

(For the Torch.)

A LAMENT.

"Come back! come back! ye vanished hours,
When life was in its early spring;

When father's step, and mother's voice

Made 'Being' a delightful thing.

Come back for one bright, blessed day,
With all the splendours that ye bare away.

"Come back! Oh holy innocence,

That robbed me as with sunlight pure.

And simple Faith, whose heavenly wings
Eawrapt me from each dangerous lure.

Come back! come back! for just one blessed
day.

Crowned with the trophies that ye filched away.

"Come back! Oh love! with roses crowned,

Of life's sad drama come art!thou;

Let me but clasp thy shining hand,

Thou' wet with tears, and cold thy brow,

And lift to mine those eyes whose tender glow,
Filled with divinest joy—the long ago.

"Alas! nor tear, nor cry, nor prayer,

Restores the dead and buried past,

The rose tints fade from out the sky,

Wildier and colder grows the blast;

Like the birds of passage, the heart's tenants
fly,

To seek their native clime beyond the sky.

"Father, guide, comforter, forgive

This plaint of sorrow, over Death and Loss,

Breathe on us—strengthen us to see

Thy face while darkly, groping for the cross,

And clinging to it still in storm or sun,

Teach us to say—*my God, thy will be done.*"

GLOW-WORM.

(For the Torch.)

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

BY GLOW WORM.

"This way boys, this way," cried a cheery
voice, as a man stepped over the low lying hillocks,
back of the Greenwood Lodge.

By the pale light, of a low hanging moon,
two other men, might be seen, stumbling about
among the old moss grown firs, and bracken
covered rocks.

"This is the locality of old, 'Swearhard's'
money."

"Are you sure, John?" interrogated one of
the men, a lean, lank, poverty struck, looking
individual.

"Yes, I'm sure. It's just under these spruces.
I've heard grandfather tell about it, a hundred
times."

"Here Bob, don't stand there looking as
scared, as if you had seen your grandmother's
ghost, but hand along the mineral rod."

After many trials, with the 'Rod,' the first
speaker, John Jones, a thriftless, speculating,
lazy loafer, decided that the precious metal, lay
just under the roots of an old withered spruce.

"Give us the spade, Tim," he said, address-
ing the poverty-struck individual.

Taking the implements in his hands, he pro-
ceeded by the light thrown from a bull's eye
lantern, held by 'Bob,' an old 'Dandy' in a
faded suit, with brass jewelry, and dangling
eye glass, to mark the exact spot.

"Now Tim, commence," he said, giving him
the spade.

Mr. Jones was willing enough to engineer
the job, and pocket the spoils, if there were any
to pocket, but as to labor, Bah!

After digging for sometime, poor Tim, from
not being sufficiently fortified, in the inner man,
with the food that perisheth, gave out, and
stopped to mop his forehead.

Horror! What sound is that, they ask, as a
low growl, falls on their ears?

"It's old 'Swearhard's' ghost," they cried in
chorus and turned to fly.

At the first step, Jones pitched into the hole,
headforemost, and got his throat full of damp
sand, nearly choking him. Tim fell over him.
The lantern rolled from the hands of dandy
Bob, who darted into a hedge of hawthorn,
tearing his face and eyes to pieces.

The two in the pit extricated themselves, as
soon as possible, shaking with fear.

"I wish I hadn't come hunting after a dead
man's money," whispered engineer Jones, faintly.
"I hope we may get out of this infernal
place alive."

"I'm sure, I, smell brimstone," faltered
lanky Tim, "and where's Bob?" and they called
softly,

"Bob, Bob."

"Here, in the brush," replied the Hero, "with
my eyes torn out like Sampson"

"Did—did—*it* throw, brim-tone in em,
Bob?"

"No, *it* didn't either," "the deuced trees
gouged 'em though," he replied with his
handkerchief to the afflicted orbs.

"Spoil your beauty, Bobby," interposed
Jones, but where 's the lantern, man?"

"It's on the ground," growled Bob. "What-
ever was it Tim?" "I don't know," rejoined
Tim, his teeth chattering with fear, "unless
'was the old Admiral himself, or his black boy
Cuff, that he buried top ov his money."

"Nonsense."

"True as gospel," asserted Jones; "folks
often hear the darkie groans, here at mid-
night. Old Swearhard, that's the name he
always went by, among the sailors, used to
boast, that if any one got his money, they'd
have to fight the darkie first."

"Hark!" altogether.

"It's nothing," said Tim, presently.

"Maybe, it's a snake, hissing among the
brakes, calling to its lonely mate," suggested
the ancient dandy, getting up a faint laugh.

"I see something," cried Jones, suddenly,
catching hold of shadowy Tim.

"So do I," replied Tim. "Lord, save us
sinners!"

"And I," said Bob, "the devil himself, horns
and all."

At the same moment, 'something' tore past
them with a tremendous roar, and began to
toss and scrape the damp sand and stones.

"It's the devil, sure enough," ejaculated
Jones, in a low whisper. "The Bible says—
what is it boys?— He shall roar like a lion,
or something. He's filling up the hole, by
George. It's a good job we're out of the way.

Keep quiet boys, and we may escape yet, and
if ever I come after dead men's money again,
may Belzebub fetch me, body and bones.

"I don't believe it *is* the Devil," ventured

dandy Bob, now minus his old shiny beaver,
which had caught, like Absalom's hair, on'the
on the knotted boughs. I can make out a hoof,
and something dark, tearing round, but my
eyes are most out. What can *you* make out
in the darkness, Tim?"

"It's the Admiral's ghost, in the old ones
shape. It's said, he always appears with horns
and a tail, and I see a tail now. Yes, there he
goes 'boys, into the bushes. He's off, bang!"

"Let's make sure," said lazy Jones, peering
cautiously into the darkness, for the pale moon,
partly obscured by clouds, had hidden herself,
long since, behind the firs on Greenwood Hill.
"I believe, he, or *it* is off, boys, and good rid-
dance. Now let's find the traps, and vanish."

"We never can find them in the dark," re-
joined Tim. "Strike a light, Bob. You have
the matches."

Bob struck a light, and all three, shivering
like one in an ague, and clinging to each other,
with pale faces, crept softly up to the old spruce.
There they found the lantern, crushed down into
a bed of fragrant Brakes.

They lighted it, and proceeded to search for
the spade, and mineral rod, when—bang—whiz
—bang—. Was it thunder, bomb-shells or
what they knew not.

The lantern was dashed violently from Bob's
hand, and he himself, tossed into the air, like a
balloon, alighting a good distance off, minus
his dandy swallow-tail coat, also his wig, and
side whiskers, which being fastened on with
springs, took airy leave.

Bully, loafing Jones, lay doubled up like a
turtle in his shell, among the sand and stones
in the pit. He had some ribs broken, and was
otherwise well pounded.

After demolishing Bob, and Jones, the Bull,
for Bull *it was*, looked round for another as-
sailant, and seeing Tim's vanishing heels, he
made for them suddenly, with a roar, that shook
the hills; but Tim being of a parchment make,
and elastic as a rubber-band, thro' lack of fish,
flesh, etc., etc., vaulted into a sturdy fir, just in
the nick of time, to save his bacon, (which he
generally saved, perforce) and the Bull, brought
up against the tree, instead, much to Tim's
satisfaction.

His Bullship tried his utmost to butt the tree
down, but finding his efforts ineffectual, left the
field of battle, in disgust.

After waiting in the tree a long time and see-
ing no signs of the enemy Tim descended, and
hunting up Bob, they carried Jones between
them off the scene of action, vowing that if
ever they were caught looking after dead men's
money again, might Satan catch them.

A Boston girl fell while dancing on New
Year's night and broke her arm.—*Ex.* Her
brother should have taken her dancing partner
out and schottish head off.—*Harrisburg Tele-
g. aph.* We have red'ows better way than that
but less fatal. Hit him on the head a few
times with a polka.—*Norristown Herald.* This
would doubtless have the effect of putting a
quadrilateral head on the poor fellow.—*Oi
City Derrick.* She must have been dancing
contra to the established rules.—*Rockland
Courier.*

Did they take the gall-up stairs and "set"
the arm? By the way, why was she dancing
on New Year's night? Why didn't she dance
on a nice waxed floor? She might have known
that the 1st of January would be reel slippery.