

TERMS—\$2.00 IN ADVANCE. EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY D. P. HOLLOWAY, B. W. DAVIS & S. S. DRAKE.

From the Flag of our Union. The Pilgrimage of Thought. Through the solemn gates of silence. Went into quiet land.

JUST DOWN THE ROAD.

Aunt Mary and I lived all alone in our little cottage. It was the quaintest old house, with green blinds and gray gables.

"Just down the road"—I could see it from my chamber window—a red frame house, with the moss of a half a century growing thick on its sloping roof.

Mrs. Willard and Harry lived in the red house; he was her only son, and she was a widow. They were very poor—all the village knew this; but Mrs. Willard managed to obtain somewhat a precarious livelihood for herself and child by taking in plain sewing.

Henry Willard was a strange boy. He did not laugh and play as other boys of his age do. He was only two years older than I, and there was an air of mingled pride and timidity in his manner.

We were both naturally shy, and so Harry came and went very much with the little bundle, and I sat in a chair by Aunt Mary's side, getting superstitious glances of the poor mortal's face.

So we went into the garden together, and there we talked for the first time, while I gathered mignonette and roses, and Harry held the trowels while I tied the blue ribbon around the stems.

Such is short, is the influence of the Gulf Stream upon our climate; that Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while in the very same latitude, on the American side of the Atlantic, is the frost-bound coast of Labrador.

It has been finally decided to introduce the decimal currency all over the United Kingdom. The pound will be retained as the unit, and divided into one thousand parts.

than those she is learning of me; but is a long way to the village school, and—

"And you intend Harry should go too, to take care of me? O, I'm so glad, Aunt Mary!" I interrupted, springing up and chopping my hands—an involuntary ebullition of my feelings.

Eight years had passed since that morning when Harry Willard and I murmured our tearful farewells under the vine-tapped portico. They had not been all bright years to me; there was a great shadow trailing through the later ones, until this was lost, swallowed up in darkness, the darkness of death!

My father had a willow sister, who resided at the capital, and of whom I seldom heard but knew that Aunt Mary had written her a few days before she left me, although she did not reveal to me the nature of her communication.

"Then, Julia, you are sure we may depend upon his honoring our voice with his presence?" "Perfectly so, Annie. Mr. Lee, who is, you know, his most intimate friend, says we may rely upon him for next Tuesday, though he had to refuse several other invitations.

There was a long silence after I had said this, but at last Harry broke it. "Alice," he said, and there was a look in the eyes that he bent on me that brought the lids over mine—

"I could not make him answer for my tears; but I had both my hands in his, and his was shaking."

"Why didn't you tell us, Alice? Why didn't you tell us, Alice? Why didn't you tell us, Alice?" they simultaneously ejaculated; and then a light began gradually to dawn on my mind.

At last I grew very uneasy, and sitting there with my head leaning on my hands, I fell asleep, and dreamed I was sitting with Aunt Mary by our old cottage window once more.

late and cross. I heard the rumbling of wheels, and saw through my tears the floating of a handkerchief; and Harry Willard was gone, and the red house "down the road" was desolate.

Her health, which had been failing her for a long time, gave way at last. The wind sighed through the tangled grass of the churchyard, and the sunlight glistened along the white marble, just as it had done many days before when they laid Aunt Mary under the willows to sleep!

"I shall never cease to remember the scene which presented itself as I entered the red house. Mrs. Willard was sitting in a chair in one corner of the long, old-fashioned parlor, her head resting on Aunt Mary's bosom, who was striving to wipe away the current of blood which issued from her white lips.

"I bowed my head, and left the room, for the tears were coming, and I would not that they should see them. "O, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! if you could see your Alice now!" I groined in the agony of my heart.

It was an October morning. The great fruit-laden branches were dipping downward, almost within our reach, when Harry Willard came to my chamber for the last time.

"You will not forget me, Harry," I said, swallowing down the sob that was in my throat, "when you are so far away; and you will think sometimes of the village school, and the garden, and the old trees where you used to sit—won't you?"

"Forget you, Ally?" and his arm was drawn around my waist, and the brown eyes looked earnestly, almost reproachfully, into mine—"you, whom I love better than anybody in the world, now mamma is gone! O, Ally, I shall be lying under the grass, as deep and as still as she is this pleasant morning, before I can forget you, and Aunt Mary, and all your kind ones; for a poor little, fatherless, friendless boy! Ally, I have passed my happiest hours with you; and now, won't you give me one of those long curls that has lain for years against your cheek? And I will place it on my heart; and it will keep it always warm for you. Don't cry, Ally, dear!"

"But you can think of some way, I know you can, Aunt Mary. Harry so long to go!" I eagerly answered; for I placed the most unbounded faith in Aunt Mary's diplomatic resources.

"Well, Ally, I had just thought of a plan when you spoke to me, which, upon reflection, appears the best calculated of any to succeed. I have felt for some time that my darling ought to commence some higher studies

and vainly looked round to find some mode of egress.

"You did well, Lee, to smuggle me out of the room as you did; but necessarily knows not the law of conventionalisms, and I must hurry off without taking leave of my hostess and her daughters. "Here are our hats; lucky we've found them!"

I lifted my eyes and the light fell full on his features, and we stood there face to face. One glance—yet another, however, breathless, into those brown deep eyes, that were fastened ever so strangely on mine—and then I knew him. Time had moulded the contour of the pale boy face into early manhood, and softened and deepened the light of those wondrous eyes; but I knew they were Harry Willard's.

"To-morrow evening," I said, recollecting that my aunt and cousins were engaged at that time. "After then I shall be alone."

It was evening again; there was a deep hush in the stately parlors, and a single lamp poured forth its soft dim light over the massive furniture and among the gorgeous flowers of the carpet, as I stole softly into them, and awaited, with heart throbs that almost alarmed me, the coming of Harry Willard.

"I did not keep a long watch that night. In a little while we were seated together in one of the dim alcoves of the great room; my hand was lying in his, and I was telling him the story of the years since we parted. It choked my heart, and the tears often fell, and I sobbed closed many a paragraph.

There was a long silence after I had said this, but at last Harry broke it. "Alice," he said, and there was a look in the eyes that he bent on me that brought the lids over mine—

"They have sent for you to come down to the parlor, Miss, in a great hurry," said a servant, putting her head into my room the next morning, while I sat there dreaming of Harry.

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From the Indiana Farmer. DOMESTIC LABOR. As a Republican people, it should ever be our aim to sustain the dignity of labor.

The details of house-keeping are of an endless variety, and it has been truly said, "Woman's work is never done." Mrs. Sigourney says that no woman having charge of a family will need resort to calisthenics, jumping the rope, or tossing grace hoops for exercise.

"But I did not look up, and could not have seen him if I had, for my blinding tears; but I hid my head on his arm, while he drew the other around me, and I said, "Harry, our old home is gone, and Aunt Mary is dead, and I am here alone, friendless, and very wretched."

"But friendless no longer, Alice," he answered in a low, thrilling tone. "Did you think I could forget you—your whose memory has dwelt as constant in my heart as the dark brown curls you gave me has risen and fallen with its every pulsation since? Hark! they have discovered my absence, and I must leave you. Alice say nothing to any one of this meeting; I will come to you again. When shall you be alone?"

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stous fish. This was to be New Zealand. As soon as he rose above the water the fisher-boys and his brothers leaped upon him, transformed him into solid lead, and then dried it.

In these three principal cities, adds the pious missionary, and in the way in which the first man and New Zealand, which before the arrival of Europeans was thought to be the universal, were created, one can recognize a disappointed fragment of an original revelation, especially the dogma of a universal and the creation of the world and of Adam.

CONSUMPTION.—Somebody has the politeness to inform his fellow men as follows. You'll be forgotten, as old debts. By persons who are used to borrow. For years, the money is not paid.

COIN FEELER are the venues to death of millions every year—it is a sign of imperfect circulation of want of vigor of constitution. No one can be well, whose feet are habitually cold. When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body, there is general good health.

Religion and Language in New Zealand. M. Clavel, a French missionary who spent the three years from 1843 to 1846 among the natives of New Zealand, has, at the pressing solicitation of his friends, just given to the world the result of his observations in two thick volumes. We here for the first time learn something definite in relation to the religion of the aborigines of New Zealand, which has heretofore been generally supposed to consist of nothing more than idolatry.

A tub of butter, weighing about two hundred pounds, was recently discovered several feet beneath the surface of the earth, at Winsted, Connecticut. The spot upon which it was found had been occupied, some twenty years before, by a country store, and the supposition is that the butter has remained buried all that time. The cask was partially decayed, but its contents were sweet, and without any unpalatable taint or flavor.

The Secretary of the Interior, in his report to the President, says: "Since the 1st of January last, there have been issued upward of eighteen hundred patents, and within the year the number will probably reach two thousand. This is the result of the judicious and excellent system that has been adopted, and which enables the office promptly to examine and dispose of every application that is presented."

Mr. A. Bronson, of Meadville, Penn., says, from fifteen years' experience, he finds that Indian meal poultice, covered with young hyson tea, and softened with hot water, and laid over burns or frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will relieve the pain in five minutes. If blisters have not arisen before, they will not after it is put on, and that one poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.

The Keokuk Times, of December 27th, says that the press of business at the Fort Dodge Land Office had compelled the officers to close the office for three weeks, to enable them to get up the books. In six weeks they had sold over 250,000 acres of land with warrants, and received for cash sales over \$150,000.

The editor of the New York Mirror was shown on Monday, 24th ult., an opal bracelet, set in a circle of diamonds, to be given to a lady as a Christmas present, which cost between \$4,000 and \$5,000.