

News

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THE DYING SOLDIER.

Brother soldier's come up nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, soldier's dying;
Soon you'll miss me from your camp,
For my form will soon be lying
Neath the earth so cold and damp.

Listen, brother soldier's listen,
I have something I would say
Ere my eyes are closed forever
To the lovely light of day;
I am dying, surely dying,
But my faith in God is strong,
I am happy, willing, knowing,
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you see him,
That in death I prayed for him,
And I hope to meet him
In a world free from sin:
Tell my mother, how I bless
Now that she is growing old,
Say her boy would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen soldier's, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell her, tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her she must kiss my baby
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold her as when last I held her,
Closely folded to my breast.

Tell my wife my God will bless her—
She was ever dear to me—
Would I could once more caress her
And her lovely face could see;
Tell my dear ones I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
By the thought their memory stirred.

Brother soldier's, let me see you—
Press each hand I love and bid;
My kind friends I'm loath to leave you,
There's no my long, my last good-bye,
Hark! I hear my Saviour calling,
'Tis his voice, I know it well;
When I'm gone, oh! don't be weeping—
Soldier's, here's my last farewell.

Selected Story

LOTTIE'S BALL DRESS.

"Do you think it is best for us to go, Lottie?"
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mellen had been married scarcely more than a year—not long enough for the first gloss to be worn off her wedding ring—not long enough to forget the enchanted gold shine of the honeymoon; and now, upon this clear December morning, the young wife sat at the breakfast table, in a most becoming negligé of rose-ribbons and dove-colored cashmere, with an open note in her hand, and her blue eyes sparkling with delighted animation. A pretty picture to look upon, for Mrs. Mellen was very pretty—a tall, velvet-checked blonde, with heavy, dark, shining, wavy hair, and sunbeams beneath the coquettish little breakfast-cup she wore.

"Best, Clarence? Why of course, it is best! The spirits would give her ears to get cards to Mrs. Benedict's ball!"
"I dare say," said Mr. Mellen, dryly. "But did you ever read La Fontaine's Fables?"

"What do you mean, Clare?"
"Only that it contains a story concerning an iron pot and a crockery pot, that swam down stream together. Of course the china pot got smashed."

"I don't see what your ridiculous old fables have to do with me."
"A great deal, my love! Mr. Benedict is a rich banker; I am only confidential clerk in his brother's employ. Mr. Benedict has a thousand dollars where I have one. Our spheres lie apart. Is it best, then, for us to compete with them in any one respect?"

"Because we attend a ball at their house we needn't necessarily compete with them, but the young wife, beginning to pull at the fringe of her breakfast napkins. Of course, if the young wife were natural to suppose that they want us to come."

"I presume, my dear, we are invited out of compliment to Mr. Benedict's brother, who is kind enough to think favorably of your humble servant."
"And it would be very rude not to go."
"I don't think 'regrets' would be taken in bad part, Charlotte. Besides, what have you to wear that would compare with the toilets of Mrs. Bently Benedict's fashionable friends?"

"That's just what I was going to speak about," said Mrs. Mellen. "I really did need a new silk dress. That pea-green affair is actually beginning to look shabby, and the black silk I had when we were married is positively old-fashioned by this time."

"It is only thirteen months, Lottie."
"But fashions alter so, Clarence, you know. Now there's a lilac moire antique at Grant's—the loveliest shade you ever saw, and a positive bargain, on account of there being only twenty-two yards in the pattern. I can get it for eighty-five dollars, and sister Helen will lend me her point-lace flounces to trim it with, and—"

"Eighty-five dollars, Lottie! And for a mere antique dress! Do you know, my dear, that that is almost a fourth of my year's salary?"
"One must look decent, once in a way."

He shook his head gravely.
"No, Lottie. I am sorry to seem hard or unkind, but this is so wild an idea that I can only conclude you have not thought sufficiently about it yourself. Mrs. Benedict is very kind to invite us to the ball, but you must write declination."

Charlotte burst into tears, and for the first time since their wedding day, Mr. Mellen stalked out of the room without a good-bye kiss.

That afternoon came up a hurried note from his office, as follows:
"DARLING LOTTIE: Please send, by the bearer, my valise, with a few changes of linen and other necessities, for an absence of eight or ten days, on business for the firm. Inclosed you will find a fifty dollar bill for the painter—a debt which ought to have been attended to before. Take a receipt. Be careful of yourself while I am gone. I wish I could have run up to say adieu, but time presses. If you are lonely, get one of your sisters to come and stay with you."

Affectionately,
CLARENCE.

Lottie had been crying all the morning but now her eyes glittered. A new brightness came into her face, as she hurried hither and thither, putting up her husband's things. And after the messenger was gone, she looked down at the fifty dollar bill in her hand.

"Eight or ten days," she said to herself. "I'll go to the ball, after all, with Helen and her husband. I'll take this money and buy the moire antique. Grant will trust me for the other thirty-five, I am sure; and as for the painter, just as he is in no hurry for his money, and if he is, I'll write to uncle Jesse to lend me fifty dollars. I was always uncle Jesse's favorite niece."

And this eager young woman threw on her bonnet and shawl, and hurried down to Grant's to buy the remnants of the lilac moire antique.

"Oh, certainly! certainly! Mr. Grant was in no hurry at all for his money. He would wait Mrs. Mellen's convenience to the length of her breakfast napkins. Of course, if the young wife were natural to suppose that they want us to come."

And he unfolded the rich fabric skillfully holding it up so that the

light should strike its rosy sheen to the best possible advantage.
How beautiful it was! Amethysts shot with glimmering lines of silver—buds of spring violets in the sunshine—midsunmer sunsets! Lottie thought of all these beautiful things as she looked at it.
"Pray send it home at once," she said, laying down her fifty dollar bill, and credit this to my account."

And then she tripped around to the dress-maker's.
Mrs. Parkerson was at the dress-maker's—a plump, rosy widow, with more money than she knew how to spend. She had always liked young Mrs. Mellen, and now entered with alacrity into her plans.

"A nice place to go, my dear," said she. "Once let yourself be seen at one of Mrs. Benedict's parties, and your position in society is settled at once. I have cards myself, but, of course, so soon after my brother's death I couldn't go but—And you're to go in lilac moire antique, eh? my dear? I'll tell you what—I want you to look nice, and I'll lend you my diamonds!"

Lottie's cheeks flushed exultingly as she thought of Mrs. Parkerson's diamond necklace, with its glittering pendant, and the bracelets, studded with gems, to say nothing of the great solitaires, like drops of dew that hung from her ear-rings.

"Oh, Mrs. Parkerson!" she uttered breathlessly; "how can I ever thank you?"
"Look as pretty as you can, my dear," said Mrs. Parkerson, good-naturedly.

"That's the way to thank me!"
Miss Mousely, the dressmaker, and Mrs. Mellen were in deep consultation as to whether the front of the dress should be cut a la Pompadour, or with pointed corsage, the next day, when the latter was summoned down stairs. There stood Mr. Pepper, the painter, in the hall.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am for interrupting you," said he, humbly doffing his cap; "but Mr. Mellen told me you would me have the money on my little account!"
Lottie crimsoned.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Pepper," said she, nervously; "but—but you must call again—next month!"
"Mr. Mellen said you'd pay me without delay, ma'am."

"I can't help what Mr. Mellen said, I haven't the money. That is enough!"
"But, ma'am, I was assured I should have it without mistake. I need it, ma'am, to send my sick wife out West to her mother's and—"

"I have no time to stand here talking any longer," said Lottie, mortified, ashamed, yet still endeavoring to persuade herself that the man had no business to be so persistent.

"I will let you have the sum as soon as possible. In the meantime, you must wait!"
Pepper went away with a sad face, which haunted Mrs. Mellen for many a day, and Lottie returned to the dressmaking operations.

The lilac moire was made, and fitted superbly. Sister Helen who had a rich husband, lent the point lace flounces and Mrs. Parkerson's man-servant brought around the satin cascade of diamonds early in the afternoon; and Lottie Mellen went to Mrs. Bently Benedict's ball, in the same carriage with her sister and her sister's husband.

"For once, I am equal to any millionaire's wife on the avenue," thought Lottie, with a thrill of triumph at her heart.

Her entrance made a sensation. She was quite aware of that as she

swept through the brilliantly-lighted rooms; and it was no small wonder for she was as beautiful as a vision, with her golden hair, deep-blue eyes and queenly height, while the lilac moire antique and diamonds set her off rarely.

Mr. Bently Benedict leveled his eye-glass at her, as she passed on, after the usual presentation to her host and hostess.
"So that is the wife of your confidential clerk, eh, Joe?" said he to his brother.

A silk gown got for a royal princess, point-lace that couldn't have cost less than one hundred dollars (hard, and diamonds that blaze like comets!—I don't exactly fancy that sort of confidential clerk myself! "Let me see—how much did you tell me you paid him!—Fourteen hundred a year?"

Mr. Joe Benedict looked uneasily at the brilliant vision.
"I can't account for it," he said slowly, "I always supposed Mellen to be a reliable sort of a fellow, but I must say I don't like the looks of this, I'm afraid we have trusted him too far, although the accounts seem straight enough. I'll look into them to-morrow."

He did look into them.
"So far they are all right," he said to himself. "But it's better to be on the safe side. A clerk whose wife dresses like a duchess can't be altogether straight. I'll discharge him!"

So Clarence Mellen lost his situation at the beginning of the winter, with hard times looking him grimly in the face.
Mr. Benedict told him why.
"I saw your wife at my brother Pently's ball," said he, "dressed in moire antique, costly lace and diamonds. I bring no accusation—I have no complaint to make—only, in these days of embezzlement, fogery and defalcation, one has to look out after himself, and 'Straws' show which way the wind blows."

When Mellen went home, he found a lawyer's clerk in the hall, with a letter from poor Pepper.
He wrote:
"My wife is dead. God knows whether it is your fault or not. I might have sent her West, to her native air. It would at least have been a chance of life for her. But she is gone now, and I have only to say that, if the bill is not settled at once, I shall resort to the extremest measure."

This was the first Mr. Mellen knew that the fifty-dollar bill had not been applied to its rightful destination.
"I hope you are contented now Lottie," he said, as he went up stairs to the room where his wife lay sobbing on the sofa. "You have ruined me!"
And Lottie knew at last how dear a price she had paid for her one night of triumph at Mrs. Benedict's ball.

The Trade in Dried Blackberries.
If the Piedmont region of North Carolina, this has become an enormous business. At the towns of Reidsville, Winston and Hickory, there is marketed annually about 2,000,000 pounds. The gathering of these berries affords employment to a great many poor people, and is no small matter in their slender means. The demand for them is so constant in the Northwest that agents are sent out from there in advance to make contracts for supplies. This industry might become as general among the poor people in the corresponding region in this State, and we trust they will be encouraged in prosecuting it. We know how from nothing a great business has grown up among us in sumac. Sicily once had the monopoly of it; but the trade has lessened now to value ours; indeed with more care observed in gathering it, the standard of ours will quite reach that of Sicily. These are minor matters in our general economy; but they bring comfort to many needy people, and in the aggregate of our work, prove to be no insignificant factors.

A sensible cotemporary says:—"The women ought to make a pledge not to kill a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice. A friend of ours says 'they ought also to pledge themselves to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that, too.'"

That Curious Story.

For some time past the papers have been publishing a story that there was a man living in Warren county named White who had never been able to speak to his father. Among others, we did not believe the story, but it turns out to be true, as the following statement from the Editor of the *Wilson Advance* (whom we know to be a gentleman) will show:

"As an old neighbor of Mr. White and having known the family intimately for twenty-five years, (as far back as we can remember) we will state all that is known in regard to the strange case. The statement is correct. The son, Mr. Henry White, is now living at the age of about sixty-five years and the father has been dead for thirty years or more. As a prattling infant in his swaddling clothes the sight of the father was repulsive though every means was resorted to in vain by both father and mother to correct the evil in the erring young one. From the age of two to five, little Henry possessed all the youthful vivacity, loquaciousness and exuberance of spirit characteristic of children generally, but even amid the confusion and hilarious sports of his mother's chamber or in the yard, the appearance of his father on the scene made him as dumb as an oyster. As he grew older more persuasive and even violent coercive measures were adopted by his father to get him to speak to him but without avail. He never refused to obey his father except in this particular. Would accompany him squirrel hunting alone, and fish on the creek banks together day after day. During his father's last illness, the son then being over thirty years of age and a married man, attended his bed side more constantly than any member of the household and the scene, wherein he vainly attempted to obey his father's dying wish "speak to me only once," was said to have been peculiarly distressing by those who witnessed it. The father died, and his son who lived constantly with him for thirty years never spoke to him. We have heard him say often that he was never able to command the power of speech to his father but experienced no difficulty whatever in speaking to others in his father's presence.

The brother of Mr. Henry White, Jno. W. White, was for twenty years the County Court Clerk of Warren county and died just before the war at a ripe old age, without having taken a drink of water in his life. He was succeeded in office by his son, William A. White, whose peculiar traits of character consist in his ability to pass through all the mutations of political lines before, during and since war and hold the same position, that of Probate Judge, which he will continue to hold till the day of his death if he desires it."

A Cleveland drummer was in Elyria a few Sundays ago, and while sitting in his room heard, from the next room, the mysterious question and answer:
"Whose ducky are you?"
"Ise your ducky!"
After a few moments passed during which the drummer sat in open-mouthed wonder, and the silence was again broken:
"Whose ducky are you?"
"Ise your ducky!"
Unable to stand it much longer alone the Clevelander hurried down to the office, learned that a newly married couple were in the house, invited three other drummers to hear the fun, and tiptoed back to his room. The wicked quartette grammed their handkerchiefs in their mouths, and during the next quarter of an hour heard that fond conundrum put and answered no less than four times by the unconscious rascal and his blushing bride.

At dinner, as luck would have it, the bride and groom were seated between two of the drummers, while the original discoverer of the bonanza sat opposite. The table had been cleared for the substantial and orders had been given. At that moment a spirit of mischief took entire possession of the Clevelander. Leaning across the table he looked archly at his nearest friend, and in dulcet tones pronounced the conundrum:
"Whose ducky are you?"
The other chap was equal to the emergency and in tones of affected sweetness got in his answer:
"Ise your ducky!"

Two scarlet faces, the flutter of a white dress through the doorway, two vacant seats at the table, and four crazed drummers, laughing till the tears ran, flashed across the vision of the spectator as the curtain fell.

A Fair Game, But Not Equal.
During the war a German started to Marietta with some chickens for sale. He met a squad of soldiers, and they bought all his chickens but one rooster. He insisted they should take him, but they were out of money and couldn't buy.
"The old man said he hated to go on to town with only one chicken, and was greatly puzzled about it."
At least one of the soldiers said:
"Old man, I'll play you a game of seven up for him."
"Agreed," said the old man. They played a long and spirited game. At last the soldier won. The old man wrung the rooster's neck and tossed him to the soldier, and mounted his swab-tailed pony and started home. After getting some two hundred yards he suddenly stopped, turned round, and rode back and said:
"You played a fair game and won the rooster fairly, but I'd like to know what in the h— you put up agin that rooster."—*Meridian Homestead.*

The Truth.
Pinchback, one of the most prominent negro politicians, said in the late convention of colored men at Nashville, Tennessee:
"If we consolidate the white people of this section together, or any other section, against the black man and make it an issue, the annihilation of the blacks is certain. There is no question about it. There once belonged to this very land a race that for chivalry and daring, for true valor and courage, has not an equal on the face of the globe. I allude to the Indian. Where is his to-day? There was an irrepressible conflict between him and the white man, and the result is that the place which he knew him but a few years ago knows him no more. And gentlemen just as sure as I speak if this antagonism is to go on; if we are to have it is politicized which is now raging between the races, it will not be long before it will be an actual war, and the end will be our annihilation."

Can a man who has been ridden on a rail be properly called a railroader man?—Yes.
What is it that which no man wants which, if any man has, he would not part with for untold wealth?—A bald head.
Why is a tuning fork an improvement on a Musquito?—Because, it sing's and don't bite.

Pat saos he calls his mule "Ould Musket," because, don't ye see he won't "go off" without a kick.
Where the moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal—Washington.

It is a pleasing sight for one who loves his country to see Mrs. Grant busy with the needle, putting a patch on the seat of the Government.
"How one thing brings up another," said a lady, absorbed in pleasing retrospection. "Yes," replied the practical Dobbs, "an emetic, for instance."

Procrastination has been called the thief of time—the thief of time?—I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.—*Necius.*

A young man in Western Wisconsin, who was about to be married the other day, suddenly remembered that he hadn't fed his horse, and the ceremony had to wait until the horse had been cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found every day, while thirteen different girls wanted to marry him.

Augusta girls won't eat shallots until midnight, when the boys are gone. And then they walk into a cold dish of them like a mouse into a cheese box.—*Athena Georgian.*

A little six-year-old girl went to a birthday party the other evening. The day following she was overheard telling her playmate that a little boy kissed her while they were engaged in a play, but said, "that's no harm 'cause it was our preacher's boy, you know."

The Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin says:—"An up-town man, who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every evening, and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be whether a woman could be expected to get along without a spring hat, and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hay loft and was pulling the ladder up after him."

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