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"Stand as an Avail, when his Battle Looms"

St. Leonard's St. Pauline's Holy Matrons
"Stand, face to me, when I speak of the dear ones of our hearts."

A LEGEND OF THE WAR.

The land on the north side of Long Island Sound, along the southern shores of the good little town of Canaan...

that night star. Presently the ears of a hand were heard, muffled indeed but still clearly hearing. The noise was not far away, a signal to the other boats...

"Harvey, shouldn't you be off?" "I haven't said all," said Harvey, in the true Yankee trade-off phrase.

At the time of which I am about to speak, it was a stormy night. The moon was to be seen in the clouds. The lightning killed its night lamp and the gales on the Sound were blowing hard.

On a bright September afternoon, the schooner "The Star" was seen in the Sound, and a young man of about twenty years of age...

with you, with orders to shoot any man that offers to stir 'em up.

"There they are now," said one of the officers. "I have been through that grove myself. It is a large and fertile tract of land, well watered, and easily cultivated."

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"No, they only claimed me as a British sailor, and did not pretend that I had belonged to a man-of-war."

A Thrilling Sketch.

THE DOG THAT WAS TOO FIGHTIVE FOR HIS MASTER.

In the bluest and most barren portion of the county of Derbyshire, England, there lived, a long time ago, a man and his wife of the name of Pollard.

"I was in the house and saw the officer as he came to the cabin. He was a young fellow, well educated, and of a pleasant countenance."

"John has gone to see his father, who is expected to live, and will not return until to-morrow. I am here, frightened to death, for we are more than a hundred sovereigns in the house, and if any of those robbers were to come they would murder me. Won't you stop and keep me company until John comes back?"