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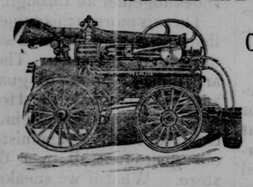

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**Alone.**

The autumn twilight steals apace,
With chill and threatening mien,
And dulls the hope that dawned at morn
And golden glowed till e'en.

The gloom without is matched within
By grief's despairing gray:
And Desolation holds the door
For Hope's departing ray.

Alone I sit; no loving hand
Rests kindly on my own,
No tender voice with cheerful words
Breaks in upon my moan.

No pitying eyes look into mine
In protest of my tears,
Nor weep in sympathizing woe
With my despairing fears.

In all the world no one is there
With interest in my own
Enough to say, "Rest ye content,
And reap where I have sown."

Should Death his visitation make,
No human hand is near
To gently press the eyelids down
Or drop a friendly tear.

My love in its bestowal lies,
A dead, unvalued thing;
While one there is who, holding it,
Would deem himself a king.

And thus the fates in demon glee
With hearts at tennis play,
Sending the good to meet the bad
Upon their headlong way.

Full tilt, afield, the tender heart
Against the hard is thrown,
And, broke, and bleeding, breathes away
Its life upon a stone.

**NAOMI'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.**

BY W. T.

Naomi Burton stood at the very edge of the shaday, turfy lawn that stretched to the lake, lying like a great blue jewel at the foot of the mountains, and encircled by them as exquisite, glancing green emerald encircles a cool, translucent opal.

"Was there ever a more lovely spot? Only just see the effect of the shadows chasing down the wooded mountain, Mr. Rayburn."

Dare Rayburn, standing a few steps from her, and carrying her flossy

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your leaving Mr. Rayburn on further unless——"

Naomi laughed.

"What awful unspoken alternative remaineth, mamma?"

Mrs. Burton pinned a modest spray of scarlet sage among her yet glossy dark braids.

"Your papa and I see no objection to Rayburn whatever. He is young, well connected, fairly well off, and a gentleman, and we had both hoped you would——"

A bright little flame leaped to Naomi Burton's cheeks.

"Oh, mamma! Such nonsense! Indeed you are doomed beforehand to disappointment, for I shall never marry anybody. And there comes Lord Barryville to take me for a drive, and I am not nearly ready."

Just ten minutes afterwards Dare Rayburn, looking from his window, saw Naomi's lovely face framed in its dainty chip hat all ablaze with flowers, as she sat smiling and chatting beside the big, fair young lord in his aristocratic vehicle drawn along by a pair of prancing snow-white horses, and a pang of bitter envy and mad jealousy pierced him.

"She surely cannot care for that pig-headed fellow who parts his hair in the middle! How easy it would be to get clear of all this misery and disappointment—a few steps down to the lake, a plunge—and I wonder what Naomi would think? At all events, I will leave this place at once. She may play with some other man's heart. From to-day I banish her."

* * * * * * *

Autumn faded into winter. All the world had returned to London. The Burtons had come back to their quiet house in Belgravia, and Naomi's future was still an anxiety to them. Dare Rayburn, in spite of his resolution, was still a constant visitor, but Naomi treated him in the same off-hand manner.

At length Christmas came and passed, and on New Year's Day there was to be a quiet party, and Naomi was in her room dressing when there came to her ear the sound of the eager, hurried, awe-stricken voices of two servant girls who were in the adjoining corridor so close to Naomi's room that every syllable fell on her ear with perfect distinction.

"Isn't it awful about him, though? This makes the third death this week—old Judge Selwyn, with the queer stroke he took, and Mrs. St. John's baby, and now poor, dear Mr. Rayburn must go and skate, and fall into the Serpentine. It's awful!"

Naomi suddenly laid down a spray of dainty creamy flowers she was about to pin among her golden puffs.

A deathly, ice fear, and pain, and horror seemed to hold her in a steady grasp from which she could not stir.

The relentless voice went on, all unconscious of the fate it was fulfilling.

"You might ha' knocked me down with a feather, I was that upset, when Jim brought the word that poor Mr. Rayburn had tumbled into the Serpentine. Poor dear gentleman! Ain't it dreadful to think they're a-fishin' for his body, an' him alive and well only at luncheon time? It's awful to think of."

And then if through the pall of surprise and horror there suddenly entered a keen ray of revealed realization, Naomi, who had grown whiter and whiter, staggered fainting to the nearest chair, over which she was lying, unconscious, when her mother came in, full of the heartending news she had only just heard and came to break to her child.

"It's sickening sad, and nobody deplores poor Mr. Rayburn's untimely death more than I do; but I must say, Naomi, that I think you behave most unbecomingly when one takes into consideration your own confession that you cared nothing whatever for him."

Mrs. Burton was gently caressing poor Naomi's limp, cold hands, for the girl had revived, and was crouching, pale and agonized, away down in the chintz cushions of an easy chair.

Her blue eyes suddenly fired hotly at Mrs. Burton's words.

"Mamma, I never said so! I never confessed I didn't like him, for I did, I did! I loved him—oh, I loved him so much, and I always meant some day to tell him so! And, now, oh, mamma, it will break my heart, because I know it was I who killed him—mamma! I did love him so much."

Her piteous, sweet voice went up in a wail that smote the mother's heart tenderly.

Naomi sat wringing her hands in pitiful woe, her sweet blue eyes full of hopeless misery.

"And to think he died and never knew what I really thought of him. Oh, if I only could once tell him, I would give anything?"

"Then let it be your own sweet self, my darling, that you give me, because you see there has been a stupid mistake somewhere, and I'm not drowned at all. Naomi, love, you do care for me after all."

And Mr. Dare Rayburn closed the door after him as he walked in, talking to Naomi, who sprung from her chair, wild-eyed, almost overcome by the exquisite reaction.

While Mr. Burton smiled serenely.

"My little plot to bring Naomi to her senses has been remarkably successful; thanks to the hint I dropped to one or two gossipy people on whom I could depend."

While Mr. Rayburn settled things with a lordly authority then and there.

"You are mine by virtue of your own confession, little pet. You have given me your heart, the best and brightest New Year's gift a woman can bestow. And we will be as happy as the summer days are long, won't we?"

And they were unexceptionally happy, for all Naomi always insists she was not won by fair means.

**How Baby Died.**

The doctor said it had a severe cold, and prescribed for it. He went away and returned in an hour without being called. Then I knew that my bady boy was more ill than I had thought, and when he went away I followed him out of the house and into the snow burdened air and said to him:

"Doctor, tell me the truth. Will my baby die?" "It is very ill," he replied, "but there is yet a little hope." Then I returned and looked again on the sweet face of my little boy. Where dimples had been were hard, white lines of pain. Where the nostrils had been such a soft and velvety pink you could see the light shine through their walls, and every hair-like vein was blue almost to blackness. The little hands, which I was wont to feel patting my face and pressing my cheeks, had lost their tender cunning, and were lying uselessly on its heaving bosom, purple and clenched. I knew my baby was not for long. I knew that even then the angels, who loved it a little better than I, were waiting to take it away. I saw the death dew stand in diamond beads upon its alabaster brow, and felt the dampening curls that clustered like failing sunshine where I had been wont to kiss it. I heard the faint gurgling in my baby's throat and saw no recognition in its eyes, once so soft and blue, and laughing, but now glassy with the film of death. They were looking away through the ceiling and roof of my humble cottage into the realms where the Recording Angel sat, with the book of life open before him, at a page as white as snow, save where the name was written at the top—the name of my darling boy. The snowflakes ceased to fall, and the glad sunlight from the west came in through the window and fell upon my baby's bed, flooding it with a radiance and glory like that which trembles on the golden tiles of heaven, and then the sun sank out of view, and in the gray twilight my baby lay, struggling body and soul, the one with the other, for the mastery. As the shadows deepened, I saw the bony hand of death reach out from among the pillows and clutch my baby by the throat. I tried to fight the monster back, but he would not loose his hold. The lamps were lighted, and I saw my baby smile, as if it saw a face more welcome, kind and sweet than the face of her that bore it bending over its cradle—the face of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," and while it yet smiled, the soul went out from the tabernacle of clay, and left the temple tenantless and cold, but beautiful as life itself. My baby was dead, and I was clasping to my heart only the clay image of its soul, now winging its flight through the boundless depths of blue that lie between the grave and the throne of God. Is it a wonder that men worship idols of clay, when clay is so grandly beautiful as this?

I slept and dreamed, and as I dreamed I saw the pearly gates swing open, and I knew my baby had reached home. I caught a glimpse of heaven and saw it fly straight to the arms of Him who died upon the cross, and ere the gates were closed the angel with the book drew his wand across the page and held it up to the other, and I saw that naught but the name of my darling boy was there, written in characters of shining gold; while all the rest was pure and white; and as the gates swung shut the harps of millions sang a glad refrain.

**About Suicides.**

London Lancet says: No one can fail to be struck by the apparent increasing number of suicides. It may be that the total percentage of these distressing deaths upon the increment of the population has not increased, but it is beyond question that suicide as a social calamity, has been thrust on our notice of late more than in remoter years. Until the statistical facts are made clear, it would be idle to speculate as to the probable cause of this increase, if there is one. It is, however, not merely permissible, but politic, to bestow a passing glance on the subject as a whole. Suicide may be divided roughly into two great classes: those in which the self-slayers are intentionally conscious of what they are doing, and those in which they are either unconscious of their acts or perform them under distinct hallucinations or delusions of idea. This last class—which, if not technically definite, will serve for our immediate purpose, is not, we think, a large one. Without hair-splitting, it may roughly be said that the great majority of those who kill or try to kill themselves in these modern times and in civilized communities are perfectly well aware of the nature of the act they are performing or attempting, and do the deed with a, so far, intelligent purpose of escaping from misery which seems unendurable, or because of some terror or shame that for the time overwhelms them. The law is mercifully interpreted for the sake of survivors, but as a matter of fact, scarcely one in a hundred of the so-called cases of "temporary insanity" are correctly so described. It is heart-breaking or brain-tearing trouble that makes men and women long to die, or impetuously seek refuge in death, either in the belief that in dying they will sleep, or that consciousness will end in eternal oblivion. We do not say there is a clearly defined process of reasoning in all these cases, though in the majority we believe there is; but in very few instances, indeed, is the real inner feeling one which differs greatly from the yearning to escape—anywhere, anywhere out of this misery. The rate at which men and women live nowadays has something to do with this feeling. Boys and girls and men and women in their acquaintance with, and experiences of, life and its so-called pleasures and sorrows, at an age when our grandparents were innocent children in the nursery. The young men of the day are blaze at two or three and twenty, the young women ennuyee. Life is played out before its meridian is reached, or the burden of responsibility is thrust upon the consciousness at a period when the mind can not in the nature of things be competent to cope with its weight and attendant difficulties. All this has been said before. There is not a new word or a new thought in it, and yet it is a very terrible and pressing subject. We cannot give it the go-by. "Forced" education commenced too early in life and pressed on too fast is helping to make existence increasingly difficult. We are running the two-year old colts in a crippling race, and ruining the stock. If able and impartial observers would make it their business to ascertain the facts about suicide, they would be doing a good and useful work. We believe, not without some data on which to base our speculations, that suicide is increasing, and that the active cause of the evil is weak-mindness, the result of forced development and premature responsibility. Hasty and too early marriages, too anxious struggles for success in life, too hazardous ventures in business enterprise, the rush of undisciplined and untrained minds into the arena of intellectual strife, and, above all, that swinging of the self-consciousness—pendulum-like—between excess of rigor in self-control and untempered license, which constitutes the inner experience of too many, are proximate causes of the breakdown or agony of distress which ends in suicide. The underlying cause is impatience, social, domestic and personal, of the period of preparation which nature has ordained to stand on the threshold of life, but which the waste of "progress" treats as delay. It is not delay but development; albeit this is a lesson rash energy has yet to learn from sober science.

**Some New Geography.**

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, base-ball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men "who run the party" and lend money at 15 per cent interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor, who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross-walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing $5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races?

Horse race, boat race, bicycle race, and racing around to find a man to endorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Six. Being enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent, and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and worst laws, and produce the worst criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing betweeen New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by every body taking the street-cars and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury were Smith stood when Jones gave him a lift under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.

**Over Confidence.**

Don't be over confident, young man. Don't carry your pet hobby too far. Take note of the shoulders and legs of a man before you sass him. Out here on West Hill there is a goat that for three long years butted everything and everybody the broad empire of Burlington could send against. He ate the circus posters before the paste was dry, and when the advance agent remonstrated the goat just stood up and crowded the rash man clear through the bill stand. He once upset a hay wagon, jammed his head clear through the end of a wood-shed, and flattened an officer up against a brick house. And one day he wandered down into a saw mill and butted the fly-wheel. Only once. When he came down his neck was bent. He couldn't make a dent in a sack of meal now. Young man, be content with reasonable victories. Some day you, too, may run against a fly-wheel.—Hawkeye.

**Why He Supports Cleveland.**

A few days ago Mr. H. K. Thurber, a prominent business man of New York city, who is a Republican in politics, wrote a letter to the Times, in which he says:

"I for one shall vote for Grover Cleveland for President, and have many friends and acquaintances who have uniformly acted with the Republican party that will also vote at this election the Democratic ticket, and the reasons assigned I give below. They do not consider James G. Blaine a bad man, but the reason is that the Republican party is committed to the policy of high taxation. They believe that the collecting $150,000,000 a year in excess of the amount needed for the support of the government is a wrong policy. They believe that this generation has paid all that it ought to do of the war debt. They believe that every government bond that is now out is needed as a basis for the security of the circulation granted the national banks and for investment for estates, &c., that need the highest form of security regardless of the rate of interest. They believe that the paying of these bonds, that is now reducing the national bank note circulation at the rate of $200,000 to 250,000 every month, is a mistake. They believe that such excessive taxation as enables our sugar refineries to sell granulated sugar at this time to foreigners at $3.40 per 100 pounds when for home consumption they have to charge $6.50, it is a mistake and wrong. They paid high taxes cheerfully until such time as our government credit stood as high as any government in the world, when our 3 per cent. bond (liable to be called in at the pleasure of the goverment) commanded a premium, and when they had been so reduced that it was an actual injury to the best interests of the country to reduce them further. They then expected from the Republican party such action as would reduce onerous taxation, and have been anxiously hoping that the policy of the party would change. When, therefore, Mr. Blaine, the incarnation of the high taxation policy, was nominated, and when the Democratic party announced that their policy would be the collection only of such revenue as would support the government, and when they presented a candidate for our support that was known to be an honest man, one that the tax-paying Republicans of the city of Buffalo selected from the Democratic party and made mayor to relieve themselves from a dishonest gang of Republicans who had long controlled the city, we thought we could not make any grert mistake in voting this time the Democratic ticket. The foregoing reasons are to my knowledge the ones that will govern the course of many Republicans in the election."


**The U. S. Campaign Lie Co. (Limited).**

This corporation, acting under a special charter obtained from the legislature, begs leave to announce that it is now ready to supply the trade with an unequaled assortment of Campaign Lies, suitable to the exigencies of the hour, at reasonable rates. A large number of the most accomplished prevaricators of the age have been engaged at great expense to prepare us for the unexpected demand of the fall season.

Our prices, which we give below, will be found to be more than generous.

FOR REPUBLICAN USE.
(Now Ready).

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| Startling Developments in Sheriff Cleveland's Career, [per development] | $ 7.50 |
| Horrid Murder of a Defenceless Negro by Thomas A. Hendricks | 7.00 |
| Details of same, with Full Name of Corpse | 5.00 |
| Depravity of Cleveland as a School Boy, with Map | 3.00 |
| Autograph Letter of Grover Cleveland, saying: "To—— with the Workingman! I'm for Gould." | 25.00 |
| The Same, with the —— Spelled Out in Full | 30.00 |
| (In Preparation.) | |
| Chromo Lithographs of Cleveland Kicking His Grandmother, and Saying "D——!" | $ 8.00 |
| Life of Hendricks, Used in '76 Campaign, Insuring Defeat | 7.00 |
| Recommendation to the Public of Grover Cleveland by R. B. Hayes, Warranted to Kill Even a Better Man [per doz] | .75 |

FOR DEMOCRATIC USE.
(Now Ready.)

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| Proofs in Detail that Blaine Wrote "Peek-a-Boo" | $ 4.00 |
| The Same, with Illustrations, together with a Map of the Mulligan Letters | 6.00 |
| Portrait of Keifer, Warranted to Convince the Most Bigoted of the Error of Republican Ways | 10.00 |
| Documents Showing the Complicity of John A. Logan in the Outrageous and Memorable Assault on the Hon. B. Patterson | 10.00 |
| The Same, with a Sketch in Oil of Logan's Moustache | 15.00 |
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—Puck.


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