Our Folks.

BY RTHEL LYNN.

"Hi! Harry! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just

When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of 'our folks'?

"You did? Shake hands. That cheers my heart; for if I do look grim and rough, I've got some feeling; people tains a soldier's heart is nought but tough.

But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think

"And so you saw them - when ? and where? The old

"And so you saw them - when? and where? The old man-is be hearty yet?

And mother-does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and fret

For me? And Sis, has she grown tall? And did you see her friend, you know

That Annie Moss-How that pipe chokes! Where did you see her?

Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our folks.'

"You saw them in the church? its likely, for they're always there.
Not Suuday? No? A Funeral? Who? Who Harry?
How you shake and stare.
All wel, you say, and all wereout—What all syon, Hal?
Is this a near?
Why dou't you tell me like a man, what is the matter
with our folks?

"I said all well, old comrade-true; I say all well

for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun
goest to the west.
Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall, as well as caks;
And so-fair Annie blooms no more; and that's the matter with 'your folks.'

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white hlossom from her breast;
And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter telling
all the rest.

all the rest.

Bear up old friend!"....Nobody speaks; only the old camp raven croaks

And soldiers whisper:—"Boys, be still, there's some bad news from Grangers 'folks."

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—
on his grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind nature
sends to Woe's relief;
Then answers:—"Thank you, Hal. I ll try; but ia
my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in
among 'our folks.'

"I daresay she is happier now; but still, I can't help thinking, too, I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind and true—
But maybe not ... She's safe up there! and when God's hand deals other strokes
She'll stand by Heaven's gate! know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks.'"

A MYSTERIOUS MARK.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean -roll!" shouted a cheerful-looking pasenger, casting a patronizing glance at a billowy waste on whose heaving bosom our good ship was tossed like a plaything.
"Roll, and be hanged to it, if only it

wouldn't roll me !" grumbled I.

It was my first acquaintance with Nep-tune, and we didn't get on well together. To say the truth, I was in no amiable mood. I had disagreed with the steward about the quality of the steak he had sent me for breakfast, and, finally had disagreed with my breakfast itself, and then had parted company with it. While leaning over the traiffail at this point, my feelings were harrowed by the poetical passenger's quota-

"You're sea-sick," he remarked. "I see I am," I replied, grunny, intending no pun, but a slight criticism on the self obviousness of the statement.
"I've a sovereign specific for that ma-

"You're a lucky man!" groaned I.
"You're a lucky man!" groaned I.
"I would be most happy to furnish you with it," he replied. "I have an abundant supply of it with me."
"Anything! I—I'll take anything—even arsenic, if it's only enough to put me out of my misery." I said.

my misery," I said.
"Come below," said he, taking my arm.
When we had descended the stairs he inquired, "Where is your state-room?' I led the way to it "Now lie down, and I'll fix you up directly," he said. I threw off my coat and boots and tumbled into my berth. The benevolent gentleman went out and returned quickly with something which he put into a glass with some water and gave me to drink. I swallowed it without a question. The effect was almost instangentle languar stale ave and then followed what a little before I should have hailed as the acme of all bliss, complete unconsciousness. Whether it was the effect of the medicine, or because it was the weather-much obliged to the weather, if it was it-had changed, I know not, but when I awoke I found myself, if not recovered, at least convalescent. Next day I gained my sea legs, and felt no inconvenience. Mr. Rollickson—by which name I learned to know my Byronic bene'actor—and my-self grew to be great friends. He was an inexnaustible talker. With men he was an agreeable companion; with ladies he was captivating, fascinating. We had an exquisite young creature on board, scarcely out of her teens, on her way to join an elderly maiden aunt in an English town, said to have testamentary designs upon her, which, have testamentary designs upon her, which, if carried out, would place her in the front of matrimonial prizes. To this young lady Mr. Rollickson paid especial court, He read, ta'ked, and quoted poetry to her, till her pretty little head was turned; and before the voyage was over their engagement began to be the talk of the ship. Stress of weather made the passage a slow one. It was more than two weeks after we lost sight of the highlands of Neversink before we landed at Liverpool. I had hardly set foot on shore, and hadn't had time to con-gratulate myself on the fact, when a hand

was laid on my shoulder.

"You must go with me," said a determined voice in my ear. I turned about quickly and found myself confronted by a man who might have sat for a Dickens' portrait of Inspector Bucket.
"The fewer words here the better," he

said, as I was about to speak. "Will you come quietly, or shall I summon assistance?" I demanded an explanation.

"You shall have it in due time," was the answer. "Do you intend to come peace-ably or not?"

ably or not?"
A short staff surmounted by a crown, produced by the speaker, convinced me he had authority to enfo ce my obedience, and I walked along by his side. "Your name is Roach," said a thin, sharp man, into whose presence I was ushered.
"It is not," I answer.

"Probably you will also deny having three stars tattooed on the back of your left arm, just below the elbow?" he added, sar-

donically.
"I do deny it; I bear no such mark,"

"That is easily tested," was the reply. "Turn up his sleeve, Jarvis." The as-

sistant obeved. "I think we have the right man," said the latter.

"Quite sure of it," replied the sharp man, after glancing at the exposed member. I twisted my arm so as to get a view of the part in question, and was utterly a mazed to find the mark described by the officer. I-I never saw it before," I stammered

confusedly. "Such statements will do you but little good," said the officer. "First, you deny your name, and next the existence of a mark, which it is impossible for you to have borne upon your person without knowing it. It so happens that this is the very mark by which we are instructed to identify Roach the famous bank robber, for whose arrival

we have been some time watching. It further happens that your appearance tallies with his description in other respects. "All this is inexplicable," said I, help-

lessly.
** Except on the theory that we've got the

right man," the other answered.

I was a total stranger, had no friends to call on for assistance. If I could only find Rollickson! A thought flashed upon me. He had gone ashore before me, and I had seen him in private conversation with a man whom I now identified with the one who had arrested me. I remembered, too, that after awakening from the sleep into which I had been cast by the drug with which he had relieved me from sea-sickness, my arm had felt sore and stiff for several days. Might not Rollickson be the real Roach, and might he not have taken advantage of my stuper to place upon me a mark similar to that borne by himself; and had he not on landing pointed me out to the detectives as the object of their search, for the purpose of averting attention from himself? To this conclusion my mind came by one of those sudden intuitions, which of times in-stantaneously produce deeper conviction than the most careful process of reasoning. Just then a cab passed the window, and in it came Rollickson himself.

"Stop that man !" I exclaimed, starting up, and pointing him out. The exclamation astonished those present.

"Qaick, quick, for heaven's sake!" I cried.

Impelled by my earnestness, a couple of policemen darted into the street. The cabman stopped in answer to their call, and soon Rollickson was escorted into the room in which I was a prisoner. He turned pale at the sight of me.

"Strip his arm !" I cried eagerly. He drew back as an officer approached, and it was only after a struggle, and by main force, that he was compelled to submit to the inspection, which revealed a mark the exact counterpart of that found upon myself. Before I had finished the narrative of my acquaintance with Rollickson, and the circumstances under which it began, an American detective entered the office, and fully identified my late friend as the criminal for whom I had been singu-larly mistaken. I may add that when the

likeness between Rollickson and myself was quite marked. I was released from custody, and the real Roach detained in my stead. The next steamer carried him back to America, to stand his trial for numerous burglaries. And the young lady, it is to be hoped, was cured of the romance of falling in love with strangers at first sight.

blonde wig and the whiskers were removed, with which he had disgulsed himself, the

Why He Did Not Win.

The following true incident, though a trifle, has a suggestive meaning for many readers.

It was the day for the public exhibition of athletic sports in Blank College. The grand stand was crowded with matrons and pretty maidens. Below the faculty, the trustees and fathers of the boys unbent from their grave dignity, and laughed over basebail games, and races of fifty years ago Around the ring were crowded the students from a rival college. The men who were to take part in the "eventa" of the day wore a close-fitting flannel suit of the college color, white and blue.

Two brothers stood near each other; the breast of one was covered with silver and gold medals, the other had not one.

"Champion, hundred yards dash."
"First prize, L L. tournament."
prize Mile Run," said a bystander, reading ome of the inscriptions on the medals. "How many of these things have you Joe?"
"He has over twenty at home," said his brother, eagerly.

"And you none, Tom? How is that?"
"Never could come in first. I think I shall take a gold bar to-day though. There is one thing I can do,—the hurdle race."
"Oh!" cried a child's voice behind him, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

Tom turned, and saw a little girl seated by a poorly dressed woman. Both were looking at him with startled, disappointed faces. "Who are they?" Tom whispered to his

friend. "Bradford's mother and sister. One of the charity students. He's in the hurd's race. I suppose they thought the poor wretch would win the gold medal, and be asked to dinner with the Prox to night, a ong with the first prize men."
"Yes," said Tom, thoughtfully, as he

walked away.

Bradford was a dull fellow, he remember ed, and neglected by most of the students who were better clothed and better bred than himself. If the boy won this prize, and appeared at the president's State dinner, it would certainly give him a standing, in future, among the boys. A moment later a lady who knew him called Tom to the grand stand. "This will be victor in the hurdle race," she said to the ladies near her, who smiled while Tom blushed and laughed.

The sports began. One even t succeeded another. The hurdle race was called; Tom and Bradford started together, but Tom passed him easily. All of the hurdles were passed but one. Tom glanced aside, saw the stained face of the shabby woman, and the child's tearful eyes, and the next instant tripped and fell, while Bradford leaped past

The president himself gave the prizes. The band played, and the men shouted as he handed the gold medal to Bradford. Joe

had, as usual, half-a-dozen prizes. Tom stood by, without any. But the president said to a looker-on, "There was nothing to trip that boy. He fell purposely, that Bradford might win." "Shall not you let him know that you

know it?" "No. The man who can conquer himself, even in a trifle, needs no other reward.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

Some of the Objections Britons Have to Living There.

A recent writer on East Indian medical jurisprudence presents the Indian Empire as not a very pleasant country to live in "Corpses and skeletons may be met anywhere in a district without exciting lively interest. Hindus, who are too poor to afford firewood for the cremation of their relatives, apply a torch for a moment to the mouth and then with an invocation to Hari, hurl the dead body into the nearest stream. soon rises and floats down to be gnawed by shrimps and fishes, or it is stranded to be eaten by jackals. Travellers are taken ill on the road in a strange province and die without a soul to care for them. All that the residents of the nearest village are anxious for is that the discovery of the corpse within their area of limits shall not give rise to troublesome inquiries and form an admirable basis for an unfounded charge of murder." The processes of an inquiry into the causes of such deaths are embarrassed by the customs of the natives and their hereditary mode of thought. The efficials of police are designated as myrmidons and

In India, as elsewhere, it is possible to pass admirable legal enactments and quite another thing to get them carcied out "Everywhere caste, interest and wealth intervene. The touch of a dead body is polution to a Hindu. And why should any Brahman care for the disasters of a Sudra, or a Mohammedan for the visitation which has befallen a whole Hindu agricultural saste?' Nobody thinks it a duty to arrest a murderer. It is the interest of many a peaceable, well-disposed and unoffending villager to get rid at once of any trace of crime, or what way be made to have an ugly criminal appearance. The witnesses summoned have peculiar ideas of what their testimony should include. One is recorded, and there are probably more of the same sort, in which the witness candidly admitted that he came to supply the place of a friend who had fallen sick. It was a case of highway robbery, and the substitute declared that the facts alleged were perfectly true "and notorious to the whole village." The verdict in the case is not stated. But the inquiry suggests itself weather the testimony was less conclusive than that on which many a poor wretch is lynched in a community claiming to be civilized.

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"Good gracious," said the hen, when she discovered a porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

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A. P. 246.

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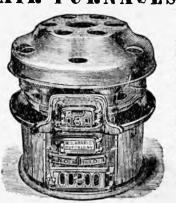
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