

## The Muses' Bower.

### By-and-By.

There's a little mischief-maker  
That's stealing his own bliss,  
Sketching pictures of a land  
That's never seen in this;  
Dabbling from his lips the pleasure  
Of the present, while he sighs,  
You may know this mischief-maker,  
For his name is "By-and-By."

He is sitting by our hearthstone,  
With his slaty, bewitching glance,  
Whispering of the coming morn,  
As the social hours advance;  
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,  
Hiding forms of beauty nigh—  
He's a smooth deceitful fellow,  
This encanter, "By-and-By."

You may know him by his winking,  
By his careless sportive air;  
By his slaty, bewitching glance,  
That is straying everywhere;  
By the trophies that he gathers  
Where his sportive victims lie;  
By his bold, determined eye,  
In this conqueror, "By-and-By."

When the calls of duty haunt us,  
And the present seems to die,  
All the time that e'er mortals  
Snatch from dark eternity,  
Then a fairy hand seems painting,  
Pictures on a distant sky;  
For a cunning little artist,  
He's the fairy, "By-and-By."

"By-and-By" the wind is singing;  
"By-and-By" the heart replies;  
But the phantom just before us,  
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.  
List not to the idle charmer,  
Scorn the very species he;  
Only in the fancy fly,  
This deceiver, "By-and-By."

Subscribe for the Journal now, and do not  
wait for "By-and-By." It is only two dollars  
a year.

## The Story-Teller.

### A Lesson for Life.

"My fan and gloves, Bell! Quick! Mr. Crompton is awaiting, and I wish to get away before Harry comes."

And Laura Grantham took a parting glance at herself in the pier glass, as she turned impatiently toward her cousin, who was assisting her in dressing.

Her eyes glowed with feverish brightness, and her manner was excited and nervous.

"But, Laura, dear, I wish you would take my advice, even now, and stay at home. You know Harry does not like Mr. Crompton, and your going out with him may be the cause of a serious quarrel."

"Not another word, Bell. I am decided. I am not married yet, and even if I were, my husband should not dictate to me. I have not been here for three days past, nor sent an excuse, even. I will show him that I can be as independent as he."

"He may be ill, Laura. You know him well enough to be sure that he has some good reason for not calling."

"Let him make an excuse, then. If he comes, tell him I have gone to the Opera with Mr. Crompton."

And she swept from the room, down the broad stairs, into the parlor, where her expected escort was awaiting her.

As she entered, she started on seeing another besides the one she had expected to find in the parlor. It was Harry, who stood by one of the heavily curtained windows, nervously drumming upon the pane. His face was pale and grave, but his eyes brightened as she came into the room, and he stepped forward, with outstretched hand, which she carelessly took and dropped.

"You will excuse me for making you wait so long, Mr. Crompton. I fear we shall be late."

"Then turning to her affianced lover, for it was no other—she said coldly:

"I am sorry to be deprived of your company, Mr. Masterson, but I have an engagement with Mr. Crompton. You can certainly amuse yourself as well this evening as you did the last, or the one before, good evening."

And putting her hand upon the arm of her escort, without another word or look, left the room.

Harry Masterson stood fixed to the spot, till he heard the door close and the carriage wheels rumbling upon the pavement.

"And that was the woman who is—she was to have been my wife!" he exclaimed, bitterly—"whom I believe in so thoroughly and utterly! When we parted, a week ago, in this very room, I believed there was no power on earth that could destroy our faith and trust in each other, and now I find her on intimate terms with the man I hate most in the world, and treating me as if I were a stranger, instead of her betrothed husband. I will know the meaning of this!"

Meanwhile, Laura was being whirled rapidly through the crowded streets saved by the man she cared least for in this world. She was in a bitter mood, and though Mr. Crompton exerted his powers of conversation to the utmost, she was silent, and answered his questions in monosyllables.

Her thoughts were busy with the man she had just left, and by whom she was bound by every tie that man of marriage. She remembered, with a pang, his devotion, his self-forgetfulness, when her comfort or pleasure was in question, and with thousand ways in which his affection for her had been manifested. She thought of him standing there as she had left him, alone in the room where their vows were first pledged, and where they had built so many happy plans for the future. She remembered the stinging words she had uttered, and would have given worlds she had recalled them; but it was too late. She felt that, though they might be forgiven, they could never be forgotten; that whatever might be the result, that night would lie like a black shadow across her life.

Could she have known that, for the last three days, Harry Masterson had been watching by the bedside of a dying sister, and that a note of explanation was at that very moment lying where it had lain for many hours, unopened, and unopened, under the litter of her dressing table, a deeper bitterness would have taken possession of her soul.

She sat through the performance like one in a trance. The sweet notes of the prima donna fell upon her ears unheeded, and the more than political allusions of Mr. Crompton were hardly noticed. She was learning the lesson she had so anxiously sought to teach.

"We shall meet again," she whispered to herself, "and he will forgive me. He may not come to-morrow, nor the next day, nor the next; but he will come. We shall meet again."

How many have hugged the same com-

fort, "we shall meet again," to their souls, and how many times that meeting has never come.

That night Laura Grantham did not sleep. She loved Harry Masterson with all the strength of which her soul was capable, and she felt that in very wantonness she had struck a blow at his heart which might kill forever the affection so lately existing there. She would have given worlds could she have recalled her words and deeds of that evening. The more she reflected upon them, the more inexcusable they seemed; and as she turned upon her sleepless pillow, she shed tears of bitter regret and self-reproach.

The next day passed, and the next, but Harry Masterson did not come, nor did he send any message. Vainly the long day through did Laura watch for his coming, with a heart that grew heavier as the hours went by.

On the evening of the third day a summons brought her from her room to the parlor. Her eyes were red from weeping, but she bathed them hurriedly, and arranged her disordered hair with trembling hands.

"At last!" she said to herself, "at last! He shall forgive me. It was only a little quarrel. He must forget it."

She opened the door. Seated carelessly in an easy chair by the grate, was not Harry, but Mr. Crompton, who arose to meet her as she entered.

"I have not been well for several days," she answered, keeping back the tears with a strong effort. The disappointment was a bitter one.

"I met Mr. Masterson this afternoon, with a lady upon his arm," continued Mr. Crompton. "I fear, Miss Grantham, you have been cruel. We poor fellows are always the victims of your sex."

A sharp pang of jealousy, not unmingled with self-reproach, entered Laura's heart.

"Mr. Masterson is nothing to me," she said coldly. "I have nothing to call himself a victim, or you to consider him one, I have no objection to urge."

It was evident that the subject was not a pleasant one, and Mr. Crompton felt that he had gone too far. In vain he strove to retrieve his ground, and after a few minutes' forced conversation, rose to take his leave. At that moment the door opened, and Harry Masterson was announced.

The face of Laura Grantham, a moment before so pale, reddened to the temples. Mingled shame, pride and mortification filled her heart. She felt that the presence of Mr. Crompton, at that moment, made the barrier betwixt herself and her lover more difficult to pass. She had longed to meet Harry alone, but he had found her with the man he had hated as his rival. She felt angry with herself, and angry that Harry should have come so inopportunely.

As Mr. Crompton passed out of the door, Harry advanced. He was dressed in black, and his face was very pale.

"Laura—his Miss Grantham—why do I find that man always here?" he asked.

"I am not aware that you have any right to dictate my choice of friends, she answered hotly.

Harry bowed, but with an effort choked down the answer that rose to his lips. At last, after a pause, he said:

"I have no desire to reprimand. My heart is too sore for that. What we have been to each other I need not recall. Once you were dearer to me than life itself. But one short week ago, I believed there was no power short of death that would sunder the tie between us. I have learned better. You have awakened me from a dream, which I thought realized. Oh, Laura! could you not have chosen another time to strike the blow? Now, of all times, I need sympathy and comfort, and it is denied me."

Laura longed to throw herself into his arms, but pride forbade.

"You speak as if the blame were wholly mine," she answered. "Have I nothing to complain of?"

"I do not complain," said Harry. "I do not blame. You have told me I have no right."

"Have you not slighted me?" she continued. "Have you not spent your evenings in the company of others, when I sit expecting you, without even a word of apology?"

"Laura," interrupted Harry, hastily, "can you reproach me for that? I sent you a message. Remember those those evenings, and days even, were spent?"

He glanced at his black clothing as he spoke, but Laura's eyes did not follow his.

"That does not matter. You have a right to choose your company. I do not ask to know who it is, or where you seek it. It does not concern me."

She spoke bitterly and defiantly.

"I came to-day hoping that our misunderstanding was one which could be explained, and that we might again be to each other what we were before. Your words show me how impossible that is. God forgive you, Laura—you have shadowed my whole life. We may never meet again, but you will some time know how I have loved you."

The door closed and he was gone!

For an hour Laura sat as if in a stupor. She repeated his last words over and over without seeming to feel or understand them. Then, in the silence of her room, her pent-up feelings burst forth, and with aching heart and feverish lips, she bewailed the foolish pride that had lost her the one great treasure of her life.

The next day Mr. Crompton called, and the next, but she would not leave her room. On the third day, when his barouche stopped at the door, and his card was sent up, with a respectful invitation to join a party of friends, for a turn in the park, she hesitated.

"I shall die here," she said to herself. "Harry will never visit this house again, and if I go into company I may meet him. If it were only any one else but Mr. Crompton!"

And she sent down word that the invitation was accepted.

With an exclamation of anger he struck them a heavy blow with the whip. In spite of his endeavors they broke into a run, and dashed with fearful rapidity toward Broadway. Vainly he tried to turn their course into one of the side streets. Vainly did the by-standers attempt to stop them by shouts and cries. On they plunged and there seemed to be no possible means of escape from death for the occupants of the carriage, when a man sprang

suddenly from the excited crowd, and, with a desperate grasp caught the nearest horse by the head.

The afflicted animal reared wildly and dashed forward again, dragging the rescuer beneath their feet. The next moment there was a wild cry, a crash, and the crowd rushed into the street. The horses had fallen. Mr. Crompton had been thrown from the carriage, but Laura, who had clung to her seat, with tightly closed lips and a face like marble.

The horses were rapidly disengaged from the carriage and a bleeding form was carefully raised from under their feet and borne to the nearest physician's. As Mr. Crompton caught sight of it he hesitated.

"Don't let her see it, for God's sake!" he whispered.

She had seen it. Even in her terror she had felt that it was that strived to save her.

"I must go to him," she said, as they lifted her from the carriage.

Nothing would dissuade her, and they led her in, amid the wondering and pitying looks of the crowd, which could only guess at the secret of her grief.

Stretched upon a sofa in dreadful weakness, crushed, mangled and bloody, lay all that was mortal of Harry Masterson. There was a smell of camphor in the room, and the doctor, who had been kneeling over the body, rose and gravely shook his head when she entered.

"There is no hope," he said, "his heart has stopped beating."

Laura yearned to fling herself upon the corpse, and pour into the dead ears the words she had refused the living; but cold and curious eyes were upon her, and she shut up within her heart the feelings that strove for utterance.

"I know him," said an elderly gentleman who was among the by-standers. "He was a noble fellow. Hardly a week ago he buried his only sister, and besides that he has lately had some trouble which made him careless of life."

The words fell upon Laura's heart with crushing weight. In them she read the true story of that neglect with which she had so cruelly charged him, who was now past answering. She laid her head with a breaking heart—now it was broken!

When she again crossed the threshold of her home it was to bid the world a farewell for many months. A weary illness followed. The leaves faded, withered and fell. Winter came and went, and the halcyon days of spring came, and the windows of her chamber, bringing life and strength. Then the color came back slowly to her cheek, and the light to her eyes—a strange wondering light—not the old light of intelligence; that had gone out forever.

### Reading for the Million.

#### Gov. Hartranft's Inaugural Address.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, and Fellow Citizens:—Permit me, through you, to tender my heartfelt thanks to the people of this Commonwealth for their partiality in selecting me as their Chief Magistrate.

In obedience to law I have appeared before you to pledge my fidelity to the Constitution. Its obligations and the responsibilities it imposes are, I hope, fully realized. In the administration of public affairs, it is my earnest prayer that I may be guided by Divine wisdom, and that all my actions may reflect the people's will.

My predecessor presented, in his annual message, his recommendations, and much valuable information, so fully and so well, that it appears unnecessary to enter into details. My views are in accord with the general policy of the State administration for the past few years, although I believe some changes might be for the public good, and to these I shall bring attention. Having been closely connected with the finances of the State since 1866, I speak knowingly when I say that the revenues have been faithfully collected; extravagant appropriations have been avoided; taxation has been equalized by the repeal of the most burdensome taxes; and by strict economy and good management, the public debt has been largely reduced, a question of paying off the entire indebtedness of the State is, I believe, fully endorsed by the taxpayers, and it shall be my aim to adhere to that policy. The public debt, however, decreasing while the revenues are increasing, it occurs to me that a further reduction of the latter should be made during the current session of the Legislature. The increase in the value of our real estate and the products of our manufactures, the steady development of our resources, and the expansion of our railway system, are rapidly enriching our people. If we measure the aggregate of our wealth and its growth upon the basis of the late census, we can readily understand how a light tax imposed upon the present debt would meet all our necessities in the future, provide an ample fund for the liquidation of our debt, and give a decided impulse to the useful enterprises thus relieved. I sincerely trust, however, that in any attempt to lessen the burden of taxation, the Legislature will not condone the evil in language, but discriminate in favor of our industrial interests.

In every part of this Commonwealth are found rich deposits of minerals. To make them available and productive should be our earnest aim, and should receive a large share of my attention. It can alone be done by the intelligent employment of labor and capital. This is an object of immense interest, and can best be subserved by first providing the highest possible knowledge of the character and location of the most valuable minerals. Labor can be made inviting, by making it remunerative to our home industries, a question which may satisfy be committed to our Representatives in the National Legislature.

Capital is the water for the wheel, and should be abundant, and the rates of interest should be easy for active and wholesome enterprise, and whatever legislation will best secure this end should receive general support. Money will always seek the highest rates, the security being the same, and for that reason it now gravitates to neighboring States, where the legal rates are higher than our own. If we cannot remove our restrictions and make money as free as any other commodity, at least, let us permit the same rate as allowed by other States and thereby retain it within our borders.

It will be my pleasure, as it is my duty, to have a watchful care over the school system of our State. No part of our governmental policy should command the employment of more wisdom than that which is to promote the instruction of our youth. It is a source of pride and satisfaction that our people contribute so freely to an ob-

ject so worthy as our schools, and the reports of the Superintendent of Common Schools must convince every reader of the happy results accruing from the judicious management of our educational system. But while the doors of our schools are opened wide to every one, it is so to think that there are 75,000 children in the State, who do not, whether prevented by the necessities of their parents, or otherwise, attend and receive the blessed privileges of these schools. This is a matter of grave import, and exacts of us all, people and Legislature alike, earnest and thoughtful consideration.

In this connection, let me say a word in regard to a subject that has often engaged my thoughts, and to which I invoke the attention of our law makers. No part of our system of education has secured so universal commendation as that which is embraced in the circle of instruction of those who were made orphans by the casualties of war. The helpless condition of these little ones touching appeals to the hearts of our people, and the response was the establishment of the orphan schools that are now the pride of our State. But in educating these children from destitution and providing for their education until they have attained the age of sixteen years, we have filled the measure of our duty to them?

Thrown out into the world to do battle with life's trials at an age particularly dangerous to youth, does not common humanity require that the State should maintain its guardianship of these children until their habits are somewhat settled, and they have acquired the ability to earn their own livelihood? The establishment of industrial schools wherein useful trades may be taught, seems to provide the best and best solution of this problem.

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### Not to be Fooled.

In Philadelphia there lives a doctor so lean and attenuated that the sobriquet of "Old Bones" is far from being a misnomer.

This doctor has a student, and that student is trying his best to become a doctor. He attends to the office while the doctor attends to the out-door patients. Among other fixtures of the office is a weird skeleton of a human being, which he will walk out of a cupboard where it is kept, and by manipulating it rightly, it can be made to go through several grotesque antics.

One day while the student sat pouring over some medical work, the street door opened and a youthful peddler, with a basket of knickknacks, presented himself. When told that nothing in his line was wanted, the little rascal began to "talk back" in a most impudent manner, and was finally ordered to leave the office.

This he refused to do; thinking to scare him, the student pulled a string, and open flew the door where the skeleton was hidden, and that emblem of death sprang out of his cupboard, and, looking at his wis, dropped his basket and scampered out of the office, taking up a position on the opposite side of the street to await further events.

Just then the doctor, "Old Bones," came into his study, and learning the cause of the uproar, he went to the door and admonished the boy to come and get his wares. "I have called out," he called out, "I know you, if you have got your clothes on."

### Educational.

#### Education, and the Science and Art of Teaching.—No. 4.

The possession of any gift or talent, involves obligation. Heavy, indeed, then, the burden under which those rest to whom is entrusted the power for good or for evil which lies in a trained intellect. It is man's highest attainment. Its influences are circumscribed neither by time nor country. Its use can only be legitimate when made subservient to the honor of its divine Giver, and promotive of the good of mankind. More credit and distinction will flow from the manner in which so sacred a trust is used, than from the mere possession of it. In nothing should we so study the example of our blessed Lord, as in determining the purpose of our lives, and the grand objects to which we consecrate our powers. To do good is the only true end of our being, and to do good is the highest aim, the only proper use, of educated mind.

The man of thorough culture, should not be a man of selfish impulses. The ignorant and uneducated may be pitted for the narrowness of their sympathies and the selfishness of their feelings, but the more favored sons of study and discipline, merit severest condemnation when personal enjoyment limits their desires or efforts. Gifts and opportunities are bestowed for use, for the good of others. We may not neglect them, nor bury them. Money is not the only thing over which men are miserly. To withhold the beauty and delight which fill the soul of the thoughtful and the gifted, is to be traitor to the trust confided to us. All nature is generous. Gifts and opportunities are bestowed for use, for the good of others. We may not neglect them, nor bury them. Money is not the only thing over which men are miserly. To withhold the beauty and delight which fill the soul of the thoughtful and the gifted, is to be traitor to the trust confided to us. All nature is generous. 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