

We roam through the streets of the buried city—
Buried alive in the years ago—
And the desolate past seems to cry for pity
From the very stones that we tread upon.

Over cornice and stately column
Blithely the yellow sunshine falls;
Yet never a city so sad and solemn
Lifted to heaven its broken walls.

The agile lizards are deftly darting,
In crannies corners the wild flowers blow;
And here and there, through the chinks
outstaring,
Maiden-hair ferns and grasses grow.

Vanished the tokens of life and trading—
The musical laugh of the young at play;
Yet a fugitive presence, all pervading,
Wanders amid these ruins gray.

Fain would we ponder and seek and question,
But scanty the story the past reveals;
Yet there is a threshold's worn suggestion,
And here are the ruts of the chariot wheels.

And yonder, see, like a fawn forbearing
To work unstirred his wicked whim—
The perfect blue of the morn imparting—
Rises Vestivius, sullen and grim.

MISS MAYBRICK'S PARLOR.

An orchard, the branches heavy with
golden apples, here and there a ruddy
"windfall," half hidden in the long
grass, and at the foot of one of the
most richly-laden trees a young girl,
half asleep, with an ill used book flung
carelessly down, and indolent white
arms thrown above her pretty dark
head.

"Jessie!"
She made a sleepy little movement,
indicative of annoyance at being inter-
rupted in the middle of her siesta.
"Jessie, I say!"

Miss Jessie rose slowly and picked up
her book. She was a tall, slight girl of
about eighteen years of age, with a
rather pale face and gray eyes, fringed
with long black lashes. These eyes
were her greatest charm. A little
white gate divided the orchard from
the garden, and Jessie passed through
it with exasperating slowness.

"Was there ever such a girl!"
thought her sister, her elder by twenty
years at least—the daughter of her
father's first wife.

Caroline had loved her young step-
mother, and when she died she had
tried to take her mother's place to the
tiny, dark eyed baby she had left be-
hind; but Jessie had proved a very
troublesome charge.

"Well," said Jessie, interrogatively,
looking at Caroline standing in the
doorway, with her sleeves tucked up
and her stout arms covered with flour.
"What is it, Caroline?"

"Come and move your rubbish out
of the room."
"What for?" asked Jessie, in undis-
guised astonishment.

"Because father's going to let it to a
young fellow from London.
Jessie looked indignant. Her parlor,
with the piano in it, to be let to some
horrible man, and all her pretty belong-
ings to be banished to her little bed-
room. Oh! it was too bad.

"Carrie," she said, "how could you
advise father to do such a thing? I
never thought we should have to take
in lodgers; I would rather run away."
"Where to?" asked the rather, mat-
ter-of-fact Caroline.

Jessie bit her lips and went indoors
to remove her books and needlework
from the little parlor that had been re-
garded as her especial sanctum ever
since she had entered her teens. It
never occurred to Miss Jessie that
money was rather scarce with her father
just now, and that the lodger would
bring grist to the mill. She regarded
the whole thing as a conspiracy to
make her uncomfortable.

They might have consulted her, she
thought, forgetting that she never trou-
bled herself in any way with the affairs
of the household. How she wished she
could have had her piano carried up-
stairs; but that was impossible. It was
the chief ornament of the room, and
her father, she knew, would not allow
her to take it away.

"I shall hate him; I know I shall,"
she told herself, thinking of the lodger.

And for the first two or three days
she kept carefully out of his way, and
Mr. Leith remained unconscious of the
fact that he was under the same roof
with a pretty girl. But he made the
discovery one afternoon. When wander-
ing through the orchard, with his
hands behind his back, he came sud-
denly upon a slight, girlish figure in
brown holland, a wide hat shading her
eyes from the sun. Wonderful eyes
they were—so large and dark, and ut-
terly bewitching. She was gone like
a flash; but her image lingered in Mr.
Leith's memory. He was not a talka-
tive man; but he began to cultivate
Caroline Maybrick's acquaintance, and
soon found that the girl in the brown
holland dress was her sister. He grew
so friendly that Caroline ventured to
ask him to take tea with them in the
kitchen one afternoon. The farmer
was quite willing, but Jessie objected
most strongly, and threatened not to
come in to tea at all.

"Beside," she said, "what does a
gentleman want in a farmhouse kitch-
en?"

However, Mr. Leith seemed very
much at home there, and delighted
Caroline and her father by his bright
flashes of wit. He did his best to please

that afternoon; but was it only for the
benefit of the farmer and his elder
daughter, or did his eyes wander in the
direction of Jessie's slim figure? He
could not understand why it was that
the girl always avoided him. If she had
wished to arouse his interest she could
not have devised a better way. Her
reserve piqued his curiosity, and he
found her pretty face coming between
him and the dusty old pages of his
books.

Once he went for a long walk, and
returning home in the twilight, heard
her at the piano, and paused to listen;
but she caught sight of his figure out-
side the window, and the music ceased
in an instant. When he entered the
room he found it empty; but a little bow
of ribbon lay on the carpet. Mr. Leith
whistled, walked to the door, closed it
carefully, and then picked up the rib-
bon bow with a shame faced look, and
actually kissed it. Then, with fingers
that trembled in a most unaccountable
way, he placed it in his pocket book.

"Your sister is shy," he observed to
Caroline, later on.

"It isn't that," responded Caroline,
with a laugh; "but she hasn't got over
being turned out of her room. It was
hers, you know, before you came, and
she hated the idea of father taking a
lodger."

"Oh," said Mr. Leith, considerably
enlightened, and next evening, as Jess-
ie was eating an apple in the orchard,
the enemy bore down on her before she
could beat a retreat. "Miss Jessie,"
he said, taking off his hat, "you must
not run away. I want to speak to
you."

"What is it?" asked Jessie, coldly,
throwing her apple over the hedge.

She had no longer any appetite for
it.

"I want to apologize for having un-
consciously taken possession of your lit-
tle parlor. It makes me feel like an in-
terloper."

"Who told you it was my parlor?"
asked Jessie, trying to steel her heart
against him; but thinking all the same
what a handsome man he was, with his
blue eyes, and tawny beard.

"Never mind who told me," said
George Leith, with a smile. "I know
I have unconsciously deprived you of
your piano ever since I have been here,
and I want you to forgive me."

"It is I who ought to ask your for-
giveness," returned Jessie. "I have
often stolen in to have an hour with
my piano when you have been out."
She smiled and colored as she spoke,
unable to resist the winning sweetness
of his voice and manner.

They stood watching the moon above
the tree tops, talking pleasantly, until
Caroline came to the door, and called
her sister.

"Where on earth have you been,
Jessie?" she asked.

"Talking to Mr. Leith," returned
Jessie, as she followed her into the
room.

"Wonders will never cease," ex-
claimed Caroline. "I thought you
hated him; but there, I think he would
talk anyone over with that pleasant
voice of his."

Jessie thought so too; but she did not
give vent to her opinion in words. She
was looking unusually well; a color be-
came her, but it was not the rose flush
upon her cheeks that made her look so
lovely. There was a change in her to-
night; and her sister was vaguely con-
scious of it, as the girl stood looking
down into the glowing fire in the kitch-
en grate.

"Our Jessie is growing a regular
beauty," observed Caroline to her fa-
ther, when her sister had gone up to
bed.

"Handsome is as handsome does,"
returned Mr. Maybrick, puffing away
at his pipe. Jessie's education had cost
him no end of money, while the more
homely Caroline had put pounds in his
pocket.

But Mr. Maybrick had no eye for
beauty. He was not like his lodger,
who could get very little sleep for
thinking of a pair of bright eyes and a
slim girlish figure.

Next morning, as Mr. Leith sat at
breakfast, he caught sight of Jessie
talking to a stoutly built, curly headed
young fellow, and his heart gave a
throb.

Who was that rustic she seemed so
interested in? He could not be her
sweetheart—surely a girl like Jessie
would not throw herself away on such
an awkward cub.

Mr. Leith tried to read his news-
paper, and forget the happy looking
couple in the garden, but it was of no
use.

There they were, parading up and
down in full view of his window, and
now and then their voices were wafted
to him on the breeze.

He felt he could stand it no longer,
and slammed down the window in a
rage. What was the use of coming to
the country for quiet, if people would
persist in making such a racket?

He took his hat and went for a walk,
and when he returned home, had the
pleasure of seeing that rustic through
the kitchen window, dining with the
family.

Mr. Leith closed the door of his
room; but he could not shut out the
sound of that fellow's noisy laughter.
"If he is a frequent guest, my stay
here will not be of very long duration,"
he thought.

he saw Jessie and the stranger out in
the garden again, and after his own
dinner had been served, he heard Miss
Caroline calling them in to tea, and
found that the young man's name was
Bob—detestable name! Mr. Leith had
never felt more miserable than he did
that evening, and his life had not been
devoid of trouble.

Mr. Leith was sitting in the dark,
and presently heard voices outside the
door.

"I am sure he is out, my child,"
said Caroline. "The lamp is not lit—
you can go in and play for a while,
and Mr. Leith will never be a bit
wiser."

He did not hear Jessie answer—her
voice was not so loud, but the door
opened, and she came into the room,
going straight over to the piano.

Mr. Leith held his breath, lying back
in the arm chair, while Jessie played
softly in the darkness.

He could see the dim outline of her
form, as she sat at the piano for what
little light there was fell upon her. He
was angry, but he could not lose the
chance of speaking to her alone.

"Miss Jessie," he said quietly.

Jessie gave a faint scream. He had
frightened her so much that she trem-
bled like a leaf. She was going to run
out of the room, when his voice ar-
rested her movement.

"I shall be sorry that I revealed my-
self if you are going to run away," he
went on. "It is not often I have the
chance of hearing you playing, Miss
Jessie."

Jessie sat down at the piano but she
did not play. Her little brown hands
were trembling too much. Mr. Leith
rose, and stood by her side.

"I shall be going back to London
soon," he said, "and it will be pleas-
ant to think of these few moments spent
with you at the piano."

"You are going away soon," faltered
Jessie, and something in her voice
made Geo. Leith's heart beat more
quickly.

"I saw you with that young fellow
to-day," he said abruptly. "You
seemed very happy."

"Bob and I are always like that,"
observed Jessie, her eyes beginning to
sparkle, and a little smile quivering on
her sweet lips. But George Leith could
not see these signs of merriment.

"I hope you always will be," he said.
"May I wish you every happiness?"

"You may if you like," said Jessie,
with an odd little break in her voice,
for she was trying hard to smother her
laughter.

"When is it to be?" asked Mr.
Leith, trying to speak lightly, but not
succeeding very well.

"When is what to be?" asked Jessie
with a little gasp.

"Your marriage of course," returned
Mr. Leith, rather coldly, for he knew
now that she was laughing at him.

"I think you are putting the cart be-
fore the horse," observed Jessie, dis-
murely.

"What do you mean?" he asked im-
patiently.

"I mean," said Jessie, growing sud-
denly dignified, "that I have no lover,
so it is rather premature to talk of my
marriage."

"Then that young man?" began Mr.
Leith.

"Is the affianced husband of my
dearest friend." As she uttered these
words Jessie rose from the piano to find
herself clasped in the arms of her
father's lodger.

And to think," said Miss Maybrick
afterward, "that you should make all
that fuss about Mr. Leith coming, and
then marry him after all! I was never
so surprised in my life!"

"It is the best thing that could have
happened to her," observed her father.
"She never would have been worth
anything as a farmer's wife;" and in-
deed this is true, but Jessie never
wanted to be a farmer's wife, and is quite
content with the destiny that had made
her Mrs. George Leith.

Horse Physiognomy.

The noted horseman, Colonel M. C.
Weld, tells us that a horse's head in-
dicates his character very much as a
man's does. Vice is shown in the eye
and mouth; intelligence in the eye and
the breadth between the ears and be-
tween the eyes; spirit in the eye and in
the nose, in the mobile nostril and ac-
tive ear. The size of the eye, the thin-
ness of the skin, making the face bony,
the large, open, thin-edged nostril, the
fine ear and the thin, fine mane and
foretop are indications of high breeding,
and accompanying a high-strung, ner-
vous organization, which with good
limbs and muscular power, insures a
considerable degree of speed in the
animal. The stupidly lazy horse, that
drivers call a "junk-head," has a dull
eye usually, a narrow forehead and a
contracted poll. He is not represented
in this group, but occurs not unfre-
quently, is always a blunderer, forgets
himself, and stumbles on smooth ground,
gets himself and his owner into diffi-
culties, calks himself, is sometimes
positively lazy, but often a hard goer.
He needs constant care and watchful-
ness on the driver's part. A buyer of
equine flesh should be able to detect the
good and bad qualities of the animal he
contemplates purchasing. This valu-
able knowledge is only acquired by a
careful study of the various parts of the
horse physiognomy.

Mistake, error, is the discipline
through which we advance.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Pride is consciousness of what one is
without contempt for others.
Trust that man in nothing who has
not a conscience in everything.

Animals feed, men eat; but only men
of intelligence know how to eat.
Poverty destroys pride. It is difficult
for an empty bag to stand upright.

No entertainment is so cheap as
reading nor is any pleasure so lasting.
It is more honorable to acknowledge
our faults than to boast of our merits.

The weakest spot of any man is
where he thinks himself the strongest.
All other knowledge is hurtful to one
who has not the science of honesty and
good nature.

Discontent with one's gifts destroys
the power of those that one has and
brings no others.
Charity, or love is the connecting
link which unites earth to heaven,
and man to man.

All the whetting in the world can
never set a razor's edge on that which
has no steel in it.
Want of pity is ever the first, the
capital crime, and our other faults are
all derived from it.

Obedience is a sure ground of hope;
to expect salvation without it is not
hope but presumption.
One gains courage by showing him-
self poor; in that manner one robes
poverty of its sharpest sting.

Do all the good you can, to all the
people you can, as long as ever you
can, in every place you can.
Hard work is the price asked for suc-
cess, and it cannot be purchased with
any other kind of currency.

As daylight can be seen through
very small holes, so little things will
illustrate a person's character.
Sweet is the breath of praise when
given by those whose own high merit
claims the praise they give.

To be man's tender mate was woman
born, and in obeying nature she best
serves the purposes of Heaven.
The true grandeur of humanity is in
moral elevation, sustained, enlightened
and decorated by the intellect of man.

He who refuses to do justice to the
defenceless will always be found making
unreasonable concessions to the power-
ful.
The best comforters in affliction, are
those like Job's friends who sat with
him three days and spake never a
word.

What blockheads are those wise
persons who think it necessary that a child
should comprehend everything that it
reads.
Bad habits are thistles of the heart,
and every indulgence of them is a seed
from which will spring a new crop of
weeds.

A man should never be ashamed to
own that he is in the wrong, which is
but saying that he is wiser to-day than
yesterday.

A smile may be bright while the
heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful
in the air, while beneath is the moan-
ing of the sea.

We should be careful to deserve a
good reputation by doing well; and
when that care is once taken, not to be
over-anxious about the success.

It is both wicked and unscriptural
for us to charge the failure of spiritual
harvest upon some sovereign purpose
or withholding of power from on high.

We should watch over our propen-
sities. A man is never safe unless he
is in the act of collaring his nature as
a rebel, and forcing it into submission.

It may be very easy not to bear false
witness in court, but not easy to avoid
detraction in conversation; very easy
not to be drunk, but hard to be sober.

When one has learned to seek the
honor that cometh from God only, he
will take the withholding of the honor
that comes from man very quietly in-
deed.

The power of the mind over the body
is immense. Let that power be called
forth; let it be trained and exercised,
and vigor both of mind and body will
be the result.

A heated church or prayer-room,
crowded with human beings, and
tightly closed, is not a fit place to wor-
ship God in. It is a violation of his law
to stay in such a place.

"Unprayed for," says a minister, "I
feel very much like a diver sent down to
the bottom of the sea without air to
breathe; or as a fireman, sent up a blazing
building with an empty hose."

Those who are neither blinded by the
mists of passion nor constrained by the
close-roven net of prepossession see
more clearly, as well as more deeply,
than those who are given over to their
own fancies.

It is a Christian duty not only to at-
tend public worship, to contribute to
the maintenance of such worship, but
to use a considerable portion of one's
time and property in helping those who
are less fortunate.

Whatever the unrest and the com-
motion, to the anchored soul, there is
assurance in the faith which Garfield
had when in the midst of riot and mur-
derous hate he exclaimed: "God reigns,
and the republic still lives."

The value of life for me is what I
find in it. If it yields to my conscious-
ness a preponderance of good, I am jus-
tified in my optimism. We may be de-
ceived as to the grounds of our joy in
life, but the joy itself is no delusion.
Blessed be the hand that prepares a
pleasure for a child; for there is no
saying when and where it may again
blow forth. Does not almost every-
body remember some kind-hearted man
who showed him a kindness in the
quiet days of his childhood.

When life has been well spent, age is
a loss of what it can well spare. But
the central wisdom, which was old in
infancy, is young in four-score years,
and dropping off obstructions, leaves in
wise subjects the mind purified and
wise.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The public debt statement for Feb-
ruary, issued on the 2d, shows a reduc-
tion of \$3,204,975.

The municipal elections in Bath
and Auburn, Maine, held on the 2d,
were carried by the Republicans. The
Democrats carried Lewiston. Their
candidate for Mayor in Portland had a
plurality, but a majority being neces-
sary, there will be another election.

George Hughes, aged 18 years,
from Cleveland, Ohio, while tramping
through the Indian Territory, stopped
on the 28th ult, at Camp Creek, nine
miles west of Fort Smith. He was
given a room with a man named Pugh.
During the night Hughes got up, knock-
ed his bedfellow in the head with a
billet of wood, robbed him of \$85, and
returned to Fort Smith. Pugh died of
his wounds on Sunday, March, 1st,
and the murderer was captured on the
2d.

William R. Morrison received the
customary vote of Speaker Haines for
U. S. Senator, in joint convention of
the Illinois Legislature on the 2d.

The Supreme Court of the United
States reassembled on the 2d, Chief
Justice Waite presiding.

General Grant was much better
on the 2d. Notwithstanding his phys-
ical weakness he is still at work on his
book. The General's physicians repor-
ted at midnight that their patient "had
passed a pleasant day, having been in
good spirits and taken his usual amount
of nourishment."

Vice President-elect Hendricks
visited the Senate Chamber and Hall of
Representatives at Washington on the
2d, and was welcomed by Republican
as well as Democratic members.

Rear Admiral George H. Preble,
retired, died at Boston on the 1st in the
69th year of his age. He was a nephew
of the famous Commodore Preble, and
was the author of several books, among
them a "History of the flag."

The President-elect arrived in
Washington shortly after 7 o'clock on
the 3d. As scarcely anybody knew of
his arrival, there was no crowd at the
depot, and he was driven quietly to his
room at the Arlington Hotel. In the
afternoon he called upon President
Arthur.

In accordance with the usual custom
the members of the Cabinet have
placed their resignations in the hands
of President Arthur.

Both Houses of the New Jersey
Legislature refused to adjourn over for
the inauguration.

The joint session of the Illinois
Legislature was held on the 3d to ballot
for United States Senator. Speaker
Haines cast his customary vote for
Morrison.

General Grant was reported to be
still improving on the 3d, having passed
a fair night. During the day he gave
an hour to his memoirs. Last night his
condition was reported to be unchanged.

Benjamin Butterworth, Commis-
sioner of Patents, on the 3d handed his
resignation to Secretary Teller, who ac-
cepted it.

A Court-martial was on the 3d
ordered to meet in Washington on the
11th instant for the trial of Brigadier
General Hazen, on charges "of conduct
prejudicial to good order and military
discipline." Major General W. S.
Hancock will be President of the Court
The charges grow out of Hazen's criti-
cisms on the Secretary of War.

In the Supreme Court of Califor-
nia, on the 3d, it was decided that
Chinese children must be admitted to
the public schools.

The corner-stone of the new State
Capitol of Texas, in Austin, was laid
on the 2d, with Masonic ceremonies.
The Governor, Legislature and a num-
ber of military and civic organizations
were present. The new building will be
constructed of limestone, in Corinthian
order of architecture. Its length will
be 566 feet, and its width 288 feet. The
height from the basement floor to the
top of the dome will be 250 feet. The
estimated cost is near \$5,000,000.

As the train carrying the New
York County Democracy emerged from
the Union Tunnel in Baltimore on the
3d, a shot was fired at it from the wall
of Greenmount Cemetery. The ball
passed through the hat of one of the
passengers. The assailant escaped.

At Alliance, Ohio, on the 1st,
drunken rowdies took charge of the
Salvation Army meeting. "They pulled
the whiskers of the soldiers and beat
them," and a general fight ensued.

General Grant's condition on the
4th was much better than on Tuesday.
Colonel Fred. Grant said, in response
to an inquiry as to the feelings of the
General about the action of Congress in
passing the bill placing him on the
retired list. "He is very much pleased
with the action of the House; nothing
in weeks has cheered him up so much.
He feels that his services have been at
last recognized and that justice has
been done him."

The Cincinnati Price Current pub-
lishes the result of the special investi-
gations concerning stocks of wheat in
the country. It is estimated that the
entire wheat stocks of the country, em-
bracing visible supply, aggregate 205-
000,000 bushels, compared with 150-
000,000 bushels a year ago.

The St. Paul Plow Works, three
miles from the City of St. Paul, were
burned on the 3d. The loss is estimated
at \$100,000. The insurance amounts
to \$60,000. The fire originated from a
lamp explosion. The old pipe line a
few miles south of Lebanon, Penna.,
sprang a leak on the 3d. Some malic-
ious person set fire to the escaping
oil, causing a large conflagration. The
oil still leaked and burned on the 4th,
but the fire was confined to a pool. No
damage was done to surrounding prop-
erty.

Ex-Congressman Hiram McCul-
lough died at his residence on the 4th
near Elkton, Maryland, in the 70th
year of his age. He was twice elected
to Congress by the Democrats of his
district.

The funeral of Mrs. Eliza Blaine
Walker, sister of James G. Blaine,
took place in Baltimore on the 4th.
The services were held in the Cathedral
and the body was taken to Brownsville,
Pa., for interment.

In joint session of the Illinois Leg-
islature on the 4th, to ballot for a
United States Senator, Speaker Haines
changed from Mr. Morrison and voted
for Richard Bishop, stating that he felt
that he had done his duty by Morrison
and could no longer vote for him.

Governor Wilson, of West Virginia,
was inaugurated in Wheeling on the
4th.

President Cleveland was inaugu-
rated in Washington on the 4th. The
ceremonies took place on a platform
at the central portico of the
Capitol, and were witnessed by
the retiring President, members of
Congress, the Judiciary, the Diplomatic
Corps, military and naval officers and a
vast assemblage of citizens. The oath
of office was administered by Chief Jus-
tice Waite. President Cleveland's in-
augural was delivered without manu-
script, although he occasionally consul-
ted a small piece of paper bearing notes
of the heads of his address. The in-
augural procession, which was reviewed
by the President, included the most
imposing military display witnessed in
Washington since the war. The civic
and military organizations in line em-
braced 25,000 men, and the procession
occupied three hours in passing the re-
viewing stand.

No Cabinet nominations were made
on the 4th, on account of the adjourn-
ment of the extra