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"SHE IS DEAD."

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;
Over her eye which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes:
Which were the whitest no eye could choose;
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantare,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "as a lady should lie, lies she."
And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.
He and she; yet she would not speak
Though he kissed in the old place, the quiet cheek,
He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name that she loved erewhile,
He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.
Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice? no language of death?
See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.
I listen deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven; and you do not tell!
There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!
I would tell you darling if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise;
The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprise that dying bring."
Ah, foolish World! O, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way;
"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that though dead, love never died."

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

Trust you mother, little one;
In life's morning just begun,
You will find some grief, some fears,
Which, perhaps, may cause you tears;
But a mother's skill may heal
Many griefs that children feel;
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughtful love.
Trust your mother, noble youth,
Turn not from the paths of truth;
In temptation's evil hour
Seek her ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong,
Trust your mother—aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair;
Love will guide your steps with care;
Let no cloud e'er come between—
Let no shadow e'er be seen,
Hiding from your mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart.
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Worthy of her sacred love.

CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND.

The following interesting description of Chincoteague and Assateague Islands, and the ponies and the people that inhabit them, is from the pen of J. P. Matthews, Esq., of the Baltimore American:

Along the Atlantic shore of the peninsula, from Cape Charles almost to Cape Henlopen, there stretches a narrow strip of land, or rather a series of irregular sections, which at low tide are joined together by shoals and sandbanks, and at flood tide are elongated islands. Between some of these islands there are inlets, through which, when the tide is high, small vessels can reach the still waters that wash the mainland. These "sounds," as they are designated on the maps, are generally five or six miles wide. They all abound in shoals and sand flats, through which the channel, known only to the native navigators, threads its tortuous way. There is no danger in sailing over the sounds, except that a careless ship captain will always be plowing up the oyster beds with the keel of his vessel and getting aground on the sand flats.

Just below the Maryland line, and parallel with the Virginia shore, is Chincoteague, a section of the broken chain of sand hills above described. It is five miles long and one mile wide. Separated from it by a narrow sound, fringed with salt marshes, is Assateague Island, which is about two miles wide, and at its northern extremity is a sand bar, which links it to the upper section of the chain. It is always spoken of as part of Chincoteague, and is under the same civil jurisdiction. The eastern shore of Assateague borders upon the ocean, and upon its low, level, beach the mighty breakers toss their foamy crests.

It is probable that some account of the first settlement of Chincoteague may be found in the numerous histories of Virginia, but nothing can be learned from the islanders themselves. They have no written chronicles, and their traditions are meagre. It is probable that the first settlers came to the island about the year 1750. They were not fishermen, as might be supposed from the occupation of the people who now live here, but herdsmen. The island was owned by some of the landed proprietors of Accomac, who raised cattle on these pasture lands, and hired men to attend to them. Until within the last forty years the population was limited to the descendants of these herdsmen, and there were not more than fifteen or twenty houses on the island. In the course of years the proprietors on the main land abandoned their island pasture grounds, and the cattle-driving tenants became the owners of the lands and the herds.

The upper portion Assateague is in Maryland, and it was settled by a small colony of salt-boilers. The remains of the ancient hearths on which they heated the evaporating pans are still to be seen. During the Revolutionary War salt was a precious commodity. When the Delaware was blockaded by a British fleet, Captain Scott, one of the Assateague salt-boilers, was accustomed to load a swift-sailing little schooner with the produce of his pans, steal quietly out through the "sounds," and evading the hostile ships stationed at the mouth of the bay, by stratagems best known to the blockade runner, land his cargo in Philadelphia.

Prior to 1844, the pursuits of the people were entirely pastoral, except that in the summer season they fished in the sound from boats and small sailing vessels. In that year the first oyster beds were planted, and a new branch of industry was opened up to the islanders. The Chincoteague oysters became famous, and all the vessels owned in the vicinity of the sound were employed in carrying the succulent bivalves to Philadelphia and New York. The islanders thus became a seafaring people. In 1844 Chincoteague oysters sold for 12 cents per bushel; in 1850 the price had advanced to fifty cents per bushel; in 1861 they were worth $1 per bushel, and now the price ranges from two to three dollars, according to season.

The native islanders, as a general rule, are quite illiterate, and very few of the adults can read and write. Since the war a school has been established, which is now conducted under the general school system of Virginia. A comfortable frame school house, two stories high, has been built, and the people are very proud of the progress which their children have made in the elementary studies. The school house is located near the centre of Chincoteague island, but a number of the pupils come from Assateague. They cross over in two yachts, which are manned by the larger boys. In stormy weather they are obliged to stay at home. The average attendance at the school last year was 65, which was very good, considering the difficulties attending the navigation of Assateague sound.

During the war the Government revenue boats cruised about a good deal through the sound, looking for smugglers and blockade runners. The excitement developed a spirit of industry and enterprise which the island had never before known. The oyster beds extended themselves over the flats, the sailing craft multiplied, and many new houses were built on the shore. Every house now on the island, except two or three, has been built since 1859. In 1850 the population was 519; in 1870 it had increased to 1,500. Last year there were one hundred births. There is a woman on the island who is the mother of eighteen children, and many others who have reared ten or twelve to maturity. Until the year 1850 there was no physician on the island. In great emergencies a surgeon was brought from Horntown or Snow Hill, but ordinarily the people relied on "home cure" and the "old women doctors." I am informed that the death rate was less than it is now, although the islanders have the benefit of the skill and experience of Dr. N. S. Smith, who is also Deputy Collector of Customs at Chincoteague.

Wild ponies are abundant here, and a hundred of them may be seen in a half hour's walk from the Atlantic Hotel. Nobody knows how they got here. The "oldest inhabitant" remembers of hearing his grandfather say that they were on the island when he was a boy. Probably they were careering over the sand hills when the first settler crossed the sound. There is a tradition that some great Virginia gentleman, of two hundred years ago, was bringing over a pair of ponies from England, and that the ship which carried them was wrecked off Assateague beach; the ponies were washed ashore, and were the progenitors of the little animals that now feed upon the salt marshes of Chincoteague. In the last century they were considered of no value, and it is not known that the proprietors of the island ever set up any claim to those which grazed upon their lands. When the herdsmen became the owners of the soil they began to lasso some of them, and to put a mark on them by which they could be recognized afterwards. A few were domesticated and used for riding. The marking process went on from year to year, until forty years ago there was no pony on the island that was not claimed by somebody. Many of them were tamed and taken over to the mainland. In 1840 a well broken Chincoteague pony was worth from twenty-five to thirty dollars.

Under the ordinary conditions of reproduction, in the fifty or a hundred years, during which they had no owners, the island would have been so stocked with them that they must inevitably have starved. But there were causes constantly operating to kill off the weak. Only the strong and healthy could stand the rigors of winter. Prompted by hunger, the herds would wade into the marshes for the salt grass; the strong would return to the shore, the weak would remain fast in the mud and perish. They have heavy manes and tails, and in the winter they have a long coat of hair. When a chilling north easter blows, the animals of each herd crowd together, and, facing the southwest, stand motionless until the storm has spent its fury. It is said that when there is snow on the ground they never lie down; and if they sleep at all, they sleep while standing on their feet.

I do not know how much truth there is in the tradition about the two ponies that are believed to have come ashore from the wrecked ship; but if the island was stocked in this way, I think it more probable that the ancestral pair were a couple of small, well-bred horses, that had no pony blood in their veins. The great majority of these ponies look like diminutive horses, and most of the mares have heads as handsome and bony as any thoroughbred. The straight nose, thin, curving nostril, and full, intelligent eye, are not characteristic of the Shetland breed. There are some low-set little fellows, with short, thick heads and prodigious foretops, but I am told that a Canadian pony was turned loose upon the island some years ago, and it is probable that the peculiar characteristics of his species crop out occasionally in his descendants. If these animals are descended from a pair of well-bred horses, then the conditions under which they have lived have reduced them to ponies. The diminutive size and the heavy manes and tails have resulted from the constant breeding in and in, the rigors of the climate, the hard struggle for existence, and the coarse, scanty food. If these causes, operating for a hundred years, will reduce an Arabian horse to a Chincoteague pony, what sort of an animal would they produce in a million of years?

There are about five hundred ponies on the island, including those on Assateague. They divide themselves into herds, without regard to ownership, and each herd confines itself to a particular range. Sometimes a herd will migrate from one quarter of the island to another, but this does not often happen. There are about thirty persons who own ponies, all of whom, with two or three exceptions, live on the island. One of the large proprietors owns a hundred head, but a person is considered well off who has his brand upon twenty or thirty. Each herd is governed by a male—a sort of equine autocrat—whose authority is supreme. In former times he fought his way up to the position of patriarch by thrashing all his rivals, sometimes driving them into the sea, where they were drowned. All usurpers were remorselessly expelled from the herd, and if they were not killed, they became bold bandits, and hung about the marshes, capturing such unwary females as happened to stray too far from their protectors. With these they founded new herds and became prosperous patriarchs themselves.

Since the civilizing lasso and branding iron have appeared on the island, the patriarch has less difficulty in maintaining his position, and his life is comparatively peaceful. The males of the herd are sold when three or four years of age. Although the mares are neater and more docile, they are seldom sold. Some of them live to be two [illegible] of age, and half of them become the mothers of numerous progeny. The mother of ten colts brings her owner a thousand dollars in ten years, during which time her subsistence has not cost a single penny. It is not surprising, therefore, that they are seldom taken from the island.

In the summer the ponies lead a joyous life. They crop the wild grass that grows luxuriantly on the island, and when the flies annoy them too much they take a gallop through the bushes or a bath in the sea. If the winter happens to be severe, however, they have a sorry time of it. They wade into the marshes and eat the tops of the salt grass, and when this fails they browse on the water bushes. If there is no deep snow they get along very well, and manage to keep in tolerably good condition, but if the ground is covered for a long time they get very lean, and some of them die in the early spring.

The great day on the island is "penning day," although of late it has lost some of its holiday attractions. Formerly the women as well as the men congregated at the Atlantic Hotel to assist in identifying the ponies, and the island beauties came because their fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and lovers, were there. Tuesday, the 5th inst., was "penning day," but only a few of the old ladies were in attendance.

It may be necessary to explain what "penning" means. The owners of Chincoteague ponies mark them with a brand generally on the left hip. So many of them look alike that it would be impossible to identify them without this mark. The colts must be branded before they leave their dams, and August is the proper month. In order to catch the colts and affix the brand, the whole herd must be "penned." On Chincoteague Island, the square in front of the Atlantic Hotel is used for a pen, but on Assateague a large pen has been built on the shore, of stout pine logs. Men and boys mount tame ponies and start out to bring in the herds. They gallop to the pasture grounds, and after much yelling, fast riding and some little swearing, they manage to drive one of the herds down to the shore. Nearly all the houses on Chincoteague are built along the sound, and the yards in front join each other, thus forming a continuous fence. When the herd gets started down the shore, the riders press close after, yelling and whooping, and there is a lively chase until the avenue that leads to the pen is reached. Here a crowd of men are standing, and they turn the head of the flying column into the square. Some of the ponies suspect treachery, and run into the water, but the riders dash after them, and soon the whole herd is forced into the pen.—The colts stick close to their dams, and in all the rearing and plunging about through the pen they never become separated. A stout man with a long pole in his hand and a looped rope at the end of it posts himself at the mouth of the pen, and as the ponies run past he drops the loop over the head of one of the colts.—The little fellow plunges about and shakes his head most furiously, but all to no purpose; the men haul him out and throw him down on his right side. All this time the branding iron has been heating at a fire near by, presided over by sundry urchins who take much delight in this part of the performance.—The face of the iron sometimes bears the initial letter of the owner's name, and sometimes it is a simple monogram, such as a circle or square, to which the owner lays claim. When the colt has been thrown a boy brings the iron from the fire, and it is stamped on the pony's hip. There is no cruelty in the operation, because the iron only burns through the hair and scarcely scars the skin. I saw a two-year old colt branded while standing on its feet, and it did not seem to feel the burning. If the blacksmiths who make these irons had ordinary skill and taste they would shape the letters better and make them much smaller. There is no necessity for disfiguring a pony for life with an unsightly scar, when a neat letter or monogram would answer the purpose as well.

By the time the colts in one herd have been branded, the riders have driven another herd down to the shore. The first are allowed to run back to their pasture ground, while the next in order is driven into the pen, and the colts subjected to the marking process. Sometimes the colts escape till they are two or even three years old, and then they are much harder to handle.

The process of penning and branding is about all the attention they get from their owners until they are old enough to break and sell. Some of them are easily conquered, and become exceedingly gentle. A few vicious ones retain their native wildness as long as they live. When three years old they sell for about $100, delivered on the mainland. A pair that match nicely will bring $300. The larger ones are used in Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, and in the lower counties of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, for the saddle and for light farming. The small ones (which are the most valuable if they happen to be pretty) are sold to gentlemen who buy them for family pets. Children ride them and drive them to pony phætons and light buggies. They all make splendid saddle horses, especially for children. Their strength and endurance are surprising.—On penning day I saw tall, heavy men mount some of the domesticated ponies, and they carried him with the greatest ease, although the soles of the riders' boots were no more than a foot from the ground. After a furious gallop in pursuit of the herd, they would come in fresh and full of spirit. Their gait is easy and rapid. None of them are ever shod while they remain on the island.—Some of them have attained notoriety as fast runners. During the war General Lockwood paid five hundred dollars for a fast pony.

Since the oyster trade has occupied the attention of the islanders, horsemanship has greatly declined. The young men care more for their sloops and yachts than they do for their ponies. On penning day it was difficult to get volunteer riders from the crowds to bring in the herds.—This was partly owing to the indolence of the young men, and partly a want of confidence in their equestrian skill. They looked upon a chase over the sand banks on horseback as more perilous than a voyage across the Sound in the stormiest weather. The best rider on the island is a thin, wiry, pleasant-faced colored boy, who breaks most of the horses. He gets many tumbles, but a fall on the soft sand is not likely to hurt anyone. They have no dog carts or other appliances for training the refractory ponies, and I do not think that they ever heard of the Rarey system.

A few of the old race of jockies, who were good horsemen before the Chincoteague oysters created a sensation in this epicurean world, still survive, and it is pleasant to see them on penning day.—They lasso a colt and brand it, as if they had a real relish for the business.

There are a few corn patches near the shore, but wheat and rye are never seen. Every kind of vegetables might be raised in the greatest abundance; but the islanders, as a general rule, have no taste for gardening or any other kind of labor. In the winter they endure all manner of hardships with the greatest cheerfulness, dredging for oysters and carrying them to market. In the summer they fish in the sound occasionally, but spend most of the time in idleness on the shore, relieving the monotony of the day by taking sundry drinks. Intemperance is the prevailing vice.

Crimes are exceedingly rare. Stealing is almost unknown, and there is very little fighting, considering the amount of whisky that is drank. The women are said to be rather more chaste than those of the same class who dwell upon the mainland. Early marriages are supposed to be conducive to domestic purity, and as a general rule these islanders marry in their youth. Sometimes an adventuresome islander brings a wife from the mainland, but this does not often occur. Usually the young people born on the island marry each other. The women scarcely ever leave the island, and many live a good old age, and die, without ever crossing the sound.

Even here there are upper and lower classes, and there being fewer artificial conditions, the dividing lines are less arbitrary and more consistent with reason than in more popular and polished communities. Wealth has but little influence in fixing the social status. The wife of the owner of a hundred ponies, if illiterate, has not so good a position in society as the wife of a poor boatman who can read and write. In a community in which there is so little education a small modicum of learning is highly prized. The most intelligent and influential person of the native born population is John A. M. Whealton, Esq., a gentleman to whom I am indebted for many of the facts mentioned in these letters. He is a Justice of the Peace, and his jurisdiction embraces nearly all the causes of action that arise on the island. He is also general conveyancer and scrivener, as well as legal adviser for his fellow-islanders.

There are four churches on the island, which would seem to be quite enough, considering that the population is less than two thousand. The Methodist Protestants have two churches; the Baptists one, and the Methodists one. I regret to learn that the membership of the churches is small in proportion to the population. There was a great camp meeting on the island in 1869, at which many was converted. The Methodist Episcopal Church grew out of this revival.

The chief object of interest on Assateague is the fine light house, known to all coastwise navigators. It stands on a sand bank twenty-nine feet above the level of the sea, and the shaft is 121 feet from the foundation to the lantern, which places the light 150 feet above the level of the sea. Through the courtesy of the keeper, we were permitted to ascend the iron stairway, and to seat ourself on the little iron gallery that surrounds the upper turret. Nothing could be finer than the view from the elevated look-out. To the east is the blue ocean that begins with a white surf line on the Assateague beach and melts into the horizon when the eye searches for some other boundary to its mighty expense. Chincoteague and Assateague lie at your feet, and you can look down upon the roof of every cottage on both islands. A sand ridge winds longitudinally through Chincoteague, which is for the most part covered with pine trees. Long, sharp points covered with grass, which look like the arms and legs of some marine monster, push themselves out from the shore of both islands, and if it were not for these the race of wild ponies would soon become extinct. The grass which grows upon the marshes furnishes them their food in winter.

On our way back as we crossed the ridge on Chincoteague, we passed the cemetery in which the first colonists were buried more than a century since by those who in their turn followed them to this quiet resting place. It occupies the highest ground on the island. From the earliest times the people seem to have dreaded the encroachments of the sea, and this spot was selected as the one that would longest resist the action of the waves and the tide. The subsequent history of the island has shown that these fears were not founded on mere suppositious fancies. In 1821 a tidal wave swept over the island, drowned many of the ponies, and changed the conformation of the shore. In 1866 another tidal wave covered a portion of the island and swept off some of the ponies, but it was not so destructive as its predecessor. The first settlers no doubt anticipated such visitations as these when they carried their dead to the summit of Rattlesnake ridge for burial. This is a most extraordinary cemetery, for the reason that it has no memorial stones. There is not a name, or a date, or any other inscription that I could see. "The silence of the grave," is no mere figure of speech when applied to those neglected mounds. Whatever of virtue, or genius, or piety, or heroism made these unconscious sleepers honored among men, is no more remembered on the face of the earth; if they were beloved in life, affection has forgotten to record even their names. Yet, after all, there is something sublime in this unbroken silence. Oblivion is better than falsehood. "The storied urn" too often tells of virtues which had no existence, and sends a name down through the ages as honorable, which was base enough until carved on marble.

I regret to leave these uncultured islanders so soon. There are some original characters among them with whom I should like to become better acquainted. No person ever complains of the heat; the sunshine blisters the skin, but it does not inflame the blood; the cool sea breezes are a perpetual joy, and the moonlight reflected from the water is almost enchanting. Both Chintoteague and Assateague sounds are filled with the finest fish that can be found on the Atlantic coast; the salt water trout, highly prized by Baltimore epicures, and served up in our best saloons at thirty cents each, are so abundant that they sell for ten cents a dozen. A corpulent "sheepshead," that weighs five or six pounds, brings twenty-five cts. Yesterday I saw a rather sleepy-looking young man fishing from a boat which he had tied to one of the piles of an abandoned pier. He used no rod, but merely dropped a baited hook, ataached to a short line, over the edge of his boat. Every five or six minutes the water would be violently stirred; the young man would slowly draw up his line, and the bright scales of a "sheepshead" would glitter in the sun for an instant, and then the struggling fish would drop to the bottom of his boat with a heavy thud. I saw five of these noble fish hauled from the water within an hour. When they were strung together a man of moderate muscular development did not care to carry them very far.

There is an excellent hotel here (the Atlantic) which is well patronized. Not many tourists come this way, but the large oyster trade brings dealers from Philadelphia and New York at all times in the year, and scarcely a week goes by that pony buyers do not cross the Sound.

If any amateur fisherman desires to throw a line in these prolific waters, he will be anxious to know something about the lines of travel that lead to the island. The quickest route is the longest. Leaving Baltimore by the 7:25 A. M. train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad you will reach Salisbury about 3 P. M. At this point you can take the Wicomico and Pocomoke Railroad and proceed to Snow Hill, where the train arrives about 7 P. M. The mail is carried from Snow Hill to Horntown, sixteen miles distant, in a light one-horse carriage, which will accommodate two or three passengers. The road is smooth and level, and the night ride is far from being unpleasant. The mail boy will tell you when you enter Virginia, and will point out a large oak tree that stands just across the dividing line, under which fugitive lovers are made happy (or miserable) for life. The intelligent youth carries a tin horn with him, and when he approaches a village he blows a mighty blast that brings all the men and boys trooping down to the postoffice to get their letters and to see if there are strangers in the wagon. You arrive at Horntown about 10 P. M., and can go no further that night. Next morning the hotel keeper will send you down to the shore, three miles distant. There are always sloops and other sailboats crossing the bay (which is six miles wide at this point,) and you will reach the Atlantic Hotel on Chincoteague Island, about 10 o'clock A. M.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

While we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, the Sixteenth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of them having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, asked a veteran, where he could get his washing done.

"Do you see those tents by the church? Well go there and ask for Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He is a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit did as directed, and found General Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed, as was his custom in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.

"My name is Morgan, what will you have?"

"I came to see if I could get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m! Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over there in the Sixteenth."

"Corporal of the guard?" (the corporal approached and saluted.) "Young man, go with the corporal and show him John, so that he can bring him over here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed, and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts, socks, &c.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them, fold them neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely!"

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully and the General resumed his walk.

SEALING THE VOW.

A correspondent writing from a Jersey camp meeting tells the following story:

"Many people sleep in the same tent here, being separated by partitions. As young Methodist fellows are thrown with pretty young ladies a good deal, it is nothing against them that they sometimes fall in love.

Last night, they say this happened: 'A young Methodist fellow from Camden had become quite interested in a pretty daughter of a religious farmer. Last night, while a dozen of cold hearted fellows were trying to sleep, they were continually disturbed by the lover's spoony talk, which they distinctly heard through the cotton cloth partition.

They heard him say in a sweet Clarendon voice.

"Now, Caroline, dear, let me seal the vow—do!"

"No, James, I cannot. What would my father and mother say?" replied a sweet girlish voice.

"But, Caroline, you have promised to be mine—now let us seal the vow—let us do let us—won't you? Do kiss me?"

"No, James; I cannot, oh! I cannot—"

In a moment the tent partition parted, and a big whiskered brother, who wanted sleep, shouted:

"For God's sake, Carrie, let Jim seal that vow. He'll keep us awake all night if you don't."

The vow was sealed.

☞ "Shine ye up?" said a little boot black to a stranger, whose boots showed great depth and richness of soil.

"No, clear out," was the surly reply.

"See here stranger," retorted the boy, "I'll shine you up for the dirt on your boots as a speculation!"

☞ "This company shall never get another cent of my money," said an angry lady on a railway train.

"How then will you travel?" asked the conductor.

"I'll pay my fare to you," was the answer.

☞ "I think that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband, the other day.

"How so?" he asked.

"Because," said she, "Abel was killed with a club, and your club will kill me if you persist in going to it every night."

☞ A high-flown journalist, speaking of an unusual clerical exodus this season says:

"The ocean is white with the neckties of outward bound clergymen."

☞ A clergyman lately said that the modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham; but of hem an sham.

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