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THE ARCTIC OWL.

(By Rev. Duncan Anderson.)

What! from the icy Pole? Now drew it mild,
And on plain travellers pray, lay no bristle.
Not so in Hades where all's cold!
And, if you ruffle me, as cross as twice two sixteen.

"Just in by special," and his owlship stalked;
"I was alone that slept alone, and took a good few winks;
From those 'high latitudes' that Dufferin sings,
Till I could rest my pinions in Canadian bowers.

But then I dropped in at a station north,
On pay a visit to a friendly nuk;
Some time was lost, but what's that to an owl
Who brought to see his friends and have a social talk?

"Perhaps, sho', you may think it somewhat strange
To hear my speech; but let that wonder pass—
Some human owls speak, too, and why not?
When words of wisdom came to gilb from Balaam's ass?"

And then he talked of strange things—new and old—
Of Greenland's snowy plains and ice-ribbed shore—
Of mighty Pachydermes that once roamed there,
And of their mound-rous bones that now lie bleached and hoar.

Oh! could you see these placid seas that bathe
The sphinx-like Pole, and bright as mirror slept
Thro' the long Arctic night, while stars shine down
Till the double sky their twinkling shadows seem.

No sound then breaks the awful stillness there;
The ear the throbbings of the heart might ear;
Life plants no footstep on those silent shores;
Time there seems pass—eternity's long morn has come.

Sweet Arctic night! that owls alone enjoy,
When human hearts beat cold, and alone and sad;
When bears reluctant leave their lory den,
And cautious whine for sunlit homes, and then go mad

Now bursts the light upon some springtide morn;
Higher and higher climbs the orb of day;
The curtain rises from the waking earth,
And the huge iceberg breaks its bonds and floats away.

Hark, the loud thunder of the mighty whale;
The wild arctic sports, just shaken on the lee;
Fearless the seal basks on his rocky isle,
Nor dreads a human foe within that tranquil sea.

Tranquil—but for the rushing wings that bring
From summer climes, a bright and joyous throng;
The cavern'd rock flings back the sea gull's sonnet,
While hill and dale ring with the warblers' nuptial song.

Nor wings alone bring visitants from far,
As wheel fresh squadrons from the trackless sky;
The shaggy musk ox o'er the meadow roams,
And wary reindeer browse where lowly lichens lie.

And these cold waves that once kissed tiri'd shores,
Their trophies northward bear with favoring tide;
And the tall pine that graced some southern hill,
Now lies, all shaled and worn, on sands of polar sose.

Seas where the paddle's stroke has never stirred
The mimic wave to tuneful melody;
Unknown the spreading sail and bending oar;
And eye of man has never gazed upon that sea.

No living eye—for mark you battered wreck,
That sparkles, cordiest, like like phantom by;
Wank-wasted forms crouch on its mouldy deck,
And staring, sightless orbs stare upwards to the sky.

Onwards his helpless prey the ice-fiend bore,
And frightly locked them in their frozen cell,
Till biting cold and gnawing hunger told
A tale of want and woe no human tongue may tell.

And wives will wait to welcome husbands home,
And long in mothers' hearts hope's lamp will burn,
And maidens sigh to press the plighted hand;
But, ah! these shrive led forms will never more return.

And wind and tide will steer that creaking helm,
Till the worn keel rests still on ocean bed,
But the loved port that cravell never hail
Till He shall give command, "Yield up thy hidden dead!"

But pray excuse what Lachrymarys fill;
My mistitator is a better man;
And we may weep or whistle on the brakes;
Strange that an owlin aught should beat the nobler man!

But, to the point; I fear I've wandered far,
And left unspoken what yet brought me here;
Please think not, if our hitches seem rude,
The "sighties," that we have no "Gazettes."

But why, or how we know, it matters not.
All things of sublunary strain beguile
An owl's lone hours, and little birds may tell
You own Canadian tales on far Ian Meyen's Isle.

And so it came to pass that whispers said
That Calumbrae, famed Spencer Grange and you
Had won your spurs, but here I mean no joke,
But speak as if I'd graduated from the "Zoo."

And thus, in conclave grave of learned owls,
The Strix Cinerea and Nyctia sovere,
And all the rest of the assembled hoots,
That these fleric honored names be added to our corps.

Adopted by our tribe, without one nay,
Pray here accept this decorated scroll;
And Mr. Stewart's fetch-up will give.
To wond'ring ears, its tale, when I am at the Pole.

woke—the dream was past; nor mystic scroll
Nor Aretic owl, our blinkers eyes could see;
But all was phonographed on memory's page,
And I to others tell what then was told to me

This Little Pig Went to Market.

When shades of night begin to fall, and in the quiet skies
The little stars peep slyly out like baby angels' eyes;
When every bird has ceased its song and slumber-land
Has taken its place in the world of dreams,
My little girl, with sunny hair, gets ready for her rest.
We romp together for a time, and then she sits her down,
And takes her shoes and stockings off with many a dainty frown;
Then climbs upon my knee and says: "Please, papa, one more time,
Tell me about the little pigs" and so I sing the rhyme:

Chorus—This little pig went to market, etc.

This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home;
This little pig he ha't roast beef, this little pig he had none.
This little pig cried wheek! wheek! wheek! I can not find my way home;
This little pig cried wheek! wheek! wheek! I can not find my way home.

Five little dainty, rosy toes, I count them each in turn,
And all in vain the baby tries the jingling rhyme to learn;
She mixes all the piggies up and misses half the to-s,
But still she tries, and every time is sure that now she knows;
She thinks I'm very mean to laugh, and then a frown appears,
And then her lips begin to pout, her eyes to fill with tears;
But long before the teardrops fall I kiss them all away,
And once again I count the toes, and once again I say:

Chorus—This little pig went to market, etc.

She makes one last endeavor now, she says it very slow,
But it there's not enough o pigs, or else an extra toe.
She don't know what's the matter, and she guesses that will do,
Shows, I don't think anyway that pigs are nice, do you?
Her little eyes grow heavy and she thinks she'll So kneeling by her gown of white, the "How I Lay Me" said;
A last sweet night to be one and all, a last kiss long and sweet,
And as I leave her to her dreams, I hear her still repeat:

Chorus—This little pig went to market, etc.

—Hughie Hope.

Should be Exempt.

New York Herald:

Since butchers are barred from the jury in
When murderers are tried
A few other people would not be missed
Were they likewise denied:
The dentist who sits down to his groaning pray—
Is he less man of blood?
The barber who cuts through the livelong day—
Who can stand his wordy bood?
Then the candy butcher, who holds up trains—
A Scotish man is he!
And the joker who addles his mouth of brains—
When a juror he must be!
And last, but not least, the ciaidly bore,
With a tongue as fine as silk;
He a-cused man could dodge the avenger shore
If the jury were made of his ilk.

HONS.

A man can build a mansion,
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a cottage
With lofty walls and spout;
A man can build a temple
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
The perfect kingdom home.

So it's a happy faculty
Of women for such wilds
To turn a cot or pa ace
Into something else beguile.
Where brothers, sons and husbands tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A place of rest where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom home.

THE LITTLE WIFE AT WORK.

The little little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to sew and bibles to pen,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your home with light,
Whatever you chose to do, John,
Will do your home to night.

For though you are wore and weary,
Or worried by care and care,
There are words like darts to quite hearts,
There are looks like wounds and swrt.
But you, but in the light at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight,
To the little wife who waits, John,
To do many home to night.

—Exchange.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS."

A Tale of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER XI.

An agony of waiting, begotten of a sense of the carelessness of all things save patience, that carried Betty through the dull, listless days of the waning year, was broken late in November, by the rude shock of Miss Barbara's sudden death. One morning, after a busy day of superintending house cleaning and curtain hanging, she was found by Mandy, very still and cold in her high, curtained bed.

"And a sweeter smile or a naturaller looking body I never seen in my days, when laid foot," was the tearful eulogy of Mrs. Jessup, the joiner's wife, who exercised a semi-professional authority on such mourn' ful occasions among the gentry, her help being certain to be proffered and accepted. "I've laid out whole families in the neighborhood, but I never seen the like o' that sweetness. Seemed like she were ill-favored in her life, and not much account with Miss Clem, but the Lord A'mighty were just beckoning her to heaven."

Miss Clem retired to her room and locked herself in, leaving the last sad offices to such neighborly bodies as Mrs. Jessup and Miss Stacy, who, in an agitation of lachrymose importance, shared, with the village matrons, something of Mrs. Jessup's lugubrious humor on having been the dear friend of the "corpse." Till the last day of her life Miss Stacy never alluded to the dear deceased friend save as "the corpse."

During the three days that followed, full of the presence of death with its realism of paraphernalia, the sense of hidden mystery behind the familiar closed door, and the bustle of the funeral repast, Betty, in defiance of all established precedent, took refuge—with the instinct of a child to return to the home of its mother—in the sombre sympathy of wood and lowering skies that seemed in accord with her grief.

After the solitary mid-day meal, she would hasten away from the house, where she constantly found herself looking for the well-known step and household bustle. Sometimes she would forgetfully walk to the door of Bab's room, to be recalled to the sad truth by the chill air from the open window and the sight of the angular, shacted outlines.

That Bab?

All the questions and wonders as to the problems of life and death, that had been banished in the glad sense of youth and love, recurred to Betty now in her solitary rambles, as she wicled through the leaves in the bare woods, or through the stubble fields where long scattered ears of corn, the yellow rows shining between withered husks like the teeth of a mummy behind its cerements.

Once she found, lying in the road, under the hedge, a little bird with one of its wings broken. She picked it up and laid it on her muff, thinking that she would take it home to be cared for by Bab. Suddenly realizing that her aunt was not here, that she won'd never again see or speak to her in the old way, she walked down the dreary stretch of road between the brown meadows, with lips trembling and eyes that looked eagerly onward, as if the secret of the hereafter could be revealed in the glory of the sunset lighting the fading land.

The tiny creature was dying. A film formed over its bright eyes and the feathered breast palpitated.

She stopped and lifted it to her lips.

"You too are going, you little thing," she said, "to fly to that unknown land where Bab has gone. If you see her, tell her that I love her and miss her so much."

Then she laid its limp, dead body in a fallow, put a sod over it, and felt, somehow, as if Bab got that message.

Stealing upstairs at night, she would pause involuntarily at the closed door, as had always been her habit. It seemed cruel to leave Bab that way in the cold and dark, for she had ever been fond of a bright fire and gossip over the day's events, and Betty would lean her head against the door, whispering softly: "I remember. Good-night, dear Bab!"

Intermingles as seemed the three days of gloom, they drew to a close, ushering in the still gloomier day of the funeral.

All morning the people were arriving; for a funeral in the country is somewhat of a social event bringing together the inter sta of remote neighborhoods.

The front yard was full of coaches and gigs. Stragglers from the village were apt to join the groups of men who gathered out of doors, discussing the tobacco crop and the impending bad weather, and occasionally wending their way to the dining-room for refreshments.

In the parlor, where the furniture was covered with sheets and the open coffin rested on a bier in the centre of the room, the women gathered, stately ladies in mourning and powder at one end, and their humbler sisters in homespun at the other, conversing of the virtues of the deceased in hushed whispers, and predicting complacently that "Clementina would miss that sweet, sweet creature now she was gone."

This opinion, Miss Stacy, flitting between both groups, found generally endorsed; Miss Clementina being no favorite with her own sex, who voted her "whimsical and outrageous proud."

To Betty, sorrowing alone in her own room, came Mammy Lar, announcing with the pomp of woe that "thar mus' be 'bout five thousand 'heelos in the yard;' that Dr. Wells had arrived, and that her aunt was waiting for her at the top of the stairs to descend and go with the funeral *cortege* to the graveyard. Her aunt, a tall figure, draped like herself in a black *crape* veil that hid her face, took her hand and they descended together.

The ceremony was conveyed to Betty in a series of vivid expressions, for, as is often the case, the sense of grief was temporarily forgotten and blunted by the break in the monotony and the exciting presence of a crowd.

Betty felt the clinging dampness of the air as, still holding her aunt's hand, they passed directly behind the bier into the yellow grass of the garden. Through her veil the day looked darker than before as they stood by the open grave, while Dr. Wells, in his white surplice, read the impressive burial service. Half ashamed at her own distraction, the words fell unheeded on her ear.

She saw the lowering sky that seemed to cling to the dull earth, the turbid waters below the bank, and, in the foreground, barren trees, and naked flower stalks; even the matted chrysanthemums, discolored with mould, and one pallid rosebud that clung to its stem, and shivered in the wind that blew over the water, chilling the bare heads of the men, and sending into the group around the grave swirls of rustling leaves

Betty's gaze took in the well-known faces around her with their unfamiliar expressions of grief. She felt almost amused at the long-drawn, sobem countenances of the ladies hovering on the outskirts, and Mrs. Jessup's display of a fine muslin handkerchief.

The Rozlers held a conspicuous position among the mourners for Mr. Rozier had been a playmate of Bab's when they were children. Betty wondered if he were thinking of those far-off days as he stood with bent head and eyes gravely fastened on the ground. On what? She shuddered, for her eyes were riveted on the long, black box that held the thing that had once been Bab, the chrysalis from which the glorified soul had fled.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory," read Dr. Wells.

Suddenly Miss Clem's hand on hers tightened, and tightened in a grasp that almost caused her to cry aloud with pain.

She looked aside at her aunt, and, through the thickness of the two veils, saw that giant face set and rigid, with eyes that glared from under knotted brows, pained and frantic, fixed on vacancy.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

Again the clasp tightened as if her hand were in an iron vise. The pained blood pounded her ears and seemed then settled on her heart, and a double blackness hid the world. She bit her lip to keep back a cry.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Through the mist of pain sounding her ears came the sound of falling earth on the coffin-lid, a wild whirrey of wind as a few heavy clods pattered on the dry leaves, calmly remaining in volume.

Still chained in that cruel bondage, they walked to the house and Betty felt herself ascending the stairs. At the second landing she was free, staggering and sinking upon the step, while her aunt, veiled and silent, moved away.

"Aunt," called Betty.

The tall figure, looming in the hall above did not stay.

"Leave me in peace," she cried, disappearing into her own room.

Anxious to escape from the approaching throng, she ran down the stairs, and, as the crowd rapidly dispersed, remembering as a last tribute to Miss Bab's memory the proverb: "Blessed is the dead the rain rains on."

[illegible] and deserted, [illegible] the dreary monotony and deserted, [illegible] dispelling desolation of the bared fields.

The rain lasted for several days, shutting out, like a veil, all save the garden and near view of the meadows, with their rows of pointed hayricks, over which blindly driven gusts swept, beating on the roof over Betty's head at night, and trickling down the eaves with a monotonous monotony that was like a voice clinging to her in a language she could not understand.

During the days that followed the funeral Miss Clem did not appear, and there was little companion for Betty save to endeavor to interpretthis same unceasing murmur that followed her as she went from room to room, so escape from it and from the familiar fancied footsteps, pausing behind every closed door.

She sat in the parlor two evenings after the funeral, curled up in a big armchair. One of the silver sconces of the mirror was lighted, blending with the deeper glow of the logs throughout the room, gleaming in the tarnished gilt moulding of the cornice, and touching to a richer hue the folds of the long, red damask curtains. She was worn out with grief and resting in a reaction of emotion that left her tranquil. Love, that had made existence vivid and real, seemed far away, a light that had flashed and faded into the distance of a long road. Still, weary in mind and body as she was, it was good to think of Tom, alive and strong, somewhere in the night, loving her.

"It would almost hear him say, as when in this very room, he had placed his hand on her hair, "Thou dear little girl, half dead with ennui." The monotone from the dripping eaves taught the burden and changed to Tom's voice, sweet and caressing, lulling her to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

From this blissful oblivion Betty was roused by a noise in the hall. Starting up, flushed and half conscious, she saw the door open. On the threshold stood her aunt, a fantastic figure, clad in a short green silk in the fashion of twenty years before, with huge hoops displaying red, high heeled slippers. Her skinny, yellow neck was bare, and a tall head-dress covered with lace adorned her hair. She waved a peacock feather fan to and fro, beckoning to some one in the hall where there was nothing to be seen except Mammy bearing a candle, the light of which fell on her bright kerchief and dark face, contorted in making signs that Betty half dazed could not understand.

"Enter, friends," said Miss Clem waving to the suppositious persons. "Rise, ing to the suppositious persons. "Rise, ing to the suppositious persons. Here are your father and mother and Mr. De Courcy, who have come to spend the evening with us. Such a merry, pleasant evening!"

Her aunt was insane! This was the solution of the convulsive grip at the funeral.

With stern dignity, her eyebrows knotted and expression wild, Miss Clem motioned the imaginary guests to be seated.

"Converse with thy parents, child. I will sit here and speak to Stanley De Courcy, for it is long since I have seen him. Was it yesterday or years ago?"

Fear settled on Betty like a weight, a burden that would not be shaken off. Feeling stilled and faint, she sank back in a chair. Mammy stood beside her rubbing her hands.

"You mus' humor her, honey. You mus' humor her."

"What's that you say?" demanded Miss Clem, quickly.

"I wus jes' tellin' Mars Edward how well he's lookin'. Seems lak I ain't seen him fur a long time."

"Yes, tell him, Mammy," said Miss Clem, in a sharp whisper, "do you mark the blood on Mr. De Courcy's forehead, where the horse trampled on his head—his bonny yellow hair that used to be my pride?"

"Don't go, don't leave me," said Betty, as Mammy moved toward the door.

"Yer jes' to humor her. Don't be afraid, chile, she won't hurt yer. I'll stan' outsi de do'."

The firelight flickered on Miss Clem's grotesque figure, throwing it into bold relief against the background of the shadowy corner, where the bed was vaguely defined the back of a straight damask chair, toward which, as she played with her fan and spoke, she occasionally glanced uneasily.

"You must excuse my sister Barbara,' she said, looking around apologetically, 'she will not see you to night. I do not want her to hear me, but the truth is she's sitting over there in that corner. She's just dead and not used to it yet, poor silly thing, as we have been for so long. I have asked her repeatedly to come, but to no avail."

The fan waved up, and she began to whisper behind it with a ghastly affectation of girlish coquetry.

Betty's attention became fascinated on this one spot. In her over-wrought state of mind the idea haunted her that in the chair sat her aunt Barbara, looking as she had last seen her, with wazan, bandaged face and half closed eyes. The moments passed like hours. The drip, drip from the eaves became a mocking voice, gibbering: "Go to the corner and look."

At length, capable of bearing the tension no longer, she crouched down, hiding her face in her hands

It was better thus. She could not see, but she could hear her aunt talking to the three dead people, for though invisible they were none the less present to Betty—not their spirits but some seeming resemblance to their bodies. But some demon had taken possession of Bab, in place of the pure soul, and that horror, hidden by the chair-back, was the most vivid of all.

How long it was she never knew, but at length Miss Clem, having finished her whispered discourse with Mr. De Courcy, began to address the company in a voice that changed and ran through the gamut of feeling.

"You ask me," she said, "news of the world. You have been hid away so long from thinking that you must have forgotten. Well, I will tell you, but in confidence, for you must know that it is only we—you are dead, and I, whom they call crazy—that see plainly how all things are tending. First, you ask me what is this life. Hearken! The world is an island set in space, and above and below and around it is a mystery none can fathom. In the midst of this, coming into being, are the atoms called men who are born blind—purblind. Ay, listen! This miserable little spot, which may be effaced at any moment, is swarming with blind human worms, biting and gnawing over each other, and burrowing in the slime whence they are generated.

"These worms are all mad about ambition or pride, and call themselves this or that pompous, lying name. Then they dig upon the earth, and call themselves this or that, and they are mad—mad—mad!" She gave a short laugh. "You know I was always given to thinking on these fantastic subjects—always whimsical. What droll ideas we used to hold in the old times! I mind me of one evening we sat in the solemn-looking The bats were flying over the meadows. Honoria had on her knee a sweet babe, and I was happy, for you were there, Bentley, and you loved me. Who says that he did not love me? Yes, grinned and ill favored as I am, I too have had my hey-day of youth and folly.

"We will all meet again to visit the one that survives,' said I, for I was a maudlin, girl given to vagaries—and we are all here! Then, when Bab's ship rode away I walked with him to the village and bade him farewell. He held my rose to his lips as he rode off, never to come again—never—for the next day they found you on the road with your skull crushed. Oh, God! oh, my God! what I went through then; for each of these constant human lives has a capacity for enduring pain that is not gauged by its insignificance and shortness of duration, but can be infinite. Oh, but had I the power equal to my will, the earth would crack to its base, and the stars flashing with fire, would tear on in a mad rush of destruction. On, on! faster, faster!—How they roll and cringe, these pitiful atomies! On—on—little world, into the calm of the bottomless abyss of annihilation!"

She paused a moment:

"No, you never come back, my love. In the long nights I used to creep out and lie on the grass where we parted, and look up at the stars waiting for you. I was an uncommon feel'nsome girl, and hare-brained enough. Ha! Ay, thus will I, though I am alone."

The hoyden hoyden jumped under her hands.

She hesitated a moment and then began to play a lively dancing tune.

"Dance the rigadoon, as you used, Bentley move quite gracefully. Ah, we will have a merry evening.

Betty, with her eyes closed, saw it all, while the music went on, saw Mr De Courcy as in the miniature, blonded and graceful, and her father in his blue velvet coat, the diamond ring on his finger glittering in his long jabot, moving to and fro with stately measured steps, and Miss Clem, courtly coquettish, with her head on one side, smiling at Betty with a sweet, gentle smile, and, as Angel face peered now and then from behind the chair.

Suddenly the dancing ceased. Miss Clem changed abruptly into minor chords as she began to sing, with a cracked voice:

Damp are the curls on thy honey head,
And thy cheek is wan and white;
But the glow-worms on thy earthly bed
Do shine eyes with love shine bright.

'Why have ye tarried so long,' she said,
'Since the night you rode away?'
The years have come and the years have gone
I am grown so old and gray;
And the lips you kissed then, fresh and red,
They can but mumble and pray.

I come from out on the hill,' she said,
'Where the snake and ground-rat dwell;
They bad me fast in my cell yed;
I could not come so thee well;
The light in my eyes is the light of dread
Lit from the fires of hell.'

"Ay, 'tis the light that burns within us all, smouldering in the ashes of youth."

The door opened and Mammy entered, bearing a waiter.

"I thought the company mought like some 'freshment," she said pacing the waiter to the imaginary guests. "Now, Mars Edward, yer take some er dat cordial. It's mighty good. Miss Honoria, yer'll relish dat rusk. Honey," she whispered to Betty, "take two or free pieces." Betty shook her head and looked at her white, supplicating face. She felt that she must have gone old in the eternity that had passed. Mammy was equal to the emergency.

"Laws sakes! Is yer all gwine home dis soon? Yer'll have a mighty bad night."

Miss Clem went through a profuse courtesying and leave-taking, following Mammy, who held a candle, into the hall.

"Still sulky, Barbara?" she called out. "Will you, then, stay there all night? Good-by."

Betty shuddered and walked backward out of the room, her eyes fixed on the corner. They moved upstairs, a strange procession, Miss Clem majestic in her finery, Mammy bearing the candle, and Betty, with pale face, peering over the banisters into the blackness below. When they came to the open door of her own room she crept in, shutting and bolting it behind her.

Here there was only the firelight, and in each of the four corners her fancy pictured the chair and its ghastly occupant.

She could not pray, after Miss Clem's words. Of what avail could be the prayer of an insignificant atom in such an infinity of souls?

Undressing herself and crossing the room, she caught the reflection of her white-robed figure in the mirror. She stood trembling, unnerved, the unceasing voice of the rain mocking her with elusive cadence. There was a sound of footsteps coming down the hall, stopping at the door. It was Bab, who was lonely in the parlor, and had to come to her.

"Lemme in, honey, said Mammy's voice. "What yer doin', standin' hyar in yer bare feet, chile? Yer want ter ketch yer death er cold? Jump inter bed, an' lemme tuck yer in snug."

The relief of the kind, human voice was too much. Betty threw herself on the bed in a sort of nervous chill, where she could shed no tear, but lay cold and trembling.

"Dere now, honey, be quiek. Dat's lib de way off'n on, ever since Mars De Courcy died. Sho'll git over it in a day or two, an' be all right again. Don't yer tell nobody, Miss Bab, nebber let no one know it. Plenty debs yere pore white trash lin ax'n' me, but I never tells 'em nuffin. I she wuz fifty times ornaiser an' she is, she's Miss Vaughan, and bette'n any they lowlived selves. Dere now, pore little lam."

"Mammy, the next time she is so, I'll take care of her like Aunt Bab did."

"Dead, yer won't den. Wat's de use uv a good fur nuffin nigger lak me? Miss Barb'ra killed herself that way. Yer jes' gwine ter stay young an' pretty, and marry Marse Tom when he comes home lookin' so happy'n fine!"

Then Mammy, still patting the bedclothes, began to rock to and fro in her chair, crooning a plantation hymn:

"De stars in de sky wus a-fallin',
De moon done shall turn inter blood,
But de chillun ob der Lord
Am safe an' sound
An' safe an' de nams ob de Lord."

until Betty was soothed to sleep.

It was a troubled and uneasy slumber, however, for she dreamed that, somewhere in mirk and gloom Tom's dear head rested on her breast, pierced with cruel splinters of glass like a crown, and she tried to pull them out. At each groan from him a pain went through her heart, and she awoke to find herself alone, in a convulsive agony of sobs.

"He suffers, my love. Oh, God, let me suffer in his stead! Dear Christ, let me know that he will live!"

Wearied out, lying still, a great change came. The rain beat on the roof and the shadows deepened with the dying flame, but she had no fear. It was as if God had stooped and lifted her to heights whence she saw all created beings, the living and the dead, as they lay in their narrow graves, alike pure and holy in his sight, fulfilling His will.

Folded in unutterable peace that was like the ebbing of a midnight sea, she and Tom were together, his arms around her, floating to some greater mystery—out—out—

CHAPTER XIII.

That winter life passed strangely at the Vaughans'. Miss Clem alternated from scene of supreme authority, when her energy and oversight of the plantation were unnatural, to days of inanition and lack of interest in all mundane matters, even the events of the war, locking herself in her own room to pore over some musty volume. The responsibility devolved upon Betty, who was all the better for being actively employed during the lonely, bleak months.

Beyond the actual life of everyday work and routine, of supervising the women in their sewing and distributing the weekly rations to the negro quarters, was a no less real inner life which she led in a new world where every sense was quickened, and the present and future seen only by the light of her love. Communication with Tom was impossible, but no doubts of his faith troubled her. Here, where they had walked and lived together, he seemed always present, and the barren land bloomed and blossomed to new wonders, like Aarod's rod, by the magic of a mysterious double life.

She said to herself." My true love hath my heart and I have his"; and, secure in this happy consciousness, fears even as to his safety did not assail her.

(To be continued)

Dave Potts' Wife.

Boston *Herald*: We were sitting in a small public hall in a town in Connecticut, waiting for the lecturer to appear. There were about 300 people present, and, at a moment when everybody was quiet, a man marched up the centre aisle, mounted the stage, and turning to face the audience, he asked in solemn tones:

"Is Dave Potts in this 'ere crowd?"

Silence.

"Is Dave Potts in this 'ere crowd?" continued the speaker in louder and more solemn tones.

"Dave Potts is 'ere," said that individual, as he stood up. "Air anything wanted?"

"She be," answered the man on the stage. "Your wife has been taken, and wants you."

"Tooken with what?"

"Fits, and she was kind, and two women was a rubbin' her when I cum away. Go hum, Dave Potts. You hain't no business cronching around a literary entertainment, anyway."

And as Dave walked out the man came down and took a front seat with the air of an orator who had won a prize.

Playgrounds for Poor Children.

Harper's Weekly: The movement for small parks in the crowded parts of the city was successfully made during the mayoralty of Mr. Hewitt, and the sum of $1,000,000 was appropriated for the purpose. It is thought twenty or thirty such parks as are now proposed might be maintained by the income of this sum. They are to be laid out simply as playgrounds, and the spectacle of last summer in the hilarious enjoyment of the children was very touching. There must be some supervision, of course, but the project is not an experiment. It has been thoroughly tested, and it is one of the happiest suggestions of the charitable and humane spirit of the time.

Legal Commentators.

Pittsburg *Dispatch*: Statesmen are the only people who are permitted to pass bad bills.

Scotland has 50,000 volunteers; while England, which should have 350 000, has only 170,000.

Signs of Death.

Bellows—What makes you fear your son out in Colorado is dead?

Fellows (with a sigh)—He hasn't written for money for nearly a month.

The Czarina's chin has begun to double and her girth is greater than of yore.

SITTING BULL

Dead Indian.

A Great Historic Character—A Seer and a Prophet.

"Everybody is well satisfied at his death."

This is the sentence I read this morning in a great American journal touching the murder of the great Sioux prophet, Sitting Bull. I say murder, for murder it was and murder it was intended so he, unless all the reports sent eastward for the last month have been lies.

The land grabbers wanted the Indian lands. The lying, thieving Indian agents wanted silence touching past thefts, and immunity to continue their thieving. The renegades from their people among the Indian police wanted an opportunity to show their power over a man who despised them as renegades, and whom, therefore, they hated. The public opinion of the frontier—the outgrowth of ignorance, credulity and selfish greed—more than consented to a plan to rid the country of one who while he lived, so great was he in fame and in fact, must forever stand as a reminder of wars past, and a threat of war to come. Out of all these and other causes peculiar to the condition of things there localized, some accidental and deplorable, others permanent and infamous, was born, as Milton's Death was born, from Satan and Sin, the plot to kill him.

An' so he was murdered.

His death is sad enough It would have been sad to many of us who knew him as he was and admired him for what he was had he died in peace amid the remnants of his people and the mourning of his race. But killed as he has been in obedience to a conspiracy and as the outcome of a plot to make an end of him, untriedby process of law, proven guilty of no crime, unconvicted of any overt act, we pronounce his killing a crime and his sudden removal in the manner and substance of it an outrage and a murder.

THE GREAT MEDICINE MAN.

I know this man; knew him in relation to his high office among his people and in his elements as a man. As to his office or rank I honored him. He filled a station other than human records. As a man I admired him. He represented in person, in manners, in mind and in the heroism of his spirit the highest type of a race which in many and rare virtues stands peer among the nations of the world. As to his rank or official station, we whites called him Medicine Man. It is a name that does not name. It is and has been from the beginning of our intercourse with the red race a delusion and the source of delusions among even the scholarly. A word of truth as to this:

When the French first mingled with the aboriginals of this continent they found in each tribe a man honored of all, in many respects greater than the greatest war chief. Of his rank there was no doubt. Of his functions only one was apparent; all others were hidden. They were intimately with the religious rites and mysteries of a mysterious people. The one function of his high office that they could apprehend, the least of them all, as we now know in fact was this: He was the physician, the healer of his people. This they could see. Of his other functions they were ignorance of his real office, of his nobler functions and rank, they named him the medicine man, and this misnomer clung to him and his office and has been perpetuated, blinding all eyes and hanging a veil of darkness between us and truth. But to the red men he, whom the whites in their ignorance misnamed the medicine man, the physician, the healer, was the prophet of the Great Spirit to the tribe, the seer of God, as Samuel was to the Jews, holding the relation to the red children of God which held to Moses, and holding to their religion and its rites the same great rank and office as the High Priest among the Jews held to the Temple.

The man Sitting Bull was a war prophet, not war chief, to his people. The seer, in the line of seer of a race, historic in its antiquity, the Jews are but mushrooms. What was the misnomer, a joke, a term of contempt to us in our ignorance of fact and ancient things, to the red men—for the term Indian as applied to them is also a misnomer and a proof of Columbus' ignorance—was a rank above all ranks won or bestowed by the tribe; an office above all earthly offices, connected and symbolic of the highest truths and deepest mysteries of their religion.

THE COUNSELLOR OF CHIEFS.

Hence, by virtue of his office, old custom and tradition, this man, Sitting Bull, was counsellor of chiefs, the Warriors behind the throne stronger than the throne, the oracle of mysteries and of knowledge hidden from the mass, hidden even from chiefs, to whose words of advice and authority all listened as to the last and highest expression of wisdom.

Such was Sitting Bull as to his office, as interpreted and understood from a standpoint of knowledge of the religion, the traditions and the superstitions of his people. That he was faithful to his high office all know. That he was, in fact, counsellor of chiefs, that as Joshua did to Moses, so he, in hour of battle upheld their arms till the sun went down and the battle was lost or won, let all who fought his tribe declare; that the gods of his race found in him a high priest faithful to his trust none can ever deny. He lived and he has died a red man, true to his office and his race. The land of laurel none can deny to his fame—not even his renegade murderers.

But no office, however great, is as great as the man if he fills it greatly, and this man Sitting Bull was greater as a man than he was even as a prophet. I met his children; I studied him closely as one of intelligence studies the type of a race—I may add of a departing race and I knew him well. And this I say of him. He was a Sioux of the Sioux, a red man of the red men. In him, his race, in physique, in manners, in virtue, in faults, stood incarnate. In face he was the only man I ever saw who resembled Gladstone—large featured, thoughtfully grave, reflective, repose ful when unexcited. In wrath his countenance was a collection of unexploded or exploding thunder—the awful embodiment of measureless passion and power.

In conversation he was deliberate, the user of few words, but suave and low voiced. In moments of social relaxation he was companionable, receptive of humor, a genial host, a pleasant guest. In his family gentle, affectionate and not opposed to merriment. When sitting in council his deportment was a model; grave, deliberative, courteous to opponents, patient and kindly to men of lesser mind. I suggest that our Statesmen copy after him

ELOQUENT AND PROUD.

In pride he was equal to his rank and race, a rank to him level with a Pope's, and a race of the oldest and bravest in the world. Of vanity I never saw one trace in him. I would couple the word with Gladstone or Webster as quickly as with him. He was never over-dressed. He wore the insignia of his office, as a king his robes, or a judge his gown. In eating he was temperate; from spirituous drinks an abstainer. His word once given was a true bond. He was a born diplomat. No force could bend his thought. I have watched him by the hour when I knew his heart was hot with wrath, but neither from eye nor lip nor cheek nor nostril nor sinewy hand might one get hint of the storm raging within. There was no surface to him. He was the embodiment of depth.

What he eloquent? What is eloquence? Who may say—who may agree to it? Men tell me that Mr. Depew is eloquent, and that New Yorkers go wild with the glasses in front of them when their Mr. Choate is speaking. I have read their speeches; their eloquence is not that of the great Sioux Prophet. Here are some words of his. You can compare them with your orators' best:

"You tell me of the Mohawks. My fathers know them. They demanded tribute of them. The Bloom laughed. They went to meet them with 10,000 heroes. The Mohawks saw them coming, made them a feast and returned home. You tell me of the Abenanis. They are our forefathers, and the forefathers of all red men. They were the men of the Dawn. They came from the East. They were born in the morning of the world. Not one drop of my people are full of the Abenanis. They rocked the cradles of our race."

"Is this a man?

"What treaty that the whites have kept has the red man broken? Not one. What treaty that the whites ever made with us red men have they kept? Not one. When I was a boy the Sioux owned the world. The sun rose and set in their lands. They sent 10 000 horsemen to battle. Where are the warriors to-day? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them? What white man can say I ever stole his lands or a penny of his money? Yet they say I am a thief. What white woman, however lonely, was ever when a captive insulted by me? Yet they say I am a bad Indian. What white man has ever seen me [illegible] Who has seen some to me hungry and gone unfed? Who has ever cried for help to my people and we have not gone? What law have I broken? Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked in me because my skin is red, because I am a Sioux, because I was born where my fathers lived, because I would die for my people and my country?"

And again:

"They tell you I murdered Crazy Horse. It is a lie. I am not a war chief. I was not in the battle that day. His eyes were blinded that he could not see. He was a fool, and he rode to his death. He made the fight, not I. Whoever tells you I killed the Yellow Hair is a liar."

A SWEET SINGER GONE.

Madame Stewart Passes Away Singing of Her Loved Native Land.

Mrs. Walter Bruce (Madame Stewart), of Bruce and Patrick's Balmoral Choir, died on Tuesday morning at the home of her cousin, Mr. David Bruce, No. 265 North Hy street. It will be remembered that Mrs. Bruce turned suddenly ill at the concert given by the Orkney and Shetland Society in Farwell Hall on Dec. 17th, and was unable to finish her part of the programme. She was taken to the home of her relative and it was not at first thought that her illness was so serious, but on Sunday it was considered advisable to telegraph Mr. Bruce, her husband, who was in Pittsburg, and he arrived here on Monday.

Deceased, who was but 33 years old, was a very popular soprano of Glasgow, and her untimely death will be mourned by a large circle of friends and admirers in Scotland and America.

A touching incident in connection with Madame Stewart's closing hours was her pathetic singing of the old Scotch song, "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond." Her mind was evidently travelling back to the loved heather hills of her native land, of which she had often sung so sweetly, and it was with tear-dimmed eyes that those who smoothed her dying pillow listened to the faltering voice of the sweet singer as she thus feebly breathed her farewell song:

"You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore you.
But me and my true love, we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond."

The funeral took place on Thursday, a large gathering of friends following the remains to the place of interment in Rose Hill Cemetery.—*Chicago British American.*

The Scot and His Flag.

The following, taken from a Scotch paper of the year 1856 will be interesting reading now: "Dr. Norman McLeod said: The first thing I saw on entering the meeting to-night was the flag here (pointing to the Union Jack) You know that is the flag of our country. Very well, that is the bravest flag in the world. (hear.) Is it the flag of the finest country on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) There is not a country in the world—and I have been in many—like it. (Renewed cheers.) I have been in ever so many and I never saw more beautiful hills, more be