

Thou fing of truth ! thy folds have streamed

' By no means,' replied Sparks, loftily. ing face and a sort of triumph in his look.

'Than what ails you !'

'Well, howiyou goin' to do it ?'

"Who ! What !"

•Well !

For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed said very little, but thought much.-

'No doubt,' remarked Mr. Sparks, 'you'l was she enabled to offer him in return. make a very agreeable neighbor-very agree able indeed · Gli, wa'll ba secore -of course we will, said Joe plancing

would unman him, I turned my eyes from the sun rise and kiss the lips of stony Memnon

it ashamed it might cause emotions which that followed after. Willie, I have watched tell you whose ! As we pass through the portals of the church, after the minister bas him for a moment. When next my glance on his ancient throne; I have floated south- joined our hands, we will go by a grave, over rested upon him, the locket was open. ward down the tide of the Gaudalquiver, which the myrtles blos-om-at it we will

O'er many a field of blood ; An l o'er the wreck of empires gleamed Like the rainbow o'er the flood ; The patriot's eye still turns to thee, And hails thee from afar, As the wanderer on the trackless sea Hath hailed his guiding star.

The aavage hunter's horn.

Thou torch of hope, thy blaze shall burn O'er millions yet to be. And flame above the functal urn Of crimson monarchy! The world already hails thy light, As the Chaldeans of old, When flashing o'er the clouds of night The star of Bethlehem rolled.

Like letters on the Persinn's wall, But plainer to be read, Is thy over bright and burning acroll, That tyrants mark with dread. O'er scepter, throne and diadem, Hange thy porientous glare-Like the sword o'er last Jerusalem, Suspended in the air.

While to the hearthstone of the hall, And to the oottage hearth, Thou bring st a daily festival Of nameless, priceless worth, Thou lightest up the pallid check Of the deserted poor. And to the captive, worn and weak, Openets the prison door,

O! ever in thy columns bright, Let truth and virtue blend ! Be ever, ever in the right! Be ever labor's friend. His strong and honest arm shall be Thy bulwark in distress; God bless the land of liberty ! God guide our country's Press !

JOB CHICKWEED'S COURTSHIP. How He was Cat Out.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

muttered to himself, as he walked on through the dark : 'she's altogether too tender with "I yow " said Joe Chickweed, as he stood that chap to be agreeable to me. If he has before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding just how I stand with Melinsomewhere. I dont believe he has brought money enough from Californy to buy a rope da Martin, then I'm a cow. The critter's alto hang him with. He's after the widder's ways acted so pesky skittish that there's been farm, now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat -no getting around her. I like her, and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think she likes Yes, sir, he means to catch Melinda, and I've me; but she likes more than one string to been fool enough to wait till this time before her bow, and I sin't sure but she'd ship me coming to a final point. But perhaps it ain't "any minute if she could make a better bar- | too late yet !' he added after a few moments" reflection ; ' maybe she'll consent to have me gain. Maybe I'm doing her an injustice, and I hope I am; but she acts sometimes 'tarnally like a real coquette, and I dont know what it, I vow I will. I'll go over again to morto make of her. But to-night,' he added, row, and have the thing settled." And having come to this conlusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming fitting an immensely high and an immensely

wide-brimmed hat upon his shining head. ' to, night I'll settle the matter-I'll cross the of Melinda Martin, the widow. himself, and Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water .- an infinite number of Reuben Sparkses, who were all endeavoring to chase him up a steep Melinda ain't a bad spec, and I might do hill, and beat his brains out with bars of thing that's agin it.' worse most anywhere else.' Do tell if it's come to that !' exclaimed California gold. Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next

old Mrs. Chickweed, who had emered the room, unnoticed by her son, in time to hear morning to learn from her son the result of his last sentence- well, I've all along had a his mission to the widow's, but Joe was notion that you was simin' in that 'ere direcsilent and pensive, avoiding his mother's eye,

Joe turned red from his eve-winkers to his dressed himself in his best suit, and with a ankles. and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds, with brushing some imaginary dust from a place befickie Melinda. tween the shoulders of his coat, which he He found her at home, and alone. couldn't reach, but said nothing. 'Hope you spent an agreeable evening

There sin't nothin' to be ashamed on. Joe. yesterday, remarked Joe, after he had passed continued the loquacious old lady, appparentthe usual compliments, and seated himself ] ly greatly pleased at the discovery she had made, and you spoke gospel truth when you near the young lady. haid you might do wome elsewhere. Melinda's a nice gal.'

"Well," said Joe, gaining some conrage Mr. Sparks, I should say, is a very enterfrom his mother's manner, 'I'm gind you taining young man " think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife. Joe din't think anything of the kind, but think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife, coite the contrary.

hadn't a taste that way, 'Oh, then you stopped in town I' certain change in her son's manner. " Certainly. "Business, I s'pose, first rate there." "Yes. A young man of talent will soon engage himself in profitable employment. ciazv.1 'Then I's'pect you must have done extraordinary well!' said Joe, in a tone he intenduite so big a fool as that.' ed should be sarcastic. "Oh, I've got it all arranged at last-I've "Oh !' replied the other laughing in a meaning way, and winking with one eve at got 'em now." the young lady, who appeared to 'take,' and 'Why, Melinda, and that vagaband Reub. enjoyed it accordingly-'as for that matter I can't -complain. I think I improved my Sparks-had ha! I'll surprise him.' chances-I rather think I did. 1 dont com-'Oh, it's all right!' said Joe, laughing slyly plain, by no means.' Then why didn't you stay longer! You -'I'll do it. darn'd if I don't. I'll get the sneakin' aritter ! weren't gone but a short time; you should have stayed a year or two more, and madeyourself independent.' 'Perhaps I am independent already; I say perhaps. Of course, I can't tell you the exwas his plan. 'Weil, now, I'll tell you all'about it,' began act amount I made-I think that is quite Joe, assuming a more sober tone. innecessasy. 'Well, I just wish you would.' 'Oh, quite.' ' And perhaps, too, there were attractions 'You know the widder has always favored n this part of the world as alluring as gold." nv keeping company with Melinda.' He looked knowingly at Melinda as he spoke, and gave her another wink which that "And I do believe she's desp'rate down young lady seemed to relish, though she on that feller, Sparks, coming into her blushed and appeared wonderfully embarassfamily.' ed for a moment. Joe noticed what occur ·Yes? red, and didn't at all fancy the course affairs . In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hand. seemed to be setting. He knew that he sho'd feel and appear peculiarly savage, if he re-mained much longer, so he hinted that it was about time for him to be going-and what she's dead.'

ed Joe, in response to something his rival

had uttered.

algging to

served to enrage him more than aught else, Melinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she made no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and Sparks." bitterness in his heart.

'The widder Martin herself ain't a bad 'I don't like the looks of things at all,' he looking woman !' Joe remarked, in a sort of a ly into his mother's face. 'No-- but what's that got to da with the not turned her head, then there's a mistake matter ?' replied the old lady, impatiently. 'And she ain't very old, neither,' continued he, with the same air. 'Why, she can't be more'n forty.' 'So I should think; and she has a good hance of living forty more."

Well, and what of it P 'Just' this;' said Joe, leaning over to reach his mother's ear-'I'll marry the widyet, if I lose no time in asking her. I'll try der ! Mrs. Chickweed, expecting as she was

comething startling, was'nt prepared for this She uttered an exclamation of unbounded surprise, started apward from her seat, and then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face. 'Well,' said Joe. 'I hope you don't see any.

Well, let us bear !'

'No-no !" stammered his mother, recoverceived ; 'but are you really in airnest, Joewill you marry the widder ?

'To be sure I will, and that's the whole of and keeping away from the house as much it. I'm going up to see her this very day. as possible. Lete in the evening he carefully I'll marry her if she'll have me, and be relook of determination stamped upon his for that blasted Sparks. I'll teach 'em what's features, he once more set out to visit the what !"

Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widow and made his proposal. She was more actonished than the knew how to exthe insust complitudents, and was thus and reason by the fordship. tear the young lady. Ob, yes, I did, I assure you, was the but it had never entered her head that she The tailor whispered, "I made your bree-tear the young lady. Ob, yes, I did, I assure you, was the but it had never entered her head that she The tailor whispered, "I made your breecould possible secure so young and estimable | ches."

a prize as Joe Chickweed. sal, that they should be married privately py to see you !"

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with a look of intelligence toward the former The old lady was somewhat surprised at this widow. Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks glanced at one 'Why, what on airth's the matter now, another, but this time they didn't laugh. Joe ?' said she ; 'hope you ain't goin' to go

'What do you mean I' they asked simulaneously. 'Not by a long shot,' replied Joe, 'I ain't 'Oh, excuse me; I forgot that you didn' know what has transpired. The fact is, the widow, here, and myself, taking a mutual liking to each other, were married last night !

We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were so engaged-' What I-married I' cried Mr. Sparks, ance of affection "to one beloved." springing to his feet, while a look of horror

overspread his features. His wife sat pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word. seems as if about to speak to me.' Certainly, married,' said Joe, coolly. 'Shall I tell you what she spoke to me ?' 'Is this so !" he inquired, turning to the

'But how-how, Joe ?' Can't you speak 'Yes, please.' ate widow. out ! What's got into the boy !' asked the 'You may 'rely upon all he says,' she re old lady, dying with curiosity to know what plied.

'Then I have been swindled-imposed upon-deceived ! And you knew of this also, and led me on l' he continued in a violent tone, addressing his wife. 'You worked to in the years gone by. get me, while this infernal cheat gets all the

property ? the slip of paper to me. 'No-it's not so,' exclaimed Melinda, bursting into tears; 'I knew nothing of it. And bad : I thought you married me for myself, and

'Is there need !! not for money, you pretended to have enough 'Yes,' was the low response. of that yourself l' Thine now ; thine ever !

Reuben Sparkssmiled a sickly and a scorn-But, 'cording to the will of old Mr. Martin. ful emile. 'It's even as I thought; his money's so

the property ain't to go out of her hands till deep in bank that he never'll be able to dig his face in his hands, and give evidence of 'Just so-but Sparks would have all the it out,' remarked Joe. benefit. And now I'm coming to the p'int-

> pre to eat him entirely up, body and bones. 'Oh, fire away ! it don't hart any; and

I've got a long lease of the farm--' S 'You scoundrel !' mysterious tone of voice, glaucing up sudden- . And the horses, and the steers-'Oh! you miserable cheat!'

"And the fixin's generally-" 'Fool-!' "And moreover," continued Jce, assuming

a more sober and sterner tone, and grasping Sparks firmly by the collar as he spakeamong other things I've got a word or two of advice for yon. You married Melinda in ferent.

Take my advice and it will be well with you ; use your wife as you know you should-go tical delusion, but the sense of the sentence is to work like a man-and strive to be an honest one. And finally, don't let me hear you never will be mine.'

you within an inch of your life ! Remember,' ing somewhat from the shock she had re- law, and you must have a slight show of respect for your father !"

Beuben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and after a little reflection concluit. I'm going up to see her this very day. ded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could not upon; and 'Thanatopsis,' fell upou his ear : venged on Melinda for cutting we as she has for many a year thereafter Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assis-

press, but she was more gratified than she party, his tailor was among the company, was astonished. Fresh and fair as she was, and was thus addressed by his lordship: "My dear sir, I remember your face, but I

prize as Joe Chickweed. Joe made it a special proviso in his propo-exclaimed, "Major Breeches, I am very hap

'Look at it. Willie.'

my view. It was a face which, at first sight, the city upon the seven Hills; I have stood did not seem very beautiful; there was noth- | where the three hundred fell at Thermopyle ; ing glorious in the beauty of the pictured I have bathed my face with the water drawn face. But the more you gazed, the more you from the wells at Elim, and cooled my brow became impressed-were you looking--with beneath the shadow cast by its seventy palm the sweetness that shone, like Hesper's light, trees; I have battled with desert sands, and from her dark browed eyes. A light scarf with ocean's storm; I have watched the sun was thrown carelessly, yet gritcefully, over sink behind western prairies, and, from the

her shoulders; a lace collar rested upon her shore of the Pacific, saw it dip its crimson neck, and her lips seemed just on the eve of disc in the cooling wave ; I have been tempthe parting, as if to utter some sweet ussur- lest tossed, and a prisoner; I have lingered in the vales of Arcady. and suffered under the frozen Pole; but there never came a day, or "What do you think of the picture !"

'The more I look, the more I like it. She an hour, when the memory of those sweet seasons of solitary communion was offace! from my mind. But I weary you, and will hasten on.

Uncle Martin took the locket, and, touch- All through the summer in which are reach-ing another spring, showed a recess back of ed her eighteenth birthday, our companionthe portrait, from which he took a strip of ship was one sweet-tender und uncontrolled. paper. It was yellow with age, and crump- Our parents were well pleased with the drift led, as though team had fallen upon it. I do of our affections, and, I doubt not, often

not doubt but that tears had dropped upon it talked over the apparently approaching busband to in the years gone by. 'How does it read !' he asked, as he handed fix the lime when a husband's right to guard

and to cherish her would be given me. She I looked at it and then at him. Then I said that, on the day appointed by the Governor of the State as a day of general thanksgiving, there would be special cause

for it in our homes. So it was agreed between us, and the months that intervened seemed to dwindle down to days as I looked hope-The words fell slowly from my lips. fully forward.

knew how the sound of them would affect 'About two months previous to the time him, and was not surprised to see him bury we supposed our nuptials would take place, deep emotion. 'Surely,' I thought, as I look- it became necessary for me to visit a town in You scheming rascal!' gasped Sparks, ed at the face and the motto, 'surely it may a distant state, on business connected with looking as if it would be the height of pleas- have been more than a slight cause that our family estate. I had a long interview brought about dissension among hearts that with Nellie ere I started. An artist named love as my uncle must have loved ; nearly a Sylvanus Osborne had been staying in the

-I found that he had--'

wound has not wholly healed."

Thine ? no ! Thine ? never !' her that absence would but strengthen my I could not comment upon the construction. I felt that it was a true rendering affection for her. She seemed distressed be-now, though once it might have been dif- yond measure at the thought of separating om me for the three weeks I would probably be absent, and wept, long and bitterly, as

'This is its meaning now,' added my uncle. ty, palming yourself off as a man of means to accomplish your end. You are the real schemer, but a part of your scheme has failed. Seemed placed to read so; hence my desire The second scheme has failed. that you should read them. It was an op. glass of water; he just wet his lips with the ignid, and then continued : 'I went away, carrying with me the picas I have rendered it. She is not mine ; she ture and the sweet assurance of Nellie's love. I left Sylvanus Osborne behind me, and when

'Slip back the paper in its hiding-place,' you just now bestowed upon me, or I'll thrash added, after a moment's pause. 'Slip it back, I returned home-after a stay prolonged and close the locket. I must hot look on two weeks beyond what I originally intended added Joe, giving him a shake, as a terrier that face again, until a twelfemonth has would a rat, 'you're my son now, 'cording to rolled around; until there comes a summons for me to join that caravan, of which the post tells us. You remember the passage, do

ment, looking , at the astonishment depicted you not. If so, repeat it.' upon my countenance, 'do not wonder; in my abrance she had found a consoler.--In a low voice I complied with his request and the noble thought of Bryant, in his She had listened to other words of love, and. under the willows, bud made a new confess-

sion.' She had given me the picture the ar-tist painted, and had given herself to the ar-"So live, that when the summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, which moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not-like the quarry slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon-but, sustained and

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

which the myrtles blos-om-at it we will pause a moment, and, if Uncle Martin drops through the sunny valleys of smiling Spain I took it, and glanced at the face that met | I have stood in the shadow of Saint Peter, in tear there, who is there that will chide him ?

A WEDDING IN ARKANSAS .--- A recent vriter relates a scene which took place at he pastor's house. The young parson having arranged the folks, commenc

John Sutter, do you take Mellady Woods, n the presence of these witnesses, to be your awful wedded wife!

'That's wot I'm here for,' answered Mr. Sutter, cramming his hands into his breeches pockets.

'You will please answer yeas or no." 'Yes or no,' promptly returned the gentle Dan. 'No. no ! say yes.'

'Y-a-a-s, then I' casting a slicepish look round him. ' Melindy Woods.'

Y-a-a-s ! -

"Wait a moment, please. Milindy Woods do you take John Sutter, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your lawful wedded

'I reckon.' 'Then in the presence of the witnesses spoken of, I declare you man and wife, 'cordin to the laws of Arkansas and the Gospil; and wot's thus jined, let no man put in sunder."

13 ' Is Miss Blinkins at home?' asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered the ring at the door. 'Yes I b'lave she in, ir.' 'Is also engaged !' 'An' is it engaged, you say ? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr Vincent last evening as if she

had never seen the liker ny him, an it's engaged I blave they are, sir."

A young and pretty girl stepped into score of years have passed away, and yet the vicinity, and her father had taken the linen dr. po's shop, where a spruce young has not wholly healed. a linen-dr-pe 's shop, where a spruce young 'Yes,' he at last said, 'that is the way it daughter. This picture-you are holding it not speak, stood behind the counter. In order reads, or did read, once. Now, I read it now in your hand--Nellie gave me at that to remain as long as possible, she cheapened parting interview. With it was the slip of everything. At the last she said, 'I believe paper, with the motto you have read. I you think I am cheating you." 'Oh, no,' said saper, with the motio you have read. I the young man, to me you are always fair.' the young man, to me you are always fair.' Well, whispered the lady, blushing as she laid the emphasis on the word, 'I would not yond measure at the thought of separating stay to long bargaining if you were not to

> Well, Augustus, said a grocer to his apprentice, 'you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen several departments of our trade. I wish to give you

a choice of occupation.' 'Thank'es sir.'like best, Augustus ?' 'Sbuttin' up. air.'

A GOOD JOKE -- A company was playing Othello recently, and when Othello demanded of Desdemona " the handkerohief! the handkerchief!" a green 'nn called out impatiently : I started to my feet at the thought of what Nover mind the handkerchief, don't wait for was coming. Could it be possible i 'Nay,' he continued, after pausing a mothat; blow your nose with your fingers, and go abead !'

Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river ! politely inquired a fachionably dressed lady. P'rhaps so; a load of hay went through this morning, was the P'rhaps so ; a load of horrid reply.

Two boys were fighting a few days

I will not tell you of the hours immediately ago which a gentleman, seeing the larger one I will not tell you of the hours immediately ago when a gentleman, seeing the larger one succeeding the discovery of Nellie Grey's de-ceit. I will not undertake to describe the anguish in which I was plunged as J listened to the story of her betrothal, and the ap-proaching bridal. I asked if it was sanotioned by Farmer Grey, and was answered in the metablick system of the gentleman, de sining him.

When that summon comes,' he continued, affirmative. I questioned ng further in the Scriptures, when smitten on one check to as the sound of my voice died away, I hope matter, though my brother—your father, turn the other in the turn the other in turn the other in the turn the other in the turn the other in the turn the other in turn turn the other in

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

'How, uncle ?'

tant. A nobleman having given a grand