TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE 17'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

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THE OLD BEAU.

How cracked and poor his laughter rings!

How dulled his eyes, once flashing

But still a courtly pathos clings About his bent and withered form.

To-night, where mirth and music

His wrinkle cheek, his locks of snow, Gleams near the grandsons of the belles

He smiled on forty years ago!

We watched him here, and half be-

Our gaze may witness, while he

Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve. And tell him that the carriages waits -Edgar Fawcett.

BETSY HAMILTON'S LETTER.

A Sketch of Life in the Backwoods,

wasn't hard for the new writin' in ther mouths. And he had a I'm axin' aforehan'. Not as I am with his captain, and announced marster to git up a class; the goose a swimmin' on the water a thinkin' of puttin' it down, mind that he had a plan for a military young folks all jined mostly for the that he lowed he made all once't you, but I was jist a sposen.' fun of gittin' together.

tuck lessons too. Old man Loftis didn't believe nairy word of it. in', and so he put her name down. ed for particulars, but the soldier lowed he had allers hearn it said Flurridy lowed them birds tuck When old man Freshours hearn refused to reveal them, and asked it was never too late to larn, and her eye, and Cousin Pink lowed that old man Loftis was a gwine to for a chance to lay his plans behe was a gwine to larn how to the goose tuck her'n. The little take writin' lessons he lowed he fore Pope himself. After some sign his name if nothin' more, Freshours' 'peared like they would wouldn't be outdone, and told the delay he was given a pass to head-'peared like he had been makin' jist bardaciously climb all over writin' marster to put his name quarters. He did not get to see

> his X mark

long enough. We'uns seed the writtin' mar-

dony got back in the shed room and peeped through the crack of the door at him.

'What mought be your name?' said Aunt Nancy, "ef I mought be so bold as to ax.

'Broom is my name,' says he, about half tight, and lowed: and Cal she snickered, and whis-

says she.

He sot a bit, then axed:

towel.

down and be seated.'

wide open. Some chillun, you beautifullest hand write.' know, couldn't see a wink lessen ther mouth was open. We gals ed: had slicked our heads and starch-She gin Dick a jerk and lowed:

ger don't want to nuss you. Come water-millions to town airy one, here to me, Becky Ann, you're too odds is the difference to me.' ster a comin' and maw she jerked big to do that way, pine blank like But odds wasn't the difference mands, and if we don't lick the the broom quick and swept up the you never had saw nothin' afore to Mr. Broom. He eyed old Fresh | South inside of sixty days you hath, and sot a cheer in the entry in your life; and you know your ours a minute (he had done seed and axed him to light and come uncle Josiah Freshours drawed a old Miss Freshours and the chilbird and a tarripin too out'n red lun) and said he believed he'd Cousin Pink and me and Cale-ink and blue ink too-set down druther wait tel he sold the water-'fore I slap you down, and quit a millions, and who blamed him? gazin' like you hadn't never saw nothin' afore, and which you know the school'ouse. In course me and you is.'

our names down. Pap he was in'. We sot on a long bench side

fair fists, leastways they ken read of his mouth every letter he writ. it theyselves. But I reckin they'll I hunched Cal and me and her 'Whar do you'uns keep your all want to take-they most ingin- got to laughin'. drinkin' water?' and went back to nerly takes every fool thing as 'Look at Aunt Nancy,' says I, water shelf, and atter he drunk a comes along. They buys from all and she was a twistin' of her lips gourd of water he tuck a wash; the peddlers, and allers gits cheat- fust one side then tother, jist pine and long as he was a stranger, ed; they tuck cipherin' lessons blank like she was a cuttin' out a Flurridy she riz the chest lid and from that rethmetic man, and he frock with the scissors. Then we tuck out a bran new store bought was gwine to larn 'em all so fast looked down the bench and tothhandtowel, that hadn't never been how to do any sum in the United ers was all screwing ther mouths biled, and he scrubbed and scrub- States in two minutes and a half, too. Cap Dewberry wusser'n all. bed, and I know in reason he and he never so much larnt 'em mought have serubbed thar tel yet how to count six aigs. Then they ed me and Cal what was the matif Aunt Nancy hadn't a tuck pity tuck singin' from that ar trouton him and gin him a old saff mouth squealin' fiddler that come along here last year at tater dig-'Them as never has tried to dry gin' time. The fact of the busither faces on one of these here ness is this whole settlement is new stiff store bought towels 'fore about half crazy. He never larnt hit's been washed don't know how em a dime's worth as I could see. aggrevatin' it is,' says Aunt Nan- But nevertheless, howsomever, notcy, tryin' to be civil mannered to- withstanding, singin' you know is tle. wards him. 'Take a cheer and set one thing and writin' is tother, and while I maintains to the doctrine The minute the Freshours sees that a pretty hand write haint no anybody at our house here they sign of smartness, nevertheless, comes. The ole 'oman come in a notwithstanding I never stands as edony. But when he left all of a puffin' and a blowin' to see who no stumbling block in the way of the stranger was, and the chillun my chillun a larnin' nothin'. Live come a tearin' across the truck and larn have allers been my marpatch fetchin' in all the mud on tow, but I'll tell you the truth and monstrous glad he was gone. Pap ther bar feet. They stood right stake my affidavit on ..., that the afore him with ther eyes and mouth biggest fool ever I seed writ the hissef to parts unknown.'

Then Aunt Nancy up and low- it, she lowed:

ed our faces and come out, and got to plank up the money afore- crossin' of muddy water.' was all standin' around like he hand? Sposen now, for n'instance, was a monkey show. He had on- I goes and takes, jist sposen you tied his bundle and was a showin' know, and sposen I don't arn how

A right smart chance of old folks Aunt Nancy she winked at maw- take he wouldn't charge her noth- The officer very naturally inquirthe man spite of everything if ther down too. 'And you ken jist come Pope, but after the chief of staff mammy hadn't jerked 'em back. over to my house,' says he 'and eat had coaxed and promised and out the worth of it in vittles, or threatened for a quarter of an hour 'Set down thar, Dicky, the stran- you ken wait tel I ken take some the Buckeye stood up and replied:

The writin' school was hell at Cal sot together and kep up a pow-He wanted pap to let him put er of gigglin' and not much writof a long desk. I looked away booted me for a mile and a half! 'I don't know as I keer about it. down at tother eend of the bench -Detroit Press.

pered, 'A new broom sweeps clean,' My folks ken all writ tollerable and seed lky Roberson a twistin'

The writin' marster come and axter. Cal she lowed:

'Haint thar some way to larn a body to write without writin' with ther mouths?"

He lowed he didn't twist his'n, but we watched him when he sot the next copy, and he looked pine blank like he was a gwine to whis-

Me and Cal had a power of fun, but we never larnt much. Two or three of the gals fell in love with Mr. Broom, and was jealous of Calsuddent betwixt two days, bekase the lawyers was atter him for stealin' that fine ridin' critter, they was lowed: 'The new Broom swept

When old Miss Freshours hearn

Thar now, I knowed it all the 'Is it 'no larn no pay,' or is you time, for I dreamp I seed him a BETSY HAMILTON.

WOULDN'T TAKE HIS ADVICE .the spessiments of his hand write will you gimme my money back or One day soon after Pope's defeat and all sorts of little birds in red will you keep it? That's what I at second Bull Run, and Chantily, ink and blue ink, some a settin' up desire to inquire fore I puts my a private soldier belonging to an Craps was all laid by and it on quill pens and some with leaves name down. leastways that's what Ohio regiment sought an interview campaign which must certainly rewithout takin' up his pen, and He laughed and told her if she'd sult in crushing out the rebellion.

Well, sir, my plan is for John Pope and Bob Lee to swap commay shoot me for a patent hay fork swindler.'

When he returned to camp he was naturally asked what success he met with, and he ruefully re-

'Well, they had a plan of their

'What was it?'

'Why they took me out and

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