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ARKANSAS POKER.

How Four Aces were Beaten by Five Jacks.

The following incident is related of Scipio Choteau, a half breed Creek Indian and negro:

He was asked if he was the man who had four aces beaten.

He answered: "Yes sah; I's de man."

"Will you have any objection to telling it?"

"I's afeard it will git me into trouble; but if de judge is willing," appealing to the foreman, "I will tell it."

The judge consented, when Scipio said:

"You see, I lives on de cattle trail from Texas through de Creek country to Kansas, and I was in de road one day, and I meets a gentleman ahead of a big drove of cattle. He say, 'Old man, do you live in dis country?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah.'

"He says, 'It's a mighty poor country. How do you make a livin'?'

"I says, "Sah, tis putty good country; we has plenty of meat and bread, and I makes a good livin' a——'

"He says, 'Old man, do you ever play keerds?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah; I does, sometimes.'

"He says, 'Would you have any objection to play a little draw?'

"I says, 'No, sah.'

"So we gets off our horses along side de road, and sat down, and I pulls out de keerds. Well, in a short time I beats de gentleman out of sixty-two dollars and a half, and I t'ought I had him; so I puts up a hand on him—for I is, do I say it myself, a mighty smart hand at keerds—and I know'd he would hab tree jacks and I would hab tree aces, and in de draw I know'd he would git de oder jack, and I would git de oder ace. So he raises a bit, and I raises on back, till at last I put up all de money I had winned from de gentleman and all de change I had, and I know'd I had him. Well, in de draw de gent got de oder jack and I got de oder ace. De gent wanted to bet, but I claimed a sight for de money, and told him I had an inwincible hand dat could not be beat."

"He says, 'Old man, dem is right good britches you is got on; how much did dey cost?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah; dey cost me ten dollars.'

"He says, 'I'll put up ten dollars agin dem.'

"I says, 'Berry well, sah, but I tells you I got a inwincible hand.'

"He puts up de money, and I holds up my legs and he pulls off de britches and lays dem down.

"Now, sah,' I says, 'I told you I had a inwincible hand what can't be beat. I's got fo' aces.'

"De gent says, 'Old man, did you ever hear of five jacks beatin' fo' aces?

"I says, 'I's heard it, sah, but I's never seed it; and if you conwince me of it, de money's yourn.'

"'Berry well,' he says, laying down one keerd, 'ain't dat de jacks ob clubs?'

"'Yes, sah,' says I, 'dat am de jack ob clubs.'

"He lays down another keerd. 'Ain't dat de jack ob spades!'

"'Yes, sah,' I says, 'dat am de jack ob spades.'

"He laid down another: 'Ain't dat de jack ob diamonds?'

"'Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob diamonds.'

"Den he runs his hand in his bosom, and pulls out a great long pistol and points it at me and says, 'Ain't dat jack 'haul'?'

"I says, 'Yes, *sah*.'

"'Ain't dat five jacks? And don't dat win de money?'

"And I says, 'Yes, sah, dat *is* Jack Haul, and dat is five jacks, and five jacks beats an inwincible hand.'

"So he puts de money in his pocket and ties my britches on 'hind ob his saddle and tells me to scatter and I did.

"You see, it sarved me right, for I t'ought de man was a green Missourian when I put up de hand on him, but he was an Arkansaw chap, and I finds dem mighty sharp, judge.'

—The last question up for debate in the law school of one of our colleges was: "Do live stock become landed property when turned into fields?"

The Practical Uses of Poetry.

Everybody rejoices when a lazy fellow is compelled to work. It gives supreme satisfaction to see an habitual shirk effectually cornered. The most economical and conscientious will now and then rejoice at the destruction or injury of the most beautiful fabrics, it they have seemed to give any factitious importance to the body they covered. The neat kids, the shiny boots, the fine broadcloth, never give their wearer so keen a pleasure as they afford to his homespun and hard-worked neighbor when any contingency compelling him to put forth his strength in some menial occupation, splits the kids, muddies the boot, and rumples the broadcloth.

I supose it is on this principle that all these good, sensible, practical people who consider poetry the natural loafer of literature, seize every opportunity to put it to some homely use, and seem to delight in seeing it harnessed down to a plain, healthy moral, or made to express a geographical or meteorological fact. The despiser of Tennyson, and ignorer of Whittier, invariably resorts to

> "Thirty days hath September,
> April, June and November,"

when he wishes to verify his dates. He looks forth from his window, and discerns the signs of the sky with a muttered

> "Evening red and morning gray
> Takes the traveler on his way."

He even regulates his household economy with such questionable synopsis as

> "A stitch in time
> Saves nine."

His children are taught their first lessons of thrift in the couplets—

> "See a pin and let it lay,
> And you'll have bad luck all day;
> See a pin and pick it up,
> And all the day you'll have good luck.

As often as there is a funeral in his family, he searches the hymn-book for a rhyme to be placed on the tombstone; and, if the event calls out a few original stanzas from some local muse, the copy is preserved forever in the family scrap-book.

It is but a few years since one of these geniuses, who periodically burst upon the public schools with a scheme of learning, so sugared and honeyed that the children cry for it, turned "Peter Parley's geography" into verse, and set thousands of classes to singing, in concert, complete list of bays, rivers, capes and capitals. He was followed by one who developed the same idea in the realm of philosophy, and whose crowning triumph was the couplet by which he taught the order of the colors of the rainbow:

> "On memory's tablet these shall live,
> While we can spell the word R-O-Y-G-B-I-V."

But more troublesome to remember than dates, facts, and geographical statistics, yet more mortifying to forget, are the requirements of etiquette. The completest victory of those who lash solid facts to buoyant poetry, that the whole may float gracefully in the memory, has been achieved by a genius who reduces the whole science to plain rules and puts every rule in rhyme. Landor's couplet—

> "That is foolish who supposes
> Those dogs are ill that have hot noses"—

was one of the accidental touches which so often precede a great discovery. The riper genius grasps the principle, and gives it a complete application. Thus we read:

> "'Tis pity if you have a cold,
> But worse if the sad fact be told
> By every kind of uncouth sound,
> Annoying every one around;
> So let the secret be confined
> To your own handkerchief and mind."

Here is an essential principle of politeness so wedded to sweet verse that even a child cannot misunderstand or forget it:

> "In company your teeth to pick,
> Would make refined beholders sick."

The world-wide discussion on the proper use of the knife and fork is all summed up and settled by this suggestive passage:

> "If you should, in a moment rash,
> Reverse their use, perhaps you'd gash
> A mouth already far too wide,
> And shock all who might see beside.
> Bread, nuts, and fruit, dear sir, or madam,
> Eat in the mode of Eve and Adam."

Verily, poetry *is* good for something, after all! but, like a willful child, one must know how to manage it.

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ERA

COLUMBIA,

ALONE.

Three stalwart sons old Sweyn, the Saxon, had;
Brave, hardy lads for battle, or the chase;
And though, like peasant, barbarously clad,
Each wore the nameless noble in his face;
Onr o'er another rose their heads in tiers,
Steps for their father's honorable years.

One night in autumn sat they round the fire,
In the rude cabin bountiful of home;
Mild by the rev'rence due from child to sire,
Bold in the manhood unto mast'ry come;
Working their tasks o'er huhtsmen's forest gear,
Loos'ning the bow and sharpening the spear.

Lost in his thoughts, old Sweyn, the Saxon, stood,
Leaning in silence 'ga'nst the chimney-stone;
Staring unconscious at the blazing wood,
Steeped in the mood of mind he oft had known;
As an old tree whose stoutest branches shake,
Scarce from their vigor sign of life will take.

Athol, the bearded, with his bow had done,
Alfred, the nimble, laid his spear aside,
Edric, the fairest, tiring of his fun,
Left the old hound to slumber on his hide;
Yet was their sire like one whose features seem
Shaded by sleep, and all their light a dream.

Bold in the favor of the eldest born,
Athol, for both his younger brothers, spoke:
"Father, the fox is prowling in the corn,
And hear the night-owl hooting from the oak;
Let us to couch." But Sweyn had raised his head,
And thus, unwitting what had pass'd, he said:

"See, from my breast, I draw this chain of gold"—
Fair in the firelight royally it shone,—
"This for his honor that shall best unfold
Who, of all creatures, is the most alone;
Take him from palace, monast'ry, or cot,
Loving unloved, forgetting or forgot."

Then Athol spoke, with thoughtful tone and look:
"He is the loneliest—most alone of all,
Who, in a skiff to the mid-seas forsook,
Finds not an echo, even, to his call;
If echo lived, not all alone were he;
But there's no echo on the solemn sea!"

And Alfred next: "But lonelier, brother, far,
The wretch that flies a just avenging rod;
To him all scenes are wastes, a foe the star,
All earth he's lost, yet knows no heav'n, no God;
Most lonely he, who, making man his foe,
Unto man's maker dareth not to go!"

Thus spoke the lads, with wit beyond their years;
And yet the old man held his beard and sighed,
As one who gains the form his wishing wears,
But misses still a something most denied;
Upon his youngest eager looks he turned,
And Edric's cheek with grace ingenuous burned.

"I think, my father"—and his tones were low—
"That lonelier yet, and most alone, is he
Scarce taught, though crowds are leading, where
to go,
And one face missing can no other see;
Though all the Norman's court around him moves,
He is alone apart from her he loves."

A hush fell on them. Then with loving air
And all the touching romance of the old,
The hoary father kissed young Edric's hair,
And o'er his shoulders threw the chain of gold;
Then fell upon his darling's neck and cried,
"I have been lonely since thy mother died!"

UP THE CUMBERLAND.

I.

The fairest face that I ever beheld I saw one night at a German turnfest. I had ceased dancing a round-dance—one of those gallops that, to be thoroughly and heartily appreciated, has to be danced under the branches, upon a warm summer night to good music, with excellent partner and utter *abandon*.

Breathless, overheated, and vigorously applying my fan, I leaned back against the rude pine railing surrounding the dancing-platform, while my partner hastened to one of the many refreshment tables thickly dispersed throughout the brilliantly-lighted grove in order to procure some cooling beverage.

"Well, what have you decided to do?" asked a man close beside me, and in a very indifferent tone.

"Nothing. What can I do? All is lost," answered a woman, in a quiet, even voice.

On hearing the strange words, I turned to behold the speakers. I saw a large, handsome woman, seated upon the pine railing, in a careless, almost wanton position. One white hand rested upon the shoulder of her male companion, who stood in such close proximity that he almost rested upon her, while the other tenderly, thoughtlessly, threaded the hairs of his head. The face, as I said before, was the fairest that I ever beheld—one of those rare faces that the most favored of us behold but once in a lifetime; one of those fair, full faces, with clear, well-opened eyes, and skin not only delicately fair but healthy, without speck or flaw; the remaining features perfect, with a slight Teutonic dash over all. The almost white hair was rolled becomingly back from the brow.

"Do! What can I do! I have been doing all my life; and what has come to me? A broken heart. I have been scheming, planning, through long years, casting aside all hope of heaven for a grot of earthly happiness; and what has come to me? bitter disappointment. To-night I sit in the midst of broken plans, blighted hopes, and lost faiths. And you—you quietly tell me to think of the future. You are cruel; but I deserve it all—I deserve it all! I should have been wiser. I never should have forsaken all that was good for a love out of which nought but evil could come. Do! What can I do?"

With a wild gesture, the woman raised her interlaced hands, and pressed them to her cheek. For a moment she sat with reverted face; then, slipping from the railing, she glided across the platform, and descended the stairway.

I knew by the expression of her face that the grand old love had surged back into her heart, carrying before it, like straws before the wind, wounded pride, vanity, anger, hatred, indignation. She would not part with him thus. Throughout the long coming years, lovely and and full of sorrow, she must remember him in a better light. There must be some kind parting word or look to think of in the bitter day and darksome night.

She hastened after him for a minute; then she stood still. Following, I watched her eagerly. A few feet in front of her I saw her lost lover cross her path. His wife hung upon his arm. They were in company with several jovial friends. They laughed and talked in a loud voice. They did not seek her. She peered after them, with straining, hungering eyes, till they were lost to her. She turned like a whirlwind, and, as she shot past me, and disappeared among the trees, her face was like the face of the dead.

II.

It was a soft, warm evening. An exceedingly fine mist fell from the heavens. There was every indication of a night coming on full of drizzle, darkness and desolation. Nevertheless, we few passengers of the little dispatch boat, the "Hazel Dell," were gathered together upon the deck, watching the great fleet of steamers and iron clads coming gracefully around the curves of the Cumberland river.

The boats were lashed four abreast. We were passing a dangerous point. It would never do, through carelessness, to lose our wealth of ammunition—the ammunition destined to still many a brave heart, and so, perhaps, bring us victory—victory and success.

The mist came down. The burnished accoutrements of the thousands of troops and the bayonets attached to the thousands of guns, stacked in rows, and ready for the eager hand to grasp at a moment's warning, struggled in vain to flash and gleam in the light of the departing day. Still the mist came down. Several times we made an attempt at light conversation. Each attempt proved a failure. Wit had taken unto itself wings and flown away. Moreover, it absolutely refused to be lured back. Instinctively we shrank from discussing topics of war. We were passing a dangerous point. We were not sure of an hour. We were dumb. We sat in silence. We strove to amuse ourselves by watching the fleet, and admiring the great, tattered fragments of dark mistletoe swaying from the naked arms of the noble trees, scarred by the lightning of war, reft of beauty and strength by shots from a hundred guns, and left to perish, forsaken and alone. Every now and then we beheld a group of negroes upon the embankment. Poor things! having heard the shrill shriek of the whistles, they had hastened down to the river's edge to see the fleet pass by. Poor things! worn to skin and

ALD AN

TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1874.

bone, starving, and with only a few tatters wherewith to cover their nakedness—showing through the mist more like shadows of the departed than living human beings.

Ah, the misery of war! They who understand the most understand it the least. A strong man is shot, even unto death, and there is a great moan. Hearts are wrung, hopes crushed, and loves blighted. Still there is something left—sympathy, home, food. The women and children living in the midst of war have none of these. They lose their all, and there is no moan. They shiver, they starve; they die a living death day after day, and night after night. They know the meaning of war, and none others. They can translate without flaw.

Everything tended toward a depression of spirits, even the pale-faced cabin-boy whom we had on board, a poor lad, evidently a prey to bait from the days of his infancy. The day's work was done. He had come upon the deck to rest a little. He stood with legs crossed, and arms placed upon the railing. He looked mournfully down upon the murky wave. I do not think he was guilty of dreaming of battle-fields, strewn with gory slain; but he certainly hummed one of the saddest airs ever invented by mortal man. It went to our hearts. It thrilled our nerves. It drove us frantic. With one accord we could have taken him by the heels and gently tilted him into the depths of the river. We refrained, however. Perhaps a fancy that the hitherto refreshing waters of the Cumberland would never again taste so sweet, repressed our murderous feelings. Then, there was that nun, who never, since her embarkation upon the "Hazel Dell," had visibly crossed the threshold of her state-room, pacing the farther deck like a caged lioness.

There was something in the noble physique and manner of the woman that struck me as familiar, as she walked to and fro, in the mist, with hands locked firmly at her back, and bowed head; and once when, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, she passed so close to us that the end of her robe almost touched us, on catching sight of the nether part of her face, I felt almost confident that I had seen the woman at some past period, where, or when, I could not recall. That at such time and at such place, however, she acted not in the capacity of a nun, I felt morally certain. Every movement of the woman proved itself antagonistic to the cloth; the locked hands gave no sign of tenderness; the compressed, handsome mouth no sign of commiseration or pity.

The last shade of daylight was withdrawn. The darkness became intense. The smoke and steam, issuing from an hundred chimney-stacks, overburdened by the density of the fog, fell about us in a smutty, sluggish shower. To say the least, our situation was trying; yea, even though we had reached a pass in life where personal appearance and love were at a discount. Still, we remained upon the deck, watching the fleet trailing its monstrous, palpitating proportions around the curves of the river. The fires, glowing lurid and fitful through the darkness; the myraids of red, white and blue lights, lifted high above the boats, shining amid the fog like the eyes of demons, and the volumes of sparks, surging from the stacks, rendering the scene frightful in the extreme. Only the plash of the wheels gave us to realize that we still remained this side of hades.

The night wore on. We sat riveted, spell-bound, speechless. Instinctively we felt that words were wholly inadequate to express our appreciation of the scene.

We were brought to our senses by a scream from the nun, who still continued, uninterruptedly, to walk the deck.

"We are run into!" we heard her exclaim; and the next instant there was a rushing in our ears, followed immediately by a loud crash.

"What is it? What is the matter?" we eagerly asked of the nun, who had come close to us.

"Nothing," she replied, in a calm tone of voice, having regained her composure; "nothing—only a detached boat, brushing too close to us in the dark, has torn the trellis-work off the side of the little 'Hazel Dell.' Nothing serious, I know."

We felt exceedingly relieved; but the spell of enchantment was broken. Finding ourselves alone—our gentlemen friends having forsaken us at the first cry of danger; indeed, this does sometimes happen in America—we descended the dark trap, and picked our way to the cabin, dripping as we went, over the few "boys in blue" who lay sleeping peacefully on their army blankets, in the storage-room, in the midst of tubs and pails. The poor fellows were returning from a leave of absence, on account of sickness. God help them! They seemed fitter subjects, with their emaciated forms and haggard faces, for the grave than for a field of battle!

I think we had slept about an hour and a half, when we were awakened by the shrieking of a whistle. Our blood ran cold. I knew all the signals, but, in my confusion, could not make out whether I had heard two long and one short, or two broad and one short. We were not kept long in doubt. Boat after boat took up the signal of danger. In an instant we were seething in an abyss of confusion and wild turmoil. The very air seemed rent with the shrieking of whistles. It seemed that all the demons of the infernal region, escaped, were holding high carnival in the air about us.

At the first sound of danger the boats steamed up, and darted forward into line with lightning rapidity; and, what with the shrieking of whistles, intermingling with the shouts of officers, the curses of men, the clang of musketry, and the trampling of horses preparing for landing, our situation was truly appalling; and when the boom of a cannon mingled with the uproar, I felt that our days upon the land were numbered. That we never more should gaze upon the verdant pastures, or look upon a bit of bright blue sky, we felt morally certain.

There was a mysterious noise in the cabin. Having succeeded in partly dressing myself, I cautiously pushed open my state-room door, and peered out. The cabin was deserted by the men. At the side of the table stood the nun, arrayed as she had been in the evening. She was evidently prepared for battle. She held in her hand a coarse leather belt, from which were suspended ten or twelve flasks, while, with her beautiful white fingers, she endeavored to pick open the obstinate buckle. She muttered to herself, but I could not see the expression of her bowed face. I watched her intently. After a few seconds, as if attracted by my fixed gaze, she looked up and saw me.

Gladly would I have withdrawn into my room; but before I had time to do so she spoke.

"Come here, please, and be kind enough to help me a moment." Her voice was cool and collected. It shamed me. Half my terror and trembling fled. I obeyed. On reaching her, she gave me the belt.

"There," she said, "I have succeeded at last in opening that buckle, and if you will fasten it securely about my waist, I shall be obliged."

The belt was heavy with a burden, and my hands were shaking from fright; but I fastened the buckle securely.

"You are a trifle afraid? she asked, looking down upon my trembling hands with a quiet smile.

"Yes, I am afraid," I answered bravely. "I think it is enough to daunt the stoutest heart. Aren't you afraid?"

"Why, yes, a little; but war is my glory. From a battle and a battle-field I expect to gain my happiness upon earth, my peace in heaven!"

There was a depth to the words beyond my ken. It was intended to be such. I drew back from the woman. At that moment there came the boom of a second gun. A sharp cry of pain escaped my lips. The life-blood surged back from my white face to my heart. The nun, too, gave a little nervous start.

"Come!" she exclaimed, and fitting a heavy roll of white cloth from the table, and catching me by the shoulder, she pushed forward; "let us get out of here, or it is all lost—all!"

With a frantic gesture, up went the beautiful white hand; and the glorious eyes, although I could not see them, I felt to be full of imploring. Again I knew her words were full of meaning; but as she dragged me through the dark storage-way, I could not stand on ceremony. I rather clung to her, than drew back.

On reaching the deck, we found the promise of the evening fulfilled. The rain came down in a fine drizzle. The decks were wet and slippery.

Standing unmolested upon the deck, we could not but notice the alacrity and orderly manner with which the tactics of war were conducted. Boat after boat darted like an arrow toward the shore. The troops were landed in haste, but without confusion. They formed into line as orderly as upon dress-parade. The next instant we saw the shadowy column ascending the hill-side on the double quick, and disappearing over its brow.

A moment after, a wild yell of triumph arose from behind the hill, and we knew that out soldiers had come upon the foe, lurking among nature's battlements. The cry was taken up by the soldiers scaling the river side, and caught, too, by the men still on the decks of the boats. The noise was simply appalling.

"Isn't this perfectly horrible!" I whispered, and at the same time slipped my hand into that of the nun.

"Horrible? I think it is splendid!" She pressed my fingers till I could have screamed with pain. "If I were a man, I could fight to-night! I would cry, 'Down with the rebels!' and strike even unto death with every blow!"

The woman was beside herself.

"For God's sake, keep still!" I cried. "Look, they have set another boat on fire!"

"Great God, so they have! What are our men thinking about! Are we never going to set foot upon earth again?"

Even as she spoke, the "Hazel Dell" grated close to the shore.

III

The early morning came. The rain still continued to fall, sullen and slow. It dripped from the branches mournfully, pitifully. A cold chill pervaded the atmosphere. We were now on shore.

There had been wild tumult at the dead hour of night. The morning light saw it still. Only the dripping of the rain, the moan of a wounded soldier, the occasional footfall of a friend in search of a missing comrade, the twitter of birds, frightened from their nests.

There had been great tumult at the dead of night. Still, only a skirmish had taken place. Only a small band of lawless men had made an attack upon the fleet. They had been driven back from the river, for a mile or two, into the woods, where, overpowered by numbers, they had scattered and dispersed. Our soldiers, victorious, had returned to the boats, that is, with the exception of a few left to gather together the wounded and the dead. The nun and I, having followed in the wake of the troops, were doing our utmost to alleviate the anguish of the sufferers.

"List!" said my companion, "I thought I heard a moan." She bent forward and inclined her ear to the ground.

After a pause it came to us again.

"Which way?" she cried, in a penetrating voice.

The moan was repeated. Her experienced ear instantly detected the direction from which the sound came.

"Come!" said she, straightening herself and stepping bravely through the tall, wet grass, her black robes, heavy with the rain, rustling as they trailed behind her.

We found a dying officer under a bush. He was shot through the breast. From his situation and from the black trail of blood, we knew that he had painfully crawled out of the way of farther danger, and had lain down under the hazel tree to die. He was almost gone. He lay partly upon his side, with his head thrown back. His eyes were fixed, and the blood-stained hand, pressed upon the wound, was stiflening.

Kneeling beside him, and shoving her strong hand between the massive shoulders and the ground, my companion raised the dying soldier a little, and pressed the mouth of a half empty flask to his lips.

Our suply of liquor was almost gone. During the past two hours we had succored many a man, who otherwise would have perished.

For some reason of her own, my companion would not listen to any soldier accompanying us in our dismal work. For reasons of her own, she wished to perform her deeds of mercy in darkness. For reasons of her own she wished to gain her happiness upon earth, her peace in heaven, in a mysterious way.

Holding up the dying man, she gently raised the flask, that a few drops might fall upon the swollen lips. Too late! The blood spurted from the wound afresh, a groan escaped the blackened lips, and the soldier was dead.

Laying him down, she closed the glassy eyes with her beautiful white hands—the hands that I had seen, in that weary, early morning, bandage many a cruel wound, stem the red currents of life flowing swiftly away, wipe the death-damp from the brows of men scarcely alive, and carefully cover the faces of the dead—those beautiful hands that I had seen perform acts that would surely bring peace in heaven—those hands that I had seen do that, too, which made me shudder! Yea, they had raised a horrible doubt in my breast! They had aroused my suspicions. I was alert. I watched them eagerly, now.

After closing tenderly the eyes, the white hands quietly slipped into the pockets of the dead man. There was no other way of obtaining a clew to his identity—no other way, perhaps, of apprising the people at home of his death. Overlooked by comrades, he might fall to dust under the hazel-bush while dear ones in distant lands watched waited, hoped, and longed in vain for his coming through weary years!

"Ah! was that another moan I heard?" she cried.

For a moment I was thrown off my guard. I peered eagerly around; then, remembering, I quickly turned. I saw the nun hurriedly conceal the soldier's purse amid the folds of her sable robes with one hand, while in the other she held a limp, wet letter.

"This letter is all I can find," she said, indifferently, and at the same time arose from the ground; "but his name is upon it, and I shall keep it, and so, perhaps, be able to write to his friends in the course of a day or two. Let me have a rag."

Osborne

D MAIL.

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I gave her a small patch out of my diminished roll. She spread it over the poor white face.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed, "I hope the soldiers will find him, and give him a decent burial!"

Then she clasped her hands together and muttered a prayer. Heaven knows! she may have been sincere; but my faith in the woman was gone.

"Come!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "let us be doing, or else we shall surely freeze."

I had been pressed into service against my will, and when I had become thoroughly drenched with rain, when my bare hands had become numb with cold, and my feet tired with tramping, I am afraid that I proved to be not the most desirable companion.

"You are very tired," said the nun, kindly; "but we must not give way; we must keep on till we reach the spot where the confederates broke and fled."

"For what?" I asked, in a sarcastic tone. She understood, and kept silence.

We trod on together, without a word, till we came to where a man lay stiff in death. He rested upon one side, his back to us, his face invisible. Still, on beholding him my brave companion drew back, with deep breathing. She raised her hand swiftly to her head, then, rushing forward, she fell upon her knees beside him, took him firmly by the shoulders and turned him upon his back. One look at the face was sufficient; with a wild cry she drew back. The expression upon her face terrified me. Instantly she was upon her feet; in a trice she disappeared from my bewildered gaze into the depths of the forest.

Many years have gone by since the going out of the lights at the German Turnfest. Many years have gone by since the last strain of music had died away upon the heavy summer night air. And yet, standing alone with the dead man at my feet, that early morning, upon the banks of the Cumberland, the cold rain saturating my garments, and the cold air penetrating my flesh, that wondrous night, with all its abandon and revelry, with its strange commingling of refinement and grossness, sweetest strains of heavenly music, and bitter beer, rose vividly before me.

Again I beheld the splendid woman, whom I had seen goaded on to desperation and violence, by the heartless taunts of a faithless lover, disappear among the trees with a face full of agony. Again I saw her as I saw her that dreary morning, in a far distant land. All was clear to me now. I knew the dead man, too, who lay at my feet, uncared for—knew him too well. I could not stoop even to close his eyes; I understood the woman now. She had bartered her soul, for what? for eyes that would never look upon the glitter of her gold For a heart that would never yearn for her in her splendor.

I never saw her again. I have often wondered whether she went down into the lowest depths of vice, or whether all happiness upon earth being denied her, she continued to labor in good faith for her place in heaven.

The Society Man.

A correspondent of Hearth and Home draws this little picture of a "society man" in difficulties:

I had a curious encounter the other night. It was a madman—in Mrs. Brimlow's elegant gentleman's dressing-room—"first floor front for gentlemen"—as the dusky door-keeping automaton down stairs had just informed me. Just inside the above-indicated door I encountered a man I know it was a man—you can always tell them at a party. They wear very thin, narrow boots; very tight pants; very low vests; very startling lockets; very spiky dress coats; very distinguished ties under very exemplary collars; very waxy mustaches, and part their hair very near the middle—very. Indeed your average party-man is a sort of a mild superlative all the way through—inside and out. But if I had entertained any doubts at all concerning his masculinity, they would have been dispelled by the muttered oaths that came struggling from under his mustache and through his compressed lips. It certainly was a man. I knew him by his cloths and his swear. And he was mad. I said so, and I stick to it. His face was red, and his brow contracted, his step impatient, and he bore all the appearance of one who is trying to keep his feelings under control, and that, too, with very indifferent success. He was evidently struggling with something, and at last I comprehended the situation; he was trying to squeeze his hands—which usually accommodated nines—into a pair of white kids that were only eights and a half.

Certainly a very trifling affair to get mad at; but just try it yourself once. As he said to me: "There's my lady waiting impatiently in the next room for me to take her down stairs! and here I am yet, sweating and swearing over these confounded gloves. See; I've just got one on!" and he held up a rather cloudy white, which looked as though the seams were trying to meet each other through the poor man's hand, making the parts where they weren't appear like miniature canvas bellying before the wind—"and now here this other one won't come. By George! I wish goats would eat their own kids—so that—whew! there the old thing goes! Confound it!" And, sure enough, an enormous rent revealed a great deal of red hand between two sections of rather rumpled-looking kid. He looked like a man whose light had gone out—a man who was sent for and couldn't come—who thought he would and then wished he hadn't—and just as he was getting up an espepcial malediction appropriate to the occasion, Black John appears with a grin and a jerk: "Please, sah! Miss Grimsby wants to know if you are expecting to go down to the parlors this evening?" And so there was nothing else to be done, and the poor fellow descended, with an incensed lady, a torn glove, a harrowed spirit—all because his kids were half a size to small.

The True Woman.

"The true woman," says a late writer, "needs to be sought. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky-parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain your friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how very little happiness depends on money. Now do not say any more, 'I can't afford to marry.' Go, find the true woman, and you can afford it. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way."

A Huge Aerolite.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that an enormous aerolite recently fell in the vicinity of Farmersville, Livingston county, Missouri. The shock of its impact with the ground is stated to have been like an earthquake, and the molten mass is described as fully twenty feet high above the soil, and some twenty-five feet in diameter. It presents the usual appearance of such bodies, being a black, shining mass of meteoric iron. Its size is unprecedented.

—A genius is popularly said to be one who can do everything except make a living.

Care for Daughters.

Would you show yourself really good to your daughters? Then be generous to them in a truer sense than that of heaping trinkets on their necks. Train them for independence first, and then labor to give it to them. Let them, as soon as ever they are grown up, have some little money, or means of making money, to be their own, and teach them how to deal with it, without needing, every moment, somebody to help them. Calculate what you give them or will bequeath to them, not, as is usually done, on the chances of their making a rich marriage, but on the probability of their remaining single and according to the scale of living to which you have accustomed them. Suppress their luxuries now if need be, but do not leave them with scarcely bare necessaries hereafter, in striking contrast to their present home. Above all, help them to help themselves. Fit them to be able to add to their own means rather than to be forever pinching and economizing till their minds are narrowed and their hearts are sick. Give them all the culture you can to every power which they may posses. If they should marry after all, they will be the happier and the better for it. If they should remain among the million of the unmarried, they will bless you in your grave, and say of you what cannot be said of many a doating parent by his surviving child: "My father cared that I should be happy, after his death as well as while I was his pet and his toy."

Mexican Manners.

A writer in the City of Mexico says: I doubt if any capital in the world contains so many handsome women and wealthy gentleman, or has so many poor, hideous-looking people. Like all Spanish towns, the rich are very rich, and the poor very poor. The wealthy are handsomely, tastefully, and fashionably attired; while those of the middle classes affect the chivalrous dress of old Castile—cloth jackets with metallic buttons, gaudy sashes, sombreros with embroidered bands, and gold and silver clasps down the outer seams of the pantaloons. The women promenade with no head-dress, their faces protected from the sun by parasols, which they coquettishly carry. From ten to twelve in the morning the streets are thronged and the shops crowded until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, after which hour few ladies are to be seen on the thoroughfares until late in the evening. Then the parks, plazas, and promenades wear an animated appearance. Ladies are to be seen floating about gracefully, followed by their servants; and caballeros, in full dress, swords, boots, and spurs, ride slowly around mounted upon superb horses, whose heads and loins are nearly covered with elegant trappings.

About Dreams.

If you dream that a black cat with white feet and seven yellow rings around his tail, is sitting on the meeting-house steeple, it is a sign that you will marry within a year, if single, and that your wife, if you are married, contemplates eloping with the hired man.

If you dream that you see a white cat sitting on a coffin, and a white horse is galloping around in a circle, and a white flag is waving in the air, there will be sickness in the family—probably your wife; and you will do more galloping around and waving before she is well than you ever thought of.

If a married woman dreams of following a blue horse down hill, and she comes to a spring of muddy water, and sees a snake in it, some one is going to make her feel bad. The widow Skinner will probably start a story that the dreamer needn't stick her nose up over other folks, as her father was once convicted of stealing saw logs.

To dream of seeing a crowd of angels, and hearing blissful music, and of plucking golden apples from silver trees, is a sign that your mother-in-law is coming to visit you, and all the angels and golden apples you see after she gets there, can be put in your left eye.

Plaster as a Manure.

There seems to be little doubt but that plaster, or as it is called by chemists, sulphate of lime, is on some soils an efficient and cheap manure; while on other soils it seems to be of little or no value, as no difference can be detected in the crops following its use. Now in order to tell the soil on which it will pay to use it is the question that we shall have to decide for ourselves, for I am not aware that any man can tell by looking at the soil, where it will pay to use it, or where it will not pay. Therefore, if we would know for a certainty, it is best to try small quantities on different parts of the field, either by sowing on grass lands as a top dressing, or by using as a manure for field crops in different ways, and the answer that you may get will likely be a true one. After you have found where it will pay, then use it liberally, and it may be well to say here that if the crops are all consumed upon the farm, there need be no fears of ruining your farm by using plaster in a judicious manner.

The Tomato.

Joseph Harrod, formerly of Portland, Maine, now of New York state, claims to have introduced the tomato into America. The spot where he made his first tomato hills is now covered by spacious stores, and is opposite the new marble postoffice in Portland. The story runs thus: In 1816 Mr. Harrod had a store in Portland, with house and garden attached. In June, a friend, who was a ship-owner, gave him some tomato ("golden" or "love" apple) seeds, which were brought in a vessel from Cuba. They were planted in the expectation of seeing a nice flowering plant. Three years afterward he sent some seeds to his father and others in Haverhill, Mass. Two years later still, one of these friends, Sheriff Bartlett, wrote him, saying that the tomato was good for a salad, if cut up and dressed like a cucumber.

Always Green.

Vegetation in New Zealand is ever green. Forests, wild shrubberies of small bush, grass plains are alike clothed with verdure winter and summer, autumn and spring, and the effects of such a climate with such a vegetation are these; that the operation of reclaiming and cultivating land can be carried on most equally well at all seasons of the year—that when the first conditions of successful cultivation are complied with, all the English grain, root and fruit crops are fine in quality and yield—that comparatively little winter provision is necessary for stock, and that all the domestic animals multiply fast, are free from many of the European diseases, mature early, and present to the eye of the connoisseur that clean, sleek, glossy appearance of coat and skin seldom seen except among stock at home.

—It is related of the late Senator Wigfall that on the collapse of the confederacy, while crossing the Mississippi to make his way into Mexico, in the assumed character of an ultra union man, he was informed by a federal soldier, who was on board the ferry boat, of the intense satisfaction he would experience if he could fall in with and hang to the topmost limb of the tallest tree the Texas arch traitor. "Yes, I too would be pulling at one end of the rope," vehemently remarked Wigfall.

—The Congregationalist explains what it means by "lightning-bug piety"—bright while it lasts, but cold and soon out.

FACT AND FANCY.

—"All right, old boss, I'll be there," said an Alabama boy when sentenced to be hanged.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me to know their virtues.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

—A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance. The old chap answered, "The Minie mum."

—When the waiter passed Spicer some very old cheese at the hotel table, the other day, he responded: "Not a mite."

—In Naples a barber will shave, cut hair, comb, brush, black boots, and give you a cigar and call it square for ten cents.

—New York Commercial: "Curiously enough, it was at Wagga-Wagga that the Tichborne tale was first set in motion."

—M. Normand, the architect of the new Vendome column in Paris, promises to have the monument ready on the 1st of June.

—A man writes to an editor for $4, "because he is so infernally short," and he gets in reply the heartless response, "Do as I do, stand up on a chair."

—A Kentucky paper apologizes for having spoken of the "red-headed, malignant mule who dispenses the county money," by saying that it wrote "Big-hearted, valiant soul."

—"What is heaven's best gift man?" asked a young lady Sunday night, smiling sweetly on a pleasant looking clerk. "A hoss," replied the young man, with great prudence.

—It is proposed to prevent the nuisance to railroad travelers arising from the smoke and fine ashes from the locomotive, by attaching a pipe to the smoke stack to carry the smoke to the end of the train.

—Said Lord John Russell to Hume, at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one, my lord," was the commoner's prompt reply.

—The following atrocious paragraph appears in an exchange: "Dorothy Williams, of Wyoming, started to walk three miles to church the other Sunday, and they found her torn into about fifty pieces, the result of meeting a bear whose moral character was at a low state."

—Tennyson has been engaged on an ode of welcome to the duchess of Edinburg. From the manuscript which he sent us to revise, we have taken the liberty of erasing the third stanza, which was as follows:

"The birds and bees, and wind swept trees,
  To praise thee, shall conspire,
With voices born from frozen seas—
  Mariar! O Mariar!"

—A fine equestrian painting, nine by seven feet, representing the last meeting between Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, on the day before the battle of Chancellorsville, painted by E. B. O. Julio, of New Orleans, is on exhibition at Richmond. It is valued at $10,000, and will be presented to the Lee Memorial Chapel, at Lexington.

—"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

—An exchange tells us that a schoolboy's toothache generally commences at 8 a. m., reaches its hightest altitude at a quarter to 9, when the pain is intense to an extraordinary degree; commences to subside at 9, and after that disappears with a celerity that must be very comfortable to the sufferer. If at night that boy hasn't got four quarts of walnuts spread out to dry, up stairs, it is because there is no place up stairs to do it.

—The number of officers of foreign birth in our regular army is 244. Of these Ireland claims the majority over any, ninety-six; Germany ranks next, forty-five; while England has ten less than the latter figure. Of those who have risen from the ranks, one hundred and eight are Americans; forty-four Irish, and twenty-three Germans. Thus is the majority of meritorious enlisted "regulars" of American birth, contrary to the generally-received opinion.

—North Adams has a tailor long known for his keen, pungent wit. Not long since a well-known clergyman called at his shop with a pair of pantaloons, and asked him if they could be repaired. The knight of the shears unrolled them, held them up in the most artistic manner, carefully examined them, and replied: "Yes, yes; the *knees* are the best part of them." The reverened gentleman saw the joke, smiled blandly, and gracefully bowed himself out.

Moving the Stove.

A reader who is recently married writes us asking which end of a stove is the lightest. A stove is very deceiving, and one has to become well acquainted with a new one to find its points of advantage. Our friend should not be too hasty in taking hold of a stove. A stove that is to be moved should be visited in the still watches of the night before, and carefully examined by the light of a good lamp. The very end we thought the lightest may prove the heaviest (in fact is extremely likely to), or it may be that the lightest end is the most difficult to get hold of and hang on to. It is a very distressing undertaking to carry a half ton of stove by your finger nails, with a cold blooded man easily holding the other end, and a nervous woman, with a dust-pan in one hand and a broom in the other, bringing up the rear and gettin the broom between your legs. In going up stairs it is best to be at the lower end of the stove.

Going backward up a stairway with a stove in your hands requires a delicacy of perception which very few people possess, and which can only come after years of conscientious practice. If you are below, you have the advantage of missing much that must be painful to a sensitive nature. The position you are in brings your face pretty close to the top of the stove, and as no one can be expected to see what is going on when thus situated, you are relieved from all responsibility and thought in the matter, with nothing to do but to push valiantly ahead and think of Heaven. Then above you is the carman whom you do not see, with his lips two inches apart, his eyes protruding, and his tongue lolling on his chin. And it is well you don't see him, for it is an awful sight. But the chief advantage in being below is that, in case of the stove falling, you will be caught beneath it and instantly killed. Nothing short of your death will ever compensate for the scratched paint, soiled carpet, and torn oil-cloth. And no man in his senses and with his hearing unimpaired would want to survive the catastrophe.—*Danbury News.*

Isothermal Lines.

These lines, as their name indicates, are lines of equal temperature, and vary greatly from the lines representing the latitude of different localities. It would naturally be supposed that localities situated at the same distance north or south of the equator would be of the same average temperature throughout the year, but an examination of a map on which isothermal lines are represented will show a remarkable variation. Take the isothermal line of forty degrees of animal temperature. It runs through the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence south of Iceland and through the center of Scandinavia. It is as warm on the western coast of Europe as it is on the eastern coast of the United States, 600 or 800 miles further south. Grains will ripen in these latitudes in this ratio. A similar statement is true of the west portion of the United States. Take the parallel of fifty degrees of equal annual temperature—it runs by Albany, the south shore of Lake Erie, through Northern Illinois, then northward to Northern Oregon and away to Puget's Sound, hundreds of miles further north than it is on the eastern side.