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
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for a light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem,
And thus I know that I am growing old.

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 thrice 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.
Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
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 Athenæum.*

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. Far away from the din, out in the open fields west of the Pine Street Presbyterian church, was a settlement in which but little heed was being paid to the uproar. The colony existing in the tiny cabins huddled together had nothing in common with the Continental armies except a deep, unrelenting hatred of the English.

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. After all the years which had elapsed since their coming to the City of Penn, the Acadians were simply sojourners, not citizens. Few of them had any acquaintance with the inhabitants of the city, and but a small number could speak the English language. The industrious Quakers did not take kindly to the indolent habits of the refugees, hence it is not to be wondered at that the Acadians had not intercourse with their neighbors, and strenuously sought to deter their children from making connections outside of their own people.

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 a close busied 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 cornered hat, had driven all other subjects from her mind. Little her parents guessed of her secret, and, although they noticed her preoccupied manner, they did not attribute it to the proper cause.

Now that dusk had come she impatiently awaited the time when they should take their usual stroll to neighbor Minot'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. In Third street she reduced her pace, and slowly walking under the trees she finally reached St. Joseph's church, looming up in the fast gathering darkness beside the humble dwellings of the Quaker poor. She knew she had started too early to meet her lover, so she entered the sacred edifice, and after spending a few minutes in prayer, or rather in silence, for her feelings were too tumultuous to be calmed, again sought the open air.

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. One or two persons hurried past, too eager to hear the latest tidings to notice her. A soldier released from his duties came down the street anxious to get home again. She drew back in the shadow. Soon she heard the step of a vigorous man, and peering through the twilight saw the glitter of another uniform. The man came closer, and she perceived he was young and stalwart, with a bold, masculine face, which, through in a measure attractive, had stamped upon it traces of sensualism and rough living, such as is noticeable in the countenances of soldiers who have been on a long campaign.

All this the girl noticed by the dim light of the lamp fixed on the watchbox near by. The stranger was evidently in search of some one, as he constantly peered around him as he moved forward, but as he saw Louise all doubt vanished. Walking directly up to the maiden, he bade her good evening, calling her by her first name. The girl's countenance expressed at once annoyance and surprise. The cause of the first is easily imagined, but the manifestation of surprise was only explained when she ejaculated in French: "You here, Jacques? We thought you had decided to stay in Opelousas. And why in this uniform?"

The soldier replied with a light laugh: "It is hard to get rid of a bad penny, you know. I found the surroundings of our friends in the south not suited to my taste, and, having a chance to enter the army, 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 out 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 word. 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. She took a seat, and Jacques, loosening the painter, sprang into the stern. The rowers bent to their task with a will, and the craft shot out into the bright moonlight.

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, bid 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 uninjured arm, and at the first glance ejeculated: "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 Acadian 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 Minots', 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.*

When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.—*Advt.*

"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice that applies to all, both young and old. Don't wait until disease fastens on you; begi at once.—*Advt.*

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Our assortment of Cloths is **EVEN MORE VARIED** than that of last season, which is saying much. We have all leading colors and designs, and the pieces cover a range wide enough to suit all purchasers.

We cannot here particularize but will instead ask those in need of cloaks, jackets, cloths, etc., to visit our mantle room and inspect the new goods there displayed.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

"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 same, which 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, so the advice given in these words is of vital consequence to the ambitious farmer. "The advertisement referred to recommends Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay, and so do we," says Mr. Hunter, poultry editor of the N. E. *Farmer*. "A hen to lay prolifically must be in perfect health, must be *in condition*, and here is based the true theory of the value of Sheridan's Condition Powder—it promotes the general good health of the fowl, gently quickening digestion, and stimulating all the various organs of the body, as well as the ovaries, to perform their functions." At this season of the year the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder is very valuable for moulting hens and young pullets. By its use now they will get to laying earlier when the price for eggs is very high. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition before cold weather, and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), who will send, for 50 cents, two packs of Powder; for $1.00 five packs; for $1.20 a large 2½ lb. can, postpaid; six cans for $5, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co. will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published, free; the paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50. —*Advt.*

On the Shelf?

Miss de Muir—Papa always gives me a book as a birthday gift.

Miss de Meanor—What a fine library you must have!—*Puck.*

They Have Gone Further.

A man or woman who makes a study of, say, for example, what are the best things to eat and drink, can generally order a better dinner from a bill of fare than those who do not pay much attention to the subject. Over a hundred of our best physicians in Canada have stated their positive opinion that the ladies' undervests, just introduced as the "Health Brand" (each one being stamped with the word "Health," or else not genuine), are the best things they have ever seen of the kind; they have gone further, and in most in most instances adopted their use into their own families. These are for sale by every first-class dry goods house, and the first time you are out, even if you do not want to buy, go in and see them. You will at once see that these medical men know what they are about.

To Correspondents.

UNKNOWN POET—Your lines, "New Brunswick," must have been overlooked.

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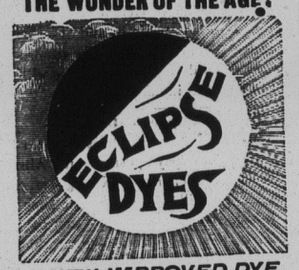

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