

THE BELLS OF ATLANTA.

An Incident of the Civil War.

Autumn sunset on Atlanta painting banners red of Mars— Twinkling candles in the distance like ten thousand evening stars. For the foe had come upon her in the glory of his might. And his siege guns, like grim war dogs, waited for the morrow's fight. Down the valley in the moonlight lay the gateway of the South. Proud as the summer grain field when the east wind breaks the drought— Proud as harvest queen and heedless—sleeping 'neath the cannon's mouth.

Sabbath sunrise on Atlanta, issuing in the steel-gray morn. Turning dark hills into silver as the crystal light is born. Wakes the booming sky in beauty, spreads the summer ether in shade— Only reveille and roll-call mock the peace that God had made. And he siege guns ceased their dreaming— ceased their dreaming of the fray. Turned their horrid frowns eastward, where the quiet city lay. For the war had come from masters, they must open up their prey!

Far away through blue-dusted morning rose the city's thread-like spires— the banner to her heaven-kindling fires; A— the fount— wondered, knew they fought no timid wraith— For the finger of her worship was the flag-staff of her faith. Ay, they knew that in that banner, fluttering there without a law, Slept the chivalry of Dalton and the nerve of Kennebec—

Shambled southern hope and glory, her religion and her law. "Alm, for yonder cursed banner flouting from that tallest spire; Open with the hundred—spinders—let the batteries follow fire." Thus spake Sherman, and his army, marshalled in the hill-top sun. Waited there in painful silence for the music of that gun. And those siege guns, huge, black-muzzled, show their demon, ghastly lips. As they raise their necks to measure where the blue horizon dips— Where to spring across the valley when their leash the keeper slips.

In a moment on the city there would rain a fire of bell; A solid shot would mingle thunder with the shriek of shrapnel shell! Like an eagle from his eyrie falling on the rock below. Death would scream across the valley lighted by the fuse's glow. Then the sergeant grasps the lanyard, while erect the gunners stand. As they wait in dumb obedience the colonel's stern command— For the word unspoken thunder on this heaven-basking land.

Suddenly, far down the valley, came a faint yet fearful sound. Floating from the distant steeple, spreading like God's halo 'round. And the sergeant dropped the lanyard as that sweet and noise-annal fell. And the bristling ranks saluted—for they heard their own church bell: Softly, sweetly, rising, falling, rang: 'Tis thus the psalm rang calling, with "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Heralding to pale blue morning till the echoing hills stand still and crimson scorning: "Love thy God with all thy heart!" It pours, full and heart-throated, caring naught for glory's pain. Chiming, as it upward thence: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." God's own skylark of His spirit!—sweeter than the songs of war. Greater than the boss of battle when the cannon boom afar— Greater than the rattle-organ on the decks of Trafalgar!

And the soldier as he listened saw New England's hilltops rise— Saw the plains of Indiana stretch beneath his misty eyes. Vanished now the flags of battle, gone were sword and gun. And his own sweet native valley lay before him in the sun. It is Sabbath, and the church bells call him now to worship God with the chastening ryl. Till a brother's blood shall mingle with his own, his southern sod.

"Tea-though—the sags are lowered and the blue-steel guns they stack— God has broken that dire cannon never yet hath turned them back. All day long the rebel banner, flirring while the winds cease to move—

Mocked the guns that, perked to westward, crowned the hilltop's bristling crest. All day long the Sabbath sunlight o'er the peaceful city spread. Bleeding blue and gray battalions in the soft clouds overhead— And the siege guns watched and wondered why their keepers all had fled!

Ring, ye church bells of Atlanta! Ring till sin and hate shall cease. Ring till nations hear thy psalms, and the founts of love reverse. And the notes of drums are drowned out in thy melodies of peace. —The Horse Review.

LOTS OF SPORT.

Popper gets the sleigh out—the low one like a sled. Not the cutter in the barn, the one that's painted red; Gets his big red mittens out, the butter roll, and all. Mommer comes to the kitchen door in her old green santonj show. My! she's got a list of things that Popper's got to get. War down at the Junction store, where things are good, you bet! Every kind of spiced suster's chewing gum, Hairpins and a bag of salt and a jug of rum. Popper for the sausages, rilment and shoes. And that curious smelling stuff for the tea that Gramma brews.

A kinder-round-the-corner-like, a holdin' sister's hand! She throws her apron over her head as soon as she hears the squeals. But what did she come out for, say, if that's her own feet? I won't be squealing hands with girls when I get good and big— I'd rather help with the other men when we see he knows Jim best.

KILL THE FIG.

Then Popper knocks the side out of the great big hemlock sty. Mr. Wilkins takes his coat off and rolls his sleeves up high. And Popper and me and Nigger George and Mr. Wilkins' man. We get out of the sty—oh, any way we can. Then Jim he holds him by the ears—you see he knows Jim best. And Mr. Wilkins jabs him with his sticker in the chest. Oh, Mr. Wilkins knows the place! he don't never jab him twice; I say, don't you think that butchering pork is something awful nice? It's a butcher, sure's you live, as soon as I am big. And I'll help with Mr. Wilkins when we see he knows Jim best.

KILL THE FIG.

Oh, you ought to hear the way that pig goes goo! never! quee! Though he don't never squeal enough for satisfying me.

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And the steam makes little peck-marks in the snow upon the ground. And he scrapes the britches off him and he splits him just as straight! And he puts the sausage castings in warm water for to wait. And there he is a haunch! there, all white and clean and dry. And Mr. Wilkins's dog goes away, and there it's cold, and he's a-stuffing fast, and sooty ain't he big? Oh, it's a lot of fun at Christmas when we see he knows Jim best.



Jimmy Tries to Get Comferble with the Big Book.

Popper screws his mouth up and says the list is big; But they must have things at Christmas when we KILL THE FIG.

Next day Mr. Wilkins comes—he's the Nobody in town can cut up pork meat like he can. He and Popper make their guess, sitting up Ain't no dier pig than that in Jersey or in York. Popper says four hundred pounds—Mr Wilkins tells him no. Says three hundred and a half is high as that pig'll go. Jimmy—that's our hired man—looks kinder cross at him. "Four hundred pounds is in that pork or I ain't no judge," says Jim. You see, Jim's always fed the pig, and that's the way it ends. Jim and the pig they got to be a kinder sort of friends. And Jim ain't goin' to let 'olks say he ain't reel good 'ol' go. And he feels right bad at Christmas when we KILL THE FIG.

The folks come out from the house—except the women folk. They say they hate to hear the squeals, but then men makes lots of jokes. And along comes Mr. Shepard—th' sister's steady best. He says for come to help us out, but it ain't for that, I know. Why, 'cuhah! he don't do nothin', for didn't see him stand

You see he's reelly most to fat—if you want a right good noise Then follow, long-south razor-backs is bet. But our pig sort of grunts a while, and wags his tail, and And sort of quacks a through his fat, and sags down on the ground. The little pool of blood he makes looks pretty on the snow— Last year I played 'texas Injun blood and I'd shoot 'em with a bow. I don't know sometimes but I'll be a cow boy when I'm big. Though I think I'll be a butcher when we see he knows Jim best.

KILL THE FIG.

Then the women folks fever steaming, boiling water in the pails. And Popper goes out to the barn and gets the stillyard mares. And my it don't Jim look satisfied when Mr. Wilkins says. "By gum! that pig's four hundred pounds, it's exactly what he weighs. I knowed he was a fine one when I see him; but, well, no— I didn't think him so much weight, or I'd have told you so." Pop says that's just a butcher's way never to guess too big. But I think it reelly 'spritid him when we see he knows Jim best.

KILL THE FIG.

Then Mr. Wilkins lifts his legs and puts a broomstick thro' it. And hangs him up to the hook on the tree that they hang the stillyards by. And he scrapes him and he steams him till the air is steam all round.

GIVING AWAY. The giving of the bride by her father and a very important part of the same ceremony, but the giving away of suit-milners by their little brothers has devoted many marriages.

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