

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MEETS ME.

BY LITTLE THORNS.

There's a little girl that meets me, And with laughter ever greets me, And to kiss her cheeks she tries me, As I stray.

Along the path of life so dreary, Where the sudden heart is weary, Shades the sunlight, shading near me, On my way.

She has eyes as blue as heaven, Only aged folks can give me, But into her face she looks at me, Such a heart.

That forever she is singing, And her sweet voice ever ringing, As I stray over the top heart bringing, Sweet as art.

With her brown hair so curly, With her teeth so white and pearly, I love her face, late and early, By the way.

And I take her hand, and press it, And I own just to confess it, "Fretful little girl, but bless it!" I do say.

May the world smile kindly on her, Benedictions fall upon her, Angels be her guard of honor, As she goes.

Through this world of ours, singing, Peace to troubled spirits bringing, No grief her pure heart e'er bringing, With its woes.

May the sweetest harp in heaven— Be the strain that she is given, Who is the voice of angels driven, Past the throne.

I hope to see you many times, But I hope you'll never change, What you have been, be a street, A thing to me.

CASTA DIVA.

"Heigh ho!" sighs Mr. Patron, "what a forlorn thing it is to live alone! and he drew his easy chair close to the fire and enclosed himself therein, wrapping his tri-colored dressing gown about him."

"I wish I were married! I know a lady, boards in the same house, too, and I believe she'd have me, if I were to ask her. I mean the pretty music teacher. She is young, delicate and amiable, only there seems to be something melancholy about her, as though she had known sorrow."

"Yes, I should think she had! you little duckling, and the basket is bigger than yourself!" Commanded so down in this chair by the fire and warm your toes—there now! I want to talk with you—Are you Bridget's child?"

"Oh, no, sir, a look of care passed over the little face."

"No, I thought not. Was her own children don't have such eyes, nor such broad foreheads, nor such soft hair? Well, bridge, how came you with Bridget? Have you no parents?"

"I don't know. I only dream I have Bridget lets me stay with her because I can sing."

"Sing! and what has that to do with it?"

"Oh, sir, I sing my songs in the great houses, and they give me sixpences and I take them to Bridget."

all on fire, and the mother of it was gone, and never she was able to find her at all. So she kept the child and comes to America with it; for she heard it tell how the streets were paved with gold; and when she came and found many gold nor food but for working, she had to go to work as well as we poor creatures do; and she took to washing in the one room down stairs, but never a bit would she let the child do for herself, but wanted on her like a slave, and only taught her to sing, 'as its mother did before it,' she said; and last year Theresa died. This poor little creature took on so, but that I took her myself, only I'll be bringing her up different entirely; I'll teach her to earn her bread at any rate; and so I send her out every day to sing to the great folks and makes her help me to carry around the clothes, and that is all, sir."

"It was very good in you Bridget, to take the little orphan. You have saved her from a sad fate. You will be rewarded, you may depend."

Bridget raised her eyebrows and dropped a courtesy, while Casta Diva, as Mr. Patron then and ever since has called her, had her face in a doze, and called to hear her story related. The kind gentleman looked at her tenderly, and then said:

"I have a plan for this poor child, which will at once relieve you of her charge and repay you for your goodness of heart. Good night, little one, I will come to-morrow. Dry your eyes, for I will make you happy! Here Bridget is some money for you, but be sure you do not send her out to sing again. I have something better for her to do."

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and her mouth opened wide, for she was all mystified and bewildered.

An hour later and Mr. Patron as usual seated in his easy chair, before his bright coal fire, with his dog at his feet, once more folded about him. The only difference is that he smiles instead of sighing as he did before.

"Ah, yes," he says, "I see my way clear. I can now, without hesitation, call upon Madam Victor in her room, to interest her about my little Casta Diva. I will tell her the story, and engage her to cultivate the voice of my little protegee. I will see her to-morrow morning, and perhaps she will accompany me to Bridget's lodging. Not a very romantic walk to invite the lady of my heart to share, but then the circumstances are peculiar."

"Now I think of it, I must engage of my landlady the little bedroom next to mine. I am determined to adopt this singing cherub as my own. I will change her name to Casta Diva Patron. It sounds musical, and she is musical. I'll tell her what I do, we shall be an amazingly happy family. I declare I feel like a husband and father already. I shall not be long to do with my money after all!"

And so he goes to bed and dreams of his future joys until he faintly laughs aloud in his sleep.

"Now it is morning, and if you will put your head out of the door you can see him going along the hall. He stops at No. 6, knocks gently, but the rich-toned piano, touched by a thrilling hand does not allow so love like a rap to be heard. This time he knocks louder, the music stops and the door is opened by a beautiful woman, who smilingly invites him to enter. Well, I don't wonder he fell in love with her! They close the door. Let us and I go peep in at the keyhole, and hear what they say. I'll never tell you!"

"Hark! Well, after all, I can't tell what they say now, because I promised I wouldn't, but Mr. Patron has stood in there a great while and he didn't ask her to sing or play once all the time."

brates on her memory like a glimpse of Heaven.

Madam Victor sinks upon a chair and gazes long and earnestly upon the motionless figure; then she suddenly stretches out her arms and whispers "Come here!"

Lauretta slowly advances; and when she is close to the beautiful lady, she nestles her head upon her bosom and draws a long deep sigh.

"Tell me your whole name, sweet one."

"Lauretta Victor!"

The lady presses the little form still closer.

"Darling, I am your mother, I know it, sighs the child. 'You know it, my angel?'"

"Yes; I have seen you in my dreams and always called you 'mother'; and when you sang just now it brought it all back."

Good Mr. Patron went to the window and wiped his eyes.

Once again we see him sitting in his easy chair before the bright coal fire. By his side sits a beautiful young lady; one hand lies in his and the other is tenderly stroking his hair; but her eyes rest upon a little fairy who sits at the piano, silently dreaming over some of Handel's music, which her "pappa" has brought home to her.

The lady is his wife.

The lady is his Casta Diva.

"What is your opinion of Napoleon, personally?" asked Mr. Joseph Meddill.

"He is a great man. He smokes always, and never says anything. He was once in humble circumstances. He was never, however, in the hide business, except, perhaps, so far as hid-wig himself is concerned."

Here General Dent broke into uproarious laughter. He afterward remarked to our reporter, that he was hired to laugh at Grant's jokes; and, he added, he flattered himself he was doing a very extensive business on a very limited capital.

General Grant puffed stolidly until Dent had finished laughing, and he remarked:

"Napoleon is my model. I have stood before his portrait by the hours trying to mould my countenance into the stony inexpressiveness that characterizes him. I am not certain but that I shall imitate his coup de etat. He rose from obscurity to be President. So did I. He rose from President to Emperor; and if I don't follow suit, it will be because Congress took the trump out of my hand."

"Well, now, General, tell us what you think of the Prussians," said Mr. Greenbaum.

"Don't like 'em," he responded, sententiously.

"Why not, your excellency?"

"Well, I don't. They want office too much. Why, I have had more than a hundred thousand applications from Dutchmen for office, whose only recommendation was that they 'fought not Sigel.' As voters I have no objections to them. During the war they stole everything, so that a native had no chance."

The General proceeded to comment on Prussian strategy. He did not like it, he said. They were too much in a hurry. Here, now, in less than a month they have nearly a million men in the field, which was a shorter time, he said, than he required to move his Army from Fort Henry to Donelson—a distance of only thirty miles. This celerity, he remarked, is destructive to all precedent. The Prussians have gone farther in ten days than he went in ten months when moving on Richmond.—Chicago Times.

WAIT.

Wait, pretty one! The world is wide and cold And wild and dim, and strange its long road; Wait while you may, within the warm home fold, Wait little golden head, at your mother's knee!

garding his longevity. A minute investigation of the conditions that conduce to length of life, goes to support the theory that the longevity of animals is influenced by their amount of procreative power, and their ability to sustain wear and tear.

A Word With Young Men.

It is as easy to be a good man as a poor one. Half the energy it displays in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind, would save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality, probity, etc. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid horse words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path, more miles can be made in a day, by going steadily on, than stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. And, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snuffing it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the time. Young men, cut this out, and if there be fully in the argument, let us know.

A FAIR HIT.—Two wages passing out of town on the Galveston road, says the Kansas Tribune, were struck with the beauties of Lawrence.

"Whose place is that?" said one of them.

"That is the lordly residence of Major George A. Reynolds. Cost thirty thousand dollars."

"What is his business?"

"Indian Agent."

"What is his salary, and how long has he held his office?"

"Two years, at fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"Lord, what did the honest fellow do with the rest of his salary?"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A HOME melodist—A baby.

"Tis ever sow, as the seamstress said, VISIONARY fruit—The apple of the eye.

A MERE matter of form—Cutting a dress.

SKEL-Deception—A person biting his head up.

WHAT was the first bet made? The alpha-bet.

WHAT part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

THE first lesson in drawing—Drawing your breath.

THE difference that was split was considerably damaged.

MUTTON makes a good dish, but a mutton-head may spoil it.

WHEN is an original ideal like a clock? When it strikes one.

IN Texas young bulls and young men are both caught with a lasso.