

POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

Give us a song 'neath the soldier's tread, When the heated camps of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redoubt, in silent scorn, Lay grim and threatening under: And the tawny mound of the black staff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardman said: "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day 'Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon; Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forget was Britain's glory: Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie,

Once after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sun's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns of him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honour rest Your truth and valour wearing; The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the darest.

—Bayard Taylor.

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

"Thank you, sir," said Cap, demurely. "And now, Cap, one thing is to be noted. Herbert says, both in your letter and in mine, that they were to start to return the day after these letters were posted. These letters have been delayed in the mail. Consequently we may expect our dear hero every day. But Cap, my dear, you must receive them. For to-morrow morning, please the Lord, I shall set out for Stanton and Willow Heights, and go and knock down at the feet of my wife and ask her pardon on my knees!"

Cap was no longer divided between the wish to pull Old Hurricane's gray beard, and to cry over him. She threw herself at once into his arms and exclaimed: "Oh uncle! God bless you! It has come very late in life, but you may be happy with her through all the ages of eternity!"

Old Hurricane was deeply moved by the sympathy of his little madcap, and pressed her to his bosom, saying: "Oh uncle! God bless you! It has come very late in life, but you may be happy with her through all the ages of eternity!"

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THE BANK-BOOK.

It was a bright morning in early September, the leaves just tinted with the scarlet touch of autumn's first frost, the grass all glittering with dew, when Abby Blackthorn drove her patient old horse along the country road, with a wagon load of "truck" for the grocery store, where the Blackthorn family made their modest purchases on the principle of "exchange or barter."

There was butter, golden and fragrant, packed down under fresh grape-leaves in a stone jar; there were plump young chickens, picked and dressed, and wrapped in white, old linen; there was a basket of eggs and a box of the first and fairest of the Bartlett pears that had ripened on the old tree by the well. And Abby, a pretty girl of two and three-and-twenty, sang softly to herself, as she drove along the elm-shaded road in her blue-and-white gingham gown and her bonnet trimmed with home-dyed blue ribbon.

Yes, there was no sort of doubt but that the bonnet was rather shabby now, in spite of the care with which Abby had worn it, and she had a lingering hope that after the grocery bill was paid there would be enough balance left to purchase a new straw shade and two or three yards of the lovely "hunter's green" ribbon for which her soul yearned. She was turning this over in her mind, when a shrill voice chimed on her ear.

"Abby! Abby Blackthorn, I say!" And she became aware that old Miss Mitson, with her head behind the monster lilac bushes, was violently gesticulating to her.

She drew rein at once. "Go in to the city, Abby?" said Miss Mitson—rather an unnecessary question as it would seem.

"Yes, Miss Mitson." Miss Mitson looked up, wrinkled, yellow and small, like an Egyptian mummy dressed in the fashion of the year 1888. Abby, with her rose-pink cheeks, shining brown eyes and delicate curves of cheek and chin, smiled at her in return. The two made an ideal embodiment of "Youth and Crabbled Age."

"Go in anywhere near the savin's bank, Abby?"

"To the grocer's, on the next corner below," Abby answered, blithely.

Miss Mitson whisked out from beneath her apron a soiled yellow book, and said: "I'll be obliged 'ye, said she, 'to take this bank book there and draw out a hundred dollars for me. There's the order inside, all signed. 'Pay to bearer, you know. They'll give it to you without any trouble."

Abby Blackthorn took the book with a certain awe, and looked it over carefully at the bottom of the calico pocket that she wore beneath her dress skirt. A hundred dollars! She had no idea that Miss Mitson, was so rich.

"Be very careful of it," said Miss Mitson. And Abby answered: "Yes, I will."

"That's a dreadful pretty girl of old Blackthorn's," said Miss Mitson, as she stood looking after the departing farm wagon, with her eyes shaded by one claw-like hand.

Abby went diligently about her business. She did not like to be seen with the old woman, who was so much older than she, and she did not quite balance the outstanding bill at the grocer's, so the new bonnet question was, for the present, shelved. She went to the bank and drew out the hundred dollars, in ten crumpled, billous-looking bills—she did it with a certain nervousness, shopping for her mother and Aunt Prudence, and then, wearied with trying to make one dollar do the work of five, climbed into the wagon and started for home.

"I wish I knew of some way to get rich," thought Abby. "There are so many ways for money to be made these days. Come, Pug!" to the pony, "make haste! It's getting late. We ought to be home."

She was just reaching the lonely stretch of road by the deserted quarry, when she became aware of a solitary pedestrian limping painfully along with the aid of a stick. She looked at him with mild, pitying eyes, as she drove slowly by. At the same time he looked up.

"Is it far to Lake Centre?" he asked, slightly lifting his cap.

"Three miles," said Abby.

"Three miles!" in accents of unpleasant surprise.

"Nearly, I think."

"I was told it was but a short distance. Abby was silent.

"Is there any place near here where I could hire a conveyance?" he asked.

"Not unless you return to Belthorpe."

"It is two miles to go back there at least, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is," assented the girl. The young man—he was young and nor had looking—sighed.

"Well," said he, "I think the best thing I can do is to keep on ahead. I should have done it very well if I hadn't stepped on a broken bit of glass and cut my foot!"

Once more he resumed the limping gait. Abby's kindly heart here issued its protests.

"I am going to Lake Centre," said she. "If you would like to ride—"

"I am very much obliged," said the young man, and he got into the wagon without delay.

Scarcely, however, had Abby started up her horse, when a sudden misgiving look possessed her. She remembered all the sensational paragraphs she had read in the papers of late. She recalled to herself that the young man's foot might be only a pretence. She thought of the bank book in her pocket with its precious inclosure. At that moment the sun went down behind the purple chaux-de-frise of hills in the west. The veyan and Pug plunged into a deep thicket of odoriferous pines.

"If he were to choose to murder me!" she thought. "Perhaps he was at the bank and saw me draw out the money."

A chill drew her to her forehead. She drew a long breath.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the young man, "but I think you have dropped a parcel out of the wagon. Wait half a second and I will get it for you."

"It's only a card of pearl buttons," said Abby to herself. "But the button I bought at Thred's and Nield's place—but—"

While he yet stooped over the indistinct brown parcel in the road a sudden inspiration seized upon her heroine. To run away was disgraceful under some circumstances; under others, it was the best that could be done.

She seized the whip and whipped up the astonished Pug with merciless hand. He set off on a clumsy wooden gallop, which was his nearest approach to speed.

Amid the clatter of wheels Abby could hear the stranger calling aloud for her to stop. But the longer he called, the faster she drove, until the woods were left far behind, and at last she reached the safe shelter of the farm lane, where the lantern gleamed in the barn door, and little John, her brother, was waiting to unharness Whiskers, whose brown coat was all covered with sweat.

Her first action, when she was well out of the wagon, was to feel in her pocket to make sure that Miss Mitson's money was safe.

The pocket was empty—a fact partially accounted for by a long rip in its lower flap—but Abby gave a shriek of dismay.

"Hand me the lantern, John," she cried. "Don't touch the things in the wagon until I've searched it thoroughly. I've—lost—something!"

"A penny?" said little John. "Oh, I'll help you look, sis."

BUT ALL SEARCH WAS IN VAIN.

"You must go straight to Miss Mitson, Abby," said Mrs. Blackthorn, "and tell her the whole story before you sleep. Tell her we're poor folks, but we'll sell Spotty, the cow, and do our best to make up the loss, a little at a time, as we can. And don't fret, Abby, dear. It's the Lord's will!"

But poor Abby could not bring herself to settle back on that comforting faith. Miss Mitson was washing up the supper dishes in the back kitchen when Abby came in.

The crooked hands of the old clock pointed to the hour of nine. Beside the table, looking over some papers, sat the same young man. Her face brightened up at the sight of Abby.

"You are safe then?" he cried. "The runaway horse did not kill you. But I believe I have something here that belongs to you. I picked it up in the road, near the barn, and brought it home."

It was Miss Mitson's bank-book, still carefully wrapped in its brown paper and tied with a bit of blue twine.

As Abby stood, holding it in her hand, with eyes of rapture fixed on it, Miss Mitson herself came in, a tea-saucer in one hand, a linen towel in the other.

"My nephew, Peter Wilde, Miss Abby Blackthorn," said she. "Lemme make you two acquainted. I was just going to send to your house, Abby, to borrow a little of your ma's mutton-tallow salve for Peter's cut foot—he stepped on a piece of broken glassware, it seems—and to inquire about the bank-book."

Abby glanced a look of infinite gratitude toward the young man, as she handed the brown-paper parcel to Miss Mitson, murmuring: "I'm sorry you have been kept waiting. Here it is."

Peter Wilde looked surprised, but he had the common sense to say not a word, while Miss Mitson, after counting her bills and effusively thanking Miss Blackthorn, began to relate the chain of circumstances whereby her nephew had come from his new home in Arizona to visit her.

"He wants me to go back with him and keep house for him," said she. "But I don't believe that cold climate will suit a woman of my age. I tell him there's lots of nice girls here in Lake Centre. He'd better pick out a younger housekeeper, and take her for life."

And Miss Mitson laughed very heartily at her own joke.

Mr. Wilde walked part of the way home with Abby, in spite of his wounded foot, and she promised to send little John with an apple of the salve at once.

"I am so much obliged to you," said he. "But I must tell you, said Abby, as they parted, 'that—that the pony didn't run away. It was that whipped him up. I ran away from you."

"Miss Blackthorn!"

"I thought you were a tramp! Please forgive me!"

Of course he forgave her on the spot. What else could he do? And Miss Mitson never knew the danger that her bank-book had been in.

"But I shouldn't wonder," said she, "if Peter stepped on a young housekeeper, after all. I always liked Abby Blackthorn."

NO ICE ON THE HUDSON.

A Washington, D. C., gentleman who is now in the city and is putting up ice on the Kennebec, has studied the present ice condition in the country, and in a recent interview with the Journal gave the following as an opinion: "But very few comprehend the immense importance of the ice question to the health and comfort of the entire country, and in consequence they cannot realize the significance of the words: 'No ice on the Hudson.' I believe that the entire failure of the Hudson icecrop would be a severe calamity not only to that state but to the entire nation, and I don't believe there are many in the ice business on this river who would be sorry to see a fair sized crop of ice secured on this important New York river, where nearly 4,000,000 tons are housed in a good season.

The ice houses of the Hudson and neighboring streams and ponds have an aggregate capacity of 4,000,000 tons. Of this amount the city of New York alone uses nearly 3,000,000 tons. The houses at the present time are practically empty where in ordinary years nearly half a crop would be carried over from one season to the other.

If this was so the present season there would be no great cause for alarm, as the ice harvested in Maine would supply all demand. As it is, however, the supply is very different. Maine with all her advantages cannot put up ice enough this year to supply New York City, and alone all the southern cities which are anxious for Maine ice."—Augusta Journal.

MANY LIVES LOST.

The steamship Guthrie from Foo Chow arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., Jan. 6th. She is the lost of the steamer Dunbrugg, which was wrecked on the Dunbrugg reef, a vessel of 1097 tons burden and for some years has been employed in the China trade. She was commanded by Captain Bertelson and cleared from Singapore, Oct. 25th, for Amoy via Hong Kong.

The steamer Glamorgan, which arrived at Singapore, Nov. 30th, brought further particulars of the loss of the ship Nyghatin. It is feared that the boat which left the wreck in charge of chief officer in the boat and the steamer sent in search had returned without them.

THE RACE QUESTION IN THE U. S.

The World's Washington special says that Senator Butler, of South Carolina, said the situation in the South was getting more desperate every day, and a speedy solution of the negro problem was imperative. The Southern people, he said, were the North to consider the negro question calmly and without partisan bias. The repeal of the right of suffrage, he thinks, is probably impracticable, but speaking for himself, he would surrender every iota of political power which the South has acquired by reason of the negro vote, if that would settle the race question.

There is a man in Birmingham, Ala., who has read his Bible until he is convinced that the word "angel" in the scriptures should have been in most cases translated "balloon." In a balloon instead of an angel that caught up Philip and took him to heaven, and that lifted the Ethiopian eunuch. It was a fleet of balloons instead of angels that saved the lives of the Israelites in the wilderness. The angels that dropped fire on the Persian host that besieged Jerusalem in the reign of King Sennacherib. And so on. The author of this brilliant theory should go into partnership with John Jasper, the colored preacher, who asserts that "the sun do move."

PRINCE HENRY IN TROUBLE.

Court gossip says that the quarrel between Queen Victoria and her son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, has broken down. But the longer he called, the faster she drove, until the woods were left far behind, and at last she reached the safe shelter of the farm lane, where the lantern gleamed in the barn door, and little John, her brother, was waiting to unharness Whiskers, whose brown coat was all covered with sweat.

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ONE DRINK.

Miss Nannie McKinney was married a few days ago to young Mr. Thompson, in Stokes county, Greensboro, N. C. At the conclusion of the ceremony the pretty bride was being congratulated, when, by some means, she happened to discover that her newly made lide lord had taken a drink of whiskey just before the marriage. The young wife was an ardent temperance woman and had believed her sweetheart to be a teetotaler. Finding that she had been deceived she at once announced that she would decline to live with him as his wife.

The friends of both parties made every attempt to effect a reconciliation but their efforts availed nothing.

ONLY BARNUM COULD DO IT.

In spite of the badgering Barnum was obliged to in the white elephant case in the Court of Queen's Bench the great showman not only obtained a verdict in his favor, but succeeded in making the august court a big advertisement for his show by inviting Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to visit him in the box. It was the first time that the Court of Queen's Bench has been used as a show place, and the dodge caused irrepressible laughter.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The ministers of the Gospel should organize a sin-dicta.

POR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked. Put up in 50c and \$1 size.

When a man takes an "upper" in a sleeping car he can at least claim the distinction of high berth.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Wiswlow's Sourness Syrup should always be used when children are cutting their teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens his bowels, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wiswlow's Sourness Syrup" and take no other kind.

It is a well-known if rather paradoxical fact in the jewelry trade that cut diamond rings are higher than the original price.

Prof. Loistee's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

Wickwire—What is the reason Mudge does not speak to you any more? Have you omitted him in any way? Yabobey—Yes, I claimed that he had nothing but a common cold.

You can't flatter a truly wise man. He knows just how low praise is due him; that he takes, and charges over all the balance to the profit and loss account. Josh Billings.

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Briefly Stated.—Irate duce: "See here, fellow, you've made these trousers big enough for a cow." Polite tailor: "Oh, no, just large enough for two calves."

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