WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

State Librarian

VOL. XXVIII. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872. NO. 41.

Professional Notices.

DENTAL CARD.

J. A. ARRINGTON, D. D. S. N. N. HAYS, D. D. S.

DRS. ARRINGTON & HAYS,

OFFER their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity in the practice of their profession—Dentistry.

☞ OFFICE—Over Hall's store, East side Public Square. sept 15, '66-tf.

DENTAL CARD.

DR. WM. B. SPENCER,

Surgeon Dentist

Office over J. W. Glass & Sons' corner Main and Market streets.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

Jan.30 30-tf.

J. T. Jones, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Jackson, Tenn.

Office on Shannon St. E. of Court House.

☞ N. B. Special attention given to country as well a city practice.

July 20 3m

DR. JNO. CHESTER. DR. SAM. H. CHESTER

Dr. John Chester

Has associated with him in the practice of medicine, his brother,

Dr. Sam'l H. Chester,

And offer their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.

☞ Office on the corner of Royal and Chester Streets. may20-tf

Dr. R. R. DASHIELL

OFFERS his professional services, in all branches of Medicine and Surgery, to this community and its vicinity.

Office on Main street, opposite to the Presbyterian Church.

N. B.—Dr. D. will treat diseases of the eye, and perform all the surgical operations necessary to their radical cure. Jan 9-1y

Dr. S. R. Hubbard,

Having located in

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,

Offers his services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity. Special attention given to the diseases of women and children.

Office at his Residence, on Main st.

mar. 9 1y.

Dr. L. B. HERRON,

Having permanently located in

Jackson, Tennessee,

TENDERS his professional services to the city and surrounding country.—He is a regular graduate of Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, and has an experience of sixteen years uninterrupted practice. His charges will be moderate, and all calls promptly attended. Headquarters at Pendleton & Duncan's, No. 5 Bond's Block. Residence on College street, first door West Mob. and Ohio railroad. Feb 17, 1872-tf.

LAWRENCE E. TALBOT,

Attorney at Law,

AND

COLLECTING AGENT,

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

Office over Neely and Roberts' new Drug Store. july 6-tf.

JNO. A. HARRISON,

Attorney at Law,

—AND—

COLLECTING AGENT,

No. 517½ CHESTNUT STREET,

Room No. 1.

Dec 23-1y ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. B. CARUTHERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jackson, Tennessee,

WILL practice in all the Courts of Madison and surrounding counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Tennessee. All civil claims attended to promptly.

☞ Office Second door South East Corner Public Square. jan 28-tf.

Bullock & Bullock,

AND

JNO. L. BROWN,

ARE now occupying those elegant offices over Collin's China Store, in Anderson and Taylor's block, corner of Market and Lafayette streets. Entrance at the West end of Collins' store, on LaFayette street.

dec3-1m

JNO. L. H. & H. W. TOMLIN

ATTORNEYS AND

Councellors at Law,

North East Cor. Public Square, Second Story.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

WILL practice in the various Courts of Madison and the adjoining Counties, and also in the Supreme and Federal Courts of West Tennessee. All collecting entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

☞ Office North East Public Square.

ROBT. W. HAYNES. C. G. BOND.

Haynes & Bond,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Judge Brown's old office,

Main St., Jackson, Tennessee.

WILL PRACTICE in the Supreme Court at Jackson; the Chancery, Circuit, County and the various Magistrates' Courts of Madison county, Tenn., and elsewhere, when specially retained. Oct 29-tf

STODDERT CARUTHERS. E. S. MALLORY

Caruthers & Mallory,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

COLLECTING AGENTS,

JACKSON, TENN.

☞ Office in Luckey's new building.

oct21-1y

J. M. REAVIS,

Manufacturer of

Tin, Copper & Sheet-iron Work

And Dealer in

STOVES

STAMPED

Japanned and Britannia Ware.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING done in the best style, and all kinds of repairing in my line,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Extra Stove Vessels always on hand. All goods and work warranted.

SIGN OF THE BIG COFFEE POT.

7, LaFAYETTE, STREET.

Jackson, Tenn.

feb11-1y

Chancery Sale.

In Chancery, at Jackson, Tenn.

J. N. and R. J. Haynes vs. W. D. Fullerton.

BY virtue of an interlocutory decree for sale, entered in the above cause at the special June term, 1872, of the Chancery Court of Madison County, Tenn., I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house door in Jackson, Tenn., on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

within legal hours, the following described property, lying in the 10th civil district of Madison county, Tenn., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning on the Southwest corner of a 274 acre entry, in the name of C. Johnson, and runs thence North 49 poles to a stake; thence West 139 7-10 poles to a stake; thence South 49 poles to a stake; thence East 45 poles to a stake; South 160 poles to a stake; thence East 85 poles to a stake; thence North 169 poles to the beginning.

All of said land will be sold, or so much thereof as will be necessary to satisfy complainants' debt ($700 25) together with the costs of this suit.

TERMS OF SALE.—On a credit of seven months; purchaser to execute note with approved security, and a lien retained.—Equity of redemption barred on confirmation of sale.

D. M. WISDOM, C. & M.

Campbell & McCorry, Sols. aug10-4t

TAKE

SIMMONS'

LIVER disease and Indigestion prevails to a greater extent than probably any other malady, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the [illegible] Stomach, Liver is regulated in its [illegible] action, health is almost invariably secured. [illegible] bad taste in the mouth, bilious attack, Want of action in the Liver causes palpitation of Headache, Constipation, Jaun[dice], Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour [illegible] the heart, depression of spirits, or blues, and a hundred other symptoms which Simmons' Liver Regulator is the best remedy for that has ever been discovered. It acts mildly, effectually, and, being a simple vegetable compound, can do no injury. It is harmless in every way; it has been

LIVER

Regulator.

used for forty years, and hundreds of the good and great from all parts of the country will vouch for its virtues.

SYMPTOMS

The symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility, and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the Liver is generally the organ most involved.

LIVER DISEASE

Price $1.00 per package; sent by Mail, postage paid, $1.25; prepared, ready for use, in bottles, $1.50.

Manufactured only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.

For sale by all Druggists.

mar. 2 6m.

KING'S PALACE

Recreation

AND

PLEASURE.

D. H. KING, Proprietor.

The proprietor of the widely known KING'S PALACE, desires to remind the public whose inclenation or business confinements induces them to seek amusement and exercise, that they will find KING'S PALACE, as heretofore, the

FAVORITE RESORT

in the city of Jackson, and that no pains or expenses will be spared to add to its attractions in the future. His

BILLIARD HALL

is fitted up with superb style, and is supplied the best of Billiard Tables and appurtenances, affording a pleasant and harmless recreation as well as amusement.

King's Bar.

is stocked with the *Purest and Best Brands*

WINES,

LIQUORS,

AND CIGARS

Of all kinds, and the most fastidious taste cannot fail to be satisfied.

Lighted up with Gas.

KING'S BLOCK OF BUILDINGS, including Bar Room and Billiard Hall have been Lighted up with GAS, which will be recognized by the Knights of the Cue as a great improvement over the Coal Oil lights.

In short he is determined that the KING'S PALACE shall be the Great Centre of Attraction to those who desire an hour's recreation or are in quest of amusement, and most cordially invites his friends and the public generally to come and see.

S. H. Brazelton,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER

AND DEALER IN

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

Jackson, Tenn.

mar18-tf.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

The Best Stock in West Tenn.

THREE HUNDRED ACRES OF FIRST rate farming land, seven miles West of Jackson, with plenty of open land, plenty of timber, plenty of never failing water, and a comfortable improvement. Will be sold in a body, or divided to suit purchasers. Enquire of

feb10-1y. DON. CAMERON.

Isaiah B. Young. Joseph K. Frick.

Young & Frick,

Architects and Superintendents,

No. 66 North Fifth St.,

EVANSVILLE, IND.

DESIGNS, Plans and Specifications, with full and accurate Working Drawings prepared for any description of building, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Court Houses, School Houses, Hospitals, Private Residences, &c. may 4 1y.

DANIEL G. MARK. JAS. M. WARREN

MARK & WARREN,

(The Oldest Crockery House in the City.)

Direct Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

QUEENSWARE

French and English

CHINA, GLASSWARE,

Lamps, Looking Glasses, &c

ALSO—An immense stock of Glass Fruit Jars, Jelly Cups and best Sealing Wax, just received. Send for Price List.

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EVANSVILLE, IND.

We import our own goods direct from the Potteries of Staffordshire England and Limoges France, via New Orleans, hence pay no second hand profits which rightfully belong to our customers.

We have the exclusive controll of

MEAKIN'S

Celebrated Stone China Ware,

in this city. Our long experience in business and extensive facilities enable us to compete successfully with any house in the country. Special attention given to orders.

☞ Send for our price list.

mar. 4-1y

St. Louis, Memphis. Nashville and Chattanooga R.R. Line.

Central Short Route,

VIA.

McKENZIE TO NASHVILLE,

AND POINTS IN MIDDLE TENN.

THE best and only direct route from West Tennessee to Nashville, and via. Nashville to Louisville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, &c.

Double Daily Trains pass Humbolt going East, with Sleeping Car to Nashville on night trains, and through passenger cars on day trains. The only route by which passengers are not compelled to change cars betwe n Humboldt and Nashville.

Through cars on day trains, and sleeping cars on night trains run through between Memphis and Nashville, only by this route.

J. W THOMAS, Gen. Supt.

W. K. DANLEY, G. P. & F. A.

jan28-tf N. & C. and N. & N. W. R. R.

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

W. W. GATES. D. M. WISDOM.

J. T. HICKS.

Under the Firm and Style of

W. W. GATES & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year, *invariably in advance.*

Single copies 10 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Advertisements inserted for a less term than three months will be charged $1 50 per square of eight lines, or less, for the first insertion, and $1 for each subsequent insertion.

Local Notices 20 cts. per line—for each insertion.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	3 MONTHS.	6. MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
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2 "	20 00	30 00	40 00
3 "	25 00	40 00	50 00
¼ column.	30 00	50 00	75 00
½ "	50 00	90 00	160 00
1 "	80 00	160 00	300 00

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Where advertisements are ordered to be unusually displayed they will be charged for according to the space they occupy; one inch to constitute a square.

Sheriffs, Clerks and Rangers, who send us their patronage will receive the Whig without charge.

☞ CANDIDATES—For announcing candidates for County offices and the Legislature, $10; for Congress $20; for Municipal and civil district offices, $5—all in advance.

TWO BLUSH ROSES.

A blush rose lay in the summer;
There were golden lights in the sky,
And a woman saw the blossom,
As she stood with her lover nigh.

A band in the flowery distance
Played a dreamy Italian air,
Like a memory changed to music,
And it drifted everywhere.

'Twas an exiled love of its Southland,
That air, and its delicate walls
Were only the wandering echoes
Of the songs of nightingales.

"I love you," he tenderly whispered;
"I love you," she answered as low;
And the music grew sweeter and sweeter,
Because it had listened, I know.

But she look'd at the rose in the summer,
And said, with a tremulous tear,
"The love that now beats in my bosom
Will bloom in a blush rose next year."

A blush rose lay in the summer,
There were golden lights in the sky,
And a woman saw the blossom—
As she stood with her lover nigh.

The band in the flowering distance
Played the dreamy Italian air,
Like a memory changed to music,
And it drifted everywhere.

"I love you," he tenderly whispered;
"I love you," she timidly said;
And the music grew sadder and sadder,
And the blush rose before them dropp'd dead.

Then he knew that the music remember'd,
And he knew the love that had beat
Last year in her beautiful bosom
Lay dead in the rose at his feet.

MARRYING A CONVICT.

I had served twenty-five years on board an East Indiaman, and for the last ten years had commanded the *Belle*, one of the finest crafts that ever floated. I was an old sea dog, and had dwelt so long on salt water that I felt almost a hatred for the land.

On the 20th of October, 1824, I received orders to put myself in readiness to sail for Cayenne. I was to transport seventy-five soldiers and a convict. I had orders to treat this individual well, and the letter I had received from the directory enclosed another, with a huge red seal, which I was not to open until between 27 and 28 deg. west longitude; that is, just before we were about to cross the line.

The letter was a long packet, so well closed on every side that it was impossible to catch the slightest glimpse of its contest. I am not naturally superstitious, but there was something in the look of the letter that I did not altogether like, though I could give no reason why. However, I carried it into the cabin, and stuck it under the glass of a little shabby English clock, which was fasteneded above my head. I was busy fixing the letter under the clock, when who should come into my cabin but the convict and his wife! This was the first time I had seen either of them, and I may say that a more prepossessing couple I never met. The woman was scarcely more than fifteen, and as handsome as a picture; while the husband was an intelligent, magnificently formed man, on whose features nature had never written "villain."

His crime, to be plain, was the misfortune of being a hundred years ahead of his age. He and others had attempted something which our government called treason, and which it punished with death. It therefore occasioned me considerable wonder that he should be placed under my charge; but more of this afterward.

He had, as I said, his wife hanging on his arm. She was as merry as a bird; she looked like a turtle dove cooing and nestling beneath his great wing.

Before a month had passed over our heads, I looked upon them as my own children. Every morning I used to called them into my cabin. The young fellow would sit writing at my table; that is to say, at my chest, which was my bed. He would often help me at reckoning, and soon learned to do better than I could. I was amazed at his ability. His young wife would sit upon one of the round stools in my cabin, working at her needle.

One day we were all three sitting in this way when I said:

"Do you know, my young ones, as it seems to me we make a very pretty family picture? Mind, I don't mean to ask questions, but may be you have not much money to spare, and you are, both of you, as I think, too handsome to dig in the burning sun of Cayenne, like many a poor wretch before you. It's a bad country—a bad country, take my word for it. I, who have roughed it through tempest, and sunshine, till I've the skin of a rhinoceros, might get along there; but you, I am afraid for you. So if you should chance to have a bit of foolish friendship for your poor old captain, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get rid of this brig; she's not much better than an old tub, after all; so I'll settle myself down there with you, if you like. You see I have not a living soul in the world to care for, or that cares for me. I want relations, I want a home, I want a family. I should like to make my home with you, my pretty young ones! What say ye?"

They said nothing at all, but sat looking, first at each other and then at me, as if they doubted whether they understood what I said.

At last, the little bird threw her arms around my neck and cried like a baby.

"But," said she, suddenly pausing, "you haven't looked at the letter with the big red seal."

"Hang it!" I exclaimed, "it had slipped my mind entirely."

With a cold, dreadful sensation, I went to my chest to see where we were. I found that we had several days remaining before we should reach the proper longitude for opening the letter.

Well, there we stood, all three of us, looking up at the letter as if it could have spoken to us. As it happened the sun was shining full upon the face of the clock case, and fell upon the great staring red seal of the letter. I could not help fancying it looked something like a big monster, an ogre's face, grinning from the middle of the fire; it looked horrid.

"Could not one fancy," said I, to make them laugh, "it's great big eyes were starting out of its head?"

"Ah, my love," said the wife, "it looks like blood."

"Pooh, pooh!" said her husband, taking her arm under his, "it looks like a letter of invitation to a wedding. Come, come, leave the letter alone if it troubles you so. Let's go to our room and prepare for bed."

And off they went. They went upon deck and left me with that beast of a letter. I remember that I kept looking at it as I smoked my pipe; it seemed to fix its great eye upon mine, fascinating like the eye of a serpent. It was red, wide, raw, staring like the maw of a fierce wolf. I took my great coat and hung it over both clock and letter and went out upon deck.

We were now in the vicinity of Cape de Verde Islands—the *Belle* was running before a fair wind at the rate of ten miles an hour. It was a splendid tropical night, the stars large and shining; the moon rising above the horizon, as large as a sun of silver, the line of ocean parting it, and long streams of bare, shimmering light falling upon the waves, which, as they broke, sparkled like jewels. I sat upon the deck, smoking my pipe, and looking at them.

All was still, except the footfall of the officer of the watch, as he paced the deck, gazing, as I was, upon the shadow of the vessel, stealing over the silent water.

I love silence and order—I hate noise and confusion. The lights should all have been extinguished by this time; but when I looked upon the deck I thought I saw a little red hue of light beneath my feet. At another time and place this would have made me angry; but knowing that the light came from the cabin of my little *deportes*, I determined to see what they were about.

I had only to look down—I could see into the cabin from the skylight. The young girl was upon her knees, she was saying her prayers. A lamp swinging from the ceiling lighted her room. She had on a long white nightdress, and her fair, golden hair floated over her shoulders, and almost touched two little bare feet, which were peeping from under her white dress, so pretty, I turned away; but pshaw! said I, I am an old sailor! What matters it? So I stayed.

The husband was sitting upon a little trunk, his head resting on his hands, looking at her as she prayed. She raised her face to heaven, and then I saw her eyes were filled with tears. She looked like a Magdalene. As she rose, he said:

"Ah, my sweet Laurette, as we approach America, I cannot help being anxious—I do not know why, but I feel that this voyage has been the happiest part of our lives."

"So it seems to me," she answered. "I only wish it might last forever."

Suddenly clasping his hands in a transport of love and affection, he said:

"And yet, my little angel, I see you cry when you say your prayers, and that I cannot stand, for I know what causes it, and then I fear you must repent what you have done."

"Repent," she said, in a sad, rebuking tone. "Repent of having come with you. Do you think because I have been yours only such a very short time, that I should not love! Was I not your wife? How can you be sorry that I should be with you, to live with you if you live, and to die with you if you are to die?"

The young man began to sigh, striking the floor impatiently with his feet, while he kissed repeatedly the little hand and arm which she was holding out.

"Ah, Laurette, Laurette! When I think if our marriage had been delayed only five days, that then I should have been arrested and transported alone, I cannot forgive myself.

At this the little one stretched out her round white arms, clasped his head, pressed his forehead, his hair, his eyes, smiling like a cherub, and murmuring all sorts of woman's fond things. I was quite affected, and considered it one of the prettiest scenes I had ever witnessed.

"And besides, we are so very rich too!" said she, bursting out laughing. "Look at my purse, one gold louis d'or—all my worldly wealth."

He began to laugh too.

"Yes, dear, I have spent my last half crown. I gave it to the fellow who carried our trunks on board."

"Ah, poor!" cried she, "what matters it? Nobody so merry as those that having nothing at all; besides I have my two diamond rings that my mother gave me; they are good for something all the world over; we can sell them when you like; and besides, I am sure that the captain meant kindly by us, and I suspect he knows very well what is in the letter. It is a recommendation to the Governor of Cayenne."

"Perhaps so; who knows?"

"To be sure it is," continued the charming little wife. "You are so good, I am sure the government has banished you only for a short time. I know they have no feeling against you."

It was high time that the light should be stricken out, and now I rapped on the deck and called them to do so.

They instantly obeyed, and I heard them laughing and chattering like two innocent school-fellows.

One morning when I awoke I was surprised not to feel the slightest motion of the vessel. Hurrying on deck, I found that we were becalmed. Latitude, one degree north: longitude, between twenty-seven and twenty-eight degrees west.

I waited until night, when I descended to my cabin and opened the letter with a dull, awful feeling. I held my breath while I broke the big red seal, and read:

"CAPTAIN FONTAINBLEAU: The convict, Antoine Hindsclear, stands convicted of high treason against the Republic. The directory order that he be shot in mid-ocean, and you are hereby instructed to see that these orders are carried into effect."

I read the letter backward and forward. I went on deck. There they were, she looking upon the ocean, and he gazing upon her with an expression of unutterable fondness. Catching his eye, I signed for him to come into the cabin, and bidding her good-by, he came down, his face all smiles.

I was bathed in a cold sweat; I felt as if deadly sick; I handed him the letter, and he read it, together with the death warrant, which was drawn up in due form and attached. I gathered voice as he finished.

He colored slightly and bowed.

"I ask nothing, captain," he said, in the same gentle voice that always characterized his speech: "no man can be expected to swerve from his duty. I only wish to speak a few words to Laurette, and to entreat you to take care of her if she survives—I hardly think she will."

"All that is fair, my good fellow," I cried. "If you request it, I will carry her back to France, to her family. I will never leave her until she wishes to be rid of me, but I do not think she will survive it."

He took my hand and pressed it.

"Most kind captain, I see you suffer more in this business than I do—but there is no help for it. I trust you will preserve what little property of mine is left, for her sake, and that you will take care she gets what her poor old mother may leave her. I put her life, her honor in your hands. She is" (and how fondly low his voice became) "a delicate little creature—her chest is often affected; she must keep it warm; and if she should keep the two diamond rings her mother gave her, I should be glad; but, of course if money is needed, they must go. My poor Laurette—how pretty she looks."

It was getting too much for me, and I began to knit my brows.

"One word is as good as a thousand," I said. "We understand each other. Go to her."

I squeezed his hand; he looked wistful at me, and I added: "Stay a moment, let me give you a word of advice. Don't say a word to her; be easy; that is my business. It shall be managed in the best manner."

"Ah!" said he, "I did not understand; yes, much better. Besides, this leave taking—this leave taking!"

"Yes," said I, "don't behave like a child—much better. No leave taking if you can help it, or you are lost."

I kept my seat. I saw them walking arm in arm upon the deck for about half an hour.

I called the mate to me, and when he had read the letter, I said:

"Garley, that is bad business—bad business. I put it in your hands. I obey the orders, but remain in the cabin until it is over."

"How do you wish the thing done?" he asked in a nonchalant manner.

"Take him in a boat—out of sight; do it as quick as possible; don't say anything of this till the time comes."

Garley sat five minutes looking at me without saying a word. He was a strrnge fellow. I didn't know what to make of him. He then went out of the cabin without saying a word.

Night came at last.

"Man a boat; go a quarter of a mile; be quick."

To obey a slip of paper; for it was but a slip of paper after all. Something in the very air must have urged me on. I saw the young man kneel down before his Laurette; kiss her knees; her feet; her gown! I cried like a madman.

"Part them! Part them this instant! Part them—curse the republic—curse the directory—the directors! I quit the service! Curse the lawyers! You may tell them if you will!"

She was dragged into her berth, and the boat rowed away in the darkness.

Sometime after a dull volley came over the sea to the vessel. It was all over.

Fool, madman! How I paced the deck and cursed myself. All night long I paced back and forth, and all night long I heard the moaning of the poor stricken bird.

Often I halted and attempted to throw myself into the sea and so end this horrible torture of brain and heart.

Days passed; I saw nothing of Laurette. I would not see her. She avoided me, and I was glad of it. I could not bear the sight of that woe stricken face.

The mate, Garley, how I hated him! He was as cool and unconcerned as though he had no remembrance of shooting the poor wretch.

At Cayenne I resigned my ship. Going to the city, I made all my arrangements, and took the steamer for New York. I placed ample funds in the hands of a trusty friend, and told him to send Laurette to me at the end of six months. I could not see her until her grief had lost its edge.

Weary, sick and careless of my life, I wandered off into New York State, and finally bought a little place where I hoped I should lie down and die.

I sent for Laurette. Poor bird, I must see her. I could wait no longer.

One summer night I sat in the porch of my house, smoking my pipe, and gazing down the road. Soon the rumble of wheels was heard, and the stage halted.

The next moment a pair of soft arms was round my neck, and the head of my sobbing Laurette was on my bosom.

'Oh! you dear excellent captain—'

"Heavens! who is that behind you?"

There stood the manly form of Antoine Hindsclear, the convict.

"What does this mean." I demanded, hardly knowing whether I was dreaming or not.

"Are you glad to see me?"

"Thank God! thank God!" was all I could ejaculate.

I understood it all. The mate, Garley had read my heart better than I did myself. After leaving the brig in the boat, he arranged the whole affair. The volley was fired but no bullet touched Antoine Hindsclear. He was smuggled into his berth again, and took care to avoid my sight. The whole crew were in the plot, and, thank God, I was duped.

I sent Garley a thousand dollars as a reward.

I am now an old man; but I am happy. My children and grandchildren, (I call them noshing else) seem to think old Captain Fontainbleau is not such a wertch after all.

A Pointer Horse.

A Kentuckian and a yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse, and the latter wanted to "swap," but he did not not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey he made his horse do this trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream, over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian on the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he had reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the horse on his haunches.

"Look here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream. "I want to know what's the matter with this horse?"

"Stranger," cried the Yankee preparing to ride away, 'that there hoss will pint at fish jist as well as he will at fowls."

AN ARABIAN HORSE.—Three days since arrived from Egypt, consigned to this office an Arabian horse, the property of Col. Walter Jenifer, of the Khedive's army. Mr. Marsh, the efficient Superintendent of the Adams Express stables has, with the public spirit which characterizes the great corporation to which he belongs, kindly taken charge of him until he can be forwarded to Mr. Daniel Jenifer in Maryland. This horse is full fifteen hands high, with a full, lustrous, intelligent eye, and a coat like white satin; his hooffs are small and well-shaped, and his legs are as clean and nervous as those of a stag; in a word, he fills the ideal of the Steed of the desert.

An hour after landing from his tedious voyage of six thousand miles, he was as active and playful as a kitten, and as affectionate and as gentle as a spaniel. As the beautiful creature goes into the stnd on his arrival in Maryland, it may be well to put on record what is known of his history. Nearly two years ago, Col. Walter Jenifer; Inspector-General of the Egyptain cavalry, went with Col. Skinner, our Field and Farm Editor, to inspect two regiments of cavalry stationed at Zag-a-Zig, in Lower Egypt. Conspicuous among some two thousand horses paraded was this white stallion, just arrived, and called Ismael. He belonged to an officer who got him a colt from one of the wild Bedouins. After tedious negotiations, Col. Jenifer made him his own at a long figure.—*Turf Field & Farm.*

The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquire a loftiness of purpose and moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A dreadful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

KATHIE'S NEW SHOES.

"Mamma, oh, mamma! There's a great big hole in my shoe! Just see, mamma, don't it look funny?"

The poor, tired, hardworking woman looked wearily at the little gaping shoe and said: "No, Kathie, it does not look funny at all. I am very sorry you were so careless of these, for you know papa has to work hard to give us enough to eat, and I think you will have to go barefooted for awhile."

The child's lip quivered, but she said nothing; only ran out-doors again to her mud-pies by the old wood-shed, thinking to herself: "I know my papa has to work hard, and I'm sorry; but a great big stone cutted my shoe, and I didn't do it a bit!" And a tear rolled down the fat, rosy cheek. "Oh, dear! I wish I was a great big man like papa, and I'd have a gold house, and a silver chair, and lots of things. An' mamma should come and live with me, and—and—Oh, my! Where is my Seraphina Amanda Jane?" And off ran Kathie after the doll.

It was a very strange dolly, and I doubt if ever a little girl who lives in the Eastern States has seen one like it. Its body was a clothes-pin, with two hair pins for arms, and a walnut head! The face was inked on, and one corner of the mouth twisted up and met one corner of the eye in a very strange manner!—Poor Dolly had no joints, and always had to sleep with her eyes open.

But its little mistress dressed it in scraps of silk and muslin that mamma had hid away, and altogether, Seraphina Amanda Jane was quite a stylish young lady; at least so thought Kathie.

That night at the tea-table Mrs. Harris said: "John, Kathie has worn out her shoes. Can we afford her any new ones?"

"Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare,"

said papa, laughing. Then he added: "Kathie might pick berries and earn some shoes!"

So all the evening Kathie sat on the doorstep repeating to herself:—"Earn some shoes! What did papa mean? I ain't anything but a little girl yet. When I'm a big man like papa, then I'll earn shoes."

And the last thing she said before she went to sleep was—"Oh—how I—wish—I—could!" And she dreamed that a little man came and threw some bright, red shoes with blue ties and silver toes, right on the foot of her bed and then ran away.

The next day, after Kathie had wiped the spoons and forks, she said:

"Now, mamma, may I go out and play?"

"Yes," said mamma. And off ran the little girl; the pink sun-bonnet falling back and showing the soft brown curls, the little shoe gaping like a hungry robin, the pretty dress blowing behind her in the wind, and Seraphina tucked under her arm with legs sticking out very straight behind, and arms very straight in front, and a kind of beseeching look on her blacked face.

The meadow was full of tall, waving grass, but away at the further end grew some bushes. Kathie ran to them and eagerly commenced her search. Alas! no berries. Almost ready to cry with disappointment, she thought: "I'll just go over this old stump fence, then I guess there will be a lot there. May be *five bushels!*" So she ran on, speaking occasionally to Seraphina: "Well, 'Manda Jane, when I get home with all the berries you mustn't tell, 'cause I want to s'prise 'em all.—Now, you won't, will you?"

I suppose Amanda must have said "No," for Kathie continued: "That is a good child. An' I'm goin' to buy a pair of shoes for my own self. Won't that be nice? And perhaps I'll buy you some, too."

The next field proved barren, as did the next also. Still the child ran on, until at last she came upon a bush quite full of berries—great, sweet, blackberries.

"Oh, Seraphina, see here! See what I've found!" And she fell eagerly to picking, but suddenly stopped.

"Why, Seraphina 'Manda Jane Harris, I've been an' gone an' come 'thout any pail! Oh, I can take my apron." And she lifted it and picked into it until the bush was empty.

"Come, dollie, let's go and find some more; 'cause I don't believe I've got as much as two hundred quarts, and papa said a man 'way off, wanted *two hundred quarts!*—Just think how rich I'll be!"

She walked on silently for a few moments; but she must have seen a weary expression on dollie's face, for she remarked: "Poor 'Manda, you is hungry, an' so am I. But I want to save all the berries, and *I* haven't eaten *one*. And, 'Manda, I don't b'lieve God pounded in a great many berry-bushes. But you must be a good girl an' not fwet about it."

'Manda only smiled, calmly.

The next field had several loaded bushes, but so far off! And the poor little feet were very tired.—Never mind, she was earning shoes. So on trotted the little girl, making a pretty picture. The grass was so long that nothing could be seen but a pink sun-bonnet above it. Suddenly Kathie cried out: "Why, Seraphina Amanda Jane! *where's* our house? I don't see it at all. We've gone an' got lost, and we'll die and be all eated up, an' nobody won't never find us, an'—"

Here the little maiden seated herself on a stone, and cried, despairingly. But, looking up at length, she said: "I guess may be papa'll find us. Let's say our prayers, then go to sleep. 'I pray the Lord—pray the Lord—to find my house—again!'" And the little head sank down in the grass, asleep.

The sun had disappeared behind the western hills when Mrs. Harris finished ironing a little dress, and bethought herself that she had not seen the owner of the article for some time.

Tea was ready, and she went to the door and called. No answer.—Then she looked up the road, and down the road, and through the house and barn, and even into the old corn-crib, where Kathie sometimes made mud-pies, but no little girl. She rushed to the wide, back piazza, and said.

'John, *Kathie is lost!*"

"Nonsense." But he took his hat from the peg behind the door and went out.

Nearly two hours of fruitless searching, and Mr. Harris began to despair. He knew that "*lost*" on the great Western prairies meant a very different thing from "*lost*" in the Eastern cities.

But at length, weary and heartsick, he stumbled on a very strange thing to find on the open prairie.—A child, with long, curling hair, damp with dew; flushed cheeks, damp with something else; and one corner of a little check apron, nearly full of berries, held fast in her hand, while dollie lay cuddled up under the arm. There were no stains about the mouth, showing that the child had been faithful to her errand.

As her father lifted her in his arms, she turned uneasily in her slumber and murmured, "I am earnin' shoes!"

With his own eyes suspiciously wet, he carried her home, and laid her, doll, berries and all, in her mother's arms.

The next morning, when Kathie woke in her own little bed at home, she expressed no surprise, but simply asked:

"Oh, mamma, where are *the berries?*"

"Safe, my darling."

"And may I sell 'em? Have I got more'n two hundred quarts? An' get some shoes for my own self?—An'—"

"Hush, Kathie. Wait and see," answered mamma.

So it came about that the next time papa went to town he brought home with him a pair of bright copper-toed shoes, which Kathie took to bed with her every night, and carried around with her every day.

Mrs. Harris overheard her, after displaying them to Seraphina for the fiftieth time, say:

"Well, 'Manda, we had a hard time, didn't we? I don't see why God let us run away so far and get lost. Maybe he was a lookin' at somefin' else, and forgetted all about you and me pickin' berries way down here. There, now!—Don't you cry, cause if you are very good, maybe I'll let you wear my shoes sometimes. Only you haven't got any feet!"—*Christian Union.*

Andrew Jackson.

What host of associations the name of Andrew Jackson calls up! Anything in reference to his wonderful career is always of interest to his countrymen, and heard or read with an avidity that is never wearied. It is known that Grant employs military secretaries. This has been objected to, on the ground that an officer of the army cannot hold an office purely civil. The Radicals justify the practice, and refer for precedent to what they allege as a fact, that General Jackson employed Major Donelson to act as his private secretary. The Pittsburg Post in reference to this subject, says that during the time that Donelson was attached to the Presidential household he held no military commission whatever. He was not, however, the private secretary of the President during his whole term of office, and we are not sure that he was, properly speaking, even during a portion of the time. The gentleman who held the position of confidential friend, adviser and private secretary of President Jackson during the greater portion of his term of office, was the late Judge Hayward, of Ohio, who died at an advanced age at McConnellsville in that State, a few years ago. In regard to General Jackson's habits, our cotemporary furnishes this interesting information: "From a personal acquaintance with the latter gentleman, the writer is authoritatively enabled to correct an error that is very generally accepted as an historical fact; namely, that President Jackson was in the habit of swearing, and that 'By the Eternal' was a favorite oath with him. The use of this expletive, in connection with the South Carolina nullification, is set down as a fact in history. Nothing could be further from the truth.—Judge Hayward has repeatedly assured us that during his long and intimate acquaintance with General Jackson he never knew him to indulge in an oath, and but rarely to exhibit temper. Judge Hayward himself wrote the celebrated Nullification Proclamation at Jackson's suggestion, and we believe that his family still have the original draft with the President's erasures and interlineations. It was read to the General in his private study, before being submitted to the Cabinet, and its entire scope and bearing was calmly discussed, and none of that firy excitement exhibited which has generally been ascribed to him, 'and,' in the language of Judge Hayward, 'nothing could be more absurd than the statement that he lost his reason over so grave a subject, and permitted his lips, that were free from such defilements, to be sullied by an oath. He was calmest when the exigencies that surrounded him were the greatest.'"

What the Gossips Said.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,
"While shopping in the town,
Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked,
Smith bought his goods of Brown."

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
Who cast her eyelids down;
"I've heard it said to-day, my friend,
Smith got his goods from Brown!"

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
With something of a frown:
"I've heard strange news, what do you think?
Smith took his goods from Brown!"

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town;
"I've heard to-day such shocking news—
Smith stole his goods from Brown!"

Greeley and the Democratic Party

Gov. Randolph, in a speech before the New Jersey Democratic Convention, made this point:

"I know that we shall be charged with placing our life-long opponent at the head of our column in the day of an almost assured victory. All this is true, but it is equally true that Mr. Greeley will only take the leadership of the party that elect him, after he has pronounced himself fully in favor of such old-fashioned Democratic principles, as hostility to centralization, opposition to Federal interference in State and local affairs, condemnation of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, full support of amnesty, rigid adherence to civil reform, opposition to bayonet election laws, and the like. Now, if Greeley can accommodate himself to such uncompromising Democratic views as these, we can accept the conversion; and if it be a trifle sudden and unexpected, so was St. Paul's, you know, yet, no one questioned the sincerity of St. Paul's conversion, nor had occasion to doubt it ever after."

The Bachelor.

Where is there a more pitable object on earth than a man who has no smiable woman interested in his welfare? How dismal does his desolate room appear when he comes home at night weary and hungry, and sees a barren table and a lonely pillow, which looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment.—See the old bachelor in the dark afternoon of life, when his heart is sinking to its sunderance! Not a solitary memory gleams over his opening grave! No weeping wife to bend like a comforting angel over his dying pillow, and wipe the death damp from his brow! No fond daughter to draw his chilly hand into the soft pressure of hers, and warm his icy blood with reviving fires of availing affection! No manly boy to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind his history in the vast volume of the world he is leaving forever! He has eaten and drank, and drank and died, and earth is glad she's got rid of him, for he had little else to do than to cram his soul into the circumference of a sixpence; and no human being save his washerwoman will breathe a sigh at his funeral.

Perils of the Drug Store.

The New Orleans Picayune says: A correspondent makes some pertinent remarks on the unlawful licensing of uneducated druggists.—As an illustration of the vital importance of a thorough knowledge of medical chemistry to qualify a person for compounding prescriptions, it may be mentioned that not long since a physician tried an experiment to satisfy himself as to the extent of the danger incurred on account of ignorance in this regard. Calling at a certain drug store he presented the following prescription: "Hydrag clor. mitis., grs. x.; soda bycarb., grs. x.; ammonia murias., grs. x." Saying he would call for the mixture in a few minutes, he turned as if to go, when the druggist, in an excited tone, called him back. "Doctor," said the latter, "I can't make up these ingredients for anybody to take; you must have made a mistake." "How so?" said the doctor. "Why don't you see that here are all the equivalents to constitute corrosive sublimate?" "Of course I do," was the answer; "but I have submitted the same prescription at a dozen different places, and you are the first one who has objected to putting it up, or indicated any suspicion of its deadly nature."

Good Words.

To those whose only object in life is the mere accumulation of worldly possessions, who regard only their present condition, and along whose pathway no flowers bloom, the following good words, from the pen of M. S. Conway, may be read with profit:

"There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world, thriving in business, successful in speculation, if he be a man out of our own line, who does not come into competition with us so as to make us jealous of him, we are too apt to form a foolish high opinion of his merits. We are too apt to say within ourselves, "What a wonderful man he must be to rise so rapidly?" forgetting that dust and straw and feathers, things with neither weight nor value in them, rise the soonest and easiest. In like manner it is not the truly great and good man generally speaking, who rises the most rapidly into wealth and notice. A man may be sharp, active, quick, dextrous, cunning; he may be ever on the watch for opportunities to push his fortune. A man of this kind can hardly fail of getting on in the world, yet with all this he may not again have a grain of real greatness about him. He may be all I have described and yet have no greatness of mind, no greatness of soul. He may be utterly without sympathy and fellow-feeling for others; he may be utterly devoid of all true wisdom; he may be without piety and without charity; without love, that is, either for God or man.

Why not strew the path of life with flowers? It requires no stronger efforts than to plant thorns and briars. Is it not strange that we bend all our efforts in cultivating those plants which afford no pleasure, but on the contrary abridge our happiness; while we suffer to bring up, spontaneously, the few stray flowers that occasionally throw a smile along our way? It need not be thus. The few happy men around us should teach us an important lesson. There is no reason in the world why we should not be as happy as they. If we would look on the path of life as a road, we must cultivate ourselves, and go diligently about it. Less frequently would we have cause to mourn over the bitter past, or the dark and cloudy present. If our years have run thus far to waste, let us with care influence the future and with all care and attention cultivate those fruits and flowers that would yield a harvest of agreeable pleasure.

Always regard your present condition as a state of pilgrimage; never view it as anything more. This will regulate your desires, and moderate your wishes for earthly things. This will keep you from being too much elated when you meet with prosperous scenes. Not that you will disparage the bounties of Providence—you will even be thankful for them, as conveniences by the way—but you will consider them only as accommodations, and not mistake them for the advantages and glories of home. You will not, therefore, sit down, but still press forward. This will enable you to endure, with fortitude and resignation, the hardships you may encounter. You will say, 'As a traveller, I expect such things; they are only the convenience of a journey; it will soon be over—and, "I reckon the sufferings of the present are not worthy to be compared with the glory which will be revealed in us.

'Religion is essential to man's duty to himself. On the instant that a man has reference in his conduct to some satisfaction conferred upon God, his act is an act of superstition, for deity is assumed to be dependent upon things made for his happiness, and is thus regarded as subject to the passions of men. A man is religious who reveres his own soul sufficiently to be loyal to its dictates, to cherish and cultivate its faculties, and to preserve it from guilt. But this fidelity to the sacred self is the center of any true fidelity to others; only by disobeying the laws of our own nature can we wrong others. Separate our relations to others from self-truthfulness, and our service to them, though it may be what they desire, is harmful to them—the mere catering to their prejudices, or indulgence of their faults—are therefore essentially immoral."

How a Boy Wakes Up.

There he lies in his crib, a nut-brown stub of four years. He sleeps the sleep of healthy childhood. In the same position he lay when he dropped into unconciousness one arm under his head, one leg kicked out from under the coverlet. He is perfectly motionless. His round cheek pillows itself on the extended arm, and his leg seems to have been arrested in the middle of the last restless kick, as the curtain fell over his blue eyes, and he was asleep. He is in a deep sleep. You can scarcely preceive the regular respiration. A train of cars thunders by without notice—he might be carried across the streets without awakening.

A healthy boy, sound asleep, is an interesting object. Particularly if he is your boy. For the time, his tremendous energies are at rest. His noisy clatter, his ceaseless motion, his endless questions, his boisterous play, his boundless wants, his fountains of laughter and tears are all quiet now. One can take a good look at him.

It is morning. Daylight streams into the windows, the sun shines on the hill tops. The sounds of stirring life are begining to be heard about the house.

Watch the boy. Still as motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten seconds he has turned a couple of summersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no turning over for just another snooze, no gradually becoming awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot, he is thoroughly alive and kicking—wide awake to the tip end of each hair. The wonderful thing about it is its suddenness and completeness.

Fear not, my son, that we are made poor; for thou hast much wealth, if thou fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is pleasing in his sight.

George Elliott thinks Solomon's proverbs have ommitted this: "As the sore palate findeth grit, so an uneasy consciousness heareth innuendoes."

This Life is What We Make It.

Let's often talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bads ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones,
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumb'ring good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed joy and light about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

The Yankee and the Pirate.

There lived many years ago, on the eastern shores of Mount Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine, an old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burden, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year to the Great Banks for the purpose of catching cod-fish.—The old man had five things about which he loved to boast—his schooner *Betsey Jenkins* and his four sons.

The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found in fifty miles around. The oldest was twenty-two, while the youngest had reached his sixteenth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off the starboard quarter, which, with some hesitation the old man pronounced to be a pirate.—There was little time given them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with not a very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we had better do it, hadn't we," said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the *Betsey Jenkins* was brought up to the wind, and her main boom hauled over to windward.

"Now, boys," said the old man as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape that I can see now, but if we are civil they will take such stuff as they want, and then let us go. At any rate, there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure to hide them, so that the pirates shall see no signs of resistance. In a few moments all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the persons of our down easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the pirate.

"One word more, boys," said the old man, just as the pirate came round under the stern. "Now, watch every motion I make, and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking the pirate luffed under the fisherman's leequarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as eye ever looked upon.

"Are you captain of the vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam ingins."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate with searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south'rd and east'rd, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot thro' his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a little something else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

"Why, sir, p'r'eps I hadn't ought to tell," said Captain Spinnet counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see it was given me as a sort of trust, an' it wouldn't be right of me to give it up You can take anything else you please, for I can't help myself."

"You are an honest codger, at any rate," said the pirate; "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it lays."

The sight of the cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he muttered:

"Don't kill me, sir, don't, I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes just for'ard o' the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so" chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few minutes the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the silver dollars they forgot all else; but not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at work and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway than he turned to the boys:

"Now boys for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the fore throat and peak halyards and you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, and the moment you have done it jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grappling, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. Now for it."

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they were directed. The fore and main halyards were cut and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gafts came rattling down our heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt at liberty her head swung off, and before the astonished buccaneers could gain the deck of the fisherman their own vessel was near half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who were left in charge were easily secured.

"Hello, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee gangway of their prize, "when you get them ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did no harm, and crowding on sail he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to the leeward of him, and which he made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having, all told, thirty men on board, a portion of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth shouted:

"Schooner ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate Captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment, for Seth crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle; and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang its death peal, and the next moment the pirate Captain fell back into the arms of his mate with a brace of bullets through his breast.

"Now," said the old man, as he leveled the long pivot-gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll just give you five minutes to make up your minds in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their Captain, and withal the sight of the pointed pivot-gun—the peculiar properties of which they knew full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give themselves up.

In two days after that time Captain Spinnet delivered his cargo safely to Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the Government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for the remainder of his life as well as a very handsome medal from the Government.

Heavenward Steps.

Some one has beautifully said, there are but three steps toward heaven—"out of self, unto Christ, into glory." Thus, the very first step in Christianity is full of beauty, and full of the sweetest peace that ever fell upon the troubled deep of human hearts.

One who lives for the gratification of self, has hours of wretched idleness waiting for some agreeable occupation, or restlessly wondering what will come next on the fare bill of excitement and entertainment.—And after all, the spirit is not gratified, nor the longings satisfied, yet how long it takes them to discover that heavenly manna alone can appease soul-hunger. But when we have stepped "out of self," and inscribed upon all the future duties of life, this Christian incentive, "do it heartily as unto the Lord," how all things are brightened by the heavenly influence, and tasks grow light beneath its magic power. The heart is made a "heavenly place in Christ Jesus," for self and sordid motives no longer reign in its peaceful realms, and there is almost rapture in the thought of suppressing every evil desire, every angry word, every unkind impulse, for the sake of that dear Saviour whose life was unmarked by a single fault, yet whose cup flowed over with sorrow and suffering. And when times like these come to our own hearts, the bitterest agony, the severest trial is sweetened by those words of love and patience "for Jesus' sake," and under the purity and blessedness of this feeling, we grow like those of whom it is said, "they shall see God."

In the second step there is no erring. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," and as long as we go "unto Jesus," so long will we be strengthened and sustained, so long will we feel sure that we are in the heavenly pathway, that, with one radiant step, ends in glory. "Unto Jesus!" O, how full of sweetness are those charming words; for is it not glowing love or melting sorrow that carries us, hour by hour, to our God, and as we commune and walk the way of life with Him, our hearts, like those of the disciples walking to Emmaus, "burn within us?" Yes, unto Jesus will we go, day by day, for purity of heart, for heavenly love and peace, for strength and grace to guide us into that final step of glory.

But here we must pause, for the vail has not yet been lifted from our eyes, and pen can never tell of the rapturous dreams and pictures that have delighted our minds when contemplating the eternal home. We know there is glory so great and wondrous that it hath not "entered into the mind of man to conceive," and it is this that the Father hath promised to all the faithful. It is a home sure and abiding, and should we be called to its distant portals ere our loved ones are summoned, how blissfull the thought of waiting in heavenly beauty for their coming, and changing not in love or form, though long they tarry.—Blissful to wait where not a shadow to stain the soul, and not a trace of sorrow dim the greeting of souls in the presence of their God—where only angel hands can touch us, and God's smile be the sunlight of our bright homes.

"O, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"

The Printer's Estate.

The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here and a dollar there, scacttered over the numerous small towns, all over the country, miles apart; how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the journyman compositor, the building owner, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the liabilities will never be sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following:

Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes and all manner of fractions into which you are divided, collect yourselves and come home! You are wanted. Combinations of all sorts, men that help to make the printer a proprietor, gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at this counter, that nothing short of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, singly you will never pay the cost of collecting. Come here in single file, that the printer may from you in battalion and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit.

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes? If you have order them home immediately.—*Exchange.*

During the late war there was a certain quartermaster who, at a certain recruiting station, had charge of the mustering of drafted men and substitutes. Among the ceremonies of mustering-in, he incorporated the following question, which was addressed to each and every recruit: "Got a vatch, hay?" If the man replied that he had, the quartermaster would exclaim: "Vat you vant vith a vatch, hey? The virst time you goes out to fight and gits kilt, vere vill your vatch be then, hey? Sergeant, take this man's vatch and gif him credit for thirty dollars agin his name." If the recruit happened to answer that he had no watch, our quartermaster would exclaim: Vat! no vatch! How you can ever go to de front mitout no vatch, hay? They puts you on guard for two hours, and they keep you dere for four hours, and they take you off for four hours, and sends you back in two hours. How vill you know about it if you haf no vatch, hay? Here, sergeant, gif dis man a vatch, and charge him sixty dollars agin his name." And so the watchless man would be presented with a timepeice taken from a recruit who had been mustered-in before, and on pay day the little difference between the peice charged 'agin their names' compensated the quartermaster for his trouble in the premises.

It is a bitter lesson to learn that friends prove false, but all who are called so are not friends, for people mistake and wrong themselves by placing confidence where it does not belong.

In closing the eyes for the nightly rest it is good to say, "He giveth his beloved sleep;" and in opening them, when night is past, to say "When I awake I am still with thee."

The hens at Bridgeport, Conn., have got the '*trichina spiralis*, so they slaughter them and sell them for spring chickens.