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Poetry.

God Bless the Farm. God bless the farm—the dear old farm God bless it with its fields and trees Where willing hands and sturdy arms Can earn an honest livelihood— Can from the course and fertile soil Win back a recompense for toil. God bless each meadow, field and nook, Begemmed with fairest flowers; And every leaf that's gently shook By evening breeze or morning showers— God bless them all! each leaf a gem In nature's gorgeous diadem.

Select Tale.

The Beggar Girl of Paris.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France, there were many deeds of daring performed even by women. The very streets in Paris were deluged with blood. But near the guillotine it ran in rushing torrents. One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth; countless heads rolled from the block. A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered. Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shock of the glittering knife severed the head from some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen years of age. The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim: "There goes another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued him!" Each expression of this kind would create a laugh from those who heard her, though any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have been so depraved. The first female watched this poor creature a few minutes, and then, pressing one hand to her side, she laid the other upon the shoulder of "the wretch and whispered: "Would you like to become rich at once?" The female turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied: "Of course I would!" "Follow me and you shall be." "Enough. Lead on." It was with considerable difficulty that the two extricated themselves from the crowd, but they did so at length, and then the first female asked the other: "What shall I call you?" "Oh, I am called the Beggar Girl, Maria." "You live by begging?" "Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?" "My name is Maria, the same as your own." "Are you an aristocrat?" "It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it and you shall have gold." The pauper led the way into a narrow, filthy street and then into a dark, filthy room. The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplation for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked: "Are you well known in Paris?" "Yes, everybody knows Maria, the beggar girl." "Are you known to Robespierre?" "If so, I want to make a bargain with you." "I am. What do you wish?" "You see that my clothes are better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to not show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs. As security for my return, take this ring." The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl, then handed her a purse containing gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked: "Well, what are you going to do with my dress?" "I want to put it on and go where I first met you." "Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping going on, and to see a head roll with the lightning of a guillotine? If you wear that

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dress, you want to represent me." "Yes, I want to look like you as near as possible." "Well, that won't be difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt." They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Maria de Nantes was clad in the rags of Maria the Beggar Girl of Paris. The history of Maria de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims of the remorseless fiend of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been saved, but of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her but a few hours before. After the exchange, the pauper, looking on the stockings, and shoeless little feet and ankles of the lady, said: "That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters." In a few minutes Maria was prepared, and in fifth and rags she emerged into the street. She now took the course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely. She now stood within the platform, swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there. The cry was raised, "The aristocrats are coming!" Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching. Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the steps that led to the block. Up to this moment the strength of poor Maria had failed her and she was unable to put her plan into execution. But now a sister's love sprung up in her heart and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line guards and ran up the steps, grasping her brother by the hand, she said: "What does all this mean? It is only aristocrats who are to die." "Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners. "No, I will not go away until you tell me why my brother is thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo. "Well who are you?" "I am Maria; do you know me?" "The Beggar girl?" "Aye." "But this is not your brother." "It is. Ask him—ask him." Young Antonio de Nates then turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light crossed his face and he murmured, "Oh, my sister!" "Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her. "It is." "Does Maria speak the truth?" asked Robespierre. "She does, was the brother's reply. "And you are not de Nates?" "I tell you I am her brother." "Why did you not tell us this before?" "I attempted to speak, but was silenced." "But you might have declared yourself." "You would not have believed me." "But your dress?" "It belongs to an aristocrat—perhaps to him for whom I was taken." Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, gazed earnestly in his face, then he approached Maria and looked steadily into her eyes for a short time. It was a trying moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend whose word was law, turned and said: "Release the man." The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while shouts rent the air, for they supposed he was a commoner who had thus been saved. The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Maria. They scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid on his arm and a voice said: "Bring her to my room again, she will be safe there." The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked her: "Have you seen this female before?" "Yes, I know all about her," returned the pauper. "She has done it, and I am glad." Before the noble lady had returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so, they both sought more secure quarters, and after rewarding the beggar girl, as promised. "Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Maria de Nantes. "I think not," returned the brother. "He saw your plan—he admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case; but, if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did." "You are right." Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested and lived happily with the sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save him by personating the Beggar Girl of Paris. Saur Kraut Causes Trouble. We always thought Saur Kraut was not fit stuff for the horse and after reading the following from the *Adrian (Mich.) Press*, we feel sure of it. "About nine o'clock on Sunday night, when the storm was at its height, a number of the inhabitants on the 'hill' were startled by a report resembling artillery. In a few minutes some of the most daring darted out through the tempest in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, and encountered one of our German citizens, shouting at the top of his voice, like one crazed, 'O mein saur kraut! Mein saur kraut!' All endeavors to pacify him were unavailing, and while some took charge of the miserable man others entered his dwelling. Here a scene presented itself that completely beggars description. On a lounge sat his wife a picture of despair, endeavoring to 'unkraut' her new dress, while three children nearly covered with 'saur kraut' were lying about the apartment taking handfuls of the stuff out of their mouths, noses and eyes. Every article of furniture in the room was displaced, and over the door and all around was—kraut—saur kraut. It soon transpired that a large barrel full of kraut had been brought up from the cellar to the fire, to be thawed out, and the head being closely sealed on the gas generated, had no vent, and exploded with terrific force, bursting the barrel and scattering the contents in every direction. The entire apartment was, for the time being, converted into a strange plantations. From every piece of furniture hung festoons of 'saur kraut,' like Florida moss in southern forests.

Queer Place for a Watch. About a month ago Jacob Klimek, a farmer, near Fox Chase, was sawing down a large chestnut tree, when the teeth of the saw came in contact with some metallic substance. Fearing the presence of something explosive, he directed the workmen to saw on the other side of the tree. They did so. After the tree had been felled, gold watch, two gold pencil cases and a gold chain, were imbedded in the wood, about eighteen inches from the surface. They were wrapped in a soiled sack. The tree was sawn off close to the ground, and they had evidently been hidden at the junction of two roots, and the wood had grown over and enclosed them. The watch was old fashioned, having a case that could be detached, and was inscribed with the date 1740. One pencil case was provided with a pencil. The other had only a pencil and was minus the seal. The chain was long and was intended to pass around the neck of the wearer. There was also a gold watch key, which, however, did not fit the watch. The tree had attained a great age, being about six feet in diameter. An old mansion once stood near by, and it is supposed that the articles in question were buried during the war of the Revolution. The watch was unjured except that the hands were rusted off. The finder had it repaired and will exhibit it to any who are curious to see such a relic. He lives about a mile above the Fox Chase, on the county line.—*Norris-town Herald*.

A HOMEY MAN'S WIT.—Abdul Aziz—says Lord Staleybridge—is not impervious to the shafts of wit. Once in his younger days, as he was hunting in the valley, he met one morning as the day dawned an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly dismounted, deeming it to be a bad omen, he called out in a rage to have his head struck off. The poor man, who had seized and were on the point of executing, prayed that he might be informed of his crime. "Your crime," said the Sultan, "is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the man, "by this reckoning what term must I apply to your Majesty's countenance, which is the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death?" The Sultan smiled at the wit of the reply, ordered the man to be released, and gave him a present instead of taking off his head.

Leisure without learning is death, and idleness the grave of a living man. It was a brave saying of Seneca, and every scholar can say it—that he was never less alone than when alone. We pity those who spend themselves, and misspend their time in doing nothing, or worse than nothing; who are always idle or ill employed.

Success in life is very apt to make us forget the time when we were not much. It is just so with the frog on the jump; he can't remember when he was a tadpole, but other folks can.

A SAD BEHEAVEMENT.—The *Seranton Republican* says: A shocking accident occurred on Wednesday morning a week, at ten o'clock on the L. & B. railroad, a short distance below Bellevue, by which a widow named Mrs. Quinn, was killed on the rails. Mrs. Quinn and her little boy were returning to their home in Lackawanna township, having been in the city to make some purchases, and were walking along the road, when they saw and engine approaching. They stepped aside to an adjacent track to let it pass, not knowing that they were placing themselves in the way of another engine coming close behind them. The boy happened to look behind him, and realizing their peril, shouted to his mother to leave the road, at the same time leaving the fatal spot. The woman was so confused that she did not comprehend the situation and in another moment the locomotive was upon her, striking her with powerful force and throwing her beside the rails. She was promptly taken up and conveyed to the city by the employees of the road, but while she was being transferred from the train to the carriage for the purpose of conveying her to the Lackawanna hospital she died. There was no mark of a single wound visible upon her, and those who attended her state it as their opinion that her back was broken. As soon as it was discovered that she was dead her remains were placed on a train and taken in charge by S. B. Stillwell, A. Scanlon, J. Gardner and others who conducted them as far as Lackawanna station, where they procured a wagon and took them to the miserable home of the unfortunate woman at Middletown. Here they discovered a family of seven orphans, among them a babe only a few months old, and not a morsel of food in the house. The case was one of the most distressing that could be conceived. The father of the children had been killed but a short time previous, and they were now helpless—fatherless, motherless, foodless—almost hopeless, for the hut in which they lived is described in the forcible language of one of the men who visited it as being "little better than a graveyard."

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