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"Stand by the Right though the Heavens fall!"

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Select Poetry.

JOHN JONES AND I.

BY CHARLES G. AMER.

We had a tilt, "John Jones," said I,
"You shouldn't leave your cow at large!"

"You need your fence!" was his reply,
"And so on charge and counter-charge."

A trifling thing the cow had dropped,
Some blades of clover, some heads of grain;

And yet for this a feud I dropped,
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool,
Yet thrust my better thought aside,

And when my blood had turned to cool,
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sat,
Two cordial wives grew shy and cool,

Two broods of children learned to hate,
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones's new was next to mine;
What pleasant greetings passed between!

As sacred as the local and wine,
Had our communion friendship been.

Oh had we voices swelled the song,
Oh had we bowed in silent prayer,

Oh had we bowed in silent prayer,
And shared the worship of the throng.

Who sat in heavenly places there,
But how shall souls in exile sing?

The Lord's sweet song! The holy notes
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace.

And pardon, stuck in both our throats,
Some lessened relief for all good.

Made life for both to deaden grow,
And nature darkened to our mood.

And answered back our settled frown,
One summer day came riding by!

Good Doctor Dean came riding by!
He said in voice a little shrill,

"John Jones is hurt and like to die!"
A sudden fire burst through my brain.

And burn, like to, the saphire lies,
And my heart a sudden pain.

Fell like a bolt from hidden skies,
I stumbled o'er the threshold here.

My shadow had not passed for years,
I felt a shudder in my hair.

A woman gave me in her tears,
When he no more the pulse could feel.

I saw the doctor turn away;
Some mighty impulse made me kneel.

Beside the bed as I to pray,
Yet not the Maker's name I called.

As one who plunges 'neath the wave,
A swimmer strong and unappalled,

Swam a drowning life to save—
All my soul's ungathered powers,

In a moment of desire intense,
Sent that departing one a cry.

That I had the abyss of broken sense,
Back to the dim eye came a ray!

O'er the white face a faint smile shone,
I felt as 'twere a spirit's touch.

Those stifled fingers press my own,
Oh! resurrection power of God!

Which wrought that miracle of pain!
From buried hearts rose the shrill cry.

And made dead friendship live again!
Beside one grave two households lay.

And weeping, heard the pastor say,
"That out of death He brings the day."

Was I chief mourner in the train?
Ah, who could guess of this in throng?

The strange sweet comfort in the pain,
Of one who mourns forgotten wrong!

Selected Story.

COUSIN BESSIE'S VISIT.

BY CHARLES G. AMER.

"And so you are Bessie Wentworth?"
said my sweet little mother, looking with

her eyes on the pretty creature she had
just released from her arms. "You are

very welcome, child."

"As for my gruff old father, he shook
his head and sighed. I think he felt dis-

appointed. Never before had there been
a Bessie Wentworth with rippling blonde hair

and eyes like wood-violets. The admirer
seemed to give him an unpleasant sensation.

"It was utterly at variance with all his
preconceived notions of what every son

of the dear old family tree should be like.

"You ought to be known as a berry
with eyes black as stones, and hair the color

of Margaret's," said he, shaking his
head still more decisively. "I don't un-

derstand it."

"The color of my hair," said she, in a
very sweet voice.

"You are like nobody I ever knew or
saw. Your mother was a Higginson, and

she was all dark like the Wentworths."
She drew nearer, and dropped her pretty

slender hand on his arm.

"I am so sorry I don't look to please
you, Uncle John," she murmured, with an

upward glance of the liquid blue eyes
that might have disarmed a harder heart

than my father's.

"What nonsense! Who said you didn't
please me? You do. But you are not in

the least like the Wentworths."

"He kissed her with the air of a man
determined to make the best of the next

minute. "We did not look for you before, my
dear," said mamma, gently. "I'm glad you

are here to anticipate the time a little,
however."

"I decided quite suddenly to come at
once," Bessie answered, speaking hurriedly.

"I thought, 'I know your mother would
be just as warm when I did take you

by storm.'"

"If you give us just so much more of
your society, my dear—"

"I'm concluding part of her sen-
tence did not reach my ear. I heard a step

on the piazza at the time, as was our
custom during the hot August evenings—

and I looked down into the garden,
to see what Bessie's Thirteenth's wide-

wake had among the rhododendrons.

"I ran down to meet him.

"Who was he, my dear?"

"He asked you to go under Margaret's
arm, and I got up the moment I reached his

side.

"My cousin Bessie."

"I don't know you, my dear."

"I suppose you don't know me, but I'm
just half an hour's gossip about her?"

Home Reading.

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;

The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels
Are clogged with dust;

We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the selfsame strains;

White sounds of crime and fear and desolation
Come back in sad refrain.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears;

Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears;

A word of tender passion, after the event
Of the never-to-be-forgotten night.

The true Bessie Wentworth came to us
In the evening. Papa was greatly

pleased with her, for she had the real
Wentworth hair and eyes, and he could

not but have been a fair judge. "Very well,"
said he, "I am glad to see you."

"I happened one day when he was
holding court, that Mr. Downsbury, a

rough looking, but independent customer,
came into the court room with his

bag and his hat. This the judge con-
sidered an indignity offered to the court,

and forthwith ordered Mr. D. to take off
his hat.

"To this Downsbury paid no attention,
being observed by his honor, he

ordered the sheriff to 'take the man's
bag and his hat.'"

"Take that hat off," cried the sheriff.
Mr. D. downsbury remained motionless,

and the court proceeded to business. At
last raising his eyes, his honor again dis-

covered the incorrigible standing with
his hat on his head.

"Sheriff, take that man's hat off," cried
the judge.

"The Sheriff approached, and repeated
the command of the judge.

"I'm bound and can't comply," said Mr.
D.

"You can't," exclaimed the judge wax-
ing angry; "then I fine you five dollars

for contempt of court."

"Very well," said Mr. D., as he care-
fully slipped his hat into his pocket, and

pulling out a fifty cent piece, he gave
it to the sheriff, handing the judge the

half dollar; "that squares us, judge.
You've ordered four dollars and a half when

you've ordered poked last night, and
that's half of what you've ordered."

The bar roared, the crowd smiled, and
the judge pocketed his change, without

uttering a word.

His Looks Deceived Him.

He did not look like a joker. One to
sit and study his face would have said

that his soul was so lost in melancholy
thought that he cared not whether the

sun set at noon or whether it stayed up
till seven o'clock. He entered the ladies'

sitting room at the Central depot, walked
the room about ten minutes before call-

ing any one.

"I'm a tall man, wasn't I?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and
turning still pale.

"I had heard—"

Western Court Scene.

Justice B. of Missouri, was in many
respects a remarkable man. He stood

six feet two in his boots, and was as fond
of frolic as the most ralling boy in the

country. He could drink more liquor,
hit a heavier 'bag of meal,' and play a

game of billiards more expertly than any
man in the circuit.

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SCOTCH PECULIARITIES.

If you remark to an old Scotchman that 'It's
a good waur,' his usual reply is, 'Aweel, sir, I've

seen waur.' Such a man does not say his wife
is an excellent woman. He says, 'She's no a

bad body.' A husband who says his wife
is 'no vera uppurpose-like.' The richest

and rarest variety is 'No sae bad.' The best
acting and the best singing are designated as

'No bad.' A man noted for his benevolence
is 'No the worst man in the world.' A Scotch-

man is always ready to say something better
than the truth. He says, 'That's exactly ma way of think-

ing!'"

JEFFERSON'S MARRIAGE LICENSE BOND.

The clerk of Charles County, Virginia, has
recently forwarded the marriage license bond

of Thomas Jefferson to the Virginia State Li-
brary for safe keeping. It reads thus:

"Know all men by these presents that we,
Thomas Jefferson and Francis Eppe, are held

and firmly bound unto our sovereign lord, the
King, his heirs and successors, in the sum of

£20 currency of Virginia, to the payment
of which, well and truly to be made, we bind

ourselves jointly and severally, our joint and
several heirs, executors, and administrators. In

witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands
and seal this twenty-third day of December,