# Poetical.

Do you remember the pleasant morn When we slood in you green lane; And our hearts were joyous as if they ne'er Had known one throb of pain? And the birds, in their heavenward flight Through the realms of golden light. Poured forth their songs, that on the air Came echoing back again?

And we were glad as they, But our joy had a deeper tone; And it found, from our souls, its silent way, As we wandered there alone; And the wind came floating by

A charm in each quivering leaf, That unfolded to greet the morn : A charm in the jewels that flashed Of nature's abundance born ; In its newly opening dawn

And hand in hand, we looked afar Down the valley of the past; Whence rose one lovely, shining star, From the shadews around it cast, And dark forms glided by. Slowly and silently,
And the nim train closed, at last.

But the present, where we dwelt, Was a sweet and quiet scene; And the happiness we felt Uprose from hearts serene; For the beaming star shope on

# Miscellaneous.

AUNT MARY'S BRONZE SPHINX:

'Would you?' she answered coolly I colored like a child.

'Oh! I am very sorry, but I can't help

'Can I? How?' 'By saying yes.'

'Well, yes-although I haven't the

least idea what you mean.'
'Bless you,' I exclaimed, and I embraced her, 'Then-you love me?

'Do I love you? Alfred, you are of your request ?1

thusiasm of an ardent, susceptible young man-not wealthy, but having great expectations from his Aunt Mary, whose

'Do you really love me, Alfred?' murmured Rose, giving me a searching

'I do see that you are a very affection ate young man,' she said practically,

but it is well enough to unerstand mat 'Don't talk in that business-like tone, One would imagine that you were bar-

'A goose ?'

'Rose!' would be an absurdity! There—therevon know I don't mean to offend you.-How you take everything in earnest Then—you are quite sure you love me !

near me again, you will drive him off?

'You may kiss me once more, then and I must go.' Her dreadful matter of fact manne

drove all sentimental thoughts out of my

we came near her father's house. . Then she stopped 'How is your Aunt Mary ?'

'Very well when I left her,' I replied 'She has the heart disease?'

rather so rprised at her remark. 'Yes, the doctors say so.'

Poor, dear old lady. She will die suddenly some day, I suppose?' 'I fear so,' I answered, hardly liking

the turn the conversation was taking. 'You are a great favorite of her's, Alfred, are you not?' 'Yes, I believe she is very fond of

Rose sighed, and then looked lovingly in my face.

cease to love me.

'What folly,' I said, 'you know mopey will not change me.'

'Are you sure?'

'I am positive.' she said oddly. Alfred-do you know I. always thought you loved Lucy Ray-

I blushed guiltily. 'She is a charming girl,' I. said, eve

sively. 'Yes, yes, I know,' she persevered, little at one time?

for her-but she never seemed to take any notice of me-and the idea passed, so you need not be jealous.' 'I am not,' she answered, 'and now

good-bye.' She gave me her hand, smilled, looked beautiful, and then withdrew the light of her countenance by walking slowly

'I ought to be very happy.' I tried to convince myself, but I felt miserable. and I turned to my aunt's cottage—for I had been living with her for over a year.

As I opened the gate a pale face from rily on my hand. the piazza caught my eye. 'As I did so, my attention was unconsciously attracted towards the Sphinx 'Mr. Morris,' she said:

# The American

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1872.

THE ORACLE. I rose early the next day, feverish and excited. Twenty times during the restless night I had resolved to visit Rose immediately in the morning, and as many times I had resolved not to do so, I walked backward and forward in

The thought completely unnerved inc 'Yet why fear the sincerity of her love?' I reasoned. 'Yet-yet-I fear she will never listen to me again when she knows how poor I am. And her father—' Oh, it was too much to think of at one

'I must know my fate!' I cried, 'I will go to her at once.'

I paused once or twice to look at it and whether it was imagination or not, the creature seemed to be shaking its head at me in a Sphinxlike manner, and trying to hide a cold smile.

A short walk took me to Mr. Walters residence. I rang the bell nervously. Glancing at the parlor windows, I was surprised to perceive Rose seated by the ide of a young man, talking earnestly. 'What can this mean,' I exclaimed,

Then I suddenly remembered. She had told me that she expected a visit from a country cousin, of whom she was very fond, as he had twice saved

'How sincere she is in her affection!'
I was uncontrollably happy. I rang the bell with renewed vigor. Rose must have heard the bell. She came close to the window and looked out. After gaz ing at me for an instant, and without recognition, she suddenly disappeared: I was ushered into the parlor with the

remark from the servant that 'Mr. Walers was at home, and he would hand my I had hoped to meet Rose, and tell her all, and while I was thinking of the matter and gazing abstractedly about.

Mr. Walters entered. I had always had a horror of this gen-I had always liked Lucy, and had He was so stately, so frightfully busimade her my confident about Rose, and ness-like, precise and solemn upon all I smiled in her sweet face as I answered

matters, that I always felt relieved when an interview with him was over. 'Sir to you, Mr. Morris.' 'Thank you, I am quite well-that is-(—hope you—'

plain! Allow me to offer my condolence on your recent bereavement. Your Aunt left a handsome property, did she not? 'Oh, yes! Quite handsome.' 'I am delighted to hear of it. Of course wandering what earthly assistance in

you have no objection to giving a rough estimate to an old friend like myself.' 'Oh, no-not in the least. It's-it'st's-about eight inches high, as near as I can guess.

'Bonds or greenbacks?' he queried, ea 'Neither!' I exclaimed desperately .-

All that my aunt left me was her bronze Sphinx!' 'Her Sphinx? Her----What the

Why, her Bronze Sphinx; a very remarkable object of virtue to which she was much attached. She would never have given it to any one whom she did not esteem very highly.

'And that was all?' said Mr. Walters. 'That was all.' Mr. Walters wiped his broad forehead

'Ahe-m-m! Well, your friends tho't t would be different. I should hardly onsider that much of a start in life. I swallowed the anger that rose at the asinuation his remark conveyed.

My dear sir, it is one of the most durable material I assure you. It will last me all my life. I don'tthink I shall ever have to buy another. Before the old gentleman could reply

to my savagely ironical remarks Rose entered, and with a frown he left the the Sphinx for a while. How often I 'Ah, Miss Lucy,' I sighed, 'I fear that

'Rose, my dear,' I said dolefully,' 'we can never commence housekeeping with nothing but a Sphinx.' 'Certainly not, but we can wait.'

She said this with a placid smile that almost reconciled me to my legacy. 'Rut Rose what will your father say? 'I am afraid he is very much disappointed. He has set his heart upon my mar-

ng. When a woman loves a man truly, take some unpleasant course. Is it a pretshe will never desert him or give him ty Sphinx ? 'Oh, charming.' 'I am so glad you can be so cheerful about it, anyway.' And so we chatted on; and I was

agreeably surprised that Rose bore up so well under our affliction. The next morning I received a setter. It was from Mr. Walters, discarding my pretensions to a son-in-lawship, and inclosing a letter from Rose, which, tho

written as she stated, under her father's eye, was kind and affectionate. Lucy always came in for her share of the letters; and when she did so that

morning, I gave her those two to read-While she didso, she stood and stroked the back of the Sphinx, looking pale but very pretty.

Well, she said, 'are you satisfied?' 'Yes, indeed; Rose is a noble girl.' Lucy looked at the Sphinx and said nothing.

I was sitting poring over some knotty accounts of the estate, some days after having received the letter from Mr. Walters, and thinking of him, too, at the time, when the door bell rang violently and a few moments afterward, without the least announcement, he rushed into

He was evidently in a towering passion, and waved wildly a heavy cane. 'Ah-ha-ha! You're here, are you. on scoundrel! Where's my daughter? 'Sir. I do not know what you mean. Don't lie to me! Read that! Read that!' and the old gentleman handed

me a letter. It was the dear and well known hand writing, and concluded thus:
'And as I am well aware that your consent is impossible, I have determined

to do without it and go with the man I And she had signed her name:

And Mr. Walter's fairly shouted. was a little bewildered, but I answered that I thought I could, and added in a faltering voice: 'Don't you know that she speaks of him as her dear James?-My name is not James. 'Jim Reynolds! Death and Satan!' shouted the old gentleman. And he brought down his stick on the table with such force that he knocked the Sphinx's head off, 'It must be Jim,' I said, as I stooped to pick up the head; but Walters was already half way out of the house. I stood there with the head in my hand, with a dim idea

it was good luck that the head was not my own; when, attracted by the noise, Lucy came in. 'What is it?' she asked. 'Lucy,' said I, 'Rose has run away with Jim Reynolds, and her father has broken my Sphinx's head,' Lucy smiled and unswered, 'what will you do?' I don't think it can be mended,' said I. 'You seem to think more about the Sphinx than Rose,' "Pon my soul, I believe l do,' said I. 'But let's take a look at it.' So we endeavored to replace the head.-

in the back of its neck. 'What a lot of papers!' exclaimed Luicy, peering into the cavity. 'Let's have them out!' And hav them out we nid, in short order. Three cheers! Hurrah for the Star

Spangled Banner and Aunt Mary! The Sphinx had spoken! United States Five-twenty hands, large and small bundles, packed tightly in every crevice and corner.

'Lucy,' said I, 'I always said that I would never part with that Sphinx, and I won't. 'I thought you were going to give it to

me,' answered Lucy, naively.
'So I am; but need it and I be separa-She raised her eyes in a bewildered sort of way to mine.

'Lucy,' I cried-'will you try and love 'Wili you try and love me!'

'I will.' Then-I think-with a great effort, of course, I-

'Well?' 'I can love you-for, yes (I'm sure I am blusning dreadfully, but you may

know it now-I have loved you always. So much for Aunt Mary-for her Sphinx-for me-and for Lucy. This was a truly happy day for Lucy and me and the memory of dear Aunt Mary was ever fresh in our minds, and the good Sphinx was always regarded as a preclous heir-loom.

# MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

BY R. G. FRANKS.

In a small but handsomely furnished sitting-room in a London hotel, a young lady was sitting, in an easy chair, before a blazing fire, one dreary November at ternoon. Her hat and cloak lay upon the table beside her, and from the eager. impatient glances she turned toward the door at every sound of a footstep on the staircase outside, it was evident that she expected a visitor.

At last the door opened, and a tall, aristocratic looking young man entered the room.

'Oh, Harry, what a long time you have been !' she exclaimed, springing up from her seat. 'What does your father eav about our—our marriage? hesitating with the shyness of a bride, at the last

'Read for yourself, Helen,' replied her husband, handing her an open letter, and standing opposite her, leaning against the marble mantle-piece, watching intently the expression of her fair young

face as she read: 'In marrying as you have done, you have acted in direct deliberate opposition to my wishes. From this day you are no longer my son, and I wash my hands of you forever.'

'Oh, Harry why did you not tell me of read the hard, cruel words, looking up through her tears into her husband'

How could I know that my father would turned slowly around to Harry and ask act in this hard-hearted manner? I knew that he wished me to marry the daughter of a nobleman living near Marston Hall, and so unite the two estates. but I had no idea that he would cast me off for disobeying his wishes. And even clasping his young bride to his heart and kissing away the tears from her eyes, 'I is worth fifty estates, and as long as she loves me, I shall never regret the loss of Marston Hall and its fair acres. But, my love,' he continued, more seriously, there is an end of your promised shopping expedition in Regent street. You will have to do without diamonds, now that your husband is a penniless outcast, instead of the heir to fifteen thousand a

'Hush, Harry; please don't talk like that,' she said, hurt at this bitter tone; 'you know it was not of the diamonds that I was thinking. But what are you going to do, Harry? she continued, lay. ing her hand upon his arm, and looking up sadly into his pale set face. 'You can-

not work for a living. 'And why not work for a living,' he exclaimed, in a determined voice, 'because I happened to be the son of a nooleman, brought up and educated without any knowledge or idea of business .-But I will work for a living, and show my wife that I am not unworthy of the trust she reposed in me, when she placed this little hand in mine,' he added, stooping to kiss the small white hand which rested upon his arm.

It was while pursuing his favorite study of oil painting, among the famous wooed and won Helen Tracy, a governess in an English family residing in Itcer in the English army. Before he had had at last met his fate.

Delighted at the idea of being loved for himself alone, he had not told her of old masters, no painting is more valued his real position, and it was not until or treasured than 'The Mysterious Pol after the marriage ceremony-which trait.'

'Now, sir, will you tell me that you took place at the British consulate-was over that Holen discovered she had mar

heir to fifteen thousand a year. maintain himself and his young wife by his own exertions, Harry troubled him-

self very little about his lost inheritance and though their new home-consisting of three small, poorly furnished rooms, in a back streat—was very different from the grand old mansion to which he had hoped to take his bride, he sat to work cheerfully at his favorite art, and tried hard to earn a living by painting pic tures and portraits. But he soon found, that it was not s

easy as be thought. It was all very well when he was heir to Marston Hall, and studied painting merely from love of art, but picture dealers, who in those days, had been all Of course the Sphinx was hollow; but flattery and obsequiousness toward the young heir, now that he really wanted to we never knew, before that it had a hinge sell his pictures and sketches, shook their heads, and politely, but firmly, declined to purchase.

At last one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called his studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replenish his slender purse, the servant opened the door, and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

Placing a chair by the fire for his visi-

tor, Harry inquired his business. 'You are a portrait painter, I believe sir,' said the old gentleman, looking a him through his gold spectacles. 'That is my profession, sir,' replie

ing found a commission at last. 'Well, sir, I want you to paint the po rait of my daughter.' 'With pleasure, sir,' said Harry, eager-

y. 'When can the lady give me the first these twenty years—and I killed her! I broke her heart with my harshness and

cruelty!' exclaimed the old man, in an A strange chill came over Harry, as the idea that his mysterious visitor must

but mastering with an effort, his emotion the stranger continued: 'Pardon me, young sir. This is of no nterest to you. My daughter is dead

and I want vou to paint her portrait from my description, as I remember her twen ty years ago.' 'I will do my best, sir, but it will b

no easy task, and you must be prepared for disappointments,' said Harry, when having given him a long description o the form and features of his long-los daughter, the old gentleman rose to de part, and for weeks he worked incess antiv upon the mysterious portrait of the dead girl, making sketch after sketch each of which was rejected by the re morse stricken father, until the work be gan to exercise a strauge kind of fascina tion over him, and he painted and sketched face after face, as if under the

influence of a spell. of fruitless exertion, he was sitting over the fire watching his wife, who sat opposite, busy upon some needlework, when an idea suddenly flashed upo

him. "Tall, fair, with golden hair and dark blue eyes! Why, Helen, it is the very picture of yourself! he exclaimed, start ing from his seat, taking his wife's fair face between his two hands, and gazing

intently into her eyes. Without losing a moment, he sat down and commenced to sketch Helen's face and when his strange patron called the nex t morning, Harry was so busily engaged in putting the finishing touches upon his portrait that he did not hear him enter the room, and worked on for some moments, unconscious of his presence, until, with the cry of 'Helen, my this before?' exclaimed Helen, as she daughter!' the man pushed him aside and stood entranced before the portrait. After gazing for some minutes in si lénce, broken only by his own half sup-

> ed him, in an eager voice, where he had obtained the original of the picture. 'It is the portrait of my wife,' said he did you marry her?' said the old man lately that my poor Helen left an orphan

> pressed sobs of remorse, the old man

oward her mother.' Harry had commenced to tell him the story of his meeting with Helen in Rome and their subsequent marriage, when the door opened, and his wife entered the

Perceiving that her husband was en gaged, she was about to retreat, when the old gentleman stopped her, and after looking her full in the face for a mo

'Pardon me, madam--can you tell m your mother's maiden name? 'Helen Treherne,' replied Helen deringly. 'I knew it! I knew it! exclaimed the

old man, in an excited voice. 'Thank God, I have at last found the child of my poor lost daughter. In a few words Mr. Treherne explain ed how he cast off his only child, on ac count of her marriage with a poor officer

wrote, asking for forgiveness. 'But thank heaven!' said he, when he had finished his sad story, 'I can atone ward my Helen by taking her. Helen to my heart and making her my daugh-

and refused to open her letters when she

THE DESERTED HUSBAND.

Bolunteer.

His name it was Skiver. It was kind of a singular name, and he was a kind of singular man, He was fat, and ne was short; and he had no more hair, on his face than a baby, and very little more on his head. Our boy came into the back room, where I was stoning cherries one day, and says he: 'Mrs. Entwistle, there's a gentle

Where? says I.

'In the hall,' says he.

arlor?' says I. 'Why he won't go,' says he; 'and e says he must see you for a minute. 'Oh,' says I. A bill no doubt.'

So out I walked, and there he stood and I thought, as I looked at him, 'If poor Mrs. Chicory's baby had grown up to be four feet three, and otherwise stayed just so, he'd a been your very mage.

'Air you the lady of the house

says he. 'I am.' says I; 'but if it's to subscribe to anything, with butter at the price it is, don't ask me. I'd like a Holy Scripture with illustrations, and I'd like the Fashion Magazine, as well as another; but I can't afford it, and that's a fact. I had a literary taste once, but it's all gone. I'm nothing but sugar and butter and coals and kindling wood inwardly, so don't show 'em to me and aggravate me by 'em; don't, I pray, Subscriptions to books for them that don't keep boarders.'

'Mum,' says he, 'your words go to ny heart, but it ain't my object.' What is your object then, may

ask, sir?' says I.

Board mum,' says he. ' Well,' says I, 'I have a vacancy ut it's on the top floor.' 'Any place will do for me. says he A poor, deserted critter like me.

Perhaps he really is a baby,' says o myself. 'A giant baby.' Deserted!' says I. 'Yes'm,' says he. She went off and

left me a Wednesday night without my 'Your ma?' says I. 'No'm,' says he. 'A holier tie, if.

ossible. My ma' would never have

one such a thing. My wife, mum.' 'The abandoned critter,' says I. 'No'm.' says he. 'Wirtue itself: a most respectable woman; a lady, when married her, as supported herself upright and noble with a sewing machin

o names, mum, if you please. 'What did she go off then for!' says ' A married woman's place is in her usband's home. Had you words?' "She had a few, mum; a good many may say,' said the gentleman; 'but I gin her none back. She had her reasons for leaving. If I may confide in

you, mum, she was jealous.'
'Jealous!' said I. 'No doubt you zave her cause. Men always do. 'As sure as my name is Skiver,' said the gentleman. 'I'm as innocent as the habe unborn. She would set at the winder, and her form was fine; but I Amelia, and I was only-excuse me for alluding to it-I was only a blowing of my nose, no more, and she waved her handkercher, and Jane Amelia says, says she, 'The end has come at last,

'For blowing your nose?' says I. 'Thought it was flirting, you see,'

savs he. 'Oh,' says I; ' with the person with a fine figure at the opposite window? 'Yes'm,' says he; 'and I'm willing and able to pay; and any hole I can crawl into will do, for life is ended with ne, and it's all over.'

'Oh, she'll come back,' says I. 'Why lon't you make her?' 'Make Jane Amelia do anything! says he. 'You don't know her.' So he came. And he sat at my table with a very wretched countenance, and Mr. Scrapples, the comic man that writes for the papers, he did ask me, to be sure, 'if he'd been sent there to be

weaned,' for he looked like it. He eat bread and milk for his breakfast, and he never spoke to anybody; but I felt sorry for him, for my part. And I was just thinking that it was hard for him to be used so, and that Jane Amelia ought to be ashamed of herself, when I heard a tapping at the window-panes. I forgot to say that it was eleven o'clock at night, and I was mixing my bread in the front basement. 'Tap, tap, tap,' it came, short

and quick-' tap, tap, tap.' 'Gracious!' says I. 'What's that?' 'It's only me,' says a voice outside: don be afraid, Mrs. Entwistle. It's

only a poor, lone lorn woman like your Lopened the door and peeped out .-The moon was bright and there stood a woman in a decent calico dress and a big apron and a little shawl and a sun-

May I come in?' says she Who are you?' says I. 'I'm a poor woman,' says she, '

elf, I'll go and offer before she ge another. 'I want a girl, to be sure,' says I but can you do the work? 'There's no work I can't do,' says she Cook, wash, iron, sweep, scrub, wait, odd jobs-anything; and your own

looking for a place, and I heard you

was a wanting a girl; and says I to my-

wages. What I want is a home. 'References?' says I. With that she whips off her sun bon et, and stands under the gas. 'You jest look at me,' says she, 'and hen see if you want reference. Don't

She did, and I hired her, and she came next morning. And I'll say this, that she was a worker.

She went about it in the big sun-bonet, with a handkerchief about her face for toothache. And the comic gentleman asked me if she wasn't somebody in disguise. But she worked. She asked questions too.

'Please 'm, can you tell me who that stoutish gentleman that sits at the bottom of the table is?' says she,

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'Mr. Dillwin,' says I. 'You mean the one with the light whiskers? 'No'm,' says she. 'A kind of goodlooking gentleman, with no whiskers

at all, and pink cheeks.' Oh!' says I. 'That is Mr. Skiver. He's new here.'

'A kind of gay Lothario, ain't he?' 'As to that I don't know,' says I .-Has he given you any impudence?

'Never looked at me,' says she; 'but no doubt he's looked enough at that choking. fixy widder with the lot of jet on, and that young Miss in blue; no doubt of choked to death than to be called any

'Perhaps you know something about him?' says I.

'No,' says she. 'How should I?' 'He's a gentleman that is separated from his wife,' says I.

injured one, I think. He spoke high of

'Spoke high, did he? Ah!' She didn't speak again until dinnerime, except about the work. Then waiting on the table in her big sun-

'I want a little more pudding,' says 'One help of pudding ought to do

poarders,' says I.

Says she : 'It's for Mr. Skiver. He didn't ask for it, but I know he's fond of pudding, and he hardly eat any meat. Poor critter! didn't look at the widder once; no more he didn't at the gal. Looks low-spirited too. Give him my piece, Mrs. Entwistle, if you cant afford no

ers see it, if you can help.'

That was the beginning of it. After that it went straight on. Sally was as well-behaved a woman as ever I met, otherwise; and she kept her face coverin a way forward pieces don't often do

ODDS AND ENDS pie, and such. She made his room windows shine and put clean pillow cases on four times a week. She black How long did Cain hate his brother. ed his boots and brushed his coat, and As long as he was Abel. laid herself out to make him comforta-An honest hack driver has been found ble. And the fun was she never let him get a glimpse of her face, and she always said, 'Mrs. Entwistle sent you

THE coquette who wins and sacks lovword from him. And one day Sally sits down on a kitchen chair, and

pushes her sun-bonnet off, and says 'Mrs. Entwistle, mum, that man i the most particular I ever see, and a credit to his sex. Give him shad for

dinner. Now shad at that season, just come n, you know, is too dear for boarders.' Says I, 'Sally, how can I afford it?' Says she, 'Send me for it-I'm a rare

Says I, 'Mortal man can't bargain down fresh spring shad. Says she, 'Give me what you can af-

And I did it. And I know that the critter took money of her own to help it out, for finer shad were never stuffed and baked on any table. When they were all helped I saw

'An't it nice to see him eat it? knew that would go down. And I knew she meant Mr. Skiver And I was sort of laughing to myself, when suddenly up jumps Mr. Skiver

'Oh what is it?' said I. 'Bone in his throat,' says Mr. Dillvin. 'That's the worst of shad.' 'Ow, wow, wow!' coughs Mr. Skiver 'Oh! oh! oh!' sereams Sally.

and begins to stamp about the room.

'He's choking to death, I believe, said the widow. 'Let me get out before he does,' said Mrs. Henbane.

And there was Mr. Skiver black in 'Run for a doctor,' said Mr. Dillwin. And one of 'em started: but before he was out of the room, Sally had Mr. Skiver on a lounge, and had put her finger into his throat, and was screech-

'Gag, dear : gag! I'll tickle vour throat! Gag, my own blessing, and it will come up. O Lord! I cooked the shad! O gracious! I bought it. O goody, goody gracious! I've been the death of him! Gag, ducky diamond! Gag, and

And up it did come, in a minute. And I heard the comic man roar as he rushed up stairs, and I saw Sally make tracks for the kitchen, as well she might.

Rates of Advertising.

vo lines constitute a square. Executors' and Adm'rs', Notices, Auditors' Notices, Assigness' and similar Notices,

there was another groan, and there stood Mr. Skiver!

'Mrs. Entwistle, mum,' says he, 'I've me to say a word.' 'Well, sir,' says I. 'I must leave, mum, says het

'Why, sir?' says I. 'It's trying to my feelings to mention it' says he, 'but it's the conduct of that person.

Well, it was singular,' says I; 'but the did her best for you. You was "Mum." says he. "I'd rather be

female's ducksy diamonds, and her "I registered a vow, mum, when I was deserted by the female whose esteem I valued, that her unjust suspicions should never be made true; that I should live so as when I met her in Heaven I could say, ' Jane Amelia true I was and true I remained. It was

your fatal mistake, and I was only blowing of my nose." " " Now, behold, I am embraced, and called du ck, and dear, and ducksy diamonds, before a table full of genteel people, to say nothing of one of a malicious turn of mind that writes for paers. So no offence to you. I'm go-

ing, mum. Oh!" He kinder ended off with a howl, and he was staring at something as if he'd seen a ghost

I looked around. Sally had her bonnet off, and was standing up in the middle of the kitchen. 'Oh!' says he again. 'What do I

'Your own Jane Amelia,' says she, and throws herself into his arms. 'I came here to watch you,' says she. 'I hired out here in disguise, and I've tested you, and I know you .--There was a mistake on my side. I am well assured. I've got the key in my pocket, and we'll go home together,

and I'll never doubt you any more, Then, looking more like a baby than ever, with the tears running down his face, he looked over her shoulder at

fool she's made of herself. She didn't say anything, and they went away together; and I believe they've lived happy ever since. If they haven't it's her fault, for a better husband never lived. I do believe, than

poor Mr. Skiver.—Ledger.

'This is my wife, mum,' says he.

'So I should hope,' says I, 'and a big

Why is a bad picture like weak tea?ecause it is not well drawn.

in New York. He is to be killed, stuffed and placed in Barnum's museum. WHY is a thief on a garret an honest nan? Because he is above doing a bad

ers, would, if she were a military con-HE who takes an eel by the tail and a voman by the tongue, is sure to come

O. W. HOLMES says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting. FRANKLIN says: "If any one tells you that a workmen can become rich

otherwise tnan by labor and saving, do

not listen to him-he is a poisoner.'

GREELEY says thers will be no doughnut crop this year. He says the cold March weather killed the buds on all the dough trees. THE manner of advertising for a hus

flower pot on the portico roof, which is as much as to say, "A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted." IF a sweet disposition does not come to a lady by nature, it will come to her by express-if the express brings her a

they let from fifteen to forty newspaper reporters interview him for three weeks. The poor fellow is then not

BEFORE hanging a man in Louisiana

A MINISTER who had received a num ber of calls and could not hardly decide which was best, asked the advice of his faithful African servant, who replied. Massa, go where de most debble." An editor in Ohio says he was never happy but once, and that was one warm

day when he lay in the laps of two blooming maidens, being fanned by a third, and kissed by all three.

foggy day a traveler asked. "Madam tle ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveler. "Madam, is it one, two, four or five replied, "I dinks it is!" A GENTLEMAN named Dunlop remark

ed that he had never heard his name

punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world nore easy, sir" remarked a punster.-'Just lop off half the name and it is Dun."

er something or nothing,' was the quick reply,

REMEMBRANCES. BY SUSAN H. BLAIS DELL.

And a charm seemed wrought with the rising day, And around our spirits thrown,

CHAPTER I. ROSE AND I. 'Rose,' I stammered, 'I should like to

'Yes, you can.'

monster! 'This, then, is the explanation And I embraced her again-I. Alfred Morris, embraced Rose Walters, whom I. at that moment adored with all the en-

'Do I love you? Oh, Rose, can you ask such a question?' 'Yes-why not?' 'Because-do you not see how I wor

'No, certainly not a goose-Rose!' That

'And when that nasty big dog comes

I kissed her rather timidly. I tried to feel happy but hardly suc We walked along the quiet road unti

'Ah, Alfred,' she said softly, 'you will be very wealthy some day. When the time comes promise that you will not

'It has done stranger things than that,

Well, since you urge me, I will con-And you are not angry ? 'I have never been angry with you do not think I could if I tried.' 'Do you then like me as much

off, and leaving me lonely in the sunny liked me so much. I sat down and leaned my head wea

'Lucy-what-what is the matter,' I

said, breathlessly. 'Can you bear a dreadful blow? 'Blow? What do you mean?' 'I scarcely dare tell you,' she said, covering her face with her hands.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

'Speak-in heaven's name,' 'Your aunt-' she said slowly. 'Yes-'

'Your aunt is dead.

'Dead?'

since. She was seated in her arm-chair, her hand supporting her calm face. She was quite dead.'

'Yes. I entered the room five minutes

CHAPTER II. THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Aunt Mary's will had been read. I sat moodily in my room, with hare of the estate on the table at my elbow, feeling-well I can hardly de scribe how horribly I felt. Aunt Mary was rich, but not nearly a

rich as we thought Eccentric people always get credit for three or four times the wealth they pos-Still the property was a fair one, if it had only come to me. I was named one of the executors

to live in the old house until the settle nent of the estate was completed. That privilege was my legacy; that and a bronze statue. Lucy Raymond's mother was to have he house and furniture, and as they

were already in it, there would be no

with the request that I should continue

Aunt Mary had no very near relatives, except myself; and yet, though everybody expected that the property would come to me, there had been quite a gathering at the opening of the will. I stood the disappointment handsome v. I think: and when old Spinster

what tartly: 'No, indeed! It is the only thing she left me, and I intend to keep it.' 'Mr. Morris,' said Miss Raymond, 'if you ever do give it away, I speak for it.' 'I spoke first,' snapped out Cousin Je-

Cousin Jemima suggested that 'Alfred

vill never have any use for that thing, I

guess I'll take it myself,' I replied some

I had no reason to be spiteful. Not that I had been altogether mercen ary in my love for my aunt, but I had brought back from the army precious little besides my brevet, and I had counted on the will.

So I sat there, gazing at the fire, and

housekeeping I should ever get from that

'Oh, Aunt Mary,' I murmured, why

'It shall be yours if I ever part with

That was not likely, however, and

only said so to spite Jemima.

zonderful legacy.

did you treat me so, after professing to Why did you leave me a My acquisition became, almost an eyesore, as from time to time I turned and

was peculiarly grim and forbidding.

It seemed to stand hopelessly between

ne and Rose, and I shook my fist at it. 'Oh, von monster,' said, I, 'vou have ione me nicely. Ain't you ashamed of ourself? Answer, Sir Oracle?' The creature stared vacantly at me with the intelligence of a Sphinx, and spoke 'May I come in?' said a sweet voice.

I rose hastily-thinking it was Rose-

out the door opened and Lucy entered.

'Ob, Mr. Morris,' she said, 'I am so

orry! You really have a right to feel

lisappointed. What will you and Miss 'If Rose will wait as bravely as I did, t won't be so bad.' 'She will-I know she will.' 'And if she won't, I suppose you will eave a corner of the house to me and

nave seen it at Aunt Mary's table.'

'I tried to la ugh, but sighed instead

hings won't go any too well with me now that Aunt Mary has treated me in lhis strange way." 'Hope for the best Mr. Morris,' she The hest is not any too good in this ase. Rose is ambitious-

'If she loves you-you need fear noth-

'But-Rose is so-so practical.' Lucy regarded me in a way that I ould not understand. 'Are you sure she loves you?' she demanded in a low voice. 'Sure?' Y-e-s-that is-of course. Lucy smiled sadly.

She paused. 'Go on, Lucy. She will marry the man who can est afford to support her. I rose angrily. 'Lucy,' I said, passionately, 'this is unkind-this is very unkind. She made a mute, entreating gesture

'Rose is beautiful—she has plenty

dmirers. She-she-will-'

'Alfred-that is, Mr. Morris-I-I am very sorry-good evening.' I caught her by the arm. Stay, Lucy stay. Pardon my rudeness. was too impetuous. We are still 'Friends. Yes.'

'Forgive me,' she said, 'Forgive me.'

'You hardly deserve it,' I said, coldly

And her eyes filled with tears,

Her lip quivered.

that ?' I exclaimed, surprised. She became very pale. 'Let me go,' and she released herself from my grasp and fled from the room. 'Poor child,' I thought, 'Aunt Mary's death seems to have unnerved her-She seems quite low spirited \* \* \* and \* \* \* \* \* I-had no idea she

which gazed steadily at me with its calm, nfathomable eyes.

CHAPTER III. a most miserable state of uncertainty.

'How can I break the news to her.' murmured.

The Sphinx seemed to watch me while was getting ready.

'God bless her!' I cried fervently .-

'Ahem! Well, I can't afford to com-

'My darling, what was there to tell?\_ rying a rich man. I fear that he will | if I had known it," he added, fondly

galleries of Rome, that Harry Marston aly, and the orphan daughter of an offiknown her a month, Harry, who had been in love-or fancied himself sowith at least half a dozen different young ladies in as many months, felt that he

ried the eldest son of a baronet, and the It was not without some inward mis givings that Harry wrote to his father. telling him of his marriage, which were more than realized by the result, as we have seen by the letter from Sir Philip Marston, which awaited him at his club on his return to England with his bride. But full of confidence in his ability to

Harry, delighted at the thought of hav-

be an escaped lunatic, crossed his mind

'Your wife, sir! Who was she? Where excitedly. Pardon me for asking these questions,' he added, 'but I have heard daughter, and for the last six months I should have acted differently. My Helen | have been vainly trying to find the child of my lost daughter, so that, by kindness and devotion to my grand child, I might, in part at least, atone for my harshness

ment, exclaimed :

It is needless to add, that when Sin Philip Marston heard that his son had and oldest estates in the country, he at once wrote a letter of reconciliation to Harry, and, after all, Helen eventually became mistress of Marston Hall, in whose grand old picture gallery, full of

Because if he has he goes. 'Why don't you show him into the that.

> 'And came here and talked against her,' says she. ' No, says I, 'not a word. He's the

> > 'Oh.' says she. Then she washed away for a while. And after a while she says :

connet, she came out with a saucer in

'Such meanness isn't is mo, Sally,' says I; 'but don't let the other board-

ed up in her sun-bonnet, and mostly her chin tied up in her handkercher too. A pretty face she had too-pretty enough for a woman of her age. But it was as plain as a pikestaff to me that she had fallen in love with Mr. Skiver. Talk about pity! I pitied him; but didn't feel as she did. She bought hings out of her own money, and took 'm up to his door on a tray-ale and

this, sir,' when she took him up the trays. Other kind of conduct, I'd have you to understand, I'd not have allowed beneath my roof. So things went on for a spell, and Never spoke to the ladies, so Sally said: never seemed to know that Sally was alive. The widow called him 'Old Sulks,' and the daughter called him Crossness'-that I knew; and Mrs. Henbane, the married lady that flirted with all the boarders, couldn't get a

and to bargain.

ford, and I'll see.'

Sally standing peoping in at the door. and though I couldn't see her face, I did see she was rubbing her hands in a rejoicing sort of way; and soon she whispered to me:

> 'Take a drink,' says I. 'Oh let me beat you on the back!'

it'll come up.

I followed her. She was sitting on the floor, all covered up by the big sunconnet as though it had been a tent. 'Oh, Sally !' says I, ' where was your sense of modesty?

band in Java is by placing an empty

new bonnet.

only willing but anxious to be huug. THE Dutchman who had a rush of blood to the head, and turned himself heels up to make it rush back again, has since died of strabismus in his spinal

THE Belfast Journal says that there is a man in that city whose boots are so large that he can't turn around in much less space than a quarter of an acre. He got stuck on the depot grounds the other day, and they had to put him on the turn-table to set him pointed right. A DUTCH woman kept a toll-gate. One

Two eminent clergymen of Brooklyn the one an Episcopalian and the other a Unitarian—met in crossing Wali street ferry. Joking being in order, the churchman said, 'Brother ——, I were not an . Episcopalian, I would be a Unitarian.'— Why so?' was the question. 'Because I always had my mind made up to be eith-