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Poetry.

Marry a Gentleman.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can,
Minded and built
On the generous plan,
Though he may neither
Have silver or gold,
Title or fortune,
"To have or to hold."

Though he may labor
With spade or with hoe,
Though he may not
But his mother-tongue know,
Though he may live under
Society's ban,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can,
Gentle and tender
Though no less a man,
One who will treasure
His child or his wife,
Scorning to rob them
Of sweetness in life.

One who will never
The brute's part assume,
Filling his household
With sorrow and gloom,
If on love's altar,
The flame you would fan,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

You will be happy
And you will be glad
Though he may be
Be commonly clad,
Pleasure is fleeting,
And life but a span—
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

Select Tale.

THE RIDE OF MARION'S MEN.

"We don't care for the danger, Captain, we're too brave for that. There isn't one of us but that had rather risk his life than that old tory should rob you of your bride. She's a staunch patriot, too, and hates the very ground that a redcoat or tory walks on. We'll save her. Capt. from mating Silas Hall, or all of us will die in the attempt."

"Spoken like your own self, Robert, I felt that I could depend on you and the rest of my men, to help me carry out my plans. It is the only way there is to save her. Her uncle, Amos Herlin, wetches, her like a dragon, as does Silas Hall, who declares he will marry her before two days are over. He has such influence with Tuleton that he has sent a half-dozen of his cut-throats to guard the house. This I learned from Rose, who managed to get a note to me by the hand of Pip, her servant. Her uncle is determined to marry her to Hall, whether she will or no—and Parson Sabine is just the man to do the fond deed or them. He would pronounce the ceremony whether she was willing or not. There is but one thing to do, we must steal her away from under the very nose of the red-coats and their tory friends."

"And we will do it, Captain. There never was a time yet, but that we could outwit them if we tried. I never was said, and I hope it never will be that Marion's men were to a match for the enemy. Tonight we will pay them a visit if you say so, and when we come back we will bring Rose Herlin with us."

"That will, Captain," echoed the men gathered about him.

"Thank you, boys. It is not of me you fail, and I think we shall not do this case—we must not. If we do it will be too late, and all will be lost. Rose Herlin must be saved tonight. She knows of what we mean to do if the black boy, Pip, gets back all right, and I know no reason why he should not. As soon as it is dark we will set out, and trust in Providence and our own strong arm to help me."

A few words here by way of explanation, that the reader may better comprehend that which has already been partly revealed to him.

Captain Blake commanded a company of his own raising in the forces of Gen. Marion. A brave officer he was not in the command. Marion honored and trusted him, and he was the idol of his men.

Two years past Rose Herlin had been a promised bride.

Her parents had been separated for several years, and she had been with her mother.

the king and crown, and held in utter detestation those who were battling of passion and for the liberty of their country. One thing if possible angered him more than any other. Rose, a member of his household and his dead brother's child, was as sturdy a patriot as there was in the colonies.

His anger seemed to increase day by day, until his horse became so uncomfortable that she felt that she could no longer abide beneath its roof.

He knew of her engagement to Captain Blake, and he stoutly swore that there should be an end to the matter forever.

Over and over again he declared that he had rather she should die than wed with him.

A friend of his, a tory like himself, and nearly as old, demanded her of him for a wife, and he roundly swore that he should have her.

If she would not of her own accord, she would be forced to do as they wished, and to carry out this threat, the day was set for the wedding, and to leave no avenues for her escape the would-be bridegroom, Silas Hall, had procured some of Tuleton's minions to guard the home of Amos Herlin, under the plea that it was danger of being robbed by the patriots, who were known to be lurking near at hand.

This was the condition of affairs at the time our story opens, and we now proceed to take up the thread of the narrative.

It was the afternoon preceding the day in which Rose was to be forced to become the wife of Silas Hall.

In spite of her protestations her uncle did not alter in his avowed purpose.

"Fever, never!" cried Rose in desperation. "Do not hope for it; my lips shall never speak the words that shall bind me to that old villain; I will die first."

"You need not speak the word unless you wish to. Parson Sabine will not be particular. Silence gives consent."

The afternoon in question, Rose sat alone in a little apartment off from the drawing-room. She was thinking of the coils that were closing around her, and the chances there were for her to escape them. The blackboy, Pip had returned and the message he brought awoke a hope in her heart. If it was possible to save her she knew Captain Blake would do it. She knew his heart well, and felt he would give his own life freely, if need be, to save her.

She was thinking of him, and hoping that it would not be long ere she would be folded once more in his arms, when her thoughts were disturbed by a rap on the door. Thinking it might be her maid or boy, Pip she bade this applicant enter. The door opened and much to her disgust she saw Silas Hall standing before her.

She arose from her seat with the intention of quitting the room. The presence of her suitor was at all times distasteful to her and his coming upon her now was so doubly so. He divined her motives, and took a step forward as though for the purpose of arresting her step.

"Rose do not be so cruel as to leave me," he said. "To-morrow is to be our wedding day, and there is much I would say to you."

She made no answer to the words of the man she abhorred, but with a stately mien moved as though she would leave the apartment.

Silas Hall stepped forward and made a motion as though he would lay his hand upon her shoulder.

"Back, villain!" she cried.

"Leave the room, your presence is unwelcome here!"

"Why so cruel, Rose; what does it matter? To-morrow you'll be mine. Let us speak now of the happiness there is in store for us."

He laid his hand upon her arm, and attempted to draw her toward him.

She shook him off as though his touch polluted her, and the next instant she had drawn a long slender dagger from her bosom, and held it towards him in a menacing manner.

He fell back a step, holding out his hands as though to ward off the impending blow.

the world you would not harm your promised husband?"

"No, I would not harm him. He is not here. It is against you, blackhearted villain, that I would defend myself."

"This is foolish talk, Rose; you know that in a few hours you are to be my wife."

"I know no such thing. Silas Hall I rather than be your wife, if I were forced to take my choice, I would plunge this dagger into my heart!"

She turned the point of the dagger towards her and made a motion as though she was half minded to strike the blow of which she had just spoken.

Evidently Silas Hall thought she meant to do what she said, and as her motions indicated, for he took another step toward her, as though for the purpose of arresting her hand.

"Leave the room, Silas Hall, unless you wish me to do the deed," she said, holding the weapon menacingly, and the villain seeing that she was thoroughly in earnest, slunk away, leaving her alone.

"I will keep my word," she said to herself. "If Robert does not come to save me to-night I will die. I will never be forced to this thing which I so much abhor. The grave is far better than life with that villain!"

She placed the weapon in its hiding place, and a few minutes later sought the privacy of her own apartment.

The night came on apace—a night filled with the deepest gloom. Dark and threatening clouds rushed athwart the sky, completely blotting out the light of the stars.

No rain was falling, although at any moment it seemed that a new deluge might be hurled upon the earth.

Alone Rose waited the coming of her patriot lover.

Midnight was near at hand. Her uncle and Silas Hall retired to rest, —So far as she knew, only herself and trusty Pip were awake.

The latter had reported that the redcoats within were snugly sheltered, and that unless alarmed, they would not stir again that night.

The moment was near at hand on which so much depended.

There was a low footfall without the door—a footstep which she remembered well.

"Rose!"

The voice thrilled her to her inmost soul.

She opened the door, and the next moment she was clasped in the arms of Capt. Blake.

"My own," he whispered, "come with me. There is a long dark ride to Santee, and to the camp of Marion."

"I will go with to the end of the earth, Robert."

She stole forth from the house unobserved. Sharp eyes indeed they must have been, that could have pierced the darkness that surrounded them. A short distance from the mansion the Captain's men and horses were in waiting. To vault into the saddle was only the work of a minute; and they dashed away on their long dark ride to the Santee, and to the camp of Marion.

Before morning dawned they reached it, and late that day the words were said that bound the lovers together while life should last.

The tories discovered, when it was too late, that their bird had flown. Their rage and disappointment knew no bounds but it was useless—Love had triumphed over tyranny, as it is almost always sure to do.

He knew if he was editing a newspaper he would give the public the "ins and out" of the goings on of public men. He would open the eyes of the people till they cried long and loud for "reform." He tried it three days. Result: Five libel suits, two arrests for defamation of character, seven times called a liar by a contemporary, challenged to a duel once, horsewhipped three times, a daily reception of soreheads with murder in their hearts, fire in their eyes and mouths reaching with probability, and the last we saw of that man he was trying to escape.

"Don't, Bartholomew."

It is sad to think in how few breasts are implanted good works. Little Johnny Caplin caught a large and singularly beautiful specimen of the beetle tribe last summer, and smuggled it along to church in the pocket of his roundabout. As there was no one in the pew in front when the services began, Johnny leaned over and deposited his bug on its cushion as favorable for air exercise. Johnny was one of those good small boys who can always be trusted not to filget and make a noise in church, from the reason that they sleep peacefully through the entire service. Just after Johnny had begun dreaming of real and green beetles six feet long, a young man and his "stealy company" were shown into the pew in front, and the young lady sat down by the insect aforesaid.

The minister had barely got to thirdly, before the young lady, who was very thinly attired, it being terribly hot weather, began to blush and glance nervously at her escort. Then she whispered:

"Don't, Bartholomew."

The young man thought she meant to stop fanning, so he did so, and laid the fan on the seat.

The young lady suddenly began to blush redder than ever, and to wriggle around a little.

"Somebody'll see you, Bartholomew."

"Well, wot of it," murmured the young man, in a surprised tone. "That's wot I'm here for."

"But it won't do," she whispered tenderly behind her hymn-book; "This ain't a picnic ground."

"What are you giving me?" returned the young man in the S. F. society style of the period.

"There, now, you're at it again," said the girl, trying to move up further in the corner. "If you tickle me that way I'll holler right out. I can't stand it."

"Can't stand what?"

"Now don't, Barty. If we are going to be married, it is no reason for you to act this way. Oh, gracious me, Mr. Schermerhorn, I must request you to desist."

"Why, great Scott, Amanda!"

"Ouch! oh, jimmie!" and the exasperated young female created a sensation by making a break for the door, Bartholomew being immediately fired out by the sexton for disturbing the meeting.

And meanwhile Johnny, who had been awakened by the occurrence, concluded to chain up his beetle, keep a discreet silence, and sleep it out. He was a farseeing boy.

A Serpant's Castle.

A Canada paper describes a singular mountain rock cave, thirty miles northwest of Winnipeg, Manitoba, where every winter the snakes of all species in the surrounding country resort for their hibernal sleep.

Last winter some of the convicts of the penitentiary were set to work to build a wall around the entrance to the cave. When the time arrived for the snakes to seek their haunts they found their progress impeded, and soon the strange gathering was increased by fresh arrivals from the interior, until many thousands of snakes were racing and wriggling around the entrance, vainly seeking an opening in the wall. Heads with small eyes and red tongues were projected in hundreds from every crevice in the rock, and a most unearthly hissing was kept up.

What is a Christian.

If you come to us and say you are a praying man, we answer we are glad; but we would like to ask your wife and children what your praying is doing for you? If you say you daily read the Bible, that is right, but let us ask your partner in business how much of its teaching you practice. If you say you are a member of the church, we are glad of that, if you are a worthy member, if not—we are sorry for the church. But let us go on to the street to see whether the people you daily meet think you ought to be a church member. So it comes to pass that a bundle of Christian duties may be dry and useless, or they may be the evidence of a Christian life. Whether a man is a Christian or not depends entirely upon the principles he lives by.

Sheep or Horse.

On the west side of 19th street, just below Master, in a stable that sets back about seventy-five feet from the street, is one of the strangest freaks of nature that has ever been seen in Philadelphia, and one which is exciting great interest among the physiologists whose attention has been directed to it. The wonder is what may be called a sheep-horse. In other words, it is an animal that has many of the characteristics of a fine horse and many of those of a sheep.

On looking at the animal for the first time the spectator is puzzled to decide whether to consider the animal a horse or an over-grown sheep. Stand in front and look at him he undoubtedly resembles a gray horse of a rather meek nature, a little on the style of the one which is said to have drawn the famous "one boss shay." Turn him around, however, and look at him from the rear and the spectator would be equally sure he was an overgrown sheep just waiting to take a gambol over the fields. The animal has a fine thick coat of genuine wool, which is as heavy as that which grows upon the ordinary sheep. Its skull is undoubtedly the skull of a sheep, and two projections can be felt on top of it, where it seems as if ram's horns had started to grow; the nostrils are long and slender as the sheep's nostrils; the tail is the short stubby tail of the sheep. The fore hoofs of the animal have an indentation in the middle, which shows that they came very close to being cloven, and the hoofs of the hind feet are also marked in the same way, although not quite so strongly. The hide, where it can be seen by reason of the hair being worn off by the halter, is the soft, oily hide of a sheep. The owner stated to a News Reporter this morning that he sheared his sheep-horse regularly in sheep-shearing season and always gets a good crop of wool off it. He said that he has a robe made from this wool, which he uses when riding about in cold weather and a good-sized cap made from the same material.

Very little is known of this strange combination of sheep and horse. It was caught in Dakota territory by the present owner, who is a dealer in horses. In pursuit of his business the gentleman was one day riding along near the Buffalo mountains with some companions, when they came in sight of a troop of wild horses; chase was immediately given, and after a short pursuit the sheep horse was singled out of the herd by its aubling gate and strange appearance. As it ran it threw its hind legs out like a sheep when running in the field. The pursuers also noticed, even at a long distance, the strange coat which covered it, and strangely formed head, and they started to run it down. This, however, was no easy undertaking, as the animal ran easily, and kept it up. At length, however, it was lassoed and taken into the gentleman's quarters. For a long time it was very fractious, and it took time and patience to tame it. When, however, it began to get used to stable-yard treatment, it became docile, and easily taught many little tricks. Its nature proved to be in many respects that of a sheep. It was playful, and has rarely evinced anything like viciousness. At the present time it knows how to perform twenty-four tricks, which the owner has taught it. In traveling on the road it can go at a fair trot, but the pace it excels in is running, having already run, its owner states, a mile in less than two minutes. It is now 7 years old and stands 14 hands high. It was caught when three years old, and has since that time been kept west of the Mississippi up to three months ago, when it was brought to this city. It has not yet been shod, and probably will not be as its hoofs bear the wear and tear of travel very well and its owner proposes to put it into the circus ring as a trick horse and curiosity. The owner takes pleasure in showing his curiosity to scientific persons, and quite a number have called to examine it. They have as yet, however, arrived at no definite conclusion as to the parentage of the queer animal.

Spain is trying to organize a race about American pork. The number of European hogs who travel

HOW THEY DROP SHOT.

The Baltimore American thus describes one of the processes of making shot in one of the towers in that city:

One of the "secrets" of the manufacture is the mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of mineral substances called "temper." The "temper" is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop. If it were not for the "temper" the lead would be moulded by the sieve, and would form little pellets instead of round shot.

When "BB" shot, for instance, is being made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their descent of 200 feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussion makes the tank foam and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall in water, for if they should strike any firm substance they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the "well" is the most difficult and troublesome process of the whole manufacture. An elevator with small buckets, very much like those used in flour mills, carries the shot up as fast as they reach the bottom of the "well" and deposits them in a box sixty feet above the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up, and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a drying pan, which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet iron.

What is Water For.

Water is so common we hardly think of it. To begin with, water was God's builder of the world, as we see it. The rocks were molten and made by water and laid down by it, one kind on the top of another. Coal, made of plants, was covered up by water, so that the rotting plants were kept there and changed into coal. Venus of lead, copper, gold, silver, crystals, were cracks in the rocks, filled with water that had these precious things dissolved in it. And water, as ice (glaciers), ground up rocks into earth, in which plants can grow, the sea and streams helping to do the work. Water builds plants and animals, too. Three-quarters of what they are made of is water. When you pay twenty cents for a peck of potatoes you are really paying fifteen of the cents for water in the potatoes. A boy who weighs eighty pounds, if perfectly dried up, would weigh only twenty pounds. And there could be no potato nor boy without water. It must dissolve things to make them over into new things; and it carries them where they are wanted to build the things. It softens food, and then as watery blood carries the food to every part of the body to make new flesh and bones, that we may grow and have strength. It carries the plant's food, also, up into the plant. And water carries men and goods in boats, and, as steam, drives his cars. It makes the wheels go in his factories. It is a great worker, and we could not get along without it. And it makes much of the beauty in the world. Ask your friends how it does that?—*Congregationalist.*

A Galveston darkey rushed into a doctor's office and breathlessly exclaimed: "Come on, doctor, right off! Dar is somebudy in my honse who is in an awful fix—laid up in bad a-groun' and a-groun'." "Who is it?" "It's ma. You see, boss, I didn't hab nobody to send, so I come myself."

"But Freddy, how could you think of calling Auntie stupid? Go to her and tell immediately that you are sorry." Freddy goes to Auntie and says, "Auntie I am sorry you

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EXECUTORS' NOTICE

Letters testamentary on the estate of Mary O. Hyer, late of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly substantiated for settlement to

J. GEORGE SCHUBERT,
JAMES K. DAVIS,
Executors.

Feb. 10, 1881.

