Advocate.

#### POETRY.

# THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Whist, sir! Would ye plaze to speak alsy And sit ye down there by the dure? She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless, She hears every step on the flure. What alls her? God knows! She's been weakly

For months, and the heat dhrives her wild; The summer has wasted and worn her Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have ? Yes, she is, and God help me ! I'd three little darlints beside, As purty as iver ye see, sir, But wan by wan dhrooped like, and died What was it that tuk them, ye're asking?

Why poverty, sure, and no doubt! They perished for food and fresh air, sir, Like flowers ahried up in a drough It was dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it! It seemed like my heart strings would break, But there's days when wid want and wid sorrow

I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake! Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me! It's a foul tengue that lowers its own ! But what wid the athelkes and the liquor. Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint, The last and dearest of all! Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,

Or you would'nt be askin' at all! What is that? Milk and food for the baby! A docthor and medicine free ! You're huntin' out all the sick children An' poor tellin' mothers, like me !

God bless you! an' thim that have sent you! A new life you've given me, so.
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go ? O mother o' mercles! have pity! O darlint why couldn't you wait ! Dead! dead! an' the help in the dureway Too late! O my baby! Too late!

## THE STORY-TELLER. BEAN-PORRIDGE, HOT.

" Zekiel Pritchard, indeed!" exclaimed Margaret, drawing herself up to her full height, and letting a wrinkle of vexation form on her pretty forehead. "The idea of that old widower with grown children coming after me!"

"You may turn up your nose at him, now," returned Aunt Sukey, with a deliberative air of wisdom particularly trying to Margaret's rather quick temper, and at the same time leisurely drawing a long thread through a triangular hole in one of her brother Hiram's stockings, "but when you have passed the first corner, and got on to the old maids' list, you may be mighty glad to marry as likely a man as Zekil Pritchard. You are going on twenty-five, Margaret, already; and when I was young, a girl past that age was considered seedy. You can't pick and choose much longer; and the time may come when you'll thank your stars for a husband that stands well with the community, is a good provider, pious, and stiddy."

"I don't want a steady old man," re-

Why Margaret !" exclaimed her aunt, with an accent of mild horror; "any body to hear you talk would think you preferred an intemperance man or a profane swearer."

mentioned," replied Margaret, with a laugh at her aunt's remarkable agility in skipping to conclusions. "All I meant to say was that I don't intend to take a Margaret's last speech cut Mrs. Stepbecause he is steady. There are steady young men in the world I much prefer. And then it looks out of place for Zekiel Pritchard, who was a family man as long ago as I can remember, to be casting sheep's eyes at me. If he had come from a distance it would seem different; but only a year ago, I was watching with his poor sick wife, and I shall never forget

Mrs. Sukey Stepford's sense of the lu dicrous was not acute. Her mouth did stood. not contract even into an intimation of The not contract even into an intimation of a smile. She sat with eyes still bent Margaret should blush vividly because upon the triangular hole in the toe of her brother Hiram's stocking, and said, quite

seriously:
"It don't look well, Margaret, for you devoted to his wife in her last sickness. Of course a man can't mourn forever. Human nature won't bear no such strain. It's consistent with reason that he should get over his grief, and feel lonesome, and want to take another pardner. I'd have him wait the proper time, and not be in panion; but I always think the more of him if he begins to look around pretty sharp within a real solution of the begins to look around pretty sharp within a real solution within a real solution within a real solution within a s ty sharp within a year or two after his

"I don't," returned Margaret, spirited-"I'm like the girl I read about in the newspaper the other day, who said she didn't want affections warmed over." Margaret had finished folding down the clothes, and had packed them tightly in a big willow basket. She stood leaning against the table, with a rich damask-rose bloom on her cheek. A pair

of dark eyes shone out under curling lashes, and a delicious little pout around the corners of her mouth made her face

altogether bewitching.
"Well, you're so mighty pertickerler," responded her aunt, with a sigh, gle yet. A settled-down man like Zekiel Pritchard is worth a dozen of your skit-tish young fellers. He's been through the mill, and knews how to treat a woabout making work, and handy in case Then Mrs. Pritchard left things were always kep' as choice as gold.

I guess anybody that steps in there will find every thing to her hand." "I don't want to marry Mrs. Pritchard's things," broke out Margaret, impatiently. "If ever I do marry, I shall look out for a man, and not for old spoons and feather-beds. Zekiel Pritchard would

behind the plow, dressed in a tow frock and trowsers, and a palm-leaf-hat. But this summer he has rented his farm to make a business of getting a wife, and must go and dye his hair and whiskers, and dress himself up in a new cuit of broadcloth, with a tall hat, and a gold watch-chain. To my eyes he looks as much out of character as a crow would in the feathers of a yellow-bird."

" It's the nature of a widower to spruce up," said Mrs. Stepford, speaking from the depths of profound knowledge. "He puts the best foot forward, and makes as good an impression as he can, just as naturally as a rooster crows; and for my part I don't see a mite of harm in it." "You seem so much in favor of Mr. Pritchard," returned Margaret, rather saucily, "I think you had better take him yourself. Who knows, after all, Aunt Sukey, but he comes shining round

"Margaret, you ought to be ashamed of yourself;" and Mrs. Stepford put on her dignity, with an angry flush suffu-sing her sallow cheek. "You have no right to ridicule a person of my age, and your own father's sister; and you know well that when I laid Chester away in the burying-ground I made up my mind to remain a reliek the rest of my life. I haven't ever thought of taking another pardner.

"But why shouldn't you?" persisted Margaret. "If it's such a proper thing for a widower to marry again, why shouldn't it be the same for a widow? It's a poor rule that won't work both It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, auntie. And now I think of it, you would be just the wife for Mr. Pritchard—suitable in age, and with a pretty penny of your own, and then you are a careful housekeeper. I do believe he's been after you all along. The next time he calls I shall act as if he was your visitor, and keep out of the way. Go and put on your dress-cap, Aunt Sukey, with the purple bows. If I were you I wouldn't wear that daguerrotype pin with Uncle Chester's likeness, but a pink neck-ribbon, which is becoming to your complexion. You are a real good-looking woman when you are dressed up, and I don't wonder Zekiel Pritchard has ta-

ken a fancy."
"Margaret, you can be the provokingest creature I ever saw; and if you choose to insult me, it don't signify. I'm nothing and nobody; but it is a shame for you to make light of serious things." "Oh, I won't," responded Margaret,

with an exasperating air of penitence. "I didn't know it was serious. I wasn't aware things had gone so far. If he should call this afternoon, auntie, I shan't stand in your light. I am going to stay here in the kitchen until nearly dark to cook bean-porridge for the men's supper. Then there is a batch of bread to bake, and I may stir up a cake between whiles. don't even intend to take time to torted Margaret, giving an energetic change my dress. This old calico is snap to a table-cloth she was folding down. Change my dress. This old calico is pretty well soiled," and she drew it around her and looked at the back breadths, "and my hair is tousled; but never mind-I don't expect to see any self up nice. Courting seems to have a deal to do with dry-goods; but for my "Drinking and swearing were not part, if I found a man to my liking, I shouldn't care what kind of a coat cov-

man old enough to be my my father just ford's sensibilities to the quick. She rose in high dudgeon, and, gathering her mending into her apron, went loftily into her own bedroom and shut the door. But the words had fallen on other ears besides those they were intended to reach; and just as Margaret was swinging the crane around from the black throat of the chimney, preparatory to hanging the porridge-pot over the fire, how he used to get up and go about in she caught sight of a young man face framed by a careless wreath of hop-vine which embowered the window where he

Mark Thorpe had overheard her foolish words. Mark was only a poor student, working his way through college and to be making fun of a good man like Zekiel Pritchard, and one who was so devoted to his wife in her land was so order to harden his muscles way through college and to be making fun of a good man like to her father for the summer months, in devoted to his wife in her land was so labor and put a few much-needed dollars into his pocket, Margaret knew he was up by four every morning to study and write before the day's work began. He had the manners of a true-hearted gentleman, always easy and pleasant, ready to pitch quoits with the men, or whittle too big a hurry; for it ain't hardly de- out wonderful boats for the boys, or walk cent to marry agin in three months, as after a hard day's work to prescribe for Jim Bradley did. A man ought to show an old woman's "rhumatics." He was membered that Mark Thorpe was only her tather's hired hand, she did not forget that he was as much at home in a lady's parlor as he was in the hay field. He had a rich tenor voice, well-trained, and a temper like sunshine and bird music

mixed in equal parts,

The pail of drinking-water stood on a shelf near the window, and Mark was reaching through the open casement to secure a long-handled dipper which hung just above it. He had taken off his straw hat, and his hair lay scattered about a broad forehead, untanned and white, although the rest of his face showed a manbrown. His mouth, under its fringe golden mustache, and his eyes, large and blue, kept mischievously smiling at shouldn't a bit wonder if you lived sin- Margaret, while the blush deepened on

her cheek. "So you wouldn't mind, Miss Margatish young fellers. He's been through ret, whether the man was rich or poor, the mill, and knews how to treat a wo-if you could find one to your liking. Man. He's considerate and thoughtful All I can say is that I wish he was about

my size." There was a little mockery in the tone such a sight of nice things—crockery and bedding and silverware. I don't believe words; and then, after a long draught words; and then, after a long draught, she ever used them much, for she wasn't while his eyes still did good service no gre't hand for company, and her watching Margaret's becoming confusion of face, Mark let the dipper plash into the water-pail, and went with his strong stride along down the meadow-path, singing a snatch of "Kathleen Maourneen.

Margaret was vexed, because her ready ongue and quick wit had once failed her; but a new feeling, vague and sweet, day clothes, as I have seen him a hundred times on top of a load of hay, or

bers, and at the same moment came a sharp rap upon the knocker of the front By this latter sign Margaret knew that Zekiel Pritchard's roan horse was

hitched to the front-yard fence.

Mrs. Stepford, slowly putting down
her work, went and admitted the widow-He was a lean, wiry man, well seasoned by hard work and exposure to the weather. There was a cast to his small gray eye, and he had the habit of raking his jaw with his brown hand and coughing in a dry and husky fashion before getting ready to speak. Now he drcp-ped his buff silk handkerchief into his hat, and deposited it under the chair mon, and then Zekiel cautiously inquired little thing, that fluttered in his own after the folks. Mrs. Stepford knew well like a scared bird. It was an ecstatic enough that folks meant Margaret, but moment, when all heaven seemed disshe answered heartlessly, quite away from the subject. tilled into a drop of ineffable sweetness; and silently, by that strange magnetism

from the subject.

"Oh," said she, "Hiram is driving at the hay to beat all. There's a sight of grass down, and every nerve must be stretched to get it into the barn before another rain-storm."

and silently, by that strange magnetism which draws two hearts together, Mark bent forward and pressed his lips to Margaret's. Zekiel saw it, and he saw that Margaret blushed and trembled, but did not draw away her hand. Beauth and the saw that did not draw away her hand. Beauth and the saw that did not draw away her hand. Beauth and the saw that did not draw away her hand. Beauth and the saw that did not draw away her hand. Beauth and the saw that did not draw away her hand.

another rain-storm." but did not draw away her hand. Be-The widower could not muster courage wildered, he slipped out, and stole around with his watch-chain; but his senses Margaret's hand was almost well. were on the alert to detect some trace of the person he was seeking. Presently there came through the window, mixed ing breeze, Mrs. Sukey Stepford came with the scent of Prince Albert roses, into the house with her things on, and the wholesome, old-fashioned smell of as she sat down in the rocking chair she bean-porridge, and Mr. Pritchard, sharphis ears, thought he detected Margaret's light tread upon the kitchen floor. It was Zekiel's habit to disguise his courting errand under some thin pretense of business with the men-folks, so

mowing-machine. I am thinking about buying one for my own place, and would like to see how it operates." Whereupon he arose, quite forgetful of

his hat, which rested peacefully under-neath his chair, and started for the kitchen, although the front-door afforded "When I went out of this house," put more convenient means of egress.

messed calico, was the pleasantest object of going to France. I had laid out to his eyes could rest on. He stopped just beyond the threshold, prepared to break long spell of dry weather had killed the years, was strongly recommended to him, the ice with care. Margaret's back was white rose bush I planted by the tombstill toward him, but hearing Brother stone last summer. There I sot meditafaced about and said, "How do you do?" rather languidly, holding out at the what it's pleasant to think over-and

served Mr. Pritchard, lifting the tails of his obnoxious broadcloth, and sitting down unasked. Although the enamored widower showed flurries of embarrassment on the surface, he was of a slow, obstinate type. "I always feel more to home in the kitchen," he added, complacently, "than in any other part of the

"When I am busy, and have a good many irons in the fire," retorted Margar-et, "I am not auxious to have the meufolks around.'

Zekiel laughed as if he considered this tart little speech a delicious joke.
"You needn't feel afraid to have your

kitchen seen any time of day, Miss Margaret," said he, giving his chair an alarming hitch toward the young lady's vicinity. "It's as neat as a posy, and every body knows how you've got your name up for housekeeping." "I don't care for the opinions of peo-

ple who think women were made for nothing but to scrub and scour." "I'm not one of that kind," Zekiel

struck in, eagerly. "'Tain't my wish, Margaret, that a woman should overdo and go beyond her strength. My idea of you is that you've got good judgment and first-rate common-sense.

"I am too obstinate and independent to ever try to come up to any body's idea of me," retorted Margaret, courageously, although, in truth, she was suffering

from a panic of apprehension.

"You are not obstinate, Margaret." Zekiel's dry tones had acquired a ludi-

crously sentimental twang.
"Oh yes, I am," cried Margaret, feeling that samething must be done to avert the crisis. "I am dreadfully self-willed. Father says I take after grandmother Baker; and from all accounts, she made people stand round."
"I'll run the risk, Margaret, and take

all the chances, if I can take you." And with that Zekiel made such a bold and startling manceuvre in the navigation of his rocking-chair that Margaret, to avoid closer proximity, sprang a little to one side, and the ladle slipping from her grasp, sent a wave of the boiling porridge over her right hand, at the same time liberally besprinkling the person of the widower. Margaret moaned with pain, and went stooping about the room half crazed by the terrible smart. Mrs. Stepford found Zekiel standing in the middle of the floor, the very picture of despair, and conscious, as it would seem, that the spilling of the bean-porridge had irrevocably upset his own dish. He had sustained no bodily injury, but the courting clothes were hopelessly spotted.

Aunt Sukey gave him a task which brought him to his senses.

ly near the skirt of her dress, and was ing cuts and burns. This is a bad scald, in this posture when Mrs. Stepford returned, with the daguerreotype bosoms self, but I'll have all the things ready

pin conspicuously displayed on a nice against he gets here."

Zekiel started off without his hat, fyrsitting-room without deigning to give her mece a word. Margaret sat down in a great split-bottomed rocking-chair, and with her head resting against the faded patchwork cushion, fell into a reverse, which was braided with the robin's song outside in the cherry-tree and the lingering cadence of Mark Thorpe's voice as he marched away down keen run. His long legs soon out-disthe meadow-path. She was awakened by a hiss from the bubbling porridge over the side of the pot into the hot emily entered the kitchen, he was startled by a suggestive tableau. Mrs. Stepford had gone up chamber to hunt for old linen, and there sat Margaret leaning back in a large chair, with signs of suf-fering still visible upon her face. Mark knelt before her in his coarse working clothes, his shirt sleeves of gray flanne showing, and with a cotton handkerchief knotted about his neck. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and here was a curious sort of trouble on his comely face. He had wrapped the scalded hand in cotton, and was adjusting bandages with the skill of an artist.

In his heart he wished the operation might last forever, but it did come to an where he was sitting, and allowed his end; and still, with Margaret smiling eyes to wander rather eagerly about the room. There was a little desultory talk between him and the widow about the fine hay weather and last Sunday's sergaret s well one—a dimpled, warm, cozy garet's well one—a dimpled, warm, cozy garet's the fluttered in his own

to inquire directly after the lady of his to the front entrance, by means of which love. He was ill at ease; his eyes roved from place to place; he crossed and uncrossed his legs, and fiddled nervously

A fortuight nearly had passed, and warm afternoon, when doors and windows were all open to catch a wander-

> heaved a sigh profound, but not utterly heart-broken.
> "What is the matter, auntie?" inquired Margaret. "Have you got one

of your hot flashes ?" "No," returned Mrs. Stepford, untying he now said, rather hastily:

"I called to-day, Mrs. Stepford, to take a peep at your brother Hiram's new am quite overcome. What wonderful, her bonnet strings and fanning herself unlooked-for things are all the time happening, and what a strange world this is, to be sure.'

"Perhaps it is," said Margaret; "but

Zekiel's enterprise was rewarded by words, "I had no more thought of or, at least, to have new ideas of the changing my condition in life than I had Pritchard's dry, chirruping cough, she ting and reflecting-for nothing ever passed between Chester and me same time the long iron spoon in her hand, as if she expected him to give it a shake.

What It's pleasure to come home, who should I see in the path before me but Zekiel Pritchard! After we had passed the "What a pleasant place this is!" ob- time of day, I thought of course he would turn down toward his own bouse, but instead of that he asked me to take his arm, and as it was a warm afternoon I made no objection.

Here Mrs. Stepford paused a little and began fingering the fringes of her Canton crape shawl.

"I supposed his attentions was out of sympathy," she resume "because we had both been to visit and grave of our deceased pardners; and pretty soon the conversation turned on the lonesomeness of a single lot. Well, Zekiel grew kind of cosy and confidential, and told me about his Irish help. It's dreadful to think how good victuals is mussed up and wasted in that house; and there sh is using the best crockery every day, and the Lord only knows how much she steals. All of a sudden Zekiel said he thought we was fitted to make each other happy, and go down this vale of tears arm in arm, or something to that effect I was so struck I don't know what I said but I s'pose I gave the impression l

Here Mrs. Stepford was quite overome, and Margaret embraced her de-Didn't I say he was after you, auntie?

she cried. "I shall like him ever so much as my uncle."

Margaret was in the milk-room when she heard her aunt go about singing, in a cracked soprano,

" This is the way I long have sought

And mourned because I found it not." A roguish smile still dimpled her face

when she looked up and saw Mark's tall, broad-shouldered person filling the door-"Oh, Mark," she exclaimed, "I have wonderful news for you. Aunt Sukey is trieved; waste of healtlengaged to Mr. Pritchard. Just think the waste of time, never.

from what a fate that bean-porridge saved me!" Mark, with his eyes smiling, went forward and took Margaret's hand—the of danger are found the most serene and hart one, which was strong enough now to wield the skimmer.

"Margaret," said he, "would you think it worth while to take such a poor fellow them up-not heap scorn upon them. We as I am if he kept you waiting three years, and could give you nothing better even at the end of that time than beanporridge?"

Margaret's answer made her lips and eyes eloquent, but was not translatable If it failed to satisfy Mark n words. Thorpe, he deserved his happiness much less than I think he did.

APPLE COBBLER. - Pare, core, and nobler than to abuse it; to make the slice twelve large tart apples. Add to them the juice of two lemons and the grated peel of one; sweeten to taste;

### An Old Story Retold.

If any one believes that all the stories of the glorious old times of Jackson and Clay campaigns have been used up, he will find how easy it is to be mistaken. Witness the following, which comes to as from Old Kentucky, by the way

Louisiana. Our entertaining friend be-"You must know" (but we did not know) "that around and about the beautiful city of Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, there lives-or did live, twenty years ago—a great number of small farmers, who find in that city a ready market for the surplus produces of their farms, and there they carry it to sell, and buy finery and nick-nacks for their fami-One of these farmers, a poor but industrious and fearless man, had a porker, a few bushels of meal, potatoes, beans, etc., which he wished to dispose man, girt with the halo of victory, and of; and, borrowing a horse and wagon at the day's close, under his own vine he packed up his things, and, just at dusk, set off for town. Arrived at one or two o'clock in the morning, he enter-ed the market-house, and selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into haives, and hung them on the stout hooks, and with a bag of meal for a pillow lay down to sleep till morning. He slept soundly and late, and when he awoke the market people were crowding in; and, lo! one half of his pig had been unhooked, and hooked. It was clean gone! He made known his loss, and, raving and swearing, he drew the whole crowd about As he grew warm with his wrath,

"'I know the sort of man that stole that pork-I do! "Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we will help find him for you

they cried out, in reply.

"'Yes, I know what sort of a man he was; he was a Clay man!"
"As old Harry Clay lived within a mile of the market, and every man here which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever. But wise is he this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay who mourns not the pearl and music man of stealing half a pig in Lexington. lost: for life with him shall pass away and they closed on him to give him a sound thrashing; when one demanded of

him what made him think so. " ' Why, nobody but a Clay man would have done it; ef he had been a Jackson man he would have gone the whole hog!
"This turned the tables. The humor of the robbed farmer was irresistible. The Lexingtonians carried him off to a coffee-house to a hot breakfast and a morning spree; and after drinking to the health of Henry Clay, they made up his loss, and sent him home rejoicing."

## How he Proposed.

A story is told of a preacher who lived about forty years ago. He was a bach-elor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he "When I went out of this house," put in the widow, scarcely heeding her niece's and he himself began to feel the need of and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities.

"Do you think tho?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and thee her.

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving-maid. "Ith Mith Pwithin?" briskly but

calmly asked the lover. "Yes, Sir. Will you walk in?" " No, I thank you. Be kind enough to

thay to Mith P -- that I with to thpeak to her a moment." Miss P-- appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you; I'll theon explain my buthiness. I'm the new preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd

better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?" "Why, really, Mr. Sau—" "There-don't anthwer now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good-

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P——'s residence. It was promptly op med by the lady herself. "Walk in, Mr. Smith." "Can not, ma'am. Have not time

Start on my circuit round in halt an hour. Ith your anthwer ready, ma'am's "Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith. "Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath anthwer

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious

matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence-" I perfectly understand We will be married thith day

week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am." He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready; they were mar-

ried, and lived happily several years.

# Jewels.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; but

True courage is cool and calm. bravest of men have the least of brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time Let us take care how we speak of those

who have fallen on life's field. Help did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars. He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness on one side

will not justify a breach of trust on the other. To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it, to study the world is better than to shun it; to use the world is

world better, lovelier and happier is the

highest work of man.

#### 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 Maytime crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; one whose soul 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, pure as the orange-flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisle of 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 cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber, and on his door-post is written, "Died yester-

"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 which proved to be the shouts of the morn we find some flower that blushed shipwrecked. sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever; so daily, when we rise from the forever; so daily, when we rise from the been continued upon her altered course, bivouac to stand against our posts, we it is certain that the cross of the swimmiss 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 gently, as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and gain.

fifty square miles, with nearly ten thousand inhabitants, there is not a single groggery or other place where intoxicat-ing liquors are sold, and where people go to bed without locking their doors, they have put in practice a method of preserving a considerable part of the abundant fruits, and even some part of the roots, which their soil produces, in such a manner that they may be sent to distant climates. The larger fruits are a process in a region where such vast to make further examp quantities of fruit are preduced as in Vineland, is manifest. Most fruits are rapidly perishable in their natural state, and the cultivation extends from year to year. The peach orchards are extensive and produce the finest of fruit, and the pear-tree nowhere flourishes better, and nowhere produces fruit of better quality. None of the trees, however, of any sort are older than the date of this remarkable colony, the history of which begins in 1861. It is now full of neat houses in 1861. and productive gardens, bordering broad avenues and streets, planted with shade trees which grow rapidly in the loose soil, and every year it sends its grapes by tons to the markets of Philadelphia and New York .- New York Paper

## A Novel Duel.

Amongst the reminiscences told of the Franco-Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers of the French army. "You intend to fight a duel, eh?" asked

he commandant.
"Yes, Colonel. Words have which can only be wiped out with blood. We don't want to pass for cowards."

"Very well, you shall fight, but it must be in this way : Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing the mansion where the enemy is. You will march upon their garrison with not answered by careful examination. equal step. When sufficiently near their Excruciating and lingering as such a post you will fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You continue to advance and fire. When one falls the He who is exposed to fire necessarily indicated to the second other may turn upon his heels, and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies. In this way," concluded the commandant, "the blood you both demand will be spilled with profit and though their bodies had barely been glory, and he who comes back will do so without regret, without the remorse of of flesh, which appears to us so awful having killed or wounded, with his own and so agonizing, takes place too late to hands, a Frenchman, at a time when France needs all her defenders and all her children. If you both fall, who shall say that you are cowards? I may also add that I thus give you an excellent opportunity for putting a couple of Ger-mans out of the way—a service that will procure for you a good recommendation

or reward and promotion." The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison, one of the adversaries was wounded, staggered and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up, and carried him away on his shoulders amid a regular hailstorm of ballsboth were thenceforth entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment.

From the proceedings in the Belfast Police Court, it appears that about to occupants of houses were compelled to change their residences during the late of pants with a pocket behind." He got them. Police Court, it appears that about 1,000

## The Superstitions of Sailors.

On that eventful night when the five hundred men composing the ship's com-pany of the ill-fated steamer Central America were struggling for life with darkness and the billows, an old-time superstition of the sea turned toward them the prow of the Norwegian bark Ellen, whose brave crew succeeded in res-cuing the survivors of those despairing swimmers. The circumstances of the rescue are too fresh in the public mind to need recital at our hands. We will simply quote the words of the Norwegian Captain, as to the cause of his so fortunate presence upon the scene of disaster

"Some time before I saw or heard you (so he spoke to one of the rescued), the wind hauled and I altered my course a little -- thus standing away from the then unknown scene of wreck. Immediately after altering my course, a small bird flew across the ship twice, and then darted at my face. I took little notice of the circumstance. Again the bird flew around the ship, and again it darted in my face. This time I began to regard it as something extraordinary, and while pondering upon the matter, and hesitating whether to pay attention to the feathered monitor, it appeared for the third time and repeated its extraordinary actions. I immediately put the ship's head back to the course we had been or-

The vessel was in their midst. Had she mers would have failed to reach the bark and they would have been in all proba-

#### Chinese Arithmetic.

The Chinese have a most ingenious mode of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with numbers from one up to a hundred thousand. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as fol-Fraits Preserved by Drying.

At Vineland, where over a tract of hundreds, the forefinger thousands, the thumb, tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm toward the hip, they count one, two, and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five, and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight, and nine are counted on the right side of the joints, from the palm to the tip. The forefinger of the right hand is used as a pointer. Thus, one thousand two hunwith artificial heat, and the smaller fruits are dried whole. The egg-plant, the apple, the peach, the pear, the tomato, next the middle joint of the middle fingand the sweet potato are sliced in this er on the inside; next the end joint of manner, while the raspberry, the straw- the ring finger on the inside, and finally, berry, the grape, and even the cranberry the joint of the little finger next the hand are dried entire. The advantage of such on the outside. The reader will be able

THE LION'S VOICE .- One of the most and this method, when the market is striking things connected with the lion over-supplied, projects them into the is his voice, which is extremely grand fellowing season. At Vineland they are and peculiarly striking. It consists at conveyed in loaded wagons, over the times of a low, deep moaning, repeated smoothest roads that can be imagined, to five or six times, ending in faintly audthe drying, or, as it is there called, the ible sighs; at other times he startles the dehydrating establishment, and there is forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn no longer any danger of their spoiling on the owner's hands. The vineyards of succession, each increasing in loudness to Vineland at present cover large tracts, the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

> DEATH BY FIRE.-One of the most dreadful and appalling deaths is by fire; and hence the autos da fe of the Inquisition still shine with baleful glare amid the numberless atrocities of the middle ages. Still the destruction of human life by burning is far less terrible in fact than it is to the fancy, and condemnation to the stake is a rhetorical horror hales the flame, putting an end to sensibility and the principle of vitality at once. Persons rescued from burning buildings have been found lifeless, singed; proving that the slow consuming produce pain. The victim we imagine to be writhing in untold torture, is at that moment beyond the reach of physical harm, beyond the capacity to suffer

WHAT HE WANTED .- An exchange tells a very interesting story of a little boy. He was climbing an apple tree, and when upon the topmost limb he slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up and carried to the house in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside through many weary hours, his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Leaning over him she asked if there was anything she could do for him, now that he began to feel bet-ter? Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there anything he wanted? Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her, the little sufferer said: "Yes; I want a pair