

GAME ACROSS THE GIRLS.

By rock and by side, tunnel, by marsh, and meadow, and mound, Went with his dogs beside him, and marvled no gins and toads. Till the heights of the white green gorge, and the gray cliffs gleaming on high, Rang and sang, with horns and the musical hammering cry. And the hounds broke out of the cover, all baying together. And the hare sprang panting before them, along up the lawn, down the down. And a pair of white virginia, dove-breasted, broke from the bower, With sprays of foam for the hurling, and tresses of foam. Their lip, rose-rusty, disposed to draw their de-fangs breaths. For the chase the other ringing, the rapture of chasing death. The fine hounds eagerly lifted, the pitiless eyes fire. The lower fresh cheeks flushed flower-like—rich rile, rich rose, remained. The dogs, racing, flying, the slight shapes rushing like reeds. When the first scenes of winter descend on the maddened meads; So they swept along like mads; and winter. And the last of the madden rangers was lost in the leaning wood.

A BRAVE IRISH BOY.

A Story of Kentucky.

In the month of May, 1864, a boy of 15, with a small bundle under his arm, might have been seen walking wearily over a rough Kentucky road. His hair was brown, his eyes were gray, and there was a good-humored expression on his broad Celtic face, for our hero was an Irish boy, who had gone out into the world to seek his fortune.

"Well, well, I'll sleep to-night," thought Pat, for that was his name, "I'll sleep on the ground, and it's stiff I was this morning."

At this moment his eyes fell upon a large and imposing mansion, on a little eminence to the right.

"Maybe they'll let me sleep in the barn," he thought. "Anyhow, I'll give them the chance."

He turned into the front gate and walked up to the front door and knocked, for the door was not.

The door was opened by a colored woman.

"Well, child, what do you want?" she asked, not unkindly.

"Can you let me sleep in the barn?" asked Pat.

"What does the boy want, Chloe?" asked a young lady, who had just entered the broad hall.

"He wants to sleep in the barn, Miss Jennie."

The young lady came forward and looked pleasantly at the boy.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Pat Ronch, Miss."

"Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune, Miss."

"Haven't you a home?"

"Yes, Miss, but there's more of us (my father can keep, and I'm the oldest, so I'm good for myself.)"

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the ground."

"That was a pity. You didn't enjoy it, did you?"

"Not much," answered Pat, shrugging his shoulders. "But it was cheaper."

"I suppose you haven't much money?" said the young lady, smiling.

"Not a cent, Miss."

"Have you got a good supper?"

"Yes, Miss. I've had a cracker."

"You must still be hungry?"

"Try me and see," said Pat, drolly.

"I will," said the young lady, smiling.

"Chloe, take this boy into the kitchen and give him a good supper."

"And may I sleep in the barn afterward, Miss?"

Chloe was well disposed to second the benevolent intentions of her young mistress.

"She gave Pat the best meal he had eaten for months, and drew out the boy's story, which Pat was quite ready to tell.

In return she told the boy that the estate he owned over from his mother and her daughter who were left when he was born to the late Mr. Stanton, who had died during the last year. Beside herself there was a man-servant, but he was lying sick with a fever.

"You'd better hire him," suggested Pat, "while he's sick."

"You can't do a man's work, chile."

"Try me and see," said Pat. "I can eat a good meal, chile."

"You're right, these honey," said Chloe, showing her teeth.

A little after 8 o'clock, Pat, being fatigued with his long tramp, went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Mrs. Stanton and her daughter sat in a room on the second floor, one working and the other reading aloud, when the daughter approached the window and telegraphed to her alarm a company of men, ten in number, approaching the house.

At the sound of the men's voices, all small, rowing boats, passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers, but really only robbers, intent upon plunder, to scour the country, forcing their entrance into lonely houses, and carrying off whatever of value they found.

Now it happened that Mrs. Stanton, who had recently received a large payment, had no less than two thousand dollars in her safe. She had hidden her house, and these she-fisted wretches discovered in ransacking the house, and carried off. This money was unimportant in her mind and that of her daughter.

"What shall we do with the money, Jennie?" she asked in a tone of distress. "Where can we hide it?"

"I know of no safe place. The house will be thoroughly searched."

"But I can't afford to lose it," said Mrs. Stanton in dismay.

"Give it to me, mother. I have thought of a way of saving it. There may be some risk about it, but it may do."

From a bureaus drawer the mother took a roll of large bills, and with trembling hands delivered it to her daughter.

"What are you going to do, Jennie?"

"I will tell you afterward. Now there is no time."

The young lady summoned Chloe, briefly explained her purpose and proceeded to the room occupied by Pat.

Pat awoke, on being shaken, and was surprised at his visitors.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"Are you an honest boy? Can I trust you?" asked the young lady abruptly.

"I never stole a cent in my life," said Pat proudly.

"I will trust you then," said Jennie, briefly.

"There are some who are approaching the house, who will carry off all they can find. Now we have \$2,000 in the house."

"Two thousand dollars!" ejaculated Pat in amazement.

"Yes. The only place they won't think of searching is in your pocket. Dress as quickly as possible and put that money in your pocket."

"Those men will probably stay all night. Early in the morning—before sunrise—you must leave the house and stay away till 10 or 11 o'clock. Chloe will give you some food to take with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss."

"By 10, probably, those men will be gone, and you can bring the money back."

"Yes, Miss. I'll bring it back faithfully."

"Loud knocks were heard at the door, and the two hurried away. Opening the front door they confronted the troupe of marauders.

"What do you want at this late hour?" asked Jennie.

"Supper and shelter for the night," said the leader.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Capt. Jones, of the Confederate army."

"Why are you away from the main army, sir?"

"That's my business," answered the so-called Capt. Jones, impudently.

"If you insist upon entering, you must, but we object to turning our house into a camp."

Chloe was obliged to produce from the pantry all the cooked food in the house, and the men did justice to it. Jennie Stanton remained up, feeling in no humor to go to bed. When the repast was over, Capt. Jones said:

"Miss Stanton, I learn that you have a large sum of money in the house. We must have it, or we'll be compelled to take you to the court. File in, men."

"We don't take it for ourselves. It is for the cause," said the leader, hypocritically.

"You may as well bring it at once and save the trouble of a search, You can't deny that the money was paid you last Monday."

"I don't deny it," said the young lady, intrepidly, "but it has already passed out of our possession."

"I don't care," said the Captain, looking very much disappointed.

"Then you may search the house," said Jennie, outwardly bold, but inwardly trembling, lest the money should be discovered.

"I will," said Capt. Jones. "Of course, where such a large amount is concerned, we cannot trust the word of any man."

"Very well, sir, proceed, Chloe, go with these gentlemen."

She slipped away to inform her mother of what she had done, and put her on guard.

In the course of the search they came to Pat's room.

"Who sleeps here?" asked the leader.

"A poor Irish boy, who asked for a lodgings."

The door was thrown open, and Pat stared at his new visitor.

"What's your name, boy?" asked Jones.

"Pat Roach."

"Do you live here?"

"No, sir; the ladies let me sleep here to-night. They gave me a good supper beside."

"Are you traveling?"

"I'm seeking my fortune."

"Are these your clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

To Chloe's great alarm, Capt. Jones took up Pat's poor garments, and thrust his hands into the pockets. But she need not have been alarmed, Pat had taken out the bills and put them under the sheet upon which he was lying. Only a cent was found in the pockets.

"You are not very rich," said Jones.

"I was a crazy idea, trusting a poor boy, whom we had never seen before last night, with so large a sum."

It was the only thing we could do, mother. If we lose it, we will be no worse than having Capt. Jones take it."

"That was a pity. You didn't enjoy it, did you?"

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