

THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday, June 7, 1871.

A CAMP MEETING INDEX.

[CONTINUED.]

The brown, fearless boy and the fair girl had grown up together as playmates till that dark day when, "for his badness," the neighbors said, Kane was sent away to uncle Ethan's at Swift Water, for a year, which year had lengthened into five. It was three now since he came back, browned, bronzed, strange, yet familiar—and during those three womanhood had crept unaware over the little maid who had shared his baby sport. Playmate no longer, Lucy was very shy, but in her secret heart she was proud of him, proud of the strength that could heave the heavy timber up which he had hauled. The womanhood of the skirt that could tame the wild colt! She was sure he would always be good after that. The four days' dwelling in a grove with him was a delight so great that it almost frightened her.

So the day came. All Monday the committees were at work arranging the tents in the form of a hollow square, beneath the shelter of the trees. A bright little stream curved around two sides of the camp. In the center arose a covered platform to which was affixed a derrick painted pea green, whose top supported a sharp-toned iron bell. Banks of rough benches confronted this stand, in the midst of which and directly under the platform, was a small enclosed enclosure for the use of the "anxious," who were expected to remain thither at the close of every service, to listen to the prayers and appeals of the brethren. Nor was the carnal man forgotten. Besides the eating saloon, open to all, each tent bore a long table, duly spread three times a day with the usual provisions. These tents represented each a village, and sheltered by night and by day a whole neighborhood. The name of the place—"Penitewassee," "Stowe," "Lacock"—was lettered upon the front, accompanied by some floral device or text of Scripture. Upon the Ammonite tent was the inappropriate inscription to "Watch and Pray," around which, by way of antidote, a wreath of drowsy leaves was arched.

The spire with its gorgons, its appointments and boastings, besides a small bookcase of religious reading, a round table with a red cover, which supported a huge bouquet of flowers, and gave the whole a "tasty effect" as Mrs. Robbins exultingly remarked to Mrs. Robbins, equalled by none of the others—of which effect an Ammonite was justly proud.

And in the camp meeting began fairly.

All day Tuesday people were pouring in. Each one—a wife, a mother, three and a baby; each two-faced, five and two babies. By night hundreds were assembled. The moon was brilliantly full, and the singing and prayer meeting which inaugurated the assembly so spirited and satisfactory that Brother Little rubbed his hands and remarked to Brother Smith that he'd been to forty camps in his time, but in his opinion this was going to be the greatest.

"How funny!" whispered Hessey Robbins, as they watched the bustle inside the tent. "See, Lucy, the beds this side are for us, and that side for the mean folks. Don't it look queer?"

"But who sleeps on the table?" laughed Lucy, as a row of rustling matresses were lifted up.

"Don't you know? Why, the elders and deacons of course. That's to keep people in order, and stop any sick-joking and frolicking among us young ones. See, Lucy, which bed will you have? Here, take this one next to mine!"

"Lucy," called her mother, and she whispered, "here's your place next to me. I don't want you down there with them girls; for you'll talk and chatter all night, and not be fit for a thing in the morning. Just slip off your frock there, behind that curtain, and put on your double-gown, and I'll fix you."

So like Christable, "her gentle limbs she did undress," so far as gown and hoops went; and pretty soon in her neat gray wrapper, she was lying comfortably tucked up in the bed her pensive mother had provided. Her pensive mother had provided with pillow and quilt. Sweet musky smells filled the air from the hay-covered floor. The straggling members, the flapping curtains, the chewing and champing of the horses, lathered close by—all was odd and novel. She could not sleep. By-and-by the men came in, spread their quilts and blankets, and subsided into repose. Good Elgar Adams occupied the end of the table nearest to Lucy's couch. His righteous slumber quickly became sensible, and keeping round to look at him, Lucy saw a pair of eyes intently fixed upon her. A strange thrill came over her brain as she met them. Only the width of the narrow table and the elder's boots separated her from Kane! She blushed uncomfortably and dropped her eyelids not to open them again, but, for long after, fairy lights and visions seemed to dance before her and twirl her round.

At dawn the camp awoke. Small chance was there for late sleeping. Thin blue smoke began to curl out from early fires. Horses whinnied for their corn. Impatient hands waited to pack away the beds, and restore the tents to daytime order. By 8 o'clock breakfast was eaten and dishes washed; and white-robed Elgar Adams took his place. Bible in hand, at the head of the long table, to lead in prayer. Let us just without the door. The stillness, the beautiful peace of the new-born day seemed reflected on her face. One golden bocch fluttered and lay upon her fair braids. Kana Mann's given to poetry, but somehow a line came into his head as he looked:

"Oh my love is like the morning."

He read it somewhere. He thought it was true—about Lucy.

At 10 o'clock the clangor bell announced general service, and the crowd assembled. Truth to tell, it was not a picturesque crowd. The American of the rural districts is rarely a handsome animal. He is lean. He is brown. He loses his teeth early. Hard work and soda soon transforms the loveliness of youth into pallor and sharp outline. Nature does it in earnest. Men and women grow old sooner than in other countries, which almost ranks as a disgrace. It would be hard to find their equals in any other country. At this Camp meeting over the babies caught the spirit of the occasion, and sucked their thumbs contentedly throughout the service without a cry. Thirteen ministers occupied the platform. With able generalship the lesser lights were first brought forward, leaving the greater for the third day, when the exhortation was to be more forcible. There was a quiet echo—the wild and beautiful songs of the Methodist hymnal blended with the rustling of the trees above, and the morning sped quickly away.

To be continued.

RAILROAD LIME KILN.

J. H. BURKE keeps constantly on hand and for sale a good variety of

WHITE LIME,

At his kiln just north of the Met Station, or delivered in any part of the City, 10 cents per bushel.

STAR BAKERY AND PROVISION STORE.

We have just opened a Bakery and Provision Store, and are prepared to supply families with everything in our line.

At Reasonable Rates!

Grain, Feed and Flour bought and sold.

Fresh Bread every day. Wholesale and Retail.

First Door West of National Hotel, near Post Office.

WOODS & KEATON.

NEW YORK TRADE

WILKINSON BROS. & CO., PAPER & TWINE

WAREHOUSE,
No. 8 & 10 DUANE ST.

W. WILKINSON,
W. P. WILKINSON,
W. H. WILKINSON.

All kinds of Paper Made to Order.

1186 ly

NEWS TO HOUSEKEEPERS!

BARREL OF Flour makes Forty Pounds more of Bread with

SEA FOAM POWDER!!

SEA FOAM saves Eggs, Shortening, Milk, etc., and is a wonderful economy.

For Wholesale Buyers and Co-operative Dealers, please inspect.

G. P. GODFREY & CO., Manufacturers.

175 Duane Street, NEW YORK.

Tanners' and Curriers' Tools.

Boot and Shoe Machinery

American Clock Co.,

Hole Agents for

E. I. Welch, New Haven, with Thomas an.

Gilbert CLOCKS,

CORTLAND STREET, NEW YORK.

103 Lakeside, CHICAGO.

100 Water St., San FRANC.

ap. 29 Spruce St., NEW YORK.

ap. 29 Spruce St., NEW YORK.

1186 ly

FRENCH CALF SKINS.

Wholesale Dealers in Leather Findings.

No. 29 Spruce St., NEW YORK.

Tanners' and Curriers' Tools.

Boot and Shoe Machinery

1186 ly

LOCKWOOD & HANNINGTON

Wholesale Dealers in

LOOKING-GLASSES

AND LOOKING-GLASS PLATES.

Mirrors, both French and German; also Pier-

Manet and other kind of Frames made to order.

No. 215 Pearl St., NEW YORK.

1186 ly

HUSSELL & ERWIN

Manufacturing Co.

Manufacturers of

HARDWARE

184 C. Chambers St. and 21 & 23 Beale St., San Francisco, Cal.

Factories: New Britain Conn.

1186 ly

EDWARD TODD & CO.,

Manufacturers of

GOLD PENS,

Pen and Pencil Cases, Toothpicks, etc.

1 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

1186 ly

MEBIDEN CUTLERY CO.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of

TABLE CUTLERY,

And exclusive makers of the PATENT

HARD RUBBER HANDLE CUTLERY.

1 Chambers Street, NEW YORK.

1186 ly

Benedict, Hall & Co.,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 134 and 136 Grand Street, corner Crosby,

1186 ly

NEW YORK.

1186 ly

BURTIS & FRENCH,

Importers and Jobbers of

CROCKERY,

China, Glassware, Ceramic Goods, etc.

No. 12 Barclay St.

4 doors below Astor House, NEW YORK.

1186 ly

RANDALL & WILLIAMS,

Manufacturers of

TRUNKS,

Traveling Bags, etc.

27 Canal St., NEW YORK.

1186 ly

COMMISSION HAT HOUSE,

Men's, Boys' and Children's

FUR AND WOOL HATS

By the Case, at Manufacturer's Prices.

Also,

BUFFALO, WOLF AND ALASKA ROBES.

SAMUEL SHETHAR & CO.,

548, Broadway, NEW YORK.

1186 ly

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.,

Importers and Jobbers of

DRUGS,

Chemical, DYU STUFFS, ESSENTIAL

OILS, SPONGES, CORNS,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,

Perfumery, etc., etc.,

170 & 172 WILLIAM ST.,

New York.

1186 ly

JOHN R. HOOLE & SON

New York,

Cincinnati, O.,

Importers and Manufacturers of

BOOKBINDERS' STOCK

TOOLS and

MACHINERY,

RUSSELL LEATHER,

BOOK LEATHERS,

GLUE, Etc., Etc.

1186 ly

RAILROAD LIME KILN.

J. H. BURKE keeps constantly on hand

and for sale a good variety of

WHITE LIME,

At his kiln just north of the Met Station, or delivered in any part of the City, 10 cents per bushel.

1186 ly

Z.C.H.L.

BOOKS FOR DOGS.

2121 VAC

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

DEPARTMENT,

Up Stair, Emporium Buildings.

A FULL FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS and SHOES,