

## Dead Leaves.

A week ago—how beautiful!  
To-day—how bare they lie!  
Like splendor from the sky,  
I trample on the falling leaves  
That yesterday, like gems,  
Flashed brightness on my wondering eyes,  
From countless diadems.  
"Buy answer my headless feet;  
With crispness in their tone;  
Tread lightly for the beauty's sake  
Thine eyes in us have known;  
We were but shadows when we glowed  
In crimson, of thy pride;  
We still are shadows of its fall,  
And just before it glide!"  
I would the withered leaves were fate,  
That I might slum to tread  
Their dying verdure in the dust  
With which my hopes fall dead;  
For when, in crimson and in gold,  
My ripened joys shall flame,  
The brief, bright beauty of the leaves  
Is there—to see the same!

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

I have always been celebrated for my presence of mind in emergencies.

Grandfather used to say that he never had a girl who was not afraid of a mouse or a spider, and how mother's daughter ever came to be so brave he couldn't guess. That was before I married, and, of course, I have not become timid with advancing years.

I am Mrs. Jasper Jackman; my husband is, of course, Mr. Jackman, and our place is known as Jackman's Nook. Nook, indeed! If there was a corner to the world, I should fancy it was put away in that, for it is the most out-of-the-way habitation that ever existed. It is, indeed. You can't see it until you are within fifty feet of it, for the trees and the nasty rocks.

Now, you know I'm not the least bit nervous, but, having lived with father and mother and the rest all my life, I did not enjoy being shut up all alone like a—well, a hyena in a menagerie, while Mr. Jackman attended to business in town; and I often thought if house-breakers were to make an attack upon the house, what should I do, a poor little woman, with no one to call upon? For I count Bridget as a great cipher in every occasion of life that does not involve soap-suds.

I told Jasper that absolutely, if I had known what place Jackman's Nook was, I was not sure but that I should have thought twice before refusing old Dr. Mulgittavny, whose palatial residence is on Fifth avenue, New York city, as, of course, everybody knows.

However, after you have once said "yes" to the gentleman who "pops" the question to you, you may say "no" ever after to all other questions, for all he cares, for he'll have his own way always.

Mother-in-law Jackman having made Jasper promise that I must live always at the Nook was considered unanswerable; and, after all, what could we do? No one would hire or buy the place, and we had it on our hands. Of course we lived there. I always knew that doing so would be the cause of my showing the presence of mind for which I am celebrated in my own family—if nowhere else. And so it came to pass.

One stormy night in November, in the year 1863—it was the 4th, I think, for baby was just 1 year old on the 1st, and there was some of the cake I had made for his "blessed little birfity birfday" still left in the pantry, and a cake of that size certainly never would last longer than that in our house. It was the most unpleasant day I ever remember to have lived through. The ground was soaked. The bare branches looked like so many skeletons, and the sky was the color Bridget's tin pans were when I first got down stairs this time last year.

In the city it would have been some fun to sit in the window and watch the folks go past, looking like so many drowned rats, but at the Nook (I should think it was a nook) there was nothing to be seen—absolutely nothing.

I had not a book which I had not read, and the note-paper was out, for Jasper had forgotten to bring me some from the city, and I had finished all my sewing.

I spent my time as best I could; but how I did wish that the regiment which was encamped about half a mile away was near enough for me to watch them drill—if they do drill in such weather. I'd thought them too near before on account of Bridget, whom I have caught a score of times talking to men in blue jackets at the gate, and wished them off to the seat of war, or anywhere else, over and over again; but that afternoon what a relief they would have been!

I was the more lonely that Jasper had said that morning, "My dear, if it rains as it does now to-night, I sha'n't come home, but will stop at your father's." And how could I blame him in such weather? Yet it was dreadfully lonesome. If you are sociable with your servants they always presume upon it, and I do so love to talk.

Of course I watched the clouds with interest. If it should prove fair at last, Jasper would come home, and if it rained he wouldn't.

Every now and then there would be a pretense of clearing off, and I began to hope for a pleasant sunset; but it was always a false pretense, and at tea-time

it poured as though there were going to be a second flood.

Biddy asked me, as it was so near the Hudson, whether it wasn't likely to be a-risin', and whether in that case "we wouldn't be drowned?" And I said "Yes." It was too bad, I know, but it was really some amusement on such a day to frighten the stupid girl.

I had my tea alone—and I do hate to have tea alone if any woman in the world hates it—and then I put baby to sleep in her cradle in the sitting-room, and took my knitting, and was as comfortable as I could be under the circumstances, when I bethought me of the morning's paper. I called Biddy to bring it to me, and she came to me at once.

"It's well thought of, missus," she said, as she laid it in my lap. "It's yerself will be interested wid the raid-in'. There's accounts of the house-breakin' in it."

"Of what?" I ejaculated; and, though I assure you I'm not the least nervous, my heart was in my mouth for a moment.

"Of the house-breakin', mum, and how the thaves in the wurreld got into Misher Dinsmore's house, that's situated the same as this, neighboring nobody, and tuck all they could lay their hands on, to say nothin' of half murderin' the ould gentleman. The saints be above us this night—"

There it was, sure enough, headed, "A bold and outrageous attack upon the residence of Mr. Dinsmore!" I read it through, and then I said to myself:

"Jerusha Jackman, remember your presence of mind. Don't let it fail you

in cases of emergency. Should a house-breaker take advantage of your solitude, let him find you prepared." It was as though some invisible what's-his-name had addressed me from the chimney. I answered, "I will!" and you can't imagine how bold I grew at once. I rehearsed all that I should do in case Biddy came to me in the night, saying, "Missus, there's some one in the cellar!" all I should do if I found anybody in the wardrobe when I retired, and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was prepared. I might wake up to find the spoons gone—I might be murdered in my bed; but it would be unawares, and they would inscribe upon my tombstone the words, "She showed her presence of mind to the last." I felt quite self-possessed and happy, though I was certain—yes, morally certain—that something remarkable would happen before morning; that I should be, as it were, weighed in the balance and not found wanting before the sun arose. I did not feel like retiring early, and sat by the fire till the clock struck 11. Then, just as the last stroke died away, Biddy came down from her bedroom like a red-flannel ghost, with eyes and mouth wide open, and something of importance evidently on her mind. I put baby down in her cradle and arose, drawing myself up to my full height, and feeling that I was the only one to be depended upon in this awful emergency.

"Bridget," said I, "how many are they? Is it one or more?"

"Mum?" said Bridget.

"The thieves, I mean," said I.

"Oh, it isn't thaves, mum," said Biddy. "It's only that thafe of a wind that's took the roof clane off the chicken-house, and there's the wee bits iv chicks a-stharvin to death wid cowlid."

"And in this dreadful rain, too," said I.

"It's clared off fine," said Biddy, "and the moon's up."

"We must go out and put them in the wood-house," said I. And so saying, I tucked baby up in her blankets, and, wrapping a shawl over my head, went out into the night air. It had grown very cold, but it was clear, as Biddy had said, and we padded round in the mud catching the poor little chickens. We had them all at last except one, and we heard its little voice—*swee, swee, swee*—somewhere, and, of course, could not be so heartless as to forsake it. And at last there it was, tangled up in some dead vines, and as cold as a lump of ice. By the time we gave it to its mother, who was very glad to see it, the clock struck 12. Baby had been alone three-quarters of an hour.

"Muzzer's darling! sound asleepy yet?" I said, as I went to the cradle. Mercifull powers! shall I ever forget that moment? Baby was not there!

In a moment the truth flashed on my mind. House-breakers had entered the dwelling in our absence, and stolen my treasure. Perhaps they were in the house yet, or some of them. I felt the strength of a tigress, and, leaving Biddy howling in the dining-room, rushed up stairs.

Sure enough, there was a light in my bedroom, and I peeped in. The moment I did so I felt I was powerless. The robber who had stolen my baby was there, and the terribly muddy boots of another were sticking from under the bed; and, oh, horrors! another had got into it, and had hidden, as he imagined, under the quilts.

On my presence of mind depended the recovery of my child and my own life. In a moment the plan flashed

upon me. There was but one door to the room, and the windows were high and barred, for I had contemplated the time when baby should be large enough to climb up and lean out. Noiselessly and suddenly I drew that door to and locked it on the outside; then, with the key in my hand, and trembling like an aspen leaf, I stole down stairs and cried to Bridget, "I've locked them in; they shall give my baby back; come with me!" and away I went across the garden and down the road to the first house.

That was "Mulligan's Tavern," a very low place, indeed, shunned by all respectable folk; but I knew there were always men there who were afraid of nobody. The greatest brutes would not refuse aid to a woman at such a time.

As we came near I saw a light in one of the windows, and heard voices and loud laughter. It was no time for ceremony, so I burst the door open and ran in. There were four men playing cards, and old Mrs. Mulligan behind the bar.

"O! please excuse me," I cried; "but do come right away. There are house-breakers in my house, and they've stolen my baby."

"Stohle the baby?" cried old Mrs. Mulligan.

"O, do come!" I implored.

"Go, Pat," said the old woman; "never mind the game. It's Missus Jackman; more betoken she's the next neighbor to us. Take yer pistols, an' away wid ye, boys. An', missus, just take a drop of screechin' hot whisky to kepe the life in ye."

Of course I refused the latter offer, but in a moment the men were on their feet, and I felt like blessing them—those half-savage creatures who had become my protectors.

I don't know how we got to the house, or up-stairs. I remember an awful tumult, a smell of gunpowder, oaths and shouts. Then there was silence—then a loud laugh.

"It's thrue, boys!" said old Mulligan's voice. "I know Misher Jackman, an' it's himself. It's a great misthak—that's all."

A singular mistake to enter a man's house, and endeavor to shoot him in his own bed!" said a voice I knew to be my husband's; and at that I rushed into the room.

He was there, and so was baby, for he held her in his arms; and there, also, was Mulligan and his friends and their pistols, and half the furniture was broken and the stove upset. But as for the house-breakers, they—I began to see the truth. Mr. Mulligan was backing out.

"I'll lave Mrs. Jackman to explain," he said. "An' I'm proud I didn't kill ye, though it's out o' friendship I'd have done it; for if your own wife took ye for a house-breaker how would I know better? The top o' the night till ye, an' I'll lave the lady to explain."

Ah! I did really wish that the ground would open and swallow me. You see, my husband had come home while we were hunting up the chickens, and, finding baby wide awake, had taken her up to bed, and gone to sleep. And the robber under the bed was his muddy boots, with, of course, no feet in them; and well there were none, for they were riddled with bullet holes. Mr. Mulligan had fired at them, fortunately. When I thought of the awful danger Jasper and the baby had been in, I went into strong hysterics at once, and frightened Jasper so that he was glad to forgive me when I came to myself. It was a terrible mistake, and might have ended seriously, of course; but I will say, now and always, that it was Jasper's fault, and that if he had been a house-breaker we might all have been thankful for my great presence of mind.

JOHN T. RAYMOND, the actor, says of his experience in London: "The people I met were most delightful. They received us cordially, and treated us splendidly—as individuals—but they couldn't stand our play, 'The Gilded Age.' The fact is, they couldn't understand it. Of course the character of Col. Sellers was plain enough, and they laughed at it. The Colonel's speculations took enormously, but all the localisms of the play fell flat. When the stove fell down in the third act, it all went for nothing. The audience didn't see anything funny in that. On the other hand the trial scene, which we consider rather ordinary, was one of the few redeeming features of the play in the eyes of the Londoners. They were almost willing to regard that much of it as a success."

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler says that 100 years ago the shining lights were not in the pulpits of the large cities, but in the rural parishes. During the last century, and in the early part of the present one, "the ministerial thrones stood in such secluded places as Bethlehem, Northampton, Morristown, Franklin, Litchfield and Greenfield Hill. There stood the theological anvils on which such men as Bellamy, Edwards, Barnes, Emmons and Dwight hammered out their systems of doctrinal divinity. Country quiet gave time for study and hard thinking. Jonathan Edwards never could have written the immortal treatise on the 'Freedom of the Will' behind the bell-pull of a noisy city street and a crowd of callers."

## Polish Massacres.

A Polish periodical gives interesting statistics connected with the merciless repression of the insurrection of 1863-'4, by the Czar's lieutenants. From this data, which appear to have been compiled very carefully and dispassionately, it appears that, within the space of two years, 83,434 Poles were condemned to perpetual expatriation, and transported to Siberia, or to other outlying provinces of the Russian empire. Above 10,000 more contrived to effect their escape to foreign countries; but the greater number of them suffered the loss of their entire property, confiscated by the state, and have abandoned all hope of ever returning to their native land. Three hundred and sixty patriots were hanged in cold blood by their captors. Pecuniary mulcts to the amount of 82,000,000 rubles was levied upon the "Vistula provinces," and 2,700 estates were sequestrated, the majority of them being subsequently conferred by the Czar upon Russian noblemen fortunate enough to merit his special favor. Public libraries were either destroyed by Muravieff's orders, or deprived of the more valuable portions of their contents, which were conveyed out of the country and distributed among the state libraries at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and other great Russian cities. The outrages committed upon defenseless women and ecclesiastics are also tabulated in these returns, and constitute one of the most revolting records of modern history.

## Gravestones at Auction.

The proprietor of a marble yard opposite Woodlawn cemetery, Brooklyn, business being slack, made up his mind to sell by auction his stock of headstones, footstones, monuments, etc., and retire from active business. "It is a somewhat unusual thing," said the man, "as folks don't throw on their things and drop around to buy a monument as they would a dishpan or potato masher. Still, as there are over six thousand dollars' worth of monuments, why the thing may go after all." But, after advertising in the city papers and industriously canvassing the adjoining towns, there was no one at the sale but the auctioneer, the owner and a reporter. "Well, gentlemen," the auctioneer began, "what am I offered for this finer—suppose we wait a while?"

So they waited, and about two hours later a country carryall drove up, and a lady alighted, and began to examine the monuments. Soon after a prominent city publisher arrived, and the group of five persons stood around for a few moments, and then went their several ways. The owner sadly remarked: "The thing won't go."

## Cunning Reynard.

A New Jersey fox that had been tamed secured the friendship of dogs, but, from his peculiar odor, cats kept aloof from him. They would not walk upon any spot where the fox had been standing. He used his knowledge of this to cheat pussy out of his breakfast. As soon as the servant poured out the cat's allowance of milk the fox would run up to the spot and walk around the saucer, well knowing that the rightful owner would not touch it. Day after day the cat lost his milk, until the trick was found out, and the milk placed in a spot where the fox could not reach it. After he had been stopped from robbing the cat he tried his cunning on the dairymaid as she was bringing the pails from milking. As she was passing along the fox went up to her and brushed himself against one of the milkpails. The milk became so tainted with the smell of the fox that the maid dare not take it to the house, and thoughtlessly poured it into a pan and gave it to him. The crafty animal repeated the trick several times, but when he found that the spoiled milk was given to the pigs instead of to himself, he gave up his attempts.

## A Great Many Do It.

One day they happened to be talking before Emile Augier about a family whose means had been materially diminished, but who had not therefore ceased to live in a most expensive manner.

"I never heard of anything of the sort," said one of the company; "they are ruined, and yet they live in as stylish a manner as ever."

"O that is simple enough," said Augier; "formerly from time to time they paid some of their debts; now they pay none. They have retrenched their creditors."

GEN. GRANT'S first and last and only Presidential vote was for James Buchanan, and, according to a Washington correspondent, these are the circumstances under which it was cast: "He was living in St. Louis, and had been out of the city during the day. He reached the suburbs about sundown, and stopped near a voting precinct on business. He was asked if he had voted, and replied that he had not, and neither could he, owing to the distance that he was from his home and the lateness of the day. The judges at the polling place, being sure that he had not voted and could not reach the place where he was entitled to vote in time, permitted him to vote there, knowing that he would cast a Democratic ticket. That is Gen. Grant's personal statement of his first Presidential vote."

## EDUCATIONAL HUMOR.

ONCE, a teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle. "What is that all over my face and hands?" "Freckles," answered the little cherub.

A SMALL child, being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

A MINISTER, in one of his visits, met a boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About 12, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at 1 again."

THREE little boys, on a Sabbath day, were stopped on the street by an elderly gentleman who, perceiving that they had bats and balls with them, asked one of the number this question: "Boy, can you tell me where all naughty boys go to who play ball on Sunday?" "Over back of Johnson's dam," the youngster replied.

"SAM," said a young mother, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, yes, I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eye, "that is my flannel shirt." — *Barnes' Educational Monthly.*

## Chinese Monuments.

At the entrance to the villages and at various points a series of monuments were met with, in shape resembling a large portal with smaller ones on each side. These monuments are called by the Chinese "pilaows." They are only put up by the special favor of the emperor, and serve to commemorate either the virtuous action of some widow or virgin or else the deeds of a warrior. Here is the translation of the inscription upon one of the tablets: "The people of the Kashing Foo, having petitioned the viceroy of Ming Che Shen (Che Kiang and Foo Kien provinces), and he having humbly presented to our sacred glance, for our especial pleasure, the document, now I (the emperor) do command the erection of this pilaow for the purpose of exhorting the people to deeds of filial piety. Tung Che, eleventh year, third month." Then follows the reason of the pilaow being erected. Rendered into English the story goes thus: "In the year of Tung Che a family resided in Kashing Foo, consisting of the parents, two sons and one daughter. The two sons left their homes to go to Tientsin for the purpose of trading. The daughter meanwhile was betrothed, but refused to get married while her parents were alive, as she must attend to their wants. The mother fell sick and died, and shortly afterward the father also fell ill. The doctor informed the daughter that nothing could save her sire unless it was a decoction of human flesh. The girl immediately resolved to immolate herself upon the altar of filial piety and in strict conformance with the sacred edict, offering herself for the sacrifice. She heroically bared her arm, and allowed the doctors to cut a portion of flesh from it. The decoction was made, but, alas! the old man died and so did the daughter. Now, the people, upon learning this act of devotion from the expectant bride, resolved to present a memorial to the viceroy in order to keep ever present the virtuous conduct of this devoted girl." — *Cor. S. F. Chronicle.*

## A Defendants Objections.

They were trying an assault-and-battery case in Detroit, when the defendant objected to the jury which the constable had gathered together. Beginning at number one, the court asked:

"State your objections to the jurymen."

"I beat him out of \$50 on a horse-trade, and I know how he feels," was the reply.

"And this one?"

"He and I couldn't agree on a game of cards one day, about two weeks ago, and I punched his aged head. He hasn't forgotten it, you bet!"

"Well, here's the third man."

"He has a grudge against me for kicking his brother-in-law."

"And the fourth?"

"We have never been good friends since I shot six of his hens."

"And the fifth?"

"I know him of old. He says I stole his shot-gun."

"And do you object to the sixth and last?"

"I decidedly do. It isn't four days since I got ready to throw him off a wood-dock."

"Wouldn't it be safe for you to dispense with a jury and let the court try the case?" suggested his Honor.

"No sir!" was the decided reply. "I don't say that I've got anything in particular against this court, but this court may have formed an opinion that I am the man who bagged his twenty-six game fowls one night last month. I've heard that he had his suspicions." The case was adjourned to secure six jurymen from out of the city.

## THOUGHTS ON MAN.

BY ROBERT F. DOTY.

In the earlier ages mankind was but the germ from whence emanated a grander, nobler structure, so to speak, a structure which was capable of being developed in intellect by the ripening of age, by the existence of such virtues and tastes as culture, enlightenment and education. So through the progress of age, man, the chief ruler over all earth and sea, has become, by his superior mental judgment, the only object that is capable of planning, discerning and shaping his to-day and his to-morrow.

Man has an immortal living concept, while animals have but a fleeting or temporary concept. To-day we see the architect planning the safest method of building some structure, or the engineer applying steam that he may be enabled to work with more comfort and to better profit. So it is with man. He may build up his reputation by applying enough energy and reason, and he will be the profitter thereby. While man is blessed with a concept extra, the animal knows nothing more than to eat the grasses and live. So man, endowed with his superb judgment and steady will, gains foothold over all subordinates.

Reason is one of the existences that builds up and gives symmetry to the physical man, to a certain extent. No one can live who is utterly devoid of reason; yet we may sometimes see creatures who seem to be possessed of but little of mental development, but they are not utterly devoid of this. The mind controls the physical body by its immortal living concepts. The prosecution of investigation comes on, and this tends to develop a spirit of enterprise, and also proves a food to the body as exercise. So through the combined forces of nature inevitably comes the casting of the future.

We look out upon the broad sea of science. The waves dash here and there and everywhere. Here is a sway, and there is a broad, rolling wave, dashing away some previous investigation that has been pronounced a scientific lie, but there comes back a wave, dashing to pieces that particular wave which washed from the memory for a time that self-same scientific tide in human research that had been the annihilator. So things, like history, repeat themselves!

The fundamental and philosophical principles of life and living make the investigations of generalities more plain, and so through the course of ages we have left the old foot-paths, and amid the many science-waves of opposition have gradually abandoned—as Robert Ingersoll says, "That state, when man could have been seen emerging from a cave, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head, to hunt a snake for his dinner." Comparative genealogy will prove the state of living at the opening era of mankind's history. Through successive geological epochs that man has lived traces of progress are visible. There was a time when man lived in open lewdness, knowing it not for such, as he mingled with animals, and by this he partook to a considerable extent of the habits and manners to which they were addicted.

But nature never meant man to be a brute wholly. It meant that he should be something grander. Man has some characteristics that no other being possesses. He has the power of knowing right from wrong, how to live, and how to be influential in the world. Here again we see the grandeur of man and his noble mind. With his eye for beauty, he sees the beauties that are intended for him. He knows that a beautiful poem or sentiment is good for the mental powers, that virtue is a noble thing, that vivid scenery enraptures the soul, and revives in him thoughts of the true grandeur of nature.

The past! It can never come again, nor do we wish it, for all its revelry, its dead and its charnel houses it cannot come! With all its horrors of war, its persecution of heroes, its crowned heads uncrowned, we wish it not! With all its ruin, its military pomp, its inhumanity to man, we are glad that the past is passed! With its long catalogue of bloody tragedies, its atrocities of Kings and Queens, its rises and falls, we are truly glad that the age of reason is here, and here to stay!

BOSTON, ILL.

MARIE MASCAL took a walk in New Orleans with a rival of the man whom she was soon to marry, in order to tell him that he must cease his attentions. Her affianced husband saw them together, and, refusing to hear her explanation, peremptorily broke his engagement. She therefore desired to die, and tried to throw herself before a locomotive, but she slipped on some wet grass, and only lost a leg. Her lover is now convinced of her loyalty, and will marry her.

The census returns of Kansas indicate a population of nearly 1,000,000. Topeka has advanced to the second place, its population being nearly 16,000—Atchison, 15,130. The population of the central counties shows a wonderful growth in the last ten years. Republic county, 14,000; Saline county, 12,673; McPherson county, 16,000; Butler county, 18,600; Sumner county, 20,800.