

TWILIGHT.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat I leaned my book against the misty pane And spelled the last enchanting lines again

But now I love the soft approach of night, And now with folded hands I sit and dream

O granaries of Age! O manifold And royal harvest of the common years!

There are in all thy treasure house no ways But lead by soft descent and gradual slope

To memories more exquisite than hope. Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,

And three more happy are the happy days That live divinely in thy lingering rays.

So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower; So, in the emerald, after-sunset hour,

The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees Appear an infinite Hesperides.

Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands We wander while the undying memories throng?

When I was young the twilight seemed too long. —A. Mary F. Robinson, in London Athenaeum.

OFF WINDMILL ISLAND.

The lustrous light of a June moon shone over Philadelphia one night in the year 1779. The summer air was full of the odor of roses and the streets were embowered in verdure, but sounds of martial music floating down from Chestnut street brought home to every heart the chilling remembrance that war was raging in the country and that the issue was as yet in the balance.

This evening the strangers gathered in little knots and conversed in quiet, unfamiliar accents, the men smoking their long pipes, and the women knitting in a slow, measured fashion. In a French patois they told the children stories of their ever to be remembered land far in the north, the villages and farms, and the cruelty of the British in wresting from them their beloved Acadia, turning them adrift in a strange country separated from their kindred and every home tie.

The young are apt to be perverse, however, and the French blood in their veins was too volatile to be easily controlled. In one of the cabins had a maiden gone to and fro through the long hours of the day now drawing to close hurried with the house work, but with heart beating high, for she had heard that the troops were expected to arrive in the city during the day, and thoughts of her brave Willie, with his blue and buff uniform and three corners hat, had driven all other subjects from her mind.

Now that dusk had come she impatiently awaited the time when they should take their usual stroll to neighbor Mino's doorstep for the accustomed chat. When at length the old folks were safely away, she tied a light shawl over her head and sped along the path to Pine street, then down that thoroughfare to Third street, carefully avoiding the open door of St. Peter's, through which streamed a flood of light.

Third street was deserted, but a square below the pavements were crowded. News had come of a battle, and the pulse of the people was at fever heat. Louise cared not for the news of the war so long as her lover was safe, and now she waited anxiously at the trysting place.

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We have recently opened a very large assortment of

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Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

did so. But I came on an errand tonight, and that is to carry a message from your lover.

Although a smile accompanied his words, the expression of Jacques' eyes was far from pleasant, but this Louise did not notice. She grasped his arm in terror. "A message from Willie! What do you mean? Is he wounded?"

"No, no, girl," the man replied almost roughly, "but the fact is he was instructed to remain with his company. He does not wish to miss the chance of seeing your pretty face, however, and so he asked me to meet and accompany you to a place near his post, where he can steal off for a few minutes and greet you. His command is stationed at the old barracks on Front street, and if you are willing to go along, I will take you up and back in a boat lying below the dock, which I engaged on my way."

The maiden was greatly perturbed. Without any sense of fear she would have readily gone alone to the encampment, but the reputation of Jacques was not of the best and she hesitated to trust him. It was now past the hour when her lover should have come, and as Jacques told a plausible enough story she decided, finally, to accompany him. The two proceeded to the river, where in answer to a low whistle given by Jacques a like signal was returned, and guided by the sound they reached the side of a boat lying in the shadow of a pile of cord wood. There were two men in the boat, which struck Louise as rather odd, it being rarely that wherries were manned by more than one person.

Instead of turning north, however, Jacques kept the prow headed directly for Windmill Island. Louise noticed this and asked him why the boat was not pointed up the river. He uttered an unintelligible reply about the current, which did not reassure the maiden, and she, though inwardly frightened, insisted in firm tones that the wherry be directed north. Her companion, thinking all occasion for secrecy past, sneeringly replied that he would run the boat to suit himself. Now thoroughly alarmed and seeing the trap into which she had fallen, Louise sprang to her feet and screamed for aid. In those days the river was much used as a highway, and usually the evening air was enlivened by the dip of countless oars and the hum of animated conversation. Tonight, however, the water was deserted, every one being in the center of the town seeking the latest tidings. No answer came to her cry for aid, and before she could again find voice Jacques pulled her down beside him, and covering her mouth with his disengaged hand, hid the rowers make all speed to the island, whose shadows would effectually hide them.

With a frantic effort Louise wrested herself loose, and scream after scream rang over the water, to be answered this time by a welcome cry from up the river. The conspirators turned their heads in alarm. A hundred yards distant was a light boat with two occupants bearing toward them, propelled with such force as to very materially lessen the distance between them before the abductors could realize the situation. "Row, men, row!" yelled Jacques. "It will be ball chain for life if we are caught." "Stop!" came from the pursuers. "Stop or I fire!" Jacques muttered an oath, and, seizing a musket lying at his feet, took aim and fired at the speaker. No return fire came from the party in the second boat, and they had resolved apparently to delay action until they overtook the wherry. Making an almost superhuman effort, they shot the light skiff alongside the heavier boat, when the island was not more than ten yards distant. Snatching a pistol from his belt, Jacques levelled it at the nearest occupant of the other boat, but as his finger trembled on the trigger an oar quickly sweeping through the air fell upon his arm, and the weapon was tossed into the water, while his right hand fell useless by his side.

The boats by this time had drifted almost to the shores of the island, and the cowardly boatmen, seeing their leader disabled, and with the horrors of Walnut street prison in their minds, abandoned their oars and sprang ashore, followed by the pistol shots of the second occupant of

the skiff, as well as by the curses of the maimed Jacques, who saw his scheme fail when at the point of success.

Louise was lying in the bottom of the wherry senseless, and seeing further resistance useless, Jacques threw himself into the tide at the same instant the officer, for so his uniform showed him to be, stepped into the boat. The rower of the skiff made strenuous efforts to reach the drowning man, but failed, and the dark waters of the Delaware closed over the abductor, who was unable to swim to the land with his injured arm, and at the first glance ejaculated: "Heavens, it is Louise!" The rescuer was no other than William Clark, her lover, whose command had indeed been located in the Liberties as stated by Jacques, and he was on his way to meet his sweetheart when the scream of Louise rang over the water.

Jacques' story of Clark having been detailed for special duty was entirely false. Through a letter which had fallen into his hands he had learned of the meeting arranged between Clark and Louise, and having known the Acadia girl for years, he resolved upon the daring plan of abducting and carrying her to New York, of course deserting to the British. Not until Louise revived and told her part of the story could Will understand her presence in the boat, or until then did he know who was the abductor.

Louise reached home before her parents had returned from Minors', and in the disturbed condition of the city the fight on the river and the sudden disappearance of Jacques created no comment. Years after, when Louise had become the wife of Clark, she told the tale for the first time to her daughter, and it was one of her grandchildren who related the incident to the writer.—Philadelphia Times.

"Make Hens Lay."

Such is the caption of an advertisement that appears not only in the local, but many leading agricultural papers, and which suggests the propriety of a few thoughts upon the subject. It may be laid down as a rule that most farmers indulge in raising poultry, not for the pleasure it gives, but for the profit that is realized from the sale of their stock. This is a mistake, for the true profit must come from young chicks or eggs, and since the chicks must come from the eggs, the real profit may be traced to egg production. Shortland and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY PEPPER, Business of Shortland Department, St. John Business College and Shortland Institute

On the Shelf?

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