded with steam of 'gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving-knife, and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury; and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed, belaboring him unmerciful at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding. We are sorry to learn that among this crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates, and constables; and that even his honor, the judge, forgetting his dignity and position, shouted in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There's no law in Christendom against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when at length the battered Colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind-legs of the roaster. He re-entered the dining-room flourishing these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company re-assembled, and finished their dinner as best they might. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a speech, wherein he apologized for wasting the dinner of the company.

That Turkey.

Frederick Douglas tells this good story: I was hungry once, very hungry indeed, and I had a little conference with a brother slave on the subject of helping myself to a turkey that I saw fluttering in one of the out-houses. I told Sandy (for it was Sandy Jenkins) that I was hungry, wanted something to eat, but that I had religious scruples against helping myself to that turkey. I knew that he was a praying man, a God-fearing man, and I wanted his advice on the subject. He told me that it was rather a ticklish question in ethics. There was some risk about it, but so far as the act itself was concerned, it was perfectly legitimate. He said you are your master's property? Yes, said I. That turkey is your master's property? Yes, if you put that turkey into you, that turkey does not cease to be the property of your master, but only adds to the property in another form. So it was simply a question of removal. I said that it stood to reason, the whole thing was clear to reason, and I helped myself.

Greeley, while at Rye Beach, imparted to Mr. G. H. Jenness, his host, some valuable information in regard to raising dried apples. His plan is to plant early in the spring in drills about nine rods apart. When the vine begins to run and evince a tendency to "Go West," cover over with wire screens to protect them from the bumblebees. Prune liberally, and dig before the frost comes.

Parson Smith's Horse.

BY A WESTERN CONTRIBUTOR.

YOU hev often heerd of "June bugs," but I reckon you don't know much about them. What we call June bugs are *hoss thieves*, and it 'ud a did you good to heerd old Parson Smith tell how his hoss, Bishop, sarved that thiev'in rascal, Pete Decker, a few nights since, up above the forks. Nothin' would flash the old varmint, and, afore all the folks, he asked the parson to go up and feed and fodder at his cabin.

"Jest as sure as you go up," ses one, "you'll hev Bishop stolen from you."

"That's what the old varmint is invitin' on you fur," ses another.

"Ah, well, children," ansered the old man, "it's among jest sarch sinnin' law-breakin', sons of evil I'm commanded to go fur tha most need the laws and the testimony; so I must go. As fur Bishop, I've taken an amazin' sight of trouble to train him up in the way he should go, and I predicate these rogues can't git him to depart from it. I'll gin 'em a trial, howsever—" and, sure enuff, off sot the old parson, with that consarned old rascal, Sam walkin' alongside on him, talkin, as nice as the katekism. A slite rain sot in afore tha reached the forks, and both on 'em got a leetle wet.

"Is your son Pete to home now?" asked the parson.

"No," ses Sam, "rite suddint; arter gittin' hisself and daddy a bad name by his tricks, the sarpint went off to Arkansas. I did my best by him, anyhow."

He sed truth then, 'cause he'd larned him all he knowed about stealin', and that war the best he knew.

"Is thur much desire fur the truth among you?" asked the minister.

"Well," ses old Sam, "we're jest starvin' fur it, for we ain't heerd the truth spoken among us fur some time."

The old villin war right thar, for none in the fork diggins ever spoke truth willinly. Tha got to Sam's cabin at last, and a spread of bar skins war laid on the clay floor fur the parson. Arter tyin' Bishop in a log shed adjinin' the cabin, and feedin' him, the parson entered the cabin to git suthin for hisself. Old Sam wanted him to take a taste of whiskey, to keep off the cold; and hevvin' insisted on it bein' a fast rate preventative, the old parson tuck about a gill in a small gourd, and washed his feet with it! Thar ain' no doubt that Sam the old villin, hed put stupefyin' medecin' in the licker—but it hed no effect on the parson's heels, and he war so consarned about Bishop that nither head nor heels 'ud git asleep. Old Sam und his wife laid down in another corner, and pertended to be sleepin' powerful strong; but tha war actin' 'possum to no purpose, 'cause the parson seed 'em git up on thar elbows and take a site at him, to see if he moved. Afore long the parson heerd Bishop winnow, and then he sot to pawin', and in a second more he squealed like a panter, which he follered up by kickin' like lightnin'!

Sech another yellin' of murder, scratchin' kickin' and squealin' jined in now, that you'd thort Satan war payin' old Decker a visit.

"Murder!—consarn the hoss!—murder!" yelled a fellar in the shed.

"Ye-e-e-e—e! bang!" went Bishop in answer.

"What in the yearth's the marter?" inquired old Sam mountin' to his feet. "Parson! Parson Smith!"

Out run old Decker, and thar he found his son Pete, up in a corner of the shed, and Bishop stretchin' hisself the full length of his halter, and kickin' at him like mad! The old fellar tried to coax the hoss, but Bishop tamed round and flung his heels at him, as spiteful as a catamount. In old Sam went, now to the Parson.

"Come ont, Parson!" shouted Sam, "or your consarned hoss 'll kill my Pete."

"Murder!—murder!—murder!" shouted Pete.

"Ye-e-e-e—e! bang!"—went the hoss kickin' like thunder.

"Don't you heer your devil of a hoss?" yelled old Sam.

"No," ses the Parson, "but I heer my Bishop; and I reckon the bugs must be troublin' on him."

"He's kickin' like mad at my Pete," says Sam.

"What, away in Arkinsaw?" asked Parson Smith.

"Oh, blame Arkinsaw!" hollered Pete's daddy—"jest cum and save the fellar, will you?"

"Can't travel so fur jest now, Sam, you old villin," ses the preacher.

"Parson," hollers Sam, "save the young fellar, and I'll do anythin' for you."

"You'll never try to steal a Parson's hoss," ses the preacher, "nor let Pete do it ither?"

"Never, on this yearth," ses Sam.

"And you'll both git down with me and pray fur forgiveness?"

"Sartain!" ses Sam. The Parson went right out, and brought the young villin in. He war a pictur! "I'll declar," said the old minister, tellin' on it "of the boy's hard didn't look alive—he war wusser skeert than a trapped fox."

Down tha got, and arter a lectur' and the Parson prayin' for em a spell, he put his

hand on Pete's head and asked him how he felt.

"Well," ses the varmint, "I feel ow-daciously blamed mean!"

Tha both swore never to tech his hoss agin, and I speculate tha'll keep thur promis'.

SUNDAY READING.

Capt. Burton and the Savage.

During one of Capt. Burton's voyages in the *Essex* he was becalmed off an island of the Society group, in the South Pacific, and one day a valuable case of surgical instruments was stolen from his cabin. A number of the savages, with the chief of the island at their head, had been on board, and he knew the chief was the number. On the following day he pulled on shore, with the best part of his crew, and found the chief, in company with several of his principal warriors, sitting before his hut. Burton made known his errand through his interpreter, whereupon the sable monarch expressed unbounded surprise. Not only was he sure that none of his people had stolen his articles, but he could assure his "milk-skinned brother" that his people would not steal under any circumstances.

The Captain assumed a confident attitude, and begged to inform his swarthy majesty that he—Burton—knew where the missing property was. He had the power to discover such things. It might save the chief a vast deal of trouble if he would at once produce the stolen property.

Upon this the chieftain declared that he would have nothing more to say upon the subject; and to give seeming weight to his assertion he drew forth his pipe, and having filled it with tobacco, he commenced to strike fire on a piece of punk wood with a flint and steel. Capt. Burton told the interpreter to bid him stop.

"Tell him," said he, "that I will bring fire from heaven into his pipe."

The chief received the announcement with a look of incredulity, but, nevertheless, dropped his flint steel, and suffered the Captain to proceed. Burton drew from his pocket a small sun glass, or magnifying lens, and concealing it in his hand, he bade the chief to smoke away, and at the same time he turned the bowl of his pipe towards the sun, and brought the focal rays of the sun up to the tobacco. The fire took and the smoke came forth. The dusky chieftain puffed out a fragrant cloud, then looked at the bowl of his pipe, and then knelt in awe before the pale-faced Captain. He would not tempt the wonderful power of the great medicine man further.

Burton obtained his case of instruments from the chief's own hands.

Died Yesterday.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany a May-time crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or maybe it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; one whose heart panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart is still now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, as pure as the orange-flowers that clasp her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisle of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An ancient patriarch, bowed with age and care, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, slunk into a dreamless slumber, and on his door-post is written, "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily men, women, and children are passing away, and hourly in some grave-yard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever; so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our post, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from Heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost; for life with him shall pass away gently, and an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and gain.

A Sensible Girl.

Example is better than precept, always. A young lady of Kansas, tired of meeting the excuse, when urging her poorer neighbors to attend church: "Oh! the people dress so much; I can't afford to go in that style," has determined to dress as plainly as the poorest of them used to. Accordingly, she has for the last six months worn to church the same calico dress, costing ninety cents, and a hat which cost her eighty cents, discarding gloves. Thus attired, she has played the organ, and felt quite comfortable," as she certifies.

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