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Selected Miscellany.

THE SMITH OF AUGSBURG.

A QUAINT GERMAN LEGEND.

There is so much meaning in some old German popular legends we could construct a moral tale from hints frequently afforded, as is seen from the following, picked at random, and given as simply possible:

Five hundred years ago there lived in Augsburg a lad named Willabald, apprentice to a smith, whose grace and industry obtained him the approval and regard of his master, while his good nature and obliging disposition caused him to be a favorite with all who knew him. His master, in truth, so highly estimated his skillness and excellent workmanship that when the boy became a man he offered to make him his partner, moreover, hinted that he would be displeased at the young man's friendship with his daughter.

This alarmed Willabald, who, though certainly much favored by the lady, was quite free from any thoughts of love for her. He replied to her advances with distant tho' polite respect, and the reason of his conduct was apparent:

Across the small house opposite lived Dame Martha, a respectable widow, with a granddaughter of uncommon beauty, about sixteen years of age. The sweet face of the young Ellen had captivated the heart of Willabald, and when he saw her through the window or the open door, neatly dressed, sitting at the spinning wheel, singing her clear voice warbling lays he thought there could no lot be so great as that of calling her own. Ellen was her grandmother's darling and the delight of all, and the old woman seldom allowed her to go out of her sight, so there was no opportunity for the youth to declare the passion with which the fair girl had inspired him.

How long time did Willabald wish, and wait in vain for some pretense for speaking to their dwelling; though fortune at length favored him. One day, the ice made the ground so slippery as to be dangerous to an invalid person, he saw Dame Martha come out of church alone. He hastened to offer her the assistance of his arm and conducted her home. She invited him to enter, for she thought herself that only a very worthy young man would be so courteously polite to an aged dame. She offered him also a horn of beer, which her pretty Ellen presented with her own hands.

Willabald was now happier than Willabald. From this day forth he was a frequent visitor at Dame Martha's house, and was always received with welcome. In process of time he grew bold to pour his open heart to the old woman, and ask permission to make love to her granddaughter.

"My dear young friend," was her reply, "I have the highest esteem for you, indeed, could not wish for a better husband than you. I believe she loves you, as she would a young maiden; but you are not yet sufficient for the support of a wife. I can give little more than my good will, except a good name as her portion, and it would be not of prudence to consider falling into debt. Save some years a decent sum that may be for a beginning, then we may receive your bride with joy."

Willabald was almost beside himself with joy. He had now an object for labor and frugality; he redoubled his industry, laying hope that all be earned. Ellen was dear, for she was much attached to him, and spun more briskly than ever when she was permitted to add small savings to her lover's store. The lovers met less frequently than their time passed pleasantly. They were both incessantly on the watch with hope to animate their industry. On Sunday Willabald went to Dame Martha's, and told her how much he had earned and saved during the week. Thus the week and eighteen months rolled on, the young smith with joy to find himself master of five ducats, the price of five pieces.

At this time Dame Martha fell into a hard cough, which rendered her helpless—at least quite unable to work, according to her customary mode. The prescribed change of air, a long shade in the narrow, crowded streets of the city would not suffice. She must remove to the country. The time followed this advice, and took a little cottage at Steinbach, a village about an hour's walk from the city.

Willabald was grieved enough to find himself so far from his love, but he had loved her the more and proved the truth of the old adage, "The further the charmer is from the way." Every Sunday he went to visit her, and thought the air of the country even improved her beauty.

One day as Willabald approached the house Ellen came to meet him, weeping. She sobbed bitterly as he drew near, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Willabald, what a misfortune!"

"You know it, then?" cried he, with faltering voice.

"That I have been robbed of my box of money," answered the youth, in a tone of anguish. "I could find it nowhere this morning. Some one has stolen it. You see all our prudence and foresight has gone for nothing."

"Alas!" replied Ellen, "then misfortunes never come single. Yesterday morning a rich gentleman came to our cottage. He asked for a drink of water, and, when I handed it to him, looked at me earnestly, and asked if I would go with him and be his wife. I answered 'no;' but he returned early this morning and demanded me of my grandmother. His name is Werner; he is a rich merchant from Ulm. Even now he is sitting in the room yonder with my grandmother, drinking wine and telling her of his house and lands; while his servant, who stands by the chimney, confirms everything he says. But be comforted, dear Willabald. Let grandmother say what she will, I will die rather than be faithless to you."

Here Dame Martha came out of the house, and commanded Ellen to go in directly. The poor girl was forced to obey, and the old woman said to Willabald: "Young man, I am come to say to you that I think it best you should come no more to my cottage. A rich man is a suitor to my Ellen, and it is my duty to do what is for her good. I say nothing of my infirm age. I could cheerfully bear hardship; but I wish to see her surrounded by comfort and riches. I put it to yourself—what could you offer the girl? Would you have her bind herself to poverty and toil now, when she may place herself in ease and affluence?"

"Well, well, Dame Martha," cried Willabald, half choking with emotion, "I say nothing of your conduct. If you choose to break an honest fellow's heart, and your own word also, 'tis all the same to you!"

"But, Willabald," persisted the dame, "listen to me!"

But the impetuous youth was already several paces off." She called after him, but the sound of her voice did not serve to check the mad speed at which he rushed on. Despair drove him, and he slacked not his pace till he found himself in the open fields, night gathering around him. It was darker than night, however, in his own breast. He threw himself on the ground, and cursed himself and his destiny, for no tears would come to his relief. When he thought, too, of Ellen and her wretchedness his heart was like to break.

Some hours must have passed unmarked in the indulgence of his grief, for it was late when he rose, and tried to find his way homeward. After wandering about some time without being able to discover the road, he found that he was in a church-yard. The tall spire of the church was visible in relief against the drifting clouds.

"There is the house where the people go to pray," murmured the youth, bitterly. Have I not also prayed, have I not toiled, have I not denied myself? Have I not striven to keep my soul from taint of sin? And what is my reward? Ellen is lost to me. Prayers will not give her back, else could I pray—aye, to the Fiend himself, and promise to be his, so she would be mine!"

Scarcely had the distracted youth uttered these wild words when a sound of shrill laughter near startled him, and, looking round, he saw a figure which hd had no difficulty in recognizing by the fiery eyes and Zamiel look as the fiend he had called upon.

"I am here," cried the stranger, in coarse tones, "at your service and ready to do your bidding, asking only a small service in return."

"What is that?" Willabald mustered courage to say, though he trembled.

"You are, as I happen to know, said the fiend, "an excellent smith. I have a piece of work for you. Follow me; I will take you to a spot where lies one of my subjects. You must with iron railing round his grave, and in reward I will give you anything."

"I have nothing more to ask I replied the young man.

"Fool," said the fiend; "but a harder task than you imagine. But one hour to work. At sunrise you must begin, and the railing must be completed by the clock strikes twelve; if it is done, you are free; if not, belong to me forever."

Willabald paused an instant, but a wild thoughts came rushing through his brain; and the passionate love to snatch Ellen from his rival overcame his prudence. He pledged himself to the unhallowed contract, and he followed the fiend to a new-made grave.

"To your work, my lad," he cried, and vanished.

At the same instant Willabald saw fire spring out of the ground besides him, and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron and the tools of his trade. The clock on the church-tower struck twelve, and starting, he betook himself to work. So diligently did he apply himself that the work grew rapidly under his hand; the railing was almost finished. A single screw only was wanting to complete it, when the dull sound of the clock was heard striking one, and Willabald fell to the ground insensible.

When his senses returned it was morning, the sun was shining brightly, and he thought all that had passed a wild dream. But a sight of the railing, nearly finished, around the grave, and a rusty bar of iron lying on the ground convinced him of his reality. There was, however, no trace of the fire, and the tools had disappeared.

Full of shame and repentance, Willabald hastened to the church to pray more earnestly than he had ever prayed before, for the pardon of his dreadful sin. His heart was lighter after the prayer; but he could not go home to work that day, and sadly he walked toward Dame Martha's cottage.

Ellen came to meet him, as before, and shed tears as she threw her arms around his neck.

"This time," she said, "they are tears of joy. When you left us so suddenly yesterday I also came from the house and into this little garden, where I might weep undisturbed. I sat there long, Willabald, long after dusk, when, as I leaned my head on the table yonder, thinking hopelessly of you, a female figure approached me. She had the form of my dear mother. She smiled very sweetly, Willabald, and said: 'Weep not, my child, but pray—pray for your lover; he is in very great danger.' She vanished before I could thank her; but I remembered her words and prayed for you, Willabald, all night long."

The young man shuddered, but raised his eyes upward in thankfulness.

"Early this morning," continued the maiden, "came Herr Werner. I went out to meet him, and told him I would rather die than become his wife. He was much vexed, but without another word mounted his horse and rode away, followed by his servant. My grandmother was angry, but my conscience told me in safety, Willabald, I am sure that I have the blessing of heaven."

And the young smith felt the same assurance, when a few days after, his box of treasure was restored to him by his master's daughter, who, in a fit of jealousy or love of mischief, had stolen it from him. Dame Martha could no longer withold her consent, but before Willabald dared to claim Ellen as his bride he confessed his great sin.

The lovers were married and lived happily, remembering their past troubles only a warning against discontent, and a want of submission to Providence."

"Even if I had been suffered to perish then," would Willabald say. "My want of faith would deserve such a doom."

But the railing around the grave was not the work of his hands; it was there before he went to sleep in the church-yard. His had been a dream, and so had been Ellen's vision.

A GOOD ONE.

One day when the flag ship of an American Commodore was lying in the bay of Naples, she was honored by a visit from the King and royal family, with suite, who came out in gilded barges and the full parade of royalty. The ship was dressed from deck to truck in holiday attire; side-boys were mustered at the ropes, the marines presented arms, the guns thundered forth a royal salute, and the Commodore welcomed his guests to the quarter deck with the politeness befitting an officer of rank.

One of the suite, a spindle-shanked and gaudily attired Neapolitan, strayed away from the party, and cruising about midships, espied a windsail, an object he had never seen before. As it was full expanded by the air, he took it for a pillar, and folding his arms leaned against it, when it yielded to his weight, and disappeared below, heels over head, with a velocity that was actually marvellous, as was his escape from any injury. The mishap chanced to have only one witness. This was a veteran tar who approaching the quarter-deck, and, touching his hat, said, respectfully:

"I beg pardon, Commodore, but *one of them are kings has fell down the hatchway.*"

THERE is a complaint of diseased cattle exported from this country to Europe. Hayes started it by shipping Bullock to Cologne.

THE BLUE AND THE GREY.

FRANCES MILES FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Grey.

These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly, laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the rose, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Grey.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall;
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years now fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue,
Tears and love, for the Gray.

REINE.

Before her lay the broad blue sea, the white capped waves dashed murmuring to her feet, and the light sea breeze lifted the soft, dark rings of hair that clustered over her stately little head.

She was so beautiful, standing there with her lovely dark gray eyes, with that strange, wishful light in their shadowy depth, the rose flush coming and going on her rounded cheeks, that Wilard Leigh, who stood pleading for her love, felt he could bear all other losses in life if she only loved him.

Years before, his uncle, Guy Leigh, the master of the stately mansion overlooking the sea, had brought home with him a slender, dark-eyed child of ten, and treated her exactly as he did his own niece and nephew, Clare and Willard Leigh, whose guardian he was.

When Reine had first come to Oaklands she had been a rather peculiar Gypsy-looking child, but giving promise of beauty, a promise she had now fulfilled. As a child she had been strangely reserved and silent; as a girl, though sometimes she could be very gentle, even very tender in her manner, she was still the same, her reserve almost amounting to hauteur; and now, when eighteen summers had passed over her head, Willard Leigh stood pleading for her love.

"Can you not give me your love, Reine? If you knew how truly, and well I would cherish it you would not refuse me. Oh! my darling will you give me some hope—will you?"

Slowly Reine let her eyes rest for a moment on his handsome face, and the wistful, pleading pain he saw in their depths made him bend forward with an eager, questioning look, and then her silken lashes drooped, and when she raised them again they wore the old look of silent hauteur.

"I can never be your wife, Willard," she said, coldly; "and if you value my friendship you will never refer to the subject again."

And then she turned quietly away.

She went up to her own apartments, and locking the door, went over to the window, white and tearless, yet suffering such agony as only passionate, repressed natures like her could feel.

How long she stood there she could hardly could tell, only the bright afternoon waned and the evening shadows began to fall.

A light tap at the door roused her.

"May I come in, Reine? said a low, girlish voice; I want to speak to you."

Reine turned and opened the door.

A young girl entered, a slender girl of seventeen, with fair, childish face, blue eyes and waving, pale-gold hair; a girl whose greatest beauty lay in the child-like innocence of her face.

"Reine," she said, piteously, "do you know Willard is going away? and Reine," breaking into tears, "it will break uncle's heart and mine! Oh, Reine, will you not keep him?"

Reine looked at her for a moment, and then all her calmness seemed suddenly to desert her, and she burst into tears.

"Reine! Reine! Oh, listen to me, Reine!"

No answer for some time, then Reine rose slowly to her feet.

"Pity me! spare me, Clare! It is because I love him I sent him from me."

"Because you love him? How can that be?"

"Because I am not worthy to be his wife—because—Clare, I will tell you who my mother was—nay, who she is!"

There was a long silence.

"You do not ask who. Well, I will tell, then judge, if even you, Clare, would wish Willard to wed me. Would you wish him to be the first Leigh who married a woman for whose parentage he might blush? I have heard the Leighs pride themselves on the stainlessness of their name, and I will never be the first to cast a shadow on its brightness. Clare, my mother is one of the gayest actresses in the gay city of Paris, and when a child of ten, in my horror of her and the life she led, I fled from my home.

"The rest you know—how your uncle found me dying, starving, miles from Paris, and for some undefinable likeness I bore to one he had loved and lost took me to his home. Clare, do you wish me to accept Willard's love?"

"I cannot tell," Clare answered, hesitatingly.

"You mean you cannot tell whether you would sooner he should stoop to marry me or leave the home of his youth, but you rather think you would let him go?"

Clare's tender mouth was quivering, Reine only laughed bitterly.

"Trust me Clare," she said; "he will neither do one nor the other, I give you my promise. Leave me now, Clare; I wish to be alone."

Next morning Reine was absent from the breakfast table, and Clare ran up to her room.

In a few moments she came down again, a slip of paper in her hand.

"She is not there," she said, "and this was on the table."

It was only a single line:

Good-bye. I go that Willard may stay. I can do no more, nor no less.
REINE.

She had gone and left no clue behind her.

* * * *

A fair, calm evening in June, the sun sinking to rest amid billows of purple and gold; its last beams shedding little rays of brilliant light in one of the windows of Woodland Cottage.

With one arm leaning on the window, her hand supporting her head the other carressing the soft, dark hair of the girl beside her, Mildred Graham sat looking out over the quiet summer scene that lay before her.

A tall, slender woman, with soft dark eyes and hair, beautiful still, despite her thirty-eight years, despite the silver threads among her hair, the traces of some unforgotten sorrow on her delicate face, and the girl sitting besides her was Reine Devere.

"Reine," Mrs. Graham said, gently, "I wonder how it was, in all my life no stranger ever appealed to my heart as you have done. From the moment my eyes first rested on your sorrowful young face I have loved you as my own baby girl, had she been left to me. Oh! my baby; my baby! will that one great sorrow of my life never be lightened on this, earth?"

"Your little baby died?" Reine said, softly.

"Died! No! Oh! had my darling only died I would have been content to bow to God's will. No, my little child was stolen from me. Do you know, Reine, it is a relief to tell you of my pain; and, child, if you would only tell me of your sorrow, my love and sympathy would surely comfort you.!"

Then poor sorrowful Reine, out of whose face all the bright bloom had fled, told her own simple story.

When Reine had mentioned her lover's name, Mildred's face had grown pale.

"Leigh? I once knew a Guy Leigh; I wonder"——

"That was his uncle," Reine said.

"Do you look like your mother, Reine?" Mrs. Graham asked, after a short silence.

"No; not in the least. This is her likeness."

Mrs. Graham lifted the miniature, and then a low cry left her lips.

"Caroline Severn!"

"You—you knew my mother?"

"Child, this is the woman I have searched the world for—the woman who—Oh, Reine, Reine! Does your heart not answer mine?"

Reine rose to her feet and cried:

"Oh, mother! mother!" and the next moment she was folded close in Mildred Graham's arms.

The next week Guy Leigh received a letter, and his face paled at sight of the delicate Italian hand.

"From Mildred! he said.

It was only a few lines:

Come to me at once, Guy; I wish to see you. Let no memory of the past prevent you. Bring Willard with you. MILDRED GRAHAM.

Two days later Guy Leigh stood before the woman he had loved in his youth—the woman he loved still.

"Why have you sent for me, Mildred?"

"Guy," she said, "do you know why years ago, I broke my faith and married James Gragam—do you know? Oh! Guy, you refused to listen then—will you listen now? James Graham held my father's honor—nay, his life, for my father would not live disgraced—in his hands, and to save my father I married James Graham—married him"——

"Loving another, Mildred?"

"He was kind to me," she said, "and when he died I wept for him, and yet"—

"You never loved him as you loved me?" Guy said, bending forward. "Mildred, darling!"

She raised her eyes to his face.

"My own at last," he said, as he bent and kissed her tenderly. "The past is forgotten forever."

For some time Willard had been forgotten, and he had been discreetly looking out of the window, and now he came forward.

"You will excuse me," he said, smiling, "if I leave you for awhile?"

Mildred looked thoughtfully at him, then held out her hand.

"Come," she said, and he followed her to an inner room.

A girl stood near the centre of it—a girl with dark gray eyes and wistful mouth, with soft dark coils of hair coiled round her stately little head.

"Reine! Reine! my darling, I have you at last, and nothing will part us again."

"My mother! Willard, do you know?"

"I know all, and it will not part us. It is you I love, Reine."

She smiled softly.

"You do not understand, Willard, my mother"—

"Your mother is here, darling," Mildred said, advancing.

Willard looked from one to the other.

"This is my mother, Willard. I was stolen from her when a child. The actress"—

"Thank God!" he said, and Reine knew how much pride love had conquered.

Six months later there was a double wedding, and Mildred Graham married the lover of her youth, while beautiful Reine married her first, last, and, as she said herself, her only lover, Willard Leigh; and pretty Clare was bridesmaid to both.

THE CAPITAL AT BATON ROUGE.

SECRETARY STRONG'S REPORT.

In compliance with Secretary Breaux's resolution of inquiry regarding the vote on the amendments to the Constitution, the Secretary of State Submitted to the Senate the following, his special tabulated report; which shows Baton Rouge to have been elected the Capital of Louisiana, by the handsome majority of 6329.

It will be observed that all the other amendments, some of which are desired by the people, were defeated by overwhelming odds, with the view of compelling the assembling of a Constitutional Convention, a measure loudly demanded by the public interests. No better evidence is needed to fully establish the people's will, in connection with the removal question.

State Capital for B. Rouge			27,957
For New Orleans			21,628
1st amendment		—for	11,650
"	"	against	13,966
2d	"	—for	25,034
"	"	against	50,543
3d	"	—for	29,705
"	"	against	45,945
4th	"	—for	27,200
"	"	against	48,218
5th	"	—for	25,686
"	"	against	49,394
6th	"	—for	30,213
"	"	against	45,016
7th	"	—for	31,161
"	"	against	43,815
8th	"	—for	33,120
"	"	against	42,149
9th	"	—for	33,993
"	"	against	40,663
10th	"	—for	19,767
"	"	against	55,794
11th	"	—for	30,947
"	"	against	44,576
12th	"	—for	10,452
"	"	against	56,545
13th	"	—for	20,571
"	"	against	54,524
14th	"	—for	20,598
"	"	against	54,529
15th	"	—for	28,665
"	"	against	47,213
16th	"	—for	21,190
"	"	against	53,681
17th	"	—for	23,562
"	"	against	53,383
18th	"	—for	27,969
"	"	against	42,324
19th	"	—for	32,176
"	"	against	40,988
20th	"	—for	32,718
"	"	against	41,223
21st	"	—for	25,302
"	"	against	47,325

A noisy fellow annoys a fellow.

AN EXQUISITE STORY.

In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher: desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit, at length, upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise, I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back.

But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he put spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Daher! I have got the horse and am off with it."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it!"

"And why not?" asked Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to the owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a number of days together, and became fast friends for life.

JOE WHITE'S TEMPTATION.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish market.

"Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers, and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe, and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish, and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks and crackers, to-morrow," exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron around him the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The Deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner, to-morrow. This one will do, how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am;" and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket, and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the Deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied; and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The Deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed, each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but, walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the Deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read: "He [illegible] his sins shall not pros[illegible] confesseth and [illegible] haves [illegible] given [illegible] fess to [illegible] must [illegible] keep [illegible] live, [illegible] tati[illegible]

Subs[illegible] for the CAPITOLIAN.