

thigh. 'T were calc'lated ter hit Marse Gawge 'n de hairt, but w'en dey see me run 'foah 'm dey pause an' de ball wh' hit me were de wuk uv er sojah's nuvusness, sar. Mighty good luck 't didn't go cle'r through ole Toby's gizzard, sar.

So.

Course 't mought er been fix up only I sot plum off'n ter Kunnel Robingson ter twel 'm 'bout 'Marse Gawge. Dey calc'late ter spare de young man twel he nig-gah got back an' give me twainty hours ter do 't. W'en I come back, sar de lef' laig hed ter come off'n quick 's grease light'in'.

But Marse Gawge he were sated, sar, an' w'n de wood-haid gen'al were sat'sfied dat de coat Marse Gawge hed. W'n't his'n, an' de 'crimination papahs 'n de

pockets w'n't his'n, he were flabgast sorry fur he conduct', sar, he were.

Yo' see de sojahs 'n de ole cabin hed done gone skip out'n de gen'al's camp, sar, an' somehow de ole fellah foun' dey were spies, an' w'en Marse Gawge p'esent himse'f afoah de gen'al 'ith de ver' coat ith er cross wuk 'n de bussom 's ef er sweet-hairt hed put 't dar he gen'al jumper de 'clusion dat Marse Gawge were wain uv de run'way spies, sar. An' w'en dey fin' 'crimination' papahs 'n de pockets 's de sojah had lef' dat de gen'al doom po' Marse Gawge ter be shot, sar. Dat ill'strates de fac', chile, dat yo' 'orten ter jump 't er 'clusion case yo' butt yo' haid 'g'in er brick wall.

G'long Blin'y ! De ole woman hes er cat fit 'foah dis, 'ca'se 't are 'way pas' ole Toby's suppah time. G'long now !

THE MISTS OF MINAS.

BY W. G. MACFARLANE.

Northward the ramparts blue of Minas vale,
 Extend dim-outlined in a sea of haze ;
 That folds the fix-tipped hill-tops in a daze,
 Of fleecy grey massed high above the dale.
 The curling rolling wreaths of sea-fogs pale,
 Winding in wild confusion charm the gaze ;
 And bathed in sunset glory's golden blaze,
 Cast o'er the meads their ruddy radiant trail.

'Tis twilight hour, the sun is sinking low,
 The long bright shafts in myriad colors cast,
 The soft mists paint in fancies strange and apt.
 Earth tired, rests bathed in the heaven's glow,
 In weird bewilderment the mount looms vast ;
 Asleep in warm white arms the hills are wrapt.