

On An Intaglio Head of Minerva.

The cunning hand that carved this face
A little helmeted Minerva—
The hand, I say, ere Pallas wrought,
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.
Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his
passion.
But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story;
Nameless and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!
Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The thousand summers came and went,
With neither haste nor haste nor pity.
The years wiped out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some wise hand dug it up—
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!
O Roman brother! see how Time
Your graces handiwork has guarded,
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded!
Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pass of hopeless passion also,
To have this carved agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

THE EMMA-JANE VERBENA.

Mrs. Pease was fond of flowers. She liked them in masses in a cracked white pitcher, and she admired what she called a "set bouquet"—such as her son Orrin carried on Sunday evenings to his sweetheart, Miss Abby Swift, over in the "Center." Best of all she loved them growing in her garden.
The garden was a tangle of color and sweetness. Roses crowded up against the little brown house, and peeped boldly in at the windows. Morning-glories climbed to the low roof. Petunias and mignonette flourished in their humble way; and tiger-lilies, sweet peas, phlox and hollyhocks mingled with cockscomb, cantenberry bells, nasturtiums and poppies in gay confusion.
Mrs. Pease spent hours over them, wedding, training, clipping and watering unwearingly. Her bent finger could be seen all summer long moving lovingly about the narrow paths, hanging patiently over the brilliant beds. The flowers repaid her in many ways. They filled the air with sweetness, they seemed to smile and nod to her through storm and sunshine, they seemed quite human in their silent grace. She called them all by name, often in grateful memory of some friend, generally for the giver of the plant or precious slip from which the blossoms sprang so tribly.

Her son, too, felt an interest in the garden. He shared her pride in the lusty roses and geraniums, he liked to see his mother's sun-bonnet bobbing among the bushes, or bending intently to the ground. He was interested in the welfare of the "Liddy Ann pink," and solicitous as to the growth of the "Amandy chrysanthemum."
"I do declare," said Mrs. Pease, one summer evening, "that Marthy lily does look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hated to call it after one of 'em, but I see she was goin' to feel badly if I didn't, and so I did. Now look at it, all yellor and droppin'. Seems as if there was a sort of sympathy between 'em."

Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing. "There's that, Betsey peony," continued his mother, walking slowly down the path, "how it does grow! Great, strappin' thing. Every time I look at it, a-standin' up so peart and sassy, I think of Betsey Bangs in her red jersey."
"How's the verbena, mother?" said Orrin.

"The Emma-Jane?" said Mrs. Pease, stooping over a plan whose little fingers, spread in all directions, promised to cover a large space with pure blossoms. "It's a growin' beautiful," and she sighed.

Her son looked serious for a moment, then straightened up to his full height of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young fellow in his shirt sleeves, with his sun-browned face freshly shaved.

"I guess I'll go over to the Center," he said.

"So soon?" exclaimed his mother with a wistful look.

He went into the house silently; and the good woman picking a dead cinnamon rose to pieces, said in a low voice:

"I hope to mercy she'll be good enough for him, and not one of your flighty kind. I s'pose she'll like a bouquet." And then with care, if not with skill, the kind soul gathered a large bunch of the different flowers and wrapped a bit of newspaper around their stems.

When Orrin appeared in his best clothes, he thanked her warmly, picked a blossom of the white verbena for his buttonhole, and blithely strode away.

She watched him through the dusk as long she could see. He and the flowers were all she had to love; sometimes it was hard to have him leave her of an evening—hard to know that a fair face had such power to win him from the devotion and companionship of years.

"He's better than the common run," she thought with pride, "more quiet behaved and faithful. He's been a good son to me. He'll be a dreadful indulgent husband. If she ain't good to him—"

She turned away from the gate and shook her head as if words failed to express her feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned towards her, filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her: "We are always here. We never leave you."

"No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And then she picked a bit of the white verbena.

"Sweet creature," she whispered, "jest as innocent and sweet as Emma Jane herself."

Meanwhile, through the scented evening walked Orrin with his big bouquet. His honest heart was full of tender anticipations. Would she be out in the yard, watching—watching for him? Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his offering indifferently? There was no telling about girls. Somehow he fancied that his mother had always been straightforward and easy to understand.

Abby was different, all spirit and change, one minute wild with merriment; the next, quiet, inscrutable, "mad," perhaps.

"I'll take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess," he thought, half amused, half tender. "God bless her!" he added reverently.

She was watching for him, with all her soul in her great dark eyes. She was thinking, with a pang, how late he was; then a fear flashed over her—perhaps he might not come at all! Suddenly her heart leaped; a dimness clouded her sight; she tried to still, with one hand, that beating in her breast.

He was coming! Ah, she would know him among ten thousand, with his broad shoulders, and his springing step. She leaned against the window frame, and watched him with kindling eyes.

When he opened the gate she was in the kitchen; by the time he reached the door she had gained the woodshed. Deacon Swift answered his knock.

"Good evenin'," he said politely.

"Good evenin'," said Orrin. "Is Abby to home?"

"Guess likely. Step in." And the Deacon opened the parlor door invitingly.

Orrin walked in over the rag-carpeted "entry" into the dark and sacred "best room." An indescribable odor, "besty, herby, close, pervaded it, an odor, peculiar to New England village parlors. The haircloth chairs and sofa stood stiffly on the red and yellow grain covering of the floor; the marble-topped center table bore a lamp and a few cherished books; the mantelpiece was loaded with shells, daguerotypes and wax flowers. A row of family photographs and a wedding certificate in a black walnut frame adorned the walls, and green paper shades covered the windows. The deacon tied up one of them, saying:

"The wimmen folks hain't ben in here lately, I guess, to judge from appearances." Then he went into the passage and called.

"Abby! Abby!"

Abby appeared, demure and calm.

"Good evenin', Orrin," she said; "nice evenin'."

"Yes, I walked over, seen' 'twas so pleasant. I've brought you some flowers, Abby."

"O, ain't they pretty! Your mother does have the handsomest flowers of any one I know," she said so admiringly that her lover blushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you like 'em, Abby."

"How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase painted with red and yellow roses.

"She's well," he replied, watching her lift the vase to its place on the whatnot.

"That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help her.

They stood close together. He could see the flus' deepening on her soft cheek; he could almost touch the little ring of hair about her pretty ear; how long her eye-lashes were! They both held the vase. Above the flowers he gazed at her.

"Abby, look up," he whispered.

A tremulous smile hovered about her red lips, she bit them angrily, and turned her head away.

"Abby, dear, look at me." And he put one hand over hers as it rested on the gay china. She tore it away. His grasp on the vase loosened; down it fell, dashing to a hundred pieces on the floor. He was kneeling in a moment picking them up, and she was beside him. They gathered all silently, and laid them on the table.

Then they looked at each other. His eyes were full of mischief. Hers brimming with tears—the shock, the reaction, something, she knew not what, had brought them there.

Instantly his arm was around her. He said some inarticulate words; then kissed her gently on her forehead, where the pretty locks were parted—for Abby didn't wear a bang.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "I'll buy you a dozen chiny vases. I'd give you all the world, Abby, if I could."

The tears were rolling fast down her round cheeks now.

"Will you come and live in the little house with me, Abby? Will you be my wife? Say, Abby, will you?"

As he stooped to hear her answer the white flower in his coat fell out. It smote the girl's heart, then dropped to the carpet. She stooped and lifted it without a word, raised her shy, happy eyes to his, then kissed the little blossom tenderly.

"Oh, don't, Abby, don't do that." "Twas Emma Jane's you see. Somehow I don't like you to—"

"Emma Jane's!" she said slowly, with the radiance dying from her eyes.

"Yes, I think a heap of it for her sake, you know; but—"

And at this moment Mrs. Swift walked in with civil greetings.

"Good evenin', Orrin. All well to your house, I hope?"

He went home slowly with a puzzled expression upon his manly face. "I could 'a' swore she almost took me," was his thought. "What was it changed her so all in a minute? What could it 'a' been?"

The summer glowed and deepened. It reached its height—then waned.

The birds carolled madly in the elm trees—by August they had changed their song. The crickets piped with ominous distinctness through the long hot afternoons. The locust uttered its heartless shrill cry from the stone wall and hedge. A sense of sadness and of change lay on the hills and pastures.

In Orrin's heart winter had come already. His mother now had no need to complain of his leaving her alone. He was more silent than ever; and she tried to cheer him up in every way she knew. She made as many different kinds of pies as possible—lemon, custard, berry and apple. She even concocted an imitation mince turnover—knowing his fondness for the real thing—but it was useless. He tasted them all with an absent look in his blue eyes, pushed away his plate and sighed.

"It does beat all," she concluded. "I've done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry puddin' hain't no effect. 'I'll try a huckleberry shortcake."

So she put on a pink calico sunbonnet, hung a two-quart tin pail over her arm, and started for the berry pasture.

"I'll go to Deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. "The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the field the sun lay warm on sweet fern and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wildwood green things basking in the warmth, filled the air. The apple trees stood each in a little "pool of shade." The summer's grassy breeze swept over weeds and spruces with a languid sigh of pleasure.

Mrs. Pease bent above the loaded bushes, a patient, homely figure. The hard, black huckleberries rattled like hail into the tin receptacle, and while her fingers moved, she thought:

"Taint much use after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it with her triflin' ways. I'd like to give her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass, and a slim young figure stood beside her, a girl in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown, a girl unmistakably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other. Two kindly dim eyes peered out from the one, two sorrowful dark ones from the other.

Mrs. Pease had turned with anger in her heart; when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and altered look, she softened.

"Why, Abby, child, for the land's sake, where did you drop from?"

"I come down to pick berries for tea."

"How's your mother?" and the good woman put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerable well," said Abby listlessly.

"Father well?" continued Mrs. Pease, regarding the girl sharply.

"Pretty well."

"And how are you, child? Seems to me you ain't a-lookin' very peart."

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly. "Huckleberries plenty this year," she added.

"Orrin a right well jest now," said the old lady after a pause.

The girl's hand trembled; half the berries she held fell on the ground.

"What's the matter with him?" she said in a low voice. "I hain't seen him lately," she added defiantly.

"No, I know you hain't," said Mrs. Pease with decision. "Whose fault is it?"

"Taint mine," said Abby, twitching a bush toward her.

"Taint his I know for certain," said the mother, rattling her tin pail.

"He's the most sot in his feelings of any body I ever see. There ain't no change in him. The gal that gets Orrin Pease 'll get a dreadful good husband. And the gal that trifles with him 'll live to repent it. He ain't one to take off an' on like an old shoe. I can tell you, on like an old shoe, and the time may come when he can't be got back no ways."

"Who wants him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blaze. "Not I, for one, and she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say, "You think—"

he ain't—the-triflin'—kind. I know—better. He's been—a-keepin' company with me—and all—the-time—he—cares—for—another—girl. He's good's said—so!"

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Mrs. Pease, nearly dropping her pail. "I hain't never heard of no such a girl. What be you a-thinkin' of, Abby Swift? It's you, and nobody else, he's been a-follerin' after these two years. Ef ever a man was dead sot on havin' a gal, and that gal you, it's my own way, he'll smile jest to see your rabin' white horse a-comin' down the road—he's a-follerin' along. There, child, for the land's sake don't get no foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him—I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He's dreadful tender-hearted and faithful, Orrin is," and the old lady put her worn, thin hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked at her beseechingly.

With a cry Abby flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Good to him!" she said brokenly. "O Lord, good to him!" and then she turned and fled as fast as she could go.

At 6 o'clock, and liberally sprinkled with sugar, on Mrs. Pease's tea table. Orrin helped his mother to a large slice. As he handed it to her she said:

"I picked them berries over in Deacon Swift's pasture. Abby was there a-pickin' 'em."

Orrin looked up sharply. "Was she?" he said.

"She looks dreadful peaked," declared his mother.

"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idea that there's another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there warn't. I think likely you'd better kind of explain to her yourself."

"Another girl!" cried Orrin frowning.

"O mother!"

"There, eat your supper, and then go over to the Center. 'Taint best to let such things spile your appetite."

"Save my supper, mother, I'm off now."

"But, Orrin, a leetle more shortcake, do. Bless my heart, how dreadful foolish young folks is!"

The Swifts were all at table, the deacon, his wife, Abby, her brother and the hired man. They looked up surprised when Orrin knocked. There was no bouquet in his hand, the time as he waited in the dim, close parlor, as Abby came slowly in to meet her, a determined look on his face.

"Get your hat and take a walk with me," he said, gently, yet so firmly that she never thought of disobeying. Without another word they left the house, walked down the silent street past the few shut-up houses, and out to where there was space and solitude. Then he stopped and looked at her gravely.

"Tell me," he said, "did you think I ever cared for anyone but you?"

Her face drooped before his gaze. At last she nodded sadly.

"For heaven's sake, who?" he demanded.

"Emma Jane!" came the answer. There was a moment's silence between them.

"O Abby, he cried, "come and see Emma Jane with me. Come now."

The girl shrank away.

"No, no," she faltered. "I couldn't."

You wear her flowers. You think they're too fine for me. You—"

"Yes, I do love her flowers. I'll show you why I love them. Come," and he drew her hand through his arm and held it there.

Still she resisted him. He stopped short, clasping her reluctant hand firmly, and said in a voice that shook:

"I swear to you, my love, I've never cared for any girl but you, only just you, Abby."

"Then why?"

"Come, trust me, and I'll show you why."

They walked along through the soft evening light. The hills lay bathed in sunset splendor; above them shone a strip of palest amber sky. Everything seemed strangely hushed and peaceful.

Even the village graveyard wore a sweet, restful aspect as they passed through its gateway. Over the quiet sleepers the grass waved gently, field flowers nestled lovingly about the headstones, and wild strawberry vines clasped the graves with clinging fingers. In a distant corner a hemlock tree sighed above a little green bed, on whose small slab was

EMMA JANE.
AGED FOUR YEARS AND ONE MONTH.
Suffer little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And over the tiny mound spread and waved, like an exquisitely embroidered pall, the starry blossoms of a white verbena.

Orrin took off his hat and stood beside the grave. You see," he said in a low tone, "Emma Jane and me was great friends. I played with her. I made her boats and whistles. I took flowers to her when she was sick and dyin'. She'd hold 'em in her little hands and smile and thank me, poor little girl! She come to our house once when you was away to school—like enough you never heard about her. She warn't here long. Mother took care of her. She was my cousin Lucy's child, left all alone without a home, and mother took her. We loved her like she'd been always with us. And we called the plant we've got to home the Emma-Jane verbena, cause she was fond of it."

Abby was crying softly. He put his arm around her.

"I thought," he said, "that night when you was a-kissin' the flower, 'twarn't a lucky thing for you to do, seem' she drooped and died so easy. It seemed as if 'twas a bad sign when we was makin' promises for life, my love."

The girl in her impulsive way sank down by the little grave. She flung her arm across it, and her tears fell fast on the white, radiant blossoms. Orrin knelt beside her, and tried to draw her toward him.

"We shan't never misunderstand each other again, Abby?" he whispered.

"No, Orrin, never!"

The Petersburg Crater.

Just as I arrived in rear of the First Division the mine was sprung: It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages and timber, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in reforming for the attack. Not much was lost by this delay, however, as it took nearly that time for the cloud of dust to pass the advance. As no part of the Union line (which would have been an arduous as well as a hazardous undertaking), the troops clambered over them as best as they could. This in itself broke the ranks, and they did not stop to reform, but pushed ahead toward the crater, about 130 yards distant, the debris from the explosion having covered up the abatis and the chevaux de frise in front of the enemy's works.

Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there; an enormous hole in the ground, about 30 feet deep, 50 feet wide and 170 feet long, filled with dust, filled with great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers and men buried in various ways—some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth. One of these near me was pulled out, and he proved to be a second lieutenant of the battery which had been blown up. The fresh air revived him, and he was soon able to walk and talk. He was very grateful, and said that he was asleep when the explosion took place, and only awoke to find himself wriggling in the air; then, a few seconds afterward, he felt himself descending, and soon lost consciousness.

It Didn't Work.

An old colored wreck recently limped into a certain bar room and requested the bartender to give him a trifle of corn juice. After turning out some three or four fingers he stood a few minutes before hiding it from sight, as if in deep thought. Finally he said:

"I've a right smart attack of gripe in my stomach and don't just figure that's good to get along well with it. Do you mind changing it for a bit of gin?"

The bartender replied that he wasn't in the habit of taking back goods in his line, but anything for business. The old man turned out his gin to the extent that a match would easily float off from the top and fall on the floor. After drinking he smacked his lips and started on his way.

"Hold on, Uncle," says the manipulator of stomach washes, "you didn't pay me for that gin."

"That's all right," said the old man. "I swapped the whiskey for the gin."

"Yes, but you didn't pay me for the whiskey," was the reply.

"Why the devil should I? I didn't take the whiskey."

There was some little chance for litigation, but the old gentleman was induced to compromise at 100 cents on the dollar.

There is time enough for everything in the course of a day, if you do but one thing at once.

FASHION NOTES.

—A new soft, flexible silk is among the novelties of the fall season.

—Flaids, associated with plain dress goods, retain their well-deserved popularity.

—Fur shoulder-capes, lace capes lined with plush or soft fur, are carried to throw about the shoulders.

—There is a gigantic effort making to fight against the coming short waists and full round skirts en attendant this odious revival.

—Elaborate costumes for children are no longer considered good form. The sensible English fashion now prevails among the best people.

—Few women can appropriately wear the hair in Greek style. To be in with the locks should be very abundant; secondly, the features should be classic in outline; and lastly, the face should be beautiful, or at least attractive enough to bear the test of this severe style of coiffure. And to band down the waves of hair (for full-round occasions) with a fillet of velvet or silver is a style that is rarely becoming. The women of Greece adopted this fashion to keep in place their over-abundant locks.

—Stringless bonnets and hats are fastened on the head with all sorts of ornamental pins, gold and silver-headed, and set with imitation and real jewels, cat's eyes, tiger's eyes, Cairngorm stones, or Scotch pebbles, and imitations of these and carnelian, coral, jet, ivory and other stones in celluloid and other substances. Some of these bonnet and coiffure pins are veritable works of art, representing not only balls and pear-shaped ornaments but swords, lances, spears and shields, and the heads of animals and birds.

—Large black foulard, dark green or peuce surah cloaks are used for driving—a sort of cache pousserie is absolutely indispensable for mail-coaching parties. Sometimes they are shirred back and front under a velvet yoke, the latter coming down in points below the waist. A silken and gold girdle gathers in the folds loosely at the belt. Frequently there are no sleeves, just an arm-hole cut out and encircled with velvet. Sometimes the yoke is made of silken work embroidery, and a maid can vary the linings to suit the toilets or fancy of the wearer.

—Silk-warp French cashmeres in exquisitely fine qualities will compose one of the very fashionable dress fabrics of the coming season. Samples of new Parisian dyes and textures just forwarded to importers show exquisite shades of beige, golden bronze, heliotrope striped with white or silver, dark moss-green crossed with lines of Roman red, dark blue figured with silver, and many beautiful dyes in monochrome. For evening wear is a list of pale, delicate tints too numerous to refer to here, and also of new artistic hues never before seen and impossible to describe.

—In ladies' toilets light fabrics are being exchanged for thicker textures. The silks most in vogue this autumn are French faille and moire. The latter composes very elegant costumes which require but little trimming. They are made very simple, with semi-trained skirts, the front or side piece of which is covered with a panel of delicate guipure or blonde to match; all the rest is plaited in full round plaits. The high bodices in full round plaits. The high bodices in full round plaits. The high bodices in full round plaits.

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