## A VISITOR TO LOVE.

I see her in the near light, in the far light;
In the day-dawn, when the sun is on the dew;
In the evening, when the shimmer of the starlight
The tangle of the vines comes peeping through.

And her eyes, as in the sweet and far away time
Are beautiful and tender, and her cheek
Is fragrant with the freshness of the May-time—
But the rosy lips are silent when I speak.

Perhaps the woven love-words that I bring her
She treasures in sweet silence—little worth;
She'd rather hear the songs the angels sing her
Than listen to the lowlier songs of earth.

Yet, wherefore from the seraph-guarded portal,
Beyond, where shines the dark, dividing sea,
Whose waters lave the shining shore immortal,
In light and night comes back my love to me?

Forever comes! O, doubting heart! no heaven
Howe'er its walls may tower the stars above,
With gates that look down on the unforgiven,
Can stay the hands that love holds out to love!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

At the age of twenty-five the life of a London bachelor is seductive to a heathen imagination, but afterwards it grows less pleasant to contemplate. One gets selfish, and a selfish man deteriorates rapidly. So it was a shock to me to brush a gray hair one morning out of my celibate whiskers. Abnormal? No; a careful investigation showed that there were more where that came from. I sat down, a brush in either hand, and contemplated. When I rose to complete my toilet I had determined to marry Sarah Hervy as soon as possible.

Sarah was a superior girl; there could be no doubt about that; men called her strong-minded, eccentric, and were rather afraid of her; not but what there were plenty of them ready to brave any danger there might be. She preferred historical, biographical and even philosophical books to novels. She had found out a simple style of dress which suited her, and kept to it, only allowing such modifications as were necessary to avoid an appearance of affected indifference to the prevailing fashions. The instinct was a true one, for her principal beauty lay in a certain classical grace, a soft dignity, which I cannot attempt to describe, but which would certainly have been marred by florid dressing.

Though I knew that other men had tried and failed I felt fairly confident.

"She has more head than heart," said Maurice, for example, "and it will take a clever fellow to get round her."

Exactly; but I was a clever fellow—in my own estimation.

To confess the truth, a more conceited coxcomb than your humble servant, at the time I am speaking of, never leaned over the rails of Rotten Row. There were no fewer than five young ladies whom I thought I could have for the asking, and Sarah Hervy was one of them. I was on very intimate terms with her, it was true, but directly I tried positive flirtation I found that she would not drop into my mouth quite so readily as I had anticipated. She was intelligent, friendly, lively, confidential even, to a certain extent, but most difficult to make love to.

For example, we were engaged one day in art criticism, counting the leaves on a Pre-Raphaelite ivy-bush to see whether it had a realistic allowance, when I took occasion to draw her attention to a spoony couple, intended by the artist to be the most prominent objects in the picture, and tried to make use of them.

"What would painters and poets do without love?" I began.

"I cannot imagine," said she. "How strange it is that the most unpleasant things in nature, lovers and pigs, should be so pleasing in art."

"You are hard on the poor things, surely," said I.

"Am I?" she continued. "Well, fond as I am of Ward's pigs, I never could look at the real animals without disgust."

"Oh, I grant you the pigs," said I, feeling clumsy; "I meant the lovers."

"Well, can there be any spectacle more idiotic than a couple in that condition?" she asked, pointing to the picture.

"The question sounds cruel, coming from one so calculated to reduce a man to it."

"There!" she said, with a frown, and a petulant tapping of the foot, "that is the worst of being a girl; one cannot talk freely without being suspected of fishing for compliments."

Of course I knew that Miss Sarah's sentiments would become modified when the right man turned up; but I was evidently not the right man—at present, at all events. She was not to be carried by assault, as I had hoped. I must attack according to the rules. Love must be disguised as friendship; flattery must be implied rather than expressed. Above all, I must maintain the opinion which I knew she had of my abilities; for she quite worshipped talent.

I learnt the Athenaeum by heart every Sunday. I did. My memory was wonderful in those days. And Miss Hervy, who did not see that journal, credited me with having read all the books, heard all the music, formed an independent judgment on the plays and pictures, mastered the astronomical, geological, philosophical discoveries chronicled in its pages from week to week.

My plans were disconcerted by the Hervys going out of town. Mr. Hervy was a director of a hundred boards. Mrs. Hervy was not Sarah's mother, but the second wife, with a tendency to bronchitis, which sent the family to a house they had near Ventnor when spring returned with all its sweets, east wind included, and the period of migration had now arrived. But I was not utterly checkmated, for I knew that my friend Freshet had a castle somewhere at the back of the Isle of Wight, and would be too glad to go there if he could get any fellow to stay with him, for that was his constant object.

I went to the club we both belonged to, and found him playing at billiards and smoking a pipe with his coat of arms on it in alt-relief. I said the pipe was coloring. I praised his game. I spoke of yachting, which he lived for, and promised to take a cruise with him. We dined together, and spoke of the castle, which turned out to be within a couple of miles of the Hervys' place. He asked me to go down there with him; I agreed. He said he would make up a party, and wrote to the housekeeper to get rooms ready that very evening. You might do anything with Freshet if you knew how to play him.

I had known him at school and at college, poor fellow—yet why "poor fellow?" He was rich and happy, and if he had a vague, uneasy semi-consciousness at times that people were laughing at him, it did not seriously damage his self-complacency or his digestion. But one always says "poor fellow" of a good-natured man who is below the average in wits, and Freshet was certainly that.

Three men besides myself agreed to be Freshet's guests, and I was somewhat annoyed to find that they were all admirers of the girl I had calculated on monopolizing. The reason was simple: Freshet had gone about asking all the men he knew, and only those who were attracted by the knowledge that the fair Sarah was in the neighborhood accepted the invitation. It was a case of Natural Selection. It did not promise to be a very cordial group; however, I flattered myself that my presence was much more injurious to their chances than theirs were to mine; and, as each of them had probably arrived at a similar conclusion in his own favor, and as, moreover, we were all men of the world and not Arcadians, we rubbed along very well together.

We had never alluded to the secret attraction which had drawn us individually to the castle, but pretended intense interest in the place and neighborhood. Were those cottagers Freshet's tenants? Was there really once a ditch and a drawbridge? Was that pigsty part of the old keep?

"By Jove!" in chorus.

On the morning after our arrival some one proposed a stroll over to Ventnor; some one else said:

"By the by, were not the Hervys at home?"

It was then averred that Hervy was a "rattling good fellow" (which I take to mean one who has jingling materials in his pockets), and that it was a moral duty to look him up. So we called, and a queer game of courtship was started. Four competitors and only one prize; and no younger or elder sisters, or other spinsters, to divide our attention, and make things less awkward. What a pretty tournament we might have got up, if such things had not gone out of fashion!

And as if four lovers were not enough for one girl, our host took the Sarah fever very badly, to our great amusement—for when we were at home, and not occupied with whist or pool, we amused ourselves by mystifying Freshet—and his present passion, which seemed to us outrageous, formed a new subject for the exercise of our wits.

The fact was that I found myself a great deal less alone with Miss Hervy than I had yeen in London even, and my weekly cram of Athenaeum was for the most part lost labor. Indeed, two of my old rivals showed country accomplishments which threw me somewhat in the background; one rode, and the other tennised in a very superior manner, though I did not fear lest such frivolities should make any real impression on so lofty an intelligence as Sarah's, I did not quite like the opportunity thus offered to men who were undeniably amongst the cleverest of the fops who dangled about her.

Prudence suggested that it would be well to spoil their little games when possible, even if I could not at the moment profit directly by the manoeuvre; for of course I could not interrupt a rival's tete-a-tete personally without a row. So whenever Martingale's riding lesson, or Mallet's instruction in tennis appeared to be growing dangerously confidential, I set Freshet at them. The honest fellow had no notion that his guests were his rivals, and took each of us in turn into the confidence of his passion. So he had no compunction whatever in falling in with my views whenever I suggested that he should constitute himself an odious third.

"It was nothing to Martingale or Mallet, but he was spoons in that quarter," he reasoned.

The others did not perceive my manoeuvre, or make reprisals, and as Freshet never took the initiative, I was left in peace when I managed in my turn to secure the ear of the fair Sarah.

"Why do you all laugh at Mr. Freshet?" she inquired, on one of these occasions.

"I don't know. People always have," I answered. "He was the only child I ever heard of who practically attempted to catch birds by sprinkling salt on their tails."

"Did you see him?"

"No; the first time I ever witnessed his naivete was later, when we were schoolboys together, and watching the sale of a horse. The purchaser, after having stroked his legs down, etc., in regular order, went to his mouth. 'Rising seven,' said the would-be seller.

"'Ay, all that,' replied the other.

"'How did he know the horse's age?' Freshet asked me, and I, being a country-bred lad, was so amused by his greenness that I replied:

"'Did you not see the gray hairs about his nose?'

"'Oh!' said Freshet, quite contented.

"Presently afterwards we met a gray.

"'What an old horse that must be?' cried Freshet."

"It was a perfectly natural deduction from the information you had given him," said Sarah, smiling.

"Perfectly; his blunders always are. That is what gives them their piquancy."

"I see," said she; "his nature is so trusting that no amount of experience can break him of placing confidence in his fellow-creatures. Well, perhaps he deserves to be laughed at."

It was evident that Sarah's kind heart did not approve of the flippant manner in which we were in the habit of treating the man whose hospitality we enjoyed, and I resolved not to quiz him again in her presence.

Indeed, when I thought about it, I was ashamed of making a butt of him at all, and determined to discontinue the practice. And yet, so powerful is custom I put the most cruel hoax possible upon him the very next day, for, bored by his praises of an object I could appreciate so much better, and irritated by professions of a love which seemed to burlesque my own, I told him that it was wonderful he was so blind as not to see his passion was reciprocated.

As usual, he put implicit faith in my words; the idea of irony or "chaff" never occurred to him.

"I should never have dreamed it!" he cried, grasping my hand. "What a thing it is to have a friend!"

He hurried off to the stables, and in five minutes I heard him cantering along the road. My heart smote me; I had no idea he would be so prompt. It was 11 o'clock in the morning, and presently Martingale and Mallet, who were always late, came down to breakfast.

"Where is Freshet?" asked Mallet.

"Gone to propose to Miss Hervy," said I, and they roared.

Freshet, of all blockheads, to rush in where—hum—ha!—really intellectual beings feared to offer! We awaited his reappearance as a gourmand watches the twisting of the champagne wire. At lunchtime he arrived; his horse in a foam, his necktie twisted. He grasped my hand; I felt very guilty.

"Don't be excited, old fellow," I stammered; "I had no idea that you would rush off like that. If I was mistaken"——

"I'm your debtor for life! Congratulate me, you others; I have offered to Miss Hervy, and been accepted."

"Accepted!" in chorus.

"Yes. I should never have dared ask if it had not been for Penyolin."

I thought there must be a mistake, but there was not; and they were married in the June following, I acting as Freshet's best man. That was ten years ago. They are the happiest couple I ever knew, and so grateful to me! If ever you want to get anything out of Mrs. Freshet talk to her husband and pretend to show deference to what he says; she will subscribe, safe.

### A Seat in the House of Commons.

The House of Commons has some 670 members, and it has seats for little more than half the number. Even if we take into account the members' galleries, which run along two sides of the chamber, there still is not nearly room enough for all the men who are entitled to take their places in the House of Commons. What are the members to do who have not got seats? They are to do the best they can—to do anything they like short of taking seats in the House.

They may crowd the bar—I do not mean any place of refreshment, although they may crowd that bar, too, if they please—I mean they may stand below the line which is supposed to represent the brass bar that can, when occasion requires, be drawn out from either side, and so conjoined as to represent the division between some petitioner or some alleged offender and the House of Commons itself. They may stand in the newspaper room or the tea room; they may fall asleep in the library; they may walk on the terrace; they may lounge in the smoking room; but they cannot sit in the House.

As in England there are so many superfluous women who could not possibly find husbands here under our present matrimonial system, so in the House of Commons there are so many members who cannot possibly find seats. The struggle for seats from day to day is a curious and interesting competition, of which, so far as I know, the English House of Commons has an absolute monopoly.

It is in one sense a question of first come first served. The House of Commons usually meets at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A member may come down to the House as early as he pleases and select a seat. If he comes very early—say at 8 in the morning—he has, on ordinary occasions, a fair chance of a good place. He selects his place and he puts his hat into it. Then he goes away, to return at 3 o'clock, when prayers are said by the Chaplain of the House—at present and for some time past my distinguished friend, Archdeacon Farrar.

In the meantime our member in quest of a seat must not stir one inch outside the buildings which belong to the House of Commons. His claim to a seat is supposed to rest on his attention to the service of the House, and if he crosses a threshold for one moment outside the precincts of the House his claim to a seat is forfeit. So he spends from 8 o'clock until 3 lounging about the library and the smoking rooms and the newspaper room, and at 3 he comes back into the House and listens to the prayers. Then, having complied with all that ceremonial and having spent his whole day in nominal service of the House, he is entitled to insent in a little brass frame at the back of his seat a small card bearing the printed word "prayers" and his own name written beneath, and thus he has secured that seat for the one sitting only. The struggle has to begin afresh on the very same conditions on the morrow. —Justin McCarthy, in the North American Review.

### A Historical Building.

The old State Capitol at Milledgeville, Ga., which was burned to the ground recently, had been the scene of many striking historical occurrences. The secession convention met there in 1861, and less than four years afterwards some officers of Sherman's army, then occupying Milledgeville, met in the capitol, organized a mock convention, and rescinded the resolution by which Georgia undertook to leave the Union, which could not spare her. Thirty years ago, the first class in geography, when asked, "What is the capital of Georgia?" was wont to shout in stentorian chorus, "Milledgeville." The war changed all that; Atlanta became the capital; and Milledgeville lapsed into the obscurity of a way-back place of less than 4,000 inhabitants.

### Sea Sounding.

Sir William Thompson, more recently known as Lord Kelvyn, devised the method of sounding the deep sea with a steel pianoforte wire instead of the ordinary lead-line. The wire slips through the water so easily that "flying soundings" can be taken while the vessel is going at full speed, and a pressure gauge attached to the sinker indicates the depth. One day Sir William was in his shop with a guest, the celebrated Dr. Joule, of Manchester. The doctor, discovering a pile of the wire, asked the purpose of it. Sir William explained that it was for sounding. "What note?" innocently inquired Dr. Joule. "The deep C," answered Sir William.


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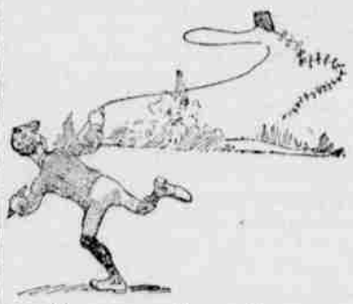
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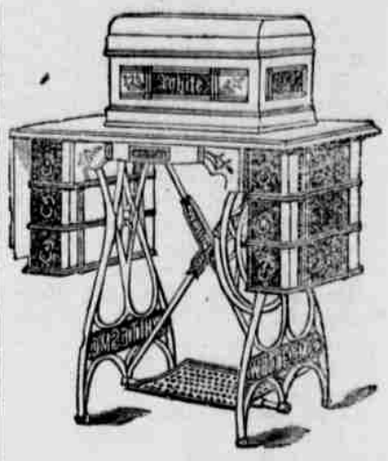
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## THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Butter per lb | $ .26 |
| Eggs per dozen | .12 |
| Lard per lb | .12½ |
| Ham per pound | .12½ |
| Pork, whole, per pound | .07 to .08 |
| Beef, quarter, per pound | .06 to .08 |
| Wheat per bushel | .70 |
| Oats " " | .40 |
| Rye " " | .65 |
| Wheat flour per bbl | 3.40 |
| Hay per ton | 18.00 |
| Potatoes per bushel | .65 |
| Turnips " " | .25 |
| Onions " " | 1.00 |
| Sweet potatoes per peck | .25 to .40 |
| Cranberries per qt | .10 |
| Tallow per lb | .04 |
| Shoulder " " | .11 |
| Side meat " " | .15 |
| Vinegar, per qt | .07 |
| Dried apples per lb | .05 |
| Dried cherries, pitted | .12½ |
| Raspberries | .12½ |
| Cow Hides per lb | .02 |
| Steer " " " | .03 |
| Calf Skin | .40 to .50 |
| Sheep pelts | .60 |
| Shelled corn per bus | .60 |
| Corn meal, cwt | 2.00 |
| Bran, " | 1.20 |
| Chop " | 1.20 |
| Middlings " | 1.20 |
| Chickens per lb | .10 |
| Turkeys " " | .12 |
| Geese " " | .10 |
| Ducks " " | .10 |

COAL.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 6, delivered | 2.40 |
| " 4 and 5 " | 3.50 |
| " 6 at yard | 2.25 |
| " 4 and 5 at yard | 3.25 |

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