

POETRY.

LIFE.

Whose eye I questioned of my spirit thus—
"Oh, what life is yours, what life is yours?"
It answered me from out its stormy depths,
"A poor, weak, weary, wretched life."
A vision came that often holds me fast,
All hushed, and the heart long since dead,
A play in which the actors wear thick masks,
Last evening eyes should look too deep and see
The shining, hollow, hollow of the heart,
In widest tumult and confusion die?
A solemn chant that rises unceasing o'er,
Like a faint, far-off, far-off, far-off,
Or like a music melting into woe,
As some sad, sad, sad, sad, sad,
A splendid pageant, all made up of fate,
That glitters while it lasts, but does not lead,
A sort of compound, into which are thrown
Such bitter, bitter, bitter, bitter, bitter,
A wild and dreary waste of desert sand,
Tossed in terrible maelstroms by the wind,
A weary waste of waters, where there's naught
But drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting,
A frail, frail, frail, frail, frail,
A single instant, then dies out again,
That things that are so full of life,
But that they die, they die, they die,
That comes beyond our poor life's narrow range,
Then comes a calm and clear, its warning o'er,
"Oh, human beings, sudden listening,
Half-waked and dazed, with their heavy
Soul-eyes, and their heavy, heavy, heavy,
Some are wrong, some are better, some are dead,
And then, then, then, then, then, then,
That would avert a reaction on the joy,
Or that would never be spoken thus of life,
When passion's billows strike to the main,
Emotion of a better sort shall come,
The times and errors of the world will not
Then drive thee from it with a hatred deep,
Not back, but forward, striving to be true,
Will teach thee life is not for sale alone,
Since others claim thy sympathy and aid,
The world needs a kindly spirit, not
To lead him back to duty's one straight path,
One, deciding if he will exist a spark
Of truth or justice in the outer world,
And finding in one heart, receives sweet faith,
If life to thee but a shadowed way,
It gives no right to shrink within thyself,
Thy griefs, thy sorrows, thy sorrows,
And outward, seeming calm and poised, so meet
Those who have need of thee, as long as present
To final goal, the same as the old man;
Nor ever forget thy life's for them, not thee,
And blessing others, then shall be thy hope,
Here life and joyous than thou dost to hope."
J. J. Oakes.

THE STORY-TELLER.

DAN PLUE'S STORY.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

It was not often that a gentleman of culture and a lawyer in successful practice commanded an Ohio river flat-boat, but Mr. Churchill was out of health, and so, taking his brilliant nephew, Dudley Churchill, along for company, he embarked on the boat which was to float the produce of his farm to New Orleans.

It was Sunday night, and Mr. Churchill, being a devout man, would not let his boat float on Sunday; so she was made fast in a secure landing-place, her long, sweeping oars, each of which took four men to swing, were folded at her side, and the rough Hoosier crew set themselves about finding some amusement for the evening and the idle day that was to follow. The river was falling fast, and Bill McKay, the good-natured champion of his county, was ordered to stand watch for the first half of the night, lest the boat should ground. With a careful countenance, the burly giant climbed the stairway, sorry that he could not stay below and lend the yarns which only a flat-boat cabin over hears.

"Come, Dan! tell us a story," said Dudley Churchill, who enjoyed nothing so much as the society of the rough hands, with their fresh originality of character and their rude wit.

Dan Plue, who was addressed, looked up slowly. "I don't think of no story. But you'd like to hear a little scientific fact with a high moral tendency, I think I must relate something of that sort."

"First-rate," said Henry Turner, the cook, washing dishes; "a fact from you would be delightful, especially a fact with a moral tendency."

"Well, then, I shan't tell it," said Plue. "You haven't got the spirit of a man either when he hears a fact, especially a fact told of a Saturday night and good enough for a sermon for Sunday morning."

"Palaw! Dan, tell it for me," said Dudley. "I am prepared to believe every word you say, and to profit by the moral of the story."

"Well, it's a right smart story to believe, and I don't know as I should have swilled it myself of anybody had told it to me. It does seem a little juberous to look at it. But I see it with these eyes, and I'll swear to it on a stack of Bibles as high as a sycamore."

"Wouldn't you put a Testament on top of that, Dan?" said Perry Raymond.

"Yes, you can! When I tell a yarn I tell you, but when I talk in the presence of a lawyer and a Christian like Mr. Churchill, and when I'm telling a scientific fact, and a hopin' to make a moral, and, may be, a religious impression, I stick to the facts as saw by these orbits of mine."

"What do you propose to call this story?" asked Perry Raymond.

"Why, I should call her 'Positively—A Fact,' if I named her; but Dudley's a man of literary parts, and I'll just hint to him that it's true, and that it's got a solemn moral, and that it's about a bar that got to gettin' tight. May be he can give the fact I'm going to tell a name of the sort you see in books."

"Let's see," said Dudley. "How will this do?—THE INEBRIATE BEAR."

A SCIENTIFIC FACT—WITH A MORAL.

"First-rate. And now here goes. I think when you was lecturing for Congress last year, Mr. Churchill, you must a been to Jericho, in Ripley County."

"Yes," said Mr. Churchill, gravely.

"You haven't seen the place where the road crosses the Loughery Creek?"

"Yes."

"Do you happen to know where Ben Samson lives?"

"Yes; I staid with him in a red house at the top of the big hill."

"Precisely! Well, I wanted to fix the

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Three times three for the town which owes no money! This is the town of Hancock, N. H. It has paid up everything—war bills and all other bills—and the stocks which it holds now defray all the municipal expenses. At the last town meeting it was voted to raise the sum of one dollar, and it has been done, without issuing any proposals for a loan.

At Mineral Point, Wis., last week, a stranger called at the bank and requested to see a note held against him. Receiving the slip, he remarked that he could not read without his spectacles, and walked toward the door, when it was discovered that he was energetically chewing up the note. The fragments were forced from his mouth by a vigorous choking.

A novel suit has just been brought in an Indiana court. A Mrs. Miller had sued for a divorce, but failed to get a decree, and it was shown on the trial that her husband was kind and affectionate, and that she was a thoroughly good woman. This result left the parties more estranged than ever, and as the evidence produced in the divorce suit went to show that the man's mother-in-law was at the bottom of all the trouble, the aggrieved husband has sued the father and mother of his wife for sending her away from him, laying his damages at the sum of \$2,000.

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Some time ago the city of Providence put forth a claim, which was admitted to be a perfectly just one, but which was rather novel coming from a member of so staid and respectable a commonwealth as that of Rhode Island. Providence challenged any other city to provide a chambermaid who could tumble out of third-story windows, fracture iron bars and fall through a window without being hurt. The gauntlet thus thrown down has recently been picked up by the city of Bangor, Maine, and if the latter place has not established its superiority over it, it has at least placed itself on an equality with its more fortunate rival. A chambermaid was accordingly shaking a rug out of a second-story window, lost her balance, turned a complete somersault and landed upon the pavement. An involuntary spectator of the scene rushed over to assist in removing the dead body of the unfortunate woman; but to his utter astonishment, after a moment's rest in a recumbent position the maiden jumped up, ran into the house and resumed her work as if nothing had happened. Gallantry ought to prompt Providence to acknowledge itself vanquished. That chambermaid is entitled to a vote.

The news that Mount Hood, in Oregon, is throwing out a dense column of smoke and threatening an active volcanic eruption surprises most Eastern readers, who know the mountain only as they have seen its snowy crest in the background of Hiram's canvases. Mount Hood is one of several peaks of the Cascade Mountains (known as the Sierra Nevada in California), every one of which is an extinct volcano—unless the present manifestation of life makes the word "extinct" inappropriate. The other important peaks are Mount Jefferson, the Three Sisters and Mount Pitt, ranging in height from ten to eleven thousand feet; the height of Mount Hood is about thirteen thousand feet. There are Indian traditions which indicate an eruption of Mount Hood; but there exists no other evidence on the subject except that of scientific observation. The natural desire of every American citizen is so that if Mount Hood is about to return to active life as a volcano, it will do so in a scale worthy of the nation which has arisen around it since the last eruption. The eyes of a great people are upon it, and if it should prove a great spirit Mount Hood may become a nation's pride.

A Serious Mistake for a Married Man to Make.

A little incident occurred in front of the International Hotel, Virginia City, a few days ago, which is worth the room of a local to relate. There resides in Gold Hill a married man, a tall, good-natured Scotswoman whose wife went on a visit to the East some eight months ago. A couple of weeks ago she wrote him a letter that she would leave for home, and that she might expect her to arrive in Virginia City on a certain day. At the appointed time our Gold Hiller, (who had scarcely talked to any living woman since his wife left for the East), anxiously waited on the sidewalk in front of the stage office to embrace his long-absent wife; and several of his friends, noticing his impatience, inquired the cause, when he enthusiastically informed them that he expected his dear wife, who had been absent for eight long months, and he would be so happy when she arrived, that it would be equal to getting married again, and he was sure she was on the incoming stage, as she wrote exactly the day she would start for home, and it took just so many days to come on the cars, and the time was up. The stage arrived, and there up in front of the International Hotel, where our friend had already engaged a comfortable chamber, as he knew his wife must be tired and sleepy after such a long journey, etc. The passengers all got out of the coach except one lady on the back seat, who was deeply veiled and sat in a thick, checked shawl. Our Gold Hill friend made a rush into the stage to embrace and kiss his wife—he knew it was her by the check shawl she had on, as it was the one she left home in—and just as he was about throwing his arms around her neck, and pushing the heavy brown veil aside to get a good look at her lips, a deep, sonorous voice from under the veil exclaimed: "Never mind child, I kin get out myself, I kin!" Horror of horrors! could such a thing be that it was not the long-expected wife? The would-be husband withdrew from the stage, and out bounced a big, fat colored woman, of at least two hundred fifty pounds in weight, and, throwing aside her veil, she cast a terrible pair of black eyes at the intruder, with this remark: "You can't fool dis gal over all dis crowd." The disappointed husband asked the crowd into Captain Vesey's saloon to take a drink, provided the whole thing was kept a secret—which was the case, and he is happy, but he swears he will burn up that check shawl she wore when she left home. No more check shawls for him.—Gold Hill (Needle) News.

A Gambler's Trick.

A gambler in his confession says: "I once knew a Southern gentleman who, although not ostensibly a professional gambler, really made short cards a business. He was a man of education and a fine conversationalist, and a very elegant gentleman. He was very fond of a little game of draw, just to kill time you know; but the result was that he always got the best of it, and mingling with moneyed men, his winnings were large. I got into a series of games with him, and as well as I understood cards myself, I invariably got the worst of it. I knew there was something, and I resolved to discover it if possible. I carefully examined the backs of the cards, and understanding how this sort of work is done, I very soon satisfied myself that the backs were all right. I watched his deal. He threw them around with great rapidity. His shuffling was square. One day I procured a powerful magnifying glass, and went carefully over a pack of cards that he had won with the night before. A long and careful search revealed in the ace and face cards a series of trifling conceivances. The punches were so slight as to be invisible to the naked eye, but, passing my fingers over them I could feel them. A gambler's fingers are, or ought to be, soft as velvet. Subsequent investigation revealed his work. He had on the inside of his finger a minute punch. In the beginning of a game he would manage to turn the face of the ace and face cards one at a time, so as to bring them against his punch, and then one indentation, or two, or three, in a certain locality would designate the cards. So nice was his sense of touch that, when dealing, he would naturally pass the face of each card over his left middle fingers; and, no matter how rapidly he dealt them, he would know the position of all the face cards in the pack. Of course this gave him a heavy percentage, and the result was that he invariably won.

An Indiana Story.

It is not often that a lady sees a former lover in order to recover the presents that she has given him. About seven years ago a music-teacher appeared among the denizens of Lafayette, Ind., and among his pupils were the daughters of a lovely widow. Soon the music-teacher began to teach the chords of the widow's heart instead of those of the piano, and so successful was he that the lady, with his confiding nature, placed a gold watch and chain and a fine gold ring in his possession. Finally the musician migrated to Danville, and there he received fifty dollars from his fascinating widow. Time wore on, and the widow married an estimable gentleman, and the music teacher was apparently forgotten. But the latter, rash youth, took it into his head to call on his former "true love," and having called once and been kindly received, chose not to "wait to be an angel," so far as the number of his visits was concerned. But he went once too often. The last visit he made he was confronted with a bill for \$250, the alleged value of the watch, chain, ring and greenbacks, with seven years' interest added. He had a difficulty of vision, and a justice of the peace was appealed to to open his eyes. Judgment for the plaintiff for the sum of \$218. An appeal was taken, and the result is as yet unknown.

Vicissitudes of a Russian Nobleman.

Omaha, Nebraska, is a favored locality, since it possesses a real live Russian nobleman who plays a piano in a lager-beer saloon for a living. His story, whether true or false, is a singular one. He belongs to a family of the lower nobility, and when quite young was placed in the army. But he had the bad habit of spending more money than he actually possessed, and notice of his debts was served to his father, who cut off his allowance. This so disgusted him that he deserted and entered the Prussian service. Here, too, his expensive habits got him in disgrace, and, being dismissed from the army, he came to America. Not being able to procure anything to do he wrote to his family, who sent him a large remittance with a promise, which has been faithfully kept, to send a certain sum at stated intervals. While he has money he lives like a prince, and when it is gone he plays the piano for a living. He is said to be a fine musician, and since leaving New York has been a hotel-carrier in Chicago and a teacher of music in other places. Here is a fine chance for some young lady with noblesse "on the brain." Moreover this man is said to be really fine-looking, and a "genial companion at all times."

Animal Sagacity.

The workmen in the engine-house of the New Haven Railroad were greatly amused, a few days ago, by the movements of a weasel that had killed a rat nearly as large as himself, in one of the engine-pits. The side of the pit being perpendicular, and the rat too heavy for the weasel to carry up in his teeth, the question arose how he should get him out. It looked like a difficult task, but the weasel was equal to the emergency. After several unsuccessful attempts to shoulder the rat and climb up the side, he laid him down and went about to the different corners of the pit on a tour of inspection. Finally selecting one in which sufficient dirt had accumulated to make an elevation of several inches, he went back, dragged the rat to the corner, and stood him upon his hind legs. He then clambered out of the pit, and going to the corner where he had left the rat, let himself down by his hind feet from above, clasped the rat around the neck with his forepaws, pulled him up and trotted off with him to his hole. The weasel is one which made his appearance at the above some time ago, and which, by being unmolested, has become quite tame.—Springfield Republican.

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Marriage.

At the present time, when the marriage relation occupies so much of the public attention, the following views of the late Theodore Parker on this subject are not without interest:

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well assorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the fessel and silken flower of love, age is the fall corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with some what of dullness and reserve." When their opposites come together to wed they do not know it; each thinks the other just like itself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey, these two young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get out of the road; but each will turn the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real pity and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is rare, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and expectation. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season it. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on such a spectacle.

A Darling Dead.

The Nashville Union's account of the recent conflagration in that city contains the following:

While the flames were darting like fiery whisks through the building, and the whiskey in the adjoining house was exploding, a party of firemen entered one of the buildings. A keg of powder was seen a few inches from the fire, and exploded, sending a man flying through the air already burning, and notwithstanding it was hard enough and at some risk the firemen had ventured, a still greater danger was imminent. In less than a minute it takes to tell it, the flames would reach the powder, the explosion of which would have been fraught with horrible consequences. Seeing the danger of the situation, yet with a mere second's delay seldom preserved, Mr. Alfred McWright, of Delago Fire Company No. 3, quickly seized the keg of powder now enveloped with flames, and bore it out of the building into the street. There are few men in such moments of danger that would think of undertaking such a hazardous and perilous task, and in a hundred years in similar situations to have accomplished this removal. Such conduct is deserving of the highest praise of every one.

A Poor Speculation.

Last spring some \$10,000 were subscribed by the Troy admirers of base-ball to form the Haymaker Base-ball Association. The season was a most unprofitable one, and after one or two calls upon the stockholders it was found that the liabilities of the club would eat up not only the earnings but the entire capital subscribed. The stockholders were asked to remit the balance of their subscriptions to the treasurer, but having failed to do so the claims were placed in the hands of Plagg & Neary for collection, and there is considerable swearing in consequence. One gentleman is out \$1,000 and several others from \$300 to \$500. If he had been unprofitable last year, we think now that next season it will be the dearest kind of a failure.—Troy Times.

They raise some very "smart" women in Vermont. We frequently read of their taking charge of farms, chopping fabulous amounts of cord wood and performing other feats that would excite the astonishment if not the envy of their weak sisters in the cities. The last and latest of whom we have read, and the one most likely to excite astonishment and least likely to rouse envy in the wide-spread rural districts, dwells in Rutland. She is thirty-eight years old and has buried two husbands, been divorced from a third and is living with the fourth. Her children are living number fourteen. She is still in the prime of life and no one can guess the greater triumphs that await her in the future.

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Two cities, Council Bluffs and Omaha, have been engaged in a sharp contest to see which of the two should possess the eastern terminal depot of the Union Pacific Railroad. At last Omaha has triumphed and Council Bluffs is left in the cold. In return for the favor obtained Omaha gives \$250,000 in county bonds and a deed for the depot grounds, while the railroad company agrees to bridge the Missouri river and to make Omaha its freight and passenger transfer ground. Of course, Omaha is jubilant, and proposes to hold a grand festival in honor of the three gentlemen who have successfully presented the claims of their city before the "powers that be." The railroad company agrees to begin at once, and it is hoped that the depot and general offices will be completed by the first of October next.

A horrible story is told in a letter from the district of Pletsk, Russia, giving the particulars of a murder committed last November. A landed proprietor of the district, while returning to his home with 5,000 roubles which he had borrowed of a neighbor in his possession, was overtaken in a forest by a masked man, who demanded his life or his money. The money was given up, and the man returned to his creditor's house to relate the misadventure, and was induced to spend the night there. On the next morning the host entered his son's room, and to his consternation saw, half hidden beneath the pillow of the sleeping boy, a loaded revolver and the stolen package of 5,000 roubles. In a transport of fury and shame the unfortunate father seized the revolver and killed his son.

Some time ago the city of Providence put forth a claim, which was admitted to be a perfectly just one, but which was rather novel coming from a member of so staid and respectable a commonwealth as that of Rhode Island. Providence challenged any other city to provide a chambermaid who could tumble out of third-story windows, fracture iron bars and fall through a window without being hurt. The gauntlet thus thrown down has recently been picked up by the city of Bangor, Maine, and if the latter place has not established its superiority over it, it has at least placed itself on an equality with its more fortunate rival. A chambermaid was accordingly shaking a rug out of a second-story window, lost her balance, turned a complete somersault and landed upon the pavement. An involuntary spectator of the scene rushed over to assist in removing the dead body of the unfortunate woman; but to his utter astonishment, after a moment's rest in a recumbent position the maiden jumped up, ran into the house and resumed her work as if nothing had happened. Gallantry ought to prompt Providence to acknowledge itself vanquished. That chambermaid is entitled to a vote.

The news that Mount Hood, in Oregon, is throwing out a dense column of smoke and threatening an active volcanic eruption surprises most Eastern readers, who know the mountain only as they have seen its snowy crest in the background of Hiram's canvases. Mount Hood is one of several peaks of the Cascade Mountains (known as the Sierra Nevada in California), every one of which is an extinct volcano—unless the present manifestation of life makes the word "extinct" inappropriate. The other important peaks are Mount Jefferson, the Three Sisters and Mount Pitt, ranging in height from ten to eleven thousand feet; the height of Mount Hood is about thirteen thousand feet. There are Indian traditions which indicate an eruption of Mount Hood; but there exists no other evidence on the subject except that of scientific observation. The natural desire of every American citizen is so that if Mount Hood is about to return to active life as a volcano, it will do so in a scale worthy of the nation which has arisen around it since the last eruption. The eyes of a great people are upon it, and if it should prove a great spirit Mount Hood may become a nation's pride.