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MISCELLANY.

Mr. Brownlee's Visitor.

Mr. BROWNLEE felt comfortable. It was evening, and late in December. Outside, the wind had a cold, sharp whistle, and the snow, with which it was laden, had been weaving, since early morning, a shroud for the waiting year. Within the grate glowed, the gas burned brilliantly, wife smiled, and children played in happy unconsciousness of cold, or want, or suffering.

Mr. Brownlee was in his pleasant sitting-room, the walls of which were hung with pictures, the windows draped with curtains, and the floor carpeted with yielding Brussels. He sat by a centre table, on which were new books and the latest numbers of the best monthlies.

Now, all this was calculated to make a man feel comfortable; and Mr. Brownlee was entitled to what he enjoyed, for he was an honorable, intelligent, active, and successful merchant, a good citizen, a loving husband, and a wise and tender parent.

"Wasn't that our bell?" Mr. Brownlee asked, looking up from the page of a book.

"I think so," answered Mrs. Brownlee, and both listened, as the servant moved along the passage. A man's voice was heard.

"L'abou'd'n't wonder," said Mr. Brownlee, "if that is Mr. Lewis." There was a shade of dissatisfaction in his tones.

"Mr. Lewis," said the servant, entering the sitting-room a few moments afterwards.

"Ask him to walk up stairs."

The servant retired. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee looked at each other; but as their children were present, neither made any remark. But it was understood between them that the visit of Mr. Lewis was mutually regarded as something bordering on an intrusion. They were feeling very comfortable, as we have seen, shut in from the chilling wintry blasts, and with every comfort around them; and the presence of any stranger, just at that time, could scarcely help being unwelcome.

"Good evening, Mr. Lewis," Mr. Brownlee's voice was kind, if not cordial.

A man plainly, we might say coarsely, dressed, entered the room. His manners were far from being polished; though his rather pale, care-worn face had in it many indications of a natural refinement.

"Good evening," he responded, giving an awkward nod. "Good evening, ma'am," was added, with a nod in turn to Mrs. Brownlee. And then he came forward and took the chair that was offered him, and drawing up to the fire, warmed himself.

"Heavy storm, this," remarked Mr. Brownlee.

"Yes—the snow lies above a foot deep. But you are very comfortable here."

"Add Mr. Lewis glanced around the pleasant room."

"How is your wife to-day?" inquired Mrs. Brownlee.

"Something better, thank you, ma'am. I haven't been able to see her, but the nurse told me that she slept last night, and has less fever to-day. I feel very much encouraged. Oh, dear! If she only gets over it, I shall be so rejoiced."

"How many children have you?"

"Four ma'am; and the youngest is just about as old as that dear little girl now in your lap. Oh, dear! It was hard for her to be separated from her mother; but harder for the mother. I'm so in hope she'll get safely over it soon. I talked with the doctor to-day, and he says that he's no doubt all will come out right."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mrs. Brownlee, kindly.

"How pleasant it is here!" and Mr. Lewis looked all around the room again. "And you are so happy in having all your children around you. Home is a blessed place—blessed even though homely. Mine wasn't like this; but it was a happy home for all that."

"Where are your children now?"

"Scattered all around among relations—poor things! Since my wife's sickness, it's taken all I had saved, and all I could earn, to get her doctored. Oh, if they should care her now, I shall be so happy."

ways an entirely welcome guest; and yet, he was so simple-minded, so interested with the children, and manifested so much enjoyment in the books and magazines he found upon the centre table, that neither Mr. Brownlee nor his wife could feel anything but kindness towards their unsophisticated intruder.

On the present occasion, Mr. Lewis, after warming himself by the fire, talking for a time in his own peculiar way, and amusing himself with the children, took up a book, and was soon buried in its pages. Time went gliding by on swift wings, and Mr. Lewis took no note of his flight. Nine o'clock came, and the last child was put to bed, but he went on turning the pages of the book in which he had become interested, wholly unconscious that the long evening had waned so far.

Half-past nine found him still buried in its pages.

Mr. Brownlee, who had, for a time, felt pleasure in the poor man's enjoyment of the comforts around him, now began to wish him away.

"I like to be hospitable," he said to himself, "but this is carrying the joke a little too far."

Ten o'clock was rung out at last by the handsome French clock on the mantelpiece, but Mr. Lewis did not heed the warning.

"This is a very interesting book," he said, about five minutes afterwards, looking at Mr. Brownlee, his mild face beaming with true enjoyment. "How pleasant it is here," he added, and then his eyes went back to the page from which he had lifted them.

Mr. Brownlee's heart softened towards the poor man, and yet he could not overcome a feeling of annoyance at his prolonged stay. He looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him—then they glanced mutually and meaningly at Mr. Lewis.

Mrs. Brownlee yawned, and Mr. Brownlee yawned, rather loudly, in concert. But their guest was wholly oblivious. The fascination of the page was complete.

Next Mr. Brownlee got up, and commenced pacing the floor; he was too fitfully to sit still. He looked at the clock, the minute hand of which was now almost at thirty, looked at Mr. Lewis, looked at his wife, knit his brows, and then walked on more rapidly than before.

At last impatience spoke out.

"Mr. Lewis," said he, "do you know how late it is? Now, Mr. Brownlee tried to say this with some gentleness; but his real feelings came more fully into his voice than he was aware of. It was plain, from the shadow that came instantly over the face of Mr. Lewis, as he closed the book and let it fall upon the table, that he felt rebuked. His eyes glanced from the countenance of Mr. Brownlee to the clock on the mantel.

"Half past ten!" he said, in surprise. "I didn't dream of its being so late. Time passes much quicker here, I think, than it does in some other places. Good evening, sir! Good evening, ma'am! I shall remember your kindness as long as I live. I should not have said so late. But a book and this pleasant room made me forget myself. At the cheap tavern where I am staying, there is no place to sit down in but the bar; and I don't like drinking, smoking, and swearing. I walk the streets half of the evening, sometimes, but to-night it was too stormy. Good evening, sir. Good evening, ma'am."

And Mr. Lewis turned away, and went forth into the blinding storm, to walk nearly half a mile before gaining his dreary lodging place.

"Poor man!" There was pity in the voice of Mrs. Brownlee.

"And yet," said Mr. Brownlee, speaking in answer to the words of Mr. Lewis, rather than to those of his wife, "I gave him grudgingly of my home-comforts; and suffered a weak, selfish annoyance, while he was drinking in pleasure at every source! What a storm it is!"

Mr. Brownlee glanced towards the window, against which had come the snow-laden blast with a heavier rush. "And I have sent this poor man forth to meet his wintry chill, with a pressure on his feelings. A little more patience; a little more consideration; a little more unselfish pleasure in sharing my good gifts with him; would have made his spirit lighter, and mine also. Kindness, humility, regard for others, ever bear a double blessing; the want of them are sure lays upon hearts a double burden. I was never more conscious of this than I am to-night. I will try not to forget the lesson. The lightning of another's candle, ours should never dim its radiance, as it has dimmed mine to-night."

BEAU BRUMMEL was reading the paper one day at Long's, a gentleman standing near him sneezed three times; after the third sneeze, Mr. Brummel called out, "Waiter, bring me an umbrella. I can bear this no longer."

When you have quarreled with anybody, and a lawyer urges you to go to law to redress your wrongs, you may remember the dog who said so to the cat, and ran off with her dinner.

The Perils of the Border.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black-foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occurred in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution, in which a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a distinguished officer of the American Army, played an important part. The story being of a most thrilling nature, and exhibiting in a striking manner the "Perils of the Border," we have concluded to give an extract from it, as originally published, as follows:

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of the country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United States of America a free and independent nation.

At the landing of the fort, on the day our story opens, was fastened a flat boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing.

Of these five, one was a stout, sleek negro, in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and borderers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth was a young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright hazel eye—there was something which denoted one of superior mind; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group, whom he seemed to be regarding with lively interest.

Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure. The lady in question, was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every lineament, rarely fails to affect the beholder, with something like a charm.

Her travelling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty foot, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and her waving curls, set gaily above her flowing curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough, unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their lincey bed-gowns, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open ford behind them. "I can not bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you, and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well, aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that something will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that, Blanche," returned the other somewhat petulently, "and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come thus far through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you. Scarcely a boat descends the Ohio, that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowl along either shore; and some of them go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale."

"But why repeat this to me dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious

air, "when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad; to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home, and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"You never did know what it was to fear!" pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "No," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I believe!"

"Just like her father!" joined in the husband of the matron, the brother of Blanche's mother, the commander of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him."

By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—Eugene Fairfax, the secretary of Blanche's father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—

and then but slightly, as she sprang quickly and lightly on the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features, as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face; as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of the position between herself and him she addressed:

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for your boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us. I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading posts on our route, this side of our destination, is the Falls of Ohio."

"No indeed!" rejoined her aunt, quickly; "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for now reached here, as only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, to my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman. What she perhaps," he pursued, "be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or on any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore!"

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully.

"I doubt it not," replied the commander of the point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most piteous tones, to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you know the pleaders to be your own kin; for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not wilfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded on by the savages, themselves concealed. Yes, each thing has been known as one friend has been used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you from all harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out, and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long and perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and contemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much, through British invasion; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, tendered him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions, and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand moved to the West, Eugene Fairfax as we have seen, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship those goods, and to deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them slowly floating off on the still, glassy bosom of "the bells of rivers."

The day which was an auspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely scene which surrounded her, she saw a seemingly flying body suddenly leave the limb of a gigantic tree, (whose mighty branches extended far over the river, and near which the boat was then swayed by the action of the current), and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat not more than eight feet from her. One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and to freeze the blood in her veins.

The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her, was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The panther crouched for his deadly leap, but ere he sprang, the hunting knife of Eugene Fairfax (who with the steersman, was the only person on deck beside Blanche), was buried to the hilt in his side, inflicting a severe but not fatal wound. The infuriated beast at once turned upon Eugene, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was a short one. The polished blade of the knife played back and forth like lightning flashes, and at every plunge it was buried to the hilt in the panther's body, who soon fell to the deck, dragging the dauntless Eugene with him. On seeing her protector fall, Blanche uttered another shriek and rushed to his aid; but assistance from stouter arms was at hand. The boatmen gathered around; and the savage monster was literally hacked in pieces with their knives and hatchets, and Eugene, covered with blood, was dragged from under his carcass. Supposing him to be dead or mortally wounded, Blanche threw her arms around his neck and gave way to a passionate burst of grief. But he was not dead—he was not even hurt, with the exception of a few scratches. The blood with which he was covered was the panther's not his own. But Blanche's embrace was his—a priceless treasure—an index of the heart's emotions and affections. It was to color his whole future life, as will be seen in the progress of our story.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and splash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current, on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene, the only one astir except the watch, was suddenly

started by rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman:

"I say, Capt'n, here's trouble!"

"What is it, Dick?" inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

"Don't, you see that's a heavy fog rising, that'll soon cover us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger!" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good heaven! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the rising misty waters. "It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublous, Capt'n I'll allow," returned Dick; "but we're in for that's sartin, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best of it."

"But what is to be done?—what do you advise?" asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, ef you warn't so skeered about the young lady, and it warn't so dead agin the orders from head quarters, my plan would be a clear and easy one—I'd just run over to the Kaintuck shore, and tie up."

"No, no," said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick; that will never do! I would not think of such a thing for a moment! We must keep in the current by all means!"

"Ef you can," rejoined the boatman; "but when it gets so dark as we can't tell one thing from 'other, it'll be powerful hard to do; and ef we don't run agin a bar or bank afore morning, in spite of the best of us, it'll be the luckiest go that ever I had shand in. See, Capt'n, it's thickening up fast; we can't see eather bank at all, nor the water neiter; the stars is gettin' dim, and it looks as if thar war a cloud all round us."

"I see! I see," returned Eugene, excitedly. "Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost misgives me—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of our boats have been captured by the savages."

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort, on his part, to wake them. At last, getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck, immediately.

"A fog, Capt'n!" exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me, without a word!"

He glided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatmen, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought, like their companion, that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; but frankly admitted that this could not now be done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

"Then make that possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!" rejoined Eugene, in a quick, excited tone.

"We'll do the best we can, Capt'n," was the response; "but no man can be sartin of the current of this here crooked stream in a foggy night."

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when, suddenly, our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb silently brush his face. He started, with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

"Quick, here, boys! were agin the shore, as sure as death!"

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

"Push off the bow!" cried one.

"Quick! altogether, now I over with her!" shouted another.

"The de'il's in it! she's running a ground here on a muddy bottom!" almost yelled a third.

Meantime the laden boat was brushing along against projecting bushes and overreaching limbs, and every moment getting more and more enangled while; the long poles and sweeps of the boatmen, as they attempted to push her off, were often plunged, without touching bottom, into what appeared to be a soft, clayey mud, from which they were only extricated by such an outlay of strength as created still more to draw the clumsy craft toward the bank they wished to avoid. At length, scarcely more than a

minute from the first alarm, there was a kind of settling together, as it were, and the boat became fast and immovable.

"The fact was announced by Dick Winter, in his characteristic manner—who added, with an oath, that it was just what he expected. For a moment or two a dead silence followed, as if each comprehended that the master was one to be viewed in a very serious light."

"I'll get over the bow, and try to get the jay of the land with my feet," said Tom Harris; and forthwith he set about the not very pleasant undertaking.

At this moment Eugene heard his name by a voice that seldom failed to excite a peculiar emotion in his breast, and now sent a strange thrill through every nerve; and hastening below, he found Blanche, fully dressed, with a light in her hand, standing just outside of her cabin, in the regular passage which led lengthwise through the center of the boat.

"I have heard something, Eugene," she said "enough to know that we have met with an accident, but not sufficient to fully comprehend its nature."

"Unfortunately, about two hours ago," replied Eugene, "we suddenly became involved in a dense fog; and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be against the Ohio shore—it may be against an island—it is so dark we can't tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche," he hurriedly added; "I trust we shall soon be adroit again; though in any event, the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity."

"I know little of Indians," returned Blanche; "but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their sentences of hearing; and if such is the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near, to be made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we've been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a depreciating tone; "but in the excitement—"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, followed by a quick and heavy tramping across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

"We've run plum into a red nigger's nest, Capt'n, and Tom Harris is already butchered and scalped!"

And even as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild, piercing, diabolical yells, followed by a dead and ominous silence.

So far we have followed the lovely heroine and her friends in this adventure; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can only be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold.

Remember to ask for the "Ledger," dated May 22nd, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here; if there are no book-stores or news-offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail, if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address, Robert Bonner, Ledger Office, 44 Ann Street, New York. This story is entitled, "Perils of the Border," and grows more and more interesting as it goes on.

BY AND BY.—"By and bye" is the bridal bell of the world. It is rung by the hands of Hope, and proclaims the wedding of the heart to-day with the bliss of to-morrow. When we were children we fancied the school-bell rang out an articulate "come to school!" or "go and play—go and play." More real and audible beats the universal heart, "by and bye—by and bye." Like the arrow that the fairy bore on, when the force of the bow was spent; like the cloud and the pillar that went before the host in the desert; "by and bye," there's a promised land and a thousand summer idles beyond it. Whether it beats beneath Ishmael's dusky vestment, or the snowy billows of Cressian bottoms, it is forever blest and forever by and bye.

WHEN TO TAKE YOUR HAT.—Young men, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off. And mind what we offer. It is—

When you are asked to take a drink.

When you find you are courting a slovenly and extravagant girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think that you are a good deal wiser than other and more experienced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting treated for a new suit of clothes, when you haven't money to pay for them.