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An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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of "The Mariettian," in "Lindsay's Build-
ing," between the Post Office Corner and
Front street.

On the Rebel Battle-field.

A sight met my eye,
A shriek pierced my heart,
As I turned from that soul-
Sick'ning scene to depart.
There thousands lay slain
On the field of the foe,
And thousands were writhing
In anguish and woe.

I saw there a youth
With black curling hair,
In his dark sunken eye
I read utter despair.
'Twas from him the shriek came;
I drew near his side
To comfort and tell him
Of a Saviour who died.

He raised his eyes quickly,
With a look of surprise:
Are you truly my friend,
Have you come in disguise?
Then draw very near me—
There is much I would know,
Of the land of my parents
Which I left long ago.

Oh! tell me of home,
Of my dear Northern home,
Where hearts mourn in sadness
For the loved one that's gone.
Oh! tell me, he plead,
While the cold death sweat
Trickled down his pale forehead
And fell to the earth.

Do all those I love,
Believe me untrue,
A foe to my country;
Such an infamous foe?
My brain is on fire,
Why must I feel thus,
They believe me a traitor,
I could die, but for this.

His frame was convulsed,
His lips moved in prayer,
I am dying, sobbed he,
And no kind friend is near.
Yes, dying alone,
The cold earth is my bed,
No loved one will reach me,
The last fond hope has fled.

I'm nearing the city
That needeth no guard;
Where victor and vanquished
Will receive their reward,
Where sorrows are ended,
And trials ne'er come,
Oh, yes, I am happy—
For I'm nearing my home.

TOUCHING EPITAPH.—It is refreshing
to find upon the tombstones of departed
worth, such delicate sentiments of pro-
found respect as are embodied in the
following lines cut upon a tombstone:
"Here lies Mayor Parker,
Whom the Lord saw fit to slaughter,
He died without any fears,
Was buried without any tears,
And where he's gone and how he fares,
No one knows and no one cares."

Johny, the minister's son went
to his father one morning directly after
family worship, saying: "Father, while
you were praying I saw a man in the
garden stealing grapes."
"Well," answered the good man, "if
you had been praying too you would not
have seen him."
"But father," says Johny, "don't
the Bible say we are to watch as well as
pray?"

What is the difference between a
person transfixed with amazement, and
a leopard's tail?
The one is rooted to the spot, the
other is spotted to the root.

Mrs. Farjington says she has
heard of but one old woman who kissed
her cow, but she knows of many thou-
sands of young ones who have kissed
very great calves.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think that
marriage is a means of grace?"
"Certainly, madam; anything is a
means of grace that breaks up pride and
leads to repentance."
Scene closes with a mop-handle.

A drunken fellow got out of his
calculation and was dozing in the street,
when the bells roused him by ringing
for five, "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve,
thirteen, fourteen," cried he. "Well
if this isn't later than ever I knew it."

Among the curiosities lately
placed in a museum is a mosquito's
bladder, containing the souls of twenty-
four government contractors and the
fortunes of twelve editors. It is nearly
half full.

A chap in Saint Joseph knows
how to keep a hotel. He keeps a lot of
pretty girls in his house, and gets his
male boarders in love, and then he says
"they don't eat anything."

MARRIED FLIRTATIONS.

The last dying cadences of a delicious,
dreamy waltz, across whose weird notes
the soul of Beethoven had poured out
its magic sadness, were floating over the
crowd that filled the ball-room of the
fashionable Washington hotel; there
was the stir and murmur of separating
couples, and the ill-suppressed yawns of
weary "wall-flowers" that followed in
the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate
Elwyn stood in the recess of the window,
playing carelessly with the faded jessa-
mines and tuberose of her bouquet, while
her blue, lovely eye, wandered anxiously
from one place to another, evincing
in quest of some familiar countenance,
which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces
than her own, even in that festive crowd,
where half the belles of the Union had
brought their diamonds and bright eyes
to dazzle the grave politicians and law-
makers of the land. Rather beneath the
medium size, with the fragile delicacy of
a fairy, her complexion had the transpa-
rent waxen bloom that you look for only
in children, while her heavy bands of
golden hair lay over her somewhat low
forehead in rippling waves of amber.

Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a
sapphire of the first water, and a little
crimson mouth, carved like Cupid's bow,
gave additional piquancy to her face,
and altogether was as perfect a speci-
men of the radiant blonde as one often
sees, out of a picture gallery, or a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into
roses, her whole countenance brightened,
as a tall and rather elegant looking gen-
tleman languidly sauntered toward her.
"Charley, I thought you never were
coming!"

"I've only been down to the supper-
room for a few moments, my dear, I'm
sorry you have missed me. Anything I
can do for you now?"

"Yes—do get my fan and shawl and
we'll go up stairs. It's after one o'clock,
and I'm completely tired out."
"Couldn't, my dear, said Mr. Elwyn,
breaking a moss rose from his wife's bo-
quet, and fastening it jauntily into his
coat. "I'm engaged for three waltzes
and a quadrille. Miss Raymond would
never forgive me for deserting her."

"Kate's lips curled laughingly, and
a deeper shade of crimson stole into her
cheek."
"Jealous, eh?" laughed her husband,
patting her bright hair lightly. "Now,
Kate, that's a little too silly of you.
Don't you know that at a place like this
a man is expected to make himself gen-
erally agreeable to the ladies? Pray,
my dear, don't become so absurd and
ridiculous, as to—"

"And so," interrupted Mrs. Elwyn,
bitterly, "your wife's wishes and conve-
niences are secondary to Miss Ray-
mond's will."
"The green-eyed monster has certainly
invaded your peace, my love!" said
Mr. Elwyn. "Upon my word, I have al-
ways given you credit for a little more
common sense."

"Charles," said Kate quietly, and
without heeding the careless sarcasm of
his tone, I am weary of this round of
senseless gayety—I am sick of the tum-
ult and vanities of Washington. Will
you take me home?"

"Why, Kate! after all your anxiety
to pass a winter in great centre of social
and political life! You have been teas-
ing me ever since we were married, to
indulge you with a season in Washing-
ton."

"I know it, Charles," she meekly an-
swered, trying to suppress the tears that
were brimming in her eyes: "but I have
at last learned the folly of seeking real
pleasures anywhere but in the precincts
of one's home. My taste for gayety is
satisfied, and you can't imagine how
homesick I feel—how anxious to see the
dear little one again. When will you
take me home, Charles?"

"Next week, perhaps, my love—or
the week after, if you positively insist
upon it."
"O, Charles, why not go to-morrow?"
"Impossible, Kate. I am positively
engaged for every day this week for
drives and excursions in the neighbor-
hood of the city."

"Engaged?" repeated Kate, opening
her blue eyes. "I knew nothing of
these arrangements."
"No, my dear, I suppose not," said
Elwyn, lazily. "Did you imagine I was
going to come and ask your permission
every time I wanted to drive out with a
lady or smoke a cigar with two or three
gentlemen?"

Kate's lip quivered and she turned
quietly away. Charles Elwyn looked
after her with an aroused expression in

his eye and a half smile on his lip.

"She's jealous, as I live!" he mutter-
ed.
"Jealous of Aurora Raymond and the
pretty widow. Well, let her pour it out
her leisure—it will never do to encour-
age this sort of a thing."

If he could have seen her a few mo-
ments afterwards, (just when he was
whirling through the waltz with Miss
Raymond's midnight curls floating over
his shoulders,) sobbing in the silence of
her own dimly lighted room, the golden
hair all unloosened from her hair pin
and jewelled comb, and her blue eyes
looked like morning glories drowned in
rain. Well, perhaps it would have done
him good, perhaps not. It is not always
best to let a man know the full extent of
his power over that miserable little cap-
tive, his wife—it is astonishing how much
the sex delights in tormenting its vic-
tim. There is always one blessed avenue
of relief open to womankind, how-
ever—a good cry! No wonder that
Kate Elwyn felt better when she wiped
away the shower of tears and brushed
back the lovely rippling tresses from her
fevered forehead.

"What shall I do?" she murmured to
herself, deluging her handkerchief with
rose water and trying vainly to cool her
burning eyes; "what ought I to do?
Oh, I wish I had never come away from
home—it's a judgment on me, for leav-
ing my dear little babies in the hands of
cold hirelings. I was happy before I
ever thought of this hollow, deceitful
whirlpool of fashion."

She burst into fresh floods of tears, as
she remembered her husband's last words.
"It was cruel of him to speak in that
cold, sneering way to me," she sobbed.
"Have I lost all the spells he used to
tell me I possessed? If he only knew
how these things hurt me, I am sure he
would treat me in a far different man-
ner."

She sunk involuntarily back, as if
some rude hand had struck her, as Miss
Raymond's clear, melodious laugh sud-
denly floated up audibly through the
closed door of her room. And then she
sat her compressed lips together, and a
new look came into the liquid depth of
her wet blue eyes.

The gilded minute hand of the carved
Parisian clock on the mantle had trav-
eled nearly twice around the circle of
enameled figures before Kate Elwyn lift-
ed her gaze from the bunches of velvet
roses in the carpet. What was she pon-
dering on?

"Sitting up, eh, Kate? Why, I
thought you were 'tired to death'" said
Mr. Elwyn, as he entered the room, and
his wife laid down her book and wel-
comed him with a bright, careless smile.

"Yes, I've been so much interested in
that delightful book," exclaimed Kate
enthusiastically. "I do wish I knew
whether Sir Guy gets the property or
not."
"She has got over her sulks amazingly
quick," was the husband's internal com-
ment, as he kicked off his boots and laz-
ily unfastened his lavender neck-tie.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Elwyn, I've had
such a charming ride."
And Aurora Raymond sprang lightly
from the carriage step, one tiny gloved
hand resting lightly on Mr. Elwyn's arm,
the other holding up the folds of her vio-
let mantle. He touched his hat, gal-
lantly, as she tripped up the hotel steps,
all smiles and dimples.

"I wonder if Kate would like a turn
round Jackson Square before dinner,"
he said to himself, consulting his gold
watch. "I'll run up and see—poor lit-
tle thing."
He sprang up the stairs, two steps at
a time, and burst into his wife's room.

"Put on your bonnet, puss, and we'll
take a ride," he exclaimed. "Hallo, she
isn't here—what the mischief does this
mean?"
No, she was not there—neither was
her blue velvet hat with the white os-
trich plume, nor the magnificent Cash-
mere shawl that had been sent from In-
dia for her wedding present just five
years ago—and Mr. Elwyn came slowly
down stairs again, feeling much inclined
to get into a passion.

"Do you know where my wife is?" he
asked Mrs. Artwoith, a lady who spent
one half her time at the hotel windows
and the other half in catechising the
servants, and who consequently knew all
that was to be known concerning peo-
ple out goings and in comings, gener-
ally.

"She's out riding in Col Warrington's
barouche—been gone ever since morn-
ing," returned the gossiping matron
with great promptitude.
"Out riding?" Elwyn's brow contract-

ed.

"Strange—very strange," he muttered,
to drive out in that sort of a way with-
out so much as saying a word to me!
I always fancied that Warrington a pup-
py, and I'm sure of it now."

He went down and dismissed the
equipage and then returned to the draw-
ing-room, as restless as the wandering
Jew. After one or two moody turns
across the long apartment, he sat gloom-
ily down in the window recess. Even
Aurora Raymond's pretty lisping chat-
could not interest him now. "Would
Kate never come?" he thought, as he
looked for the fortieth time at his
watch."

She came at last, just in time to run
up stairs for a hurried dinner toilet—
come smiling and lovely, with her hair
blown about by the fresh wind, and her
eyes sparkling radiantly. Elwyn—dog
in the manger that he was—could have
knocked Col. Warrington down for the
involuntary glance of admiration with
which he looked after his fair compa-
nion.

Presently Mrs. Kate re-appeared in a
magnificent dress of lustrous silver
green silk, lighted up by the flash of
emeralds at her throat, and frosted
green mosses dropping from her hair.

"Why have you put on that odious
green dress?" asked Elwyn, catching at
some slight pretext as an escape valve
for his ill-humor. "You know how much
I dislike green."
"O, well," said Kate, nonchalantly,
"you are so fidgety, Charles. What
difference can it possibly make as to
whether I wear green or yellow? It is
entirely a bygone fashion for husbands
and wives to study one another's whims,
à la Darby and Joan. We dress entire-
ly to please the public, the gay world
you know. And I put on this silk dress
to please Mr. Garnett—he admires green
so much!"

Charles Elwyn stared at his wife in
speechless astonishment. What did it
mean? She had always been the hum-
blest slave to his slightest wish or cap-
rice—and now the smiling set him at de-
fiance. What evil spirit had possessed
her?

She never came near him all the eve-
ning—never sought his approval by the
little shy glances of appeal or the ques-
tioning looks that had been so inexpress-
sibly dear to him. No—she chatted
away, bewitchingly self-reliant, the centre
of an admiring group, until Mr. Elwyn
was ready to rush out of the room in a
transport of exasperation.

"Allow me to congratulate you on
your treasure of a wife, sir," said Col.
Warrington.
"I have always known she was a beau-
tiful, but I never appreciated her claims
as a wit."

Elwyn glared speechlessly at the
polite Col., who was evidently surprised,
at the ungracious reception of his little
compliment.

"Just what I might have expected,"
he muttered to himself, plucking fiercely
at his moustaches. "What in the deuce
did I bring her here for, if I didn't want
every fool in society to fall down and
worship her?"

"Would you like a drive after dinner,
Kate?" he asked one evening, after
about three days spent in this very ed-
ifying manner.

"I couldn't possibly this evening,"
she said, adjusting the wreaths of ivy
that depended from her shining hair.
"We've arranged such a nice moonlight
party to ride out to the navy yard."
"Well, what's to prevent me from
driving you there?" asked Mr. Elwyn,
anxiously.

"Our party is all made up, said Kate
coolly. "I've promised to go in Mr.
Garnett's carriage. He is so delight-
fully agreeable, and I like him so much."
"The dickens you do, growled Elwyn,
his face elongating and glowing dark.

"But I'll tell you what you might do
if you pleased, suggested Kate innoc-
ently. "Miss Raymond would like to
go, I've no doubt, or Mrs. Everest, and
there can be no possible objection to an
extra carriage in the party, so that—"
"Hang Miss Raymond and Mrs. Ev-
erest, ejaculated the irate husband.
"With all my heart, my dear, said
Kate. "Only you see, it's quite impos-
sible for me to break my promise to
Garnett."

Mr. Elwyn's temper was by no means
improved when he stood on the hotel
steps and watched the merry party drive
off, their gay voices and jubilant laugh-
ter echoing through the serene moon-
light, like a mockery of his own gloomy
reflections. He had never felt so utter-
ly and forlorn in the whole course of his
life.

"Dear me, what a beautiful evening
for a ride, sighed Aurora Raymond,
looking up from a volume of poems, as
Mr. Elwyn re entered the drawing room,
looking not unlike a man who had just
had a molar extracted.

But he didn't take the hint, acting,
as Miss Raymond afterwards indignantly
remarked, "more like a bear than a
man, and sitting down to the perusal
of the newspapers. Alas, for the mid-
night curls and oriental eyes—their spell
was broken.

How long the slow creeping hours
seemed before Kate came back! Long
ere the sound of carriage wheels grated
on the pavement before the door, he
went up to his own room, and tried
uselessly enough to amuse himself with
books and letter writing. All his efforts
were unavailing; between him and ev-
ery occupation to which he turned crept
one gloomy thought—a sore pang—to
think that Kate was happy without his
society, that she never missed his ab-
sent voice and smile.

"I wonder if I'm jealous," he muttered
to himself. "It's not an agreeable sen-
sation, at all events. I wonder if Kate
felt so whenever I flirted with Aurora
and the widow."
This was a new consideration.

Would the time ever come when
Kate's heart would be estranged from
him—estranged by his own conduct?—
when her loving sensitive nature would
cease to respond to his touch? The
very fancy was agony.

He was wrapped in these gloomy med-
itations, when the door opened, and his
bright little wife tripped in looking very
much like a magnified sunbeam. She
stopped suddenly when she saw his head
bowed upon his hands.

"Charles, does your head ache?"
"No."
"Then what is the matter?"
"My heart aches, Kate," he said sad-
ly; "it aches to think that my wife has
ceased to love me."

"She came to his side and put her
arms around his neck with caressing af-
fection.

"Charles, what do you mean?"
"I mean, Kate, that when you desert
me for the society of others, and cease
to pay any regard to my wishes, I can
come to but one conclusion."
"Charles," said Kate, smiling archly
up into his face, "does it grieve you to
have me prefer the society of others to
your own?"

"It breaks my heart, Kate," he said
passionately.
"Then, dearest, let us make a bargain.
Let us allow Miss Raymond and Mrs.
Everest to console themselves with Col.
Warrington and Mr. Garnett, while we
are happy with each other. Shall it be so?"
"Kate you have been playing a part!"
"Of course I have. Did you suppose
for a moment that I was in earnest?"

The loving kisses she showered upon
his brow dispelled every lurking shadow
from the husband's heart, and he felt
how inexpressibly dear his wife was to
him.

In the next day's train Mr. and Mrs.
Elwyn left Washington, mutually con-
vinced that they had enough of the gay
capital. There were two unmistakably
good effects consequent on their sojourn,
however; Kate was satisfied to remain
quietly at home for the rest of her life,
and Charles was completely cured of
every latent tendency to flirt!

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.—Two young
men of Grass Valley, Cal., became jeal-
ous of each other about a girl, and re-
solved to fight it out. The time and
place were fixed, and the rivals (O. Hall
and Oscar Warnock), together with
about twenty of their friends, including
the seconds, were on hand to witness
the terrible combat which would put an
end to one or both of said young men.
Three shots were exchanged, with no-
body hurt on either side, when the duel
ended by a shaking of hands on the part
of the duellists. It seems that only cork
bullets, covered with tin foil, were used.
One of the parties was let into the se-
cret, but the other supposed he was fir-
ing real bullets and receiving the same
in return. He was of course greatly ag-
itated, while the other was quite cool.
The story does not state who is to have
the girl.

A Boston storekeeper the other
day stuck upon his door the laconic ad-
vertisement: "A boy wanted." The
next morning, on opening the store he
found the little urchin in a basket, la-
beled "Here he is."

If your mother's mother was my
mother's aunt, what relation would your
great grand-father's nephew be to my
elder brother's son-in-law. Jus' so.