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**THE BLOOM OF THE HEART.**  
Under the blue of the mid-May sky,  
Under the shadow of beech and lime,  
Watching cloud-shadows drift lily by,  
Free from the thralldom of fate and time;  
Lulled by the murmur of breeze and stream,  
A writer of sonnets, droller of spray,  
That sweetly blend with the waking dream,  
And whisper one magical word away:  
Held by the spell of an exquisite face,  
A voice that is dearer than all things dear,  
Ah, but the world is a fairy place  
In the bloom of the heart, the May of the year!  
Sitting alone in the waning light,  
In the dead November's leaden death,  
Watching the mist rise ghostly white,  
And blend in the shadows and quench the earth;  
Musing for aye on the might-have-been—  
Sweet might-have-been that may not be—  
The tender hopes and the fancies green  
That faded and withered from life's fair tree:  
Hunted away by a vanished face,  
A voice that is hushed in the midnight drear,  
Ah, but the world is a weary place  
In the gloom of the heart, the gray of the year!

**A DUPLEX ACCEPTANCE.**  
Young Selvidge came of a father who had always looked out for himself most industriously, but who, having always lived in a poverty-stricken village, left his son little but good advice when he died. His advice passed by repetition what it lacked in quantity; it was simply this:  
"It is easier to marry money than to earn it."  
The young man, like a dutiful son, rolled his father's favorite precept over and over in his mind, and the more he thought of it the better he liked it, for he could not help seeing that in his native town of Pumpville, at least, money was so hard to earn, that no other way of getting it could be harder. Most of the currency in circulation came from the Big Perris pump factory, and the workmen were so poorly paid that when they came to spend part of their scanty wages at the store in which young Selvidge was sole clerk, they bought in such small quantities and hesitated so long over each purchase that Selvidge had to work very hard for his small salary.

Selvidge did not wait until his father's death to act upon the old gentleman's injunction; indeed, he began long before, with his father's assistance, to cultivate the acquaintance of young women who had money or prospects, and it was by his father's advice that Selvidge, instead of learning the parental trade of blacksmithing, had become a clerk in a village store, and thus placed himself where he might frequently see the young women of the vicinity in great variety, without subjecting himself to expense or even loss of time.

As Selvidge was not had looking and wore better fitting clothes than any other young man in the village, he attracted the attention of the young women, and in a few weeks he had secured the acquaintance of several of them. He was not, however, as yet in love with any one, but he was not without a few admirers. One day he was sitting at his desk, and a young woman came in, and looking at him with a slight smile, she said: "You are a very handsome young man, and I like you very much. I wish you were my husband."

"I am very glad to hear that, madam," said Selvidge, "but I am not married, and I am not likely to be so soon. I have a few admirers, but I do not know which one of them I shall ever marry. I am a clerk in a village store, and I do not have much money. I wish I had more, but I do not know how to get it." "You are a very handsome young man, and I like you very much. I wish you were my husband," said the young woman. "I am very glad to hear that, madam," said Selvidge, "but I am not married, and I am not likely to be so soon. I have a few admirers, but I do not know which one of them I shall ever marry. I am a clerk in a village store, and I do not have much money. I wish I had more, but I do not know how to get it."

"So Miss Perris, as people began to call the young woman who a year before had been merely little Kate, did about as she pleased. There was no bad company in the village for her to fall into, for her father did not allow her to associate with the village people except at school and in church, and there was no 'set' of young people who could give evening parties for the sole purpose of dancing and flirtation. There were no young men in the vicinity whom her father would have allowed to visit her, even had he realized that at fifteen years a girl may be something more than a child.

Miss Perris was, therefore, thrown upon herself for all her diversions, and she sometimes grew desperate over her inability to use up her time. She read a great many novels, selected by herself, which increased her trouble rather than diminished it; she drove her ponies furiously about the country roads, set the family servants by the ears so frequently that they had to be changed every month or two, dressed expensively and in shocking taste, and made of herself the stock topic of conversation and joke among the mill hands and their wives.

the money; but he determined that if he could secure the daughter he could afford any amount of effort to gain the consent of the father.

Naturally Selvidge was impatient, but he was also discreet, so he did not jeopardize his prospects by undue haste. One day, however, when Miss Perris was amusingly handling some goods that she had been looking at, she mixed them so inextricably that she had some trouble in rearranging them. Selvidge hastened to assist her, and when his hand met hers under the folds of the material, he did not resist the temptation to indulge in a little squeeze. As the hand was warm and soft, and its owner showed no inclination to withdraw it, Selvidge continued to hold it. Suddenly, after a quick glance at the door, he withdrew it and kissed it. Kate gave him a shy look, without a bit of reproach in it, from under her upper eyelashes, and this so emboldened him that he leaned across the counter and kissed the young lady's cheek. The counter would have been too wide for such an operation had not Kate considerably helped the young man by leaning slightly toward him. Then, with cheeks aglow, Selvidge looked ardently into the face that was of deeper crimson than his own, and murmured:

"Forgive me, my darling, but I couldn't help it, for I have long loved you—oh, so long!"

Kate was not equal to the situation, for she said, with downcast eyes: "I guess I've loved you, too; I've only just found it out. But what will father say?" "Don't tell him, my precious one," replied Selvidge quickly. "Leave me to do that, at the proper time." Kate promised, and then, rather frightened, left the store, but not until Selvidge, leaping over the counter, had followed her and given her a close embrace and several kisses behind one of the front doors, which, by the merest accident, of course, Kate partly closed by touching it with the toe of her boot.

During the few weeks that followed, the course of love ran smoothly though secretly. The couple met daily at the store, and occasionally in the Perris garden at an hour that should have found Kate asleep in bed. But the young man's prospects were rudely obliterated one night, when old Perris, unable to sleep on account of the heat, left his bed and strolled in stockinged feet, and with a pipe in his mouth, about his garden. An unusual appearance of a shaded rustic seat that attracted his attention proved, on investigation, to be due to Selvidge, with the head of Kate pillowed contentedly on his breast. Then there was a draw, and within five minutes he was made an humble apology, in which he took all the blame to himself, and had also promised to leave the town at once, and forever, old Perris kindly giving him a thousand dollars with which to set himself up as a village merchant somewhere else.

Selvidge departed, without saying good-bye to his employer, within twenty-four hours, but not before he had bribed one of the Perris servants to give Kate a letter containing florid protestations of eternal devotion; it also contained his photograph and his address, which he had determined should in future be at New York. Within a week, old Perris suddenly took Kate off for a trip, the unannounced destination of which was a country boarding-school where the espionages were reported to be very strict. But a fortnight did not elapse before, in spite of his father and strict school principal, the lovers were exchanging letters that bore double or treble postage.

at a tyrant, and for herself—she simply could live no longer without him.

"And she did," said Selvidge vigorously to himself. Within half an hour he had shared her letter by proposing an elopement. Forty-eight hours later he received a reply warmly accepting his proposition, and saying that Kate would be at him at the angle of the Plum Valley Female Seminary grounds that was rick by a huge elm tree, the time to be following Sunday night and the ir midnight.

Selvidge was shy beside himself with joy, yet he tended strictly to business. He read a town not far from Plum Valley on Friday evening, and took with him a young preacher of his acquaintance—a of the sanctimonious young boys, without a parish, who infest city, and are as ready for a chancery job as any impetuous burglar. On Sunday evening he hired a carriage with four seats, and he and the preacher went out for an evening drive, the ground having first been reconnoitered by daylight. The carriage stopped a few hundred yards from the edifice, which was on the outskirts of a village, and Selvidge proceeded on foot alone. Arrived at the elm tree, Selvidge softly whistled a bar or two of "Empty is the cradle," which was his signal agreed upon. Instantly a cure enveloped in a waterproof cloak emerged from behind the hedge, and well-known voice ejaculated, "My darling!"

Selvidge was above all his fifty-thousand-dollar worth another figure, also draped in a waterproof, emerged and exclaimed, "My darling!" In the voice of the second figure Selvidge recognized the count of Florence, but before he had time to think about his situation, two more girls in waterproof rapidly appeared before him, and exclaimed in chorus: "Isn't he a darling?" "Kate—Florence! I gasped Selvidge, "what does this mean?" "It means," said Kate, "that when you make love to two girls at the same time you ought to know better than to select two pupils of the same boarding school." Kate emphasized this injunction with a smart blow at Selvidge's ear, and at the same time Florence's small hand fell with great weight upon the other ear. Then both girls fell back and the whole party began to pelt the discomfited man with eggs, which, though not staled, were harder and stickier than Selvidge had ever imagined that any kind of eggs could be.

People who love European travel but less and ocean voyage, with its sea-sickness to learn that sea-voyages will be gratified when completed with a sea-voyage from here to Liverpool nearly one-half and reduce the time about one-third. The plan seems to be entirely feasible and does not involve, as one might first suppose, some cheap Yankee method of compressing the Atlantic Ocean into its present compass, but simply proceeds to utilize the whole amount of practicable land transportation, leaving to be compassed by the steamship voyage only the distance from the eastern point of Newfoundland to Galway, Ireland, which is about 1,640 miles.

A company has lately been organized called the Great American and European Short Line Railroad Company. It proposes to utilize routes already in existence from New York and Boston to Oxford, Nova Scotia. A new line seventy miles in length is already under contract to complete the connection to the Strait of Canso which is to be bridged, and one hundred and twenty miles of new road built from there to Cape North, the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island. A steam ferry to be a link in the chain across the Straits of St. Lawrence, a distance of fifty-six miles to the west coast of Newfoundland, from which point a railroad 820 miles in length across Newfoundland will complete the route. On the European side the rail and ferry connections from Galway to Liverpool are already complete. There is very little doubt but that this enterprise is destined to prove a success, as the company is amply able to carry out its designs and has already procured the necessary charters and has part of the line under contract. When it is completed they propose to run a daily line of steamers each way, so that persons desiring to go to or come from Europe can start on any given day and will not need to be delayed for the sailing of a first-class vessel, as is often the case at present. The company expect to have the road completed in less than 5 years.

**A National Rogues' Gallery.**  
The headquarters of the Secret Division of the Treasury Department is one of the most interesting places for sight-seers in Washington. The "rogues' gallery" will serve well to entertain the visitor for an hour. On the walls hang portraits of most of the noted counterfeiters who have been detected, the collection numbering about 2,000. In one corner of the room stands a large safe in which is stored \$800,000 in spurious money. Near the safe is a press used by Charles Ulrich, an ingenious German who thought it easier to make counterfeit plates, than turn an honest penny, though he was a skilled artist and could command a handsome income almost anywhere.

A curious article rests upon Ulrich's press. It is a miniature representation of the old bell and tower of Independence Hall, from which was rung out the decree of liberty in 1776. It is made from redeemed greenbacks after they have been destroyed and converted into paper, the structure representing about a million dollars.

Among the pictures displayed is that of Halleck, who robbed the Treasury cash room of \$47,000. He was employed in the cash room, and by making a false package for the Adams Express Company he was enabled to extract the money from the building. Another picture is that of Bixley, the counterfeit, who several times succeeded in evading the law. When captured no money could be found upon him, but one of the officers noticed the peculiar look of a can's prisoner carried, and on examining the stick it was found to be hollow and filled with bad coin.

Other portraits were those of the Rev. Dr. Thomas and his wife, who for a time too successfully carried on their operations; Bailey, the only man who ever made a good imitation of the paper on which money is printed; Brodwell, on whom was captured 1,000 counterfeit \$25 notes of the Spanish Bank of Cuba; Doyle, Brockway, the prince of counterfeiters, and Smith, the engraver, the famous trio whose counterfeit \$1,000 bond is so neatly done that it is almost impossible to tell it from the original.

Most counterfeit gold pieces are made of platinum. The value of a \$5 piece made of this metal is \$4.60, the counterfeit only realizing 40 cents for his labor. The manner of making counterfeit plates is to take a block of cast of the genuine coin in the press, and after binding the pieces together make a hole on one side through which to pour in the metal. When this is finished, a thin sheet of silver is pressed upon it, and after putting on the serrated edge, the work is completed. Most counterfeit silver money is made of brass, which produces a good ring, and a counterfeit fifty-cent piece of this kind weighs nearly the same as genuine coin. A specimen of fine work done with a pen and ink is a twenty-dollar bill, the difference between it and the genuine note being so small that a non-expert could not detect it. Another interesting exhibit is some raised money. The V on a five-dollar bill has been carefully scraped off, the "fifty" stamp on a cigar box neatly pasted on, and in some way the whole bill changed. Most of this class of work is done by Chinese counterfeiters, and their photographs occupy considerable space in the gallery. A raised check which hangs upon the wall attracts considerable attention. The original was a check on the Third National Bank of New York for \$451. All of the writing except the signature was removed by acids and the amount changed to \$26,968.75. The check was presented at the bank and paid. The plates, by which any fifty-dollar bill in issue can be counterfeited, are also shown.

**A Corner Ornament.**  
A pretty ornament for the corner of a room is made of three ebony shelves, or three shelves that have the appearance of being ebony, because of a little ebony railing at the back of each shelf. To each of these shelves a narrow lambrquin is attached. A handsome set of these shelves has a lambrquin, five inches deep, of drab satin; on this is painted a spray of violets, with leaves and stems; the bottom is fringed out for an inch, the lambrquin is tacked to the shelf, and the tacks are concealed by a velvet ribbon, on which is worked a Grecian pattern in shaded yellow silk. A dot is worked in the centre of each square. The next shelf has a lambrquin of old gold satin, on this is painted a spray of scarlet and white flowers with delicate foliage. The edge is fringed, and the top finished with ribbon; but instead of the Grecian pattern other fancy stitches. On the bottom shelf put a cardinal satin lambrquin of the same depth and style and finished in the same way as the others. Daises and grasses are pretty for the painting. Velvet may be substituted for the satin, and silk embroidery for painting. If velvet is used, a tiny gilt cord, or braid, should be used for a heading; it must be broad enough to cover the tack. The shelves, unless they are ebony wood, should be covered with black silk.

**The Ghosts of Red Creek.**  
To the northward of Mississippi city and its neighbor, Handsboro, there extends a track of pine forest for miles with but few habitations scattered through it. Black and Red creeks, with their numerous branches, drain this region into the Pascagoula river to the eastward. With the swamps of the Pascagoula river as a refuge, and the luxuriant and unfrequented bottoms of the Red and Black creeks to browse upon, there are few choicer spots for deer. Knowing this fact, a small party of gentlemen, on the day before a crisp cold Christmas, started from Handsboro in a large four-wheeled wagon for a thirty-mile drive into the wilderness of pine and a week's sport after the deer. The guide was Jim Caruthers, a true woodsman, and the driver a general tactician, a jolly negro named Jack Lyons, than whom no one could make a better hoe-cake or cook a venison steak. His laugh could be heard a quarter of a mile, and his good-nature was as expansive as the range of the laughter.

The usual experiences of a hunting camp were heartily enjoyed during the first days of this life out of doors; but its cream did not rise until about the fifth night, when, from familiar intercourse, Jack Lyons became loquacious, and after the day's twenty or twenty-five-mile walk, would spin yarns in front of the camp fire, which brought forgetfulness of fatigue.

The night before New Years was intensely cold. The cold north wind of the afternoon had subsided at sunset, and only a gust now and again touched the musical leaves of the pines, making them vibrate with that mournful score of nature's operas which even maestros have failed to catch.

In front of two new and white tents two sportsmen reclined at length within the warmth of the fire, while the other two rested at ease the guide and the worthy Jack Lyons. Wearing with the day's chase four staunch hounds—Ringwood, Rose, Jet and Boxer—were dreaming of a future quarry. The freight brought out in bright relief the trunks of the tall pines like cathedral columns, and sparkling through the leafy dome overhead the scintillating stars glistened with a diamond brightness. A silence which added its influence to the scene rested about the borders of the creek below, and gave more effect to the story of the veteran woodsman than perhaps it otherwise would have.

"If de deer run down de creek," said old Jack smacking his lips over a carefully prepared brewing of the real Cam-bolton punch, "wee bound to see fun to-morrow, for dey'll take us down thar by de molder of Gibbet's place. In daylight dar's no place like it, but after nightfall, yer bet you wouldn't catch dis nigger dar."

Old Jack was naturally asked why he didn't care about visiting the Gibbet's place at night. Asking to be excused until he filled his pipe, the silence was unbroken until his return. He piled on more pine knots and commenced.  
"Yu' kno' gemmen, dat when de gunboat was in de sound we folks had to travel way back hyar on dese roads out in de range of dere big guns. I was gaged by Mr. Harrison in hauling salt from de factory at Mississippi City, on de beach ober to Mobile, an' I had been making a trip every week or so. Dis back country road was never thought ob by de federals, an' we had good times along de way, no shells and no shooting."  
"De nite, gemmen, I's speakin' of was a Friday dat yous all know is unlucky. Well, you see, I hitched up Betsie and Rose in de lead an' ole Fox an' Blossom in de pole, an' takes in de biggest load ob salt dat team ober carried. I starts out an' crosses de Biloxi river at Handsboro just as de moon was goin' down. Yes, boss, dese roads weren't no better den dan now, an' de rain had made 'em mighty rough when yer comes to de holes."  
"I sat in de seat whistlin' 'De Cows in de Pea Patch,' and a thinking of Sarah Jamison, what was afterwards my wife, when I felt de off fore wheel go 'kerrseush' in a hole up to de hub. I'd made 17 mile out of Handsboro. I did some cussin', and den went to de fence about 20 yards off and took out a rail to prize up de wheel. Den I saw I was at Mister Gibbet's place. I try and try on a de wheel, but no go; so I sez to myself, I'll go on up to de house and get ole Mr. Gibbet to give me a turn. I had done gone by djar two weeks afore and seed de old man."  
"Now, gemmen, yer listen to me, for what I'se tellin' yer is as sure as Jinny'll blow de horn on de last day. I walked up to de house and dar I saw a bright light inside. It showed out fro de windows, and I saw shades of Miss Gibbet and Mrs. Gibbet on de window curtain—shore honeys, shore. De front do' was shet, and I steps up on ter de gallery and knocks wit de but end of my whip. I didn't knock loud neder. God bless us all, gemmen, de light went out like dat, and I hear set up a laugh, ha-ha-ha-ha. How dat set my knees a-shaking. I opens de do' and dare was no sign of anybody. I struck a match and all de furniture was moved out, an' de old red curtain dat I fought I seed was in rags. I didn't kno' exactly what to think 'bout dem s'range voices, but I started back to de wagon, when it lightened, and bress God, dar in de front yard was six graves just made. Something wrong here I sed; and I builds a fire by de wagon and digs de wheel out. Jest den ole Squire Pasture kem along de road from Mobile and he tells me de news. Ole man Gibbet out de frosts of his wife and fore chillrens and shoot hiself in de head out in jealousy of his wife. Dey was all buried in de front yard and de house was deserted ten days befo'."  
"Gemmen, when I hear dat, dem mules make de quickest time to Mobile you ever sed, an' youse can tell me dar's no ghosts, but you don't catch me on dat log house of Gibbet's ceptin suv's an hour high."  
Jack looked suspiciously over his shoulder into the darkness and crawled into his blanket, muttering:  
"It scares dis nigger eben now to tell 'bout dat night."  
Sleep soon fell upon the camp, but the impression of old Jack's story survived the night, and the next day he still asserted its truth.

It is only people like our own, that claim the best of civilization, to whom the public bath is almost a thing unknown. We have here and there a swimming school, which is a mere private exercise and amounts to but little at the most; and we have in the hot summer a few inclosures at the head of a wharf or on the side of a bridge, which one needs the bath bitterly before entering. Acknowledging this, we claim that we have instead private baths in private houses for those that can afford to pay the rent of such houses. But so had the ancients private baths beside their public ones, and of a beauty far exceeding the visions of our extravagant dreams, with pipes of silver and floors of precious stones. When even the rude Russian in his inland village, the Lepp, the Mexican, the Japanese, has a public bath, butal though of mean description, which one needs the bath bitterly before entering. 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