

MY LOVERS.

BY SARAH EDWARDS BURNELL

In the early golden morning,
Walking at the break of day,
While my little, youngest darling
Close beside me nestling lay.

One small hand his cheek supported,
One was thrown across his breast,
Soft and gentle was his breathing,
As a sycamore leaf to the west.

As I looked he sudden opened
Eyes that instant sought my own,
While that fitted with tender love-light,
While he spoke in cooing tone.

Little dear so fond and faithful!
O'er lovers, where are they?
Who would think it night, that beauty
Time is stealing fast away!

Oh my little precious darling!
Oh, my little lover true!
Always finding in his mother
What is best and fairest too!

Answer me true hearted mether!
Many such, thank God! there be,
In your fairest, roughest girlhood
Fonder lovers did you see?

For such lovers God hath given me,
And I owe him fourfold praise!
Tranquilly thus love-environed,
On the future I can gaze!

Ah, my sisters! ah, my sisters!
Little know ye what ye do,
Who refuse the joy and beauty
Of love so pure and true!

WEARING THE CROSS.

A NOVEL.

BY NELLY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ethel gained her room, and casting herself in an arm chair near the window, gazed with flashing eyes and compressed lips out upon the rain-draped city. She did not speak, but the electric tremor of her closely clenched fingers proved that her spirit was fearfully agitated. Every flush of color had deserted her face and left it cold, white and hard as that of Psyche carved in Parian statue-tone.

Thus she sat, silent, passionate, and resentful, until her will once more asserted itself, and then she calmly rose and taking her work basket, resumed her crocheting. When Mrs. Markham entered her apartment half an hour later she was surprised at the perfect serenity of her address, and the graceful tact with which she attempted to waive all further political discussion. But Mrs. Markham was not to be outdone. The faux pas of which Ethel had been guilty that day, could never again occur in Markham mansion, she said to herself with a new emotion of rattled dignity and social consequence.

She was a woman whose impetuous spirit once aroused, never allowed her to anticipate the consequences which might appertain to her rashness, and she did not hesitate to broach a subject which seemed of such vital importance to her, even though manifestly painful to another.

"Ethel, my dear," she said, with that sickly, studied smile upon her face that fashionable women assume without caution. "Ethel, do you know that you made me really angry with you to day?"

Ethel glanced up inquiringly, but vouchsafed no reply. "Yes, you did," continued Mrs. Markham, with increasing vivacity, as if she felt her opportunity for reproach slipping from her. "And had it not been for the graciousness and gentleness of Colonel Corbeille's spirit, in not resenting your brusquerie, I should feel greatly inclined to administer an affectionate rebuke to you while we are alone together, to spare the mutual pain a repetition of your conduct would cause both yourself and me."

"Madam," Ethel lifted her head with the haughtiness of an angry empress, and gazed full in Mrs. Markham's eyes, "if my conduct is considered by you in any degree reprehensible, I will relieve you of my unwelcome presence. I am not aware of having in any manner encroached upon your delicate sensibility of etiquette. If I have unwittingly done so, I regret it."

"There, there, Ethel, do not be angry with me for speaking a little whole-

some truth to you," said Mrs. Markham, persuasively. "My one desire in it all is, that your residence with me shall ultimately accrue to your benefit. If you treat all Federals as you treat Col. Corbeille, you will find yourself embroiled in a series of difficulties from which it will be no easy matter to extricate yourself. I advise you for your own personal benefit."

"And I thank you with cordial sincerity for your earnest interest in my welfare," replied Ethel, gravely, "and now that we feel equally assured of mutual good will, may I ask in what particular instance my brusquerie has enabled this Col. Corbeille to display his magnanimity in such excellent light as to deserve your gracious commendations?"

Mrs. Markham gazed at the young girl with an expression of perfect astonishment upon her face. Here she was many years Ethel's senior, thoroughly versed in the social art of "working the wires," and Ethel was fresh from the country, and unsophisticated, as are all of Nature's children, yet her calm command of the situation nonplussed her. For a moment she hesitated, deliberated as to the tenor of her reply. There was a lurking gleam of the basilisk in the delicious blue eyes that were steadily gazing on her, a world of resolve in the proudly curved lips, just showing the faintest suspicion of a sneer.

"What have you done, Ethel?" said Mrs. Markham, "how can you ask me, child?"

"And yet I do ask you," replied Ethel, smiling in spite of herself.

"Well, when I introduced you to Colonel Corbeille, did you receive the courtesy with reciprocal politeness?"

"I certainly was not discourteous," said Ethel.

"Were you cordial?" Mrs. Markham asked, with bland insinuation.

"No, madam, I have not yet educated myself in social dissimulation to that degree that I can treat my foes with the same consideration I exhibit to my friends." Ethel's manner was reprehensible, rather than haughty, and her finely toned voice was lowered almost to a whisper. This seemed the dramatic of her sorrow, to be rebuked for not clasping hands with her enemies.

"But, my child, let me ask you, how you dare treat those who are in power, with contempt and contumely?" again spoke the low, sibilant tones of the elder lady, as she watched the proud, white face before her, with the look in the great startled eyes, as of some wild thing at bay.

"That is O, the passion and pathos of that voice!" "Madam, know that I dare all things except sin! I do not fear the powers that be!"

"Well, Ethel, if you persist in thrusting your opinions in the face of my expressed disapprobation, and in defiance of my earnest advice, you will have cause to regret it, perhaps in prison—perhaps in exile. Military usurpation is the order of the day, in the matters of person and property. Neither your strength nor mine can count in the struggle. We are only too weak, pretty women, who can wreak more harm with our eyes, than our soldiers can with their swords." And Mrs. Markham sank into the depths of a lounging chair, and clasped her white hands together, with a charming gesture of enthusiasm.

Ethel regarded her with an expression of pain and regret contracting her features, but she did not reply by a single word. There was a lack of principle, and a depth of duplicity in such a course that shocked her sensitive nature, just as the revelation of a proximity to falsehood or theft in the character of one who received her confidence and her admiration would have affected her. Mrs. Markham was so far to the east, and such a mockery within! A Sodom apple! That was all; but our simple Ethel, who all her young life had been surrounded by the beautiful, the true, the good, accepted a view of this elegant lady's moral discrepancies and perversities, as she would have regarded a luxur naturae; and not as she really should have received them, as but the type principles of modern fashionable women!

"You know, dear Ethel, ex necessitate, we must prey, or be preyed upon; and I infinitely prefer the first alternative to the last," said Mrs. Markham, with a low laugh. "Do you see the philosophy of my reasoning?"

"Oh, madam, I pray you desist! If these revelations be indeed what the future holds for me, leave me in peace and faith, until peace and faith can be mine no longer!"

Ethel's voice was pleading and pathetic, and the great sorrowful tears gathered slowly in her large, blue eyes. Mrs. Markham laughed a mellow, musical laugh that jarred terribly against Ethel's sensitive ear. The young girl's emotion aroused rather than awoke those finer sensibilities of the woman's soul which her handsome face gave token that she possessed.

"You silly child," she said, "you really feel what you say! Why Ethel, what an oddity you are, to be sure! Why in a very few days you would indeed have this little world about Louisville gaping and gabbling, and laughing and lying about your unsophisticated little self, did not my experienced wisdom check you, and they would reverse your nature so that you would almost lose your identity—Ethel, let me tell you!"

Mrs. Markham was earnest, and her fine face glowed with a passionate expression and energy that greatly enhanced its fairness. "Louisville society is a melange in which all that is fair and good and gracious is swallowed up—but let one little fault appear—and it becomes foul as the blood on Macbeth's hands! And in this same city—"

"There is no longer a trace of the world, but we, being dispirited because their natures are false,"

who will not in tender mercy spare you one pang or pain they can inflict! You must commence now, under my tuition to seem, if you cannot be as false as those whom you will constantly meet in the daily walks of your life! Doubt and contempt for humanity is the most wholesome bitter you can add to your tongue!"

"My mother taught me other lessons than these. I cannot forget them in a day—not an hour—not years," replied Ethel gravely.

"The sooner the better Ethel; believe me if you pamper your heart with the sweats of faith and truth, you will find that they affect you very much as a superabundance of bon bonis would do, they will sicken you! If you rear unto yourself an idol of friendship, sooner or later it will be shattered. Come, let me be your iconoclast!" said Mrs. Markham, in a mocking voice that betrayed much of the undercurrent of bitterness in her soul.

Ethel shook her head sadly.

"My mother taught me differently," she said, and then she remained silent.

"What did your mother teach you?" "Mrs. Markham's voice was almost tender, "I never knew a mother's love nor a mother's teachings! What did she tell you of life?"

The wail that sounded through every word, touched Ethel deeply. "At least, we have a kindred sorrow," she said gently, and she put by her crocheting and clasped one of the white hands lying idly in Mrs. Markham's lap.

"My mother often told me," she said, in her sweet, earnest way, that was so exquisitely and wondrously winning—"My mother often told me—as you have done to day, that the world was full of sorrow and sin and suffering—but she also said to me—My child, if you are ever disappointed in those you love most dearly, and in whom you repose the fondest faith, do not, because of their inconstancy unworthiness doubt your race. Men and women are not wholly good—neither are they wholly evil; and O, above all, in your sorrows always clasp closely to your heart an abiding faith in our dear Lord Jesus, He who of Gethsemane will never be un mindful of your pangs and pains, your trials and your tears." Ethel's voice, trembling with suppressed emotion, died into a whisper ere she finished speaking.

There was a silence.

Mrs. Markham's eyes were dimmed. Genuine emotion never fails to excite sympathy or pity in the hearts of even the most callous and cold.

"Your mother was a Christian, Ethel," she said sadly—she never suffered from the slanderous tongue of the world as I have done!—Yes—she was a Christian, and had faith in Christ. I am only a widow, and my trust must lie within myself." The woman was hard and bitter.

Ethel did not reply. She had no answering sophistries with which to meet her scorn—no saintly aphorisms, and biblical quotations, and dogmatical argument with which to over-

come her impiety, and therefore she could not address to her any response. Another ominous silence ensued.

"Then Mrs. Markham slowly rose and sauntered to the window. Pushing back the drapery she looked first to the drab, dripping skies, and then down upon the muddy, dismal streets.

"Ethel," she said suddenly facing about, and speaking in a cheerful voice, as if the interest of her life was merged in her conversation:—"It is almost time for us to dress for the evening. The lamp-lighters are busy already in the streets. I have invited several friends here to-night to meet you, and I want you to look your loveliest! And more! Ethel, by your love for your father, I do implore you my child not to make an exposition of your principles and opinions in the parlor. Political animosity does for the modern ballot—but not for the drawing-room. Colonel Corbeille will be here, and you will do well to address yourself—in virtue of your cause, to the cultivation of a friendship which may eventually accrue to your benefit. It is not well to be glib by Joes without one friend. John Smith, you know was only too glad that Pocohantas fell in love with his handsome face!"

And with a light laugh, and an arch glance at Ethel's earnest face, she passed out from the room.

And Ethel?—

Sat there dreaming until Mrs. Markham's matchless Myrrha entered, and respectfully solicited the privilege of assisting at a toilette, which she knew would be "ravishing!"

Poo-Story of his Song of "The Bells."

The following incident was related by a member of the Baltimore bar, who at the time of its occurrence was but recently admitted to practice. The truth of the statement may be depended upon; and even the conversation introduced I give, I think, nearly word for word as reported to me:

At the period referred to there were several single story houses on the east side of St. Paul street, between Lexington and Saratoga streets, each of which contained two rooms. They were rather massive—according to present ideas—constructed of brick, but have been for a long time displaced by tall and stately buildings. One of these single story houses was occupied by my informant. The front apartment was used as a law office, the rear as a sleeping chamber.

One calm and clear moonlight winter night, when the snow lay deep upon the city streets and roofs, Mr. — was making preparations to retire to bed, when his front door bell rang. He aroused his negro servant boy, who was nodding on his stool by the chimney corner and sent him to open the door to the late visitor. The boy almost immediately returned alone. He said that nobody was at the door, but that a gentleman was standing in the snow, in the middle of the street, talking to himself and tossing his arms about.

Mr. — now went to the front door himself. When he opened it he found one, who was evidently a gentleman—he could see that by the moonlight—standing on the pavement facing him. "Was it you who rang my bell?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I owe you an apology for disturbing you at an hour so unreasonable. But the fact is, some thoughts have come into my head which I wish to commit to paper; and seeing a light in your back window," (the house stood upon the corner of an alley,) "and considering it a matter of course that a lawyer's office is supplied with stationary, I took the liberty of ringing your bell."

"You are very welcome indeed," said the young lawyer. "Walk in, sir." The stranger followed him into the inner apartment where a bright fire was burning in the grate. The manner of his guest was so impressive of intellect that Mr. — offered him his bed; but the visitor only asked the use of a chair, table and writing materials. So the negro boy lay down upon his pallet on the floor, and the young lawyer retired to his bed, leaving the stranger bending over the table writing.

When Mr. — awakened in the morning his strange visitor was sitting on a chair with his head upon the table asleep. The motion made by the young lawyer on awakening aroused the stranger. The latter seemed at once to be wide awake. He arose from his seat, thanked his host for his hospitality and gracefully apologized for his intrusion on the previous night. He was then about to leave the room.

"You are forgetting your manuscript," says the young lawyer, pointing to some pieces of paper on the table.

"I have a copy of what I have composed," said the stranger, "and leave the original with you as some acknowledgment of your kindness under circumstances so trying."

The King's Daughter.

Among the many legends or parables for the instruction of the King's daughter was one that ran in this wise:—"Over the rainbow that rests on the top of the blue hills, is a fountain in the midst of a green meadow, and the properties of the waters are so remarkable, that whosoever drinketh thereof, and wisheth in his heart, is sure to receive the very thing that he most desires."

"That is a fine idea, and I am well inclined to try it," said Sylvia. "Notwithstanding my father is a king, there are many things that I desire beyond his ability to furnish. Is it not the same in your case, sister? Is there not something that you desire beyond the supply that you now receive?"

"Indeed there is!" answered Charlotte. "With all his gifts, my father cannot make me beautiful, and without this, I am more miserable than you can ever know. If there is a fountain where I can drink and wish, and receive my wish, rest assured I would go to it, let it lead where it may."

Alma, the youngest, a golden haired, blue eyed child, listened in silence, at length appealed to by her sisters, she said modestly,

"My father is able to gratify all my desires. He is very kind, and I would not wish to appear ungrateful, and still, I have a wish." And Alma's voice faltered, and her white lids dropped.

"Then you will go with us? O, I am so glad," and Sylvia made haste to set off immediately.

"Can we not return before night-fall?" said Alma brightening. "I would not have my father anxious on account of our absence."

"Don't be troubled on this wise, child. Our father is so much engaged in affairs of state, it is not all probable that he will give us a thought, and if he does, he has too much confidence in us to think that we will demean ourselves unwisely."

"It is for the reason that he loves us so much, that I would not displease him," answered Alma.

"If we stop to parley in this way we shall never get there," said Charlotte, and seizing Alma by the hand, she ran down the palace steps followed by Sylvia.

Leaving the rainbow at the top of the blue hills, they came into an open glade carpeted with gold green moss and tufted with blossoms—blue, pink and scarlet; tall trees surrounded it on every side, and sweetly scented vines ran over the interlaced branches, forming alcoves of delicious sweetness. In the centre was a fountain of sparkling water, clear as crystal, bubbling up and rolling away in a stream of flashing brightness. For a moment the young girls stood entranced with the untold beauty. As they looked, a person of majestic mien and sweet persuasive countenance issued from the woods, and thus addressed them,

"My children, what seek you?" "The fountain," murmured Sylvia, not able to articulate another word.

"The fountain is open to all, whosoever will."

"We have heard of its wonderful properties, and we have come to see it, it is all that it has been represented to be," said Charlotte.

"Come near and drink of its waters," said the stranger, at the same time reaching forth a silver cup.

"We were told that we must likewise wish," said Sylvia, growing bold-er.

"You will receive in keeping with the desire of your heart," replied the stranger, dipping the cup into the crystal water.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

OLD MEN are mown down but babies are cradled. THE English bar is graced with a noted lawyer from Pennsylvania. MUD, with the juice squeezed out, is a little Wisconsin girl's duck.

GEORGE SAND is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes which she makes herself. EDWIN FORRESTER is recuperating at the Eaton Rapids (Mich.) Mineral Springs.

A STRIA has released all its imprisoned editors, convicted of violation of the press laws. A WISCONSIN gentleman sat down on a beehive the other day, and now pretends to stand.

COUNT BISMARK has the jaundice, which has rendered his temper peevish and morose. THE Boston Journal says "Decorations Day with the ladies lasts all the year round."

WHY should a rooster's feathers always be smooth? Because he always has a comb with him. BRIGHAM YOUNG has been given the mitten by a visitor whom he asked to be Mrs. B. 78th.

ROBERT BRUCE is to have a monument on the field of Bannockburn from designs by Crankshank. THE New Hampshire House contains several members who are unable to vote their own names.

PARIS had thirty-one theatres, opera houses and places of public entertainments open during May. A CALIFORNIA physician says that it is cake that runs teeth and not candy, as is generally supposed.

A WESTERN composer set up, "No Cross, No Crown," "No Cows, No Cream." Truthful, but inaccurate. IN New York a blind beggar advertised for a boy to lead him around the streets, and promises liberal wages.

A CHILD'S nurse at Oakland, Cal. has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for beating her charge. AN entire carload of parrot matches are among the novelties of railroad articles at San Francisco from New York.

PUNTO spirit is defined by the Boston Transcript as a "readiness to do a thing which is likely to prove profitable." PETER CARWRIGHT is eighty. He has been a preacher sixty-five years, and says he can only talk now, he is too feeble.

SEVEN HUNDRED Revels have been in a New York Pool House, to wit, he not long since generously donated fifty cents. How's that for H.?

A SLIGHT difference—The leaves which the Emperor Napoleon used for the French nation to make use of, the plants were not "I O U," but "I O U."

IT is said that the reason there are many monkeys in existence is because of the fact that such a number of children are "perfect little lambs." CONGRESS is to refer all petitions for female suffrage to a committee of bachelors and widowers, who will respectively disagree on the subject to the end of time.

A THOUGHT for a toper. A man who properly and to have been drinking like a fish, when he finds he has drunk enough to make his head swim—P.

AT fifteen girls think that they are perfect, at twenty they believe it, at thirty they have some doubts, and at forty they have no faith in anything at all the sort.

A WIDOW'S woman has got a camel's hair shawl, and for fear some one will doubt that it is genuine, she has had the name of the camel embroidered in the corner. THE Harvard Advocate says that it is the last thing from an impressionable lover to his mistress. "Would you were an exclamation point and I a parenthesis!"

ROCHFORD is not ill in prison. He romps daily with his children, and they made such a noise the other day, that he warned them. "We will all be turned out, if we create such a row."

The Retired Conductor.

Habit was extremely strong with the ex-conductor. As he sat in his office, he would start every time that he heard a bell ring, and yell "all aboard."

Then he would go about the office at intervals, and try to collect fare from his assistants. We dropped in casually one afternoon, and Billy wanted to know if we had a "pass." He couldn't get accustomed to his new position at all. He pined to be again on the road. One day he begged the boys to put him through a collision, which they did to his entire gratification. They tore his clothes nearly off, blacked both his eyes, broke a kerosene lamp over his head, and piled a red-hot stove on top of him. Billy was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he hadn't enjoyed himself so much since he had a "bile."

How to always make yourself agreeable—the kind and pleasing.

TEXAS has over 600 miles of railroad and is rapidly building more.