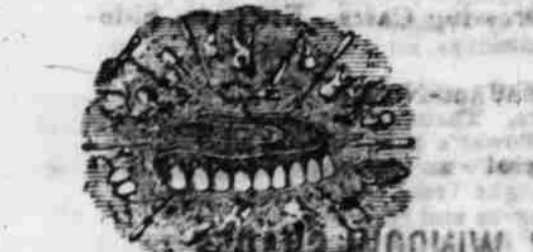


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Death-Bed of 'Stonewall' Jackson. This is the title of a fine engraving of the Death-Bed of 'Stonewall' Jackson...

POETRY.

Watchwords of Life.

Hope, While there's a hand to strike! Dare, While there's a young heart brave! Tell, While there's a task unwrought!

SELECTED STORY.

The Escape.

BY G. V.

At the time when King Joseph, by order of Napoleon I. left the throne of Naples to occupy that of Spain, his authority in Spain was sustained only by force of arms...

Assassinations were frequent, even in the best guarded cities, and so to the French officer or soldier who strayed away from a column on the march...

On the staff of King Joseph there was a young officer, Don Francisco, an Italian of noble family, brilliant education and fine appearance...

Romantic, fond of wild scenery, this young noble was much given to long and pleasant excursions into the mountains...

Hunting was the ostensible object in view, and game being rather wild, the gentlemen separated, promising to meet at nightfall at an old uninhabited castle...

The Spaniard lighted him to a chamber in a wing of the old castle, in which was another couch, whither two of his sons, he said, had already retired...

The young noble thanked his host, and when left alone, threw himself into weariness on his couch, dressed as he was, and in a few seconds was asleep.

From this slumber he was aroused by the creaking of a door, and springing to his feet he saw the lovely girl, whom he had seen below, approaching with a light in her hand.

'Stranger,' she gasped, 'take up your arms and fly, or you are lost!—The men are all bandits—I myself am a captive, and I risk my life to try to save you!'

'Do you not fear his sons, sleeping there?' he whispered as he belted on the sword he had laid aside.

'Your dead friends sleep there the sleep you will sleep if you do not fly quickly! There is not a moment to spare!' cried the agitated child.

the great hall, and a well-spread table signified their preparation for comfort, to say the least.

Gravely, but courteously, the Spaniard welcomed the drenched travelers; and when Don Francisco inquired after his companions, describing them as French officers he was told they had not been seen.

The family, who claimed to belong, by relationship, to the owner of the castle, now in exile, had been there two days, and intended to remain for a long time, if permitted to do so in quiet by the invaders of the land...

There was more of bitterness than sorrow in the old man's tone when he said this; for it was not until he had heard his inquiries made after the French officers that he understood the position of his guest, whose looks and command of the Spanish tongue had at first completely deceived him.

With courtesy the Spaniard invited Don Francisco to join in their supper, at the same time telling him that the trooper, who had gone with a servant to stable the horses, would be well provided for in another quarter.

The family and their guest were soon seated; and though the young men were silent and moose, the old man was voluble and did not permit conversation to flag between him and his guest.

The latter, like most young men, had some vanity; and when he saw how often the dark mournful eyes of the young girl were raised to scan his face and form, and how quickly they fell when they caught his observation, he felt flattered, and endeavored to be as interesting as he could.

He soon made known that he was wealthy, a confidential aide-de-camp to King Joseph, and many other matters of no importance here.

There was good wine on the table, of which he drank freely; and when he rose, after a long repast, he felt very comfortable—the more so that, before he supped, his host had given him a change of dry clothing, which of Spanish cut, fitted his noble figure well and added to his self-complacency.

Some time now passed in conversation, quite pleasantly to the young man, who, for some reason, felt that the young girl seemed interested in him, for there was a nervous excitement in her eyes when they met his glance, which went far to enhance his belief that she felt a tender interest in him, even in this short acquaintance.

He rather marveled that his trooper did not return to report before the hour of retiring, as was his custom; but when his host, after supping, had fallen asleep in his weariness, thought no more of it.

His host, after awhile, offered to show him to a furnished chamber; and he accepted the invitation, though he saw from the looks of the girl that she would rather he would remain below.

The Spaniard lighted him to a chamber in a wing of the old castle, in which was another couch, whither two of his sons, he said, had already retired, as their forms could be dimly seen by the light of the wax taper he carried.

The young noble thanked his host, and when left alone, threw himself into weariness on his couch, dressed as he was, and in a few seconds was asleep.

From this slumber he was aroused by the creaking of a door, and springing to his feet he saw the lovely girl, whom he had seen below, approaching with a light in her hand.

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'Your dead friends sleep there the sleep you will sleep if you do not fly quickly! There is not a moment to spare!' cried the agitated child.

That was a crusty old doctor the famous Abernethy, to whom a patient with the hypo very bad came, and describing his symptoms, said:

'I feel a pin in my side when I put my hand to my head.'

'Then, Sir, returned the doctor, why in the name of common sense do you put your hand to your head?'

The remedy was very simple if that was all.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable and injurious to society.

'I will go if you will go with me!' he replied. 'But without you go, I will not!'

'Escape alone you may—I should impede your safety!' she answered. 'For the love of heaven, brave stranger, fly!'

'Only with you!' he whispered, and his look told more than his words.

'For me life has no value,' she answered. 'To save you, I will go!'

'Then lead—I will follow and protect,' he answered.

'Haste!' she cried, and she dropped the lamp and extinguished it, for steps were heard approaching.

In a few seconds they were passing out of the castle by a ruined passage-way, and the moon breaking through clouds, showed them the forest close at hand. Into this they fled, as a carbine report in the rear told most likely that the trooper aroused had tried to defend his life.

And before they were fairly in its sheltering depths they heard the clattering of horsemen riding down the roadway in pursuit of them.

All the night they wandered on, taking as nearly as they could judge, the course which would lead them to the settled part of the country.

At dawn, weary to utter exhaustion, Don Francisco heard a sound which brought a thrill of joy to his heart.

Rousing his fainting companion to notice it, he told her it was the reveille sounding from a contingent of French troops near by.

Making his way to these, and there leaving the saviour of his life in tender care, he mounted, and with the troops made his way as quick as possible to the old castle.

There he found his faithful trooper, shot through the head with his own carbine, and in the upper chamber the bodies of his two companions, who had been murdered evidently as soon as they entered the castle for both had died by bullet wounds, and neither he nor his orderly had heard the sound of gun or pistol.

Not a Spaniard could now be found; they had even removed their provisions and that in such a way that their course could not be tracked.

Hours were spent in vain search; and then Don Francisco returned to meet the fair girl who had warned and saved him.

She was, he soon learned, herself an Italian the daughter of a wealthy noble who had been obliged to leave Italy for political reasons, and they had held her for ransom, treating her kindly but forcing her to act as if one of the family when strangers were to be entertained and murdered.

Gratitude alone would have made Don Francisco love her.

But to be of good family, transcendently beautiful, and pure as the snow itself, was even more—and well, it was the 'old, old story.' They loved truly and, well, got married—and this is all I have to tell about them.

STRONGLY PUT.—Some one asked Col. Horard, of Georgia, lately, if he thought a certain radical in that State would steal. 'Steal!' responded the Colonel: 'Why, were he paralyzed and hamstrung, I wouldn't trust him by himself in the middle of the Desert of Sahara with the biggest anchor of the 'Great Eastern'! Steal! I should think he would.'

That was a crusty old doctor the famous Abernethy, to whom a patient with the hypo very bad came, and describing his symptoms, said:

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A Caution to Merchants.

A New Orleans paper tells a good story of a sagacious country gentleman who came to that city some days ago with a bill on a highly respectable firm of that place. The bill was duly presented for acceptance, and a young member of the firm, a fashionably showily-dressed gentleman, who had cultivated a very dainty mustache, wrote with a gold pen his indorsement on the bill, giving his name in full, thus J. Templeton Tompkins. The country gentleman looked at the fashionable merchant, who was fantastically twirling his whiskers, and handing the bill to him, remarked:

'Here, stranger, cash this document.'

'What?' indignantly replied the merchant, 'discount my own paper! It is a positive insult.'

'I can't help it; if you don't, I must get somebody else to do it.' To prevent the paper from getting on 'Change,' the merchant concluded to cash the bill, and paying over the money to the countryman, remarked:

'Why, my friend, do you offer me this gratuitous insult of requiring me to discount my own paper?'

'Don't mean any harm, stranger, but I have just got an idea into my skull, that when you see a merchant with the hair on his upper lip, who writes his middle name out in full, and endorses bills with a golden pen, you may put him down as pretty certain to bust up in a week.'

THE DETECTIVE'S CATECHISM.—What is a detective? An official who has the pay of a policeman's duty.

What are the duties of a detective? To wear plain clothes, to find clues, and not to act upon information received unless the information is utterly worthless.

Describe the process of find a clue, Dawdling about a public-house and dropping mysterious hints, accompanied by solemn head-shaking, to a party a-lieuer.

When is it unprofessional to detect the perpetrator of a murder? Any time prior to the offering of a reward by the Government.

How should you show your zeal in discovering a murderer? By arresting several perfectly innocent people and hurrying them into the police-station.

Can you give me the whole duty of a detective in three words? Certainly; 'meddle and muddle.'

A country fellow who lioped having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days.—Said he: 'I have jantb been purchasin thome thwine—two thwots and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can get a place for them.'

'Two thousand pigs!' exclaimed the neighbor; 'why my pen will hardly hold a dozen.'

'You don't understand me, Mr. Bent. I don't thay two thothand pigth, but two thowth and pigth.'

'I here you,' said Mr. Bent. 'Two thousand pigth. Why, you must be crazy.'

'I tell you agan,' exclaimed the man angrily, 'I meant not two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth. 'Oh, that is what you mean, eh!—Well, the pen is at your service.'

'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' says Shakspeare; but the following colloquy doesn't 'make the proposition good?'

'Ah Sam, so you are in trouble, eh?'

'Yes Jem, yes; I am.'

'Well, well never mind; cheer up man—cheer up! Adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities.'

'Ah but Adversity didn't try me; it was a country Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities.'

This argument was a non sequitur; and in this case, at least, 'the greater the thief, the greater the argument.'

A German peddler sold a man a liquid for the extermination of bugs, and how do you use it? inquired the man, after he had bought it. 'Ketch he bug, an drop von little drop into his mou't,' answered the peddler. The desuce you do? exclaimed the purchaser; 'I could kill it in half the time by stamping on it.' 'Vell,' calmly explained the German, dat is a good way, too.'

A good Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He had called on his steward a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. His wants at length becoming urgent, he went to his steward and told him that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life.

'Money!' replied the steward. 'You preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!'

'Souls!' replied the minister, 'I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal.'

THE LOST DOG.—Did the reader ever see a lost dog in a great city? Not a dog recently lost, full of wild anxiety and restless pain and bewilderment but one who has given up the search for a master in despair, and had become consciously a vagabond? If so he has seen an animal that has lost his self respect, traveling in the gutters, slinking along by fences, making acquaintance with dirty boys, becoming a thorough coward, and losing every admirable characteristic of a dog.

A cat is a cat even in vagabondage; but a dog that does not belong to somebody is as hopeless a specimen of demoralization as can be found in the superior race among which he has sought in vain for his master. We know him at first sight, and he knows that we know him. The loss of his place in the world, and the loss of his objects of loyalty, personal and official, have taken the significance out of his life and the spirit out of him. He has become a dog of leisure.

A parlor match—popping the question in the drawing room.

'Transactions in hair' is a Detroit editor's introduction to a street fight.

It is doubted whether the New Mexico mining stockholders tell an ore-true tale.

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