

the field. Both failed, and finally the Senior pulled out his knife, threw himself down, (not in a devotional attitude,) and declared he intended to play a game of mumble-peg. Prep perched upon a fence close by, and said he would stop and see how the game came out. An old lady started from the house in the yard to shoo the Prep off the fence, and just then a party of small boys prepared to charge on the Senior, when very opportunely the young lady turned a corner and started in another direction. The game of mumble-peg immediately ceased, the Prep came down from his roost, and by the local's walking between them, peace and harmony was restored.

—The following will be the order of the commencement exercises. The Faculty and students will welcome all their friends who may attend, and we do not doubt that those who come will be amply repaid.

Friday evening, June 16, Exhibition of Adelpian Society.

Sunday, June 18, 3:30 p. m., Baccalaureate Address by Chan. A. R. Benton

Monday evening, June 19, University Address by Prof. W. F. Allen, of Madison, Wisconsin.

Wednesday morning, June 21, Commencement.

Wednesday evening, June 21, Exhibition of Palladian Society.

Thursday morning, June 22, Inaugural Exercises and Address by Chancellor elect, E. B. Fairfield.

We understand that the Lecture Association of this city has secured the service of Chancellor Fairfield to deliver a lecture on Tuesday evening, June 20.

PERSONAL.

—Miss Minnie Johnson is teaching at Valparaiso, Saunders Co.

—Miss Phoebe Carter is teaching in south Lincoln this term.

—Miss Ada Irwin is teaching, this term, a couple of miles east of the city.

—George and James Sturdevant have rented a farm in Saunders County this summer.

—Miss Kate Stover is going East about the 10th of June to spend the Summer with her old friends in Pennsylvania, she intends to view the Centennial later in the season.

—Miss Phoebe Westover is teaching in Saunders County, about twenty miles north of the city. She was in town, Saturday, the 20th inst.—not to go to the circus, though.

—Willie Paterson of North Platte, received a very severe kick from a vicious pony, which laid him up for several weeks, at first his life was almost despaired of, but at last accounts he was able to be around although quite weak yet.

—G. W. Stringfield has thrown up the sponge and gone home. He says it is easier work to plow corn than study, this warm weather.

—Miss Mary H. Williams went to her home in Kenesaw last month. May was an excellent typo and an estimable young lady. We miss her pleasant face and hope to see her back in the fall.

—Mrs. Dr. Avery is coming to visit her parents and friends in Seward this summer. She writes that Florida is a fine country to winter in, but she does not think as much of it to reside in during summer.

—74. Dr. U. H. Mallick is practicing medicine at Sutton where he owns a half interest in a fine drug store, and also has quite an extensive practice. We are glad to hear of your success, "Mariah," but think it about time you were "Hooked."

—W. O. Riddle started to his home at Missouri Valley Iowa, the 23rd inst. We understand his parents are going to Philadelphia, his father wrote to him, if he would go home, and attend to business during their absence he could go when they came back, which proposition W. O. accepted. Willie is quite a favorite with the young ladies, and on their account we are sorry to have him leave before the close of the term.

Worse than War, Worse than Pestilence

BY ———

CHAPTER I.

In a beautiful village of central Tennessee, nestled in the quiet retreat of nature, was situated the delightful home of the Abbott family. Its lofty and airy verandas, its surrounding shrubbery, and sweet odor of flowers, always attracted the passers by. There was nothing ostentatious or costly, but every thing showed the excellent taste of the owner.

Mr. Abbott was a man of attractive and genial traits. He was loved and respected by all the citizens. But the breaking out of the rebellion sadly threw people into hostilities. Often in the South at this appalling period, was the son arrayed against his father and the father against his son: often were the warmest ties of friendship rent assunder. As Mr. Abbott was a strong unionist, or as the citizens said—a black abolitionist, we may infer that he had to encounter severe struggles. To meet all this required a person of some courage in which, we shall see, Mr. Abbott was lacking.

Mrs. Abbott was a person that was highly esteemed. She differed from many Southern people in being unassuming, and having little artificial pride. These with the two children, Albert and Bell, completed the Abbott family.

Often between sunset and twilight, we might see Mr. Abbott and his family strolling through the garden. From the kitchen in the back ground came the old familiar tones of aunt Betsy and uncle Ben the only servants. Though Mr. Abbott had given them their liberty, so strongly attached were they to him that they would almost sooner die than be separated from their masters family.

But on another delightful afternoon we might see Mr. Abbott pacing to and fro in melancholy thought through the open walk. The setting sun with all its splendor lit up the distant hills. The air was soft and still. Faint but sweet could be heard the notes of the retiring birds. The hum of the bees from yonder hives was like the music of a thousand harps. Even old Aunt Betsy seemed to sing her melodies with the greatest joy. But to all these, that were once his greatest pleasure, his ear was now closed.

While his back was turned to the gate, he was accosted with, "Good evening brother Abbott."

Turning suddenly he responded, "Good evening brother Sherwin."

"Glorious evening," said Mr. Sherwin. "You seem to be meditating, brother Abbott."

"Yes indeed, there is enough for meditation, in this time of calamity," said Mr. Abbott. "The war has surely begun, and will only end in ruin and destruction."

The person thus addressed was the pastor of the church that Mr. Abbott was a member of. He was also a unionist and beginning to meet with troubles through his unpopular political views. It is needless to speak of his character, when we learn that he had been pastor of the church of R— for the long period of twenty-five years. He had become so warmly attached to his congregation, that he not only seemed a brother in name but a brother in reality.

"I would like" continued Mr. Abbott "to have a talk alone with you. As the moon will be out tonight do you not think it would be well to take a drive out on the pike this evening." Mr. Sherwin willingly consented.

Mr. Abbott turning to Uncle Ben, who was mowing the lawn near by, requested him to hitch up the horses. Mr. Abbott never commanded, but always requested.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben. "Wid de greatest malevolence." The negro was noted for his big words misplaced. "Shall I hitch de carriage massa?"

"No," responded Mr. Abbott. "We would like the chaise."

In a few moments the chaise was brought to the gate, and they were soon born over the smooth and level pike

It was a most enchanting evening. The air seemed to hold a solemn stillness. The soft and delicate twilight was waning in the west. The tall trees cast their dusky shadows across the road. From the distant cabins of the frolicing negroes, could be heard the faint sounds of the tambourine and violin. It is at this time that the air is filled with the balmy odors of the magnolias; it is as if the rays of the sun had usurped its fragrance, and retiring at night left it free for man.

As they drove on they came where the trees skirted the road so densely that their foliage almost met overhead forming a verdant hall. The silver moon gently peeped through the skylight formed by the openings of these verdurous walks. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Sherwin drove on quite a distance in perfect silence. The grandeur of the surroundings seemed to enrapt them in solemn thought. As the spirited horses lazily moved along, they also seemed to be attracted. Suddenly a gentle breeze arose. The rustle of the leaves, and the tramp of the horses, echoing through the verdant hall, seemed to wake Mr. Abbott from his dreaming thoughts.

"I have just been wishing," said Mr. Abbott, "that Plato or Socrates was with us to impart some of their wisdom and lead us to see the glories of nature."

Mr. Abbott was not over sound in the orthodox faith, and sometimes rambled from its path.

"Indeed," replied Mr. Sherwin, "the surrounding works of the Creator ought to suggest to our minds more spiritual things. It should suggest to us the mercy and goodness of our Savior. The beauties of the evening brought to my mind the land of Canaan. How happy and congenial the Israelites lived in that delightful land. How it pains me to think that we as a people cannot live mutually together, but that we are breaking out into hostilities and bloodshed."

"This is the topic I wished to talk with you about," said Mr. Abbott, but the charms

of the evening allured my thoughts to brighter things. The alarming crisis is fast approaching and the war with all its horrors will soon be upon us. I see nothing we can do to escape its ravages. As we are situated we cannot work for nor against the coming contest; as we are hemmed in by our political foes and cut off through barriers from our concourers.

"Mr. Abbott" interrupted Mr. Sherwin, "you seem to be somewhat despondent. It is not always best to look entirely at the gloomy side. We should hope for the better. It is true, these are serious times; but the future holds in store brighter and happier days. Though dense clouds may hover over-head and gloom linger below, the sun, behind them, shines as bright as ever: and when soft breezes arise to float them away, the sun will again radiate in all its splendor. It is such times as these that fit us for life's great struggle. It is as if we passed a blazing furnace, and its purifying flames made us better and nobler beings. By putting our trust and faith in the lord, He will work all things well."

"This is all very good," continued Mr. Abbott. "But I fear that faith without work will accomplish but very little. We have ourselves and families to protect against the approaching calamities; and it will summon all the power and ingenuity within us. As my political views have become generally known, my business is almost entirely deserted. Indeed! Its profits for the last six months would not begin to pay the clerks. If such times continue long I shall be compelled to close. As my business is the only source of sustaining my family, other means must be devised. As my business heretofore has been so prosperous, and now so suddenly come to ruin, it makes me feel sore at heart."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Sherwin, abruptly, "What is that rustling in the bushes yonder?"

Suddenly two men emerged from the thicket. One, tall and dark complexioned addressed them:

"Good evening gentlemen. Late hour for riding. Important business I presume."

"Oh no. We are just moonshining our selves," jocosely answered Mr. Abbott.

"I presume you did not meet a couple of runaway niggers down the road," enquired the intruder.

"No indeed," answered both Mr. Sherwin and Mr. Abbott.

"Are some of your negroes missing?" interrogated Mr. Abbott.

"Yes" answered the inquirer. "And we have been hunting the black rascals all day. There has been one of those cursed northern yankees stopping in the neighborhood lately. And as they make a God of the nigger, I suspect foul play. I would like to catch the scoundrel that is up to such villianous business; I would put him where he wouldn't visit old Dixie again. So mounting their horses, which were tied near by, they rode off with rapid speed.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Sherwin. "What a serious change has come over brother Dawson"—the person who had just accosted them. "Brother! We can no longer call him brother. When he addresses as highway robbers, and uses language that is only fit for a ruffian. How alarming are the effects of slavery. But it is wrong to blame the slave-holder only, for its evil effects. It is a curse bequeathed us by our ancestors.