

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys arisen,
The little red lark like a rosy spark
Of song to his sunburst flares;
But till you are risen, earth is a prison.
Full of my captives aiga,
Then awake, and discover to your fond lover
The morn of your matchless eyes,
The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray,
And gently glide out of thy hiding,
Dazzle me with thy day!
And oh! I'll fly to thee singing and sighing
Passion so sweet and gay,
The dark shall listen and dew-drops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

Chosen.

Geraldine Spencer was the only daughter of the well-known Colonel Hubert Spencer, one of the wealthiest planters of Mississippi. The colonel was a fiery-blooded gentleman of the old school in those days "before the war," of which we are speaking. His grandfather was an intimate and trusted friend of Washington. His father was a brigadier general in the last war with Great Britain, and the colonel himself was a graduate of West Point, and one of the most dashing and daring officers under old "Rough-and-Ready," in the picnic of a war which we had with Mexico a generation ago.

Colonel Spencer was the leader in some of the most daring exploits south of the Rio Grande. He was complimented more than once in the official despatches, and a brilliant military career—that is, as the state of the country permitted—was before him, had he chosen to adopt the military profession; but though the colonel would have preferred fighting to eating, he resigned his commission in the army, and went home to his plantation in Mississippi. He knew what a horde of hungry young officers were clamoring and clatter-clawing for positions in the army, and he preferred they should have them, especially as he saw a prospect of a lengthy peace before the country; a period of idleness for the army, which would fret such a high soul as his to death.

He perceived all this, we say, and went back to his plantation on the Mississippi, and devoted himself to his family.

The latter consisted of his only son and daughter, Hubert, named, of course, after himself was in his second year at West Point; the wife was dead long ago; and Geraldine presided over his household.

One reason why, perhaps, there was such a strong affection between father and daughter was because they were so much alike. She was high-spirited, as independent and as proud as he. She was as beautiful as an houri, with her wealth of jet black, wavy hair, her brilliant complexion, her marvelous eyes, her matchless figure, her patrician features and her wonderful grace of voice and manner.

Geraldine had numberless admirers and devotees. Many from the North, where she had spent a couple of years, and her own sunny South produced myriads, but she seemed to care for none of them.

The colonel used to chide her at times for her repeated snubbings she gave her callers, without regard to their social position and standing. She would leave them at any time, and go with her father on a tramp through the woods or fishing in the river.

After all, there is nothing so captivating in a pretty woman—or any woman, for that matter—as an absolute independence of character, an independence which preserves one's self-respect at all times, and humbles the pride of the proudest of the lords of creation. It is just that sort of woman that all are most anxious to secure for a prize.

One summer afternoon Geraldine and her father were sitting in the shade of the long, low porch which extended in front of their house. The colonel was smoking his cigar, and the daughter, who was richly dressed, was gently rocking back and forth, and looking off at the yellow Mississippi, along which a high-decked steamer was laboriously plowing its way.

A close observer would have seen that the beautiful daughter had some sore trouble on her mind. She was uneasy and restless. The swaying of her chair was fidgety and uneven. Sometimes she smelled the fragrant sprig of magnolia in her hand in a nervous way, and her lustrous eyes seemed to be brighter and more flashing than usual.

But the colonel noticed nothing; for he knew the superb poise of his daughter so well, he did not believe anything short of an earthquake could disturb it. So he continued placidly smoking his cigar, while his paper rested idly in his lap, and he looking off toward the Mississippi.

Suddenly he rose up. "Where is Sydney?" he abruptly asked.

"I left him a while ago, and he has not gone home yet. I thought I would like to sit down a few minutes with you."

"I am glad to have you, daughter; but it does seem to me that you treat some of your callers with rudeness."

"Then, if I were they," said the proud girl, touching the magnolia to her nose, "I wouldn't make callers of myself."

"I should think not," commented the colonel, with a little sniff at the curious expression she flung at him. "I have a very high regard for Sydney, Geraldine."

"Have you?" she asked with indifference, which, in reality, was assumed, though her father did not perceive it. "What is there about him for you to admire?"

"Well, he is the only surviving son of my intimate, deceased friend, Capt. Williams, of the army. The captain was one of the bravest and noblest men who ever trod this foot-stool, and Sydney's looks and manner make me feel sure he is simply another edition of his father. He has a fine education, is many-looking, and is going to make his mark in the world. He has practiced law only two years, and has a reputation as high as any who are double his years. I like Sydney very much."

"More than any one who comes here?" asked the daughter, holding the magnolia again to her nose, while she glanced furtively at her unsuspecting father.

"Well, yes," he returned, "I can say I do. But why isn't he here?" he added, looking sharply around.

"He is waiting for me."
"Didn't I see him dressed up in some outrageous suit, something of a nature to match this high-bred style of your make up?" asked the father, with an amused but puzzled expression.

"If you saw him at all during the last hour, you did."

"What is the meaning of it?"
"He is to play the part of a gentleman of the old school in a little comedy which he has gotten up, and which is to be given at the private theatricals of Mme. Choteau's, next week, for the benefit of the parish."

"And you and he have been rehearsing?"

"Something like that. He wanted me to criticize his suit and make-up, and to give him some 'points,' while he volunteered to do all he could for me in the same direction. Our two characters are the most important ones in the piece, and Sydney is anxious that we shall fully sustain them. We rehearsed alone. But, father, such an extraordinary thing took place while we were doing so, that I made up my mind to come and tell you."

"You don't seem to have been in a hurry," said he, looking wondering at her, "for you have been here a half hour."

The lovely daughter hesitated a moment before replying. A very singular thing for her to do.

"He wished me to leave him for a short time."

"Ah, that's it! Very well. I'm satisfied to have you here as long as you will stay."

And the colonel looked with pride upon his beautiful daughter, who recalled so vividly her mother when she was a bride more than a score of years before.

It was just like the proud, young woman, who, without any appearance of excitement or agitation of manner, came to the momentous subject which was really the cause of her being there.

"You say, father, that you admire or rather respect Sydney very much?"

"That is substantially what I said."

"As much as any young gentleman of your acquaintance?"

"Really more."

"How would you like him for a son-in-law?"

The colonel turned, as if struck by a pistol shot, and looked keenly at his daughter, without speaking for a full minute. Geraldine herself seemed to be picking the sprig of magnolia, while she looked unconsciously down at it; but, for all her forced composure the crimson blood crept up under the rich skin of her countenance, and, strive as much as she might, she could not hide the fact from her father that her heart was throbbing more tumultuously than ever before.

Suddenly he exclaimed—

"What?"

"I think you heard me, father," said Geraldine, in a low voice, without trusting herself as yet to look up.

"Are you in earnest, my daughter?"

"This was uttered in the same low, but firm voice.

"Come here, my child!"

The colonel kept his seat, while Geraldine, standing beside him, looked down in his face. He took her hand affectionately, while he asked:

"Has he proposed to you?"

"He has."

"Have you accepted him?"

"I could not do that until I first received your permission."

"Does he love you?"

Geraldine laughed in spite of herself.

"I have a strong impression that he

would scarcely ask me to marry him, unless he thought pretty well of me."

"Of course—of course; but do you love him?"

"With my whole heart and soul!"
There was a fervency, a depth of feeling in this exclamation, accompanied by the flushed cheeks, the sparkling eye and tremulous hand that rested in the palm of her father, which spoke her soulful earnestness.

"Well, if that's the case," said Col. Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is you are both confounded simpletons if you don't get married—there!"

This was a consent with considerable emphasis.

Poor Geraldine! the proud, brave girl broke down at last. She knew it would be a terrible sacrifice for her father to yield her to another, and she held the gravest doubts of ever receiving his assent; but he gave it so promptly and willingly, that she could only throw her arms about his neck and murmur between her sobs—

"You're the best father that ever lived, and I hate to leave you."

"Never mind about that," he replied, soothingly, "I know it will be your happiness to do so. I could never forgive myself if I stood in your way. I shall fix you in a house to suit myself, then I shall live with you about five-fifths of the time. If either or both undertake to interfere with me, I shall put you both out of the house."

The happy Geraldine gave her father another hug, and seemed loth to leave him; but he said:

"Come, daughter; Sydney, I know, is waiting for your answer. Go and tell him. I hope he will feel better."

"I know he will," was the laughing utterance of Geraldine, as she tripped away.

Sydney Williams was but a short distance off. As the father turned his head to follow his daughter, he saw the man's head, covered with its huge, curly wig, resting upon his arms, as though he were asleep—though that was hardly possible under the circumstances.

As Geraldine passed beyond she caught sight of her lover, and turned abruptly and approached him so softly that he did not hear her.

He had thrown his head forward on his arms, resting on the stand, and he formed a strange figure in his English suit of a former generation.

Geraldine stood a moment, with throbbing heart, looking down upon and admiring him; then, seized by a sudden fancy, she stepped closer, and leaning over, gently touched his hand with the sprig of magnolia, which she still held.

Sydney moved as though it were a fly, and then she laughed in a low, soft, merry way, which caused him to raise his head and look longingly up into the beautiful face.

"Oh, speak!" he gasped, has he consented?"

The poor fellow's whole soul was in the question, and she saw how cruel it was to keep him in suspense.

"He says he thinks we will be simpletons if we don't marry each other."

Sydney caught her in his arms, and it may be said that the contract was sealed then and there.

The young man was always partial to the sweet perfume of the magnolia, but now since it is associated so intimately with his winning the love of his heart, there is nothing in the world of a vegetable nature to which he is so partial as a sprig of magnolia.

An Old Story, but Still True.

Timothy Ruggles was six feet six inches in height and had a fine and stately bearing, and was a man of "infinite jest." It is related through traditional sources that the coming in of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Barnstable, about the year 1742, headed by Chief Justice Lyne, an old woman came into the Court House as a witness, and not seeing a seat at hand she was directed by Ruggles to take the Chief Justice's seat, and so she innocently took it.

Soon the Court, in all the provincial pomp and circumstance, entered with the accompanied officers and announced "The Court," whereupon the Chief Justice, with no small degree of indignation, inquired of the old lady "why she was there." She immediately pointed to Ruggles and said: "That man, told me to take this seat." The Chief Justice ordered her to leave his seat, and after the Judge had taken it, turning to Ruggles with a proper degree of indignation and firmness, said: "Mr. Ruggles, why did you give this woman my seat?" Ruggles replied: "I thought it a good place for old women."

A certificate of incorporation of the Exchange Telegraph Company was filed in New York. The line is to run from that city to San Francisco, touching at all intermediate points desired. The capital stock is fixed at \$2,000,000 in 20,000 shares of \$100 each, with provision for an increase. The incorporators are S. D. Field, C. H. Hurd, Alex. Thain, J. Bentley Squire and James C. Jewett.

A Famous Pistol Shot.

Personally, Captain Gronow was a remarkably handsome man, always faultlessly dressed, and generally popular in society. But, as we have already remarked, he says little about himself in his "Reminiscences," and, beyond the fact of a casual allusion to his marvelous skill as a pistol-shot, we learn nothing of his accomplishments from his books. He and Captain Ross were, by the way, unquestionably the two best pistol shots in the world. Captain Ross was intimately acquainted with Gronow, and has given the following authentic account of a celebrated duel, in the Bois de Boulogne, in which the latter was engaged. Gronow's antagonist was a notorious French bully, famed for his deadly skill with the pistol. "Gronow," says Captain Ross, "told us the story. He said that the Frenchman stuck his glove on a tree, and, in a swaggering tone asked Gronow which finger he should hit; and, after hitting the glove, he said to Gronow: 'I will serve you in the same way.' Captain Hesse (Gronow's second, afterward killed in a duel) said to him: 'You must do something to try and shake that fellow's nerve; so he threw up his hat in the air, and Gronow put his bullet through it, and then, bowing to the Frenchman, said: 'Monsieur, *voilà votre destinée!*' A few minutes and the destiny was fulfilled. Gronow was anything but a quarrelsome or bullying person. Attempts were made several times to get up a match between him and myself, but he would not go into it. He told me that since his duels in Paris (he fought two) he could not bear the sight of a pistol. It would have been a rare match, as neither of us had ever been beaten; and, as we never tried our skill together, it is impossible to say who would have won. At very long ranges (from fifty to a hundred yards) I probably would have had the best of it, as I practiced a good deal at those ranges. Captain Gronow's later years were passed in Paris, where he died on the 29th of November, 1865, in the 72d year of his age.

Fashion.

Satin cords, braided into rather intricate designs, are used as the heading for other trimmings on rich costumes. Pansies of all colors and sizes on grounds of various colors appear in chene effects on some sash ribbons and scarfs. Large shawls of white mull embroidered on the edges and in the corners will be much worn with midsummer toilets. Colored silk mitts are embroidered in self-colors across the hand, the wrist and on the top which reaches to the elbow. Violet, lilac, pansy, heliotrope, dahlia and many other red tints of purple are fashionable for silk and wool costumes. Polka dots are now no longer of one color, but are variegated or iridescent, or if self-colored are placed alternately in contrasting tones, or in triplets, as black, crimson, white, etc. Scotch plaid glaze silk of very dark colors are used in combination with surah and cashmere for semi-dress costumes. Sun umbrellas are to match the color of the dress, and are mounted on thick oaken sticks, with handles studded with gold. The high novelty in walking suits in Paris is a combination of fine black cashmere and white moire on white Ottoman silk. For children combination dresses will be unusually worn. Plaids of every pattern are imported with plain materials to correspond in color. In the matter of fancy jewelry the palm may be awarded to spiders. Jet, cut silver and jeweled spiders are seen in masses of lace, in bonnet strings and in bows. The leading stores have on hand silk of the same dominant color by one maker—figured, changeable or plaid for skirts, plain to correspond for waists, saques, etc. For rich silks the palm-leaf design is most popular, and is inwrought to imitate cashmere designs. Favorite shades are electric blue, garnet, crushed strawberry and raspberry. Dark brown, green, black or blue velvet is the most elegant trimming for light-colored cashmere dresses. Ribbons grow more and more gorgeous, and no color seems too brilliant to be used by itself or in combination with several others as a trimming for bonnet or dress. It is a mistake to suppose that the crumbling of brick is due solely to great variations of temperature. M. Parve traces the disintegration to a microscopic organism. Atmospheric action will, of course, readily second the destructive effects of that pioneer penetrator of all but the most compact and well-burned bricks. Opal-tinted shot silks and the aurora colors of pink with gray, or pink with orange, are among the novelties.

Wit and Humor.

A compositor who was puzzling over one of Horace Greeley's manuscripts, sagely and savagely observed: "If Belshazzar had seen this hand-writing on the wall, he would have been more terrified than he was."
A New York State man who tried a flying machine of his own invention last week had no advice to give to those who crowded around. All he said was: "Work in 'durned fool' somewhere on my tombstone?"
What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper? Your tongue.
What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.
Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.
A Western editor alludes to a rival as a person entirely devoid of bigotry in medical affairs, having allopathic feet and a homeopathic head.
The need of the age is not only a stronger nail, but also a nail that can be driven by a woman. One with a head about the size of a trade dollar.
A great many men remain awake during the sermon until the minister straightens up and says, "But one word more and I am done." Then they start in for a long nap.
"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.
"What brought you to prison my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a darkey. "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean had interperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bof 'em drunk."
"Pa," said a little four-year-old boy, after running in the house the other evening, "are you an old dude?" "No, indeed, I am not. Why did you ask?" "Cause a feller just now come along the pavement and said I was a 'young dude.'"
An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Those that didn't run are there yet!"
A Parisian lady, who is soon to be remarried, has a little daughter eight or nine years old. One of the little girl's friends invited her to dinner for the following Tuesday. "Oh, I can't on Tuesday," replied the child, with a most important air; "I marry mamma on that day!"
The most gauzy story ever presented to the credulity of the American public, says the San Francisco Post, is that in a recent stage robbery in Montana an editor who was a passenger was robbed of \$1.50 and had \$900 that was not taken. The inside facts are that he had the \$1.50 in the toe of his sock and the \$900 in his mind.
A married woman, who has had some trouble with her female help, sends this recipe to the press: "Put all your old love letters in a paste-board box in the servant-girl's room. A supply of old love letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time."
PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—The president of a defunct savings bank of Chicago got into a hack and rode to the central depot. Upon arrival at his destination, the driver said: "Fare, please one dollar." As the regular charge is only fifty cents, the indignant passenger at once demanded of the "Jehu," "What do you take me for?" "Fifty cents on the dollar, sir; I was afraid to say only fifty cents for the ride, for fear you would want to settle with me for only twenty-five cents, that being fifty per cent., and the rate at which you settled with your other creditors." The hackman got his dollar, and the ex-banker got something he had not thought of before.
A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, thinking she was expressing herself in admirable English: "No, I thank you. I eat only my acquaintances."
Western humor will siss and bubble under any and all circumstances. Now, who but a westerner would think of making the track of the awful cyclone the subject of joking comment, but he does it, and very cleverly, too. Here are some of the things which a correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says happened during a recent visitation: The turning of well worn side out in Mississippi; moving township lines in Nebraska; blowing all the staves out of a whiskey barrel in Iowa and leaving the bung-hole; changing the day of the week in Wisconsin; smatching twelve

shirts out of Henry Clay Dean's trunk at Rebel Cove; killing an honest Indian agent in the far West; twisting the tail of a mule in Texas; lifting David Davis off the political fence in Illinois; murdering a man contrary to law in Kentucky; blowing the crack-out of a fence in Dakota, and all the schism out of a church choir in Minnesota.

Household Economies.

EGGS AND BEET-ROOT.—Take some slices of dressed beet-root; toss them in fresh olive oil made perfectly hot; arrange them in a dish, place scum-poached and trimmed eggs in a circle round the beet-root; add pepper; squeeze lemon juice over, and serve directly.
RASPBERRY JAM.—To every quart of ripe raspberries allow a pound of beet loaf sugar; put sugar and berries into a pan and let them stand two or three hours; then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully; when no more scum rises mash them and boil them to a smooth marmalade; when cold put in tumbled Blackberry and strawberry jam can be made in the same way.
SMALL NEW POTATOES require care in cooking and sometimes special methods. Scrape them to remove the skin—it comes off very easily—and have hot dripping unsalted in the kettle in which you fry cakes. Wash the potatoes, wipe them dry, then drop them into the hot lard. They will require from twenty to twenty-five minutes to cook, and should be of a delicate brown. Turn them often.
"LOVE KNOTS."—Little cakes called "love knots" are nice for tea: Five cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, a piece of lard the size of an egg, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda; rub the butter, sugar and flour together fine, add the other ingredients, roll thin, cut in strips one inch wide and five inches long, lap across in true-love knots, and bake in a quick oven.
PICKLED BEET ROOT.—Wash the beet perfectly, not cutting any of the fibrous roots, lest the juice escape; put in sufficient water to boil it, and when the skin will come off easily it is sufficiently cooked, and may be taken out, and laid upon a cloth to cool. Having rubbed off the peel, cut the beet into thick slices, pour over it cold vinegar prepared as follows: Boil a quart of vinegar with an ounce of whole black pepper, and an equal weight of dry ginger, and let it stand until quite cold. Keep closely corked.
BEEF TONGUE SALAD.—Boil one smoked beef tongue until thoroughly done, when cold grate it very fine. Then take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine, and two tablespoonfuls of fine olive oil to the eggs, beat in well; then a desertspoonful of fine made mustard mixed, half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, and a quart of a pint of good vinegar; beat the dressing well; when the salad is wanted, mix the dressing with the beef tongue. This makes a nice sandwich. Chicken salad and oyster salad may be made the same way, adding celery to the former.
BOILED FLOUR GRUEL.—Boiled flour gruel is very good in cases of sickness in which the strength is much reduced. To prepare the flour, put into a basin as much as it will hold, pressed tightly down. Then tie a cloth over it and allow it to boil hard for six hours. Then take off the cloth, and let the flour stand in the basin till the next day, when remove the crust which will have formed, and put the remainder away in a covered jar. For use, mix four tablespoonfuls of the flour smoothly into a paste, then pour on it half a pint of boiling milk or water, and boil for ten minutes, constantly stirring to avoid lumps. Brandy, sherry, lemon juice or cream may be added, according to taste. Gruel may also be made from baked flour, but it is not so easy of digestion.
BISCUIT GLAZE.—Make a quart of rich boiled custard, flavor it with vanilla, and let it cool. Then mix with it a quart of grated pineapple or mashed peaches. Stir them well together, and add enough sugar to allow for the loss in freezing. Freeze in the usual way, stirring in a pint of cream, whipped, when it is beginning to set in the freezer. Partly fill little paper cases with the mixture and smooth the tops nicely. Place them carefully in the closest hand-dried freezer and let them remain imbedded in ice for several hours. Sometimes the cases are filled with plum or chocolate ice cream, in which case blanched almonds are laid over the top when they are served. Or they may be filled with frozen whipped cream, and served with a spoonful of some bright sherbet upon the top of each.
A ninety-year-old Pennsylvanian, who never smoked, never drank, never fell in love, and never went out of his native town, has just started on his first journey. He was in a hearse.