

on the first favorable opportunity, we set out homeward.

"When we came in sight of the scene of the previous day's melancholy adventure, Harry Leslie suddenly galloped forward. We saw him pause, stretch out his hand, and gaze as if fascinated at some object before him. He reeled for a moment in the saddle, then spurred furiously on. As we rode up, several vultures rose heavily in the air. We were literally horrified at the sight that met our eyes. The rascals of natives had decamped, first completely stripping the body of the unfortunate Sarsfield. The wretches had dragged it from the thicket, and there it lay stark and stiff in the middle of the dusty ravine, the eyes literally torn from the sockets, and not a vestige of humanity recognizable. The right arm was still extended in the threatening attitude he had died in. The face, ribs, chest, indeed the whole colossal framework of the body, lay bare, picked clean of every particle of flesh, and the muscles and integuments of the neck and arms, bristled out stiff and bloody like bunches of plaited whipcord. A huge vulture, too gorged from its disgusting repast to follow its companion, was perched on the body; it gave a harsh, funeral croak at our approach, and flapping its leathern wings, made a feeble effort to rise. We knocked the rascal on the head.

"We made a report of the whole affair to the commanding officer, who saw the remains of the unfortunate officer decently interred. Harry Leslie was acquitted of all blame with a severe reprimand and strict orders to abstain from dueling in future; but he was poor and unfriended, and Sarsfield had powerful connections.

"There was little need to reprimand poor Leslie. He was of a sensitive and deeply religious temperament, and he took the affair so much to heart that at the end of the week he was ordered home on the sick list. But the shock he had received accelerated his disease, and the poor fellow sunk so rapidly that it was found impossible to remove him. He died in my arms a fortnight after the occurrence I have narrated.

"I sedulously fulfilled his last wishes. I visited Scotland the following year, and sought out the poor widow. She had already learnt her loss, and bore it with the meek submission of a Christian; religion had subdued every rebellious feeling in her heart. She told me many anecdotes of her beloved Harry and of the young lady he was attached to.

"My poor Alice and Harry," said she, "loved each other since their childhood; but we were all poor, and knowing the period to be a stirring one, and promotion rapid, for her sake he was tempted to try the sultry skies of India. 'But the dear girl is fast going to join him,' she continued. 'Young hearts are easily broken, and she has never raised her head since my Harry's death.'

"I mentioned that I had a small packet for her which I had promised, if possible, to deliver into her own hands. Mrs. Leslie said it would be a great consolation to her to see me, and pointed out the old manse where she lived.

"It was a lovely evening in May on which I approached the old Scottish manse where Alice Gordon and her father, the aged minister of the parish, resided. She was certainly one of the most beautiful beings I had ever beheld, but with something so spiritual and seraphic in her loveliness as warned the beholder she was not long for earth. It was evident the poor girl was fast hastening to rejoin her beloved. She received me as a brother, and hung eagerly on the minutest particular I gave of my lamented friend. Her love for him and sympathy for his trials seemed ever greater than his mother's. We parted as those who never expect to meet on this side of the grave again.

"On my arrival in England I read of her death."

JERRY SPENCER: AND HOW HE FOUND A HOME.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

At the tender age of five years Jerry Spencer was left an orphan to the tender mercies of relatives who had not overmuch loved his mother.

Sad was the heart of the poor little child when he lay down at night, when he rose up at morn, and all through the long, long days.

His dear mother used to go always with him to his little bed, and tuck him snugly in, when she had heard him say his simple prayer. She always kissed him, and whispered over him, "God bless my little son;" and the sleep of the child had been sweeter for these to him mystic though holy words. But now he was sent away to his rest alone and in the dark—for it was winter. He was told that he was too big a boy to be a babe any longer. His one only sister, who for a few weeks was with him in his uncle's house, was not permitted to go and sit beside her beloved brother, which she very joyfully would have done. She did, however, often creep to the outside of his chamber door, and whisper to him through the keyhole that she was there, and would sit close by the door until he was asleep. This was a great comfort to Jerry, who was a very nervous and timid child, always seeing things moving, and hearing steps, and rattling of chains, when he was alone in the dark.

But by-and-by his dear sister was taken by other relations, and Jerry had no comforter left. When his mother was alive her face was always the one he saw bending over him when he came back from the beautiful land of dreams; but now no one came to kiss him awake, or to help him dress.

His aunt thought it all nonsense to be indulgent or attentive to children. She used to talk a great deal about the bad manner in which children were brought up, petted and humored until they were good for nothing. Her children, she said, should be taught different fashions. She had two children, and no one could discover that they were much less indulged than children usually are; but she thought they were, and Jerry—she certainly was being trained in the new method.

Mrs. Masters was a sister of Jerry's father. She was a hard, unsympathetic being, and had despised her brother's gentle, loving wife because she was gentle and loving, and because her husband had loved her so devoutly.

As she was to be plagued with the boy, she at once determined that she would chase all the mother out of him. But it was what she had not power to do. She rendered the poor child miserable, but did not change his nature.

He was but a babe; yet so well had he understood the teachings of his mother that he knew where to find a friend that could avail him in all trouble and fear. It did not need the reminders of his sister, when, at long intervals, she was brought to see him, to cause him to remember his evening and his morning prayer; and to "Our Father," etc., he often added simple petitions in his own words.

As he grew older he became an object of jealousy to his aunt, whose own boys grew rough and coarse with each passing year, while Jerry was so good and gentle that her husband became more fond of him than he was of his own children.

But Jerry feared his uncle, for he was a very violent tempered man, and if things went wrong he would curse and swear frightfully. The little boy, therefore, was always very shy of the petting and favors of Mr. Masters, and kept as much as possible out of his way.

When Mrs. Masters found how much her husband thought of the orphan boy, she grew very angry, and taunted him with want of natural affection. She told him that Jerry was artful, and only seemed good. "He is the deepest young one that ever I saw yet," she said, "and he knows very well on which side his bread is buttered. Just think of the evil in a child of his age in trying to step between a father and his sons."

"But he don't try—he always makes off when he sees me about. When I would like to have him with me, and should very likely buy him things, he won't go if he can help it, but always says—'Please, sir, I think Herman and William would rather go.'"

"The little hypocrite," said Mrs. Masters, angrily.

"Why do you call him so?" inquired her husband.

"Because I cannot help it. To see such duplicity in such a child makes me fairly sick. He is afraid of you, mortally afraid, for he is a sheer coward; and while your own brave, honest-hearted boys act out their worst side before you, he sneaks away to cut up his mean capers out of your sight."

"Why—what does the boy do, Marcia?"

"Do? Why, he does enough—yes, quite enough. He's always doing something."

"But what?"

Mrs. Masters was in a dilemma. She didn't like to tell a deliberate lie; and for her life she couldn't think of a single naughty thing that the child had done. But keep a woman in a corner if you can!

"Oh! I'm not going to try to set you against my own brother's child. You needn't ask me what he does, for if you knew half you'd be so mad you'd nearly kill him; and I can manage him very well myself, only you just mind you don't go to setting him up before your own children, or you may find that I've a word to say. I've no desire to see you go at the child to punish him. He would be frightened to death."

"I shan't touch him. I'd no more hit that child a blow than I'd strike my grandmother," said the great giant of a man; and he turned over and was soon enjoying a tremendous snore.

Jerry was ten years old. He had run up tall, slender, delicate—"More like a girl," said his aunt, contemptuously, "than like a healthy boy." His eyes were full, large, and darkly blue; they were almond-shaped, and their edges deeply tinged with black—such beautiful eyes! and when he lifted them to your face, you could often see in their depths a merry sparkle, which told what a glad-hearted and rollosome creature their owner ought to be, though he was not. His cousin Herman frequently provoked his mother exceedingly by declaring that Jerry's eyes were a thousand times prettier than anybody's else in the whole town. Herman was a good-hearted boy, and a friend to Jerry, though he considered him rather a bad boy, because his mother said he was such.

As Mrs. Masters knew Jerry's infirmity—fear of the dark—she took particular pains to be always sending him of errands about the house in the evening. She wished, she said, to cure him of his folly. She would never let him take a light, lest he should set the house on fire; and if any others went up stairs with a lamp, she was sure, after he had come down, to make Jerry go up to see that no stray spark was kindling anywhere. The timid child sometimes ventured to beg that one of his cousins might go with him, but his request was never regarded.

Probably every one knows what it is to go up stairs in the dark, having a sense of something being close behind, and ready to make a grab at one's heels. Under such circumstances, how expeditiously a person, in one mood, takes heel after heel out of harm's way; and in another mood, with what dogged moderation he moves, just to show the thing that he isn't in the least afraid—no, indeed! and he himself considers that he is proof against silly fears, though he does enter the door into the light with surpassing quickness, and though there are drops, not occasioned by heat, upon his brow, while his eyes are unusually enlarged.

Jerry would go trembling along—his hands outstretched, his eyes fearfully distended—and when he returned to the family keeping-room, he generally was in such a tremor, that his aunt would ridicule him without mercy.

About this time—his tenth year—his heart began to trouble him so much that he would frequently be obliged to sit down wherever he might be, and whatever he might be doing. It would flutter and beat so that it seemed to be some winged and terrified creature trying to escape from his breast, or it would rise up and swell till he was almost suffocated. Jerry was often very much frightened at these strange feelings, but when he tried to tell his aunt about them, she told him he was full of what the apostle Paul called "vain imaginations," but that study and work would cure him. His cousins, sturdy fellows, could not understand any such feelings, and they only laughed at him, and told him to come along and play.

One night, as Jerry was coming down stairs in the dark, he felt something cold touch his neck—my! how it frightened him. Giving a wild scream, he sprang recklessly down the remaining stairs, hitting, as he did so, a beautiful alabaster figure, that had ornamented a niche in the wall. It fell with him to the floor, and was dashed to fragments.

His aunt came running into the hall, and on seeing what was done, she caught Jerry by the arm, and shook him roughly, then dragged him into the dining hall and whipped him with a cane. The poor, half-dead child begged for mercy. "Oh! aunt, do have pity. I did not mean to do any mischief. I was so scared. Oh! I don't kill me, aunt—don't! don't!"

"What do you mean by screaming in such a manner?" she said. "Do you want to make out that I'm murdering you, when I am only punishing you as you deserve for your abominable carelessness? I'll give you some more of the cane if you don't shut up."

"Oh! aunt, what does make you treat me so?" said the child. "Don't I always try to please you?"

"You play the hypocrite pretty successfully before me, I will allow; but your conduct is not from the heart. I do not think you any the better for it. I have heard all the wicked lies which you have told about me. You need not think that people who are mean enough to listen to your falsehoods about the friends who keep you, and do for you as if you were their own child, will keep your secret for you. They repeat all the lies that you tell them."

"I never told anybody any lies, aunt," cried Jerry, his face reddening with indignant feeling; "who says I ever did?"

"Oh, there are plenty who know what you are. It's useless for you to deny it."

"I never told lies. I have tried never to complain; but perhaps I may have said things that I ought not. I never in my life said one half the truth about how unhappy I am, but I am sorry that I ever spoke at all. Oh! how I wish that I could go to my mother."

"Humph!" said his aunt, and walked off. Jerry sat a long time crying on the floor. Herman came to him and tried to console him. "But you ought not to lie about mother," he said, earnestly.

Poor Herman! Jerry did not tell his cousin that he never had done so. He looked at him with infinite pity, and his sobs were all stilled.

"How much happier am I," he thought, "to have the memory of such a mother as was mine, dead though she has been so long, than is my cousin, with his costly home, with all his presents, and his petting, and a mother such as his. I would not change places with Herman for the whole world!"

"Herman," said Jerry, "do you love me?"

"Yes, I do, Jerry; but I wish you was a better boy."

"Well, Herman, never mind that now. You will understand me better sometime; and you will find that your mother is very strange about some things. But, Herman, will you promise me something?"

"Yes, that I will, if you won't cry any more."

"Then don't you tell one word of what I am going to say until to-morrow. It is not much to say, either. But, my dear Herman, if you never see me any more, you will not forget me, nor the good times we have had together, nor the prayer and hymn my mother taught to me, and I to you; nor how I loved you, Herman—; and the speaker fell on Herman's neck, and sobbed a few short, heavy sobs, and then kissed him and said—"Good night. I do not want any supper. I am going to my room."

Herman was crying in the dining-room when his mother found him; but he would not tell her what had befallen him. He told her all at another time.

When Jerry went to his room, he groped about in the dark until he had collected a small bundle of his most precious things—his Bible, his mother's picture, and the locket with her hair, a little hymn-book his sister had given him, and a few clothes.

With these in his hand, and his cap, coat, and mittens on, he started out in search of a home.

The evening was cold and still. There was a young moon, and many stars, by whose friendly light our young wanderer made his way through the town and out in the open country. On and on he went, until his strength began rapidly to fail. He grew faint from hunger, and numb from cold, and found that he must stop and find shelter, or sink by the way and perish.

He wanted to see his dear sister, but did not dare to go near her, lest he might be caught and sent back to his cruel aunt. He comforted himself, however, by thinking how glad his sister would be to get the letter he would write, and manage to have conveyed privately to her, just as soon as he should be snugly settled as farmer boy in some nice farm-house, far away from the scene of his trials.

The clock was on the stroke of ten in the happy and hospitable home of Farmer Hopegood. His two blooming daughters had just folded away their work, and risen to retire for the night—their mother had just looked at them, and smiled, as she said, winking sleepily, "I didn't know as you meant to go to bed to-night, my dears," when there came a knock at the outside door.

"What on earth can any one want here this time of night?" said the farmer. "Some one must be sick." He went to the door.

In a moment he returned, leading by the hand a half-frozen child, bearing a bundle.

The women regarded the boy in blank amazement.

"Out at ten o'clock at night, wandering in the cold! Who was the boy? Whence came he?"

These and many other questions they asked, but Jerry—for it was poor little Jerry—gave no distinct answer. He stood trembling, and hardly sensible, before the fire.

"He must not stand there," said the farmer's wife; "he will be in great pain if he does. Girls, hurry, get him something warm to eat and drink, while I bathe his poor little face and hands and feet in cold water."

The kind-hearted woman then drew the little stranger back to the further end of the room, and took off his cap and gloves. He allowed her to handle him just as she chose, but she observed the anxious glance he cast after his bundle, as she took it from him.

"I'll put it on the shelf, dear. It will be perfectly safe. Don't trouble about the bundle."

She washed his face, hands, and feet, and when she had rubbed some warmth into them she allowed the child to go back to the fire. The supper, now ready for him, was inviting; but the little fellow could not eat much. They tucked him up into a great, old-fashioned arm chair, in a warm corner, and in two minutes he was fast asleep.

"We will make him tell who he is, and where he is going in the morning," said the girls. "Dear little fellow! Was ever such a pretty boy! But how stupid he is with sleep!"

When they had prepared him a bed they came to waken him; but they found that he was already wide awake.

"Mother, come here," said the eldest girl, in a quick, frightened tone.

All ran towards Jerry. A great change had come over his young face. It was gray with the shadows of death. He had one little hand pressed against his heart, with the other he held fast to the arm of the chair.

"I started to hunt for a home, and I am to find one sooner than I thought I should. My mother came and called me as I slept. She said Our Father sent her for me to come home. You are very kind. I thank you. My sister lives in S. Her name is Annie Spencer. Tell her I could not write—I had not time; but tell her I love her, and that mother and I will wait and watch for her. She must not be sorry that I have gone home."

The farmer thought it best to move the boy to a bed. As he laid him down upon the pillow, Jerry's head rolled back.

"Dead!" said the wife, solemnly; and she closed the beautiful blue eyes.

Jerry would never be frightened nor hurt—he would never be sorry nor lonely—he would never wander through the darkness—he would never sigh nor weep any more.

A mother's love on earth is heavenly sweet;—ah, Jerry, can you tell us, child, how sweet it is in Heaven?

THE POETRY OF HEAVEN.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, ancient volume, gloriously bright  
With legends of the angels and their God  
I've read thee over by this splendid light,  
And knelt in voiceless worship on the sod.

Thy verse is set to music strange and deep,  
And hymned around the Eternal Throne of Heaven  
By all the radiant lyres that seraphs sweep,  
And by the spheres in thunderous marches driven.

Oh, when the solemn, dreamy Night flings wide  
The star-clasped splendor of thy mystic page,  
She reads me tales unheard by all beside,  
Secrets of many a past and future age.

She tells me how the Undying Poet wrote  
Upon His boundless blue in words of fire,  
While through the ecstatic air was heard to float  
The burning praise of every angel's lyre.

You have I read far brighter things than this  
Upon the radiant page He spread on high—  
It is a promise of eternal bliss,  
Of light and life and love beyond the sky.

TWO BEAR-TRAPS: AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT IN THEM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

As I sat in the office of the Conway House one evening, where quite a party were assembled, Ethan Knox came limping in, and pulled a chair up near the stove by his side. I had heard that he got his leg injured during some sort of a bear-hunt, but I had never learned the particulars; so I ventured to ask him how the thing happened.

"Didn't you never hear about that?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"No—I never did, and I wish you would tell me all about it."

"I s'pose you've heard 'at 'twas in a 'tarnal bear scrape, haint ye?" he said, gathering his legs up for an easy position.

"I've heard just that much, and no more."

"Wal—now you shall hear the whole on't, an' then you'll know what a cussed scrape I had. When I first settled up under old Mote the bears was awful thick, 'specially in the fall, and I began to have trouble with 'em the very first season I was there. I caught a good many of 'em, and by 'nby I began to think 'at I was drivin' a pooty fair bargain with the critters. Their hides, an' taller, an' meat amounted to a fair sum—more, I reckon, than what they destroyed would 'ave come to. But finally I come across an old feller that puzzled me.

"One season, just as my corn was in the milk, I found that a bear had got a taste of it. The tracks was the biggest I had ever seed, and I knowed 'twas a lunker. I sot my trap by the fence where he come in, but he wouldn't get into it. It was an old rick fence, and he could tear over it anywhere, and just as sure as I'd set my trap in one place he'd come over another. When I'd tried this game four nights I made up my mind 'at I would lay in wait and shoot him. So I loaded up my old Queen's-Arm with about three fingers of powder, two balls, and a slug; and the next night I took my station pooty nigh to where the bear come in the night afore. About midnight I heard a crashin' among the bushes, an' afore long Mister Bear come over the old rick not more'n three rods from where I was a squatin' down. I took aim, an' let him have a squatin' down. He gin a righteous grunt and growl, an' went back over that ere old rick a leetle mite quicker'n he come in. I follered him till I lost his track, an' then I went home with a lame shoulder, for the old gun kicked me plaguey nigh over.

"'Twasn't but a little while afore that same bear come into my corn-patch agin, and I determined to have him this time anyway. I follered his track out into the woods, and finally I come to a clump of young maples where he had two paths. I could tell that he had to take one of the two, for the saplin's grow'd so nigh together that he couldn't get between 'em only in these two places. I seed at onet 'at I must have two traps if I'd make a cure thing of it, for if I sot my trap in one path the bear 'd be sure to take 'tother; an' this was the only place where there seemed to be any path at all. So I went over the river and berrer'd another trap. 'Twasn't quite so smart as mine, but 'twas a good one. They was both steel traps, with long, sharp teeth riveted onto the under side of the jaws, an' I tell ye they shut up kind o' savage like, now you'd better believe.

"Well—I took these traps and went out, an' set 'em where I thought they'd be most likely to nab. They wa'n't more'n eight foot apart, for the paths run pooty close't together. The drag-chains were about six foot long, and into the end of each on 'em was a red-ock toggle three foot long an' four inches through; so I knowed the old feller couldn't drag his trap a great ways. I covered the things all up as nice as I could, and then went home.

"The next mornin', afore the sun was fairly up, I took my gun and went out; an' I hadn't much more'n got over the old rick afore I heered a terrible smashin' amongst the maples. I hurried up, and there was old Mister Bear hard an' fast in the trap I'd berrer'd. He'd got caught by the right hind leg, and was in the path tryin' to pull the trap along; but the toggle was set agin two trees, an' he couldn't budge it. I jest slipped up by the other path, bein' careful to step over my trap, an' poked my gun to within four foot of the bear's forehead. He was a whoppin' feller—the biggest I'd ever seed—an' I was kind o' keeful how I aimed; but the mischief was in the old cuss, for jest as I got my finger on the trigger, and had pulled enough so't I couldn't hold fire, he made a wheel. The old gun went off, and the ball went through the fleshy part of his haunch, jest doin' him hurt enough to make him mad'n over. And wasn't I a fool! By thunder, I ought to 'ave been hurt—that's a fact. As the bear jumped at me I eaped back—right slap into my own trap!

"Jerusalem and tribberlation! Didn't I yell! The jaws had closed jest in the middle of the calf of my leg, cuttin' clean into the bone, and two of the teeth was drove clean through the meat and muscle! I settled down as though I'd been shot, an' for some little time I swore I didn't know where I was. Howsomer, I finally come to a bit, an' tried to open the jaws of the trap. But I might as well 'ave tried to pull up an old oak by the roots! I couldn't set that ere trap only with a powerful lever, and to move a spring now was impossible. I might have loaded and fired agin, but in my thunderin' hurry I'd fetched my powder-horn, and left my bullets all to home! Wa'n't 'a fool!

"But I found another trouble, an' a pooty considerable one it was, too. The bear had slipped his toggle when he turned to jump at me, an' though it caught agin, yet he wasn't more'n three foot from me, and jumpin' like mad! I was almost crazy with pain; but I had sense enough to see how the bear was held, an' I tell ye, when I found it out it wasn't very consolin'.

His toggle was caught between two saplin's, an' one on 'em wasn't bigger'n a sled-stake. It bent like a whip-

stock every time he leaped at me, and I expected every second to see it slip. If it did slip, I knew I was a goner, for it wouldn't fetch up agin short of four foot, sartin, an' the bear could reach me at that.

"Pooty soon I seed that the little saplin' must give way, an' I must either move or die. I managed to stand up, and by sufferin' a pain that would 'ave killed me at any other time, I managed to move the trap about three foot, an' there I come to a dead set. My toggle was fast! Wasn't that a go? But 'twas worse'n that. I couldn't move towards it without movin' towards the bear, for he was right between the toggle an' me! But 'twas the savin' of my life that I moved as I did, for no sooner had I started my trap, than the critter give a tremenjus spring, an' the little saplin' bent till the toggle slipped by, an' he come rushin' on towards me. For a few seconds I thought 'twas all day with me; but, as luck would have it, the toggle fetched up agin, though it let him come a leetle too nigh for my likin'.

"If I was in a muss afore, I was sartilly in one now, for the bear wasn't a bit more'n eighteen inches from me. I mean, he could come within that of touchin' me. To move another peg I couldn't to save my soul. My leg was broken—my flesh cut up—and the blood runnin' a stream. My soul! I'd got to die at any rate, I thought, for I felt the faintness comin' over me. I began to grow sick and dizzy, and I believe I should have fainted away then, if I hadn't 'ave seen that the bear was tearin' his leg off in the trap. He was so mad that he didn't seem to notice his pain, only he wanted to get at me. I could see that his leg had got twisted around, and that the skin was all off, an' that the great foot hung limpy under the jaws of the trap. I knew that bears had torn their feet off in traps to get away, and why shouldn't this one do it?"

"I began to think with all the sense I had. I confess I never was very bright, but I want you to understand 'at my ideas was a little sharpened about that time. All at once a thought struck me, and as I rolled it over in my mind, the faintness left me for a little while. I had thought of smashin' the critter on the head with the butt of my gun, but I knowed 'at I couldn't hurt him so. Then I thought of my great butcher knife I'd brought me to bleed the feller with in case I should shoot him, but I couldn't reach him with that. But couldn't I put the two together?"

"No sooner did the idee strike me than I went at work. I let the bear leap and minded my own business. I took the knife, which was one I had had made to stick hogs with, and put the handle onto the muzzle of my gun, then I took off the string of my powder-horn—it was a strong leather string, long enough to go around my neck, and hang down under my arm—I took this and bound the knife on as tight as I could. I happened to have some old whip-lashin's in my pocket, and with these I bound the knife on stronger. When this was done I tried the thing, and found it pooty firm.

"'Now,' says I, 'old bear, you've got to take it, if I live.' His foot was almost off now, and his breath came slap and hot into my face. I watched my chance, and made a jab at his breast; but I hit the bone, and didn't do him much damage. But my knife held. I struck three times; but the fourth time told. The knife went in between his four shoulders, right slap to his heart. I knowed I'd done it by the way the blood spouted. Pooty soon the bear settled back onto his trap, and I settled back onto mine; and that was about the last I could recollect till I found myself on my own bed with my wife and two darters, and the doctors, and two of my neighbors, standin' around me.

"Ye see the man I'd borrow'd the trap of had come over that mornin', with one of his big boys, to see if I'd caught the bear. They got to my house about nine o'clock, and as I hadn't come home they thought they'd go out and find me, as I told 'em where I was a goin' to set the traps. And they did find me—and it's lucky they did, too—for I'd been there all of four hours, and was bleedin' then. I couldn't 'a' stood it much longer. They got me out of the trap and backed me home, my wife washed and straightened out my legs the best she could. She never dreamed I was in danger afore I was fetched in, for I was often gone half the day on a bear track.

"Howsomer I got the old bear, though I didn't get any more that season, for I didn't get out of the house till after the snow fell. My leg grew together agin, and got to be as strong as ever; but it's plaguey homely, and don't swing so pooty on a walk as it used to. Ye may think I look upon that old game leg with feelin's of regret; but I don't do no such thing. I ever think of it without bein' rite up an' down grateful that it wasn't no worse."

A PITY.

It is a pity that man has so much of the horse and so little of the ox in him. At the bottom of the hill the horse will pull bravely once; twice, thrice; then, if the load start not, he will pull no more. He is discouraged and broken. For the rest of his days he will never pull well. But the ox will start at the bottom of the hill, and pull through the whole morning. If the load start not, he will pull all the more; and patiently will add hour after hour to his endeavor, till the afternoon is gone; and when the sun goes down he will pull yet as willingly and steadily as he pulled in the morning.

That is the sort of stuff that should be found in men. There is truth and wisdom in the German lines below:

"Money gone? Something gone;  
Bend to the car and get thee some more.  
Friends gone? Much gone—  
Go and get glory—'twill alter the story  
Courage gone? All gone!  
Feller never hadst been born."

DECISION.

With regard to decision in conduct, the first great point is to know what to decide upon, and the second to know if the plan adopted should be unflinchingly carried out. Many men are remarkably decisive without being wise, or finding their choice a fortunate one. Many hold firmly enough to their plan, when wisdom would rather recommend its being abandoned. Decisiveness of conduct is, in such cases, manifestly no advantage. But when a quick and far-seeing sagacity has once chosen a right course, it is well to adopt it unhesitatingly, cordially, fully, and to go through with it with boldness and energy. Then is decision in conduct found to be a valuable quality—but then only. There is no point in which more mistakes are made. A vast number of men think they are acting with decision, when they are simply rash and headstrong. Many believe they are thinking with decision when they are merely uncautious towards all opposing considerations, wise in their own conceit, and perilously obstinate.

A CITIZEN of Smithfield, Virginia, has a pig which has four fore-legs and five eyes.