

Still and dark along the sea
Summer lay:
A light was overhead.

Miscellaneous.

THE SECRET ROOM.

BY ARTHUR HAMPTON.

It was mid-summer—hot, arid mid-summer. Our regiment was stationed at the town of N...

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sided here only the last few years. I have proved by experience that the truest happiness is to be found in retirement...

plied to the rusty lock, the door swung back with a grating sound, and we entered. Onward we went up the creaking stairs...

may be, the doom of that community is sealed. For in the language of an able historian, "Neither in sacred or profane history...

against the strong. She is approbative rather than truthful, capable of even slavish devotion, but exacting and suspicious, impulsive but secretive...

considerable impression. Just then there was a wild shriek from some one at the gate, and a woman rushed up the steps...

eried a powerful charm over him. that age, which was already corrupted by the frivolous tone of the French court, a woman so gifted must seem doubly attractive...

(Conclusion next week.)

COTTERHEADISM CORNERED.—The Leo Roy Gazette very cleverly corners the slippery Copperhead in the following catechism:

"Are you in favor of the Union?"
"Ye."
"Are you opposed to the success of the rebels?"
"Ye."
"Are you provided this ain't a Nigger War?"
"Ye."
"Do you think this is a Nigger War?"
"Ye."