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Poetry.

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gay and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusty casement,
Creep around the fit-lit room.
Draw the curtains—close the shutters—
Place the slippers by the fire,
Though the rude winds loudly mutters,
What care we for wind sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming!
Fickle fortune's love or smile?
If around us love is beaming—
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king—
All are quaffing from life's chalice,
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing—music flowing,
From the lips we love the best;
Oh! the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts wherein to rest.

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo with our own—
While grim Care and haunting Sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone;
Come, gay Time, the halls of Delight—
Sadness haunt the midnight hour—
But the weird and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing Hearth-stone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well remembered shrine!
Spirit yearnings—Social revelings—
We the love you round thee twine!

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about 12 years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread:

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, well it's the skin,—curse it, said the man—"what ain't you abed and asleep you brat?"

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, could not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the wretch. "It's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you keep up at night to chime in in the morning,—get to bed, you imp,—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of the power of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, "give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"O—father don't talk so loud," said the little fellow bursting into tears—you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,"—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you mustn't—you mustn't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily;" this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me?—take that, and that, you imp," and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and three legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform; but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him? She had borne much, but alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were wan and sunken. She was in last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—*she was dying of a broken heart.*

The noise made by her husband awoke her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the scared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

"Blast it, woman,' said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say,"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition; he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but—why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

'Oh!—mother's dead!' It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once—"dead, dead," he continued, in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead,—say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband! and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotton, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily?—I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! my God annihilate me for my guilt."

"Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you and may God forgive you too; but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman—"I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!" murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in—I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh! no,—you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame—"you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh, you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly.

"Night and day, for a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done! I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued:

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love and cherish him. Oh, remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live"—she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me, Charlie?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," added the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, you will obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother—you will!"

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard,' murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her.—"Father, give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?' faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

"Henry,—Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, "poor babe, he doesn't hear me."

The little fellow looked amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman her voice growing fainter and fainter—"*this is death!*—Charlie—Henry—Jesus—re——"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased!

Plain Talk from Miss Swisshelm.

The cook, the dressmaker and the nurse are the trinity which rules the census of this country; for our ladies have generally been too lately lifted from humble stations to have learned the art of governing households. The habit of command only comes through generations of culture; and our aristocracy of wealth found yesterday live in a state of chronic war with the servants who hope to display them to-morrow. So your American lady, weighed to the earth by the silks, velvets, laces and jewels necessary to advertise her husband's success in business, becomes the easy prey of Biddy, not yet broken on the wheel of fine ladyhood, and mistakes her dressmaker for the autocrat of destiny in dress and the nurse in general deportment! As the arbiters of fate are generally of narrow intellects and well-sharpened wits, and is to their immediate interests to cultivate the dependence on which they depend our domestic history teems with repetitions of the old story of Queen Anne and Lady Churchill; of misstresses held in most degrading bondage by their own servants.—As in that case so in these, physical vigor was the plus which overbalanced legitimate authority, wealth and social position in the sum total of the problem. So long as woman's servants can rule her through her physical disability and increase this at will, so long she is their tool, instead of mistress or employer.

The dressmaker who sneers at the feminine form as God made it, and as the greatest artists and poets the world has ever seen have delineated it in marble, on canvass, and an immortal song, is simply an impertinent ingnoramus, and should be treated as such. The nurse who seeks to cultivate helplessness by making vigorous helath a something of which the possessor should be ashamed is akin to the witches who plotted the destruction of Macbeth.—They are deliberate imposters of self-deceived deceivers of whom sensible women should beware.

An Artist's Recompense.

Washington Allston, who stood at the head of American artists, half a century ago, was at one time so reduced by poverty that he locked himself in his studio in London one day, threw himself on his knees and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife. While thus engaged a knock was heard at the door, which the artist hastened to open. A stranger enquired for Mr. Allston, and was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the "Angel Urial," which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was told it was not sold. "Where is it to be found?" "In this very room,' said Allston, producing a painting from a corner and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale, but its value has never been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" I have done affixing any nominal sum; I have always so far exceeded any offers. I leave you to name the price." "Will £400 be an adequate recompense?" "It is more than I ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine," the stranger said, who introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and from that moment became one of Mr. Allston's warmest friends and patrons.

A Story of Life and Death.

In Lawrence, Susie M. Smith, a young lady of about seventeen years of age, daughter of Dr. Greenleaf Smith, after a short illness, died on Wednesday, September 9, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and from that time until Friday, at 12 o'clock, the body was apparently possessed in part by other spirits.

On Wednesday, the day of her death she said: "Father I have attended my own funeral." She described it as very real, declared herself perfectly conscious of what she was saying, and also spoke of singing and gave the names of hymns she had heard. She continued rational during the day, when finally, about six o'clock, she passed to violent spasms; a gradual paleness overspread her face from the forehead; she became speechless, closed her eyes, and to the senses of those about her bedside life was extinct. The body had the unmistakable death damp on its face.

Many minutes had elapsed, when suddenly, to the indescribable surprise of all in the room, came a deep gruff voice, the parted and moving lips of the body indicating its whereabouts, which said: "Rub both of her arms as hard as you can."—Without a second bidding, and recovering from their surprise, the command was obeyed, when came a second voice, "Raise her up on end—you're deaf ain't you?"—Up came the body, it breathed naturally, but did not speak for a few minutes.

Dr. Smith sat behind the body holding it up, when it again spoke in another voice, "If I could move her legs around so that I could set her up on the foot board, she'd be all right." The doctor was preparing to carry this suggestion into effect, when we, with the body, was actually taken—lifted from their positions together—and both placed upon the foot board by some unseen power.

The body was now possessed by a spirit that was cheerful, lively, and not unlike its natural occupant.

The doctor was about to ask if she hadn't better be laid back, when the same force again lifted them, carried them both backward—he to his feet, and she falling to her first position in bed, apparently again dead as could possibly be.

A few minutes elapsed—the doubt was settling into certainty—when a mild voice opened conversation which continued three hours; during this time it acknowledged that the body had been controlled by spirits out of the flesh.

A trance sleep followed.

The next morning the body opened its eyes and said to the doctor, "Please lie down on the side of the bed." He obeyed, and the voice said, "Who am I, anyway?" He replied, "You are Susie Smith." It answered, "No, I ain't; Susie Smith died last night," and this opinion it maintained.

On Friday the symptoms were again worse; there were several fainting spells but after twelve o'clock there were no indications of life.

The next morning, while in a lower room, and endeavoring to decide where to lay the body, an apparition, or Susie Smith as the incredulous or credulous will have it, walked into the room with plain footsteps and said, "Right on the school hill, right on the side of the road"—then disappeared.

The location indicated was selected. In Denmark, near Brighton, Me., the body lies in a new selected lot on the schoolhouse hillside.

The illness and decease occurred at the residence of her sister, corner of Cedar and Franklin streets. The young lady resided in Lawrence for a number of years and was organist at Webster Hall, with a large circle of acquaintances. We advance no explanation or theory to cover the case; we give the facts, easily attested, and the circumstances warrant the truthfulness of the statements.—*Spiritualist Scientist, of Boston.*

Not a Poor Man's Land.

A private letter from a citizen of Solano County, California, to a friend in Illinois, contains the following: "You ask me about the propriety of laboring men moving to California. As a common-place remark I will say that it is a great big country, lots of territory—the choice pieces of which are in the hands of farmers or speculators. As a result, farming does not pay at the present time. It is almost wholly a cereal country, and the raising of wheat does not pay. Millions of bushels are on hand now, for which their is no market.—We grow plenty of fruit, but that is perishable and can't be exported. Laborers' wages here on farms range from $30 to $40 per month, with board; but a man must be a skillful teamster or ploughman to command $40. They plough here with gangs—three or four ploughs fastened together—using six or eight horses in the team. One who can manage one of these team can command $30 and $40 per month. Common hands, owing to the Chinese, who are very apt at all light work where no animals are to be handled, can only realize $20 to $25 per month. I would not advise any poor man at the East to leave $20 to $25 per month to come to California. We are situated thus: The Greeks, Italians, Portuguese and Chinese do our fishing, the Portuguese and Chinese our gardening, Irish girls and Chinese our housework and washing, the Mexicans our sheperding, the Jews our storekeeping, the Grangers our big farming, and the Americans do our railroading, boating, speculating, banking, etc., and together with the Irish, talk politics and hold the offices."

How Mayor Havemeyer Took his Pie.

The recent decease of Mayor Havemeyer called to the mind of a friend of his the following story. He was one evening strolling up Broadway, with the ex-Mayor on their way home, when—as we were chatting along we met a gentleman well known to us both, who had long been, in some respects, an object of sympathy to his friends. He was of about the same age as Mr. Havemeyer, had enjoyed in his youth the advantages of a refined home, good schools, an established social position, powerful connections, and every apparent guarantee of worldly prosperity and success.

His life, however, had not kept the promise of his youth. He had not been prosperous at all. Though leading, to all appearance, an exemplary life, and seemingly indisposed to vicious associations every sort, and domestic in his habits, his life had been, humanly speaking, as complete a failure as the Mayors had been a success. He had tried many different kinds of business, but had not succeeded in any. He was always needy, and had pretty much exhausted the liberality and patience of friends who were disposed to assist him, so that his visits were rather avoided, and no one was exactly proud of his acquaintance. His dress was careless and worn to the verge of shabbiness. He had a general look of belonging to no one and of nobody belonging to him. I will call him if you please, Mr. X——

We saluted him courteously, and when he had passed I made some remark to my companion about the strange persistence of the poor man's ill luck.

"X——and I,' said the Mayor, "used to be school-mates. We used to carry our dinners with us to school, which was at some distance from our respective homes. It was my habit to begin my dinner with my cold meat and bread, and when that was finished I ate my pie or cake or whatever delicacy my mother might have put into my basket; while X——, I observed, always began with his pie or cake, and finished with his cold meat. I remember one day asking him why he ate his pie first.

"Because I prefer to eat the good things, he replied, 'when I am most hungry, for then I can enjoy them most. When I have eaten all my meat, the pie would not taste half so good.'

"'But,' said I, "you spoil your appetite for your cold meat, which you would enjoy when hungry, and after which you would enjoy your pie also.'

"Neither my reasoning nor my example convinced him. As he made his bed he is lying on it. In his youth he ate his pie and had his sweet things; now, in his old age, he is worrying down his 'hard tack' as you see. Had he learned a little self-denial when he was young, he would not have been called upon for so much in his old age. He started life with every advantage apparently over me. His parents were rich, mine comparatively poor. He was sent to college and educated for a liberal profession; I was obliged to leave school early and earn my living. If he had taken advantage of his youth and strength to do what it was then comparatively easy to do, if he had denied himself the luxuries of idleness and extravagance then, he would now have leisure, wealth, and consideration, instead of being beholden to his friends more than half the time for money to purchase dinner with. He ate all his pie when he was young; he must sustain his old age upon what is left in his basket."

A Singular Hallucination.

There dwells in New York city a lady who in all respects seems a sane and sensible woman. She lost five years ago, an only daughter of great promise, seventeen years old, and the idol of the mother.—Since her child's death she has had the room she used to occupy, cleaned daily and the untouched bed pulled to pieces and made over. She sits before the vacant chair at the table and carfully fills the unused plate, and spring and fall buys the newest and prettest things for "Addie," giving away the last year's garments, "Addie," having done with them. There is no appearance of mental gloom or disorder about her, yet she carries this vagary into every act of her life. Riding out, no one ever sits beside her, as that seat is filled by the imaginary air-drawn daughter. When seats are taken at a theatre, her husband always gets three. You see the vacant chair between them, where she supposes the dead "Addie" sits and views the performance. She is cheerful and happy, and asked a friend of mine the other day for the pattern of a wrapper, saying "Addie" kept her room so much it would be serviceable, and several days later saw the poor mother busily braiding a Cashmere sack for "Addie." She will speak with a rationality for hours on all subjects, but suddenly excuse herself, saying I must go to "Addie" for a few moments. Sitting beside the empty bed (to which her daughter was confined for two years before her death) she clasps an unseen hand and talks hours together with her phantom child. It is a strange case, but by no means a sad one, since her tender ministration to this viewless "Addie" makes the mother's heart rejoice. To all intents and purposes the daughter seems to her to be with her constantly. Her husband contemplates taking her abroad, and the lady is already packing up "Addie's" things.—*New York Letter.*

GOOD ADVICE.

Never try to cheat your neighbor;
Don't consent to be a tool;
Get your living by hard labor;
Bear in mind the golden rule.
If you try to play a sharp game,
And, succeeding, gain you earn,
The time will come when tricks the same
Will be played on you in turn.

Mayhap you gain by knavery,
And by certain thievish schemes,
Faster than by toil and bravery,
Adding daily to your means;
But you'll find it's not so lasting—
You'll be cheated soon yourself;
In your old age you'll be fasting,
While your friend has lots of pelf.

You have gotten without labor,
Never heeding the true worth,
Of your riches, while your neighbor
Delved his from the stony earth,
Sweating freely for each penny;
Of the few he got each day,
He saved a few, while you spent many!
He's the better off to-day.

How Truffles Did It.

I returned to Ashville after an absence of three years, and found my friend Truffles grown fat and jovial, with a face the very mirror of peace and self-satisfaction. Truffles was the village baker, and he had certainly not been like this when I went away.

"Truffles,' said I, "how is it? You have improved.'

"Improved—how?'

"Why—in every way. What have you been doing?'

Just then a little girl came in, with a tattered shawl, and almost barefooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread.

"O, dear Mr. Truffles,' the child said, with brimming eyes, as she took the bread, "mamma is getting better, and she says she owes so much to you. She blesses you, indeed she does.'

"That's one of the things I've been doing,' said Truffles, after the child had gone.

"You are giving the suffering family bread?' I enquired.

"Yes.'

"Have you any more cases like that?'

"Yes, three or four of 'em. I gave them a loaf a day—enough to feed them.'

"And you take no pay?'

"Not from them.'

"Ah—from the town?'

"No—here,' said Truffles, laying his hand upon his breast. "I'll tell you,' he added, smiling: "One day, over a year ago, a poor woman came to me, and asked for a loaf of bread for which she could not pay—she wanted it for her suffering children. At first I hesitated, but I finally gave it to her, and as her blessing rang in my ears after she had gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard, and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself, by-and-by, wishing that I could afford to give away more bread. At length an idea struck me. I'd stop my beer, and give away that amount of expense in bread, adding one or two loaves on my account. I did it, and it's been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger, and I've grown every way. My sleep is sound and sweet, and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see, I suppose."

Iowa Discount.

One day last week—this is the way the broker tells it, although we're inclined to think he yarns—a man came to a Des Moines note shaver, handed him a note duly signed by a "good man," and asked him if he would buy it. The note had two years to run. The man of money glanced at the signature and notified the customer that he would purchase the document if they could agree upon terms. "Well, what will you give for it? said the seller. The broker took his pencil and figured.—When he had completed the example he scratched his head and muttered, "No that can't be correct," and figured again. Again the result didn't suit him and again he stirred up the capillary substance with his forefinger, and again he "ciphered." The third result appeared to satisfy him and looking up at the customer he remarked, "At first I thought I was mistaken, but the second and third trials verify the finding of the first. According to our rules for shaving paper, you owe me just fifteen dollars, but as its you, I'll take the paper and call it square." The seller studied awhile and concluded not to do it.—*Iowa Register.*

PICKING UP A WASP.—A West Hill minister picked up a frozen wasp on the sidewalk yesterday, and, with a view to advancing the interest of science, he carried it into the house and held it by the tail while he warmed his ears over a lamp chimney. His object was to see if wasps froze to death or merely lay dormant during the winter. He is of the opinion that they merely lie dormant, and of the dormantest kind at that, and when they revive, he says, the tail thaws out first, for while this one's head, right over the lamp, was so stiff and cold that it could not wink, its probe worked with such inconceivable rapidity that the minister could not grasp fast enough to keep up with it. He threw the vicious thing down the lamp chimney, and said he didn't want any more truck with a dormant wasp, at which his wife burst into tears and asked how he, a minister of the Gospel, could use such language, right before the children, too.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Novel Raffle.

One of the most novel as well as exciting raffles that ever took place in Seymour came off on Saturday evening last. Miss Minnie Clarence made the novel proposition of putting herself up to be raffled off, at fifty cents a chance. At first the matter was treated as a joke, but when it became known that the offer was a *bona fide* one, chances went rapidly, and in less than one hour every chance was taken, and heavy premiums were paid by young men anxious to win the beautiful and lovely prize.

Miss Minnie is a most bewitching beauty of 18 summers, an orphan, of respectable parentage, and a member of the best society of the State. She was decidedly the belle of Seymour, and was loved and admired by all who ever became acquainted with her, and probably envied just the least bit by the young ladies. She is a bright blonde, perfect in form, fair complexion, and has most ravishingly beautiful eyes.—Ever since she came to Seymour she has been the center of attraction and the admiration of the men. In justice to Miss Minnie, we should state that she gave the winner the privilege of accepting or refusing her, and reserved the same privilege for her self. There may have been several in the crowd whom she would have refused, but there were none, we venture to say, who would refuse her. How could they?

The hour set for the raffle came, and found all ready to try their luck. Miss Minnie was there in person, dressed in the height of fashion, to lend a charm to the occasion. She stood leaning gracefully against a show case, never speaking a word or betraying the least emotion, or showing the slightest preference for any of the contestants, excepting there was a perceptible twinkle in her eyes when some young and handsome "lover" would shake the dice.

Name after name was called, and each one in turn would shake the box with nervous hand, until all but three had thrown, and nothing higher than thirty-eight had been thrown. Then came Lynn Falconer's turn. Lynn is a blonde himself, and a clever, hard-working young man, and perhaps the twinkle of her eyes nerved him to the work. At any rate he tossed the ivory with steady hand, and the scorer called forty-six. The other two throws were made amid too much excitement to even be counted, and the prize was awarded to Lynn. Minnie came forward and took Lynn's arm, and the two went out together, amid the cheers of the crowd. She accompanied him to his father's hotel, where she was presented to his relatives, who had not had the pleasure of her acquaintance before, after, which she was escorted home. We of course do not know, certain, but as Lynn is a good clever young man, and she would be an honor to any household, we are inclined to think neither of them will back out.—*Indiana Star.*

The Powder of Love.

"Shut that door, Alice! You always leave it open; I never saw anybody so thoughtless!"

"Shut it yourself, if you want it shut. I'm not going to wait on you!" was the reply, and Alice marched through another door, leaving that open also.

Thus it happened that there were too angry hearts, two grievances to be cherished, instead of the blessed fruits of charity and love; thus it happens, also too often, with the best of us. Angry words, where loving ones should be said; frowns in place of smiles; coldness for Christian kindness!

And why is it that we find it easier to return evil than good to our fellow men?—Since we have the assurance gained by bitter experience, it may be, that the evil does in almost in every case bring us misery, from day to day, while well doing brings only purest happiness. Ah! the want of love! that is the secret of it all! Love to God above and before all, and love to man which is sure to follow. Having this, a heart full of love, the world will be to us a foretaste of heaven, and each day will hold its cup of happiness.

It is the little things, after all, the daily joys, the daily vexations, that test the character. Who does not know that it is easier for Mrs. Brown, to bear the sudden death of her husband, and the severe sickness of her baby, than to behold with equanimity the falling of her cake, or find that her bread is sour? She resigned herself to the death of her husband thinks it a "mysterious Providence," but trusts her Father to do the best thing for her. As for the sour bread—why; that is so indifferent!—It never occurs to her that "all things shall work together for good," means just such little vexations as come to Mrs. Brown on baking days. She never thinks of asking for help to bear those trials, and so she frets and worries all the day over them, making everybody in the house as miserable as herself.

It is in the daily duties, that we may please God. As much, nay more, is He pleased to be honored in the little things as in great work. Few of us have the great work to do. We can do the little deeds of kindness; we can all speak a helping word now and then, to somebody weaker than ourselves; and the cup of cold water given in His name, the smile of welcome to some poor child at our door, the sympathizing look, the heart full of love for suffering ones about us,—all, all shall have their reward, from Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

O, for those blessed words from the dear Saviour! Who would not strive to live a life of love, scattering sunshine and flowers in this weary world?