

2031

the possessor of the and then the rogue heels with the whip

boys that when men decide claims to propose a sheriff to attend execute the judge also have a sheriff." to the circle of boys ling to the proceed-

sheriff." "Whatever I ke 'em obey. If I up the whip, you it. Take it away on't. And if I say the whip, you must let the other boy im. You are not l, or ugly, or brutal, se you are a good- oy, and I do not d abuse your power. 'em obey."

ite a crowd of boys scene, and clustered F's hands doubled fists, and I could ng as he edged him- of his dignity and a little more room. it," said he.

the story of the rs began to talk at settled it that it he boy who claim- story the first. made it, and I los, Give it up to me," to the other boy, would no doubt a grab had not the

my inquiry, the I found it, and it or witnesses, and a id, pointing to the

ir. He made it, and the lash. Rumney were playing with ey threw it over the area," pointing to whip.

re I found it," said ther's area, and it nesses to the con- facts were made

boys that a thing on who made it, if wn materials, be- by his time, skill e lost it, it did not mother found it he ossession of it, and dy but the true as the true owner ust give it up. is," I concluded, essor, "that you

the whip a little d; first he looked ked at the sheriff, then, with the one and, with the most his face, he gave and the court ad- FL NIGHT. F. FARMER.

to the writ r. For several months he had been importuned to "go home with" a brother who lived about three miles from the place of preaching; but had declined, on various pretexts, because after preaching three times in a day and riding sixteen miles between the preaches, the exhausted body was drawn by special attraction to the nearest house that had a soft bed. Even a prolific brain will, however, at last run out of excuses; and this one having limited resources in that line, was early reduced to the alternative of a flat refusal or the three-mile ride with its then unknown consequences were revealed.

I wish to repeat that it was July, and to add that it was a July of a very emphatic character. All through the day the sun had kept the air at the boiling point; and when it went down the temperature was so thoroughly equalized that not a zephyr could be distinguished even by the most lively imagination.—On such a night my refuge of plausible excuses failed me, and I wearily followed the brother to his home, consoling myself with the thought that what he could endure during his natural life I should bear with cheerfulness for a night. That thought has a huge fallacy in it somewhere, though I have never been able to detect it. But it no longer consoles me. I have found it vain, empty, delusive. We reached the house at ten o'clock in the evening.—The preacher was hungry from a ten hour fast, and not dyspeptic. Supper was cooked in our sight after our arrival. But eleven we drew our chairs around the board. Black coffee, very black; flat biscuits, very flat; and a dish of hot lard, very hot, in the midst of which six eggs were hove to, waiting for a breeze—such was the fare. The breeze did not come. The air was hot without; and the stove was hotter within, and the victuals sizzled and smoked on the table. Don't forget that it was July. After seeing and feeling the process of getting supper, and summing up the results in a sweeping glance, the preacher was not as hungry as he had been. His appetite was gone, and he began to wish it had taken him with it. But one was taken and the other left. Most of the elaborately prepared supper shared the "other's" fate. Prayers followed—it was a very pious family—I am afraid the preacher's heart was not in his audible petitions that night. There was an undercurrent, though, of confession, penitence and very ardent desire, that rendered the services singularly solemn. Resolutions were formed that night that have grown stronger with the years; resolutions having special reference to time—night time, and only touching obliquely on eternity.

Supper over and devotions rendered, preparations were begun for retiring.—The house was square—twenty feet each way. It was divided, like the tabernacle, into two apartments, whose area was in the ratio of one to two. In the larger one we had just finished eating and praying. Into the smaller one you are now invited. It is twenty-feet long and one-third of that distance wide. At the east is a bed, separated from the cook-stove by three feet of space and a thin partition—with cracks. The western extremity is ventilated by a window, whose single sash once held four panes 7x10 glass. Through that—temperature bad air must go out and good come in. All this in the most doggish of dog-days. This was the prophet's chamber to which the man of God may retire after the Sabbath's labours, and rest in the serene consciousness of duty done and peace with God and all mankind. But I was not to be alone. A distinguished foreigner was to be my bed-fellow. I could easily distinguish him by the two senses that would naturally be most active in such a place. He was fresh from Germany, and had not yet, I observed, become contaminated by contact with American language, manners, or odors. He lay in innocent slumber, with his face up and mouth open, at an angle of sixty degrees. He was dreaming and snoring of the fatherland. He snored in three syllables, divided by hyphens, mingling the guttural, lingual and dental sounds, in a liquid melody. The light was withdrawn, and the door was shut. Like Noah, I was shut in. I dis-

robed and sought repose. Not seeking in faith I did not find it. The bed was made of corn-husks ("shucks"), with the more unyielding parts hunting their level on the top. Five or six of these hammocks touched the most sensitive parts of a very sensitive.—Every effort to bury one of them brought two more into painful prominence. My German friend snored on. I soon found that the bed had numerous other occupants. These aboriginal residents began a series of reconnoissances in force, that soon developed the weakness of the invader. After an hour of attacks and repulses, storming parties and sorties, with divided laurels, I was once more on the verge of yielding to the pressure of weakness and sleep. My German friend snored on. There was music in his roar. Perspiration had now become my normal condition. If I were a fashionable person, I should say that I glowed; but as I am a plain, blunt man, I will say that my whole body was bathed in sweat. I was in a strait, having a desire to depart. But my strongest trials were not yet past. A new danger became apparent—or audible. From the hole in the wall at the west of the room came a weird, unearthly sound. Buz-z-z-z—it came—straight toward me. I sprang half way up in the bed, my two strained eye-balls, not exactly bursting from my head, through looking eagerly in the direction from which my new enemy was coming. Buz-z-z-zip he came—striking against my head, and holding fast to my hair. It was a dropping beetle about two inches long (perhaps), and indefinitely large and strong. It became somewhat entangled, and I became somewhat excited. My German friend snored on. I seized the bug bodily, but it had as good a hold as I, and better grit. Every one of its legs, arms and antennae was firmly entwined around an indefinite number of my hairs, and, like a sailor on a hen-coop, seemed waiting for the morning. I lifted him a little higher, he dug a little lower. With both hands I tore him out. He left two or three of his worst entangled legs behind; I pulled them out and sent them with their owner with a wild force against the wall. My German friend snored on. Day came. With empty stomach, throbbing pulse and fevered brain, I hurried home. A week of sickness followed, and till now the peculiar headache and nausea of that night has periodical returns.—Central Christian Ad.

An oriental traveller describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transfer the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.' showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."—Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.

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