

HERE AND THERE.

We worship in our youth In wild and passionate dreams, some vague ideal, Till fancy yields to truth, And we transfer our worship to the Real. I cannot choose but think That Heaven mates hearts that death alone can sever Their meeting is the link In the firm chain that bindeth them forever. Else, wherefore, when I gazed For the first time at thee, why did it seem As if the veil were raised That hid the idol of my life's bright dream? I would that thou couldst know How much I love thee; but it may not be; Words my deep feelings show Only as shells recall the murmuring sea. But if in some bright sphere Our parted spirits meet and reunite, The love I bear thee here, Relumed there, will burn with quenched light.

COPPERFIELD COURT.

It would be difficult to point out the exact spot where Copperfield Court, Little Britain, once stood. Suffice it to say that the metropolis has been robbed of its existence years ago. It was no thoroughfare, being only a sort of bay out of a once great fashionable river of street. It held six houses, two on each side and two across the end, and there was a placard bearing the words, "No peddlers permitted to enter."

Number one contained old Mr. Flack and his wife, but they were each seventy years old, and rheumatic. Number two sheltered the deformed little librarian of a certain library in the city, and his consumptive young sister. Number three held—how, they only knew—a schoolmaster's widow and four daughters. Number four was occupied by an old lady who had a son at sea, an officer on a vessel in the navy. He was always being expected home, and branches of coral, Chinese curiosities and boxes of foreign jellies and conserves attested to the fact that he did return occasionally, but the chances were that he would be in mid-ocean at any given date. Number five was occupied by Miss Cornelia Copperfield, a single lady of eight and forty, and a very old poodle. And number six, being haunted, was left to its ghost. Probably want of patronage rather than the placard banished the peddlers.

The reason why the Copperfield Court people set their faces so sternly against peddlers was that they were not genteel. And the people of Copperfield Court were genteel or nothing. Its occupants all lived on limited incomes and not one of the ladies had ever earned a penny in all her life. Mr. Flack had a pension under Government. The librarian was connected with a wonderfully genteel society. A naval officer's mother is a person of position. So is a schoolmaster's widow sometimes. And Miss Cornelia Copperfield was the poor relation of the magnificent Copperfield who owned the court, and was said to be worth a million, and who had presented the small dwelling in which Miss Cornelia lived to his cousin, her mother, a lady always alluded to by Miss Cornelia as "my late ma." A ghost is seldom vulgar, though sometimes alarming, and the ghost at number six was that of a bankrupt banker who had shot himself.

Occasionally a carriage, with several men in livery perched upon it, paused at the entrance to the court, and a fat lady, in fine clothes, and a thin gentleman, with a great diamond on his bosom, entered Miss Cornelia Copperfield's door. It was then whispered through the court that the lady's family had called upon her. Thus all might have continued for many years but that Mrs. Rooney came into her grandfather's property, after having given up the idea of his decease, for he lived to be a hundred and two years of age, minus a few months, the exact number of which may easily be obtained by a reference to the registrar's book at Somerset House; and feeling herself entitled to be a landed proprietor, employed an agent to buy her a bit of a house.

The agent then looked about him, proposed No. 6 Copperfield Court. Mr. Copperfield, weary of a tenant who paid no rent—we allude to the banker's ghost—agreed to the price offered, and one morning the house-keepers of the court peeped through their green blinds upon the arrival of Mrs. Rooney's household goods; and two boarders came with Mrs. Rooney. One was a young man who habitually wore a red shirt. The other was a foreigner in shabby black. He looked genteel, but alas! appearances are deceitful.

On the morning after his arrival he was seen to leave the court bearing a small tray, on which were ranged in rows pipes of all sorts, except very costly ones. There were china pipes, with painted flowers upon them, the humble clay duden, and others more or less aristocratic. Peddlers were not admitted to the court, but one had come there to trade. "That I am alive to-day," said the schoolmaster's widow, "is a proof that I can live through anything."

and seemed inclined to remain there forever.

A week passed. One night Miss Copperfield was awakened by awful groans. She started up in bed and listened. The groaning was at her window; she also heard raps.

She went to the window. Within a foot of it she saw a face—her next door neighbor's, the pedler of pipes. "What do you want?" she asked, sharply.

"Pardon, madame," replied a weak voice, with a strong French accent, "pardon, but I have some colics."

"Colics?" repeated Miss Copperfield. "Vera bad," responded the neighbor. "I expire of pain, and Madame Rooney goes off her cousin's child to the funeral, and in ze house is no one. Perhaps you vill 'ave a leetle eau de vie—brandee, Eh! you comprehend madame?"

"Yes, yes," said Miss Copperfield, to whom returned a memory of gentler lessons in French, taken in her earlier days.

"We. Monshure; jer company—jer—but the elegant memory was but a faint one, and she added, "I don't know about brandy—perhaps I have a little, I will see."

"Madame is an angel," responded the neighbor.

Miss Copperfield brought the brandy—about half a gill in a cologne bottle—and presented it on a small fire-shovel. The neighbor, thanking her in a profusion of complimentary French, retired, but soon was heard to groan again more dismally than before.

"Are you worse?" called the lady through the shutters.

"I am vera bad," piped the sufferer, in an anguished falsetto.

"Perhaps a mustard plaster might relieve," suggested Miss Copperfield. "Perhaps," moaned the Frenchman. Miss Copperfield, who was really a tender-hearted soul, instantly rushed to her tiny kitchen, and soon approached the window again with the plaster between two soup dishes. Placing them on the shovel, she waved it before her neighbor's window.

"The plaster," she said.

The plaster was taken with many thanks.

Shortly the groans ceased.

Was he dead or relieved of pain, this man who had called her an angel? She called softly, "Are you better?"

"Ah, yes," replied the voice. "Ze plaistare is 'eavenly, like madame."

Miss Copperfield retired. Early the next morning a tap came on her door. It was her neighbor, with her plates well washed and her bottle refilled. He had come to overflow with gratitude. He declared that he should have expired but for her most amiable conduct, her delightful mustard-plaster, and he ended by a narrative of his own life, his fallen fortunes, and how he came to peddle pipes.

"I say to myself, what mattair vere no one knows me?" he said. "Still, madame, I am a gentleman; zat I would 'ave you know."

"I am sure of it," said Miss Copperfield.

Her guest departed. Miss Copperfield sat thinking. What handsome eyes he had! What a nice nose! How romantic to fall from the aristocracy to pipes! How he had looked at her! Ah, Miss Copperfield, who held herself too aristocratic for every suitor of her youth found herself blushing.

That evening her neighbor called again. He brought with him an offering, an ivory nut thimble, in a case shaped like an acorn.

Shortly, a sort of scandal spread through the neighborhood. The pedler, the vulgar pedler, called on Miss Copperfield. He took tea with her on Sunday afternoon! Could such things be?

The family heard of it. It called in its coach, with its red cocked footmen; it ascended the steps. It seated itself in her parlor. It was largely represented. Two stout ladies, two thin gentlemen, and a very old lady, with a face like crumpled parchment.

They filled Miss Copperfield's chintz-covered room to overflowing. They occupied all the chairs, while she perched on the small round stool before the Upright piano, and they addressed her.

"Cornelia," said the old lady, "we hear frightful news of you; that you are visited by a cigar pedler!"

"He isn't a cigar pedler," replied Cornelia. "He's Monsieur Blanc. He sells pipes, aunty."

"This is flippant," said the old lady. "A pedler! We call to remonstrate."

"We hear you are engaged to him," said stout lady number one.

"And we call to warn you," said stout lady number two.

"Dismiss him at once," said the thinnest gentleman, "or we discard you."

"And disown you," said the other thin gentleman, "since you have forgotten you are a Copperfield."

"I was lonely," she sobbed. "You never even invite me to tea, and he's a gentleman."

"We say no more," replied the old lady. "Yes or no. Will you dismiss him?" And she looked an anathema maranatha.

Miss Cornelia could not endure the ex-communication. She said "Yes!" The family then arose and departed.

she was left alone. For an hour she bathed her poodle's head with her tears. Then she heard a knock at the door, and arose to open it. Monsieur Blanc appeared.

"Again I arrive myself, my angel!" he remarked.

"Oh, you must go! You must never come again!" sighed poor Cornelia. "I have promised my family."

"Ah, ze family cried Monsieur Blanc. "Aristocrats. But, bahl never mind, mademoiselle. I adore you."

"Oh!" sighed Miss Copperfield. "Let us go live—somewhere—away. Ve will be happy. Ah, bahl zat family! Ze people of ze court so aristocratic. Come, ve will fly. Marry me to-day."

He kissed her. Neither of them were very old or ugly, and that which had never happened to Cornelia before happened then—she fell desperately in love on the spot.

"I don't care for one of them," she said. "I will marry you."

Early next morning (he had the license in his pocket—"the artful") two figures stole out of the court arm in arm. They were those of Monsieur Blanc and Miss Copperfield. They were wed.

Shortly after the first excitement of the elopement had ceased to thrill the court, a person duly authorized bore away the furniture of No. 5, and sold the house, and no one of the genteel occupants ever saw Miss Copperfield again.

The family disowned her, and the old aunt was very particular that Cornelia's name should never be mentioned in her hearing. And indeed Cornelia would not face these outraged beings for the world.

In a little house over a small shop where pipes of all sorts were sold, she lived with her husband. She grew quite portly, and never was so gay in her life. Together they walked in the Park of sunny Sundays, or went to the cheap seats of places of amusement, where they had much ado to hear or see anything, and they had nice indigestible little suppers at ten or eleven o'clock.

Whether she died happily or still lives in hopes of rivaling Mrs. Rooney's grandfather, by seeing her hundred and second birthday, we know not, but we do know that for a long time her story remained a fearful legend in Copperfield Court.

A Wonderful Case.

Robert Yale, of Norwich, arrived in town with his historical and beautiful cane, which was greatly admired. The cane was shown to a reporter recently. It contains 2,000 pieces, all inlaid, and required years to complete it. The historical relics are too numerous to enumerate, but the principal representations are the following: The head of a wood taken from the old tree at Crown Point where Putnam was bound to be burned alive. The main body of the cane is of oak taken from the oldest house in America, now used as a dwelling at Dedham, Mass. A piece of the old Plymouth Rock, a relic from the Mayflower, hair from the head of Rebecca Bates, one of the sisters who drove the British from Scituate Harbor, in Massachusetts, during the revolutionary war; a piece of oak from the charter oak at Hartford, Conn.; a piece of wood from John Hancock's old house at Boston, a relic from the house where Putnam was born, a piece of the old elm on Boston Common, a relic representing the house where witchcraft originated, at Salem, Mass., a piece of wood from the court-room where the unfortunate inmates were tried, relics from Commodore Perry's old flagship of the war of 1812, a piece of John Brown's scaffold, three pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Garfield, and a picture of the maker of the cane, Mr. Yale. Each relic is a fac-simile of the object from which it was taken. Many of the inlaid pieces represent birds, reptiles, trees, etc.

A Wonderful Tree.

A curious botanical specimen is growing in a park at Sondershausen, Germany, in the shape of a fir tree which bears on one of its main branches what appears to be a second tree—cone-shaped and not less than twenty-five feet in height and about three feet in diameter. The main tree is over a hundred feet high, with a trunk some ten feet in circumference. It is supposed that a wound made in the branch by a squirrel or an insect has caused a bud to develop which has produced the secondary tree.

The Benefits of Fasting.

A sanitary practice intimately connected with religious tenets is that of "fasting." Those were clear-headed, observant men, who instituted a fast dinner on Friday. The daily use of meat has disadvantages, and sets up evils of a serious kind connected with gluttony, which the fathers of the Roman Catholic Church turned to good account when they made abstinence from meat on Friday a part of their religious duty. Fresh fish contains much of the material which insulates nerve matter and assists to prevent its decay, while an interval of rest from strong meat enables the brain to become clearer for its Sunday work by giving time to the blood to be purified from excess of nitrogenous food.

Next to palms, ivy is the most ornamental indoor plant.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Think twice before you accuse once. Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

Reason should not regulate but supplement virtue.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.

The world forgives with difficulty the fact that one can be happy without it.

A crown of gold cannot cure the headache nor a velvet slipper the gout.

Eternity is long enough to make up for the ills of our brief troubled life here.

He who betrays the confidence of one is not worthy of the confidence of another.

The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest sorrows.

Our years, our debts, and our enemies always are more numerous than we imagine.

Do you wish a portrait that is not flattered? Ask a woman to make one of her rival.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

A man can frequently polish his boots with better grace than he can polish his manners.

It is sometimes like a sword, keen and cruel, sometimes like a sunbeam, bright and genial.

Show us the man you honor. We know by that symptom, better than any other, what you are yourself.

The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.

Sound scientific legislation has always been the offspring of poverty; bad legislation of super-abundant wealth.

The power of applying attention, steady and undistracted to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior mind.

A moment is but a brief and fleeting passage, yet how often are vast interests secured or lost in that circle of time.

As pure and fresh country air gives vigor to the system, so do pure and fresh thoughts tend to invigorate the mind.

There is no wound to the heart that rankles more than that inflicted by the dart of ridicule shot from the bow of contempt.

There is no failure in life so sad as to fall in character, no bankruptcy so lamentable as to become bankrupt in reputation.

There is hardly anything more necessary to the peace and harmony of domestic and social life than a spirit of conciliation.

We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is an ignorant man whatever he may know besides.

The training of the conscience, or moral sense, is the most delicate and important of all the duties devolved upon the teachers of youth.

It is the many lesser men, growing slowly, but steadily, in thought and strength, that make the advent of every great man possible.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning-glories.

When applied to for assistance some men are very loth to give substantial aid; they are miserly as to their money, but prodigal as to their advice.

There is no loss so pitiable, no bereavement so deplorable as the loss of reason; it is a living death, the bitterest blow for misfortune to deal.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The Indianapolis cotton factory, in Indianapolis, was destroyed by fire on the 27th. The loss is estimated at over \$200,000.

T. W. Jones was killed near Oakland, Mississippi, on the 25th, by his brother Clint. The latter, crazed by remorse, committed suicide next day.

A telegram from Portland says that the number of ships built in Maine during 1884 has been 97, against 170 in 1883. Of the vessels built this year five were over 2000 tons register and twenty-nine were under 100 tons.

Owing to low freights the year has been a bad one for ship builders, and it closes with very few contracts on hand.

A passenger train on the Virginia Midland Railroad was run into by a freight train at Bealton Station, on the 27th. Two train hands were severely injured.

Joseph Stump, aged 55 years, was killed on the 29th, while operating a portable sawmill on a farm in Tulpehocken township, Berks county, Penna. The balance wheel of the engine burst into pieces, and an iron fragment weighing three pounds was hurled into his left side, causing instant death.

Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, said to an interviewer in Chicago on the 28th, that he did not think there was likely to be any important legislation by the present Congress.

The Blake Opera House block in Racine, Wisconsin, was destroyed by fire early on the 28th. The block included the Blake Hotel, the drug store of W. H. Vilas, the hardware store of Wood Brothers and the Telephone Exchange. The hotel was occupied by about sixty persons, all of whom escaped in their night clothes, except Mr. and Mrs. Russell Glover, members of the Thompson "Beggar Student Opera Company," and a Mrs. Patrick, a chambermaid of the hotel, who perished.

A heavy fog on the 28th, almost entirely suspended navigation in New York harbor. The only mishap reported was the collision of a ferry boat with a steamer which was at anchor off Governor's Island. The ferry boat was badly damaged in her upper works.

The extensive saddlery hardware works of Elbel, Gillam & Co., at Canton, Ohio, were burned on the 29th. The loss is estimated at \$200,000; the insurances aggregate \$100,000.

The bodies of Charles Smith and Henry Davis, alleged burglars, who were lynched in North Carolina last week, have been recovered from the Neuse River. They were bound in chains, handcuffed, and one was riddled with bullets. Thomas Merrill, a well-known cattle man, and his wife were on the 28th found murdered at their ranch, on the Rio Grande, forty miles southwest of Sierra Blanca, Texas. Two Mexicans who were in Merrill's employ have disappeared.

George Westinghouse, founder of the Westinghouse Agricultural Works, at Schenectady, and father of the inventor of the Westinghouse air brake, died on the 29th in Pittsburg, aged 75.

Captain David Nye, General Superintendent of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, dropped dead in San Francisco on the 29th of heart disease.

A telegram from Hillsboro, Ill., reports heavy rains which have melted the deep snow and caused disastrous floods. Thousands of acres of bottom lands are inundated, fences and bridges have been swept away, and there has been considerable loss of live stock.

Ezekiel Young, freight agent of the Providence and Springfield Railroad, locked himself in the engine house at Pascoag, Rhode Island, on the 26th, and blew out his brains with a revolver.

George Clark, a notorious burglar, committed suicide in the office of the Chief of Police in Rochester, New York, on the 29th, just after his arrest on the charge of safe breaking at Brockport.

A State Conference of the Prohibitionists of Illinois met on the 29th, at Decatur. After a two hours' address by ex-Governor St. John, a committee of five was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the State on the Prohibitory amendment.

The forthcoming report of the Department of Agriculture of Illinois shows that the area of the growing crop of winter wheat in that State is 2,317,000 acres, 405,000 acres less than last year. The condition of the growing crop is fair.

The receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway this year were about \$17,000,000, a decrease of about \$2,000,000 from those of last year.

Nelson T. Stephens, Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Kansas, died in Lawrence on the 29th ult., in the 65th year of his age.

There were two collisions on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad in New York on the 30th ult., trains unloading at stations being run into by the following trains during the fog. Three persons, one an engineer, the others passengers were slightly injured.

A man supposed to be James Greenwood, Chippewa, while crossing the Niagara river from Chippewa to Port Day, about a mile above the Falls, on the 29th ult., was drawn into the rapids and swept over the Falls.

A fire in Pierre, Dakota, on the 30th ult., destroyed seven stores and the Stebbins House. The loss is estimated at \$75,000; insurance \$50,000. There was great difficulty in checking the flames, as a fierce wind was blowing, the temperature was 25 degree below zero, and all the pumps were frozen.

Most of the business portion of Kentland, in Newton county, Indiana, was destroyed by an incendiary fire on the 29th ult. The loss is estimated at \$45,000. Eight stores and a hotel in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, were burned on the 30th ult. The loss is estimated at \$75,000.

The heavy rains at Little Rock, Arkansas, continued on the 30th ult., doing great damage, and preventing travel on railroads. A rapid thaw had been in progress at Montreal since the

28th ult., preventing the building of the ice palace and other carnival attractions.

A man named Williams, who professes to rely on the efficiency of prayer alone in curing diseases, keeps a private founding asylum in Denver, Colorado. One of the foundlings died on Christmas day without having the services of a physician. A second little unfortunate suffering from a similar lack of medical treatment, died suddenly in the asylum on the 29th ult. The children will be removed to a public institution.

Near Chehalis, Wyoming Territory, on the 28th ult., William Pearson, "a well-to-do farmer, who is a strong believer in Spiritualism," killed his infant child with a hammer, in obedience to what he imagined was an order from a higher power. He showed the dead infant to his wife, "also a Spiritualist," and said that "if she would cut her throat he would do the same." Both were found on the 29th ult. with their throats cut, but still living, and Pearson revived sufficiently to tell the dreadful story.

The total number of immigrants who arrived in the United States during November last was 26,037, against 35,393 during November, 1883. The total number of immigrants who arrived in the United States during the eleven months which ended November 30, was 440,361, against 536,430 during the corresponding period of the previous year.

The number of deaths reported in New York during 1884 was 35,044, against 33,962 during the previous year. The number of births registered in the year just closed was 30,527, against 28,972 in 1883.

Russell Hancock, son of General Winfield Scott Hancock, died on the 31st ult. at Clarksville, Mississippi, where he was settled as a planter and merchant. He was only 33 years of age.

A Washington express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad ran into a Lehigh Valley Railroad train, on the meadows near Newark, New Jersey, on the 31st. The rear car of the Lehigh Valley train was demolished, and the engine of the express was damaged. Two train hands were injured, one of them having a shoulder broken. Two or three passengers suffered slight injuries.

The severest blizzard and snow storm of the season is reported to have advanced east into Iowa from Dakota. All railroad travel is interrupted, and the temperature averages 15 degrees below zero. As the storm moves eastward the temperature falls rapidly in its wake. The advance chill has reached Chicago and St. Louis, the thermometer in the latter city having fallen to 20 degrees above zero at one o'clock on the 31st ult.

The charge against Wm. J. Gallagher of participation in the Eighteenth Ward election frauds in Chicago was dismissed on the 31st ult., by the U. S. Commissioner in that city. Gallagher was immediately rearrested on a bench warrant, taken before the Court and bailed for an examination on the 6th.

Charles S. Campbell, Probate Judge at Watertown, Dakota, disappeared recently, leaving a deficit of about \$4000. His downfall is ascribed to "wine, women and cards."

A fire in Evansville, Indiana, on the 31st ult., destroyed Miller Brothers' dry goods store and the stores of Chas. F. Schmid, music dealer; George S. Sontag & Co., hardware dealers; and C. C. Tenney's hat store. The losses aggregate \$236,000. Of this \$192,000 is on the stock and building of Miller Brothers.

Ruth Gill, the little daughter of John Gill, a prominent grocer of Cleveland, Ohio, was shot dead on the 31st ult. by a five-year-old boy, named Walter Grossbar. They were allowed to play with a revolver.

Representative Laird, of Nebraska, had his leg broken on the 31st, by being thrown from his horse in Washington.

A train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad struck a large boulder near West Alexander on the 31st ult. and was thrown from the tracks. The engine and several cars were smashed, and travel on the road was delayed for several hours.

Many sheep and cattle perished in South-western Texas during the recent cold weather.

The ice-gang in the Susquehanna river, near Nanticoke broke up on the 1st. Communication was suspended between Wilkesbarre, Kingston and other points on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

The President's New Year reception on the 1st was attended by the usual throng of official, civil and military veterans, of the late war and citizens. The Secretary of State and Mrs. Frelinghuysen entertained the members of the diplomatic corps at breakfast, and the wives of the Cabinet officers received in the afternoon.

As Thomas Gould was walking on the tracks of the West Shore Railroad, near Milton, New York, on the 1st, a rock weighing several tons fell upon the track a short distance in front of him. He ran back about a mile and notified a flagman, who succeeded in stopping a passenger train from Albany a short distance from the obstruction. The passengers made up a purse for Gould and commended him for his presence of mind.

An express train from St. Louis, on the 31st ult., struck an obstruction which had been placed on the track near Grafton, West Virginia, by some unknown villains. The engine was thrown from the rails and capsized, the postal car thrown into the creek. Colin Hepburn, the engineer, was killed, and Thomas Dorsey, the fireman, so badly injured that he died in a few hours.

All but three of the orphans who were in St. John's Home, in Brooklyn, when it was burned have been accounted for.

John Ludwig, one of the eight tramps scalded while asleep in a boiler-house at Lincoln, Illinois, a week ago, died on the 1st. Three others are not expected to live.