MONTROSE, PA., APRIL 11, 1877.

What Makes a Man?

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life. Not pretty children and a wife, Not pins and chains, and fancy rings. Not any such like trumpery things; Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine, Nor liberty with kings to dine; Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat, A dandy vest, or trim cravat ! Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er: Not judges's robe, nor mayor's mace, Nor crowns that deck the royal race. These, all united never can Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind, Full of affection for its kind . A helper of the human race, A soul of beauty and of grace; A sprit firm, erect and tree, That never basely bends the knee: That will not bear a feather's weight Of slavery's chain for small or great; That speaks of God within, And never makes a league with sin; That snaps the fetters despots make, And loves the truth for its own sake; That trembles at no tyrant's nod-A soul that fears no one but God, And thus can smile at curse or ban-This is the soul that makes the man.

UNCLE ZEKE'S CONSCIENCE.

COME years ago there moved to the neighborhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The new comer engaged vigorously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment soon gained the good-will of all the colored men around him. Uncle Zeke in particular was never weary of chanting his praises, and many a bushel of oysters did Ezekiel convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the good-will of his humble neighbors did not suffice to protect Mr. Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wing for parts unknown, and in particular the corn-crib would frequently show by unmistakable signs that its sanctity had been violated. To the story of these various looses Uncle Zeke inclined a sympathetic ear, and his "Well, now, who ever hear de like o' dat? clar to goodness dese boys is gettin' wusser an' wusser," evidenced alike his detestation of the crime and his con tempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted, and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cat hole in the corn-crib door, expecting that the unwary thief, plunging his hand through the hole into the heap, would be caught and held till some one came to set him free. But lo! next morning the trap was found sprung and the heap of corn diminished, but the thief had vanished and left no trace behind,

At last a good-sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix two brass handles to the corn-crib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith publicly explained, of steadying one's self while turning the other. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured onthe inside, and was in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who subjected them to a critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in presence of all his colored employees, solemnly repeated, in front of the sorn-crib, the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's Æneid, and announced that his corn was thenceforward secure. A box, stated to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the ensuing night the proprietor of Bellevue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated wire.

Numerous and diverse were the speculations among the darkies. Jim Oakley "lowed' Mis' Smith done 'witched dat ar corn-house, sho 'nuff. Tell you, gemmen, you touch dem 'ar handles, evil sperit carry you 'way. No such ting's eyil sperit? How you know dare no such ting? Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say 'bout dem tings. Pete Lee didn' b'lieve in no sperits; got a gun fix somewhar inside dat house; turn de handle an' de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up country, when I live in Goozelum." Another theorist averred that "while Mis' Smith sayin' dat ar Scripter ober dem handles, he seen a white pigeon come a-sailin' roun' an' roun,' and done light on de peak o' de corn-house roof. High! teli you, Sar, sumpin up, sho."

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation; but to seek his information direct from head quarters. Prepared with halfa bushel of oysters, as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with band and himself and sketch a water-Mr. Smith, and boldly profounded his fall in a romantic glen not far from his questions.

dat ar crib o' yourn?"

to know for?"

Oh, nuffin, ear; sorter curus-like. Hearn all de boys talkin' bout it-neber seen nuffin like dat afore."

explain it to you; but I just advise you open bordering the path that led towards

many things in his mind.

It was midnight—the hour when churchyards are said to yawn, not with exhaustion, but with returning ambition. In front of the enchanted corn-house you, we stared fixedly at each other, when, stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in to my unutterable relief, he lazily halfnis hand, and a capacious meal bag over closed his fierce yellow eyes once or his shoulder. In silent meditation he twice, gave a slight wave of his tail-I stood for some five minutes, deliberating think I see him now :- and, without on the best plan of attack. The great taking any further notice of me, went Newfoundland watch-dog bounded to- slowly off in the direction of the waterward him, evidently in rejoicing wel- fall. come. Forth from his pocket the old man drew a savory bit of fried bacon, which the faithless Bos'en eagerly devoured. The refection ended, the dog paramount importance with him. He lay contented on the ground, and watched the subsequent proceedings with the fact might chiefly be attributed his inair of a totally disinterested observer,

"Clar to goodness, now," muttered as myself. Uncle Zeke, "wish't I un'stood 'bout tis ting. Can't be no spring trap like las' time, kase how he gwine to spring froo de do'? Ke! ke! Done bodder Mis' Smith sho 'nuff when he find dad ole rattrap sprung an' nuffin cotch. High! most anxious to get my young friends Can't fool disser chile wid no traps. No, and myself out of his immediate neigh-Sar! done see to much for dat."

Uncle Zeke paused, scratched his head meditatively, and then resumed his soliloquy.

"Well, I declar, ef disser don' beat

preachin'! Mus' be a gun in dare. Efaint no gun, dere ain't nuffin der-all foo'shness. Anyway, I's gwine for to try him." Uncle Zeke threw his bag to the ground, stepped to one side of the house, and excuse, but get her back as quickly as with his pole struck a sharp blow on the brass knob nearest him. Nothing followed. He pried against it with his stick, but ion of my face that something was wrong, still without effect. He went to the other and turning to his wife, who was unside of the house and repeated his experiments on the second knob, but still closed, he said hastily-

all remained quiet. Uncle Zeke row drew from his pocket go back at once. Come quickly." a skeleton key, mounted the ladder, and in a trice had opened the padlock which held the door.

"Dar now, jus' 'I t'ought. De boss done humbug dem fool nigger, make um tink disser house 'witched. Ain' nuffin' have seen something. I am quite ready. dar, shoo 'nuff."

The old darky reached up and cautiously turned the handle. The door opened or word did she utter; but, with white a little, and casting away all fear, Uncle face and set lips, she walked firmly and Zeke boldly reached for the other knob, rapidly down the path we had just to steady himself while he swung back mounted.

the other. electric discharge passed through him. same tiger the very next day. The muscles of his fingers contracted, and he could not release his hold of the enchanted handles. At last his feet slipped from the ladder, and the weight of his body tore his hands adrift. Like a log the old man dropped to the ground, and lay groaning, praying, and generally bewildered.

"Oh, de lawsgoramity! Oh, my heabenly Marster! My conscience done wake up! my conscience done wake up! Heern bout it often, an' now I know it. Oh, my heabenly Master! ef you lets up on me dis time, Uncle Zeke neber touch nuffin no mo'. Clar to goodness I's a chang' man from dis day. B-r-r-r-r-" And what with the shock, the fright, and the fall, Uncle Zeke's senses seemed leaving

"Ezekiel!" said a solemn voice. Instinctively Uncle Zeke answered. "Here me," and looking in the direction of the sound. Oh, horror! a figure clad in white was nearing him with slow and solemn steps. As the mysterious visitor approached, it seemed to rise until it towered to the height of at least ten feet. The wretched Ezekiel, on his hands and knees, his eyes protruding, and his jaw dropped, remained as if paralyzed.

Suddenly the phantom bowed itself and its head descending with incredible swiftness, smote the unfortunate Uncle Zeke senseless to the earth.

Three days later, Uncle Zeke lay racked with rheumatism and tormented with spiritual fear, upon his bed in the single room at his cabin, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Smith, of Bellevue. "Good-morning, Uncle Zeke. Why,

what's the matter with you, old man? "Oh, Mis' Smith! oh, Mis' Smith, I done had some terrible sperences lately. De angel ob de Lord done wrastle wid me, an' my conscience done work, an', oh, my heabenly Marster, I's one sufferin' sinner. Mis' Smith is you bin-is you, done—is you m-miss any ting wid dat ar c-corn-house o' yourn.

"No, indeed, Uncle Zeke; nobody been near it. Everything all right now." "An' nobody done tuch de lock? Do

lock' ebery mornin'?" "Yes, indeed. Why, who do you think

would touch it, old man?" Uncle Zeke answered not, but his lips moved convulsively, as he muttered, 'Knock me down fus, an' den lock de do' an' took de key. Now I knows it was de angel of le Lord."-Harpers Magazine for April.

Thrilling Interview.

An English officer in the East Indian service tells this thrilling story of a parnow escape from cruel death. He had invited a lady artist to go with her husbungalow. The officer outwalked his Mis Smith, what you bin a doin to companions, and had just stopped to wait for them, when he heard a rustling

"Why, Uncle Zeke, what do you want in the bushes behind the rock. At this juncture, a huge Bengal tiger, about 1% miles from the 4 Corners, containing 150 acres, with good buildings and orchard upon it and all improved. For particulars enquire of LYMAN BLAKESLEE, ed from among the shrubs, not forty paces from me, and, with a swinging, "Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well deliberate movement, began to cross an

-don't go near that crib after dark, or the waterfall. I neither moved nor spoke, you may see something you won't like." but gazed with stupefied horror at the And Uncle Zeke departed, revolving savage beast, unable for the moment to decide on any plan of action.

The tiger immediately perceived me and stopped; for one or two seconds only, though they seemed age to me, I do assure

Doubtless the creature was on his way thither to slake his thirst, an object which was probable, for the time, of difference to food so very close at hand

As he dissapeared from sight, my assurance returned to me; and knowing that he was only a little way off, and might think better of it at any moment, and spring upon us unexpectedly, I felt borhood with the least possible delay.

They had now reached the spot where I stood; and while Mrs. Hastings stopped again and began to fan herself, for the evening was very sultry, I affected to show her husband something on the rock beside me, and whispered to him hurried-

"Get her home at once! Make some you can!"

He glanced at me, saw by the expressconsciously fanning herself with her eyes

"Eva, I am not well. I should like to She opened her blue eyes very wide,

and looked first at him and then at me. My face must have betrayed me, for she said, very quietly-"What is it? Fred is not ill. You

Let us go at once. Courageous little woman! Not anoth-

They all got safe home, but a native Literally like a flash of lightning the woman and child were killed by that

Washington's Strategy.

In the month of July, 1777, the Amerit was known that Burgoyne was coming down the Hudson with a heavy force. An English fleet lay in New York Bay, and toward the middle of the month (July) it was reported to Washington that an unusual movement was being made on the water. He was uneasy. It was a critical period. A certain move ment he much desired to make and in order to make it successful, not only must the utmost secrecy be preserved, but if possible the attention of the enemy must be drawn in another direction. Finally he prepared a dispatch of seemingly great importance, directed to Gen. Putnam, which he proposed to forward by an honest Vermont soldier. The soldier was directed to don the garb of a common farm laborer, and to then report at the headquarters of the commander-in-chief which he did. Admitted to Washington's presence he was directed to take off his heavy shoes. A shoemaker was present with his kit of tools, who took the shoe in hand and very soon had the dispatch pegged up between the two soles.

When the soldier, who had witnessed this operation, had put on the shoe again, Washington told him what he was to do. He was simply to deliver that shoe to Gen. Putnam at a certain cantonment between Princeton and the Hudson, and he was to make his way through the Ramapo pass.

"But, General, cried the man in amazement," "I can reach Gen. Putnam just as quickly by another route. Think of the Cow Boys and the Tories in that pass. I shall be surely captured."
"My good man, said the commander-

in-chief, betraying not a particle of anger. "I do not require you to think, but simply to act and obey. If you fear to go by that route 1 will send another in your place. I know the danger.

"No, General, I will go." And the man went; and he was captured, as Washington had known he must be; and the enemy, keenly on the alert, found the dispatch. for the hiding between the soles of the shoe was an old device-found it as the sender hoped it would be found, and the contents of that dispatch led General Howe upon a false trail long enough to enable General Washington to accomplish the purpose he had in view.

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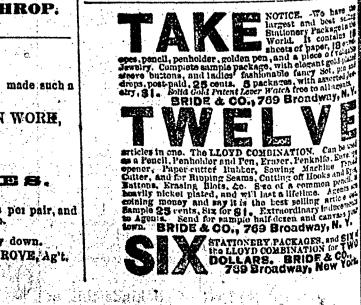
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