The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

CARTER BROTHERS, Publishers.

THE MARSH.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

Safely moored on the dappled water,
The broad green lily-pads dip and sway,
While like a skipper a gray frog rides
The biggest leaf in the tiny bay.

Merrily leap the brown-cheeked waves
To seize the sunlight's liberal gold,
Which strays and wanders among the reeds,
And on the stones of the beech is rolled.

O'er marish meadows, and far beyond,
Silken and green or velvety gray,
Tufted grasses with shifting colors
In the wholesome north wind toss and play.

Lonely and sad, on the sea of green
The cardinal flower a lighthouse stands,
A scarlet blaze in the morning sun
To guide the honey-bees' toiling bands.

What was it for, this flower's beauty,
Its royal color's marvelous glow,
Not, like a good deed, still rejoicing
The soul that grew it, though no one know?

All unconscious, only a flower,
Life without rest, and death without thought,
Lost as a stone to the sweet deep pleasure
Its scarlet wonder to me has brought.

Has it, I ponder, no sense of pleasing,
No least estate in the world of joy?
Have the leaf and grasses no conscious sense
Of what they give us—no want or cloy;

Not so unlike us. The words that weigh us
With keenest sorrow and longest pain
Fall oft from lips that rest unconscious
If that they give us be loss or gain.

Do I only have power to fill me
From sun and flower with joy intense?
Has yon cold frog on his lonely leaf
No lower share through a duller sense?

Think you the ladies he woos are sought
For form or color or beauty's sake?—
That, touched with sorrow, he mourns to-day
Some mottled Helen beneath the lake?

Why should fret us this constant riddle,
To know if Nature be kind or harsh
To the pensive frog on his green-ribbed raft,
The scarlet queen of the lonely marsh?

Haply, in thought-spheres far above us
Some may watch us with doubts like ours,
Asking if we have wit or reason,
Asking if pain or joy be ours.

But *does* it vex me, this endless riddle
I toss about in my helpless brain
To know if life be worth the having,
If just mere giving be any gain?

Scarce can I answer. Something surely
The thought has brought me this summer morn—
Something for me in life were missing
If frog and flower had ne'er been born.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

From Tinsley's Magazine.

Summer's Golden Days.

CHAPTER I.

"Woman is at best a contradiction still."

I have an intense, inexpressible desire to go into the country; I have a wild, unutterable longing to see the green fields, and to hear the murmur of the river as it flows smoothly through the meadow at the end of auntie's garden; I have a mad impulse to throw myself down in a hay-field, and to toss the hay about until I am weary; but I can have none of these glorious things, for it is the height of the London season, and mother will not let me leave home. I think it is very hard of her; but she believes she is doing her duty by keeping me in hot, wearisome London; and she thinks I ought to have my chance as well as the other girls, so she takes me about to concerts, garden parties, balls, fetes, and flower shows, until I am in such a whirl of excitement that it is quite by chance that I say the right thing to the right person, and do not do something to make myself ridiculous and to vex my sisters. Mother thinks that it is high time one of us was married; and I am the second, and am twenty-one, all her energies seem to be expended on me this season.

I suppose it is because Barbara, my eldest sister, is such a lovely girl that she can pick and choose her husband, so that there is no fear of her being put on the shelf, and that there is plenty of time for Helen, who only just out, that mother pitches on me to torment unmercifully just now.

June is so hot in London, and I do long for the country; and yet I am so strong and well that my longing does not make me look pale, and late hours do not even take the lustre from the roses in my cheeks, or I might appeal to mother' heart, and then she would let me go to the country to freshen up my beauty.

I am not a bit beautiful, though; only I am young, and all the Heseltines have good mouths and pretty figures, so I come in for those two attributes just in the same way as I get my name of Lois Heseltine.

I am all this time dreaming of the country and of pleasant things instead of dressing for dinner, and the bell will ring directly and I shall be late, and father will look grieved and mother will scold, and I shall not be one bit nearer Coolmory.

In the midst of my meditation Helen comes into my room, and says father is waiting for me before he tells us all a piece of news.

I quickly change my dress while Nellie gets out my ribbons and frills, and before long we are all eagerly listening to father's story.

He tantalizes us by making us guess his news, and after refusing to do so we all make the most lamentable failures in that line, until I say, (my mind still full of the country:)

"Has it anything to do with the Coolmory people?"

Then father says:

"Lois' guess is the nearest, for Maggie is going to be married this day fortnight, and she wants Lois to go down at once to help her make preparations and to be her bridesmaid."

"And how did you hear it, father?" Barbara asks, as she absolutely looks interested about Maggie; for we are all very fond of our only cousin.

"Well, the young man came to see me at the office to get my consent, as I am her guardian; but as your aunt and Maggie had already settled everything, there was nothing left for me to do except to give them my blessing, which I did most heartily."

Mr. Strafford is a gentlemanly young fellow, and has been curate at Coolmory for a year; he has just been presented with a living, and nothing will content him but to marry Maggie off hand, so that they may take a holiday and wedding tour in one, before they settle to his parochial work down at Westbury.

"It is very annoying that Maggie's wedding is to take place just now," mother says; and then continues: "Why could she not have asked Barbara or Helen to be her bridesmaid instead of Lois? But they always were such friends, I suppose I must let her go;" and then father decides the question at once, and adds:

"Of course Lois must go, and after the wedding she must stay with Aunt Mary until Maggie returns from her honeymoon expedition."

Already I am wildly happy at the idea of leaving London, and happier still when I think that I shall be out of all the gayeties that are set down in the engagement-book, and which stretch out until the end of burning July. How I commiserate my sisters when I think of what they will have to go through while I shall lazily enjoy the Summer weather down at Coolmory!

Don't think I am not fond of gayety, and even of London; but I am weary of it all just now, and particularly weary of mother's efforts to get me married.

I have never seen a man I could love, so I have never wanted to be married; but mother will insist on it, and seems to think it reflects discredit on her tact that she has still her three daughters on her hands.

I am quite content to wait until the others are married, and then I trust she will let me alone to enjoy myself in my own way, and keep further company, while she goes about finding husbands for other people's daughters.

I have no reason to grumble just now, though, for my wish is gratified, and I am going down to Coolmory for six weeks' holiday, and shall only return just in time for the general migration to the coast or the Continent.

Mr. Strafford has been to see us, and we all agree with father in thinking him quite an unexceptionably agreeable young man, and mother considers Maggie a lucky girl to have already secured such a prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He proposes to take me down to auntie's on Monday morning; and as Maggie also signifies her approval of this plan in her letter of invitation, I agree to it, and am radiantly happy during the next three days, though I am taken about a great deal more than I consider good for me.

Monday at length arrives, and amid kisses from the girls and innumerable directions from mother about the length and fit of my bridesmaid's gown, father slips a clean, crisp ten-pound note into my hand. Mr. Strafford and I are at last driven away.

Then, and only then, I realized the gratification of being on my way to the country, and at the same time as happy a girl as was to be found within the bills of mortality, as somebody says. I am leaving behind me all the gayeties and so-called pleasures of the metropolis, and all dear mother's plans for my future happiness, which cause me so much weariness of spirit in the present.

CHAPTER II.

"Words are easily like the wind:
Faithful friends are hard to find."
—*Shakespeare.*

The wedding is over, and I have just sent home an elaborate account of it. Auntie has gone up to her room to shed unlimited tears, for she thinks it the proper thing to do; and I feel rather dull and lonely now that the excitement is over and Maggie has gone.

The wedding was very simple, but we made everything look as pretty as possible, and transformed the house into a perfect bower of roses. The church was crowded, and Maggie was so contented and happy that she looked really pretty. I was the only bridesmaid, and had to do a good deal of singing, so that I felt quite a person of importance. Then there was the breakfast; then Maggie went away; then all auntie's friends went to their respective homes, and auntie and I are left alone to enjoy each other's company. The best man, a young surgeon named Philip Graham, is staying at the rectors, and I think he might stroll over to know how we are after the fatigues of the day. What I have seen of him I like very much, for he is tall and dark, and appears to be of a serious turn of mind; but he is not really serious, for he has an immense fund of humor, and generally amuses me to such a degree that I laugh to an immoderate extent, and am always in dread of being reproved by auntie; but she seems to enjoy his conversation, and never checks my mirth as mother would. We saw a good deal of him before the wedding, as he used to come over and spend the day here with Mr. Strafford, and naturally we used to go about a good deal together, so as not to interrupt the lovers. I wonder if we shall ever see him now his friend is gone, and how long he will remain at the rectory. With all my self-love I can see that he does not care a bit about me, and that there is no danger of his making love; so if he does not contemplate leaving Coolmory at once I trust we shall have some pleasant walks and talks together. Next morning auntie has recovered her usual spirits, and is already looking out for letters from Maggie. Before we have finished breakfast Mr. Graham comes in in just the same way as if Mr. Strafford was following him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lisle; how are you after your fatigues of yesterday?" he says; and then they begin to discuss the wedding, and talk it all over, which to my mind is very often the best part of entertainments.

I look out of the window and think how pleasant it must be under the shade of the alders down by the river bank, and I fervently wish that Maggie was here, and that we might go out and spend our morning there, as we did every day last week.

Evidently Phillip Graham thinks the same thing, for, turning from auntie to me, he asks if it would not be pleasanter out of doors this lovely morning, and if I will stroll down to the river with him. I look toward auntie and dutifully ask her if she will accompany us; but she declines, and says she will spend the time we are out in packing up Maggie's presents. I feel I ought to offer to help her; but the sun is shining so dazzlingly, and there is such a fresh breeze down by the river, that my good resolution melts away, and in another minute my hat is on, and Philip Graham and I are sauntering through the dewy meadows, and I am enjoying pleasant Coolmory even as much as I anticipated.

We wander on through a good many fields, and finally settle down to rest in quite a new spot. It is very lovely, and the scent of the clover intoxicates me to such a degree that I throw myself down in it, and take a long sniff, before I look up to see what my companion is doing. He regards me in quite a superior way, and I cannot help laughing, as it strikes me he looks very like Landseer's dog Dignity; while I feel like Impudence, with my rough hair and my hat very much at one side.

After my frolic I smooth my hair, put my hat straight, open my parasol, and then ask Mr. Graham for a remark. He answers me slowly as he says:

"I was thinking what a child you are, and wondering whether you had any depth of feeling or force of character."

In a moment I am serious, for his words chill me somewhat; and then I tell him I am having a summer's holiday and am just a child again for a month, during which time I want to leave all my worries at home. Then he laughs in his turn at me, and inquires my troubles; and before I know what I am saying I tell him all about mother and the girls, and when our walk is over I feel as if I had known Philip Graham all my life. The rest of the day auntie and I devote to paying visits, and in the evening we answer Maggie's letters.

All our days pass pretty much in the same way. Every morning Philip Graham and I take a walk—sometimes down to the river, and occasionally to the little town, two miles off, to fetch the letters that arrive by the afternoon's post. Aunt Mary is always busy in the morning, and never comes with us. She is such a dear, sweet woman, and always reminds me of father. I have been with her a great deal for the last two days, for it has been raining incessantly, and I have not been able to leave the house even for a turn in the garden. Wet days in the country are more unbearable than in London; for I feel as if they deprive me of so many modicums of fresh air that legally belong to me. We have seen nothing of Mr. Graham, I miss him very much, a great deal more than I thought possible; perhaps it is because I have neither Barbara nor Helen to talk to about little things that do not interest auntie. At the end of the second rainy day there is a little excitement in the house, because we receive an invitation for a dance at the rectory next week. Auntie and I find plenty to say about what we shall wear and who will be there, and I go to bed in a pleasant frame of mind, but with an intense desire for the following day to be fine, so that I may go for a walk with Mr. Graham. It is just as fine as I could possibly wish, and at the usual hour Philip Graham saunters in, and without waiting to be asked I put on my hat, and once more we are out in the clear, fresh air. Everything appears to have benefited by the rain; the flowers and grass look so refreshed that I exclaim, "The world seems as if it was just made, and I am delighted to be out again."

"Did you find it dull the last two days?" Mr. Graham asks me; and I confess that I did, and that I wished he had come to see us.

"I did not think you would have liked it, Miss Heseltine; because I understood you to say you did not wish to be bothered during your visit to your aunt."

I look up to see if he is laughing at me, but he is perfectly serious; so I tell him that he does not bother me, and ask him if we have another wet day to call at auntie's, so as to break the monotony and interrupt our tete-a-tetes. This he promises, but adds that he is leaving Coolmory next week, and is going to India as doctor on board one of the mail-boats.

"Why did you not tell me before, Mr. Graham?" I ask; and I feel as if he had wronged me by not telling me sooner.

"I have only just got the appointment, and only knew it myself an hour ago; and I hastened over here to tell you, because, Miss Heseltine, I look upon you as one of my dearest friends."

O, how his words delight me! At last I have met a man who is honest enough to tell a girl he looks upon her as a friend, and who does not mask his friendship behind a flimsy veil of flirtation.

"I am so glad you look upon me as a friend, Mr. Graham. Now I can tell you that you have made my visit to auntie much more enjoyable by your friendship; so let us shake hands on it and vow eternal fidelity."

I put my hand out to him, and raised my voice to a theatrical pitch, and then looked up at him with my eyes full of laughter; but his are looking at me so tenderly that I drop mine to the ground, and cannot raise them again even when he says, in his usual voice:

"Thank you, dear little Lois. I think you are a woman who will prove as good as your word on all occasions; and I think you are one whose friendship is true enough to last through life."

He speaks so sternly now, that I am quite relieved when he continues in a lighter tone:

"Since we are to be real friends, Lois, you must call me Philip."

"Yes, Philip," I answer, and then add hasitily, "And we shall be always frends whatever happens, even if we never meet again."

Somehow I have a presentment that after to-day we won't see much of each other; so I want to go down to the river and spend one more pleasant morning.

We lazily enjoy ourselves, discuss our favorite books, compare our ideas upon music, and I can scarcely believe it is as late as it is when I see auntie approaching us, with the tidings that luncheon has been ready for more than an hour, and that she has come to fetch us in.

It was such a glorious July day when Philip and I became Philip and Lois to each other, that so long as I live it will stand out in bold relief from all others.

Never can I forget the golden glow of that summer time.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, for the days that are past retrieving!
Oh, for the golden days!"

We have had three days of showery weather. Mr. Graham, auntie, and I have been able to go out for a drive three afternoons, but the fourth is too wet; so we spent the afternoon in watching the rain, at least Philip and I do, while auntie works.

Aunt Mary seems to have taken an odd idea into her head since that morning she fetched us in to luncheon. I verily believe she thinks Philip is making love to me, or that I am falling in love with him; for she never leaves us a moment alone, and interrupts all our conversations. If this absurd notion has really taken possession of her mind, all our free intercourse is at an end; for she would never encourage anything of this sort without directions from headquarters, or, in other words, mother's consent. I think if she knew that nothing was further from our minds, and that we were only friends, she might relax her vigilance; but I do not care to speak to her on the subject, and feel I would rather not enjoy any more rambles with Philip than tell any one of our compact of friendship. It is very hard, for he will leave Coolmory to-morrow; so that unless auntie ceases her vigilant watch at the party which takes place to-night, we shall not have any time together.

At going away Philip asks me to keep him some dances, and I promise to do so; but even here auntie interrupts, and says:

"Lois, dear, I don't wish you to dance more than two dances with any one, as people in the country talk about everything;" and, turning to Philip, she proceeds to say:

"I don't want my niece to lay herself open to criticism; she shall dance twice with you, Mr. Graham."

Philip bows his thanks, but looks disappointed. At the party Aunt Mary introduces every one to me, and before Philip can get to me my programme is nearly full; but I have kept his two dances. The first is a quadrille. Auntie dances opposite to us, and directly it is over she takes me off to introduce me to some old lady who knows my father. I don't know any of my partners, and I don't care to dance with any one; but I go through all the dances in a mechanical way, and get no pleasure out of them. I notice that Philip does not dance, and that every time I look at him he is looking at me.

At length our waltz arrives. The music seems better, and the light more brilliant, directly I feel Philip's arm round me, as we slide off into a delicious swinging step.

"This is nearly as pleasant as sitting by the river, Philip, don't you think?" I ask; but he answers:

"I would give anything I have for one half-hour with you alone, Lois, down by the river."

"It would be very nice, Philip; but we shall never go there again," I murmur; and the music makes me long to be off again.

Next time we stop is by an open window that leads to the garden; Philip puts my hand through his arm and leads me to it; then he bends his head close to my ear and whispers:

"Lois, come out in the garden and decide my fate for me."

He looks at me so tenderly and eagerly that I see in that moment that his friendship for me has turned to love, and I feel that I cannot return it and dare not answer him.

"Lois, won't you come out. Do, darling, for I must tell you that I love you, and hear that you love me."

I do not know what to say; he is my friend, and I am so fond of him that I do not wish to hurt him; yet I cannot give him the answer he wishes to hear, for I do not love him. I am trying to frame a reply when auntie comes up to us and tells me it is time to leave. I answer hurriedly:

"Yes, auntie, I will get my cloak;" and I give Philip a look to follow me; but Aunt Mary has checkmated me here, for she hands me my wrap, and then takes Philip's arm. As he puts me in the carriage he says:

"Write me an answer in time to let me come and see you to-morrow, before I leave Coolmory."

I nod assent, then lean back, cover my head over, and pretend to be asleep. Why could not Philip have remained my friend? Why does he want so much more than I can give?

When I get to my room I take out my desk and write a letter to Philip. I want it to be kind and friendly; but I wish him to understand I have no love to give in return for his. First, I write a long letter, telling him he has mistaken friendship for love; but I feel I am wronging him by such a supposition, so I tear it up, and write just what I should have said to him had time allowed:

DEAR PHILIP:—Forgive me if I have ever led you to believe my affection for you was any other than that of friendship. I am so sorry that you love me, for I have no love to offer you in return, but shall always remain, dear Philip, your true friend, LOIS.

It is broad daylight before I have finished this short epistle, so I do not attempt to go to bed, for I see it is 6 o'clock, but I change my dress and run over to the rectory with my note, drop it into the letter-box, and get home again long before auntie is down. After breakfast she orders the carriage round and asks me to go out for a drive with her. I see her reason; she is afraid Philip will come over and that we shall go out for a walk. I know that he will not, so I assent readily. As we are on the way home we meet the rectory carriage returning from the station, and I know that Philip Graham has gone. I am very weary, and go to bed early. Auntie wonders next day why Philip does not call, and I tell her that he has left Coolmory, and is going to India. She replies that he might have been polite enough to have called to say good-bye; and then severely censures him for his inattention. This I cannot bear, for I am very fond of Philip, and I will not hear a word against him. I feel weak and hysterical, and burst out crying in a foolish way; then rush out of the house down to the river, where we had so often been together. I throw myself down on the grass and have a good cry; then wander about in all the places where I had been so happy, and remember every word that Philip said, and everything that I had done, even to my romp in the clover-field.

Everything is the same, but the country seems to have lost its charm. The sun is just as bright, the grass just as green, the river just as rippling; but I want to go home. I am longing to see mother and the girls, and to have no time or opportunity to think of the past month. I am pining for change, for nothing seems pleasant to me at Coolmory now; but most of all I was longing to see Philip again. If I could only see him down by the river once more, only have time to tell him, that my letter was a mistake, and that I love him more than life!

It is too late now, and I only look forward to seeing Barbara and Helen, and trying to forget my summer holiday. I never thought how golden the days were, or what made them so bright to me, until Philip left; now all the glory of my life seems to have departed with him, and I feel as if the beauties of Coolmory are mocking at my misery, and I desire as much to go home as I longed a month ago to come down to Aunt Mary's.

CHAPTER IV.

"And tell me how love goeth
That was not love which went."

I have been home some months now, and everything is the same as ever. Mother is just as busy about getting us married as she was last season, only that she seems to have given me up altogether, and I am allowed to accept or refuse invitations at my own sweet will. We spent the autumn at a semi-fashionable watering-place, and made some new acquaintances—among others a Mr. Jerome Beauchamp, who is very attentive to us all: Mother has great hopes of his ultimately making one of us Mrs. Jerome Beauchamp; but I have my doubts on the subject, and look upon him as quite a confirmed old bachelor. He is an amusing, clever man, and does not bore me in the least, consequently we get on very well together.

I have never told any one about Philip Graham, nor ever asked Aunt Mary for news of him. When I first came home I tried to forget him, but every day I think of him, and wonder if I shall ever again see his grave, serious smile, or hear his melodious laugh.

It is nearly a year since I went down to Coolmory, and we have again glorious Summer weather. The season is in full swing, and we go out a great deal. I seem to have lost all my girlish wholeheartedness, and enjoy nothing with the old joyousness; but I go out, and my thoughts are distracted while I dance and talk, but when I come home I feel weary of it all, and then think how happy I might have been with Philip if I had answered his question differently that morning a year ago.

I often wonder if he is still in India, or if he returned home at once; and also if met any any girl on his voyage there or back who has made him forget me. I feel that I should be happier if I knew those things concerning him, and then I argue with myself that he is nothing to me now, and my stock of logic is exhausted in the conviction that he is dearer to me than all the world.

I am in this frame of mind one morning when father sends for me, and when I reach his study I find mother awaiting with him for me. Mother is looking delighted about something, and father is looking worried. They do not keep me long waiting until I have heard their reason for sending for me, namely, that Mr. Jerome Beauchamp has done me the honor of proposing to father for my hand and youthful affections.

Father goes on to tell that both mother and he approve of the match, and that they have given Mr. Beauchamp permission to plead his cause with me. I listen silently until father has finished speaking, then break out into a passionate refusal to see Mr. Beauchamp, much less to become his wife. Father looks quite relieved at my answer, but mother seems disappointed, and I wish it was in my power to pass Mr. Beauchamp's office of marriage on to Barbara or Helen.

After this little episode my life seems even darker, for Mr. Beauchamp used to lend me clever books, and his conversations were always brilliant and amusing. Now my refusal of him has vexed mother, and nothing I can say or do will please her. Evidently Mr. Beauchamp will not take father's answer as a decided one, because this morning I received a letter from him, in which he begs so earnestly for my love, and promises to make life so pleasant to me, that for one moment I feel inclined to let "the dead past bury its dead," and to become his wife, if he will have me when I tell him all my love was given long ago to Philip Graham, but I remember Philip's words, and that he considers me true and worthy; so while the others go out to the Park I stay at home to have a quiet afternoon to answer Mr. Beauchamp's letter, and to tell him that I cannot marry him.

It is a brilliant, warm day, and I am writing in father's study. I am very puzzled what to say to Mr. Beauchamp, and my thought revert to that other letter I wrote to Philip this time a year ago. I pass my fingers through my hair with a vague idea that that will help me what to say, when I hear the study door open and close again from the outside; then I look to see who has entered, and can scarcely believe my eyes, for it is Philip Graham.

In that one glance I can see that Philip loves me still, and that no one has come between us. That he loves me with the same passionate longing is evident; for before either of us has time to reflect he has caught me to him, and I have thrown my arms round his neck, and can say nothing but "Philip," while he smooths my hair and murmurs, "Lois! my little Lois!"

Then he puts me from him while he says:

"Lois, I should never have intruded on you, but I came to see your father on business, and they told me that no one was at home."

Here I cannot help interrupting him with my exclamation of:

"O Philip, it is what I have been praying for night and day."

Then I break down, and cover my face with my hands, as I remember that he has said nothing to me that has given me any right to revert to old times.

At length I look up and find the same fond old smile on his face as he takes my hand and says:

"So, Lois, you do love me, though you wrote that letter, which has kept me an exile for a year?"

And my eyes answer for me; for in another moment I am in his arms again, and he is pressing his lips to mine.

"I came here from your father's office to get him to draw up an agreement for a partnership with Dr. Drewitt; but now he will have to give me a deed of gift instead; for I shall not give you up easily this time, little Lois."

Before the others come in we have settled everything; and Philip and I are looking forward to spending many golden summer days together

A Pathetic Incident.

At a lecture before Grand Army Post No. 88, at Pittsburg, Pa., Comrade W. S. Meek, the lecturer, recited the following account of the drawing of lots by a number of rebel prisoner, to determine which one should be shot, in retaliation for the murder of a soldier belonging to the Thirtieth Illinois, on March 2d, 1865. The lecturer was directed by the Provost Marshal to prepare a number of slips of paper, corresponding with the number of prisoners under guard at their headquarters. With a single exception, these slips were blank, and all carefully folded. They were then placed in his hat, thoroughly mixed by shaking, and covered with a handkerchief. While he had been engaged at this task, the prisoners had been formed in line enclosed by the guard, and stood awaiting orders. Major Marvin and the speaker then proceeded to the spot, stationed themselves at the head of the line, when the prisoners were ordered to advance separately and draw a paper from the hat. The first man advanced timidly, and with trembling hand drew from the hat a ballot, which he handed to the Major. The latter's hand was unsteady as he slowly unfolded the paper. It was a blank, and as the Confederate passed between the guard a sigh of relief escaped him. Another drew a blank, and thus seventy passed through the ordeal in safety. A tall, middle-aged man, in plain homespun, drew his ballot, and when the Major opened it he said: "You are the man I want." The man turned deadly pale as he stepped aside. A shooting detail had been made up from the regiment of the murdered man, and after drawing their guns, ten out of the thirty being loaded with ball cartridge, the doomed man was taken to the edge of a clearing, and the Illinois soldier was avenged.

A Hot Mine.

The Savage incline, at a point near the water, is so hot as to be almost beyond human endurance. But for their shirts the skin of the men would be blistered as though by a jet of scalding steam. A man from that mine recently showed a blister on his arm that was nearly as large as a man's hand. This blister was caused by exposing his arm at the bottom of the incline. It is so hot down at the water that in screwing a nut on the end of a bolt one man would be able to do no more than fasten a monkey-wrench upon it before he would be obliged to retreat. Another would then descend and give the wrench two or three turns, when he would fall back, and a third man would go down and give it a few turns. One morning the "giraffe" got off the truck well down the incline, and in trying to replace it one of a small party of men was so overcome by the heat that he fell down in a state of insensibility. His companions carried him from a point between the 1 700 and the 1,900 foot levels to the 1,300 foot level of the Hale and Norcross mine, where he could obtain a mouthful of fresh air. He was still unconscious when he reached the point named.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Disappeared.

The extraordinary intelligence has been received in England of the disappearance of two islands—the Barker Islands—and their inhabitants. Captain Fisher, a Tasmanian capitalist, purchased from the West Australian Government the right to remove guano from the two islands on the coast, described on the chart and known as the Barker Islands, and situated in lat. 14° S., long. 125° E. Capt. Fisher despatched three vessels in April with laborers and appliances for shipping the guano, but when the vessel arrived at the place where the islands had disappeared entirely, how, and when, is at present a mystery. It was generally supposed that Australia lay out of the line of active volcanic agency, so that the phenomenon is all the more remarkable.

JUST as he heard of the bank failure which lost him half his fortune, his wife handed him a letter, and he opened it in a dazed manner. "Why, you are holding that letter bottom up!" she cried in astonishment. "I know, I know," he answered wildly. "That is so I can read it; my head is upside down."

LEARN A TRADE.

Valuable Advice to Young Men Starting in Life.

Let the boys and young men of this vicinity read the following from the Toledo *Blade* and take the hint:

There is one lesson which we hope the present times will so deeply engrave upon the minds of all parents that its impression will never be effaced. That is, the necessity of teacning boys some trade, and making them thoroughly conversant with it.

The flood of men who are wandering anxiously about the streets of all great cities, seeking, with weary hearts employment which will provide for themselves and families even a meager support, contains surprisingly few mechanics, or men who have been trained up to any regular trade requiring skill and practice. It is made up mainly of men who in their youth were "smart" young men, who thought they knew too much to tie themselves down to the drudgery and unpleasantness of any shop. They would be "gentleman," wear good clothes, don a clean shirt every day, and follow some light "genteel" employment, which they could follow without serious effects upon their clothes or hands.

These men have drifted around, clerked in a dry goods store at a small salary, run a cigar stand, perhaps did some indifferently good book-keeping, copied papers, or done any and all of the thousand and one things involving but little manual labor, brains or experience, which are possible in our complex system of life. As long as times were flush they succeeded tolerably well in satisfying their little ambitions. They wore tolerably good clothes, and seemed passably "genteel." But the moment the stringency began to make itself felt, they were the first to suffer. Employers turned them off relentlessly, and retained skilled men to the last.

The reason was obvious. A trained man is an acquisition to any establishment, and if dropped there is no certainty about replacing him. But the crop of these men who are simply "generally useful" is a never-failing one, and a man can go out into the street and pick up a hundred of them in an hour's time, each of whom will know about as much, be able to do about the same things, have the same general low standard of usefulness as the other. An advertisement in any leading daily newspaper in the United States for "a man for some light, respectable employment," would bring a thousand applicants in twenty-four hours, the majority of which would state that "wages would not be so much of an object as steady employment."

But no such response would be made for an advertisement for bricklayers or carpenters, or stone masons. No thousands of men clamorous to work at any price, would come trooping up in answer to an advertisement for blacksmiths, plumbers, painters, tinners or mechanics generally. Trade may be dull with those men, and wages low, but those who understand their business find no difficulty in securing steady employment.

Establishments in this and other cities, which employ miscellaneous laborers, are besieged by men willing to work at any price. Men who have been watchmen, policemen, barkeepers, conductors on street railways, passengers, collectors, clerks, copyists, book-keepers, and all that miscellaneous crowd throng to our lumber yards, and similar places and offer to work at carrying lumber or similar ordinary labor at from 75 cents to a dollar a day. But there are few, if any, mechanics in this crowd, and if those who claim to be such are examined it will be found that their mechanical skill is of the most ordinary kind.

This is the fate which overtakes those who at the outset of life scorned to bind themselves down to the unpleasant lot of an apprentice. They go to the railroad to beg employment in any capacity, and they find there in trusted positions, at fine salaries as conductors, engineers, master mechanics, etc., the men who a few years ago they looked down upon as greasy and dirty little Irish and German boys, who were following "low" and "ungenteel" business. The same is true wherever they go. Everywhere they find the despised apprentices of a few years ago are the men now having authority and position, to whom they must apply for places, and who will be their "bosses," if they get a place. Thus is the dignity of labor revenging itself.

How Poe Wrote His Raven.

Hartford Times.

Poe's new biographer, W. F. Gill rejects as nearly every one of sensibility and discrimination must, the poet's labored account of "The Raven" as a mere product of art, and seeks for a clew to the poem in the circumstances under which it was written. Poe was living at Bloomingdale, N. Y., and shortly before "The Raven" appeared "his child-wife," Virginia, whom he loved with a purity and intensity that was little short of adoration, was prostrated by a serious illness, which had previously afflicted her, and for some time her life hung by a thread. Animation was at times, indeed, seemingly suspended, and on one dreary December night, the poet was agonized to find her cold and breathless, apparently dead. In his lonely, silent vigils in what was, to all intents and purposes, the presence of death, many strange imageries, and much self-accusation naturally came to him. Although uniformly kind and tender to his wife, he had been weak and erring from his unfortunate susceptibility to liquor, and an exaggerated sense of wrong done to his lost loved one through his weakness, not unnaturally came to him at this time, exciting the most irrational remorse. His unreasoning, agonized repining undoubtedly took such complete possession of him as to thoroughly surcharge his mind with the imaginative reveries that no mortal ever dared to dream before; and in picturing to himself his wife as departed, his remorse also forbade him any hope of meeting her in the distant Aideen of the future. Mr. Gill follows this natural hypothesis with an analysis that rivals Poe's own for its ingenuity. The house where "The Raven" was written, by the way, has been absorbed into New York, with the rest of Bloomingdale, and is still standing on a rocky height near the corner of 84th street and the old Bloomingdale road, now the St. Nicholas boulevard. It is a plain, old-fashioned, double-framed dwelling, two stories high, with eight windows on each side and one at either end, with a pointed roof, flanked by two brick chimneys.

A COUPLE applied recently to a magistrate in Kentucky to join them in the bonds of wedlock. The man was hatless, coatless and shoeless, and the woman was nearly in the same condition. They had no license from the County Clerk, and no money to pay for one, but desired the J. P. P. to issue the license and perform the ceremony needed, and promised in payment therefor "to gather him a half bushel of walnuts this fall."

SENATOR MORTON belongs, it is said, to a paralytic family; his father and uncle died of paralysis; an aunt is lying ill with it now, and a brother has been more or less affected.

THE CRICKET.

BY D. S. FOSTER.

Oh! little cricket that the evening long
Dost tell thy story to the silent hours
While the dew falls upon the thirsty flowers!
What is the burden of thy ceaseless song?
A tale of love? or secrets that belong
To the dim solitudes of ruined towers,
Whose crumbling walls the ivy leaf embowers?
Or drolleries of Titania's shadowy throng?
Thou art a friend, so ancient legends tell
That with the power of mystic sorcery
Guardest the hearth where thou dost love to dwell,
And with thy quaint and pleasant company
The night's deep loneliness thou dost dispel,
Thou merry chief of insect minstrelsy.

—*Scribner for September.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

CINCINNATI claims to be the Paris of America.

MRS. PARTINGTON remarks that few persons now-a-days suffer from suggestion of the brain.

THE water is just warm enough for little boys to drown in it without danger of catching cold.—*St. Louis Journal.*

A CHILD thus defines gossip: "It's when nobody don't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it."

A SUNDAY school teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question: "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" said a little girl.

IT was a Vassar girl who, when a sailor of forty years' voyaging had been pointed out to her as an "old salt," subsequently alluded to him as "ancient chloride of sodium."

"THAT'S our family tree," said an Arkansas youth, as he pointed to a vigorous hemlock, and added, "A good many of our folks have been hung on that tree for borrowin' horses after dark."

"WELL, Mr. Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?" asked an employer of a new clerk. "Yes, sir," said Sniffles; "I've posted the ledger, but it was too big to go in the letter-box, so I had to take it inside."

A RICH, but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

"INSULT to the injury"—Domestic to family grocer—"Nothing this morning, thank you. But missis says, will you get a stamp and post this letter to the co-operative stores?"—*Punch.*

"WHAT I object to," said a Texas horse thief, as he was about to be drawn up, "is you hanging me here in the sun when there's plenty of shade close by. However, go ahead."

YOUNG HODGE (in expectation of a copper)—"Oi'll open the gate." Young lady on horseback—"You are a very civil lad. You don't come from these parts?" Young Hodge—"You're a liar. I dew!"—*Punch.*

DANBURY makes an agitated young man attempt to pop the question to a very pretty and self-possessed girl. He stutters and blunders, and she remarks, "Thomas, wait for your second wind." Which Thomas does.

THE peculiarity of the fly is that he always returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he always returns to another spot. Thus he differs from a leopard, which does not change his spots.

"MUSING on the infinite, eh?" said a facetious chap to a melancholy looking individual who was walking along the roadside with bowed head and serious countenance. "Well, yes; same thing—thinking of my debts."

AN old negro was complaining to a friend that an idle vagabond had struck him. "Well, did you hit him back?" No, sah!" said the old man, "I didn't touch him back, but I hit his head with a bean-pole."

A NEW YORK family who took their servent girl abroad with them recently, were delighted on reaching Paris to see her name figuring after theirs on the passenger list as "Mademoiselle Bridget McFinnigan."

A YOUNG lady lost a wallet containing $43, in a very foolish way recently. For safety she buried it in the sand before she went in to bathe, and when she came out she could not find it. This is the second instance of the kind this summer.—*Atlantic City Review.*

PAT, with three other fellows, meets a man: "How far is it to Pawtucket?" "About four miles." "Well, faith, that's not bad at all—only a mile apiece for us." "Whom do you want to see in Pawtucket?" "Be jabers, I want to see meself there the most of anybody?"

ACHMET PASHA has suicided. He never smiled after the Russians licked him at Nicopolis. He dropped and died, assisted by a razor. Fold his little turban round him, lay his Koran on his breast; he has cut his little windpipe; Achmet Pasha is at rest. Gone to meet Abdul-Aziz.—*St. Louis Journal.*

ANXIOUS mother to daughter, who desires to peep into the men's swimming-school: "You must be crazy, my child! The idea of taking you to the men's baths!" "But, mamma, at the exhibition I took a walk among the statues."—*Paris Charivari.*

THE only place yet heard from where stove-pipes are taken down and put up without profanity is the deaf and dumb asylum. But the victims keep up a terrible thinking, though, and all writing materials are carefully hidden for the time.—*N. Y. Mail.*

"DID you say I was the biggest liar you ever knew?" fiercely asked a ruffian of a counsel, who had been skinning him in his address to the jury. "Yes, I did," replied the counsel, and the crowd eagerly watched for the expected fight. "Well, then," said the ruffian, "all I've got to say is, that you could never 'a knowed my brother Jim."

A PORTER knocked violently at the door of a certain room at the Catskill Mountain House at half-past four in the morning. "Well, well," screamed the man inside, jumping out of bed; "what is it—fire, murder or sickness?" "Sunrise, sir," said the porter. "Thank heaven it is nothing worse!" exclaimed the man. And he got back into bed.

WHEN a woman wants to kill a tramp she is always careful to take the brickbat that keeps the kitchen door open, or some other old thing that is of no particular value or consequence; but when she gets mad at the man of the house she is just as liable to throw the best china bowl or nickel-plated cake basket as not.—*Unidentified Ex.*

HE waltzed out of the front door, followed by a wash-board and two bars of soap; and, as he straightened himself, and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw the line somewhere, or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one tub of water for no washing, and there ain't a woman can make me do it, unless she locks me in."

A PARIS paper says the honorable gentleman is seeking a re-election, and runs to meet his constituent from afar, hat in hand. "Good day my honorable sir. I trust your health is good?" "It is." "And your honorable wife is well, too, I hope?" "She is." "I was just thinking of you. I knew I should meet you, for just around the corner I had the pleasure of meeting your honorable dog."