Yes, I have nursed them in my heart thro evil and thro' good!

Those earnest thoughts and feelings deep and hopes half understood; E'en as the treasured honey food is guarded

by the bee. So I have kept my precious store to waste it all on thee. Like roses strewn upon a grave—the cold, un-

conscious dead Knows not and cares not that they cast their fragrance o'er his bed.

I would not chide, I would not blame, nor fruitlessly repine That I have found thy heart to be a heart un worthy mine.

A sculptured form so like to life it seemed to breathe and smile. And I believed it felt and loved—'twas marble

all the while ! Yet keep the gift thou valuest not-keep it and

The treasured wealth of many years were useless now to me!

Twas given—I would not call it back, nor idly mourn my loss, But what God hath sent take instead and

humbly kiss the cross. MRS. WHITCHER.

THE EIGHT FORTY-FIVE.

A BRIGHTON IDYL.

Every body outside the office of Jonathan Greysark & Co., East India merchants, of Rood Lane City, knew Mr. Jonathan Greysark simply as a very well to-do bachelor, of five-and-forty-fresh-faced, well-dressed, genial, and affable as a man tolerably well fitted out with the good things of this life and unhampered by ties and encumbrances should be. But Mr. Philip Penn, whose days were passed within the office, regarded his wealthy and popular employer from a somewhat different point of view. Mr. Penn had by his steadiness and business knowledge in no small degree helped Jonathan Greysark to his enviable position in the commercial world: he had served the house faithfully for upward of twenty years yet he was still simply a clerk, in which position, despite frequent prayers and petitions, Mr. Greysark was apparently determined to keep him until the time came for dispensing entirely with his services. Altogether, poor Penn's life was by no means a happy one, for in addition to his commercial troubles, he had an eternally grinning domestic skeleton, in the shape of a blackguard brother, who had stood in the felon's dock on a charge of extensive forgery, had passed many years in prison, and who now could only be kept quietly in the background by the allowance which the unfortunate Penn made him out of the exceedingly moderate salary he drew from the Rood Lane office, Greysark knew this, and was also aware that a tarnished name was an almost insuperable bar to his clerk's advance in any other line of life; so he meanly took advantage of the fact by getting a most unfair amount of work out of Penn, and paying him a miserably inadequate salary for it.

Jonathan Greysark lived at Brighton, and came up to town every morning on the 8:45 express. In this famous train he had acquired from long usage prescriptive right to a particular seat in a particular compartment of a particular carriage, and the guard suffered a considerable reduction in his weekly largesse if he allowed a stranger to usurp this

But, the old guard having been shunted elsewhere, and a strange official who knew not Jonathan, having been substituted, it so happened that one morning Greysark, his rug on his arm and his paper in his hand, swaggered gravely and magisterially up to the carriage, only to find his particular compartment—and, in fact, his very seat—occupied. Under ordinary circumstances he would have resented this unwarrantable intrusion, in an unmistakable manner, but upon this occasion, as the occupant was a pretty, modestly dressed girl of eighteen or thereabouts, he could only vent his feelings in grunts and scowls, and betake himself to another seat. But when, the next morning, he found his place similarly occupied, his position became somewhat embarrassing, and only the girl's pleasant face checked audible expression of his discontent. The same thing occured the morning after, and the morning after that, and the young 8:45 bucks, who, of course, regarded the affair as a capital joke, remarked that the great man, instead of ramping and raging away to another carriage, not only contentedly went into the same one, put passed a much greater part of the hour and a quarter's journey in looking at the girl over the top of his newspaper than in studying the city article. In a fortnight's time it was observed that he handed her out, carried her little parcels, and saw her safely into an omnibus for the Mansion House; and in three weeks time it was noted that he chatted as easily and familiarly with her as if he had known her for years.

In short, it became very evident that the wealthy bachelor of Rood Lane was enamored of the young lady. When his attentions first became marked she assumed the proper attitude of unprotected virtue and confined her answers to rather curt monosyllables, but when her feminine perspicuity assured her that her admirer's behavior was inspired by the most honorable of intentions, she unbent and told him that her name was Phyllis, that she was a student at the South Kensington School of Art, and that she resided at Brighton with her

"Miss Phyllis," said Greysark one morning, as they walked along the London Bridge platform, "as some sort of assurance that I only entertain the most genuine feelings of respect and—and admiration for you, I think I should mention that my name is Greysark, that I am the head of one of the most respected houses in the city of London, and that, as I am quite aware that an ac-quaintance of this casual nature is apt to minds of people who only judge by appearance, with your permission, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to call upon your aunt at Brighton."

At the mention of the name Greysark, the girl's color deepened somewhat, and she raised her eyes to his face for a few seconds. Then she said:

delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Grevsark.'

Accordingly, on the tollowing Sunday, Mr. Greysark, instead of performing his usual weekly duty to society by an after no n lounge on the Green, betook himself to Regency Square, and was ushered into the presence of a smiling greyhaired lady, who might have stepped from an ancestral picture frame, and who received him with the stately urbanity of a courtier of the old school. Being a man of business, Jonathan Greysark lost no time in beating about the bush, but plunged at once in medias res described the origin of his acquaintance with Phyllis, expressed himself in such happy language, blew his own trumpet in such a pleasant, unassuming manner, declared his devotion in such fervid phrases, in fact, put matters before the old lady in such an attractive light, that

she was completely won over.
"Of course, Mr. Greysark," she said in reply, "as I am only the girl's aunt, I no direct authority in the matter. But if Phyllis regards your suit as favorably as I do, I can only recommend that you should address a letter to her father in London, state the case as you have stated it to me, and abide by his decision."

"But it is an extraordinary phase of our acquaintance," said the merchant, "that I do not know your neice's surname yet."

Perhaps the old lady was struck by the strangeness of this avowal, but at any rate she hesitated a moment, seemed a little confused, and then replied: "Her name is Fleming, Mr. Greysark; a letter addressed to Mr. Robert Fleming and given to me will insure its safe despatch."

"But would it not be better for me to call upon Mr. Fleming myself" said Greysark. My business experience has taught me that one personal interview is worth a dozen letters."

"So it is, as a general rule, Mr. Greysark," replied the old lady. But Mr. Fleming's movements are so uncertain, his business taking him so frequently away from home, that the course I have suggested would, I think, be the bet-

And after a little general conversation Mr. Greysark took his leave, resolved that he would without delay formally propose to Phyllis, and if her answer should be favorable, as he had not the slightest reason to doubt it would be, indite his letter to Mr. Fleming.

Accordingly the next morning, upon arrival at London Bridge, instead of handing Phyllis into a Mansion House omnibus, as usual, he insisted that she should walk there with him. And by the time King William's statue was reached he had poured out his soul to her, and received her ready assent to his proposal, conditional upon the approval of her father.

One or two little circumstances connected with his visit to Regency Square on the previous day struck Jonathan Greysark as being curious as he sat in his room at the office playing listlessly with the heap of unopened letters before Of course he had observed the old lady's hesitation in'giving the name of Fleming; and her suggestion that the letter should be forwarded through her instead of to a direct address was rather unusual. Perhaps Fleming was a strange sort of man-under a cloud, or of eccentric habits. At any rate Phyllis was a lady, as was her aunt; the surroundings of the rooms in Regency Square showed refinement, if not opulence; and although money with a wife was no object with him, he preferred that the lady honored by his choice should not be an utter stranger to the style of life to which as Mrs. Greysark she would be introduced. But his be, yet you wish to inaugurate that peardent affection for the simple-minded, riod by reducing to want and ruin an old bright-faced girl overcame whatever little shades of doubt or scruple the above strange circumstances might have awakened within him, and, after hurriedly perusing his business letters, he called Mr. Penn in, gave him instructions to show nobody into the private room for an hour, and settled himself

cream-laid note, he produced the follow-DEAR SIR: It is with no little diffidence that I address one who is a complete stranger to me upon a subject of such importance as that which now occupies my pen; but I am sure I judge you rightly when I think that you will pardon the liberty I am taking by the time you arrive at the end of the letter.

In short, I wish to obtain your consent to

down to indite the epistle to Mr. Flem-

ing. After much destruction of best

In short, I wish to obtain your consent to my marriage with your charming daughter. Phyllis. As this is to some extent a matter of business, I may inform you that I made the young lady's acquaintance in the Brighton train, by which we have been fellow-passengers daily for some weeks past; that I then obtained not only her consent to my proposal, but the entire approbation of her aunt, upon whom I had the pleasure of calling author your

whom I had the pleasure of calling, with your daughter's permission.

For your satisfaction I may add that, although I am not a very young man, I am in the full vigor of health and strength; that I maintain your daughter in a fitting position

as a lady.

The entire happiness of my life, and I dare add that of your daughter's, rests upon your decision as to whether she should be my w fe or not, and I implore you not to be infipenced in your opinion by the somewhat peculiar circumstances under which our meeting took place, and our consequent acquaintance and intimacy were formed.

intimacy were formed.

If you will kindly take a week to consider this, to me, vital question, I shall be inexpresibly obliged; and, thanking you heartily in advance for the sanction which I feel certain you will accord, I am, my dear sir,

Your very obedient servant,

JONATHAN GREYSARK.

Having read this two or three times over to assure himself that he had not said too much or too little. Jonathan Greysark placed it in an envelope addressed to Robert Fleming, Esq., and that again in an envelope which he purposed to hand to the old lady at Brigh-

The week seemed interminable to the enamored Jonathan. Men remarked that he appeared absent-minded and preoccupied, but two or three of his fellow-passengers by the 8:45, who were in the same market, told the story of his give rise to erroneous impression in the capture by the pretty girl in the train, minds of people who only judge by and so accounted for his peculiarity. He himself, however, was in a state of anxiety to which he had long been a stranger. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday passed, and no answer from the mys-

"I am sure that my aunt would be mindful of long-past occurrences, were, often oblivious about matters present. Perhaps-but he shuddered at the thought and cast it from him-for Phyllis was too good, too honest, too much of a lady, to be so base and cruel; on the other hand, possibly Mr. Fleming was instituting inquires. It was natural that an affectionate father should do s , and every time Penn brought in a visitor's name the merchant expected to hear "Mr. Robert Fleming" announced. On Friday afternoon he called in Mr. Penn.

"Kindly shut the door," he said; "I have something of importance to speak to you about."

Mr. Penn obeyed, and anxiously in-

spected his employer's face.
"Mr. Penn," began the merchant, with a preliminary clearing of the throat, 'you have been in my service now for

some years, and you have given me pretty general satisfaction performance of your duties." Penn's face brightened. Certainly a rise in salary was coming, perhaps some-thing more substantial. But all was

dashed to the ground with the first word of the great man's next sentence. "But," continued Greysark, I have been thinking the matter over very seriously lately, and I have arrived at the

painful conclusion that I must dispense with your services at the expiration of a month from this date."

The poor clerk gasped and clutched the table for support, and would have spoken but for a magisterial wave of Mr. Greysark's hand.

'It is very evident to me," continued his employer, "that some fresh blood is needed in this business. In fact, I propose to take a partner, and by so acting do away with the necessity of paying a handsome salary to a head clerk.

"Mr. Greysark!" almost shrieked poor Penn. "Do hear me. I have helped you to make this business. I have been in this office for more than twenty years. You have never once had cause to find fault with me, and I may conscientiously say that I have never given you occasion to. For more than one reason I am precluded from the possibility of getting another situation. My name, as you know, is against me, and people would object to me on the ground that I had a brother who had been in the police dock; moreover, I am not fitted to occupy a clerk's desk in any other business. Think, sir, I implore you to think. With one word you are turning an honest man into the streets to beg, for no fault of his own. I do not wish to push myself forward unduly, Mr. Greysark, but at such a crisis as is this I am forced to remind you that but for me you might possibly not have found business matters work so smoothly as they have. If you discharge me with the notion of introducing new blood in to the house, you will have to-

"Mr. Penn," interupted the merchant, with a wave of the hand, "we must in this world be men of business first and humanitarians afterward. I have given your case my fullest consideration, and in acknowledgment of your services, as well as by way of compensation, I propose to make you a weekly allowance until you get employment. But that you must go I have made up my mind. You will please make no further observations on the decision at which I have arrived, or I shall be obliged to request you to leave my presence. I think it but fair to tell you, however, that the principal reason for my deciding to take a partner is that I am going to be married that is when the consent of the young

lady's father has been obtained."
"Well, sir," said the clerk, "of all periods in life, surely the eve of marriage should most naturally inspire kind actions. You are about to make yourself as happy as human being can possibly and tried servant. I know you too well, sir-or, rather, I think too well of younot to be sure that if you carry out this latter intention your conscience must prick you in after life."

"Mr. Penn," said Greysark severely, I told you not to bandy words with me. so let me hear no more. I am now going to Brighton. Do not omit to forward all letters to my address there. You will please be particular in this. I must say, Ir. Penn, that I am not a little astonished that, remembering, as you must, what I have done for you, and how with your tarnished name you might long ere this have been begging your bread but for me, you should presume to offer me advice on my own affair. But I will say no more."

The clerk lingered on in the room, as if in hopes that some straw might be left to clutch at. Then he said: "Mr. Greysark, you observed just now that the fact of your marriage depends upon the consent of the young lady's father." "Those were my words, Mr. Penn,"

eplied the merchant. "If he should refuse his consent?" said Penn.

"Refuse, Mr. Penn! Refuse!" exclaimed Greysark. "Such a thing is simply impossible, simply too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. The head of the house of Jonathan Greysark & Co., 1 should imagine, was a fit match for any

"So you may think, sir," said Penn quietly; "but fathers sometimes hold strange opinions."

"Mr. Penn, you are insolent, sir!" almost roared the merchant, rising in his chair, and glaring at his clerk with furious eyes.

Penn fumbled in his pockets, and continued, still quietly, "Well, sir, in this case the father's opinion does happen to differ from yours, and he refuses his sanction to his daughter's marriage." Jonathan Greysark started from his

chair, his face perfectly livid, his eyes and

mouth wide opened. Penn drew forth

a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and as if utterly unconscious of the storm he had raised, resumed: "You have addressed this letter to Mr. Robert Fleming, the father of Phyl-lis, the young lady to whom you have

been paying your addresses. I, for family reasons, with which you are quite familiar, prefer to be known in my circle of acquaintance as Robert Fleming. Phyllis is my daughter, and I re-"No! no! don't goon!" shouted Grey-

sark in a voice of supplication. * * * * * * * * * * In the course of a few weeks Phyllis day passed, and no answer from the mysterious Mr. Fleming arrived. Perhaps the old lady had forgotten to forward his missive. Old ladies, so strangely London Teath.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

A Little Yarn Full to the Brim of Ro.

About two years before the war, near

a pretty and substantial residence in

the vicinity of a prosperous little town, a beautiful young girl, about fourteen, was sleeping in a hammock swung from two stately oaks in a grove. She was a pretty picture of innocence and grace, and won the admiration of the passers. In a meadow to the rear, a fat, meekeyed cow reclined in the shade, ruminating the food she had gathered in the morning. But what has the cow got to do with the sleeping girl, is propounded; well, wait and see. Across the road from the house, the girl and cow is a meadow, with a branch running through it, and coming up the branch is a boy with a gun. When within 100 yards of the girl, and about 150 from the cow. a bird flew up and sailed in the air toward the cow. The boy fired at the bird, which flew on unhurt, but the cow received a pretty strong dose of shot. She immediately arose in fright, dashed through the grove, caught the girl and hammock on her horns, and rushed with her shricking victim about the lot. The terrified girl became silent, and the crowd of relatives and friends in pursuit thought that she was dead. The wild fury of the cow as she rushed around soon tore the netting loose, and the girl dropped unconscious to the ground. She was picked up and taken into the house, and on examination, only a few minor bruises were found. The boy, thinking he was the innocent cause of the killing of the young girl, disappeared. All trace of him vanished. It was thought that he had perished by his own hand; but about six years after the war a travelstained stranger was in the town inquiring for persons, most of whom had been swept away by the war. After a long search the stranger found an old man on a load of wood and in conversation with him learned where one of the parties he was in search of lived, a few miles out of town. He went there, made himself known, and turned out to be the boy of the gun. The people he found were his father and his mother, who had mourned him as dead for eight years. The boy had been in South America, got rich, and yearning for the love of the old folks, returned to the desolated home of his childhood, and made his loved ones comfortable. For the first time then, hearing that the girl was uninjured, he called on her, and finding her pretty, good and a first-class home woman, he put in with a will, got her heart as his own, and the old folks' consent, and has been for the last twelve or fourteen years one of the leading men of his section. This is fact.— Americus (Ga.) Recorder.

A Judge Who Was'a River Driver.

The Lewiston, Me., Journal says: Judge Virgin, one of the ablest jurists of the Maine Supreme Court, was born trials being lengthy and attracting wide and bred among the Oxford bears. His attention. Clarke and his counsel infather was a lumberman, and when a sisted that the charges had been magni-Judge recently told me some of his adventures as a log runner. "There was a stream they used to call No. 6, running into the Swift River on which my father used to operate," said he. "At noon, when the snow had melted and run down into it, it would be bank full, but by night there would be hardly any but by night there would be hardly any for two months. The latter died after water in it. We floated those big three weeks' confinement. Capt. Clarke's pumpkin pines down this stream at midday. They were monstrous logs. I thought nothing of jumping on one of them and riding down on it alone.
Once in a while I'd strike a hidden mand of the ship and sailed out of rock and go off, but I rather enjoyed a ducking then." What future Justice of the Supreme Court is yarding logs in the Maine forest this winter? "The in the Maine forest this winter? most eccentric farmer I ever knew," said Judge Virgin, "was Phin Wood, of Rumford. He had a very large farm without a fence on it. He always kept a lot of cattle and about fifty hogs running loose. Instead of stone walls he had about ten dogs to keep his stock from straying. At one time Phin was a very profane man, but he became converted and tried his best to be better. His temper would get the advantage of him once in a while, though, and he would express his repentance for his wickedness in prayer meeting after-ward. I've heard him tell in prayer meeting how he'd found himself swearing at his oxen and then fallen right down by their sides and prayed for forgiveness. I never shall forget one testimony I heard him give in a Rumford prayer meeting. He had lost his wife and he expressed his serrow over his bereavement. Said he: 'She was a good wife, a helpmeet to me. helped me pay for stock and save money. Brethren and sisters, I'd rather lost any pair of oxen in my yard than lost her."

Senator Sherman's Adopted Daughter.

A newspaper correspondent says: I understand that the adopted daughter of Senator Sherman has become a great comfort to him, both from her affection and her accomplishments. His wife heard her husband express the desire to have some children to bring up, and she understood that in New York were two fine children, the daughters of a French couple who came to this country, and here the husband lost his wife. He was so disconsolate that he refused to stay in the land which he accused of having caused the death of his partner. So he gave his children to an institution, and hearing about them Mrs. Sherman came over to New York and it is said that she personally, without assistance, carried those two infants to Washington in the night. One of them died before it was two years old. The other was sent abroad to be educated, and while there some informing person told the girl that she was not the child of the Senator and his wife. It made her so unhappy that she was unable to stay in France and insisted upon coming home. The incident, however, secured yet more of the affection of her adopters and they are realizing as much joy in the object of their care as if she were their own.

He that shows a passion tells his enemy here he may hit him.

General Grant Badly Beaten.

A Galena letter to the Chicago Inter-] Ocean, says: I heard an amusing story a day or two ago about the Grant boys. when they were children at Galena. The family lived in a plain, two-story brick house, on High street, which since the General first began to achieve greatness has been an object of interest to tourists and strangers visiting the city. Their nearest and most intimate neighbors were the family of A. M. Haines. The Haines' and the Grant children were fast friends during the residence of the latter at High street. The boys of each family had a game rooster, and were wont to pit the fowls against each other whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself. The Grant rooster was named General Grant," and was a very gamey bird, usually coming out first best in the contests. The Hains fowl was christened "Jeff Davis." not, however, from any love the young owners entertained for its traitorous namesake. On one occasion the two birds were

set to fighting, and in the battle the Haines fowl whipped "General Grant" badly, and drove him from the field. The contest between these two chiefs of the roost took place at a time when Grant and Pemberton were pitted against each other at Vicksburg, and when it began to look as though the former would have to give up the idea of capturing the city. News was brought to Mrs. Grant almost hourly from the seat of war, and that lady, as a matter of course, was very anxious about the result. although she knew that sooner or later 'Ulyss" would get there. A messenger had just left the house, after handing Mrs. Grant a somewhat discouraging dispatch, when in rushed her boys, Fred nd Buck, shouting indignantly, 'Mother, 'General Grant' has been licked! "General Grant" has been licked!" I guess not, my children," said the mother coolly, who at first gravely imagined that some later intelligence than she had received had come from the front. "Yes, he has," said Fred indignantly; " 'Jeff Davis' licked him just now, behind Mr. Haines's barn, and if that bird don't go into the pot it will be because I can't catch it to wring its neck." "General Grant," it is related, suffered un ignominious death that night, and next day furnished a meal for the

Capt. Clarke's Career.

The San Francisco Bul'etin says: Capt. Clarke, of the American ship Frank N. Thayer, the mutiny of whose crew off Cape of Good Hope was announced by telegraph last Saturday, was the central figure in one of the most prominent criminal trials in the history of this city. He brought the American ship Sunrise into this port in the summer of 1873, and shortly afterward was charged by his crew with various acts of cruelty. He and his two mates, Harris and Maloney, were tried by juries before Judges Sawyer and Hoffman, the young man the Judge used to go into fied by the press. On Oct. 28 Clarke the woods and chop with the best of was convicted on seven of the fourteen them or run the logs down stream with counts in the indictment against him. A the most daring river drivers. The month later the first mate was convicted on 24 counts for crueity. The other, mate pleaded guilty. The captain was sentenced by Judge Sawyer to fourteen months' imprisonment in the county jail and to pay a fine of \$1,000. Mate Harris was sent to the State prison for four years, and Maloney to the county jail fine was paid and he was soon released from jail under a pardon from President Grant. Meanwhile his aged father had mand of the ship, and sailed out of port. Capt. Clarke's wife had sailed with him on his voyage on the Sunrise, and testified on the trial, her evidence being of a negative character. While these proceedings were pending great indignation was caused by the act of the United States Marshal in conducting the witnesses from the county jail to court room in irons. These were the crew who had been taken into custody to insure their testifying. The act of handcuffing them was denounced by Gen. Barnes, William Payes, Tully R. Wise, John M. Burnett, George F. Sharp, S. M. Wilson, Robert C. Rogers, Gov. Haight, Charles Ben. Darwin, E. D. Sawyer, and Judges Lake and Dwinelle.

Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock.

A gentleman who knew the late Gen. Hancock intimately, thus described his personal appearance:—"Hancock is tall, well formed and handsome. His height cannot be less than six feet two inches. and he weighs fully two hundred and forty pounds. His form towers above other men, and he attracts attention by his mere looks wherever he goes. His eyes are blue and have a benignant and mild expression when in repose, but inspiring when in danger. His manner is dignified and knightly and he is courtesy itself. He is always magnetic, and draws men to him by his kindliness and gentle interest in their affairs. His sympathies are easily aroused, and he becomes intensely concerned for the sorrows and misfortunes of others, striving in every way to relieve them, as though their troubles were his own. Hancock's kindness to his subordinates always won not only their love, but also their confidence, and caused them to rely on him as a friend as well as commander. He gave a man a good opin-ion of himself, and made each one feel he was of more importance than he ever before suspected. It was this which caused him to have such power over his officers and men in battle, and made them prefer rather to die than to forfeit the good opinion of their leader."

General Hancock had two children, Russell Hancock and Ada Elizabeth Hancock. The latter died in New York, of typhoid fever, when eighteen years of age. She was a young lady of great promise. Russell Hancock, the General's only son, who was a planter in Clarksville, Miss., died suddenly at the age of thirty three, in December,

A RESIDENT of San Diego, Cal., has written a pamphlet to prove that the earth is in imminent danger of a second deluge in 18921

THE LAST RALLY.

The Donth in the Hospital .- A Graphic

"He will pass away before morning." So said the doctor to the nurse as he passed out of the room and down the stairs, perhaps having a bit of sadness in his heart-perhaps dismissing the matter from his mind as if the death of a human being was of no consequence to him or the world at large. Perhaps it was not. Why should one be startled when an old soldier-a man of toilsome marches and many battles is about to pass away? He must die, like the rest of us.

The nurse was an old comrade. While the dying man beat the rally on his drum as Casey was hurled back at Fair Oaks, the nurse swung his hat and shouted to the men hurring to the rear:

"Come back, comrades-come back! Let us form a line here and beat them

When the drummer beat the advance on the right at Antietam, and Joe Hooker's front pushed boldly in to meet Stonewall Jackson's men, the nurse was in the foremost rank, his teeth hard shut and his eyes blazing fire.
"R-r-r-a-t-tat! tat!" sounded the

drum in the streets of quaint old Fredcricksburg, and the nurse was there to face the terrible Stonewall and to be driven back by the murderous fire. "Tat! tat! Tat! tat! R-r-r -tat! tat!"

sounded the drum at Gettysburg, as Pickett's Virginians massed on Hancock's front; and the nurse was there to help stem that mad torrent of war and hurl the shattered legions back to the cover of ridge and wood.

Shell and shot and bullet had passed hem by, but now there was to be a battle with a grim and a silent enemy. His forces were hidden in the darkness, There was no rattle of small arms-no roar of artillery-no shouts from lines of infantry or cheers from charging cavelry.

The drummer awoke from his stupor and gazed around him. Something had warned him that a battle was imminent. He looked into the eyes of his comrade and there was the same fire he had seen on a dozen battlefields. He felt the old excitement in his soul-the wild enthusiasm that comes from waving flags, tramping columns and crash of arms. He made a sign which was understood. The nurse took down from the shelf the some old drum, scarred by half a dozen bullets, from the hook the uniform which had not been worn for twenty long years.

"Ah! comrade," whispered the drummer as strength came back to his limbs, 'we may have been driven, but we never surrendered. We will not now! Let us form the lines as of old." "Aye! we will battle again," cried the nurse, and he placed a faded blue

cap on his head, brought out the old musket and continued: "Attention! Right dress! Steady, now, men! There's the battery before you!

We will take it or leave our bodies in the meadow. Forward--double-quick —hurrah!" "R-r-r-rat! tat! tat!" went the drum, and the old grey-headed drummer

straightened himself up and made the sticks fly "Forward, men-forward," shouted the nurse as he waved his cap on

high. "Tat! tat! R r-r-r-tat! tat! tat!" sounded the drum, and the veteran who handled the sticks breathed as though the old enthusiasm of battle was upon

him again. "Here we are-at them, men-the guns are ours!" shouted the nurse. "Hurrah! Hip! hip-r-r-tat! tat;

The drum fell to the floor, and the fingers loosened their clutch on the sticks. Then the old man's hand crept up to remove his cap, a cheer died away in his throat and he sank to the floor a

"We have been defeated!" whispered the nurse as he looked down upon the dead, "but it was by the army of death. M. QUAD.

After Blackberries.

While lying in the rifle-pits, one day, before Port Hadson, says a writer in the Vidette I witnessed the coolest performance I ever saw during the war. Just across the road from where I lay, behind a cotton bale, was a regular jungle of blackberries, and they were nice ones, so very nice as to tempt the appetite of a soldier, so that he was bound to have some of them at all events. So out he went for the berries; but not long was he permitted to eat undisturbed, for he was quickly spied by a rebel rifleman inside of the works, about five hundred yards away, who soon sent his compliments to Mr. Berrypicker in the shape of a ball from his rifle. Nothing daunted, however, at such a trifle as that, the fellow kept on eating berries, in the meantime keeping a close watch on the breastworks; and every time he would see a puff of smoke he would move so that by the time the ball arrived where he was he was not there. To show how good the rebel was with a rifle, the last shot he made at the berrypicker will suffice. After eating all the berries he cared to, the soldier started across the road; and there the rebel had a clear sweep at him, and just as he got t the middle of the road fired; the soldier stopped, and suddenly stepped back one step, and I saw the dust fly right in front of his foot, so if he had stood still instead of stepping back the ball would have struck right between his fect.

A Flendish Plot Discovered. One of the most diabolical plots ever

planned to overthrow a government has just been discovered in Guatemala, the most thriving Republic of Central America. It was a scheme to set fire to the Grand Hotel and the theatre at a given time when there might be expected to be a full house. In the panic that would certainly ensue the intention of the conspirators was to take possession of the barracks without any great risk to themselves. President Barrillas and his family were to be murdered, all foreigners attacked and the city sacked. The discovery of the plan led to the arrest of about fifty persons, including some colonels in the army, and they are now undergoing trial for their treasonable designs.