

THE LEAVES, WE PASS AWAY.

I saw the leaves all falling,
Some so brown and sere,
And others, bright and swirling,
Carelessly floated near,
And as I picked a single leaf,
I thought of the Springtime fair,
When buds and leaves were opening,
With beauties rich and rare.
Now the Summer fast has fled,
And faded have the flowers,
The Autumn leaves they too are going,
As swiftly pass the hours.
Yet in my heart there's tender love,
For the faded tokens here,
Emblems of a higher life,
That fills my soul with love.
For thus it is with all in life,
Like leaves, we pass away,
The frosts of Winter come too soon,
To chill us day by day.

—Brooks

WON AT THE ALTAR

"Why, no, I couldn't, Charlie—I really couldn't marry you," said Nettie Travers, with a rippling laugh, as she looked innocently into Charlie Alton's grave face, feeling just a trifle guilty as she saw the despair creep over him.

He had always been a dear friend to her—nothing more. He had fought her battles at school in childhood; he had found the plumpest, ripest berries and brownest nuts for her especial eating, but now—now he had actually made her a proposition of marriage!

A very matter-of-fact affair he had made of it, too—not at all as she had imagined that an offer of marriage would come to her.

It may be that that was the chief reason of her prompt refusal.

"Why not, Nettie, darling? I have always loved you," he pleaded.

"That's just it!" she exclaimed pettishly. "I have always known you—always since I remember. We have bough over mud pies—"

"No, never! We never quarreled—we always defended each other," he stammered.

"There it is again!" she cried, impatiently. "If we never did it is no sign that we never would. No, Charlie, like you—as a friend—of course; but when I do marry—well, my husband won't be one who has bawled me to school upon his hand-rod."

"Who will it be?" he asked bitterly.

"Oh, I don't know yet. My prince is not come to me," she answered, offhandedly.

"He must be handsome; you look quite well, Charlie, but you are not dark enough. He must be taller than I am at least four inches; you are too, Charlie—exactly too. He must have a lovely mustache, black and leavy; yours inclines toward red, Charlie; you can't deny that."

"That's enough!" ejaculated the perturbed young man. "You need not lag your unknown hero's praises urther. I see plainly that I can never hope to rival him. Good-by."

And without another word or glance she bounded over a stone wall and walked rapidly down the road, leaving her girl by the maple trees strangely perplexed and uneasy.

"I declare I didn't think Charlie would get mad so easily," she mused, stooping absently to gather the crimson and gold leaves which fluttered to her feet. "It was real mean of him, ure. Why can't we go on as we always have been? I'm sure it is nicest o' I don't know what I will do without Charlie but I can't marry him, and won't do! How absurd! He must see it so, too. Of course he will when he comes to think it over."

But he didn't, and the days passed wistfully.

The crimson and gold faded into the dreary brown of late autumn, but still Charlie did not come back to her.

"I don't know what ails the child. He is strangely unlike herself," said her fond father, anxiously, one evening when Nettie listlessly left the room, after gazing silently into the fire for two hours.

"She is losing flesh, too, and growing pale. She eats scarcely anything—not enough to keep a canary alive," sighed her mother.

"She used to sing songs and play chess with me all the evening. You never could learn chess, my dear," rumbled the father.

"I think I will send her to her aunt Mary in Boston at once."

"Perhaps that would be best. If it is a change that she needs, that will be change enough. I'll get her ready as soon as possible."

Mrs. Travers instantly left the room to look over Nettie's wardrobe, and all that young lady of the good fortune in store for her.

"If you wish it I will go, mamma."

That was all the thanks she got for the offer.

"I wish it! Something does ail the girl—something serious, and the sooner she goes to Boston the better," cried Mrs. Travers, when she had repeated Nettie's words to her husband.

So Nettie went to Boston, and aunt Mary, well advised in the matter, plunged her into a dizzy whirl of night-seeing; yet she grew paler and thinner daily.

She made many acquaintances, and visitors came to woo her; among them Clinton Ames, a young man whose personal appearance tallied with that of her ideal admirer.

"He is a fine young man, my dear," said her aunt, briskly, after he had called one day. "A girl might do far worse than to marry Clinton Ames."

"What business does he follow?" asked Nettie, absently.

"Hear the child! laughed her aunt. "I did not think that you were so worldly, Nettie; and really, I can not tell you. What I said was merely the popular opinion of a popular young man. He is very much welcomed in our sets, you know, but your uncle will inquire if it is anything serious."

"It isn't—no, indeed," cried the girl, with flaming cheeks. "I only asked because I was sure, He has no serious intentions. I'm sure, Aunt Mary, and it would not matter to me if he had."

But she was greatly mistaken both in Clinton's Ames' intentions and in the answer that she would give him.

The carrier brought her a letter from home that morning, one sentence of which burned into her brain:

"Charlie Alton is paying great attention to Jennie Wells," her mother wrote, "and people say that there will be a wedding soon."

Why should Nettie's cheeks flame and pale so suddenly as she read it? And why should she care who Charlie paid attention to? Jennie had been her dearest friend, but—

The door bell rang at that moment and a servant came up with Clinton Ames' card.

"Did I surprise you?" he asked, after an impetuous, airy declaration of love. "You must have read my feelings toward you, dearest. Tell me that you return my love!"

Why not? Charlie should never know that she cared.

"I will marry you," she said, as with averted face, she placed her hand in his and coldly permitted his betrothal kiss. "Only I beg that our engagement be kept secret."

"You will not make me wait too long for my bride," he assented.

"Two months, only. In two months come to my home and I will be ready."

The two months passed away too quickly, and the wedding day dawned. Nettie had overcome all opposition to her sudden engagement, and made her preparations with a resolute and defiant air.

She had not seen Charley Alton since her return, and Jennie Wells had called but once, to go away in puzzled resentment at her reception.

"Delay the wedding. Your uncle is making inquiries, and they may not be answered to our satisfaction. We had no idea matters had progressed so far," her aunt wrote in answer to her mother's anxious letter.

But Nettie would consent to no delay.

The wedding was to be at the church, for the bride would it so, and many of the curious villagers assembled there early.

Charley Alton was there in the dark corner—there to witness the death of his fondest hopes, simply because he could not stay away.

The village pastor arose in his place, and there was a flutter of expectation, followed by an ominous pause; then he said, in an embarrassed voice, plainly audible:

"No license? Then the ceremony can not proceed. By the laws of Maine the parties wishing to be united in marriage must be published upon the books of the town clerk where they reside five days."

Charley Alton stole out, with the feeling of a reprieved criminal who has stood in the shadow of the gallows.

"We might go over into New Brunswick and buy our license," ventured the disappointed groom, when, with Nettie and her parents, he sat uneasily in their parlor and listened to the amused chattering of the wondering villagers, as they returned to their homes.

"No!" answered Nettie, impatiently. "It was stupid of me," added Mr. Ames, in deprecation. "But we can be published at once, and the wedding will only be delayed five days."

"Very well," answered Nettie, with an ominous flash of her eyes, which he failed to understand; and he took an awkward leave.

"I'm so relieved! How fortunate that he was so forgetful!" cried Aunt Mary, who had come in haste, and arrived shortly after Mr. Ames had left.

And then she told the story—common enough—of an extravagant young man who wished to better his condition by marrying the daughter of wealthy parents.

"True—every word," added her uncle. "No doubt he liked you too, but it was the money—Why, she has gone!"

For Nettie, snatching a wrap, rushed from the house to the old trying-place by the river, where she and Charlie had met often—before he attempted to be her lover. The place was occupied, and before she could retreat Jennie Wells blushing disengaged herself from a masculine embrace, and cried, with a nervous laugh:

"We can't keep our secret any longer, Dick, and really there is no need, the time is so near! This is Dick Wilder, Nettie. Dick, Miss Nettie Travers—he—I—that is—we are going to get married very soon, but we did not want to make the fact public, for his father and mine are not excellent friends at present. We never should have succeeded without Charlie Alton's help. He has paid me such marked attention—oh, dear, Dick was nearly jealous!"

Nettie never could tell how she managed to get through with the next half hour, and talk and laugh while her heart seemed breaking.

But hearts do not break easily, and people can do things which they never dreamed possible.

Jennie and her lover went away at last, and left her alone with her misery.

Then another sought the familiar spot, and she sobbed out the whole story, with her head upon Charlie's shoulder and his dear arms holding her closely.

"I could horse-whip him for being so careless, yet I bless him for it!" said Charlie.

"So do I!" she breathed softly. "Oh, Charlie, what if he had thought of the license?"

Clinton Ames understood many things when he returned to calm his bride, and she met him at the door, leaning upon Charlie Alton's arm.

"It was all a series of mistakes!" she cried, sweetly. "But it is all right now, and I'm sure that you will forgive me. This is my husband, Mr. Alton, Mr. Ames. Charlie did not forget the license, and we were married as usual."

Clinton Ames bowed gracefully, and returned to his unpaid bills and impatient creditors. Somebody had made a great mistake, and he vaguely suspected that it might be himself.

The good are brethren 'ed even by weakness and defect. Every man in his lifetime needs to be a sinner.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the world.

RUNNING A BLOCKADE.

A Thrilling Adventure of War Time, Related by a Woman.

The Narrative of a Confederate Captain's Wife—The Boat in the Breakers—A Narrow Escape—A Child Lost in the Breakers—Fiction Outdone by Fact.

We left home March 4, 1862. Good-bye to relatives and friends! Tears, tears, tears—how they flowed! The world never before seemed so large and untried and the dear ones never so dear. But I had faith both in my husband's tender care for his little helpless family and in his nautical skill.

Leaving Savannah on the morning of the 8th, we finally reached Jacksonville, Fla. Here we hired an open boat, and on this we sailed to Enterprise, a distance of 175 miles. Arrived Sunday night, and learned that the Federals had taken possession of all the ports along the coast, and that the Fanny, the captain's vessel, had left for Nassau in charge of her first officer. The captain at this risk, however, was bent on following. He pointed out to me the difficulties of the undertaking, the danger of crossing to the West India Islands in a small boat, but I turned a deaf ear to all this. I was fond of adventure. We went about 250 miles up the river to Jupiter inlet, which brought us almost in a direct line with some of the islands on the Little Bahama bank. The little craft in which we embarked was not more than 15 feet long, an ordinary ship's boat, heavy and slow. Our trunks were packed midships, my nurse took one child and I held baby, while the captain managed rudder and sails. We sailed the first night until 10 o'clock. The next morning it blew a gale, but we still pushed on until the danger became so great that the captain was obliged to take in sail and get near shore. Then getting into the water he hauled the boat more than twenty miles up the river, sometimes with the water above his waist, until late in the evening when we reached the shelter of a house.

The next morning the wind having lulled a little, we sailed all day. Night came, but with it not a sign of life. The dwellings along the coast were from twenty to forty miles apart, and to us everything was new and strange. As a denier resort we decided to camp out in the woods. Fire was built, supper cooked, the blankets spread on the ground, and we laid ourselves down to rest. Awakening about midnight, I saw the captain sitting by the fire with his own gun on his knee. "Mercy on me," I cried, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much, only watching for bears." I listened and could hear them distinctly growling through the forests, for we were in the wildest of the wilds of Florida. We started again at daylight, and when we reached the end of our journey in the southern states we had traveled 400 miles in an open boat. But the end was not yet. Before us now, spreading out as far as the eye could reach, was the never slumbering sea. The wind blew a hurricane, every hour seeming to increase its force and fury. The huge waves tossed the little bark about like a cork shell, now breaking over us in great sheets of spray and now toppling above our heads as if to bury us from sight forever. The servant and myself, both drenched to the skin, baled industriously with one hand, while he held the children with the other, and for fifteen hours we rode the storm.

We must have traveled fast for just at nightfall, as we rose on the crest of a tremendous wave, the captain suddenly exclaimed, "I see land." Involuntarily I ejaculated, "Thank God."

"Not so fast, not so fast," was his reply, "for now it is a matter of life and death. The breakers are just ahead. If we succeed in finding an opening between the islands we are safe, if not we shall be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Hold fast to the children and the boat."

A moment more and we were in the breakers, which, racing after each other, curled and broke with a voice of thunder, while the shivered waves foamed and boiled in the vortex below.

"Now, hold for dear life," cried the captain, as he braced himself to hold the boat's head to the inlet. The veins in his neck and face stood out like great cords from the efforts he was making not only to manage the boat, but to control his feelings in this dreadful emergency.

Just at that moment a huge wave dashed over the boat, tearing my little girl from the arms of the nurse and washing her overboard amid the wild screams of the faithful Chloe and my frantic efforts to save her. Out upon the angry billows she floated, her golden hair gleaming in the moonlight and we powerless to save her, for one second's relaxation of her father's hold on the helm would have been fatal to all of us.

"For God's sake hold tight to the baby and brace yourself against the boat," he cried, and the big tears streamed down his anguished face as he watched the little body so dear to us both floating further and further out to sea. While his boat was being dashed by these breakers an attempt to swim would have been certain death. Again he bent to the helm and turned his eyes toward the land.

The little craft, rising to the crest of a watery precipice, trembled for a minute, then swept down the steep, followed by a wave on each quarter, which, as we rose again, broke and poured its volume from stem to stern. For a moment I thought we were lost, and clasping my half-drowned baby to my bosom, I uttered a heartfelt prayer to the Great Ruler of the winds and waves. Again we were caught and borne on, and again, until finally I closed my eyes, all hope gone, when with a mighty plunge we shot forward on the bosom of the last breaker and subsided into the clear, smooth water of the pass.

Thank God! At last we were safe, we four, but the other little one drifting just ahead of us, lying in a small bay, was a fleet of galling vessels,

one of which, seeing the peril from which he had just emerged, sent a boat promptly to our assistance, with an invitation to come on board. Cramped with cold and fatigue I was unable to wade across, the men kindly helped me to the cabin and to all the rude comforts which they possessed, and we were thus enabled to obtain the rest and refreshment which we all so much needed. That night the body of my darling was washed ashore, where it was buried by her father, who with a few rude seamen performed the last sad rites.

The next morning we resumed our journey, and on the 24th we reached one of the Bahama Islands. We found the people kind, but curious. Not ten among the women had ever been on the mainland, and not more than one or two had heard a steam whistle or seen a locomotive.

We reached Nassau in just three weeks from the time we left Florida, and learned that the Fanny had returned to her first officer under her first officer returned to Charleston, S. C. Not to be balked in his purpose at this stage of the pursuit, the captain at once took passage on the steamer Nashville for that city. Arriving off the port, the captain deemed it imprudent to enter, when my husband obtained one of the quarter boats, and in this, accompanied by four or five other passengers, we struck out boldly for the shore.

We had not proceeded far when a rifle ball whizzed through the captain's hair, almost taking off his ear. Whether it came from friend or foe, no one knew, and as there were no arms in the little company save my pistol, which I always kept about me, it was proposed to hoist a flag of truce. This consisted of a shirt, which was commoditously stripped off for the occasion and elevated on a spar. Under this strange banner we pulled down to the mouth of the creek.

Here we fell into the hands of the confederate pickets, several of whom were the captain's friends. He who had fired that shot with the aim of a practiced deer hunter, was one of the captain's old college mates, and he wept with joy when told how near both had escaped, one from death and the other from a grief that would have followed him to the grave.—Home Journal.

A Study of the Decolletee.

Woman who wear decolletee gowns comprise three classes, but one of which is justified, and wears it with propriety, says the Washington Post.

The woman "to the manner born," educated to it, taught the propriety of such exposure along with her catechism, wears this dress as a soldier does his uniform, as a matter of form, of duty, of necessity, and of habit.

Such women wear this exposure of their bosoms with no more notion of indecency than is entertained by the dusky belle of the Sandwich Islands when she makes her debut in a string of beads, a cotton apron, and clinking anklets.

The second class, not so well warranted in following the fashion, are the women not educated to it, ladies whose early life and training were not in decolletee circles, but who instead have imbibed much of the stern Puritanism, or prudishness, or provincialism, if you will, of orthodox teaching, of modest example, and of rural simplicity.

The woman whose sudden rise of position tempts her into an unaccustomed baring of neck and arms against her conscience commits an impropriety.

The third class are the vain women, the silly and coquetish women, the women who have perfect figures and malformed intellects. These are the women who have in the eagerness for admiration disgraced the social regalia and made it a reproach.

The important thing is not how the body but how the mind is clothed. When a high-cut mind goes out in company with a low-cut dress the world does not concern itself with the robe. But a decolletee spirit will permeate an assembly, though its neck band tickles its ears and its wrist frills mask the hand.

How World This Look Nowadays?

One hundred years ago the leading men in the United States read in their Bibles that the body is more than raiment, but they dressed according to the advice of worldly-wise Polonius:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy— But not expressed in seeming the man.

When Gov. Bowdoin, a tall, dignified man, reviewed the troops assembled at Cambridge, in 1786, he was dressed in a gray wig, cocked hat, a white broadcloth coat, and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

John Hancock's thin in person, 5 feet in stature, was very fond of an ornamental dress. He wore a wig when abroad and a cap when at home. A gentleman who visited Hancock one day at noon, in June, 1782, describes him as dressed in a red velvet cap lined with fine white linen, which was turned up two or three inches over the lower edge of the velvet. He also wore a blue damask gaiter lined with silk; a white stock, a white satin-embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers.

Washington, at his reception in Philadelphia, was dressed in black velvet; his hair was powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag. His hands were encased in yellow gloves; he held a cocked hat with a cockle on it, and its edges adorned with a black feather. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and at his left hip appeared a long sword in a polished white leather scabbard, with a polished steel hilt.

Home-Made Hand-Grenades.

Any one can make the hand-grenade fire extinguishers, and at a small fraction of the prices charged in the market. Any light quart bottle will serve to hold the solution, which is composed of one pound of common salt, one-half pound of sal-ammoniac, dissolved in about two quarts of water.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Whoever would do good in the world ought not to deal in ease. We ought not to destroy, but rather construct.

Spent Two Fortunes.

In the Hoffman house last night, says a New York Star man, I met James Johnson, who has been out in Denver superintending a mine. While we were talking a seedy-looking man of stalwart frame came up to him and begged the loan of a dollar. He got it and turned away, when Johnson said to me:

"There goes the wreck of two fortunes. That man was at work for us five years ago as a miner, when he got word that a relative had died and left him a fortune of about \$100,000. He quit the mine and came east. He spent his money in less than eighteen months and drifted back to Denver, broken down in health and the most most sorry, abject-looking specimen of humanity you ever saw. He had sown the seeds of consumption, but insisted on going into the mine again and we gave him a place. Instead of dying, as we expected, he recuperated, became strong again, and in the course of a year was quite a new man. Just about a year ago I was standing by the mine office when he came out to meet a lawyer, whom I knew and who had sent for him. The lawyer's mission was to tell him that he was for a second time a heir—this time to \$53,000. 'For heaven's sake,' he exclaimed, 'have I got to go through that again?' It was a queer speech but prophetic. He's broke again, as you see, and wants me to take him back to the mine. I guess I'll have to do it, but was there ever before such a foolish speed-drift?"

Adepts at Stealing.

The native races along the southern coast of South America are described as professional wreckers and thieves. Their practices are told by the author of "The Cruise of the Falcon."

One sailor is sitting half asleep on his sea chest. A gaucho comes up and taps him on the back.

"Buono, Johnny; bueno Johnny."

"If you're not off I will send a bullet into you," said Jack.

"Buono, Johnny; bueno till to-morrow;" and off sulks the gaucho to his horse, which he mounts. With a sardonic smile he takes off his hat to Jack, bids him farewell, and digging his spurs into the flanks of his little horse leans over his neck and is off at full gallop over the short grass of the sandy plains.

At the first stride of the horse, to Jack's intense surprise his box is wrenched up, rudely from under him. He jumps up, rubs his eyes, and before he can recover his senses he sees his property rolling and bumping away over the sand hills at the heels of the gaucho's horse. For the clever gentleman had managed to make one end of his lance fast to the handle of Jack's box while engaged in conversation with him.

Jones' Self-Restraint.

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent man on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten blocks.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before. I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street Jones says to the man: "Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that last suit, but you ought not to follow me up and dun me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has got lots of money, and if I succeed you will not only get your money, but also an order for a wedding suit."

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the young lady Jones says: "I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scoundrel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restraining myself."—Texas Siftings.

A Curious Calculation.

A London paper has been giving the results of some curious calculations, which, if correct, will make a fellow a little cautious about guessing on the size of a crowd and offering to bet his last dollar that he is right. According to the calculator on the staff of Justice, all the people in the world—about 1,400,000,000—could stand in a field five miles square, and by the aid of telephones could be addressed by a single speaker.

Western Journalism.

We have been in town only ten days, and already our warm friend, Splog Magin, the veteran mixer of the whole-in-the-dark saloon, intimates that it is time for us to whack up and give our score on his books a blight. We would like to inquire if this is the usual practice in this community? We have done the whole-in-the-dark honor to imbibe at his bar the greater portion of the elixir that we have absorbed since our arrival. It requires inspiration to fit one to illuminate and enlighten a community; if Splog Magin hesitates to supply the inspiration elixir we shall either transfer the patronage and saturate our system elsewhere, or we shall decline to illuminate and enlighten the community. We certainly will not submit to being bulldozed by Mr. Splog Magin's duns, or even annoyed by his hints. We are destitute of wealth, but we are healed with glided dignity, and we will maintain our dignity unimpaired.—Kent (Wash.) Advertiser.

A Dog that Prints a Paper.

Printing-presses are usually run in this country by steam power, by water strength and awkwardness; but the machine that grinds out the Plain City Dealer is run by dog power. A large wheel, about two feet in width, is connected with the drive wheel of the press by means of a belt. Cleats are placed about a foot apart on the inside of the wheel, where Joe, the journalistic dog, walks his weary round, and thus causes the wheel to revolve. Joe has run the press for about five years, and has faithfully earned his hash every week. It is now about time for him to die and go where good dogs always go, and the proprietor of the Dealer is casting around for another canine. Part of Joe is shepherd, and the rest is common, every day dog.—Columbus Evening Post.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A good deed is never lost. He who plants kindness gathers. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship.

If you cannot be a lighthouse be a candle.

Joys help to form character as trials as trials.

Independence is only to be found in isolation.

Don't talk of what you are going to do. Do it.

Our nature consists in motion—perfect rest in death.

Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.

When a man gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.

A stone that is fit for the wall will not be left in the way.

A man never forgives a woman for making him feel silly.

Every man has his supreme vocation. The talent is the call.

I was born for higher things than to be the slave of my body.

Noisless falls the foot of time that only treads on flowers.

What an admirable happiness to know how to do without things.

The devil's army is drafted; the other side is made up of volunteers.

I have made of myself all that could be made out of the material.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

The cardinal virtues are benevolence, justice, purity, truth and order.

Woe to the class or the nation which has no manly physical training.

Ill-fortune never crashed that man whom good fortune deceiveth not.

A model wife is one who thinks her husband knows more than her kin.

The angriest person in a controversy is the most liable to be in the wrong.

Every man is a hero to some woman; every woman is a heroine to some man.

The innocence of the intention excuses nothing of the mischief of the example.

Fewer people would be so wicked if they would only stop to think how bad it looks.

Hear both sides and all shall be clear. Hear one and you may still be in the dark.

Joy descends gently like evening dew, and does not patter down like a hail-storm.

Friendship is the shadow of evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third—nay, a fiftieth trial.

The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out: "This, this alone is to live!"

Nature does nothing in vain, but is simple and delights not in superfluous causes of things.

Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done and fools what they intend to do.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.