

Up Comes McGinty.

"RIGHT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SAY."
When McGinty slipped away, faith said he I think I'll shut my eyes and a drowsy man...

CHORUS—

Up comes McGinty with a sculpin in his fist,
And a fish hook in his nose,
And a chain around his wrist;

When he found Bedaley Ann she was married to a man,
By the name of Dennis Fagan o'er the way;
And she thought a splendid dish was McGinty for the fish.

CHORUS—

Up comes McGinty and he looks his very best,
With a lobster in each ear,
And with seaweed in his vest;

Now McGinty take my hand, says his good friend Pat McCann,
And we'll call the think a mighty funny joke;
Tell the folks you lost your route, and you couldn't quite swim out.

CHORUS—

Up comes McGinty and he raps upon the door,
And Bedaley gives a yoi,
And the kid begins to roar;

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

"Like Tom Doster, eh?"
"Well," she replied, in yet more animated tone, "if you so mind, I'll answer, yes, Tom Doster! for he is moving now, or if he ever be will moving, in the matter of which we are talking, it is or it will be on that line, just as he has been doing ever since I have been old enough to form any judgment on his movements compared with other men's."

The question embarrassed him, but it fretted also. He answered, petulantly, looking away from her, "If you'd accept Hiram, Ellen would engage herself to me to-morrow."

"And you would take her on such terms? Yes," blushing with pain, she said, "my own brother virtually admits that he would, if he could, barter his sister to a man in exchange for that man's sister to wife, although well knowing the infirmities of that man's nature, which would make it impossible for any woman of spirit to live with him happily. Well, my brother, I cannot be a party to such a bargain, even if it were possible it could be made. But oh dear! oh dear! how you have mistaken that sweet girl! She is too fine a gentlewoman to talk, even with me, her most intimate friend, about such things; but I am without a doubt that Hiram often and often has conducted himself towards her in that same way, but more offensively, according as he has a domineering spirit, which you have not, and little of affectionateness for his sister or anybody else. Now let me tell you: Hiram Joyner's interference has been the worst possible for you. But for it I am inclined to believe that you might have gotten Ellen in time, if you could have shown to her that your hope and your wishes to win her were based only upon honest endeavors to deserve her. As it is, brother Will, whatever chances you may have had are now gone."

"What?" he cried. "You mean to tell me that Ellen Joyner is going to throw herself away on that whining preacher?"
"Brother William!" She was about to respond with the generous indignation provoked by this insult to an absent friend, but she repressed it, and said: "I choose not to betray a trust which Ellen has not given me permission to reveal. I said what I did for the purpose of convincing you of the uselessness of any further indulgence of whatever expectation you may have had. Honorable, noble girl that she is, she would not object to that, but would rather desire it. I will not say if the man to whom she has given her affections is or is not Henry Doster, of whom my brother, I am sure, forgot himself just now when he spoke in such grossly unkind and unjust words."

"Oh, confound it all! I take that back, of course. Indeed, as between Henry Doster and Tom, I rather think, if I were a woman—However, I ought not to say that either to you, though you haven't told me whether or not there's any truth in the blamed report about yourself. The fact is, Harriet, the whole thing has taken me by such surprise that— Hang it all! let it go. I'm left, it seems; and it's some satisfaction to find that out so soon, and by you. All right. I shall bother with the thing no more. I can outlive it, I'm thankful to believe. But Hiram!"

Then he laughed outright, and continued: "Harriet, that young fellow don't know Hiram Joyner. He don't know anything at all about him. You are going to hear of some interesting news when Hiram finds out what you tell me. By the way, Cousin Emily told me this morning in town that you and Ellen had promised to spend camp-meeting at her tent."

"Yes, I'm going, if ma does not object. Haven't asked her yet."
"Methodist stock seems to be rising down here on Ogechee. Wonder what old man Bullington will think of that; and Hiram—I tell you, and you may tell the rest of them, that when that boy finds out how things are, they'll hear from him."

could hear their voices from the door of the kitchen, where she had been standing. When Harriet had answered, she sat down, and after some reflection, said:
"Ah, well! Your father and Mr. Joyner set a great deal by the hopes they had about their children. If they could have lived to raise their boys so as to be fit for making the right sort of husbands, things might have been different. As it is, they've nobody to blame but themselves, though I've always tried to count on nothing else than for poor William to get Ellen. It would have been the making of him. As for Hiram, I was always afraid of such as that with his rough temper and his disposition to rule everybody about him. But poor Will!"

Then she shed tears.
"But, Harriet"—suddenly rousing herself—"if I was in yours and Ellen's place, after such a—I suppose I may call it disappointment—I just declare I wouldn't be engaging myself to the first man that offered himself. I have nothing against Thomas, who is a good, industrious young man; but I've never even so much as dreamed of your marrying him. The whole thing has taken me by such surprise that I hardly know what to say about it. As for his cousin Henry, I don't know that I ever met a more gentlemanly, well-mannered young man, and between the two, even if he is a Methodist preacher— Oh, you needn't be smiling in that way, when I'm in dead earnest."

"I beg pardon, ma. I was smiling at your speaking so positively just after declaring that you knew not what to say. I am not going to act precipitately in this matter, my dear mother, and I shall hope to have your approval of whatever I may conclude to do. I'm not much surprised at your preference for Henry over Tom, partly because he is not in Tom's place, and partly because you consider him more brilliant, perhaps; and I haven't a doubt that Mrs. Joyner has put before poor, dear Ellen the same comparison reversed, emphasizing Tom's being such a good Baptist."

"You are right there," replied the mother, her natural cheerfulness somewhat restored. "I was over there a little while this morning when you and Ellen went to the Andersons'. Hiram came in where his mother and I were, and he went on terribly about Henry Doster."
"What did Mrs. Joyner say?"
"Not one word. She knows she can't stop Hiram when he begins. But I told the young gentleman plain that I didn't agree with a word he said about him."

"I'm glad you did. Bless your dear heart, ma, it was like you to refuse to hear in silence abuse of a man who in your opinion had fairly supplanted your own son. Hiram will not hurt Henry Doster by such talk, especially in the estimation of Ellen, grown as she has at last to ignore his imperiousness. If it hadn't been for him, Ellen, I do believe, would have taken brother Will. His constant, dogged interference prevented. Did he say anything against Tom?"
"Didn't mention Tom's name; but his mother did, and while she was praising Tom to the skies he looked out the window, and let on as if he were not hearing. Poor sort of behavior, to my opinion. Well! well! but it showed that if he finds out there's anything serious between Henry Doster and Ellen, he'll do his very best to break it up. They are the strongest kind of Baptists, you know; that is, all except Hiram, who, I'm afraid, has no religion of any sort; at least not enough to do him any good; but Ellen and her mother are, Mr. Joyner being the original starter of Horeb, and Hiram, if he can't work it with Ellen, will bring in old Brother Bullington and set him at his mother. I pity the poor little thing when that's the case."

Then Mrs. May laughed, this charitable thought having brought that much relief. Harriet joined in heartily to enhance this frame of her mother's mind. Indeed Mrs. May, though a good Baptist woman, would say sometimes that in her opinion there were in the world people as good as those of her own denomination—an admission that Mrs. Joyner might have feared and Mr. Bullington would have known to be imprudent.

This good man lived in a small house with a small farm attached, about a mile north of the Dosters', and about half that distance from Horeb. Tall like Mr. Swinger, but much heavier both in body and in spirit, gloomy-looking at all times, his brows grew darker at any thought of harm done or meditated against either himself or the religious faith of which for many years he had been a very bold, a very loud, and a reasonably acceptable public exponent. It was not often that he laughed, although he did laugh, at least he tried to laugh, sometimes when he had gained some personal or denominational triumph or believed he had some well-founded hope of it. The seasons of his heartiest gaiety, if the word could be employed fitly in his case, were wedding feasts, the degrees of his enjoyment thereat depending upon contingencies. Country churches in those times contributed but small stipends to their pastors, some examing themselves with the authority that at its first institution, and admitted to have been done then at its very best, preaching of the gospel was furnished without money and without price. Mr. Bullington perhaps had never said so in words, yet he honestly suspected that somewhere or other there might be a flaw in this argument. Still he felt contented to think that the sums received from his four churches, with the occasional mite dropped in from a fifth Sunday, were at least as much as he could have earned had his powers been exerted in other professional or in agricultural endeavors. Specially consoling and grateful was the supplementary help of fees, ranging from one dollar to five, obtained from liberal, happy bridegrooms; so much so that he was a noted encourager of marriages among his own flock, not only early but repeated, whenever death had made them possible. At wedding feasts, notably when the enclosure in the license was at maximum or approximate to it, and when he was full up to the brim of good things, his struggles to be merry like the rest were both commendable and interesting. If his face on such occasions could have corresponded with his huge body, those efforts would have been entirely, even immensely, satisfactory. As it was, when his sides were shaking, that countenance, as if restrained by a sense of duty behind an expression of hilarity not becoming his sacred office, took on a most painful sternness that seemed to fix a just equilibrium.

For two or three years last past he had been counting upon being called to the

Mays' and the Joyners' on some fine evenings at candle-light, where he would feel sure—they being the richest and most liberal among all his people—that handsome things would be done for him who should tie the knots as fond as indissoluble. Only once had he encountered face to face his rival, Mr. Swinger, and the latter admitted afterwards that he had the worst of it. Now that Mr. Swinger, or any other Methodist preacher, would come within the verge of Horeb on a mission which, next to his public ministrations, it had ever been his fondest pleasure to serve, had not entered his mind, liable as it was to gloomy apprehensions. Therefore, when the report arose about Ellen Joyner and Henry Doster, a sprout, as it were from the trunk of Mr. Swinger, he tried to scout it as an evil, malicious, idle tale. Yet he could not but be anxious, and, while meditating on his own most prudent line of action, news came that both the girls were going to the camp-meeting, now at hand.

"Thar, now!" he exclaimed to his wife; for of these occasions he ever had a dread, not unmingled with horror. "However, mighty high everybody, special young people, will go to that whirlpool. A body must try and hope for the best."
But a deep groan told that this reflection had brought no relief.

CHAPTER V.

To an old-time Georgian it is very pleasing now to recall the camp-meetings of the long ago, particularly those in the county wherein the scenes recorded in this story are laid. Four miles south of Gateston, and nearly one mile distant from the public thoroughfare, ground of about ten acres, parallelogram in shape, had been selected by the Methodists for this purpose shortly after the first settlement of that region. Here the level land on three sides ended, and at a few rods' distance in their front declined several feet, becoming somewhat precipitous shortly after leaving the camp at a spot where was a spring of abundant cool water. A large wooden shed, called "The Stand," without floor or weather boarding, capable of covering, say, four thousand people, stood near the centre. Rurly constructed tents of unplanned boards, also without floors, were on three sides, and on the only rising ground of the last was one floored and otherwise more elaborate, known as "The Preachers' Tent"; for the clergy, married and single, during the camp, which lasted four days, not often longer, were domiciled together, but took their meals promiscuously among the tent-holders.

Observing the waggon and ox-carts during a couple of days before, laden with household goods of every kind, moving in one direction, a stranger might be led to suspect that a large number of the population were emigrating to foreign parts. By Friday night, where three days ago naught of animate nature was to be seen except the birds and gray squirrels in the surrounding forest, was a village of several hundreds of inhabitants ready for the entertainment of relatives, friends, acquaintances, and strangers of almost every degree. On either side of the passage, extending from the front to the eating-place in the rear of each tent, were the sleeping-chambers. In front was a shed to defend from the sun's rays the men who sat there and smoked cigars and chatted, while the women, except in the evenings, remained within. Behind the tent was another shed for the cook and her utensils. If she slept anywhere, I suspect it must have been under the dining-table. Further yet in the rear were rail pens holding pigs, lambs, and domestic fowls. Vehicles of burden travelled back and forth continually for supplies for the ever threatening void. Hundreds of waggon-loads of wheat and oat straw were brought daily to be spread afresh upon the ground inside. Beyond the carriageways some near the edge, some deeper within the woods, were booths where one could purchase cigars, confections of various kinds, and perhaps, in a quiet way, a bottle or a flask with something which could not be licensed, but which claimed to be excellently good, considering everything. At night the grounds were lit with bonfires kindled from pine knots upon wood scaffolds thickly covered with earth. Public services were held four times a day, at eight and eleven in the forenoon, three in the afternoon, and candle-light. All were expected to rise from bed for morning prayers, which were offered by one of the preachers or other pious person, and to retire at bedtime, the signal for which occasions being announced by a long tin trumpet. After the services for the whites were over, reasonable time was allowed to the negroes beneath the trees in the rear of the stand, who, then as now, preferred to do their own worship among themselves.

The numbers eating at any one of these tables in many rounds of seatings were very large. People from all parts of the county, from several adjoining cotton factors and merchants from Augusta and Savannah, from Milledgeville and Macon, some with pious, the greater number with other intents—resorted there. Housewives vied among one another in putting forth abundance and variety of hospitable entertainment. As for Gateston, particularly on Saturday and Sunday, not a fourth of its population would be left at home, those not having tents, and many of other religious denominations, unwilling to endure the solitude, repairing, some with their wives and young children, to the general rendezvous.

On the east side—called by humbler folk "Quality Row," because taken by the leading families—were the Ingrams, whereat the Mays and Joyners sojourned, not only the girls, but the young men also. Tom Doster, although invited there, was busy with saving his crop of fodder, and did not appear until Sunday, and that with expectation of returning home in the afternoon.

Among the clergy were several possessed of a high order of eloquence, and others less gifted in this regard, but hoping to make up by abundant strength of lungs habituated to sounding on loftiest keys platitudes of warning, mainly upon the conditions of the infernal world. With four sermons a day, most persons, except the notably devout, as well inside as outside the denomination, the young especially, elected which they would attend. It was in vain that, in order to prevent such discrimination, announcements were withheld, and it could not be known who was to preach at any particular hour until after the first prayer and the second hymn, for from nearly every tent door the pulpit could be observed, or, when not, the speaker

could be guessed from the numbers seen hurrying to the stand.
Mr. Swinger, devoted with all his heart to his calling, always feeling prepared with a sermon of any length requisite upon any text of Scripture, yet, with becoming consideration for visiting brethren, had requested that he be not called upon during the meeting, proposing, however, to "do the ex'ortin'" as he styled it, after the sermon of Henry Doster, which had been appointed for Sunday night.

"Young man like Henry, you know, brothin, it'll maybe sorter encourage him up in the back to know his old father, as I calls myself, is behind thar a-ready and a-waitin' to prize him out if he git stuck in his first camp-meetin' splurgin'." He's a powerful modest boy, but if he can keep his head clear before so many people, I sha'n't be oneasy; for the the things in him, if he can fetch her out. Let me back him up in his first off-start. He know, Henry Doster do, he can 'pend on old Allen Swinger till everything turn blue."

I should remark here that although he had not sought from his young friend the confidence which he doubted not his having good reasons for withholding, yet he had been intensely interested in the rumor connecting him with Ellen Joyner, and he had been as deeply resentful as so pious a man could be at what he had heard of Hiram's fierce hostility, as evinced by utterances not only most disrespectful, but threatening, towards Henry. Other things had contributed to put him rather out of his accustomed humor by this time. A much smaller number of mourners than with some confidence he had counted on had responded to most persuasive and urgent appeals to come up to the altar. Never before, it seemed to him, had sinners been more obtusely unconcerned about their spiritual condition. More talk than usual, he felt sure in his mind, had been about politics, crops, money-making in general, county and neighborhood news, than at any camp-meeting in he would not like to say how long. Lastly, there was a matter of family trouble on his mind. Jerry Pound, son of his own dear, widowed sister, a great, lubberly, careless fellow, his mother had besought her brother to try yet again to do something with, as it did seem to her that he cared no more for his soul's salvation than if he never had a soul to be saved. Mr. Swinger during the two past days had held some talk with the youngster what times he had been able, in spite of his dodging, to catch him within hearing, and had become sufficiently disgusted with the little impression made by his remonstrances. That very evening he had said to Jerry, loud enough to be overheard by several young persons of both sexes who were sitting or standing near: "Jerry Pound, your hide's as tough as the jography books tells about them rhinosceruses that it ain't worth a man's while to shoot a rifle at 'em; and your back is hard same as a logger-head turtle that you has to put a coal of fire on him before he'll move when he don't want to. But never you mind."

It was not that Jerry was not a hard-working youth; but ever since he had grown too big to be whipped for doing such things a-ly, he was in the habit of playing marbles openly on Sunday, and going with others to the creek a-swimming, and by his mother was suspected even of occasional swearing.

On the whole, therefore, the state of mind in which Mr. Swinger found himself all that afternoon was far from confident or cheerful. Yet he was not a man to be put back by such considerations from the prosecution of his duty. Indeed, they conspired to make him more eager to put forth his word of exhortation. He said afterward:

"Fact of the business, I were sorter mad, and I had to let out. Then, spite of it all, I couldn't be convinced in my very bones but what so much good preachin' and ex'ortin', and so much hard wastlin' in praar, wasn't a goin' to be let frazzle out jes so to the little end o' nothin'. I had heard older people than me say the darkest time o' night is jes before day, and I determined to govern myself accordin'."

Thus far Henry Doster had seen little of the Ogechee girls, except when in the great congregation, or at the Ingram tent doorway when happening to be walking past. People said that it looked well that at such a solemn time he postponed for a more exalted society that of Ellen Joyner, whom they were sure that, preacher as he was, he was dying to be with. Once—Saturday afternoon it was—he did stop in for a few minutes only, but even then he talked more with Harriet than her. At the time of this visit Will May was not present, being at the tent near by, where Miss Mary Anderson, whose family dwelt across the river, was staying. Hiram was on hand, and sticky as a leech, some said. He barely nodded to the visitor on his entrance, and, when the latter left, was so absorbed in the Milledgeville Recorder, a weekly newspaper then four days old, that he did not notice him.

As soon as Tom reached the camp on Sunday, leaving his horse at the public lot, he repaired to the Ingrams', where he expressed himself sorry to decline the invitation to dinner, being under promise to one of his neighbors, a humble man on the opposite row. Mrs. Ingram declared that she was just as mad as she could be; but she was appeased when he said that, having decided to remain until after the night service, he would sup there.

"And don't he look splendid?" she said to Harriet, when he had gone out to sit with the men under the front shed. "I declare, when a man like Tom Doster, who has been working hard all the week, comes out on a Sunday in his nice broadcloth and the other nice things he's got to put on, I— But bless your heart! child, I've got too much business on my hands to be running on about Tom Doster; and indeed, handsome as he is, I think Henry—. However, many birds of many kinds, and I've got to miss Brother Duncan's sermon, and look after Simon and that pig in the pit. Mr. Ingram will have a duck-^{it} if it isn't barbecued just right."

Merrily she kissed her beautiful cousin, and retreated to those regions, in the rear, out of which to this day it remains a mystery to me, and to all except such housewives as she was, what breakfasts and dinners and suppers, and handings round on waiters between times, were evolved. When a man far away from such scenes, both in space and in years, begins to talk about them, he is prone to indulge too fondly. He cannot at least but love to muse, amid other recollections, on those long, so long ago, camp-meeting days, and

more on those camp-meeting nights. Religiously inclined, earnestly so, indeed, but not taking part in the exciting scenes which so many with varying purposes gathered there to witness, when the bugle would sound the call for silence and repose, when even all mourners' wailings would be hushed, it was a pleasant thing to take a rustic chair, and leaning against a post of the tent, sit and listen to the night music then rising in the woods, and dream and dream and dream of hopes and destinies for this life and the life eternal.
(To be Continued.)

What is a Gentleman?

We know Mr. Callioot, and have known him for years. We respect his ability, admire his many excellent qualities. In all the relations of life he is an upright and clever gentleman, and as such is entitled to fair and honorable treatment at the hands of his contemporaries—*Elmira Advertiser*. This only shows that each man has his own idea of what constitutes an honorable and upright gentleman. The Mr. Callioot referred to, editor of the *Albany Times*, and recently chosen friend of Governor Hill, was at one period of his career in the Penitentiary for betraying a public trust. Our *Elmira* contemporary doesn't seem to mind a little thing like that, and regards the crime for which Mr. Callioot was thus punished as entirely consistent with uprightness. It is odd that opinions should differ on a subject like that, but they do.—*New York Herald*.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The Nicaragua Canal will be 170 miles long from ocean to ocean. There will be 16 miles of excavation on the east side, 11½ miles on the west, ¾ miles for six locks, making a total of 28 miles. Free navigation will be had in the San Juan river for 64½ miles, and in Lake Nicaragua for 56½ miles. There will be space for vessels to pass each other in opposite directions in all parts except in the rock cuttings. The time of the passage is estimated at twenty-eight hours.

Speak Gently.

"I think," said the pastor who was visiting a parishioner, "that it is easier to coax children than to drive them. Gentle words are more effective than harsh ones. You know what the poet says:
Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
" Yes, indeed," said the lady. Then she shouted out of the window to her little boy:
"Johnnie, if you don't come in out of that mud hole I'll break your back!"

Effect of Over Indulgence.

Landlady—I hope you find the turkey tender, Mr. Growler?
Growler—H'm—well, so-so. But I fear the bird was an only child, so to speak.
Landlady—Why so?
Growler—Because it seems a trifle spoiled.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

"What is an agnostic?" asked Rollo, who was reading something by Huxley.
"An agnostic," replied his Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and gets mad and abuses you if you believe him. He says he doesn't know anything, but he really believes he knows everything.—*Burdette*."

WHEN THE SLEIGH BELLS JINGLE.

There's fun in courting
'Midst the winter's sporting,
When the sleigh's flying over the crusted snow,
And the bells are jingling
And the ears are tingling,
And the mercury's at zero or one below.
But I think I'd rather
Wait for warmer weather
And sit in the woods on a grassy knoll,
Where the flowers are springing
And the birds are singing,
And kiss her under her parasol.

—Sneakiness and defeat on the diamond are frequently caused by the same thing—wild pitching.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze—*atoboo*," she said.
—Nature's tendency is to restore the balance; as a man gets "short" his face gets a long.

HE DOES INDEED.

"To Sunday school, to Sunday school."
The little arching sings,
There's something in the season's trill
That seems to give him wings.
He loves the little cushioned pew,
The teacher, too, loves he,
And very much he loves the fruit
Upon the Xmas tree.
—"My dear," whispered a man to his wife as they seated themselves at the theatre, "I left my pocketbook at home."
"Haven't you any money at all?"
"Only forty cents." "Won't that be enough?" "Enough!" he repeated impatiently. "It's a five act play."

A RIVER TO CROSS.

(Josephine Pollard in *Christian at Work*.)
There's always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder's the charming scene;
But deep and wide with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

The Illinois Steel Company will build its Milwaukee employees a club-house similar to the one at Joliet, Ill. The latter cost \$50,000, and contains a library and reading-room, an art-room, reception hall, gymnasium, bowling alley, handball court, billiard and card-rooms, bath-rooms and an auditorium.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

Wine is a mocker
And strong drink is raging,
But who cares for that
When his thirst he's assuaging?
'Tis only next day,
When his temples are aching,
He thinks what a fool
Of himself he's been making.

Never put iron or steel bits in a horse's mouth in frosty weather without first warming them. They will take the skin off the horse's tongue.

The docking or cutting off the tails of horses is a cruelty that lasts through life. They can never, after this cruel operation, brush off the flies and mosquitoes that will make their life every summer a torment.

The Emperor William's thirty-second birthday, January 27th, will be signaled by an interruption for twenty-four hours of the court mourning for the dead Empress.

Indiana farmers are organized, and deal with one store, allowing the owner 10 per cent. profit.