THE WIDOW LEEDOM'S LAST LOAF.

By MISS MARY E. THROFF.

"Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in one heart if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair."

"Calm on the seas, and silver sleep
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And deep calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."
—TENNYSON.

It was evening—a beautiful autumn evening. The red leaves had begun to show signs of coloring the mild air; the yellow sunshine yet gilded the hill-tops, and the sun shadows were creeping silently up the valley, as the gentle widow Leedom, with her child in her arms, wended her way homeward.

She was tired, for she had toiled all day in Farmer Wood's kitchen, and though it was Saturday evening, she had not been paid for her labor. The kind-hearted house-maid at Farmer Wood's had urged her to wait for her supper, but she thought of her hungry little one at home and she could not stay.

She had no eye for the glory of that superb October sunset as she walked wearily on, her tired arms scarcely able to hold the little joyous creature that laughed and crowed, and ever and anon pointed with dimpled finger, his sweet-toned "Mamma, Mamma." She thought only of her expectant little ones, and the mess of chicken they had been to wait for over Sunday.

As she entered the village she seemed irresolute whether to enter it or pass on; but a vision of her lonely, fasting children rose up before her in imagination, and she stopped, her lips moved a moment or two, as if in prayer, and then quickening her step and hurrying on, like one who has nerved herself to a sudden resolution, she turned into the main street, and was soon standing before the counter of the baker's shop. The baker was an austere man, but it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression as she falteringly asked him to lend her a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed the loaf reluctantly, and was about to turn from the proud widow, when a glance at the widow's painfully flushed face and embarrassed manner decided him. With scarcely audible thanks she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and, drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hastened home.

"Mother's come! mother's come!" cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate, and her seven-year old Robert and his little sister came running to meet her.

They were pretty children. The little Mary inherited her mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy had his father's bonnie face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily, and the night was always welcome that brought their protector home to return. They had a thousand things to ask and tell, which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, though she instinctively answered them "yes" and "no," as occasion required. She gave the loaf to Robert, and taking little Mary's hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the little, expectant housekeeper, and there was nothing on it that could be construed into anything approaching even a cup of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a slice of bread for each of her famished children, and sat quietly by, nursing the youngest while they ate it, for she had no heart to eat herself.

She was very sorrowful as she looked at those dependent little beings, and thought of her failing strength; and, shading her eyes with her hand, the tears stole silently down her pale, patient face, and fell among the bright-curls of the little unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom.

She had been sorely afflicted. The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam, while attempting to save a sick child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic, from a burning building. The child was saved, but he who perilled his life for it, the strong, brave husband, was perished.

The fruit of this union, her eldest born, the pride of her heart, the noble boy whose every movement and expression had been so manly, similes of his father, was a wanderer, she knew not whither.

Years after the boy had left her, when Robert Leedom came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length, how he had loved her from the time she had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back always to the same old port, that he might breathe again the same air that she breathed, and hoped yet to be his home and sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailor's faithful heart by consenting to become his wife.

No wonder the young sailor loved her, she was so neat in her habits, so proud and industrious; and her calm sweet face and holy eyes spoke so eternal rest, that they drew to her soul. She had learned to love her second husband, and had borne him three fair children, when the sad news came that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the Spanish coast near Abaycan, and in his generous efforts to save others, Robert Leedom was lost.

She had been a widow a second time only six months, and now, as she thought of her inability to support her dependent children even in the summer time, and saw no other prospect before her whitehover way she looked, and knew that the cold, drear winter was gradually coming on, her heart failed her utterly and she could only weep, and wondering little ones tried by each endearing art they could think of to attract her attention, but in vain.

Impressed by their mother's mournful mood, they stir their breed almost in silence; and when they had finished, she arose mechanically, and, laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed. She heard them their prayers, and bade "good night and God bless them" carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that mechanical stiffness that emanates from a heart without hope. She continued kneeling by their bedside long after she had prayed with them and wept. Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see her, no tender hand to caress, no loving voice to soothe, as the cry from her over-burdened, crushed heart, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" went up over the unconscious heads of the little sleepers in that hour of agony.

"No pitying eye," did I say? The Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, was there, the loving kindness that has said—"I will be a Father to the fatherless," was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the Spirit came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from her knees transquilly, feeling that "the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble." She took down the little worn Bible from the mantel, and, as she read on through the closing chapters of St. John, an expression of peace ineffable,—"the peace that passeth understanding" settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the dear tones of a hymn sounded through the stillness of the little cottage, and "How firm a foundation," when pealed from lordly organ, and echoed through vaulted dome, never ascended more acceptably to "Him who sitteth on the great, white throne."

But other eyes beside the All-seeing and been looking in through the low casement at the lonely sufferer, and now the sweet, tones of the holy hymn were interrupted by a knock at the door. The widow opened it, and saw, before her a travel-stained man, who asked only for a crust of bread and a cup of water. The widow glanced at the loaf which still lay on the table and then at her sleeping children, and hesitated, but only for a moment; there was something in the tone of the stranger's request that came gratefully to her soul, as the breath of spring over violets, and she thought of her own beloved boy asking for charity in some distant land, and she hastened to place a chair and reach him the loaf, trusting to Him "Who cares(?)" to rain on the earth where no man is, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground" for her orphans.

"My mother! my own precious mother!" cried the familiar voice, in broken tones, and, springing forward, she was caught and strained to the beating heart of her long-lost son.

"My son, my son," she could only murmur, while he exclaimed: "I am rich, my mother, I have been to California, and have come back rich, beyond all I ever hoped or dreamed of. My poor famishing mother, I am just in time, thank God! thank God!" and he sank on son knelt together in one glad earnest prayer of thanksgiving.

The Surratt Trial.

[CONCLUSION OF ATTORNEY'S PROCEEDINGS.]

Mr. Carrington, District Attorney, opened the argument, and after a few preliminary remarks, he said he was surprised that the counsel for the prisoner had offered to submit the case, because their only hope was that, through such a mass of testimony, they might find some reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner. No doubt would all be dispelled by adjournment. He explained to the jury that it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression as she falteringly asked him to lend her a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed the loaf reluctantly, and was about to turn from the proud widow, when a glance at the widow's painfully flushed face and embarrassed manner decided him. With scarcely audible thanks she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and, drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hastened home.

"Mother's come! mother's come!" cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate, and her seven-year old Robert and his little sister came running to meet her.

They were pretty children. The little Mary inherited her mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy had his father's bonnie face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily, and the night was always welcome that brought their protector home to return. They had a thousand things to ask and tell, which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, though she instinctively answered them "yes" and "no," as occasion required. She gave the loaf to Robert, and taking little Mary's hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the little, expectant housekeeper, and there was nothing on it that could be construed into anything approaching even a cup of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a slice of bread for each of her famished children, and sat quietly by, nursing the youngest while they ate it, for she had no heart to eat herself.

She was very sorrowful as she looked at those dependent little beings, and thought of her failing strength; and, shading her eyes with her hand, the tears stole silently down her pale, patient face, and fell among the bright-curls of the little unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom.

She had been sorely afflicted. The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam, while attempting to save a sick child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic, from a burning building. The child was saved, but he who perilled his life for it, the strong, brave husband, was perished.

The fruit of this union, her eldest born, the pride of her heart, the noble boy whose every movement and expression had been so manly similes of his father, was a wanderer, she knew not whither.

Years after the boy had left her, when Robert Leedom came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length, how he had loved her from the time they had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back always to the same old port, that he might breathe again the same air that she breathed, and hoped yet to be his home and sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailor's faithful heart by consenting to become his wife.

No wonder the young sailor loved her, she was so neat in her habits, so proud and industrious; and her calm sweet face and holy eyes spoke so eternal rest, that they drew to her soul. She had learned to love her second husband, and had borne him three fair children, when the sad news came that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the Spanish coast near Abaycan, and in his generous efforts to save others, Robert Leedom was lost.

She had been a widow a second time only six months, and now, as she thought of her inability to support her dependent children even in the summer time, and saw no other prospect before her whichever way she looked, and knew that the cold, drear winter was gradually coming on, her heart failed her utterly and she could only weep; and wondering little ones tried by each endearing art they could think of to attract her attention, but in vain.

Impressed by their mother's mournful mood, they stir their breed almost in silence; and when they had finished, she arose mechanically, and, laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed. She heard them their prayers, and bade "good night and God bless them" carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that mechanical stiffness that emanates from a heart without hope. She continued kneeling by their bedside long after she had prayed with them and wept. Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see her, no tender hand to caress, no loving voice to soothe, as the cry from her over-burdened, crushed heart, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" went up over the unconscious heads of the little sleepers in that hour of agony.

"No pitying eye," did I say? The Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, was there, the loving kindness that has said—"I will be a Father to the fatherless," was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the Spirit came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from her knees transquilly, feeling that "the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble." She took down the little worn Bible from the mantel, and, as she read on through the closing chapters of St. John, an expression of peace ineffable,—"the peace that passeth understanding" settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the dear tones of a hymn sounded through the stillness of the little cottage, and "How firm a foundation," when pealed from lordly organ, and echoed

AMUSEMENTS.

BIRLEY'S CONTINENTAL NEWS EXCHANGE.
CHOICE SEATS
To offices of amusement may be had up to 6 o'clock any evening.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
MONDAY, JULY 29, 1867.
PERFECTLY IMMENSE.
TWO ASIATIC NATIONS
GREAT ATTRACTION
GRAND FOR
THE BEGINNING OF THE END
From the East and West of the Mediterranean.
The very celebrated
RED DRAGON TROUPE
JAPANESE JAPANESE
Who crossed the great Pacific Ocean and the American Continent, combine with the
MARVELOUS ARABS
FROM ALGIERS
BENI ZOUG-ZOUG TRIBE.
Who have crossed the Atlantic Ocean and European Continent.
EACH DEMANDING THE WORLD.
Arab and Japanese Acrobatic Artists, for the first time within the scope of history, they are each the other no closely resembling, "CONTRASTS OF HUMAN SKILL."
The Wild Dramatic Groups of JAPANESE have just arrived from the Japanese Capital on the Tycoon's Steamer, and are accompanied by the SUPERIOR TOALIE WHO HAVE PREVIOUSLY THRIVEN preferring feats of the most marvelous and European Equilibrists.
The Troupe numerous twenty-four, comprising the Tycoon's Imperial Family, Ladies of Rank, and Gentlemen of Wealth and Position, and it is to say that have yet appeared in this city."—San Francisco Times, June 15.
Noted as our people are with Japanese performances, we have seen nothing so novel, so unique, so perfect, so wonderful, so fascinating, so grotesque, so strange that has yet appeared."—San Francisco Bulletin, June 15.
Nothing so novel, so unique, so perfect, so wonderful, so fascinating, so grotesque, so strange that has yet appeared in this city