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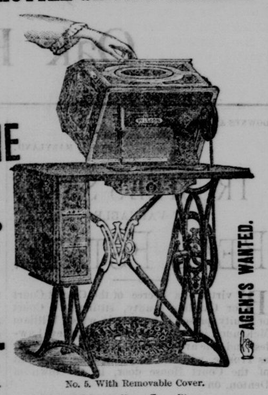

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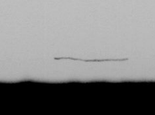

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"Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself."

FANNIE FAIRWEATHER.

Love thy neighbor as thyself;
How the words ring on my heart;
For I think, from symptoms felt,
I am struck by Cupid's dart.

Just across the garden wall,
In a cottage midst the trees;
Where the purple blossoms hang,
Swinging in the summer breeze;

Where fair Flora reigns supreme,
'Midst her courts of perfume [sweet;
Lilies pure and roses red,
Titania lays them at her feet.

In this bower a maiden dwells,
Perhaps she is too fair for me;
Yet she sings in merry notes:
"I know not love, I'm fancy free!"

Ah! her eyes are wells of light,
Her hair, low, in sunny curls;
Her cheek would make the roses [blush;
She is the queen of girls.

I hear her in the twilight hour,
Singing so low and strangely sweet;
It calls me back from memory's dream;
This maiden I must surely greet.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself,"
The Scripture gives the wise command;
I'll follow where the text shall lead;
I'll try to win the maiden's hand.

The battle's o'er, the victory's won;
The maiden's mine forever more;
With Cupid's sword I put to flight
Th' spirits round the cottage door.

This maiden is a very Ruth,
And does not pine for worldly pelf
I found that she the mandate read,
"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

So, when I this fair damsel wooed;
And brought the Scriptures in to prove;
She said, with blushing cheek, "I' know
My neighbor I must always love!"

Now, wandering mortal, take advice,
When life's path grows Egyptian night;
A simple text will, o'er the way,
Throw gleams of irridescent light.

WAVERLY, April, 1884.

THE SPECTRAL RIDER.

At Baden-Baden a horse race was to take place; a great many spectators had assembled. The elite had not yet arrived, and, as therefore the races had not begun, the sportsmen were standing in groups. Among these were two officers of the army.

"Do you really intend to let Devil's Daughter take part, Poseneck?" asked one of them.

"Undoubtedly; she has the best chance."

"But who will you get to ride the mare?"

"I shall find some one; if not I shall ride her myself."

"If your Cousin Arno would ride her there might be a chance of winning, but as he is engaged to be married his affianced probably will not allow it; and she cannot be blamed for doing so, for on that horse one risks breaking his neck."

The steeplechaser spoken of, Arno von Hohenstein, was present, and therefore Kurt von Poseneck hoped to gain his aid, for he knew how passionately fond his cousin was of this sport.

He found him, accompanied by his intended and his future father-in law.

"I suppose it grieves you not to take part to-day?" said Poseneck; and turning to the young lady he added: "You may feel flattered that he intends to give it up for your sake."

"I suppose we will try now to get seats, for soon all will be taken," said Arno, with a sigh.

While he led the way Poseneck whispered to the young lady: "Have you no word of comfort for me, Victorine?"

Unknown to the others she slipped a little note into Kurt's hand. He escaped as soon as possible to read it undisturbed.

It consained the following words: "Forgive me; I was forced to comply with the wishes of my parents; my entreaties, tears, remonstrances were in vain; therefore I am the affianced wife of Arno von Hohenstein. I am lost to you forever, but I shall never forget you."

Poseneck's lowering glance rested upon the woman he loved, the affianced of another. There she stood, a stately figure, with a clear, dark complexion and lustrous black eyes, beside the insignificant looking blonde, her future husband. At that moment Poseneck vowed that it shold not be.

Shortly before the steeplechase began he appeared in the paddock, accompanied by Arno. Notwithstanding the opposition of Victorine's father, he had succeeded in persuading him to ride the mare. Victorine had greatly influenced his decision, for when Poseneen whispered to her to assist him she did so without hesitation.

It was a beautiful sight when the eleven horsemen who were to take in the races took their positions. Devil's Daughter, a powerful, dark-brown, thorough-bred mare, under Hohenstein's guidance, attracted all attention. The more restless she was the more composed and immovable sat her rider. As Victorine heard the admiring exclamations she felt for the first time a certain interest in her future husband.

She was roused from her thoughts by Poseneck's voice saying rather ironically:

"You are looking at your intended with great interest," and as she looked up he continued, lowering his voice, "You shall be mine," and to himself he murmured, "This decides his fate."

Victorine cast a frightened glance at the tall, commanding figure of Poseneck, as he slowly moved on. What could he mean? Death and destruction to the unfortunate Hohenstein? She knew that two years before Poseneck had killed in a duel the Count of Pruckwitz, a suitor of hers, who was favored by her relatives. When he returned from the fortress where he had been confined for several months he found her still true to him. But her passionate love was now mingled with admiring awe. His demoniacal and authoritative manner, instead of repelling her, attracted and ruled her entirely.

Kurt von Poseneck combined an imposing and distinguished appearance with the most agreeable social qualities. He had also won the reputation of being reckless and daring on the battle-field. All this made him a general favorite with the ladies.

He had easily won Victorine's love. But her parents wished another husband for their daughter, for they thought the dashing young officer was not the man to make her happy; so Poseneck's offer was declined. But, being assured of Victorine's affection, he did not give up his hopes. He succeeded in keeping up a secret correspondence with her, which was only discontinued when Victorine, forced by her parents, was betrothed to Arno von Hohenstein. Poseneck's rage and grief at this were extreme; but, with the self-command peculiar to him, he controlled his feelings.

Under these circumstances Victorine also suffered inexpressible anguish. The affianced of one whom she did not love, cherishing love for another, wavering between duty and affection, carried away by her passions—she wrote that note which she had given Poseneck.

The racing began, and all but Hohenstein dashed on; he purposely kept back only to give the mare the rein afterwards. First they went over the water jump. Then came a stone wall, one of the most dangerous obstacles. At this place Poseneck had taken position to await Devil's Daughter. The mare came on. Arno was already prepared for the leap when Poseneck uttered a peculiar hoarse cry. The noble animal, startled, stopped, and the rider was thrown forward, his head striking against the wall.

The next moment Poseneck knelt beside a corpse. As he saw the fixed, glassy look of the dead man's eyes he shivered with horror. The violence of his passion for Victorine had led him to commit a deed which resembled a cowardly assassination. That moment was impressed on his memory never to be forgotten.

The accident had been seen from the stand, and the spectators hurriedly approached. Poseneck went to break the news to Victorine and her father. But he only said that he was seriously hurt; that he was dead he did not dare to tell them.

"The poor, dear boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "When I saw him thrown I immediately thought something serious had happened. I must see him. Count von Poseneck, please conduct my daughter to her carriage."

He hurried away and left the two alone. With indescribable anguish Victorine read the terrible truth in his pale face.

"He is dead," she gasped, and as his looks affirmed it she continued: "I am to blame—I persuaded him to take part."

"It was I who caused his death. I did it out of love for you. I have not only loved you more than my life, but more than my honor, my conscience. The price paid to win you was fearful; but mine you shall be."

Did Victorine surmise the truth? She seemed as if petrified, she dare not think. Her love outweighed her loathing.

"You dare not reject me," he continued, passionately. "You are mine, body and soul. I would be driven to despair if I did not possess your love—the only ray of light in the darkness that surrounds me."

Who could describe Victorine's feelings? Could she overcome her horror, or did this terrible proof of his passion kindle her love?

* * * * * *

Two years have passed since Arno von Hohenstein has been numbered with the dead. Few remembered him. His parents he had lost when a boy. The comrades with whom he had been a favorite, his former friends, the cousins who had inherited his estates, thought of him no more. So no one seemed to be astonished when Victorine was betrothed and married to Poseneck, whose financial circumstances had been bettered by an unexpected inheritance.

Time had not taught Victorine to forget Hohenstein's tragic death. Often he seemed to stand before her, menacing and threatening, and at night she often started from her sleep with a shriek. But when Poseneck was at her side her happiness was so great as to obliterate the dark past.

That day, the second anniversary of Arno's death, races were again to be held at Baden-Baden. Kurt's father-in-law had asked him to attend. He acquiesced rather unwillingly. His thoughts turned continually to the moment when he had knelt beside Hohenstein's corpse. Even the presence of his beloved wife could not make him forget. He had to summon all his strength to maintain his outward composure. But Victorine's loving eyes read his inmost thoughss.

He was restless; he passed from group to group, and at last went into the paddock to take a look at the horses. One of his comrades stepped up to him and said:

"Poseneck, you must ride Creve-Cœur to-day."

"Don't you know that I have given up steeplechase riding altogether?

After a great deal of coaxing and bantering he at last consented.

"Seems a fever has seized me," he muttered to himself, for in spite of the warm weather he felt chilly.

As the moment of action arrived, knowing that he needed all his nerve, he regained his self command. Just as he was putting his foot in the stirrup he heard some one say:

"Have you heard that at Hamburg day before yesterday, Devil's Daughter broke her neck?"

He felt as if he had received a blow. The horse that had been his tool was dead. She had passed from one to another, bringing nothing but misfortune to her owners. Another in his position perhaps, would have silenced his conscience by saying that it had been the horse's fault. Poseneck could not do so. Only too well he knew that he had deliberately caused Hohenstein's death. He did not repent this deed, but still he was haunted by his victim.

As the race was proceeding, it was easily seen what Creve-Cœur could do. He was gaining ground constantly, and each obstacle was cleared without effort. Soon he was in front. Suddenly Poseneck saw a shadow, without hearing the tread of a shoe. He turned and saw beside him Arno von Hohenstein, mounted ed on Devil's Daughter.

Was the terrible apparation a creature of his excited imagination?

"Who is that rider next to Kurt?" Victorine asked her father.

"A rider? I see none! Poseneck is leading the race."

"There, on the dark horse. I see him plainly. Merciful God! It is Hohenstein!"

Her father turned hastily toward her—she had fainted.

In the meantime the two riders sped away. Poseneck could not avert his eyes from that ghastly face that was so close behind him. Now the horses neared the stone wall, and he prepared himself involuntarily for the leap.

Suddenly the phantom turned and fixed his glassy look full upon his face.

With an inarticulate cry he let go the reins and covered his face with his hands. Creve-Cœur, suddenly deprived of his master's guidance, fell, throwing his rider.

His comrades, rushing toward the spot, found Poseneck a corpse. No one but he and Victorine, the only ones who knew of the foul deed, had seen the spectral rider.—Federal Australian.

What a Fat Man Says of His Kind.

Flesh is materialized philosophy. Fat men are nearly always philosophers. Dickens challenged the world to point out a mob of fat men, and although I was not as well acquainted with Mr. Dickens as I am with certain active young fellows who visit me the first of every month, yet I agree with him, I never saw a mob of fat men. I never saw a fat man hanged. Once in Kentucky a fat man was sentenced to be hanged, but when an appeal to the Supreme Court was taken, the judges, who were too fleshy to pull on a boot comfortably, told the condemned man that he was too fat to be hanged with any degree of pleasure, and consequently gave him a palm leaf fan and sent him to the penitentiary to await a pardon, which was not long coming. It was afterwards proved that the fat man was innocent.

History shows that all philosophers were fat; that is, history proves that some were fat and that others should have been. Don't understand me to say that great flesh is to be desired. I do say though, that flesh is conducive to philosophy, for none but the philosopher can enjoy an excess of adipose tissue. When a man discovers that he is getting fat the revelation does not impart a thrill of pleasure. For some time he has noticed that his appetite is unusually good, and he has occasionally detected in himself a disposition to talk of beefstead and to read with pleasure the old English novel where great roasts are described in detail. His friends used to ask: "How tall are you?" but now they want to know how much he weighs. He is annoyed. He does not contemplate with satisfaction the gradual filling up of his "weskit" and the tightening of a coat which was once once too large for him. He decided to diet himself, but soon abandoned the idea.

"I never saw a man gain flesh so fast," said a friend, meeting him at the Governor's reception. "Why, only a few years ago you were as thin as a rail. How much do you weigh, any how?"

Another man comes along and says: "Hello! when are you going to stop growing?"

"Well," he finaly meditates, "I am fat and I can't help it. A man who's going to be fleshy will be in spite of everything he can do. I don't intend to let it bother me."

After this life is much smoother. He finds himself laughing heartily, and he reads humorous works with a zest he never before experienced. He is a philosopher now: not one on account of mental maturity; not that he has learned to place the proper estimate on the world's pleasures, but on account of his flesh.

The Pin and the Needle.

A Pin and a Needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the Pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the Needle rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the Pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can g through more work than you can," said the Needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in your side," said the Pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature!" said the Needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs on a single thread!" said the Pin.

While they thus talked a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the neeedle at the eye. She then tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and in attempting to sew with it she pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt beside the broden needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the Pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the Needle. "How much we resemble human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!"

Wanted to be Kicked.

"Yas, Yas," smiled the old countryman, as he stood talking to a city chap who seemed to know him, "thar's a heap o' tricks played on the kentrymen; they gits sucked in lots o' times. But I kinder figger that the sharper that tries to draw wool over my eyes'll git lef purty bad."

"I'll bet you are a good one," answered the stranger patronizingly. "I can tell a man when he's green."

The rustic poked him in the side, and pulling down his eye, laughed.

"D'ye see any green there."

"Not a bit of it?" merrily replied the other; then in an advising tone he continued: "I've seen more of the world than you have, and would like to say that the most important action is concealing the money."

"Oh, I've got that down fine," broke in the countryman, pointing to his left sleeve: "D'ye see that little bump? Well, thar's the cash, inside o' the linin', and nobody can take it out 'twout me knowin' it."

A few moments after they parted, the countryman going into a clothing store to do some buying. He had made his purchase and was waiting for the bill, when one of the salesmen approached him and said:

"Can't I sell you a nice coat?"

"Not me," answered the farmer, "I've got plenty of them fixins."

"But I see the sleeve of the one you have on has been torn or cut, and if you wish one of the ladies will mend it for you."

With a ghastly look the farmer jerked off his coat and viewed the wrecked sleeve.

Then turning to the clerk he said sorrowfully:

"Mister, kin ye tell me whar I kin git a rale stout man to kick a dinged fool outin town?"

Satan Reproving Sin.

Just before Willard Saulsbury left the Senate he and Senator Patterson of Tennessee were the chief actors in a scene that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As everybody knows, Senator Saulsbury was one of the most gifted men ever before the American people. His great talents, however, were obscured by an unconquerable propensity for strong drink. Senator Patterson was also a full hand at the same business, and always had his can full and a quart over. A day or two before Saulsbury was to leave the Senate, Patterson was alittle drunker than usual and he staggered over to Saulsbury's desk and blundered into a seat beside the Delawarean. Patting the latter affectionately on the back, in a maudlin way, he blurted out:

"Shaulsbury, I've come over here to talk to you about your habitsh (hic). You drinksh too much, old man—yesh, you do—and you ought to shtop it. Go home and shober up and become a (hic) shober man."

Saulsbury looked at him in utter, irrepressible amazement, and then he boiled over thus:

"Patterson, my poor wife has talked to me with tears about my habits; so have my children, and so have my friends, but I never realiled how blankedly degraded I was till a blanked gutter sot like you reeled over here to preach temperence with his skin so full of whisky that it would make a decent Chinaman drunk to even wash his undershirt."

Patterson looked at Willard winking and blinking and then muttered: "Shome men never will take good advish!" and reeled back to his seat, laid his head on his desk, and was soon sound asleep.—Hatchet.

The Two Parties on the Tariff.

A writer in the Baltimore Sun defines the position of the Democrats and Republicans on the tariff. He says:

"There are only two sides to the tariff discussion. First the Republican side. That government is paternal, and ought to supervise, protect and regulate the private affairs of the people, because they are not able to take care of themselves, and that, therefore, it is just, wise and constitutional that taxes should be so levied as to support those branches of business that are unable to support themselves, and that people who are able to earn their own living should contribute to the support of those who cannot.

"Second. The democratic side, that the people are capable of self-government, and are able to take care of their own private affairs, and are most happy and prosperous the less they are interfered with by the government. Therefore it is unjust, unwise aud unconstitutional that taxes should be levied for any other purpose whatever save for the support of the goverment, and that government has no right to take one man's earnings and appropriate them to another man's support."

Tom Marshal and the Judge.

Tom Marshall was engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him as so bad that he arose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided at the trial of Christ."

"Mr. Clerk will fine Mr. Marshall $10 for contempt of court," said the Judge, solemnly.

"I confess, your honor," retorted Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it has been ruled as contempt of court to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate."

"Mr. Clerk, make the fine $20 for a continuous contempt," said the Judge, solemnly.

"Well, Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me 20."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the Judge, hastily, "remit the fine. The state can afford to lose the money better than I can."

"I congratulate the court upon its return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.

THE young man with the pistol which he didn't know to be loaded has appeared again, this time in Delaware. Instead of shooting his sister or playmate, as he usually does, he varied the performance by rendering his mother a subject for the Coroner's inquest. The report that he is insane in consequence of the fatal act leads to the wish that the insanity of this class of callous and reckless lads might show itself and they be placed in confinement before the shooting takes place. A person who has not penetration enough to find out that a pistol or gun is loaded before experimenting with it in company with his mother or anybody else is too innocent to run at large.

IF all the politicians go into bankruatcy who is to furnish the "soap" necessary for carrying on the Presidential canvass just opening? One day it was Grant and all his family. The next it was the Stalwart manager, John F. Smyth, of Albany.—Another day later and it is Senator Sabin, chairman of the national Republican committee. This would indicate that business depression had struck the politicians with much force, as if with the purpose of giving the country a decent campaign without money. It is, however, safe to assume that Sabin will not be chairman of the committee after the adjournment of the convention, as he is before its meeting. That is no place for bankrupts.

WILLIAM KING, a very rich London merchant, who loved life, adopted a curious scheme to lengthen the period of his declining days. He willed $1,000 to his physician, with the proviso that the sum should be doubled every year that the testator should be kept alive. The second year the sum became $2,000; the third year $4,000; the fourth, $8,000; the fifth, $16,000; the sixth, $32,000; the seventh, $64,000; the eighth, $128,000; $256,000; the tenth, $512,000; Upon the death of Mr. King, a few weeks ago, the physician was paid $750,000, between ten and eleven years having passed since the agreement.

An English newspaper recently contained an undertaker's advertisement, in which his patrons were asked, "Why live and be miserable, when you can be buried in comfort for three pounds ten?"

Guessing at beans in a jar is easy compared with guessing the name of the next President.

The great backbiter—the flea.

Always getting into scrapes—nutmegs.

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