THE

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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VASHTI'S MARRIAGE.

"Say to the King: I will not come, his Queen
That I am not, and never yet have been—

"Say to the King: I will not stand again
A beauteous lie among his princely men;

"Say to the King: Cold pomp and regal state,
And glittering servitude but mock my fate.

"Say to the King: I am his slave, my life
Made all a bitter irony for wife.

"Yet say ye to the King: 'Twere sweet to wear
A sackcloth gown and kneel before him there,

"Unsandled, mean, amid that rich-robed throng.
Braving its wonder as I passed along.

"So he would raise me with one true, pure kiss,
This were my wifehood, and my queenhood
this."

A DEED AND A WORD.

BY CHAS. MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that men might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Pauline's Pride.

BY WALTER GARDINER.

She was a grandly beautiful woman —one to inspire admiration at the first glance. Standing by the bureau in her elegant boudoir, her proud head thrown back, and one hand partially upraised, she presented a picture to charm an artist's soul. Her full, yet symmetrical figure, the unconscious grace of her attitude, the delicacy of her complexion, the composure of her regally lovely face, all combined to thrill a beholder with awe. And to wonder again at the lavishness of nature, one had but to glance at her luxuriant hair of raven blackness, her deep liquid eyes, rubescent lips, and pearly teeth.

Heaven had indeed showered its choicest blessings upon Pauline Seaton.

A faint knock now sounded upon the door. The beauty turned, commanded the applicant to enter, and then glanced once in the mirror. A servant appeared to say that Mr. Aldrich was below. Pauline nodded, and dismissed the attendant with a wave of her hand. A moment later she started for the drawing-room. As she glided in with queenly grace, a gentleman came forward from a remote corner of the room, clasped both her hands very tenderly, and said in a deep, fervent voice,—

"Pauline! My love! My peerless one!"

"You have returned, Herman! I did not expect you so soon," she answered in sweet but measured tones.

There was beauty, pride, fascination in her manner, but Herman Aldrich yearned for devotion—a warm outspringing of affection. Still he knew better than to expect this from her, it was, forsooth, inconsistent with her dignity. Leading her to a sofa, he seated himself by her side, still holding her left hand in his.

"You don't say if you are glad to see me, Pauline?!'

He must say that at all events, his heart craved tenderness. She turned her magnificent eyes upon him with something like admiration, and a slight smile parted her lips.

"Would it increase my gratification, or yours, Herman?"

"Mine, yes! O Pauline, I must see, hear, and feel love to make me happy. Your pride is grand. I cannot but admire it, and yet I would give all I possess to hear your voice in endearment."

She laughed musically.

"The fact is, Herman, you want to be babied You should have chosen a rural maid. My accomplishments are not of that order."

A frown clouded his brow, and he pulled nervously at the ends of his golden moustache. At length he replied—

"That is unkind, Pauline. The less of such words between us the better for our peace."

"I have a new waltz," she said, rising with a charming unconcern. "It is splendid. Wiil you turn the music."

"With pleasure," he answered, repressing the feelings of pain and annoyance that struggled for utterance.

She played the piece half through, and said, very pleasantly,—

"Is my lover angry?"

A bright smile shot into his eyes, he yearned to press her to his breast but he dared not.

"No, my darling, no."

"I'm thankful for that. Still," and she struck one or two minor notes, and looked coquettishly over her shoulder, "I'd rather see you angry than hear you lecture. Your homilies are awful stupid, Herman."

His face flushed and he dropped his eyes. He could not imagine why it pleased her to torment him. Surely it was not a bright omen for the future. He was about to speak, but she began playing vigorously, watching her fingers as they flew over the keys, but taking no notice of him. He bore it all in silence, and praised her performance when at last it was concluded.

After a brief conversation he arose to to go. Her indifference had chilled him through, and he wished to be alone to have time for reflection, safe from the fascination of her beauty.

"I want you to go to the opeara with me to-morrow night Pauline," he said, as he drew near the door.

"Thanks, but I'm engaged," she answered with that cold composure of hers.

"Engaged!" he repeated, his eyes dilating. "I do not understand this. Who forestalls me in your society?"

"I promised Mr. Neville that I would go with him, and I intend to keep my word," she responded with a calm defiance.

Aldrich bit his lip to restrain his indignation; for a moment he was silent, then taking her hands again he gazed upon her tenderly, and said,—

"Pauline, my love, you must hear me. I as your accepted lover have rights which your womanhood should compel you to respect. Don't let your pride govern your reason, dearest, but for once open your heart to my words. To begin with, Neville's character is none of the best; his money is his only passport in society. But more than this, you are mine, honor hath bound us, the law that shall make us one cannot give new love or new trust. As you are mine in heart, I must ask you to tell Mr. Neville the reason you cannot go with him; it will be but a just acknowledgment of my claims."

He gazed upon her anxiously to note the effect of his words.

Her lip curled slightly, her dark eyes flashed, as she rejoined,—

"I will be no man's slave, Herman Aldrich."

His face paled, his fingers curled toward the palms of his hands. In a husky voice he queried,—

"Then you refuse?"

"Yes," firmly.

The man drew a long, weary sigh. His soul seemed sinking. He felt the terrible result of her obstinacy, it blackened the future, it embittered the present. But he would make one more appeal to her, better feelings.

"Pauline, think what we are to each other; remember that we have but one life. Love is our anchor here in this world of trials. I beseech you to retract your words! By our hope of heaven I beg you to consider your noble nature, and put aside this wilfullness. One word of yours either makes or mars our common destiny. Dearest, best beloved, hear me, think well before you speak."

His earnestness touched her, but she felt that he was offering an ultimatum, and her pride rebelled.

"I have but to repeat my answer, Herman," she replied, with a deprecating wave of her hand.

"My God! Then you love me not, you never loved me."

"Did I ever say I did?"

He reeled and caught at the door-post for support. Then turning his wild eyes toward her, he answered in a hollow voice,—

"No, no; so far you speak the truth; you never did. But oh, that you could deceive me so! that you could promise your hand when no love for me dwelt in your heart. Was it for this I hoped and prayed? A mockery, a hollow home, a form without soul? O God, forgive her!"

She trembled as this low wail broke piteously from his lips, her face grew white, but she would not allow her natural feelings sway. She spoke, however.

"I preferred you, Herman, to all others."

That cut him—it seemed a sneer at his love, at all love. He regained control of himself, his features took on a look of scorn, and the words burst from his lips,—

"Pauline! You have made me your slave—have cajoled me into the belief that you loved me—and now you defy me, now you tacitly acknowledge without shame that our union was to be one of form—a meaningless ceremony. 'Tis over! 'tis the last! You are free. I have no claim upon you, no hope in regard to you; nothing but present sorrow. If in the future you can find one to love, marry him; make him happy. I cannot take an empty heart. God bless you."

He sprang forward, pressed one kiss upon her brow, and fled from the house. She heard the door close, then her senses became confused; the walls seemed closing in upon her, and she sank insensible upon the carpet. Five minutes later, her father found her there, her head resting upon one arm, her face a deadly white. Lifting her in his arms, he bore her to a sofa, and was about to ring for assistance, when she opened her eyes.

"Stop! I am well now," she said, impulsively.

"But, my dear child—"

"Enough. I will prove my words."

And seating herself at the piano, she dashed off a brilliant air, and then pausing, looking up into his face with an animated smile.

"You're a strange girl, Pauline. But tell me the cause of your fainting; there must have been a cause," searchingly.

"I ate too much dinner, I think," she answered, quietly.

Disarmed of his suspicions, if any he had, he gave the subject no further consideration. The following evening, Pauline accompanied George Neville to the opera Every eye was bent upon her with wonder and admiration, and her escort felt a glow of pride as he thought of the absent Aldrich.

The next morning at breakfast, her father glanced at her several times in a regretful, half reproving way, and Pauline becoming annoyed, at length demanded an explanation.

"I have good reason to be both sad and vexed," he said, gravely. "You were at the opera last night, with Neville."

"And what of that, pray?"

"Nothing, of course—decidedly nothing—you wilful girl. Only—mark I say only—Mr. Neville had laid a wager previously that you would go with him, and he boasted of it last night at the Manhattan club."

"Dared he?" she cried, her bosom heaving with indignation.

"Oh, yes, he dared, and was knocked down for his pains."

"By whom?"

"Herman Aldrich," answered the father, watching his daughter's features narrowly. But they revealed nothing. Her self-control was simply wonderful.

Presently Mr. Seaton left the house and started for his office. He reached Wall street at 9 a. m. From that hour until four he was in a state of terrible excitement. There had been a panic in stocks—gold was rising—the market was feverish—the financial world was shaken to its very foundation. Fortunes were engulfed in an instant. Men worth millions in the morning were but little better than beggars at night.

Mr. Seaton rushed into his office to consult a moment with his partner. Dropping into a chair, he requested him to ascertain the amount of stocks in a certain company, which they had on hand. Richard Marden hastily referred to his books, and then his spare, sallow face seemed to grow whiter and thinner; his pen trembled in his fingers, he could not speak.

"Well, well, out with it, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Seaton, in a tremulous, hollow voice.

"We are ruined—utterly ruined!" groaned Marden, dropping his head upon his little desk.

Henry Seaton sprang to his feet and ran from the building, his face blanched, his eyes gleaming wildly. But no one noticed him. Too many men acted like maniacs that terrible day to have a fresh case occasion much alarm.

"Oh, my child! My Pauline! Lost all lost! Oh, heaven! can it be true?"

He staggered against a building and gazed fiercely around. There was a fashionable liquor saloon at his left. His strength was nearly gone—he must have stimulant. Entering the gilded hall, he called for brandy. It was brought to him, and he drained the glass at a draught.

"Again! Another! it gives me life."

The waiter placed a bottle upon the table, and the bankrupt filled his glass to the rim, and tossed it off with a savage delight. He was growing beside himself, and as he went out, the waiter muttered:

"He's used up by the 'corner' to-day."

Three-quarters of an hour later, Henry Seaton stood in his chamber at home. Its elegance seemed to mock him with weird voices, for he knew his house must be given up. And Pauline, so tenderly reared! how could she bear poverty? The poor man shrieked aloud, and tore his hair and beat his brow. Then his eye fell upon a silvered revolver lying upon the table. He took it up and examined it, strange, wild thoughts torturing his brain. Anon low, hollow mutterings left his lips, his body trembled, his inflamed imagination, aided by the stimulant he had drank, pictured fiends about to attack him. Like lightning his arm went up —the barrel pressed his ear. he pulled the trigger—and the next instant he lay on his back dead, his brains scattered about him. Only one of the many victims of Black Friday.

The explosion was heard by Pauline, who was going to her boudoir at the time. For a moment she stood motionless, controlled by a nameless terror. Then she rang the hall bell violently, and tottered rather than walked toward her father's room. The door was locked. She tried to push it open, and then fainted from the horror that was foreshadowed on her soul.

Presently the servant came rushing up stairs. The maiden was carried to her room, and then Mr. Seaton's door was burst open. With cries of fear and dismay, the attendants beheld the lifeless body of their master. And while they gazed upon it, a heart-rending shriek broke upon their ears, and Pauline, nearly frantic with anguish, darted by them and threw herself upon her father's body. Wildly she called upon him to live for her sake, and pressed warm kisses upon his face, while the servants wept and wrung their hands. But at last she realized that he was dead; and then a despair terrible to behold settled upon her face, and existence, for the time, became a rankling curse.

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"You don't remember a thing about it, deary, and I'm sure I don't want to talk about it, for it was an awful day, and that's no name for it. Your face was whiter than it is now, though you're far from being over it yet; and I thought you'd die in spite of all we could do. Bless me how thankful I am that we can't live these things but once."

Good Mrs. Hartley paused to wipe her spectacles, and to clear her eyes from the tears that would come whenever she looked at the pale, thin girl before her, and thought what had brought her into this plain, country home.

"Do tell me, auntie. I can bear it, I know I can," murmured the maiden, raising her dark, dreamy eyes to her companion's face, and gently taking one of her hands.

"You're a blessed child, that you are, Polly. I'd refuse you nothing, I could beg or borrow; but it does seem too bad to go over this dreadful affair again. You are strong? You may think so, but I know better. Well, well, if you'll never speak about it again, I'll try to get through with it somehow. Dear me! Well, your uncle happened down to York on that day—you know what day I mean—and hearing what had happened, he sent for me; and I went and brought you here. You were out of your head then, poor dear, and so you didn't suffer so much, I hope. There, that's all; and I do hope I shall never have to speak on't again."

"And there was nothing of papa's fortune left, nothing?" said the girl, in a low, sad voice.

"No, deary; but I wouldn't think about it, because I want you to get well as soon as you can," answered Aunt Hester, patting the shapely head with a great deal of affection.

"You'll enjoy yourself here, when the weather gets warm, and you'll see much that's new to you. It'll be much better than being a governess in the city, among them that you used to be on a level with. I said at first I'd have none of that, and I'll keep my word. My birdie shan't be plagued by anybody."

And off came the glasses again, to be wiped, and the earnest old eyes to be cleared of tears. This rude, but natural love sank deep into Pauline's heart, and leaning her head upon the old lady's knees, she wept softly.

"Let the poor thing cry—it'll do her good; it's much better than to see her so pale and still, and looking for all the world as if she was going to die every minute," mused Aunt Hester, gazing down upon her sympathetically.

Time went on; the influence of Pauline's illness had passed, and every event came back with distinctness. It was a strange realization. She, the haughty, proud belle, here in a farmhouse, dependent upon her father's sister, and that father dead. And Herman, where was he? She trembled, sighed wearily, and passing her hands across her brow, moved slowly out upon the lawn. The sun was sinking to rest, and the western horizon was dyed with crimson and gold. The gentle south wind brought the odor of wild violets in its breath, and the birds were singing their evening hyms upon the tree-tops.

Pauline sat down in a rustic chair, and, folding her hands, gazed upon the pastoral scene with something like a wonder. At times her life seemed like a vision, from which she must awake. Across the garden she looked now, and saw, in the lane beyond, the cows coming home, and heard the bleating of the calves in the barn, and the shrill voices of the cocks as they went to their roost. Then she rested her face upon her hands and directed her eyes to the green grass, and in doing so she saw her calico dress and her thick boots. An expression of surprise went over her face.

"Yes, 'tis I, Pauline Seaton. It's all true: but oh, Heaven! shall I ever learn to realize it? Shall I ever become accustomed to myself as I am? Shall I ever forget myself as I was? It may be for the best. I must think it is, or I shall lose my reason."

"It's a kind o' pleasant twilight, Miss Pauline."

The words were uttered in a coarse but kindly voice. The maiden looked up, and beheld Enoch Bangs, one of the farm-hands, leaning on his hoe, his bright blue eyes bent upon her admiringly. There was something in those eyes that recalled old memories, and so Pauline had spoken to their possessor occasionally. He called her Pauline, too, while all the others afflicted her with "Polly."

"Yes, Enoch," she answered, mechanically. "Are you very tired tonight?"

"No, Miss Pauline, not very, though I've hoed a master sight to-day," he rejoined, with a quirk of his head peculiar to him.

She nodded and smiled faintly, and then went in to help her aunt get supper. Employment she must have, and anything she could do she took hold of with avidity; it served to keep her mind from herself and the past, and that was the great desideratum. What would the belles and beaux of New York have said, to have seen the queenly Pauline Seaton in the midst of a brood of chickens, feeding the dough to them with her own hands?

June came—June, with its roses of all kinds and hues. 'Twas evening; the fields were silvered with moonlight; a light breeze mitigated the summer heat; the whip-poor-will's weird song echoed from the forest on valley and hill. Pauline, in a white dress with a crimson sash, sat on the lawn, meditating. Presently Enoch, resplendent in white pants and vest, with dark coat, came out and took a seat by her side. She was glad of his presence; he would amuse her.

"You are looking finely to-night, Enoch."

"Thank you, Miss Pauline. I don't believe you'd say that, if you didn't mean it."

"Miss Pauline," said Enoch, timidly, "I kinder thought may be you could tell us a story about the city, or something, and so I came down. Could you now think of something, and won't it be too much trouble?"

"A love story, Enoch?"

She tried to speak laughingly.

"Yes, them are the best allus."

"Well, I'll make up one, if I can't think of a real one. There was once a very proud girl, who was loved by a most worthy man, a man noble of heart and purpose. She became engaged to him, and the time was set for their marriage. Well, as I said, the girl was wilful, haughty and obstinate, and so she promised to go out of an evening with a man whom her lover disliked, and who was not really worthy of her society. Her lover remonstrated with her, pleaded with her, but all to no purpose. She would have her way. At this her lover reminded her of her duty to him and her love, but she as much as told him that she never loved him. Then he left her, not in anger, as she deserved, but in sorrow and forgiveness."

"But did the girl really love him, Miss Pauline?"

"Yes, better than her life, but she was too proud to confess it. She pretended to scorn love, but in consequence she has learned the value of it. Tonight, she is trying to fill the aching void in her heart with hope—trying in vain."

"No, not in vain, my loved one—my beautiful Pauline!"

The false whiskers were cast aside, and the radiant face of Herman Aldrich beamed down upon her. The old pride flashed up for an instant, and then it was lost in the torrent of bliss that swept over her heart.

"O Herman! my own, my own!"

She sank upon his breast, and his lips met hers in one lingering kiss.

Two months later Mrs. Herman Aldrich appeared in society at the metropolis, but with softened pride.—*Waverly Magazine.*

AN EXCHANGE says: "Formerly, when a man got tired of the world, he went into a cave and dwelt alone; now he accomplishes the same result by opening a store and neglecting to advertise.

CENTRE

NTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURS

The Beauties of Florida—Spring Grove on Lake George.

I have been asked to write down my impressions of Spring Grove, which Mr. Emil Salinger, of New York city, Mr. Damon Greenleaf and Mr. Samuel I. Bridge, of Jacksonville now call their own.

Spring Grove is situated in Orange county, on Big Lake George, which is twelve miles wide by fifteen in length. It has one and a half miles lake front, three quarters of a mile creek front, and lined all along its banks (for it is on rising ground) with fruit trees, cypress, oak, magnolia, and palmetto. The crystal waters of the creek, or "Spring Run," as it is called, and the beauty of the spring itself, are marvelous, and it astonishes all that so small a spring, only 100 feet across, should make such a stream, propelling its peculiar silvery waters half a mile into the lake. You have seen Wakulla, Blue Spring, and Silver Spring, on the Ocklawaha? I was told by a gentleman on my way home, who has lived in Florida forty years, that by the expenditure of a little time to clear the leaves and moss from the outer edge of Silver Spring, it would exceed in beauty any of the three named. From the moment the boat touches the "run" in the lake, comes the sense of "floating in air" that many have described of other famous springs in the State. Far below us, as we rowed on, swam the golden, ruby, and emerald fishes, and near at hand they seemed. I almost lost my respect for the trout that were beguiled from these glorious depths by our tin spinner, but there is something about glitter, even if it is but tin, that has beguiled many a creature of higher order than a trout, sometimes blinding them, and the cause of their destruction. How I would like to describe spearing fish by moonlight, and also (which is better) by lamplight, the lantern hanging over the bow of the boat. This is one of the sports of the "run," and exciting it is to see the fish, motionless underneath and at the sides of your boat, blinded by the glare, so easy a prey that sometimes they can be taken out by the hand if not by the spear. One moonlight night the boat passed over countless fish and numbers of alligators, and it was a strange, exciting scene.

On the land are orange trees in such a wilderness of profusion that the eye wearies in counting them, though it can never tire in looking on their beauty. Thousands follow thousands over many acres, and one sees on them the ripened fruit, the green promise of the coming harvest, and here and there the bridal blossom. Nature's quiet in these groves has been disturbed. One hears far and near the sound of the axe and the brush-hook, and the voices of men cheering each other on to their work which destroys all thought of solitude. Ten laborers have already made for themselves a home, where a few weeks since man could hardly walk.

Outside of the groves, in the hammocks, are beautiful vines and flowers of various kinds, while near the lake a high shrub grows with a waving stalk of pink flowers. They have something the appearance of small hollyhocks and it seemed as if the peace of those beautiful days was folded away in their pink depths. They looked smilingly toward the north, south, east, and west and upon the grand soil that gave them birth.

On the lake there is an infinite variety of beauty, now like a mirror, with not the whisper of a wave; now like a deep blue basin hollowed out in the earth: now white with the quick rain; now roaring and foaming with the wind. The showers sometimes chase each other over the lake, waiting now and then to let a rainbow air itself an instant. Again they march slowly around the horizon, as if deliberating where they would give the benefit of their abundance; then in quiet dignity, sailing far away, leaving only added brightness behind

There are birds of all kinds in the woods and near the shore. The sad, grey limbkin is there, which, since my return, I find named *limbkin* by Captain Lund, twenty-five years ago, from its resemblance, in its limping gait, to a set of Georgia "crackers," whom some wild young bloods (Captain L. being one of the number) nicknamed *limbkins*. When he first saw the bird in Florida, limping off, he said to a friend: "That bird walks like our limbkins in Georgia, and hence the name. There are quails, reed birds, wild turkeys, eagles, owls, and herons of all kinds, also birds similar if not the same, as the sea-gulls. Sometimes the shore looks white with the cranes, as they rest among the grasses, and it seems as if they had gathered all the sunshine and purity of Nature into themselves, and, as they lift their bodies lazily up, floating away, they look too beautiful to die. 'Tis true at Spring Grove there are no lectures save what the grand old trees, gnarled and hoary with the experience of hundreds of years, can give; no concerts, but what the lake, the birds, and the palpitating air produces; no churches save the great one whose roof is the sky, and whose floor the rich, warm-hearted, charitable earth. There are no galleries of pictures painted by mortal hands, but a shifting panorama of scenes, moonlight, sunlight, firelight, and storm-light; no streets, no stores, no conservatories of music, no neighbors, no interruptions—all is peace harmony, and concord, and I love to sit and muse on what has been there, as well as what is, and listen to the wonderful melody of the waves, straining my ears to lose none of their tones and, my eyes to catch all of their life, color, and sparkle.

Having but one more incident, and that connected with my departure, your patience will be taxed but little longer. It rained slowly all the day of my leaving, and as the Volusia did not come at her usual hour, Mr. Bridge started out with a lamp in a boat to the bulk-head, to signal her. As he went down the hill he shouted to me to "come and see the rainbow;" so hurrying past the camp-fire, where all the men were getting their supper, one of the hunters said, "look out for the pot of gold, marm, at the end of the rainbow." When I reached the centre of our little temporary wharf, I saw a sight I had never seen before, and probably never will again. Before us was one brilliant band of color from horizon to horizon. spanning the entire lake, and resting beyond, straight in front of the wharf upon which I stood. All at once the colors crept across the waters as bright as those above, and in an instant the rainbow was at my feet, showing brilliantly on the shining wet wharf. Involuntarily I looked for the pot of gold but the bow staid but a second and was gone.—*M. A. B.*

Apple Parings—A Glimpse into a Farmer's Kitchen.

"Apple-parings," or "paring bees," with the many other pleasant old customs with which our ancestors, our grandfathers and grandmothers, were wont to pass their leisure evenings after the harvest was o'er, are rapidly dying away before the onward march of time; but in a few towns they are still in vogue, and the young people enjoy themselves at these gatherings with all the wholesome heartiness and vivacity characteristic of the meetings in the olden time. It is about this time that invitations to these "bees" are being issued, and eight o'clock in the evening sees some well-to-do farmer's kitchen filled with the lads and lassies of the neighborhood, eager to commence their attack upon the pans of rosy-cheeked apples heaped high upon the shining tables. Knives are produced, long aprons are donned by the blushing girls, whose cheeks reflect the color of the luscious fruit, the modern apple-parers are affixed, the party separate into groups around the different pans, and in a moment flashing fingers vie with restless tongues in the rapidity of their movements. Huge piles of apples melt away as if by magic, and, pared, quartered and cored, they rise white and tempting in the buckets prepared for them. The conversation and laughter increases in a ratio as the work decreases, until by and by some maiden throws a "paring" over her head and there is a rush to see the letter it forms as it falls upon the floor—sure to be the initial letter of the one she loves the best. The fun then waxes hot and furious, others try their fortunes with this infallible test, games of forfeits are introduced, a rousing smack is heard from the corner of the room, another and then another, and we see that the forfeits are being paid with good honest kisses that resound throughout the kitchen; kisses given with a heartiness that leaves no doubt as to the pleasure felt in their sincerity. At last the fun is over, the maidens retire to don their wraps, and the youths, with palpitating hearts, range themselves in a row to await their coming. Form after form, muffled to their ears with only the bright faces appearing, trip down stairs and "May I see you home?" "Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you, I have company," decides some poor lad's fate, and the fortunate ones arm-in-arm pass out together while the "mittened" one with an assumption of indifference asks to be allowed to sit on the fence and see her go by. The lights are turned out, the farmer's family soon are asleep and the young walk slowly along the snow-clad road, glistening with its myriads of diamonds in the bright moonlight and repeat the old story that is never old, but always the story of stories to each succeeding generation. And this, in brief, is an "apple-paring."

Benefit of Pain.

Life would be a series of disasters, without the warning voice of pain. Infancy would be maimed or perish before experience could inform it of its danger. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their childern cunningly with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut up a stick, and burn them in a candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frames, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our ribs, and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles need repose, we should continue our sports and our walking-tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the unconsciousness that we now wear out our coat and shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death. Mirabeau said of a man, who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain this limit would be constantly exceeded and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. An eminent physician mentions the case of a gentleman who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such things quicker than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present and guard against it carefully in the time to come.

Getting a Barrel of Flourup Stairs.

It is a matter of conscience with us never to laugh or make fun of another fellow's misery, owing to the uncertainty of affairs generally. You can never tell whose 'turn may come next.'

A man put his head in our window with a patch over his eye, his nose skinned, his fingers tied up, and a general aspect of having called somebody a liar. We looked at him and inquired if he had the names of the other killed and wounded.

"Now, look here, you; I don't want none of your makin' fun of me, now mind that," and he looked vicious; but continued:

"It was a barrel of flour did it. You see it was sent home yesterday, and when I got home last evening, the first thing the old woman said was: 'I want that barrel up garret.'

"All right," says I, and I just grabbed the old thing and rolled it to the foot of the stairs and up-ended it onto the second step, but when I went to over-end it again, it flew back and barked my shins about four inches, so that I dropped it quicker than you ever see. Then I rolled it up till I got it to the fifth step, right on the turn, and the blamed thing wouldn't go any further; so I up-ended it again, but it flew back, hit me in the stomach and jammed me up in the corner so tight that I couldn't move till the old woman helped me out, and together we worked the wretched nuisance up until we got nearly to the top of the stairs, when nothing would do her but she must climb over it to get a chance to pull. She was just about on the top of it, the last I saw of her. Then there was a screech and a howl, and a mixture of two humans and a flour barrel all the way down stairs and out into the kitchen, where it pitched the old woman over the stove, and smashed the supper table into kindling-wood, and then busted itself against the chimney. Now we aint got no dishes, and the stove don't sit easy on three legs, and the old woman's got the longest mad on I ever see; so I'm afraid to go home, and I don't feel very well myself."—*Free Press.*

A Republic not Like Ours.

The head of the government, the Grand Caliph, was elected for a term of twenty years. I questioned the wisdom of this. I was answered that he could do no harm, since the ministry and the parliament governed the land, and he was liable to impeachment for misconduct. This great office had twice been ably filled by women, women as aptly fitted for it as some of the sceptred queens of history. Members of the cabinet, under many administrations, had been women.

I found that the pardoning power was lodged in a court of pardons, consisting of several great judges. Under the old *regime*, this important power was vested in a single official, and he usually took care to have a general jail delivery in time for the next election.

I inquired about public schools. There were plenty of them, and of free colleges too. I inquired about compulsory education. This was received with a smile, and the remark,—

"When a man's child is able to make himself powerful and honored according to the amount of education he acquires, don't you suppose that that parent will apply the compulsion himself? Our free schools and free colleges require no law to fill them."

There was a loving pride of country about this person's way of speaking which annoyed me, I had long been unused to the sound of it in my own. The Gondour national airs were forever dinning in my ears; therefore I was glad to leave that country and come back to my dear native land, where one never hears that sort of music.

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The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is, that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

REPORTE

Terms: $2 a

DAY, DECEMBER 23, 1875.

TO THE "BOUQUET CLUB.

O Rosebud garland of girls!
Who ask for a song from me,
To what sweet air shall I set my lay?
What shall its key-note be?
The flowers have gone from wood and hill;
The rippling river lies white and still;
And the bird that sang on the maple bough,
Afar in the southland singeth now!

O Rosebud garland of girls!
If the whole glad year were May;
If winds sang low in the clustering leaves,
And roses bloomed alway;
If youth were all that there is of life,
If the years brought nothing of care or strife,
Nor even a cloud to the ether blue,
It were easy to sing a song for you!

Yet, O my garland of girls!
Is there nothing better than May?
The golden glow of the harvest-time!
The rest of the Autumn day!
This thought I give to you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Christmas Tale.

"Christmas Eve, Aunt Ellen. Our first Christmas at home for ten long years. Ten long, lonely years. Only you and I to wish each other a Merry Christmas, with hearts far removed from merriment. No little children to greet Santa Claus with ringing shouts of joy. No family to gather round the Christmas Tree. We will give to each other trinkets to mark our love, we will eat turkey and mince pies, and in the afternoon I will go over to the Sunday-school children. And so the day will glide by, as it has year after year, in Paris, in Italy, in London, in St. Petersburg—where have we not spent a Christmas?"

"But we are at home home now, dear," was the reply.

"True. There is some comfort in that. I have longed so for home thinking that we might find in New York some trace of our lost one. Surely she will come home! Yet, it is ten years that the house has been in the hands of strangers. Who can tell that she has not been turned away from the door? It breaks my heart, Aunt Ellen—it breaks my heart!"

The woman who spoke was pacing slowly up and down a long, handsomely furnished drawing-room, her small jeweled hands clasped tightly together, and her eyes misty with unshed tears. She was richly dressed in heavy silk of a deep wine-color, soft fine lace, and tasteful jewelry, and she was very beautiful.

She was not very young, past thirty but her soft fair complexion and delicate features made her appear younger than her actual age. Her eyes, of deep violet, were large and expressive, and her hair, worn in close curls round her shapely head, was of the richest brown, throwing back golden lights in the bright glare from the chandelier. She was tall and slender, yet gracefully proportioned, and her movements were easy and dignified.

Her companion, who was half hidden in the depths of a velvet armchair, was small and very pretty, but old enough to have her snowy hair folded away under a soft lace cap, and to wear the old-lady dress of black silk and white muslin, with a shawl of Shetland wool around her shoulders.

She looked with loving, tender eyes at the restless woman pacing the floor, and when she spoke, there was sympathy in every tone.

"Remember, darling," she said, "that it is less than a year we returned here. It is too early to be discouraged."

"I am not discouraged, but it is so hard to wait. Think of the happy family that gathered year after year in this room, of our father, Uncle Harry and Mabel! All gone. Nothing left me but your precious love, and the good I can do the poor."

"And Mira, speaking of that, did you not tell me you had still some purchases to make for your class to-morrow?"

"True. Mr. Morrison's call drove it from my mind. There were more toys needed. I can go now. It is not seven o'clock. I will order the carriage, and be back before nine."

She rang the bell as she spoke, ordered the carriage, and sent for her maid and wraps.

The old lady waited until they were once more alone, and then said, wistfully:

"You would have told me if Mr. Morrison brought any news?"

"Indeed I would!" was the earnest reply, and the old lady felt a caressing hand upon her own. "There was only the old story of failure. Oh, Aunt Ellen, I would spend every dollar I own if it would bring her once more into my arms, bring her face against my own again! Where is she this cold Christmas Eve? How do we know she is not cold or hungry, while we have luxury! How do we know what sorrow she may endure! Oh, Mabel, Mabel! where are you?"

"She may be dead," the old lady said, very sadly.

A heavenly smile lit the face of Mira Cresswell, as she answered:

"No. She could not die, and I not know it. You forget we are twins, Aunt Ellen. She has suffered deeply, has known illness and sorrow—bitter sorrow—but she is not dead. When I feel keen pain, I know she is ill and suffering. When my heart sinks with some unknown grief, I know she weeps in sorrow. But she could not die, and I live on. Do you know she seems strangely near to me to-night, and she is sad, very sad!"

"Nearer than she seemed six months ago, dear, when you were so sure she was coming home?"

"Yes; even nearer than she seemed then. But here is Mary with my wraps."

"Are you going alone? Take Mary with you."

"It is not worth while. I shall only drive to the toy-shop and back."

She pressed a loving kiss upon the sweet face raised for the caress, and left the room.

A few words of explanation here will make clear the conversation quoted above, and tell the reason why Mira Cresswell, rich, lovely and talented, was single at thirty, lonely and sad.

Mabel and Mira Cresswell, twin daughters and only children of Godfrey Cresswell, one of the leading merchants of New York, were at twenty acknowledged belles in their own circle of society, and brighter, happier fate never seemed offered to girlhood than theirs. Their mother had been dead many years, but their father's sister, Ellen Cresswell, had so faithfully filled her place, that the twins never felt the loss of mother love or mother care.

During their first season in society, for the first time in their short, happy lives, the sisters wakened to the knowledge that there was another love even more absorbing than that they felt for each other.

Mira became the botrothed bride of her father's junior partner, George Sewell, and her family approved heartily of her choice. But Mabel gave her heart to a man in every way unworthy of the gift. A man handsome, talented, and brilliant, but wholly unprincipled—one of whom society more than whispered disgraceful tales, yet tolerated for the sake of his old family name and position.

Gordon Blanchard was so far pardonable, that he lost his parents at an early age, had had the control of ample means, and been free from all restraint since boyhood.

Mr. Cresswell, alarmed for the happiness of his child, opposed her choice as soon as he became aware of her attachment, forbidding all intercourse between the lovers, and using his paternal authority with rather injudicious strictness. The daughter, who had lived in an atmosphere of love and sunshine from infancy, resented the unusual severity, and, yielding to the solicitation of her lover, eloped from her father's house.

Before Mira had recovered from the bitter grief of this first violation of sisterly love and confidence, she was [illegible] upon to mourn the death of [illegible] Sewell, after a short sudden illness.

The girls [illegible]th broke under the accumulation of [illegible]ow, and by the advice of her physic[illegible] her father determined to retire from business, and travel in Europe. His b[illegible]her and sister, with Mira, composed [illegible]e party, and they sailed from New [illegible]k the Fall following Mabel's elopemen[illegible] For six years the father forbade the n[illegible] of his erring child being spoken in h[illegible] presence, but he became ill in Florence, and upon his deathbed he forgave her, giving Mira his dying words of blessing to cherish in her heart until she met her sister. Yet, his will, drawn up in New York before he sailed, left his fortune entirely to Mira.

It was the girl's earnest desire to return to her own home after her father's death, but her uncle Harry, who was also her guardian, was ailing, and fancied the air of Italy or France was necessary to his life.

So, for three more weary years, the travelers lingered abroad, till Harry Cresswell, too, died in Italy, and was buried beside his brother. But by his will, Mabel, could she be found, was left equal heiress with her sister of his handsome property, his own sister Ellen being already independent.

The first grief being over, the two women felt return the weary homesickness they had conquered for the sake of those who were gone, and returned to New York.

As soon as they were settled in their old home, Mira instructed her lawyer to spare no money or time to find her sister; but her efforts were unavailing up to the time when she is introduced to the reader, a little more than six months having passed since her return to New York.

As she drove toward her destination, Mira Cresswell prayed silently, as she had so often prayed, that, before another New Year dawned upon her lonely life, God would restore to her the sister whose loss she mourned more than that of uncle father, or lover.

Her dead were, she trusted, safe in the eternal home of Christians; but her sister, living, yet lost, was perhaps suffering want when plenty was her own by right—was lonely when love awaited her.

With sad thoughts for company, Mira entered the toy-shop, crowded with purchasers, and as her foot passed the threshold, a weight seemed to fall from her heart and limbs. She was dazzled by the light, she was bewildered by the strange unexplained happiness that seemed pouring into her heart.

Unconsciously she spoke the thought that filled her brain and heart, and many in that gay crowd turned, as the sweet, clear voice spoke one word, "Mabel!"—turned to see a shabbily dressed woman, at the counter, devoted to cheap toys, drop her trifling purchase, and fix her eyes upon the lady wrapped in costly raiment who had spoken.

Even in the contrast of dress, the likeness between the two could not be hidden. It was as if each faced a mirror, though one face was thinner than the other. Both were pale, deadly pale, as the shabby figure, drawn by the power of the other's dilated eyes, slowly crossed the store, never seeing anything of the wondering group, and found herself in a carriage, with Mira sobbing and caressing her.

"Mabel, Mabel, Mabel!"

That was all Mira could say, feeling her sister's kisses on her lips, her sister's tears on her face. But after a moment of deep, intense happiness, she was recalled to this world again by the coachman demanding the next destination.

"Drive slowly forward till I pull the check-string."

Bang went the door, and the horses took up a walk.

"Darling," said Mira, can it be true? Are you really here—here in my arms."

"But, Mira, I thought you were in Europe?"

"We were until June. We came home then, to find you. Tell me of yourself. I am so hungry for news of you, Mabel."

"No more so than I have been for tidings of you, Mira. My own story is soon told. I am widowed and very poor, with two little girls at home, half fed, and half clothed."

"Where is your home?" asked Mira, and shuddered as her sister named the poor locality.

Again the coachman received directions, and as he drove, Mira told her sister of her father's forgiveness, and her uncle's legacy, receiving in return the story of a wretched marriage, of children born only to die, excepting the two little girls of eight and six still living, of the gradual descent into poverty, of illness and unkindness, till death left her free from actual abuse, to fight the widow's battle against the world.

"We were in Cincinnati from the time of our marriage, Mira, and Gordon died there, two years ago. I tried to make money to come home, wearying for you, hoping for some words of pardon; but it was not until last June I came here. I went to the house, and found a family there who said the house had been rented to various parties for ten years, and was then about to be taken by a Mr. Morrison."

"My lawyer—you know papa's old lawyer is dead, and Mr. Morrison acts for me. He was preparing for our return, when he gave the family you saw notice to vacate the premises."

"I never returned there. Indeed, I have had my hands filled, to earn bread. This is the reason I have not seen the advertisements you have had published. But, here we are at the only home I have known since my return."

But for the brightness the future promised, Mira felt as if her heart must have broken, as, after ascending three long flights of rickety stairs, the sisters stood in the dismal attic of the wretched tenement house. In a small open grate were the embers of a scant fire, and the miserable furniture seemed as if actually falling to pieces. Upon the low bed, where their poor garments eked out the scanty covering, were two children, whose fair faces and brown curls were miniature copies of the faces bending over them. Even by the light of the miserable tallow candle, those faces looked beautiful.

Upon the bed-post hung two tiny stockings, and Mabel's tears rose as she whispered:

"I have just two dollars in the world, Mira, and I had told the children I was afraid Santa Claus would not come here to-night. They have never been without some toy, however poor, and, Mira, the older one, as she said her prayers, added a little petition to the saint of Christmas. When she rose from her knees, she told me, with such perfect faith, that Santa Claus would surely come now, that I could not bear to picture her disappointment. I resolved to take a trifle from my money to buy a few cheap toys, a little candy and fruit, and trust to Providence for the future. Kissing my little ones, I stole out, leaving them asleep, unconscious for the hour, at least, of cold and hunger."

"Oh, Mabel! Thank God for the child's prayer."

"To think that in answer I found you—found a home, wealth, and Christmas happiness! Mira, my heart is too full!"

There was a moment of deep silence, and then Mira spoke, with a look of merry mischief in her eyes, that they had not worn for years!

"Mabel, let me take the children home, asleep, just as they are. Wrap the cavers round them, and we will carry them down-stairs. There are plenty of warm robes in the carriage. Do, do let me carry out a little surprise I have in my mind for the waking of the dear girls."

"Just as you wish."

A rapid drive home to greet Aunt Ellen's delighted surprise, to put the little ones, still sleeping, in bed, and wrap Mabel in warm, handsome garments, and then there was a shopping expedition through the busy, crowded

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stores, that threatened to overflow the carriage.

Little garments of daintiest make treasures of books, games, and toys' tempting packages of fruit and sweetmeats, and wonderful machinery of all sorts for Mira's suprise.

It was past midnight when the sisters stole from the room where the children lay sleeping, to share once more the room they had occupied in girlhood. Day was just breaking when they crept in softly again for final preparations, and then hid themselves in a large closet to watch the waking.

Christmas morning broke bright and clear, and the sun, peeping through lace curtains, lighted one room, that was in strong contrast with the attic room where Mabel's children had dropped into childhood's deep sleep. A carpet of soft texture, covered with bright boquets of flowers, was on the floor; handsome furniture was tastefully arranged, and a [illegible] crib, of somewhat old-fashioned shape, with warm covers, held two little figures curled cosily under the softest of blankets, while two brown heads rested lovingly together upon the pillows. Grateful warmth filled the room, and every appointment was perfect. But the crowning glory stood directly opposite the crib, where the little sleepers must see it as soon as their eyes opened.

It was a tall Christmas tree, standing upon a large table, and surely Santa Claus, in his most generous mood, had never dressed one with more marvelous fruit. The small white stockings, hanging from one branch were well filled, and from every bough were suspended rare Christmas treasures, such as children love. Dolls, dressed in the latest fashions, were there, and for the use of their ladyships, furniture, carriages, and complete wardrobes. Tea-sets, in dainty boxes, were there; games, in variety; books, filled with the most wonderful of fairy romances; sets of exquisite pictures, in pretty envelopes; varieties of candies, fruit, and dainties of every kind. And over all hung the brilliancy of the rising sun touching every object with warm golden light.

Suddenly, as children often waken from deepest sleep, one curly, brown head was lifted from the pillow, and a pair of great blue eyes opened wide, in delighted surprise.

"That is Mira, your namesake," Mabel whispered low, in the closet.

Great gasping sobs of perfect happiness held the child silent a moment, then the joy became too great for solitary pleasure.

"May! May!" she cried, the sweet voice rippling with delight—"oh, May, wake up! Santa Claus came! I told mamma he would come. May, wake up!"

Two brown heads were upraised now, two pairs of blue eyes shining with pleasure, roving from the tree to the wonderful room, the furniture, the mirrors, the little bed, and ever back again to the marvelous display of toys and treasures.

"Oh, May, it is like heaven! How warm I am; and see our nightgowns, all ruffled, and with lace on them! And, oh, May! see the lovely blue dresses on that chair, and bronze boots! They must be for us, for they will surely fit us."

But May's eyes were drooping a little, in the midst of all this happiness. She missed something, dearer than all.

"But I want mamma!" she said in a grieved tone. "Did Santa Claus take away mamma?"

The closet-door opened, and the two ladies stepped out, dressed so nearly alike, and resembling each other so much, that May shouted:

"Two mammas!"

"One mamma and one auntie, darlings!" said Mabel, kissing the wondering little faces.

"Has Santa Claus been to see you too?" asked Mira, the second, noting the unwonted happiness of her mother's face, and the handsome Cashmere wrapper she wore.

"Yes, darling!" her aunt answered; "Santa Claus has brought mamma home."

"Is this beautiful room to be ours?"

"Yes; and when you lie down in your crib, you can think that it is the same one where mamma and auntie slept when they were little girls. But are you not ready for breakfast? Don't you want to be dressed, and see the toys on your tree?"

"Oh!" cried Mira, as the door opened, "here is a fairy godmother coming!"

There was a merry laugh then, for Aunt Ellen was so small and pretty, that this was not a new name for her.

"I could not wait longer to see your children, Mabel," she said—"our second Mira and Mabel!"

It was a day the reunited family can never forget. The children, young ladies now, thinking of society and accomplishments, have passed many happy anniversaries, but never one quite so startling and bright as the one when "Santa Claus brought mamma home."

Wisdom in Brief.

An exchange gives the following sensible hints for 1875, which we commend to the consideration of all concerned: "It is better to live in a little, mean, two story frame house, than in a jail; it is a good thing, when you are talking of another man's defalcation, to make sure that you could have handled as much money, with like opportunities for dishonesty, and not fallen before temptation. It doesn't pay to worry over what will happen to your wife if you were taken away; she may get a better husband; if you are wondering what makes your former schoolmate's hair so gray, or make such a one so wrinkled, or why such another one is growing so stout, just take a look in the glass. Do not imagine, because you have resolved to practice charity and to speak well of everybody, that everybody has made the same resolution regarding you. If you are heartsick with regret that you were not more tender and thoughtful towards the dear ones you have lost, just try to avoid further repentance in the future by being good to those still left to you. Don't put off enjoyment. If you are not ready to enjoy things as they come, when you are ready they won't come. Planning to enjoy friends and fortune in the future is a most insecure investment. The chances are woefully few that you, your friends and the fortune will all come together in the future. If you have any good deeds to do, or happiness to enjoy, to-day is the time. It is only when we are arguing ourselves into the committing of some act where we believe the end will justify the means, that it pays to wait till to.morrow. In such a case one cannot wait too many to-morrows."

Knife and Fork Flirtations.

To drop your knife means: "I am badly bored."

To eat with your knife means: "I am not posted."

To drop your fork means: I am desperately in love."

To wipe your knife on the table-cloth means: "All right."

To stir your coffee with a fork means: "How sweet you are."

To eat your soup with a fork means: "You are very beautiful."

To whet your knife on your fork means: "You see I am sharp."

To cut your mouth with a knife means: "I am very impatient."

To pick your teeth with a fork means: "I am the pick of the lot."

To wipe your nose on a napkin means: "I am making a fool of myself."

To drum on your plate with your knife and fork means: I am almost crazy."

To scratch your head with a fork means: I itch for an acquaintance with you."

To dip your own knife into the butter means: "I am not very particular you see."

To let your knife slip and knock the gravy out of your plate means: "I am exceedingly happy to be here."

To draw the knife half way down your throat means: "I am enjoying myself very well, I thank you."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—James Knox of Knoxville, Ill. has given $10,000 for a Swedish college in that city.

—The aggregate shrinkage of mining stocks on the Pacific coast is estimated at $70,000,000.

—Gen. E. E. Spinner—he of the meandering autograph—ran ahead of his ticket in New York.

—Alexander H. Stephens now weighs two more pounds than he did. He weighs only about 100 all told.

—A Kentuckian thinks he has attained the height of human happiness in the possession of a wife 8 feet 3 inches tall.

—Political success is not without its penalties. A Pennsylvania Senator elect had to kiss 1,639 babies during the recent canvas.

—The Titusville *Courier* thinks the daily production of petroleum this year will fall at least 9,000 barres below that of last year.

—The wife of a Des Moines editor has run away with a beautiful Chicago batter. So much for the vaunted influence of the press.

—The *Gazette*, a Kansas paper, has been sued for libel by the office devil, who says that $20,000 won't make his character shine as it did before.

—A Cincinnatti merchant has a pair of shoes made in 1776, during the times that tried men's souls, and he proposes to exhibit them at the Centennial.

—Dr. Lindeman estimates the probable yield of the gold and silver mines of this country for 1876 to be $100,000,000 about twice the average yield since 1849.

—It is estimated that the Government will recover $1,500,000 of the amount of loss involved in the St. Louis Whisky frauds. This is about one-half of the total loss.

—There is a bullfrog farm in Southeastern Wisconsin, 30 acres of swamp fenced in, and the proprietor sends thousands of these featherless birds to New York.

—At the annual hunt of the Nebraska City Sportsmen club, held recently, there were 1,135 animals slaughtered, consisting of ducks, hares, quail, snipe, plover, etc.

—Maggie Davis, daughter of the ex-President of the confederate states, is, it is reported, about to marry A. J. Hayes, Jr., cashier of the National Bank of Memphis.

—A sea turtle captured on the Maryland coast recently, measured 10 feet in length and 8 feet from tip to tip of fins. It took 12 men with 3 sets of halyards to haul him ashore.

—Auburn, N. Y., claims more bachelors and old maids than any other place of its size in the country But then, you know Auburn has a well-populated state's prison.

—General Meredith, who died lately in Indiana, was six feet seven inches high, and President Lincoln used to say that the General was one of the few men he looked up to.

—The Palmetto Guard, of Charleston South Carolina, has determined to celebrate the centennial of the battle of by erecting a $12,000 monument.

—The bones of over 1,000 Chinamen have been gathered together at Sacramento, Cal., from all parts of the state, preparatory to their being forwarded to China, in a few days, by a clipper ship.

—Sixteen beds of cannel coal, aggregating 400 feet in thickness, the largest being seventy feet thick, and fully equal to the English article, have just been discovered in Uintah, Wyoming.

—A black duck flew against the lighthouse at Sankaty, Nantucket, the other day, with such force as to break in a large plate glass window almost half an inch thick, killing itself instantly.

—A new base-ball organization for the season of 1876 has been perfected in St. Paul under the name of the Gopher club. They expect to gopher everything in the state and visitors from outside regions.

—The old bell which called together the Virginia Convention of 1775, in Richmond, when Patrick Henry uttered his stirring sentence, "Give me liberty or give me death," is still in use in Martinsville, in that State.

—The annual production of leather gloves in France is estimated at about 2,500,000 dozens of pairs of first second and third sorts, the average price being thirty-five francs per dozen. There are 90,000 persons employed in this industry.

—A colored woman of Lairtonville, Ga., lately died at the advanced age of 112 years. She was supposed to have been the oldest person in that State. She was born on Roanoke Island, and was twenty years old when the war of 1776 commenced.

—Deserves success. A new steamship company is organizing in New York which will not ask Congress for any aid whatever. The steamers are to ply between New York, St. Thomas and Venezuela, and are to depend wholly upon the legitimate profits of commerce for support.

—A Wyoming paper prints a statement to the effect that a Mexican mustang fell down a shaft, a distance of eighty feet, and was rescued without a bruise. The succeeding paragraph very properly consists of a denunciation of liars, especially those of the newspaper fraternity.

—The California Pacific railroad people are pushing their end of the Southern Pacific with great vigor, and promise to have railroad communication between San Francisco and Los Angeles, next summer. This will open the delightful climate and tropical fruits of southern California to easy access.

—St. Louis has just figured up its hog packing for this year, and finds that between March 1 and October 31, the number packed was 102,124 averaging 220 lbs. each, against 159,962,209 lbs. last year. The product of these hogs, together with 43,000 head slaughtered by butchers, was 16,490,550 pounds of cut meats and 3,619, 862 pounds of lard.

—One of the bronze medals presented by Congress to the heroes of the battle of Lake Erie is in possession of a gentleman of Toledo, Ohio. On one side is a likeness of Commodore Perry in naval uniform, and on the reverse is a representation of the fleet in the line of battle, engaging the enemy. The owner intends to send the medal to the Centennial Exposition.

—A farmer in Seymour, Ind., while examining his corn crib the other day, came across a small jug whose mouth was stopped by the body of a rat which had tried to get in but had stuck fast. On breaking the jug he found four other rats inside, all alive. The latter had evidently crawled in, eaten till their sides were stuffed out, and then found it impossible to crawl out again.

—Duncan Campbell who has undertaken to walk from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, at the end of four months has reached Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory. He intends leaving San Francisco on the 1st of February with a wheelbarrow to carry his blankets and cooking apparatus, and will accomplish the return journey in 190 days. What else he will accomplish would puzzle even Sergeant Bates to tell.

A Touching Scene.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that as soon as the funeral services, prepared by an Episcopal clergyman, at the grave of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph, were concluded, and before the grave was filled up, a veteran negro stepped forward and asked if there was any objection to a service by his people. He was told by the clergyman that such a tribute would be acceptable to the family, and then a scene that should go down in history was enacted. Quietly Mr. Randolph's former slaves assembled around him, and then swelled up from a hundred negro voices that most pathetic of hymns—

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

A gentleman who was present says that in his whole life, extending over seventy years, he never witnessed anything so touching. When the last notes died away amid the oaks of Monticello there was not a dry eye in the vast assemblage.

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A SHANGHAI, eating corn, takes a peck every time.