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Conflicts.

"The great battles of life are unending—
Are fought by night as well as by day, at all times and in all places."

Not upon fortified hill or field,
Where foemen meet with saber and shield,
Are mightiest battles fought!
Amid warfare's wild alarms,
Amid roar of cannon, the clash of arms,
Are greatest victories wrought!

Entered into earth's sad homes
Where temptation stealthily comes,
Followed by wan despair;
Hearts are assailed by some merciless foe—
Yes, by hollow-eyed want or woe,
And mark the conflicts there!

Many a mother sitting at night
By her starving child, without warmth or light,
In the desolate winter time,
Faces dread foes with a courage true,
And a spirit whose noble struggles outdo
A hero's deeds sublime.

Many a wife who watches and prays
Through long sad hours, while her loved one strays
With those who to ruin lure,
Bravely wrestles with unseen foes—
Bravely smiles while her heart's blood flows
From wounds that know no cure.

Behold yon maiden, strangely fair,
With her gentle smile and her patient air,
At her needle toiling still.
Ah! she could tell of many a fight
Bitterly waged by day and by night
With the legions of wrong and ill.

But she's conquered the terrible army at last—
The struggle is over, the peril is past,
And victory crowns her brow.
No mortal eye may see it shine,
Yet the crown is there, and its light divine
Illumines her spirit now.

Ah, yes! these wonderful battles are fought,
These silent victories hourly wrought
In the lowliest ranks of life!
While some are wicked and many are weak—
While spirits of evil their victims seek
Will be waged this unequal strife.

Only God and his angels pure
Ever can know what they endure
Who cope with these unseen foes;
Only heaven, with its infinite rest,
Can symbol the peace of the victor's breast
When these perilous conflicts close.

—*Emeline Sherman Smith*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

AN OFFICER'S STORY OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

"It was during the Mexican war when I was a sub in a cavalry regiment, that I found myself on duty at Vera Cruz. Tempted by the high mountains in the vicinity, the beautiful scenery, and, above all, the superb hunting, I sallied forth early one morning accompanied by no one save my Newfoundland dog.

"I was an ardent sportsman, my double-barreled gun worked to a charm, and not until the deepening shades of evening, accompanied by an unmistakable growl of thunder, did I give a thought to the flight of time or the importance of retracing my steps to the city.

"It was about the time that the blood-thirsty and cowardly Canales had ordered every Mexican to join the army, and commanded that no quarter should be granted to the hated Americans.

"I had not anticipated danger from the enemy, unless it might be in the shape of some small band of guerillas lurking amid the mountain gorge, actuated more by the hope of plunder than by patriotic motives.

"I will not attempt to say how many thousand feet I was above the level of the sea, but I found the elevation sufficient, even for the tried and practiced nerves of a seaman, had he been placed in my position.

"There is but little twilight, you know, in the tropics. The sun had disappeared in the folds of an immense cloud which was rapidly spreading itself over the entire heavens, while from its sable depths darted lurid sheets of lightning, followed by the increasing roar of thunder, which already found an echo through the valleys and gorges of the mountain.

"I did not fancy a wet jacket, and whistling for my dog, an animal to which I was warmly attached, I was on the point of retracing my steps down the rough mountain road, when the jingling of spurs and accouterments, the trampling of horses, and the hoarse word of command was sufficient for me to draw back into a tall tuft of grass and Spanish bayonet growing beside me.

"The dog crouched at my feet, growling ominously, as if conscious of the danger his master was in; and faith, I did not much like the situation I found myself compelled to face.

"A number of Mexican lancers were before me, preparing to bivouac for the night, and my retreat down the road was out of the question.

"High, precipitous rocks hemmed me in on three sides, through which the road I had traveled had been originally cut. That outlet was now in possession of the lancers, while in front of me the steep side of the mountain, verging almost on to a precipice, sloped toward the city.

"To remain where I was would be only to court death, a nameless fate, an unknown grave, for discovery was certain to follow when the sentinels should be posted.

"Cautiously I examined the smooth sides of the precipice, covered here and there by a network of vines clinging to the crevices and rifts in the rock for its uncertain life. Further on I beheld a dark, irregular line disappearing in the murky depths below. I strained my eyes to the utmost, for the gloom of night and the mists of the storm, which threatened every moment to burst above my head, enveloped all objects in darkness and uncertainty.

"But for once, fortune favored me, and I never laid claim to being a favorite of the fickle jade. The dark line proved to be a deep, dry gully, the channel of some mountain stream, long since dried up.

"But how to reach the friendly cover? that was the question which puzzled me.

"A sudden commotion among the gayly-trapped gentry behind me soon decided my course of action. They had kindled a small camp-fire, were about to cook their evening meal, and a dozen men—tall, strapping fellows—were radiating from the main body in different directions to perform the duty of sentinels.

"One in particular was making for the friendly clump of wide-spreading limbs, in hopes, possibly, to partially escape the fierce gusts of wind and rain which had begun to sweep about the mountain.

"Dropping my fowling-piece, and bidding my noble dog to shift for himself, I swung myself over the precipice, clinging to the network of vines, which shook and complained beneath my weight.

"The darkness had increased with astonishing rapidity, and as I swung over that rayless void I found it impossible to pierce the gloom. I heard the short, sharp howl of my dog as he darted off in search of me; then, amid the rush of the squall, came the confused shouts of men, a straggling shot or two mingling with the crash of the heavy artillery rolling in the vast expanse above me.

"Depending principally upon the strength and endurance of my arms, I carefully and cautiously felt my way along the verge of the precipice, working in the direction of the gully, which, once gained, promised to afford me the means of escape from the dangers which encompassed me.

"Broad sheets of lightning lit up with dazzling distinctness the fearful scene, bringing out every undulation of the rocks, every crevice and blade of grass; and once, when I had found a slight support for my feet, and was giving my aching arms a rest, I glanced above amid the yellow glare of the lightning and beheld the fierce, dark-whiskered face of a Mexican peering over the brink, his eyes apparently fastened upon me as I hung suspended and flattened against the cliff, but a few feet below him, while the electricity twisted and writhed, like tongues of infernal serpents, around the muzzle of his carbine.

"It was a trying moment, my friend; a situation well calculated to inspire a feeling of terror in the heart of the boldest. But whether it was the rain, which was falling in torrents and driving furiously before the gale, or the glare of the lightning, which prevented the lancer from discovering me, I am unable to say. At all events I escaped his notice, the shot did not come, and watching my chance in the lulls of the tempest, I continued my perilous course.

"It seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened; and the scourging wind, sweeping with terrific violence around the mountain, disputed every inch of the way which I gained with the utmost difficulty, oftentimes threatening to tear me bodily from the oscillating ladder which had served me so well.

"I had but little strength to spare when I at last found myself crouching on the muddy bottom of the old mountain gorge.

"The earth yielded beneath my feet, sand and pebbles swirled by; and rising above the crash of the elements, I heard the increasing roar of some unknown torrent as it swelled and gathered force far above me.

"Nerved on by the strength of despair I rushed down the steep declivity, reckless as to where my feet might wander. Completely blinded between the mingled glare of the lightning and the intense darkness that followed each flash, I stumbled on, feeling that every moment my steps were becoming unsteadier.

"The water was already up to my knees, and rushing by with a force that made me grip desperately to whatever projection I could find along the side of the ravine.

"The inexorable waters rose yet faster, and the danger of the tempest grew wilder still. My strength and even faculties were failing fast, my feet were lifted from beneath me, and quicker than thought I was rushing helplessly along enveloped amid the spray and foam of that maddening whirl.

"I think I must have lost myself for a moment, but rose, amid the darkness and roaring waters, nearly strangled to death. Another instant and I was whirled heavily against some yielding object. I rallied my strength for a final effort. The next flash revealed the wreck of a tree, with the roots still clinging tenaciously to the side of the bank.

"I drew myself up out of the rush of the current, and crawled to a firm foothold on the shelving bank of the torrent.

"The cool rain revived me. The terrible strain upon my nervous system had robbed me to a great extent of the strength and vitality natural to my strong constitution. But my power of endurance was great. I stumbled forward, feeling my way amid *debris* of fallen trees, pitholes and huge rocks, all scattered promiscuously about on the steep side of the mountain, until a faint glimmer of light streamed tremulously across my path. It was a welcome sight, and, prisoner or no prisoner, I made up my mind to risk life and liberty and demand shelter from the terrible storm, which still raged, but gave signs of abating.

"I was unarmed; the only weapon I had sallied forth with had been abandoned on the edge of the precipice, previous to my attempting the perilous passage. I felt my heart beat faster as I neared the door of that tumble-down ranche, which loomed up, a huge, shapeless mass, amid the gloom and solitude of that wild spot.

"A moment's hesitation, and I knocked resolutely at the door.

"'*Quiero vive?*' (who comes there?) and I heard the click of a weapon.

"'I am an American,' I replied, bitterly, in English; 'a United States officer, who has lost his way on the side of this cursed mountain.'

"With a jerk the door was thrown back on its rusty hinges, revealing the figure of a man of brawny proportions, armed to the teeth, and of most villainous aspect.

"He held a flaring torch on high, the uncertain light of which fell across his scarred and scowling visage. Keenly and deliberately he scanned the torn and tattered remains of my uniform; then, in a voice harsh and growling, he demanded:

"'What do you want here, and how many of you are there?'

"I replied, in the best Spanish I could master, that I was alone, and repeated my doleful story of being lost in the storm.

"At that moment, to my surprise and astonishment, my faithful Newfoundland, who, by some keen instinct of his nature had succeeded in scenting me, burst from the surrounding obscurity, testifying his joy by leaping upon me and baying in his deep, powerful tones.

"It was a welcome surprise to me. I felt that I had at least one friend upon whom I could rely in case of an emergency.

"The man's appearance was indicative of a mixtured ferocity and cunning, while his eye, wild and unsettled, lit up with an expression I could not fathom, as he bade me enter.

"Strange forebodings filled my heart as I gazed about the recesses of the hovel. It was almost bare of furniture, save a table and two broken chairs. A fire blazed cheerily in the fireplace, before which were stretched three dark forms wrapped in tattered and greasy blankets. The gleam of firearms, as they lay piled in the corner, did not escape my attention; and you may depend I did not feel the easiest in my mind as I drew up before the fire, with my dog coiled down at my feet.

"In my exhausted state, despite the danger I felt was lurking about me, I must have dropped off asleep, my head finding a support against a projection of the chimney.

"The low, monotonous hum of voices fell upon my ear, and cautiously reconnoitering from beneath the visor of my cap, I found that the three sleepers had aroused themselves, and were in deep, earnest consultation with the gentleman whom I had first accosted.

"Straining my ears to the utmost I could manage to catch occasional fragments of sentences as they dropped from the lips of the four comrades, who were as promising candidates for the gallows as ever I care to meet again under like circumstances.

"The howl and rush of the gale had ceased but the occasional patter of raindrops from the leaves and roof of the ranche proved that the storm had but recently passed away.

"'Do you notice the glitter of those buttons?' remarked one of the four.

"'Curse the buttons!' broke in another fiercely; 'of what value are they? It's the glitter of gold I like to see; and we have already wasted too much valuable time. I for one say kill him. If the Yankee dog had a dozen lives they should all be forfeited. He has come here unasked; he shall not depart so easily.'

"'Hush, Juan; you are too hasty. The question is, will it pay to dispose of him ourselves and share the plunder, or take him to Canales? He might come down handsome. Suppose the fellow should prove to be an officer of importance?'

"'Bah! You talk like a fool. Do you not see he is too young to have gained any importance. As for Canales, carrajo! you will get nothing for your pains from him.'

"All this I heard distinctly, and much more which it is unnecessary to repeat. That my life was doomed was beyond all doubt; but I was not disposed to make a vacancy in the corps without a struggle, and especially after undergoing what I had in escaping from the lancers.

"I felt the blood coursing through my veins with renewed vigor as I looked the situation square in the face. My brain grew clearer as the imminence of the peril I was in grew more apparent.

"The dying embers of the fire emitted fitful gleams which fell across the arms of the scoundrels piled promiscuously together in the corner of the ranche.

"At that moment, and as I was casting wistful glances at a carbine, the beetle-browed rascal who had lighted me in to the den glided across the floor, slipping a stout bar across the door.

"'Now, boys, finish the job, and then share alike,' were the words I heard.

"Every nerve in my body jarred; the blood rushed back to my heart as the decisive moment arrived. Up to that time I had not stirred or changed my position, leading the scoundrels to count upon an easy victory, no doubt. The odds were fearfully against me, and as the four turned their wolfish eyes in my direction, the clear, ringing notes of a bugle came rising and falling, filling the air with its melody.

"A wild cry of joy burst involuntarily from my lips, a thrill of hope pervaded my whole being, as I listened. It came from my own gallant lads—a detachment sent out, in all probability, in search for their missing officer.

"My four friends had paused, their hands on their murderous knives, uncertain and undecided how to act. They turned for an instant toward the door, leaving me to take advantage of their stupidity.

"When they again confronted me, I was in possession of the coveted corner, with a rifle to my shoulder, looking them grimly in the face, while my dog, his hair bristling with rage, stood bravely beside me, displaying his white fangs to the enraged gaze of the greasy four.

"'Knife him, lads, before they are atop of us. Put him out of sight, or we'll all swing,' but not one of them stirred.

"That dark, death-dealing rifle-barrel had a wonderful tranquilizing effect.

"'Curses on ye!' shouted the leader, foaming with rage, as he dashed forward, knife in hand. 'Are you all afraid of the Yankee? I let him in here, and this knife shall give him permission to leave.'

"Perhaps the villain expected to shake my nerves, and cause me to throw away my shot, but I never felt firmer, more determined in my life.

"On he came, brandishing his knife, closely followed by his adherents.

"I covered his left breast with the sight of the weapon, and with the report the scoundrel fell headlong to the floor.

"Charging through the smoke the remaining three rushed upon me, but were met by the dog, who buried his teeth in the flesh of one of them.

"I remember striking out with my clubbed rifle, of parring rapid thrusts and cheering on the dog, when, by some means, in the melee, a horn or canister of powder must have fallen amid the red-hot embers of the fire.

"It exploded with tremendous violence, blowing off the roof of the house, rending the walls asunder, and hurling me to one side half suffocated and nearly insensible.

"When I fully realized what was passing about me, my own troops were removing the *debris* of the ranche from my limbs, and the Newfoundland was licking my face.

"It was, as I supposed, a party sent out in search of my unfortunate self; and they were returning from a boot less search, when the report of a rifle followed by an explosion and the glare of flames attracted their attention.

"Of course, my friend, we made short work of the three miscreants who were dragged forth from the burning wreck. They howled vigorously for mercy, but that was not to be thought of in their case. A swing from the nearest bough terminated their career, and I rode back to Vera Cruz, with my mind firmly made up that, during the remainder of the campaign, nothing should ever tempt me to wander alone among the hills of Mexico in quest of game."

The Orange which Disappeared.

"In my hurry to leave the court-room yesterday," said his honor as he hung up his overcoat, "I left a large, plump Havana orange on my desk."

Bijah at once began to rattle the stove in a vigorous manner, and it was observed that his face suddenly grew red.

"I have no doubt that I shall find that orange right where I left it," continued his honor as he took off his rubbers.

Bijah rattled the stove until the pipe shook its whole length, and his eyes assumed a far-away look, as if he was thinking of some one in Rhode Island.

"Bijah, that fruit is missing!" sharply remarked his honor as he walked behind his desk. "It was left in your care, and I shall hold you responsible!"

"Mebbe it rolled off," suggested the old man as he rose up.

"And mebbe you ate it up!"

"I lost a good jack-knife in here the other day in just such a mysterious manner," whispered Bijah, trying hard not to blush above his ears.

His honor sat down without another word. It was evident that he had his suspicions, and that he had determined to find out the criminal if it cost ten thousand dollars. Bijah tried to tell a story about his losing a hundred dollar bill in Texas, but broke down in the middle of it and slid into the corridor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Statistics of Tippling.

Charles Roberts gives the following figures in the London *Daily News:*

UNITED KINGDOM.

		Containing alcohol, galls.
Spirits, gallons	40,507,740	20,253,870
Beer, barrels	30,267,631	1,513,382
Wine, gallons	17,671,273	2,635,690
Totals	88,446,654	24,402,942

UNITED STATES.

		Containing alcohol, galls.
Spirits, gallons	58,235,201	29,117,600
Beer, barrels	9,074,306	463,716
Wine, gallons	5,723,469	858,550
Totals	73,032,976	30,429,835

TIMELY TOPICS.

Several vessels laden with exhibits for the international exhibition to be held at Melbourne, Australia, in 1880, have already sailed from the United States. The exhibition will open October 1, 1880, and all applications for space should be made not later than June 30, 1879. Buildings will be specially erected for the exhibition.

It is estimated that when the national census is taken in 1880, the returns will show a population of over 47,000,000 in the United States. If the basis of representation remains the same as at present, and no new States are admitted, the increase in members of Congress will be sixty-six. The representation will remain the same in the States of Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maine, Nevada, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and South Carolina. After the next apportionment the national House of Representatives will consist of 359 members and the electoral college of 435. The New England States will gain one member, the Middle States ten, the Western thirty-two, the Southern nineteen, and the Pacific States four.

A New York paper throws out this curious suggestion in regard to the elevated railroads: If an ivy or some running vine were planted at the base of each iron pillar on the elevated roads, we might in a few years convert a long, unsightly skeleton of iron into a festooned bower, giving coolness, shade, pleasing the eye and even beautifying the city. In France the general hardness, grimness and angularity of the railroad tracks in the immediate vicinity of cities and towns are quite concealed by masses of foliage. Paris, in the shading of so many streets and boulevards with two, four and sometimes six rows of trees, has a motive, and that motive is the rendering of the city more and more attractive to strangers, thereby tempting within her walls travel, trade and money. When this is fully comprehended here then more attention may be paid to the ornamentation of a city with the noblest site on this continent.

Fifteen Days on a Wreck.

Chief Officer Foot and Charles Cosman, seamen, the only survivors of the American shooner Estella, of Portland, Me., bound from Yarmouth for the island of Antigua, West Indies, with a general cargo, have been landed at Falmouth, England. After leaving port they experienced terrific weather. The wind being very high they lay to for three days, waiting for the fury of the storm to subside. During the early morning hours, one day, a heavy sea capsized the vessel. Of the crew of five men, Cosman only was on deck, the other four being below. Captain Hursey and Chief Officer Foot and the cook came on deck as she turned over. The survivors then succeeded in getting on the side of the vessel. The cook fell off exhausted after three hours. The captain succumbed to the exposure and fatigue after gallantly holding on until after eight o'clock in the morning. The vessel finally, by the action of the waves and being full of water, righted herself. Foot and Cosman managed with great difficulty to make their way once more to the vessel's deck. They laid planks on the windlass and water barrel, which served as their bed and resting-place for fifteen days. Neither of them slept for the first three days, expecting every moment that the vessel would sink beneath them. On the fourth day a barrel of apples floated from the forehold, which they succeeded in capturing. The apples were saturated with salt, and caused the poor fellows the most intense thirst. They also obtained a box of salted mackerel, which they greedily devoured.

One day before they were rescued a barrel of flour floated out from the hold. They made dough of the flour and ate it raw, until a wave washed all away. On the following day, while the wind was piercing cold and the sun was about going down, the wreck the unhappy men were floating on was seen by the Spanish brig Dorotea, which bore down upon them. It soon came alongside and rescued the survivors, who were hoping and praying for death to come to their relief.

When the Spaniards took the men off they had only seven apples left. For their breakfast they had two apples each and some rotten haddock. They were in such an emaciated condition that they had to be lifted from off their plank bed, to which they had tied themselves to prevent being washed overboard. They speak in the warmest terms of gratitude of the great kindness they experienced at the hands of their rescuers.

A German paper says that a few months ago a very eminent German marshal, who keeps exceedingly early hours, found a young woman busy with her reaping hooks in one of his fields long before the other laborers were astir. Inquiring the name of this female, he presented her with a dollar, and when, later in the day, his steward appeared, mentioned the subject, and highly commended his early riser to him. The steward, who did not recognize the name, asked one or two questions, and then said: "That's Marie Bauer, the cleverest field thief in this part of the country. Your excellency may rest assured that she contrived to bundle off a handsome amount of your fine clover along with the dollar. She makes hay when the sun doesn't shine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A bill-head—The bust of Shakspeare.

The tines on which many persons are impaled—Valentines.

None but the brave deserve the hair, is the way Sitting Bull quotes it.

Paris last year consumed 11,319 horses for food, being some 700 more than in 1877.

Somebody has counted the newspapers of America, daily and weekly, and they number 11,000 and odd.

"Everybody," says an exchange, "likes radishes in Japan." It's a mistake. We don't, for one. We like ours here.

"To get the sack" is from the French—but a young man does not care where it is from as long as it is not from his girl.

The man who wrote that "nothing was impossible" never tried to find the pocket in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in clothes-press.

Geologists have reported that there is in Japan enough workable coal to produce a yearly yield equal to that in Great Britain, for one thousand years.

There is one mayor in Chicago, Ill., but hasn't Memphis, Tenn.?—*Norristown Herald.* They ought to call in the services of a Baltimore, Md.

A number of enterprising persons have been engaged in collecting the bones of the horses that fell in the late battles between Russia and Turkey, and have sold them to Austrian sugar refineries.

There was an old woman of Blue Bell
Who, when told some bad news, cried "Do tell!
But I always said so,
And at once I must go
And tell all the neighbors of Blue Bell."
—*Norristown Herald.*

A resident of Clarinda, Iowa, has received a rebuke from his pet canary bird. He kept the bird in the room in which he does a great deal of smoking, and it finally quit singing, and refused to even chirp, until it was removed to another room where it got better air.

Two ladies, both of them a little dull in the hearing, were in church one day, when the minister had for his text, "Except you repent ye shall all likewise perish." They listened patiently enough, but when they got out the one said to the other: "Jenet, wasna yon an awful text the minister had the day?—'Except we pay our rent, we're a' to be putten out o' the parish."

Two stories are told of two Japanese students at Hartford. One of them was invited to call upon a young lady, and he did so one afternoon. When he left he was urged to "call again," to "be sure and come" and to "come very soon." The lad did not exactly understand what "very soon" meant, and surprised the young lady by calling again in a few hours. Another Japanese was invited out to dinner, and when the servant passed him a jar of current jelly he gave the mold a dexterous shake and emptied the whole form on to his plate, thinking that there was a mold of jelly for each person at the table.

A Terrible Story of Shipwreck.

Chief Officer Foot, Charles Cosman, seaman, the only survivors of the American schooner Estella, of Portland, Maine, bound from Yarmouth for the island of Antigua, West Indies, with a general cargo, have been landed at Falmouth, England. After leaving port they experienced terrible weather, the wind being very high. They lay to for three days waiting for the fury of the storm to subside. One day during the early morning hours a heavy sea capsized the vessel. Of the crew of five men, Cosman only was on deck, the other four being below. Captain Hursey and Chief Officer Foot and the cook came on deck as she turned over. The survivors then succeeded in getting on the side of the vessel. The cook fell off exhausted, after three hours. The captain succumbed to the exposure and fatigue, after gallantly holding on until after eight o'clock in the morning.

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