BY JEAN INGELOW.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently. And he goes on top of it, and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney tops behind them; his eye wanders with delight over the harvest fields. He smells the boney-suckle in the hedge row and wishes he was down among the hazel bushes that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and he wishes he was on the top of it; then the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the road, and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The other passengers were delighted with his simplicity and child-like glee; and they encouraged him to talk about the sea and the ships, especially Her Majesty's, wherein he has the honor to sail. In the jargon of the sens, he describes her many perfections, upon her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain middy, having been ordered to the mast head as a punishment had seen, while sitting on the top-mast cross trees, something uncommonly like the sea serpent—but finding this hint was received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that some day he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope he will have that honor; they have no doubt that he deserves it. His cheeks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor" may happen to consist

The coach stops; the midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went up to London to seek for work. He goes for work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very bad, and wanted his wife to come nurse him. But as she has two children, and is destitute, she must walk all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, makes a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous jcy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick hus-

The midshipman knows nothing about

and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the conversation; he is a dark-looking and restless manhe sits apart, he sees the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more closely than he did before.

He is a strong man, resolute and de-termined; the boy with his pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the others that his father's house is the parsonage at Y-, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get out at the nearest point, and walk or rather run, over to his home through the great wood.

The man decided to get down, too, and

go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles, he will do werse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seemed indeed little chance of his escape; the half-fledged bird just futtering down from his nest has no more chance against the keen eyed bawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will have against him.

And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "Good evening!" and runs lightly down between the scattered ouses. The man has also got down and

The path lies through the village burch yard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it was warm. The little midshipman steals up warm. The little midshipman steals up to the porch, looks in and listens. The elergyman has just risen from his knees, in the pulpit, and is giving out the text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure induced him to stand still and listen.

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers Tris ne, and comes softly out of the porch; full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of this er, and his careless heart is filled with the echoes of his voice and of his

prayers.

He thinks of what the clergyman said He thinks of what the clergyman said of the care of our Heavenly father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger; which he supposes he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will witch over him and protect him. And watch over him and protect him. And be presses onward to the entrance of

"Are not two sparrows," he hears,

beavy stake; he suffers the boy to go don't mind that; and if you know the strongest man take the heavy before, and then he comes out, falls way, it's as safe as a quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and see if it effects a wound!"

man, when not fifty rods from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear-he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or wild wish for home makes him dash off suddenly after his saunter, with a whoop and bound. On he goes as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses pace long. The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a white owl, that can scarce sea-serpent." ly fly as he goes whirling along close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. temptation to follow it is too strong to boy has baffled him at every step. be resisted; he knows that somewhere | And now the little midshipman is at

boy has turned to the right-the man than any curiosity. takes the left, and the faster they both run the further they are assunder.

and his feet are on soft ground. He least nothing particular." flounders about among the trees and "You came by the coach we told you stumps, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he hits upon another track and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend; he has lost his way—but he threw down (as I thought) a shilling;

wood, but runs on. Oh, little midship gave anything to anybody."
man! why did you chase that owl? If
you had kept the path with the dark man swers; "but you should not be careless might outrun him, or, if he had overtak- worthy objects of charity." en you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save roads?" said his elder brother. you. Now you are running straight on deep and black at the bottom of this lost my way here." hill. Oh that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds, and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will fall into the black water.

"Heydey!" cried the boy, "what is this? Oh! how it tears my hands! Oh! this thorn-bush? Oh! my arm! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for the rolling down if it hadn't been for this brush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never

great many scratches, he gets free of gress when his feet were within a yard come. But very soon after, Mr. Dbank , and makes the best of his way on to the gate.' through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onvard, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped. All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that the boy is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice ifty yards before him. Yes, it will pass the cottage in the wood directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but as habitants if they can sell him a glass of

says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no ale; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in and shuts the door, and while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass.

They are the footsteps of the pursuer, angry and impatient that he has not yet ome up with him.

The woman goes to the dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she has gone a and takes his leave. Paster and faster the man runs after

It is very dark; but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is plowing up a furrowed mass of gray clouds, and one or two stars are blinking

through the branches of the trees. Fast the boy follows, and fast the man-Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop-not before but behind him. He stops and listens noiselessly. Yes, it is so He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake, when the boy shall pass. On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in pockets: A sound strikes at the same instant the cars of both; and

wheels and it draws rapidly nearer. man comes up, driving a gig. "Hillon!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What, enighted youngster?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. D-?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at anyrate, I know my way out of the

The man drew further back among the "sold for a farthing? and one shall not shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say. "To think of our meeting the farmer say. "To think of our meeting the farmer say. "To think of our meeting the farmer say." was in hopes of seeing thee some day

light at present for his deed of darkness and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and of a mile there is still a chance of committing robbery. He determined still to But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty rods from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden reached the farmer's gate just as the given of the path, to break into a sudden reached the farmer's gate just as the given of the path, to break into a sudden reached the farmer's gate just as the given of the path, to break into a sudden drives up to it.

At Portion the part relief was large viable, and the courageous Kentuckian chose the quickest and less painful! This was true, philosophical courage! And it too a man, perfect—to exhibit it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down. "I wish you good night, gentlemen,

says the man, when he passes. "Good night, friend," the farmer resight of him. "But I shall have him plies, "I say, my boy, it's a dark night yet," he thinks; he cannot keep up that enough; but I have a mind to drive sea-serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Now he gets the start again; they come Then he flings his stake into the hedge, to the branching of the paths, and the and goes back again. His evil purposes bird goes down the wrong one. The have been frustrated—the thoughtless

deep in the wood, there is a cross track home; the joyful meeting has taken by which he can get into the track he place; and when they have all admired has left; it is only to run a little faster, his growth; and decided whom he is like, and he shall be home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, frame, see him eat his supper, they be and he is just out of sight when his pur-suer comes where the path divides. The more for the pleasure of hearing him talk

"Adventures !" says the boy, seated between father and mother on the sofa. The white owl-still leads him on ; the | "Why, ma, I did write you an account of path gets darker and narrower; at last the voyage, and there's nothing else to he finds that he has missed it altogether, tell. Nothing happened to day—or at

keeps bearing to the left; and though it but as it fell. I saw it was a sovereign. is now dark, he thinks he must reach the main path sooner or later. She was very honest and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you He does not know this part of the know, mamma, it is a long time since I

behind you, there was a chance that you with your money, and few beggars are

"Yes, and went through the woods. I to your death, for the forest water is should have been here sooner, if I hadn't

"Lost your way!" said his mother, alarmed; my dear boy; you should not have left the path at dusk."

"Oh, ma," said the little midshipman. with a smile, "you're always thinking we are in danger. If you could see me some-times sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main top-mast cross-tree, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my boy," she answers. "I don't wish to be over anxious, and make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?'

"Only to catch a litte owl, mamma; but I didn't catch her after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thornbush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is,

I see in my sleeve, and so I scrambted up again, and got into the right path.

I see in my sleeve, and so I scrambted up again, and got into the right path.

I see in my sleeve, and so I scrambted up again, and got into the right path. With a good deal of patience, and a and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a long time the woman kept me the thorn which has arrested his pro- to be sure. I thought it would never of the water, manages to scramble to the drove up in his gig, and he brought me

"And so this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover there are no adventares to tell."

"No, papa, nothing happened -nothing particular, I mean.' Nothing particular. If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of the jibboom's and the main-top-mast-cross-trees. But they do not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of and we do what we can to provide against them; but for the greater portion our eyes behold that we cannot see. We walk securely under His guidance, with he sees the cottage, he is thirsty, and so out whom "not a sparrow falleth to the hot, that he thinks he must ask the in- ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, nothing has hap-

peneu-at least nothing particular..
It is not well that our minds should be much exercised over these hidden dangers, since they are so, and so great hat no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep who goes on with the stake in his hand, of a track always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflec-tions should make us both happy and afraid-afraid and trusting our souls too much to an earthly guide or earthly selong time. He drinks it, thanks her, curity-happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our heads are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? but with it we may say with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

TRUE COURAGE.-He surely was strong-minded as well as healthy nerved man who dodged the barbarous tortures of the Indians by a ruse de guerre par-ticularly novel and terrific, to wit: During the war on the North western fronfrontiers, a Kentuckian and some friends were taken prisoners by the Indians and Canadian French, and one after another of death to listen. It is the sound of most cruel manner, by maiming, burning, and bastinado. The Kentu kion, sceing how affairs were going begged a word with one of the chiefs, and being able to make himself understood, stated that if they spared him, he would teach them a secret by which acither bullets, swords, or knives could inflict wounds upon them. The Indians paused and after a consultation they agreed to test the ecret, and if it proved a real thing. they would give the prisoner his free lom. The Kentuckian, accompanied

#### VAROUS ITEMS.

At Whitehall Illinois, April 23d, Mrs-Susan Culver, wife of a merchant at that place, stood before the mirror and cut her throat from or to car. Her mother, who was living with her, heard her fall, and rushed into the room and found her quite dead.

Telegraphic messages have been sent direct from London to Bombay, a distance of 6,000 miles, without interrup-

The steamer City of Limerick, which left Liverpool, April 22d, is at Queenstown, Ireland, with a thousand passengers. She must repair before proceeding to New York.

The State Treasurer of Illinois has filed in the office of the Clerk of the Funding Commissioners \$3,050,000 of canceled State bonds, being the amount of State debt recently paid.

Major Powell, the Colorado explorer,

has left on his second journey. He goes under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, there being an appropriation \$25,000 for the expedition. Robert Melton, a delinquent tax col-

lector, with his wife and daughter, were shot in Chesterfield county, South Carolina, on Sunday night, April 22d, by the Ku-Kluxers. The wife was instantly killed, Melton himself fatally wounded. A proposed tax of a half penny per x on matches creates great excitement in England. Great crowds of noisy and

turbulent people, opponents of the measure, assembled near the Parliament building, in London, on the afternoon of April 24th, but they were dispersed by One Haggerty, a carpenter, had his

aren taken off in a Sierra coun y, California, mill last week, Dr. C. Goodrich, a Downieville, Culi-fornia, dentist, broke his leg at the skat-

ing rink week before last. Italy will refuse to submit the Roman

question to a conference.

The Chinese demand that the Embas sadors' female schools be abolished. Doctrines opposed to Confucius are forbidden. Missionaries are considered Chinese subjects, and a prohibition to women attending religious services is established.

While hunting in Santa Cruz, week before last, Matthews received a pistol ball in the leg.

Vina is the name of the station on the

Californi: and Oregon Railroad, at Deer Creck.

A rather elderly gentleman adopted a very original way of proposing once in church. He passed to the young lady, the object of his passion, his open prayer book, having marked the words in the marriage service- wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" Instrongly underlined: "No woman may

walk on it next day, and the other was hitten through the ness and neek bitten through the nose and neck.

Dr. Bush says the reason why Ger S5 TO S10 PER DAY, MEN, WOMEN, mans die so seldom of Consumption is the fact of their singing from earliest stop per day in their own localities. Full partice childhood.

G. II. Pendleton says he is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination for 24m3 GEORGE STINSON & Co. Governor of Ohio.

The Jacksonville Times of last week has this: From a resident of Butte creek, who came for a physician, we learned that the horse of Mr. Moore, an old soldier, stumbled and fell upon him, breaking several bones and severely bruising him. We have not since heard from the injured man, his recovery at that time was doubtful.

It will never do, says Henry Ward Beecher, to preach cream and practice skim-milk. To which the New York Leader wickedly replies : No, Henry; better to preach skim milk, and practice what your royal income permits creme de la creme.

Bacon said: "In youth, women are our idols; at a ripe age, our companions; package of SEA MOSS FARINE in old age, our nurses, and in all ages, our friends." The Omaha Teilane calls loudly upon

the thirty-five thousand old maids New England to consult Horace Greeley, and then go West to buy farms.

A Providence paper speaks of the la-

dies appearing on the streets "like animated fragments of shattered rainbows.' Two young Atlantans ran a foot race on Sunday for the honor of escorting a belle to church. The winner found she had just gone with another fellow. Cultivate flowers and vines in your

houses; they are the prettiest, cheapest, most humanizing ornaments in the Cincinnati has just bottled a new brand of baby that weighed only a gound and a

half at birth.

convenedat Laramie was composed of nine men and six women. Love is an internal transport; so is a

The grand jury for the last term which

Five wives of an Indian in Kunsas have sued for a divorce.
Sigel has a poor opinion of Cabral, and remarks: "I could kick dat nigger mit one hand."

Forty-seven women are editorially connected with the New York press. A ladies' life insurance company ing formed in London. One provision is that all employes are to be women.

absred. Fear not, therefore, ye are absred. Fear not, therefore, ye are absred. Fear not, therefore, ye are this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is nore value than many sparrows."

The man is there before him. He has a lone place to be in this time o' night.

"Lone," says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and if you know the strongest man take the heaviest tomather has a safe as a quarter-deck."

The man is there before him. He has a lone place to be in this time o' night.

"Now," said he, "strike? Let the strongest man take the heaviest tomather hands peeled. The oil was of the hair variety.

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Must arrely turn awry,
and the production

Will lose the name o' physic.

(but not the effect.)

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Come and see us. Buy a Book. Buy a Watch. Buy a Pill Buy comething or nothing, but come and see us. anyway. A well sprinkled floor and a cool drink of water in the summer, and a warm stove surrounded by comfortable chairs in winter constantly kept for the accommodation of all.

Albany, May 14, '70-26 FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

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PATENT MEDICINES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS,
ESSENTIAL OILS,
KEROSENE OIL,
Which we offer at the lowest Cash Prices, and are determined not to be undersold.

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Our Drug Business located in San Francisco, Cal. After our best wishes, and expressing our thanks for the liberal patronage we have received for more than twenty-one years, during which period we have been steadily engaged in the Drug business in California. We beg to sny in consequence of the rapid growth of Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, new spread over the United States and countries far beyond, we are necessitated to devote our states time to said business. FOR SALE,

beyond, we ste necessary time to said business.

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This is a rare opportunity for men with means of entering into a profitable business with advantages never before offered.

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Made of Poor Rum, Whinker, Presispirite and Before Liquers doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the trate, called Tonics, ""Appetizors," "Restorers," ac., that lead the tippler on to drankenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Boots and Herbs of Californie, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURTFIER and LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLEs perfect Renovator and Invigorator of PURTFIEL and LIFE GIVING PEIN CIPLE's perfect Renovator and invigorator the System, carrying of all poisonous matter as restoring the blood to a healthy condition. Person can take these Blitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

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Headache. Pain in the Shoulders, Conness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Erathe Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth

OLD BY ALL DR