

led his waist, he would rather have made his dispositions for battle than to fight.

His only hope was that the Indians might be delayed in searching the woods around their encampment until he could gain a sufficient start; and this hope vanished almost as soon as formed. They had scarcely ridden three miles, when the thunder of many hoofs came rolling down the ridge. The enemy were in full chase, scarcely a mile behind.

"We must trust the virtue of speed," said Edgar, dashing his spurs into his horse's flanks, he sprang away at a rate which gave promise of soon distancing the pursuers. Their footsteps soon died away in the distance, and could be heard kept up the pace as they started, the captain hoped he might reach the river before being overtaken. But at the end of a few minutes, he was forced to draw his rein. The ridge had grown so narrow, that the ravines on either hand intersected each other, and broke it into steep and dangerous gorges. At the first of these his horse came to a dead halt, and neither voice nor spur could induce it to proceed. He sprang to the ground, and looking back, he perceived that the Indians had been endeavoring to take a hollow, whose bottom he could not see, directly across his path, and extended both to the right and left, farther than his eye could penetrate.

"They are coming, John!" exclaimed Jane, springing to the ground, and he had scarcely time to lead his horse a few yards to the left, when twelve or fifteen Indians dashed furiously up, and, like him, came to a sudden halt. He could plainly see the dusky outlines of their forms, riding back and forth, searching for a crossing. He drew Jane, who, while drawing, bravely betrayed them, behind a tree, and breathlessly awaited their motions. At a word from the chief they all turned directly toward him. He seized Jane by the arm, and dropping his horse's rein, sprang down the precipitous bank. A fearful yell from the pursuers told him that he was seen, and a rush and a scramble, regardless of the crumbling bank, brought them almost upon him.

"Run, Jane! Down the ravine—run!" he exclaimed, and bringing his rifle up, the foremost warrior fell to the ground, pushing through the brush. Another yell more fearful than the first, heralded a wild spring upon him. But the ravine was more apt than any savage; with one bound he gained a tree, and before they had recovered from their confusion, his rifle was reloaded. Slowly he began to climb the bank—but his first movement was observed, and again they rushed toward him. He turned and fired his last shot—another savage rolled groaning down the bank. But the odds were too great. His enemies were too near to allow his again charging his gun, and an attempt to retreat up the steep ascent would be instant death. He gave himself up for lost, and, raising his knife, ready to fight to the last.

The check of the rifle-lock behind him caught his attention, and the next moment a volley of balls whistled over his head. A rush down the bank immediately followed. The company of rangers, led on by White, had arrived in time to save their captain. The savages, taken by surprise, were unable to make a stand; for with them, as among all undisciplined men, a panic was irremediable. Edgar joined his men, and assumed the command, pushing the charge directly home upon the confused and scattered party. But such a charge through the ravine, and directly up the ascent, and gaining their warriors, among whom was the tall chief, lying dead in the bottom of the ravine.

Edgar called his men back from the pursuit, and mustered them within the gorge. Not one of them had received a wound.

"We are all safe," said George Fielding, "but where is Jane?"

"Here I am," Jane answered from the ridge above. Instead of flying down the ravine, as Edgar had directed, she had climbed the bank behind him, and, unperceived there to await her chance in the fight.

They had ascended on the summit, and now the shadows of the forest were recovering by their companions, who would soon return for them, the rangers mounted and set out toward home. Edgar lifted Jane into his saddle, and with little difficulty, catching one of the Indian horses, rode, happy as if already her husband, by his side. On the morning of the third day they once more reached her father's house, where the rejoicing at her rescue was shared by the assembled guests, at her wedding with the Ranger-Captain.

Philip was inclined for a trip to the Springs, and called upon his friend Hal, who, dear by him for the Cape, and I find this morning I am in the... had me a few hundred words. Hal, after a pause, which appeared to be a mental examination of his financial arrangements, said, "I will tell you the truth—I do not feel disposed to present to make any... investments."

The Washington Irving, while at Mount Vernon, the other day, remarked that he remembered seeing General Washington in New York while he was a child five years of age, and while the General was passing through the crowd, young Irving was attended by his nurse, an elderly Scotch woman. The woman forced her way up to the General, leading her child by the hand, and approaching, addressed him: "Ye're honor, here is a bairn that is called after you." The General paused, placing his hand upon the boy's head, and he has distinct recollection of the whole scene, which occurred in the year 1797. *—Atlantic, Va. Gazette.*

THE HOME-MOTHER—Some one, writing for the *Woman's Mirror*, has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:

There is a woman, a true, a pure, a good, a kind, a woman who sits in her parlor, a board-line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who sits from hall to parlor, and parlor, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train of hallow and heartless as herself—who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusement.

"There is a peculiar charm about all the doers—the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter she could not, if she failed to visit her chamber, and with her own soft hands, arrange them comfortably before she slept. Her heart throbs with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, she imprints a good-night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its little narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descends, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care. A nightjar an fondle it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and buds beneath the Hand that sped the seed, and with a warmer love, if it be possible, she looks into its eyes, and she is glad. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong unerring love she watches by their bedside when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother! Angels must look with love upon her. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment."

"Not so our home-mother," blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits day after day, shaping and sewing some article for use or adornment for her little flock. And how proud and pleased is she to see the smiles of her kindred. How little she cares of dress and pleasure, and the bright eye grows still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overalls, or tie the bootstraps around the neck!

The Erie Observer.

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BY DUBLIN & SLOAN.
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS RELATING TO BUSINESS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.
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Printing Office, corner of Block and 5th Sts.
B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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