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THE PATRIOT AND HERALD.

THURSDAY, : APRIL, 6, 1882.

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THE DEATH OF MARLBOROUGH.

The sun shines on the chamber wall,
The sun shines through the trees,
Now, though unshaken by the wind,
The leaves fall ceaselessly;
The bells from Woodstock's steeple,
Shakes Blenheim's fading bough,
"This day you won Malplaquet,"
"Aye, something then, but now."

They lead the old man to a chair,
Wandering, pale and weak,
His thin lips move—how faint the sound,
You scarce can hear him speak.
They lift a picture from the wall,
Bold eyes and swelling brow;
"The day you won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now."

They reach him down a rusty sword,
In faded velvet sheath,
The old man dropped the heavy blade,
And mutters 'twixt his teeth;
There's sorrow in his fading eye,
And pain upon his brow;
"With this you won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now."

Another year, a stream of light,
Flows down the avenue:
A mile of mourners, sable clad,
Walk weeping, two by two;
The steward looks into the grave,
With sad and downcast brow;
"This day he won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now."

MISSING.

"But are you vain enough to suppose that she loves you for yourself alone?"

Old Mr. Boone Scarlett sat in his big arm-chair, all wrinkled into a general knot with age, gout and chronic ill temper, while Kenneth Scarlett, his nephew, leaned against the variegated marble pillar of the great circular entrance hall at Scarlett Court, and smiled down at the old man in a dreamy sort of a way.

"Why should she not, uncle?" said he.

The old man looked up with a sardonic grin which displayed all his yellow tusks.

"Do you call yourself a modern Adonis?" said he.

"Not exactly," laughed young Scarlett, "but I am not so noticeably ugly that Miss Dana need shrink from me as if I were a 'Marsyas.'"

"Pshaw!" growled old Scarlett, "as if all the world didn't know that Ella Dana was head-over-ears in love with Harry St. John—and that she would never have looked at you if her father had not bullied her into it."

"All the world is always a correct report," carelessly returned Kenneth. And then one of the gardeners came in with a specimen of early Frontignac grapes which were ripening in the forcing houses, and the conversation dropped. Kenneth remembered it, however, not without a trifle of unpleasantness.

"Uncle Boone does not mean anything," he argued with himself.—"Ella is true as steel."

Uncle Boone Scarlett was one of those disagreeable personages who seem to be sent into the world with no other mission than to make themselves generally obnoxious to their friends. Life in general had been a failure with him—and at seventy, he had settled down to live upon his wealthy nephew, whose good temper and generosity he rewarded by an amiable system of finding fault with everything.

And when the young man's wedding-day came, and Ella Dana looked so lovely in the glistening white satin, antique pearls and heavily-scented orange-blossoms, uncle Boone Scarlett's words flashed across the mind like the skeleton at the feast.

He was standing under the blossoming magnolias, waiting for Ella to come out in her traveling dress.—The guests were still drinking healths in iced-champagne, and foaming wines,—his 'best man' had gone to give a forgotten message at the telegraph office—and standing there in the lovely sunset, the soft tone of voices from the open latticed apartments above floated down to his ear.

"Ella, Ella!" sobbed Eugene, her bridesmaid, "are you sure you will be happy?"

"Happy?" echoed Ella's clear, sweet voice. "Why should I not be happy?"

"Can you deny," solemnly questioned Miss Vale, "that you married this man because he is rich? Can you

deny that you loved Harry St. John, the poor disinherited lad whose friends have deserted him, one by one? Answer me, yes or no?"

"I cannot deny that I accepted Mr. Scarlett because my father bade me," confessed Ella, after a moment's hesitation. "I cannot deny that I loved Mr. St. John—but—"

Kenneth Scarlett, standing under the tasseled honey-suckle vines, had grown as white as marble—nearly as chill at heart. He lingered to hear no more, but plunged passionately into the deep green recesses of the shrubberies, flinging passionately away, as he did so, the knot of orange-blossoms which was on his coat.

"I am not the man to accept an unwilling bride," said he to himself between his firmly set teeth. "Sweet Ella, take back your freedom."

And so, for miles around the country, rang the story of the missing bridegroom. High and low, near and far, they searched for him,—but the years went by and no word was ever heard from Kenneth Scarlett. And the most probable conjecture was that he was drowned in the bottomless pool of the black river which crept so sluggishly under the broad, glossy leaves of the magnolias.

"Temporary insanity," suggested one.

"Rather near-sighted, poor fellow," said another, "might have walked into it."

"A man don't get married every day," snarled uncle Boone. "Most likely he drank too much champagne."

While others, still more charitable, hinted in mystic whispers that young Scarlett had another wife who had turned up at the most inconvenient period, and dragged him bodily away from his bride!

And so the seven years went by, and Ella, by the laws of her country, was freed to be wooed and won a second time.

Harry St. John had come home from Alaska a rich man. "Just exactly," said Eugene Vale, "as if Providence had sent him." But to his infinite amazement, Ella—Mrs. Scarlett, as she was called still—quietly rejected his offer of marriage.

"Eh," said uncle Boone.

"What!" interjected old Squire Dana, who had an idea that he could manage matters and things better than destiny itself.

"You can marry whom you please now," said Mrs. Dana, a complainingly elder lady.

"Poor, dear Kenneth has left you rich, and you always loved Harry St. John."

Mama, said Ella, who had grown more statuesquely lovely than ever, in spite of the utter colorlessness of cheek and brow, "there is no more marrying and giving in marriage for me."

"But, dear, you were so fond of poor Harry once?"

"Once," impatiently repeated Ella, "but mama, all that is past and gone. Do you think I could go back to the days when I cried for sugar almonds, and was quieted with a doll?"

"Child," cried the old Squire, "you never mean to say that you intend to remain single all your life?"

"Papa," said Ella, with a dreamy light in her eyes, "I am married to Kenneth Scarlett, and, be he living or dead, I will never become any other man's wife."

"Is this Scarlett Court?"

The old blind gardener, who was sunning himself in the lodge-gate looked up and put one hand behind his ear.

"Scarlett Court, sir? Yes," he answered.

"Is Mr. Kenneth Scarlett at home?" The old man gave a feeble gasp.

"Didn't you know, sir? Haven't you heard, sir?" said he. "Mr. Kenneth Scarlett has been dead and gone these seven years."

"Dead and gone! Nonsense! cried the stranger. "I know better."

"But it's true, sir," persisted the old man. "He disappeared on his wedding day! But the old gentleman, sir, Mr. Boone Scarlett, he's at the Court, older and crosser than ever—and Mrs. Scarlett—that was the bride, sir—she lives with her parents at Dana Hedges, four miles away. Bless me—how—what—his—a walking away without even so much as flinging me a shilling! Jessie, Jessie! child, to a bare-footed little child, who was furtively stealing

globes of sweetness off the gooseberry bushes, 'run after the gent. Tell him that everybody gives blind Baxter a shillin.' And tell him—"

"He's gone too far, grand-daddy," said the child, indifferently. "A deal too far."

Ella sat reading under the magnolias, where the glow of the afternoon sun shine could not reach her face—pale, beautiful, and dressed in widow's weeds.

"To-day is the anniversary of my wedding-day! Ah, me, was every bride so cruelly deserted? Was ever wife so wretched?"

"Oh, Kenneth! my husband! she cried, springing from her seat.

"Kenneth?" she gasped.

"It is no crime for you, Ella Dana, now to confess that you never loved me—that you married me simply because you were told to do so. I heard your words that day Eugene Vale. You said that you accepted me because of your father's orders—that you loved St. John! Do you think that, after hearing those words I could receive the cold shiver of your hand, when the alter flames of love had died within my heart?"

"I did say those words," acknowledged Ella, after a few moments of perplexed silence. "Yes, I recall them plainly now, I did speak them. But that was not all. I added also that I had learned to love and respect you with perfect faith and devotion—that I had read the selfishness of Harry St. John's character—that I was fully glad, and satisfied with you, dearest Kenneth. If you had only remained to listen to these last words! Nay more, I have refused St. John within the month, because—because I loved my lost husband, and him only!"

Kenneth Scarlett's face grew radiant.

"My love! my darling!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "can this be true?"

She lifted her face to his.

"Look into my eyes, Kenneth, and see," she said, softly.

And once more under the sweet-scented magnolias, Kenneth Scarlett wooed his wife, aye, and won her. And this time, no shadow of doubt or heart-sickening fear crossed his soul. She was his; his entirely—his only.

And so, after the long hiatus, the married couple came to Scarlett Court to live.

"Uncle Boone gave his favorite snarl on hearing the strange story."

"Seven years—seven years," said he. "There isn't the woman living that I'd have waited seven years for?"

"But it is nothing to the time that Jacob served for Rachel," said Ella, smiling.

"And it seemed as nothing to him," tenderly whispered Kenneth, "for the love he had to her."

So the old bible words found their echo, centuries afterwards, in two living human hearts.

"So, you've been to Europe, have you?" he asked as he wriggled his chair around so as to get his feet on top of the stove.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go to Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"See the Pyramids?"

"Yes."

"Did they look natural?"

"Yes, pretty natural."

"Any saloons anywhere near?"

"No."

"What did you do for a drink?"

"Oh, carried along a flask."

"Did, eh? Well that was correct—perfectly correct. Anything in the flask?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whiskey?"

"No—brandy."

"Ah! That's what I was trying to get at. I didn't know but you had it filled with cold tea, and thus disgraced the whole nation there at the foot of the grandest wonders the world ever saw. Stranger, I'm no pyramid, and there's nothing 7,000 years old about me, but if you have any brandy left I'll guarantee to im-bibe about two inches of it in a manner to make old Egypt hide her head in envy."—Detroit Free Press.

The Tenn. Coal and Iron Company has three blast furnaces in operation at Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his 'cousin,' who was at the head of the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and grabbing him by the arm, said:—

"Oh! you must, you will take a chance in our cake. Come right here. This way!"

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that 'Really didn't have the pleasure of knowing—'

"Oh! that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come! The cake will all be taken if you don't hurry."—And she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There now—only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices. It will increase your chances, you know?"

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring" you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised!"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately-gloved hands as he handed her a dollar bill. "Oh, it is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances, and in that case your bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: 'Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told.'"

"O, does he? send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you're mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"O, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now take an envelope; open it. There! you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of the envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note.—"No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come; let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was, he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I would like to be a heavy man like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that's light. One dollar, please."

"What," said the youth, "one dollar? Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at—"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of a flower-table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's 'cousin' from behind the flower counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too. Oh I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a

basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door, or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go; I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your button-hole," interrupted his 'cousin.' "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair may I be—be d—d!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car-fare to ride home.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Recommendations from a Health Journal.

Try popcorn for nausea.

Try cranberry for malaria.

Try a sun bath for rheumatism.

Try clam broth for weak stomach.

Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try gargling lager beer for cure of sore throat.

Try a wet towel on the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.

Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try the croup tippet when the child is likely to be troubled in that way.

Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.

Try taking your cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wine glass full three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be late in the evening.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to remove the whooping cough.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

Try planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.

Try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrhoea troubles; give freely.—Health Monthly.

"Why is it my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always on the buttered side?"

"I don't know. It hadn't order had it! The strongest side order be up, and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen."

"Hush up, it is some of our aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it, the great lazy thing?"

"What your aunt?"

"No, this butter, To make the poor woman churn it when it is strong enough to churn itself."

"Hush, Zebe, I've eaten a great worse in the most aristocratic houses."

"Well, people of rank order eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

Large Diamonds.

I recently heard the story of the largest known diamond in the world certainly the largest in the civilized world—from an American gentleman, who has resided for years in Brazil. This marvelous stone, which is four times the size of the Kohinoor, was for a long time the plaything of the children of an old negro slave living in a hilly region in the interior of Brazil. The children had picked the stone out of a heap of pebbles brought by their father to lay before the door of his hut. One day they were amusing themselves with it as usual by rolling it about on the mud floor, when a negro, who had worked in diamond mines till his health broke down and who had been sent into the country to recruit, came into the hut and spied the stone. He examined it carefully and pronounced it to be a diamond. A great excitement was caused by the discovery, the Emperor sending a regiment of cavalry to escort this colossal gem in safety to his capital. He afterwards presented it to his uncle, the King of Portugal. Its value has been variously estimated from \$15,000,000, to \$60,000,000, but even the most skilled lapidaries hesitate to pronounce upon its value, as it is perfectly unique in the history of precious stones. It is of an oval shape and it is said to be of extremely fine water. Of course it is too gigantic ever to be worn as an ornament, except, perhaps mounted on the summit or apex of an imperial crown. Very few people have ever seen it, and it is now probably lost in the world, being hidden away among the crown jewels of Portugal.

Hurried to Death.

ELEVEN MEN KILLED BY AN EXPLOSION OF THREE TONS OF POWDER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 27.—An explosion by which eleven men were killed and others seriously injured occurred this morning in the Vulcan Powder Company Works, across the bay, where the manufacture of block blasting powder was in progress. Fire broke out in the room in the granulating house and communicated almost instantly to the powder, only a small quantity of which was in the building. A blast of flame, however, rushed across a passage separating the granulating from the drying house. In the latter were stored about three tons of powder, which at once exploded. The concussion was not very great, windows of buildings 200 yards distant not being broken. The dry house was blown to pieces, killing or wounding all the men at work there.

Atlanta, Ga., is to have a cotton seed-oil refinery.

A tobacco-seed nursery is to be established in Tallahassee, Fla.

Roasting-ears and watermelons are the Florida luxuries just now.

Anderson, S. C., has subscribed \$25,000 to the Savannah Valley Railroad.

The fish canning establishment at Rockport, Texas, is doing good work.

Athens, Ga., is well supplied with water power for manufacturing purposes.

The recent frosts at Wilmington, N. C., failed to do any damage to vegetation.

The first brick on the new cotton factory at Greenville, S. C., was laid Saturday last.

A rich silver mine is reported as having been discovered at Crauberry, Mitchell county, N. C.

A Wilmington firm are arranging to put up a rice mill in Washington, N. C., during the present year.

The Sloss Furnace Company of Birmingham, Ala., while boring a well for water near their new furnace, struck a vein of petroleum at a depth of 214 feet.

There are over 300,000 men and 100,000 horses and mules employed in railroad building in Texas. There are about 2,000 miles of road under contract, and about 6,000 more to be contracted for.

Food for Young and old.

Food and medicine for young and old, prepared without fermentation, from Canadian Barley Malt, Hops, Quinine, Bark, etc., (Malt Bitters) are warranted more Nourishing, Strengthening, Vitalizing and Purifying, by reason of their richness in Bone and Muscle Producing Material than all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objectionable urged against malt liquors.

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TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals for the erection of FORTY DOUBLE DWELLINGS will be received until April 1st, 1882, at the office of the Southwest Virginia Improvement Company, Abbs' Valley, Tazewell county, Va., where plans and specifications can be seen, and all necessary information obtained.

Houses will be let in lots of Ten each. Contractors will be required to give bond for the faithful performance of the work. Address all communications to W. A. LATHROP, Sup't. ABBS' VALLEY, mh16 4w Tazewell Co. Virginia.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 15 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 5 letters containing J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly J. H. Francis, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell Parsons' Purgative Pills. Will keep pair of most guaranteed, both in workmanship and style. It will also knit a great variety of fancy goods for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms by mail for 5 letters containing J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 40 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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Wall Paper, Window Shades, Etc., Etc. We make a specialty in Pianos and Organs. In Pianos, we will sell the Kranich & Bach, Hardman,

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Facts for Farmers.

Warmer pens would be a comfort to the pigs, and a source of profit to farmers, who would save corn in feeding.

Onions will soon be the first on the ground, closely followed by peas. Now is a good time to sort out and select seeds.

To destroy insects on rose bushes, and small fruit trees, strew the ground around them with air-slacked lime under the bushes in the early spring.

It is said that two thicknesses of paper, used in lining the barrel in which apples are packed, will prevent them from freezing while being shipped.

Strawberries are much more prolific when four or five different varieties are planted together, although each variety may be a perfect one, than if but one perfect variety were planted alone.

Never set a hen in a box above the floor of the chicken house, if possible to do otherwise, as the eggs will dry too fast, and lose their vitality. Much better success may be expected, if the nests are made on the ground.

The opinion has generally prevailed that a little bran mixed with meal will produce a greater amount of pork than clear meal alone, but in some experiments lately tried it was found that clear meal made more pork than a mixture of bran and meal.

Unless land is very wet, Prof. F. Farsky finds that potassium salts exercise a very beneficial action, but they are best as manures when in combination with phosphoric and nitrogenous substances. Chloride of potassium turned out to be of much greater advantage than did the sulphate.

Keep all stable, pens and sheds in perfect cleanliness. They should be kept well ventilated, and not too warm, which is unhealthy. Filth is too often a cause of disease. We seldom hear of trouble from sickness where the stock are well fed and have clean skins, pure air and dry beds.

Be careful about permitting cattle to drink from ditches or from pools in which they are accustomed to stand, or in which their droppings are deposited. Such impure water is not only apt to injure the health of the stock, but is a fruitful cause of malarial and typhoid fever among those who use milk from the cows thus watered.

Many dairymen practice milking their cows steadily without allowing the animals to go dry. They feed heavily on corn meal and oil cake until the milk fails, when the cow is replaced by a fresh one. A dairyman who keeps 150 cows says such a practice is more profitable than to lose the time between their going dry and coming in.

Ordinary stable manure contains upward of seventy per cent of water. The demand for farm productions should be carefully studied, like the demand for the product of looms and machine-shops.

The production of small fruit is often very profitable in the vicinity of villages. The cost of marketing is small and good prices are obtained.

Every farmer and gardener should know how to do his own grafting. It is the easiest thing in the world to do, after paying a little attention to one who is at work!

There is the reverse of economy in using honey for ordinary cooking purposes when one pound of it will purchase three pounds of pure white sugar.

Sheep fed on dry feed are frequently troubled with sore lips. An application of sulphur and lard once or twice will generally effect a cure.

Cork trees are being successfully raised in Georgia. The cork on some specimens planted there is already thick enough for use. It is supposed these trees can be successfully raised in most of the Southern States.

Give your fowls a variety of good feed and you will have little or no use for "egg stimulation."

Remember that the number of eggs you get each day does not depend so much upon the breed of fowls as upon the care and feed you give your fowls.

Persons who have not already done so should "pen" their breeders at once so they may get acquainted with their quarters and commence laying for early chicks. I find twenty days long enough before commencing to save eggs for hatching, to insure purity of chicks with Plymouth Rocks.

The Old Sergeant.

He had been lying very ill for the past hour, and the weary nurse dozed and nodded—struggled to keep awake—nodded again—and finally slept in her chair.

Then the old clock began calling, 'Tick! tick! tick! tick! tick!' The sleeping man moved uneasily, and the thin, bony hand on the coverlet was lifted as in protest.

'Tick! tick! tick! tick! tick!' called the clock in louder tones.

The sick man opened his eyes and stared about him in surprise. His hair was thin and gray, his face was wasted and pale, and death had stolen silently in as he slept and placed its seal on his brow.

'You were a soldier?' said the clock.

'Aye! that I was,' responded the man as he gathered sudden strength and half rose up. 'Company G, fall in! Right dress! Front!'

'Attention to roll-call: Adams, Ansil, Artman, Averill, Alport, Amsden—'

'They do not answer,' said the clock, as the sergeant paused.

'No; they lie buried in the trenches at Manassas,' solemnly answered the old man. 'Bernard, Baxter, Buchanan, Burton, Bloom—'

'I do not hear the voice,' said the clock.

'I had forgotten they died at Fair Oaks,' whispered the sergeant.

'Carter, Claxton, Coleman, Curtis. And what of them?'

'We laid them side by side in the same grave at Malvern Hill.'

'Davis, Denton, Dougherty, Danforth—'

'Absent without leave,' said the clock.

'Absent forever,' answered the sergeant.

'The green fields at Sharpsburg drank their life blood.'

'Enright, Eberman, Eckliff—'

'On guard,' said the clock.

'Then the dead guard the dead,' said the soldier. 'I saw them lying stark and stiff on the field at Spottsylvania.'

'Fenton, Fairfax, Forbes, Foster—'

'Dead,' said the clock.

'Dead,' answered the sergeant.

'Graham, Gorham, Gosport—'

'Where?' queried the clock.

'In the thickets of the sombre Wilderness.'

'Harburt, Hill, Hanford, Hanover, Holland, Holman—'

'And those, too?'

'Aye, they answered no more to roll-call at Gettysburg.'

'Your lines are but the shadow of the dead,' said the clock. 'The dead and buried can make no answer. Under the trees at Chancellorsville—'

under the sod at Fredericksburg—in the meadows around Winchester—no roll-call can awaken them.'

'Ingalls, Irving, Isham,' called the sergeant.

'Dead at Kernstown,' answered the clock.

'James, Justin, Jordan—'

'They sleep at Petersburg?'

'Lampton, Ladduce, Larkin, Levering, Lumly—'

'Call no more. Only when the angel calls the roll of the unnumbered dead at the last great day will the dust answer! You alone are left.'

The sergeant fell back on his pillow and the shadows marched by the right flank into the darkness of midnight. The nurse started up with a shiver, looked at the clock, and then walked softly to the bedside and whispered:

'Sergeant Grim, awake!'

'It was the last roll-call,' said the clock, 'and he has answered to his name at the gates of eternity.—M. Quad.

Domestic Life in Texas.

"It wasn't that!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders indignantly. "You see, I didn't say a word at all." "How'd she find out, then?" asked one of the party. "Why, I went home, and she asked if it was me. I told her it was. Took the chances on that, you know. Then she asked me if I'd been drinking. I told her no. And there I stopped. Never said another word."

"But you say she caught on somehow. How was it?" "Just a blunder I made. When I told her I hadn't drunk anything she was satisfied, but when I come to get to bed I put on my overcoat instead of my night shirt. That excited suspicion."

A little girl sent out to hunt some eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that 'lots of hens were stading 'round doing nothing.'

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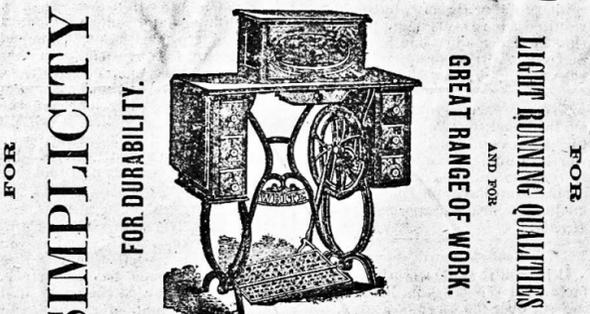
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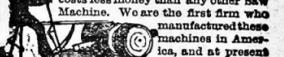
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