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NO. 5.

## FADING, CHANGING, DYING.

Everything beautiful, darling, must fade;  
The rose and the lily, the peach and the field,  
And myrtle, which hides the rude mark of the  
spine,  
When loved o'er as are sleeping, will all have  
to yield  
To Time's busy gleaner, who gathers the  
leaves,  
And ennobles lilies in the forest and plain,  
To carefully bind them in bands and shawls,  
And carry them off to return not again.  
Everything beautiful, darling, must change;  
The woodland, the meadow and course of  
the stream;  
Those scenes now familiar ere long will seem  
strange,  
And only be thought of as seen in a dream.  
Or pictures of memory long hung away  
And faded by age or dust of the past;  
Each moment of pleasure refused to stay,  
The voice of the sphyx is lost in the blast.  
Everything beautiful, darling, must die;  
And that which increases will surely de-  
crease;  
The sturdy oak as a dust-bespunged lie;  
The song and the singer will both have  
to cease;  
Yet there is a hope that each beautiful thing—  
Though not in this life—will have being  
once more;  
The heart, like the lily, to loved ones will  
cling,  
When fallen, and creep to Eternity's shore,  
Everything beautiful, darling, must fade,  
Must change and must die, be it never so  
grand;  
And nothing endureth that ever was made,  
For time has the day in his own cunning  
hand;  
The spirit immortal he humbly doth  
He holds, though, and crumbles its dwell-  
ing of clay;  
When everything earthly and Time is forgot,  
The spirit will laugh at the thought of  
dust.

## Pauline's Picture.

BY TEN INKY FINGERS.

CHAPTER I.

"And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the sweet winds play,  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the light."

It was a large, handsome old house  
that Mrs. Ellison's grandchildren were  
invited to visit every year. Then they  
all met there and a nice time they used  
to have, for grandma allowed them to  
room from garret to cellar, if they  
wished to do so.

But on this particular Christmas it  
was to be even pleasanter than before,  
for handsome uncle Rob Ellison had  
just returned from Europe, and they  
were the games he planned for the merry  
young group.

In the morning, the boys skated with  
him while the girls rode with Mrs.  
Ellison, who, in spite of her sixty years,  
was still a very handsome woman. But  
on this eventful day of which I am  
about to write, they wished to have  
some tableaux. So grandma had them  
to the attic, from which they intended  
to get their dresses.

They were all up sorting the many  
costumes when pretty Laura Howard,  
who was standing by a large trunk,  
called out: "Oh, Grandma, look at this  
lovely picture of a young girl. Who  
can it be?"

Grandma Ellison's hurried over to  
where she was, a stern expression on  
her usually placid face.

"Shut down that trunk, child," she  
commanded, "and give me the key."

Laura obeyed, and Mrs. Ellison left  
the room and went to her own cham-  
ber, where they heard her close and  
lock the door.

What could be the matter? they won-  
dered.

At dinner she was the same as usual,  
only there were traces of tears on her  
grave face.

After the meal was finished, May  
Worthy, who was the youngest of them  
all, went up to Mrs. Ellison and, smooth-  
ing back her white hair said softly:

"Won't you tell us about that picture  
up stairs, please do, grandma?"

Mrs. Ellison's face hardened as she  
replied, "I cannot, my dear," and she  
left the room.

But in the evening, when they were  
all grouped around her, she said ab-  
ruptly, "Children, did you ever know  
you had an aunt Pauline?"

All looked surprised, and grandma  
continued:

"She was my youngest daughter, and  
the pet of the household, an imperious  
little queen, and we all worshipped  
her. She was beautiful, if I do ac-  
knowledge it myself, with some every-  
thing in the calm voice. "Every  
wish was gratified, and as she blossomed  
into womanhood it was hard to check  
her impetuous temper. Still, we were  
all surprised when Gerald Tracy came  
to us to ask for her hand, she clinging  
to him, her pleading face saying more  
than words."

"It is needless to say that your grand-  
father refused, for Gerald, it was rum-  
ored, was a rather wild young man  
with no money to speak of."

"Pauline's lovely face was dark and  
defiant as Mr. Ellison angrily ordered  
him from the house. The next morn-  
ing she did not come down to breakfast,  
and my husband, who was very punctu-  
al himself, sent one of her sisters to  
call her down. Mary returned, saying  
that Pauline was not in her room, and  
the bed had not been slept in all night."

"Very well," said Mr. Ellison sternly.  
"If she is sulky and does not intend to  
eat her breakfast like a sensible girl, I  
am willing."

"Nevertheless, through all the meal  
he seemed ill at ease, and ate but little.  
After it was finished, he rose from the  
table and we heard him stride into  
Pauline's room, from whence he re-  
turned with a white, compressed face.  
He held a paper in his clenched hand,  
and, showing it to me, he buried his  
face in his hands and groaned aloud."

This the return for all the care we have  
lavished upon her? To run off with a  
worthless scamp like that fellow?"

"What are you going to do, mother?"  
asked one of the children in an awe-  
stricken voice.

"Do," I repeated sharply. "She has  
made her choice and must abide by it.  
She has brought an everlasting disgrace  
upon one of the oldest families in town."

"But, mother," interrupted Rob, who  
was of a rather romantic turn of  
mind, "I don't think she is so much  
to blame, if she loved Tracy as she said  
she did."

"Rob," said his mother frigidly. "I  
hoped you had heard enough on that  
subject without trying to argue it any  
more."

Rob Ellison's face flushed at the  
rather keen reproof, and he bit his lip  
under his heavy moustache, while May  
Worthy said eagerly: "But tell us  
about that picture up stairs. That was  
Pauline's, was it not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ellison, "and I  
will tell you how it happened to be  
taken. Mr. Bernard, a rich, talented  
artist, who worshipped Pauline, and  
whom we all wished her to marry,  
sketched it. She had just returned  
from an evening company, and going  
out on the balcony, stood with clasped  
hands, apparently deep in thought,  
with the pale moonlight shining on  
her fair face and making it look almost  
ethereal."

"Mr. Bernard had just made his  
adieux below, and, strolling through  
the garden, he glanced up at her, really  
startled by her loveliness. So he took  
out his drawing materials, which he  
happened to have along, and quietly  
sketched her. Then, after she had  
cloped, he painted the picture and,  
thinking to do us a kindness, presented  
it to us; but it was anything but a  
kindness, and though I never liked to  
destroy it, I always kept it hidden  
away."

CHAPTER II.

"A trembling form is standing at the window,  
A pale sad face beams against the window pane,  
A lip white as lilies in the moonlight swaine,  
A moan as remorse thrusts through both heart  
and brain."

And where was the object of Mrs.  
Ellison's story all this while.

Let us leave the merry group at  
grandma's, and wend our way to the  
quiet little village of Woody, where  
Pauline Tracy first came with her  
husband. What if she had left a loving  
home, had she not found a protecting  
arm to shelter her from the storms of  
life?

Arithmetic was Gerald Tracy's forte,  
so that when Woody bank was left  
without a cashier, he applied for the  
position.

But another was there before him.  
Stephen Carleton had been the first  
applicant, but not having a good recom-  
mendation, the situation was given to  
Tracy.

Carleton said that if it had not been  
for Gerald he would have had it, and  
was sworn to be revenged, but two years  
had passed and no chance had occurred  
for the fulfillment of his dark threat.

But one day the whole village was  
ringing with the news that Gerald  
Tracy had forged a check for fifty  
thousand dollars, and then escaped.

The next day he was caught, tried, and  
committed to prison for ten years.

Poor Pauline! Her bright, glad sum-  
mer was over, and instead of the gay,  
impulsive girl, she was changed into  
a broken-hearted woman.

It was New Year's Eve. The chil-  
dren at Mrs. Ellison's were thinking  
her for the pleasant day she had made  
for them, when all were suddenly  
startled by a faint peal of the door bell.

The servants had gone to bed, and  
Uncle Rob hastened to open the door.  
After a while he came back, saying  
rather nervously, the girls thought:

"Mother, there is some one here who  
wishes to stay until morning. Surely  
you can refuse to have shelter for this  
cold night. Besides Paul—"

"He stopped and colored, then added hastily, "There  
is a child with the lady."

"Poor thing," exclaimed grandma,  
compassionately. "It is a woman, then?  
Yes, Rob, bring her in here. We can  
find some place for the wanderer to  
night."

Rob hurried away, and a moment  
later returned closely followed by a  
grateful figure leading a little child.

"She was dressed, if not elegantly, still  
with a certain tastefulness that would  
tell at once that she was a lady."

Grandma rose, her handsome face  
full of pity, as she said:

"Poor child, let me take you to my  
room, there you can tell me every  
thing."

At the kind words, the stranger burst  
into passionate sobs.

"Mother, oh mother!" she cried  
eagerly, "do you not know your child;  
your wifely, wayward, but still loving  
Pauline?"

earnestly: "Yes, my little niece and  
nephews, many of whom I have never  
seen, you will love me and" the last  
rather hesitatingly, "and my child."  
How could they help doing so, they  
wondered, gazing at the beautiful face,  
lovely in spite of the sorrow which now  
rested upon it.

The girls silently kissed mother and  
daughter good night, and then quietly  
withdrew, for they knew that they  
wished to be alone after their long sep-  
aration of ten years.

CHAPTER III.

"No fluttering heart could thy tumult,  
Lost eyes profane should see,  
My cheeks betray the truth of nature,  
His comely brings to me."

During the year that followed, Paul-  
ine still lived at Mrs. Ellison's with  
her child, who, grandma said, was a  
perfect miniature of its mother at that  
age, and if her words were true (though  
every grandmother sees through rose-  
colored spectacles), Pauline must have  
been indeed lovely.

She firmly believed in her husband's  
innocence, and every month visited  
him. He swore he was guiltless, and  
the wife's prayers went up night and  
morning for the release of the dear  
loved one in his lonely cell.

But one day she read in the paper a  
long story of how Stephen Carleton  
had been sent to prison, and dying,  
confessed how he had deliberately plot-  
ted Gerald Tracy's downfall.

He had contrived to get Tracy into the  
city for a short time, and that night  
had broken into the bank and stolen the  
money for which Tracy was held re-  
sponsible.

Pauline uttered a cry of joyous thank-  
sgiving. Then she became aware of  
some one beside her. "My wife," said  
Gerald's strong voice, "at last I am  
with you again, and now, my darling,  
let us not tarry more for pleasures past.  
Alas! once parted by another's sin,  
Since hand to hand and heart to heart,  
I have grieved not for joys that might have  
been."

The "Rough House of Hamburg."

"The 'Rough House of Hamburg' is  
an institution which philanthropists  
would do well to study. Forty years  
ago Hamburg was renowned for being  
the wickedest city in the world. "Its  
vice was more open, its materialism  
more and its religion more of sham. The  
only hope of reform was among the  
younger classes of criminals. A few  
spasmodic efforts were made to teach  
and refine them, but all in vain, until  
at length even these were given up, and  
respectable Hamburg folded its hands  
and wondered at the wickedness of its  
neighbors. Then a certain Immanuel  
Wichern, firm of purpose, and believing  
in the old maxim, "Desperate courage  
makes one a martyr," put his hand to  
the enterprise—his heart in the work—  
and carried it through.

The enterprise, like the famous  
Refuge of Fritz Muller, has never asked  
for State or individual aid, and has  
always been amply supported. In  
October, 1832, Immanuel Wichern and  
his mother opened the door of a small  
cottage, known as "Das Kanke Hans,"  
announced their purpose, and waited.

At the end of a week three boys had  
passed in, almost of their own accord,  
and at the end of two months there  
were 12, all that the house could hold.  
Their ages varied from 5 to 15, and  
they were uniformly steeped in crime. Such  
a band of prematurely developed rascals  
was probably never collected together  
before. Wichern was a sentimentalist,  
and the only rule of the Rough House  
was love. There was no restraint; the  
inmates came at will. A high wall  
which surrounded the grounds was re-  
moved, in order that there should not  
be even the semblance of forcible con-  
finement.

At the end of a year the first, twelve  
boys were reformed. Applications for  
admission poured in, and the twelve  
built themselves a new house and gave  
up the old one to the new comers. Then  
a house was built for girls. The day  
it was finished it was filled,  
and filled with the vilest of the vile.  
The boys had given trouble enough,  
but the girls were far more wicked  
and unmanageable. But Wichern's  
gentleness conquered here, too.

From that time to this, the Rough House  
of Hamburg has pressed on in its tri-  
umphant career. It now consists of  
thirty-eight separate houses, owns 400  
acres of land, and educates yearly more  
than 1,100 boys and girls. Of its 43,000  
graduates, not more than 5 per cent.  
have fallen. It has given rise to more  
than 800 similar reformations in Prussia.

Of these, that of Berlin, founded  
in 1858, is the largest, and keeps busy,  
merely in the work of superintending,  
forty-eight men. The order of the  
"Knights of St. John," of which we  
heard so much during the Franco-Ger-  
man war, was founded at the Rough  
House of Hamburg, and now controls  
all the kindred institutions in the  
country. Immanuel Wichern is still at  
the head of affairs.

It is not a little remarkable, and we  
might philosophize for sometime about  
it, that while the diamond is made up  
of pure carbon, or simply black and  
opaque charcoal, the ruby, the next in  
value and beauty, is nearly made up  
of pure alumina or common clay—98.5 per  
cent—the coloring matter, iron, making  
up the rest of it, the mere trace of lime  
found in it being unappreciable. Noth-  
ing, we may venture to say, in nature's  
chemistry is more wonderful than this  
fact of the dull, colorless and lifeless  
clay becoming metamorphosed by some  
hidden and almost miraculous way into  
the transparently clear, red colored,  
and almost living gem. Imagination  
itself fails to find a theory to account  
for all this, and no progress in chem-  
istry can invent a theory to fit it. It is a  
somewhat curious coincidence that the  
ruby, as well as the diamond and other  
precious stones, is so often found asso-  
ciated with gold. Where they are, there  
is gold almost sure to be present. Na-  
ture produces these, her riches, together  
and it afterwards is the province of art  
to keep them together and to exhibit  
them as one object.

## He Loved the Lightning.

The other day, during a thunder  
storm, a man came into a Milwaukee  
saloon, and hurrying up to the bar he  
said excitedly:

"Give me a glass of the best brandy  
in the house, I need it."

When the glass was filled he held it  
between his fingers and said:

"Stranger, I don't drink; but this is a  
fearful storm, and a man is liable  
to be struck by lightning; and brandy is a  
non-conductor, and I have never been  
struck by lightning, from the fact that  
I always drink brandy before a storm."

After he had drained the glass he  
rolled his eyes round the room once or  
twice.

"That was a vivid flash, just now,"  
he said; "lightning is a dangerous ele-  
ment, but to me it is a glorious thing.  
Stranger, I love the lightning; it kills;  
it sleeps at night; it cheers me when  
I wake. Give me another glass of  
brandy."

As the bartender poured out the li-  
quor he said:

"Benjamin Franklin solved the mys-  
tery of lightning, but before he drew his  
kite he drank a pint of old cognac.  
Sometimes I think I am old Ben, draw-  
ing the lightning from the clouds and  
bottling it up. That was a magnificent  
peal," he said, as the thunder round-  
ed with a fearful crash. "I came from  
a scientific family. Partner I can post  
you a little on lightning," he said,  
with a knowing look. Whenever a  
thunderstorm comes up, drink two  
or three glasses of brandy, and you  
have a better protector than a lightning-  
rod. Better take a glass now."

He smiled as the bartender took a  
drink, and went on:

"Lightning is produced in the follow-  
ing manner: When two clouds charged  
with different kinds of electricity  
approach each other, they exchange  
fluids, and give us the flash of lightning.  
The shock makes a big noise we call it  
thunder."

He looked around the room and saw  
the back door was open. He knew if  
he unhooked the front door the wind  
would blow it shut, and he smiled, this  
lover of lightning did, and he was  
happy.

"Now," said he, "I will illustrate  
my last remark."

He stepped out and as he passed the  
door it was unhooked.

"There, away to the south, are two  
big black clouds approaching each  
other."

The door was slowly and surely blow-  
ing shut.

"Soon they will meet, and I will see  
another display of my beloved element.  
Oh, let the rain pour in torrents; let  
the lightning flash its aerial splendor; let  
the thunder!"

There was a slam as the door flew  
shut, and the bartender heard no more.  
He saw that his scientific customer was  
in no hurry about returning, and as he  
opened the door the truth dawned upon  
him. As he looked up the street and  
saw no one he realized that the man  
who loved lightning had gone from his  
shop forever.

A Notable Wedding.

Mrs. Annetta Wilhelmina Wilkens  
Hicks, a lady who has been celebrated  
for years for her beauty, her wardrobe  
and the magnificence of her entertain-  
ments, was married recently to Mr.  
Thomas Lord, one of the wealthiest  
retired merchants of New York. The  
marriage ceremony was performed pri-  
vately by Cardinal McCloskey in the  
archiepiscopal residence on Madison  
avenue. Immediately after the cere-  
mony, Mr. and Mrs. Lord started upon  
a wedding tour. The dress which Mrs.  
Hicks wore at the ceremony is said to  
have been very elegant, and was brought  
by her from Paris. The lady is de-  
scribed as tall and handsome, showing  
very few evidences of having lived 43  
years, the last twenty of which she has  
passed in almost continued idleness in  
New York and in Europe. Mrs. Lord's  
early life little is accurately known. It  
is stated that she is a native of Fishkill,  
of good family, and that when she was  
young, her great beauty and spirit at-  
tracted the admiration of a wealthy old  
gentleman named Thomas Hicks, who  
resided in New York. He married her  
and brought her to New York, where  
she immediately entered fashionable  
life, and every season passed with dis-  
tinction in elegance of manner and dress,  
and in skill in arranging social enter-  
tainments. She went to Europe, and  
there attracted a great deal of attention.  
Her tastes were very expensive, and  
her husband becoming temporarily  
embarrassed, she was compelled, for a  
brief period to reduce her expenditures.  
Mr. Hicks died shortly after this event,  
leaving her the possessor of a large  
quantity of real estate, which she has  
since situated in Toledo, Ohio. Her in-  
come is now becoming greatly augmented,  
she resumed giving entertainments on  
a grand scale at her house, No. 10 West  
Fourteenth street. Here Mr. Lord first  
met her. About four years ago Mrs.  
Hicks went to Europe. She made her  
way rapidly in society in London, and  
was formally received at court by  
Queen Victoria. It has been reported  
that she was engaged to various British  
noblemen, and when General Robert C.  
Schenck was minister at the Court of  
St. James, it was stated on apparently  
good authority that he would bring her  
to America as his bride. In Paris, she  
repeated the success she had attained in  
London, and she travelled frequently  
between the two cities. The last report  
she gave in the British capital was in  
the middle of last October. General  
Grant was then her principal guest,  
and, among the party assembled to greet  
him were representatives of the highest  
society of Great Britain. Shortly after  
that festival, Mrs. Hicks made ar-  
rangements to return to New York, and  
arrived here about November 15.

Mr. Thomas Lord is about eighty-  
three years of age. In appearance he  
is still hale and hearty. He has, how-  
ever, considerable difficulty in walk-  
ing. He is about five feet and ten inches  
in height, and weighs about 200 pounds.  
Generally speaking, he is a well-pre-

served old gentleman. He was a  
widower, his first wife having died in  
1859, and he has six children—four  
sons and two daughters. Neither of  
the latter are married, and they have  
lived with their father at No. 35 West  
Seventeenth street. The fortune of Mr.  
Lord is estimated at \$3,000,000, all of  
which he made in mercantile business,  
or through investments in down town  
real estate, many years ago. Mr.  
Lord is the youngest of a family of  
seven or eight brothers, who were all  
born in East Haddam, Conn. His elder  
brothers came to New York in 1803, and  
began business as dry-goods merchants  
in Garden street (now Exchange  
place). They prospered, and their  
younger brothers joined them one by  
one. The business of the firm became  
extensive for those days, and after about  
thirty years of labor, the older mem-  
bers of the firm retired with large for-  
tunes. About 1848 Mr. Rufus Lord re-  
tired, possessor of \$2,000,000. Before  
his death, by skillful investments, he  
increased that sum to about \$8,000,000,  
which sum he divided between his  
brother Thomas, an elder brother, who  
is still living in New York at the age of  
ninety years, and a large number of  
other relatives. About twenty-five  
years ago Thomas Lord and his surviv-  
ing brother retired from active busi-  
ness, dissolving the old firm. He did  
not, however, leave Exchange  
place, where they had made their  
fortunes. They had purchased years  
before the property running from the  
western corner of William street, half  
way up Exchange place toward Broad  
street, and running back to Beaver  
street. In the corner building they  
fitted a suit of plain offices for them-  
selves, and their sons, Rufus and Thom-  
as Lord spent their days for years, keeping  
watch over their investments. In 1869  
they were made victims of a robbery by  
which some skillful bank-thieves, sup-  
posed to have been Dan Noble and  
Dutch Heinrichs, became possessed of  
\$2,500,000 worth of their securities,  
United States, State and railroad bonds  
and insurance and bank stock. The  
robbery was perpetrated in the night  
while Mr. Thomas Lord was in his  
study at his desk. The securities were  
in a box in the open safe, but how the  
thieves got access to them has not been  
discovered. A list of the securities was  
sent throughout the United States and  
Europe, and as the bonds were offered  
for sale they were stopped and returned  
to the Messrs. Lords. In this way al-  
most all were recovered, and a reward  
of \$100,000 paid in rewards.—N. Y. Times.

Washington's Idea of Civil Service.

When Washington was called to the  
Presidency in 1789 there were no regu-  
larly organized parties, and there was  
no room for patronage in a passen-  
sary economy was performed almost  
entirely by Mr. Thomas Lee in the  
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