it fell to the floor, and I said

in his eye as he said, 'now I

for his tenderness.

EXPECTED HOUR.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

The old Philosopher Writes of the and with great dignity hung Trouble of His Little Ones at his hat upon the accustomed School. How They Used to nail. He thought he did, but Boy.

I got home away in the night, when deep sleep falleth locked when I am at home, for the floor and rolled around, Jim olden times until he got en-Mrs. Arp has confidence in me. Wilson said, 'te-he, te-he,' and thused and said, 'Give me your She calls me her bulwark, her I was holding my mouth, but it hand, major, I feel just like I tower of strength. But when I exploded like a squirt gun. The am kin to you.' Somebody told need a crowbar beside your tin, am gone she locks and bars the teacher took out his spectacle me that when the chief justice before you can open 'em." doors and fastens the windows, case and put on his specks, and had spent a week or so on Suand dreams of Charley Ross and Tom Woolfolk. She knows broken nail Jim and I were fill of nature, he would foot it my footfall upon the piazza, choking back the cachination back to Clayton, where everybut I tiptoed this time and with a strain. Seizing his hick-body knows and loves him, and said Haley, when he came out. tapped gently at the door. your tower.' 'I don't believe it,' nail.' I thought he was going whoops that could be heard a arm. said she; 'it's some tramp—you to cut us in two and shrank up half a mile, and every little to-morrow night.' 'I couldn't as light and gentle as a sucking turn out and run to meet him der. stay away from you that long,' said I. She lighted a candleshe always keeps one at the reckon you will let my hat nail head of her bed-and before alone after this.' And we did, but still I would rather be Logan she opened the door said, 'Now, William, are you sure it's you? I was in hopes it was Ralph. He hasent been home for two poor boy is sick.' (You see I am no kin to her, but Ralph is.)

'Open the door, if you please, said I: fit is cold out here. as Mr. Mobley was.' 'How do It takes both to keep the world to death. you like him Carl?' said I. out of jail, and I am on their Papa, he has given me two side always and everywhere. marks already,' said Carl, 'and l'ake the teachers and preachit was just for talking a little, ers out of Cartersville and I and he says when a boy gets would move away quick. I feel ten marks he whips him and their good influence over my He is Entirely too Numerous in then rubs ont the slate and be- children. But a teacher should gins again. Papa, do you reck- teach something more than on he means it?' Why, of books. He should teach morcourse, said I. 'You know the ality, obedience to parents,

What a world of memories it by they bring the grief that has awakened. I used to get whipp- no remedy-grief that cannot ings at school and they hurt- be seen, or weighed, or meahurt awful bad-for whippings sured-grief that is a cloud by in those days were in earnest. day and hovers around in the They meant business and re- dark watches of the nightform. My mother could tell grief that is a fountain of hot when I had been punished - tears, and if they were expander and he said it was right. One is here yet. and my mother cried and fath- How they managed to survive tobacco and spitting the juice into er looked sad and solemn and the wreck I do not know, but it .-- Lenoir Topic. asked what he whipped me for. they still occupy stately man-I told him that I rung the bell sions and welcome the coming before the teacher got there, and do not speed the parting

and I got on a table and broke of our chief justice. He, too, is IN THE IRON MILES. when he came out, if he lived to with his club. off the nail whereon Mr. Norton a native of Rabun and used to Or, that we off the nail whereon Mr. Norton a native of Rabun, and used to always hung his hat. He was meander on Screamer mouna tall man, and the nail was as tain, and hunt for bear and deer high as he could reach. When and turkey: but now that Anno he came we were all in our Domini has silvered his hair places, and as he looked round and stiffened his joints, he and said, 'order,' we bent to our rides to town every day albooks with the usual alacrity. though it is only half a mile Then he approached the wall, away.

He is a general favorite, es pecially with the children. He pops his whip at every boy he meets and they laugh and say, 'te he,' and the other boys Pop it again, Mr. Bleckley.' snickered a little. He picked up His children and grandchildren the beaver and brushed it with are all around him. He is his red bandana and once more Logan's brother I know from hung it upon the nail and down the way he does. We talked as he tiptoed and gazed at the wannee mountain and drank his ory he came towering over us as he rose on the hill that over small, but he come down just boy and girl in the town would some spots on his coat with a shuddove. I saw a merry twinkle and escort him to the public He looked up at her. "Why, and loved him all the better E. Bleekley than to be king.

There is one product at Ansustained, and nine times out of in the up country, and that is I loved hur so! Oh, lad, I dud!" three weeks, and I'm afraid the ten they are right. I knew a rice. I saw one lot of 220 bushcase where a bad boy fought a els grown by one farmer, and he wretch, came with the woman's teacher and in the fight, the sold it for one dollar and a blush through the sharp cry. She stirred around awhile, and dostor was sent for and a big vannah and Charleston for seed. bars with the bit of tin. waked up Carl and Jessie, and fuss raised. Court was in ses- The low country rice is mixed they all came running to the sion, and the father went to the with a noxious growth just like away. I learned afterwards els per acre on their meadow that the boy was in a nabor's and meadow lands. Why do not orchard stealing peaches the our Georgia farmers try it, for

and exchanged all the news, boy is ruined. Better bring reading matter for the family his eyes. and I learned that the wood it to the surface by a little circle. No slush or gush or much was getting low and the cow gentle irritation of the cuticle, or froth or filth, but pure, chaste wasn't doing well, and the milk and thereby save the boy's life. literature for the householdwouldn't turn in the churn, and As a general rule, parents are and all for five cents or two somebody had broken the pea- perfectly willing for other peo- dollars and a half a year. It is muttered word or two that drove fit to cut kerl with What about the ple's children to be whipped. a good idea, whether they suc- her away. Yet the words were

A POOR CITIZEN.

"Now they've gone and nominarules and you must not break honesty, truth and kindness. and I don't believe he's worthy of them.' 'But Mr. Mobley let us He can inculcate these virtues my vote or anybody else's" is the talk a little,' said he. 'Well, every day without losing any remark we very frequently hear my boy, if I was a teacher the time, and the children will good, honest men say-after a conboys would have to conform to never forget it. My objection vention, and then they complain my rules or quit the school. to public free schools is their and rail at the party when if they The teacher's rules are all for frigidity-their lack of heart. only know it they aided Jim Sikes to his position by staying away your good, You don't think he They teach nothing but books, just naturally wants to whip and hence it is that crime in- from the caucus. Good souls, "they ain't going to have anything to do you, do you?' 'No, sir,' said he. creases at the north in propor-with politics," oh no, they are go-This him. He is a good teach- tion to education. Ten bad boys ing to attend to their merchandise, er and treats us all alike, but I in a public school will contami or farming, or preaching and let thought he might let us whisp- nate a hundred, unless the Jim Sikes' friends capture the con er a little sometin es-it just teacher stops it by constant vention, so they can have the comlooks like I can't help it.' and precept. About half the child- fort of knowing that their the boy shuggled up to me in ren in the public schools have skirts are free from the contaminathe bed and put his arm around but little moral training at tion of political caucuses, failing to me like he didn't have another home. They just grow up and remember that just such as they are the ones who should put politake their chances, and by and tics on a respectable plane.-Winsten Sentinel.

ty went at night to the house of green heaps of corn, and the crim- they were going to, if they had up, were admitted. They were There was another with game: every chance word in the street, as tell by my subdued look, and ed into steam the scalding drinking and had a jug of whiskey how the light flickered on that if-(God be merciful to the man! one time when she thought I vapor would fill the world. Oh, or brandy with them. Mr. Absher pheasant's breast, with the pur- what strange fancy was this !) -as was asleep she uncovered me the grief—the silent, pitiless and looked at the red marks on grief—that comes from way—an old man named Sweet, an idiot—feathers! He could see the red voices again. my legs and she leaned over ward, disobedient, ungrateful ic old man who lived at Mr. Ab shining of the drops, it was so near. It was quite dark at last. and kissed me and I felt a tear children. How few of the sher's, some of the spirits. They In one minute he could be down street was a lonely one. The last drop upon my cheek. But my households that have it not. It insisted on his drinking, and plied there. It was just a step. So passenger, he thought, was gone. father had been a school teach began with Adam and Eve and him with it, and he continued to easy, as it seemed, so natural to No, there was a quick step: Joe dripk a good deal of the liquor, al- go ! Yet it could never do-not in Hill, lighting the lamps. Joe was though Mr Absher remonistrated all the thousands of years to come a good old chap; never passed a I have been up among the time I had a big boil some- I have been up among the with bim and advised him to stop. where on the suburbs and I hills of South Carolina frolick- After awhile Mr. Sweet became in that street again! He thought of He remembered once seeing the begged the teacher not to whip ing with friends and school- sensible and remained in that con- himself with a sorrowful pity, as of place where he lived with his wife. me on my 'bile,' but I reckon mates at Anderson. They have dition until he died next day at some one else. There was a dog "Grangy Hill" the boys called her. he didn't believe I had one for blooded stock up there; men four in the afternoon. It is charged down in the market, walking after Bedridden she was; but so kind as he bursted it with a center shot and women, horses and cattle, that, not contented with filling the his master with such a stately, Joe was to her! kept the room so and liked to have killed me. all blooded. The old Carolina old fellow up with more liquor than grave look!-only a dog, yet he clean!-and the old woman, when He was sorry for me and hon- aristocracy has not played out he ought to have taken, the men could go backwards and forwards he was there, was laughing at give in, but draw on. eyed me up, but I went home nor withdrawn from the turf. doctored his draughts by chewing as he pleased; he had good luck! "some of t' lad's foolishness." The

Boiling Things to a Fine Point. and another boy told op me. guest. The town has splendid trade that reaches northward Long afterwards, I learned that trade that reaches northward of the Advertiser one day last week of the Advertiser one day last week of the Advertiser one day last week sticks.'

The old man stopped a moment, lin' around with long poies in their within several miles and night was received in the composing room hands that they called helping was almost upon the mountain. Show the black with huckleberries as shoring heavily, and sticks.' Long after wards, I learned that may father was mad, and talked fifty or sixty miles. For a population of only 3,000 there are more beautiful residences and flower gardens than any town I meanness in a boy's matchief, I come down heavy like what it was to be in the winding him, but slack you was killing him, but slack you was find the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother one morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early, Jim Wilson of Major Bleekley, the brother of the morning early and a woman about some meat; but it would come back the they calce the plant that they calce the plants that the

A TOUCHING AND. BEAUTI-FUL STORY.

> A Well Written Picture of Life in the Iron Mills .-- The Sirivings such as he? He thrust the whole repeated. She shut her lips tight of a Divinety Talented Spirit to matter away. A dark, cold quiet ly, that she might not scream : the Escape from a Life of Slavery.

This Story was begun January 5th.

He let her in Wolfe did not see it came again. He never wore about Thomps Allan and his ber. She crept into a corner of the spectacles except to mend the brothers, and the Philips boys cell, and stood watching him.- He pens or set a copy, and without and Stanford, and Canaday was scratching the iron bars of the upon a man, and especially a them it looked like the nail Jarrett, and Col. Underwood, window with a piece of tin which was there. As the hat struck and Malcolm Walker, and the he had picked up, with an idle, uncertain, vacant stare, just as a child or idiot would do. "Tryin' to get out, old boy !"

> Wolfe laughed, too, in a senseless way.

> "I think I'll get out," he said. "I believe his brain's touched,"

"Blood " she said, looking at

square. Well, that may look Deb!" he said, smiling,-such a tugging at her heart? bright, boyish smile, that it went to poor Deborah's heart directly, and she sobbed and cried out loud. "Oh, Hngh, lad! Hugh! dunnot But the teachers must be derson that I never saw before To think I brought hur to it! And look at me, when it wur my fault!

boy got bruised up and went quarter a bushel. It is in the He did not seem to hear her,home and went to bed and a hull and is all shipped to Sa- scraping away diligently at the

The confession, even in this

Was he going mad ! She peered closely into his face. Somedoor together, and we embraced grand jury and got a true bill, wheat is mixed with cheat and her draw suddenly back, some and kiss little Janey." thing she saw there there made and kissed and were happy and the teacher was arrested cockle, but this up-country rice thing which Haley had not seen, grow a great deal of rice, mak- that rested on it. The gray shad-

> "Hugh?' she cried, in a desper- his old for God's sake, not that!"

ened him up,--made the whole real like it. Tomorrow! He threw to him. He was done with the down the tin, trembling, and covworld and the business of it. He ered his face with his hands. When let the tin fall, and looked out, he looked up again, the daylight pressing his face close to the rusty was gone. bars. How they crowded and push | Deborah, crouching near by on ed! And he,-he should never the other side of the wall, heard no walk that pavement again! There noise. He sat on the side of the came Neff Sanders, one of the feed- pallet, thinking. Whatever was ers at the mill, with a basket on the mystery which the woman had his arm. Sure enough, Neff was seen on his face, it came out now married the other week. He whis slowly, in the dark there, and betled, hoping he would look up; but came fixed,-a something never he did not. He wondered if Neff seen on his face before. The even remembered he was there, -- if any ing was darkening fast. The marof the boys thought of him up there, ket had been over for an hour : and thought that he never was to the rumbling of the carts over the go down that old cinder-road pavement grew more infrequent: again. Never again! He had not be listened to each, as it passed.

now he did. Not for days or years the last time. For the same reabut never 1-that was it. stall in front of the market! and of each passer-by, wondering who Last night two men of this coun- how like a picture it was, the dark- they were, what kind of homes Thomas Absher, and knocking him son beets, and golden melons! children, -listening eagerly to his brain; while he -No, he once more. would not think of that! He tried

believed he was almost that now. which he had rasped to a tolerable HOW GEOLOGICAL SURVEY He put his hand to his head, with degree of sharpness, in his hand,-a puzzled, weary look. It ached to play with, it may be. He bared

The door grated, as Haley open-

ing to him more than the others,

"Come, my woman! Must lock up for t' night. Come stir yerself!" "Good-night, Deb" be said care

She had not hoped he would say more; but the tired pain on her mouth just then was bitterer than laughed Haley. "Them irons will death. She took his passive hand and kissed it.

colder and more bloodless. be impatient with poor old Deb. The puddler scraped away with She had trouble of her own, as well

She stood just a moment, look-

face, and the great despised love and tired there always in the mills! again. "Come you!" called Haley, im-

patiently.

She did not move. "Hugh !" she whispered. It was to be her last word. What was it ?

"Hugh, boy, not THAT !" He did not answer. She wrung her hands, trying to be silent. entreaty. He smiled again kind-

'It is best, Deb. I cannot bear to be hurted any more." "Hur knows," she said, humbly.

every farm in this upcountry. but this--Whatever it was the wo- was a crack low down by the floor, ley right over the head of her There is a power of original Five cents! Only a nickel a man saw, or thought she saw, used through which she could see the bed, and comes down to the sin and acquired cussedness in number! Just think of it! Two as she was to crime and misery, light from Wolfe's. She had disget up at all. Well, we talked strikes in and stays there the full of selected and original and looked keenly, steadily, into sound. Nothing but the rasping amusement again. ate whisper, -"oh, boy, not that! Something in the noise jarred on

ber ear, for she shivered as she The vacant laugh went off his heard it. Hugh rasped away at face, and he answered her in a the bars. A dull old bit of tin, not

He looked out of the window school? said I to the children. You never hear a schoolboy say ceed or not. I am going to buy kindly enough. Sitting there on again. People were leaving the How do you like the new teach. that the teacher did wrong in a nickel's worth, anyhew, just his pallet, she cred silently a hope- market now. A tall mulatto girl, er?" 'Oh, we like him,' said whipping some other boy. to encourage them, but I am less sort of tears, but did not speak following her mistress, her basket Jesse. 'He is just as nice as he Teachers and preachers are the afraid that these 'chips of the again. The man looked up furtive on her head, crossed the street just can be. I believe he is as good preservers of the public morals. old block' will write themselves ly at her now and then. Whatever below, and looked up. She was his own trouble was, her distress laughing; but, when she caught vexed him with a momentary sting. sight of the baggard face peering It was market-day. The narrow out through the bars, suddenly window of the jail looked down di- grew grave, and hurried by. A rectly on the carts and wagons free, firm step, a clear cut olive face drawn up in a long line, where with a scarlet turban tied on one they had unloaded. He could see, side, dark, shining eyes, and on too, and hear distinctly the clink the head the basket poised, filled of money as it changed hands, the with fruit and flowers, under which busy crowd of whites and blacks, the scarlet turban and bright eyes shoving, pushing one another, and looked out holf-shadowed. The the chaffering and swearing at the picture caught his eye. It wa stalls. Somehow, the sound, more good to see a face like that. He than anything else had done wak- would try to-morrow, and cut one

quite understood it before; but because he thought it was to be for How clear the light fell on that strained his eyes to catch a glimpse

Why, the very vilest cur, yelping step was far down the street; but gals. there in the gutter, had not lived he could see him place the ladder, his life, had been free to act out run up, and light the gas. A longwhatever thought God had put in- ing seized him to be spoken to

"Joe!" he called out of the gra-

Or, that was the last, was it ? hand would jeer him, --how his hands would be weak, and his terness on his face, as he lay down brain senseless and stupid. He on the bed, taking the bit of tin,

his head, with thinking. He tried his arms, looking intently at their to quiet himself. It was only corded veins and and sinews. Deright, perhaps; be bad done wrong, borah, listened in the next cell, But was there right or wrong for beard a slight clicking sound, often crept through his brain. It was all cold drops of sweat broke over her. on the Premises. wrong; but let it be! It was nothing to him more than the others, "Hur, knows best," she mutter-

ed at last, fiercely clutching the boards, where she lay, If she could have seen Wolfe,

She went up and took Hugh's his arms outstretched, looking at ing instrument while I saddled hallabaloo arose. the pearly stream of moonlight "Jack" and made ready for decoming into be window. I think scending the mountains. in that one hour that came then he lived back over all the years that had gone before. I think that all the low, vile life, all his wrongs, all he not know it? Yet he would not as one that said, "How long O no longer, from his inmost be Lord ? how long ?"

his feet. He watched it steadily, The years had been so fierce and | One of the men was observcruel! There was coming now ing Jack's solemn visage closequiet and coolness and sleep. His ly when presently he slapped tense limbs relaxed, and settled in his hand upon his knee. a calm languor. The blood ran fainter and slow from his heart. He did not think now with a saywas not; he was conscious only of by yer face," he added. deep stillness creeping over h.m.

up the stretched-out figure, it supposed to have aided and "Drinkin' to-day ?" broke out A Voice may have spoken for it inquiry was made for the near for Ned to come in and make a it mortified him so he moved ing from sixty to eighty bush- ow,-yes, she knew what it Haley, pushing her before him. from far-off Calvary, "Father, for est house. meant. She had often seen it "Where the Devil did you get it ! give them, for they know not what creeping over women's faces for Here, in with ye !" and he shoved they do! Who dare say ? Fain | cove yender an' about as night months, who died at last of slow her into her cell, next to Wolfe's, er and fainter the heart rose and as ye can git" answered one as next day after he got the whip- there is just such land on most meant death, distant, lingering: Along the wall of her cell there floated from behind a cloud, until, when at last its full tide of white

(To be Continued.)

How the City Gals Kept the Old

ye know, and I neve've felt free to go because they're powerful bay people, an' I always mistrusted trapse round with me. 'Lijah's in the way through the forest. But his office all day, an' the gais are as we neared the little clearing seein' about their clo'es, and their where the house stood he 'pausmother is on a good many Boards an' stch.

'What's made you change your mind, uncle? asked a neighbor, who had some in to change words

'I'll tell ye,' said the farmer, look ing at a red ear before he laid it. young. The gals have spent the the cliff, perched like a fluffy summer down here, ye know, and owl on a limb, was his little log sin't they made things hum! 'Made a good deal of trouble.'

knowingly volunteered the neigh-

said the neighbor, with a decis-

ry, she'd beg to ride a little ways on the mowing machine, and I'd have to toller on, my hair turnin

I'll be buttered, when we was coming back, and puttin' for the barn, with the big drops splashin' all over us. Jennie she hollers:

(4) Uncle Peter, stop the oxen! Do! Do!! 'I thought she'd got hurt ways, to say the least on't, and an' eat. That time, though, I didn't

'Lively! They tooted horns every time we went to ride, an' wasted my stars punkins hadn't come!-an him off. asked the bired men all manner o' The situation was unpleasant. the corn, an' the collards have

heart. ORS SPENT A NIGHT.

Our Arrival There Was a Tow-Head Thrust From Behind Every Available Hiding Place

It was on Chilhowee one there was nothing about him to evening that several hunters wondering whether they could busts, and yer jes sot that and

Jack is one of those solemn, melancholy mules with a face that bears the mark of an unhis starved hopes, came then, and utterable sorrow. To see him stung him with a farewell poison standing with ears pendant and "Hur'll never see Deb again !" that made him sick unto death. He that expression of woe upon his she ventured, her lips growing neither mouned nor cry, but turned face will move the stoniest heart his worn face now and then to the that beats. And then sometimes, What did she say that for ? Did pure light, that seemed so far off, as if the anguish can be bourne The hour was over at last. The his head lifts, his ears go back ing there comes a muffied moan me,' said I; 'your bulwark— your tower.' 'I don't believe it,' said shar 'it's some tramp—von tr ing at him. Do you laugh at her, as it crept up, inch by inch slowly, ness, for with a still sob the standing there, with her hunchback It seemed to him to carry with it a head droops, the ears fall and her rags, her bleared, withered great silence. He had been so hot the agony settles on his face

sech, I be durn!" was the exclamation. "Yer hol' yer age age anger of what might be and well ole feller, but I knowd yer

His companions pressing looking in his face in an agony of At first he saw a sea of faces: the around confirmed his conclusmid-men, -- women be had known, ions. It was evident that he drunken and bloated, Janey's had mistaken the official timed and pitiful, -- poor old Debs: brand "D. S.," for "C S.," then they floated together like a and fancied that Jack's

pillow where the angel is sleep. some boys and nothing but of my boys are publishing a seemed to make her sick with a covered it days before. She har deeper silence the dead figure that from a lank, sallow faced hunting, and now, when Ned knocks corporal punishment will bring weekly magazine in New York, new horror. Forgetting her fear ried in now, and, kneeling down by never should move again. Silence er, to whom the others turned at the door, she don't have to it out. It is like measles; if it a magazine of thirty-two pages of him, she caught his shoulders, it, listened, hoping to hear some deeper than that Night! Nothing for answer. "I reckin I can ef that moved, save the black, nau- you can put up with our far', of the tin on the bars. He was at seons stream of blood dripping case the ole 'oman is kinder slowly from the pallet to the po'ly. Things is gone agin her,

Certainly wa could put up with his fare, and were soon more ?" I queried. clambering down towards the little cabin on the mountain

Farmer Hobbs was hu-king his as presently, stopping short, and without awaiting an answer he trudged along, eyeing the the hearth. But the dogs only terror away, indeed

the smoke from his mouth. growned thar, I reckon!" ed at Silas' face it seemed only Whack ! whack With howls the dogs retreat-

rested that a tree had been fellrecks to guard unwary steps. Over the log a pole was held in but bless 'em! they didn't make no forks, and twhiling around and bones of henderin' my work, I can around this a gould vine had not you!" And the tin ware conversation, out she "was tell ye. Sometimes they seemed to stretched its tendrills. A ray think 'twos play, got up for them of sunlight touched the broad creaking floor. But Silas releaves and yellow blossoms, 'Now, I shouldn't ha' liked that,' and through these the purple sumed his pipe and chair. lowlands could be seen stretching away beyond the shadow of sot in that cheer and smoke 'till little sods in bread, in

the mountain. while he went within to an. foot would ye' move! When o' puttin' sody in bread of ye. gray, what on't hadn't turned be nounce us. But he had not Gabriel blows you'll be the las' aint gwine ter taste it fore, for fear she'd cut herself all spoken before a sharp, scolding ghost ter git outen yo' grave, the annihilating reply

dear life to get in a load, an' save in' in like a hangdog, been Jedge'll have mercyon yer 'case it from wettin,' both the gals must atrapesin' about the the mount- ye so lazy." ride in the rack and help load; and, ing all day an' nary mouthful "Ye war mighty glad ter git not make a crop in addition to o' victuals in the house an' me," ventured Silas, narry stick o' wood to git!

A mumbling within seemed

"Naw! Haint I tole yer time an-etarnally tellin' me 'I war length all were crowde what do you s'pose was the matter! an' agin not ter fetch NoBODY glad enough ter git yer ?" She'd seen a big ros'berry bush an' here! It's all I can do ter keep nothin' would do but she must stop these ten chillen's sonlan' body I interposed for the sake of Then pointing to together, an' now yer fetch a peace, "he has been with me on remaining whole passel o' men here, an' the mountain all day."

Again the mumbling seemed "Ef a man's a man why can't he interceding for us, but it was be a man," she went on. "Thar length the poor tired coming to make jack-o'-lanterns,-I blessed no use, for the sharp voice cut be a man, she went on. That sat by the fire and smokes day in, day

think it was Jack's sad, melancholy faced that touched her I war than?

Telling us at length to dis-Silas as the scolding voice censmount, she placed chairs out in ed for a moment within. Sop front of the cabin for our air mighty upset ter day, comfort, and then hustled about things is gone agin her, and he preparing fire and supper. The drew the blue smoke deep and baby had been given to a little strong. tow-head urchin, and moving "I plowed the field and I planted the corn, she began out directly in front of us he settled into a statuesque stare, again, but I agwin ter work it. never heeding at all the howl-I can't nuss chillen an weave ing humanity in his arms. At cloth and cut wood and make a our arrival there had been a crap, and I aint agwin ter, and tow-head thrust from behind I got the rheumstiz too, and I

ed ecentrically in view.

asked.

was the ambiguous answer.

the premises, and I was just my head aches ti'l it nigh bout frighten her. He lay quite still, stood watching my queer look- have vanished when a great sot that and don't do nothin !" W-a-a-1 supper is ready agin youins is ready, she said at "Here Tige ! Here Smut! Catch 'em thar! Catch 'em!" length, appearing in the decar-

every available hiding place on believe the drapsy's comin', and

field now, and I wish ter heav

She air mighty upsot, said

followed by screams and whoops | way. and barking, cackling and flut. Our toilet was made in the tering. The next instant a open sir, and stepping, now half-grown chicken flew round through the low doorway, wathe corner and panic stricken prepared to do justice to the sought refuge under my chair, aples and chicken. The dogs then fluttered on into the house, and children were already as-Surely semething terrible was sembled; the latter crowded happening and I was in the act n long bench on the side of a of rising when a pack of curs broad table. A single glauce dashed upon its hot trail, and showed that water was a morunning under the chair and nopoly of their elders, for their between fny legs upset me in a elders, for all of the deren forces heap. By the time the whoop. were smeared with molasses ing mob of two-heads had stum. from former meals. It had bled over the debris the dogs even gotten into their halr and were in the house and the old matted it up with feathers from woman was adding her voice to pillows, and over all was a coat the uproar. Had the chicken of grime from the evening's

but presence of mind it might heated adventure. easily, in the confusion, have On the centre of the bare faescaped to the mountain. But ble was a tray of the inevitable an old hen would I we lost her 'pie' and near by a pan of biswits in that tumult. Presently cuit, each as big as a saucer. A a long drawn squark suggested little pot of saughum and the that my supper was captured dish of stewed chicken kept

when a headless chicken jump- The tow-heads had not waited an invitation and already Having done their duty the their faces were down over eight tow-heads joined their plates of molasses which the brother, and standing about in dirty hands sopped into it inmist, and faded away, leaving on long face was from the memory with their eyes. In vain I tried ones were so engaged. The "Tell my father good bye; and-If the clear, pearly moonlight.
Whether, as the pure light crept approved to have aided and to stare them out of counter
with their eyes. In vain I tried ones were so engaged. The to stare them out of counter
approved to have aided and to stare them out of counterand kissed and were happy and the teacher was arrested and tried right on the exciteagain. When I am away, Mrs. Arp says it nearly kills her to fined. He was one of the best of fined. He was one of the best of fined. He was one of the best of fined and tried right on the exciteis pure, and the teacher was arrested cockle, but this up-country rice thing which Haley had not seen, that lay beneath the pinched, valous fore. She nodded, saying nothing, looked in his face again, and went out of the door. As she went, she staggered thing which Haley had not seen, that lay beneath the pinched, valous fore. By the time the baggage triple; but they might have side of the table was exhausted been so many bronzes for while the third grabbed a fragany impression my dramatic ment of biscuit that his neigharmful of wo.d and a basket of reach his mouth the apples shaken from a tree near seized his hand and by, moved a chair outside and pummel the robber i "Are these children yours ?" ed on the table, a plate "W-a-a-l, they say they is, "Several of them twins, I "Naw, not exactly, but mighty

"Fine land along the moun- in the grasp of the other when tain, why do you not cultivate the old woman turned "W-a-a-l yer see of I plant howled and fought unr mo' coru I have no time to Now having apport Git outen here!" came for the that unfortunale fowl twentieth time from the wo- to me so stronglyman's sharp voice, as she kick- pursued it had flown ed the hungry curs away from protection, how it flretreated howling under the squeak seemed yet ringing my ears, and there on "Why don't yer drive some o them thar dorgs outer thar ?" crunching its headasked S las as he slowly puffed not eat it. But I

ed, but turned wistfully again room with a peculiar oder. "Now break that broom with Silas, who sitting with handle over that dorg, will ye! his head down and And tell me whar the next one 'o was oblivious to all accomin' from won't ye? You'll the plate before him.

"Yes," she continued, "you'd terest her in cooking, "we use

the yearth gapped under yo' can't taste it at all. Silas bade us wait outside under yo' foot an' never a "Waal, now, whatten the use

an' then come alimpin' au' a "Waal here yer come a sneak- gumbling up in line, hop'n the proceeded to get the children git yer! I married yer outen pity and the corn 'case no other oman on this youngsters would be put to hed interceding for us, but the next green yearth would a had the and before another joined them likes 'o yer, an' yer ais forever they were fighting. "Silas is very tired madam," molasses still upon their faces.

and the surmise was confirmed these company.

came the shrill voice. "You moth biscuit. The wa can't move I 'spose ! No, you've | ed out the milk for sot in that cheer till you've istering the while to Slowly Silas arose and went hal sort. At length the hussuif

not fetch it her sho an' certain, tried to draw the woman luto rattled as the "spot" wo- mighty upsot" and would o man bustled about on the talk

"Lazy," was the laconic reply. Youins is in ready ter The day's work ended

out an the grass growin' higher'n pipe-the only soles of ber

tle brat, but I shall always planted would a been in the eigh State Chronicle.