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True Heart, Good Night.

True heart, good-night! the stars that shine,
The moon that sails the cloud-foamed blue,
Are not more radiant or divine
Than the sweet womanhood and true
That lives in you!

Go to your rest—the conscious bed
Waits opened-armed, its happy guest,
Listens the music of your tread,
Yearns the soft pressure of your breast—
Go to your rest!

Sweet dreams and fair, peaceful as skies
Of cloudless nights in Summer's prime
Be yours—pure as the chalices,
Dew filled and fragrant, with the lime
In blossom time!

Pure heart, good night! if prayers avail,
When you shall bow this sunny head,
May some fair thought of me prevail,
Some tender word for me be said
Beside your bed!

Gone—save a dreamy faint perfume
Blown from the roses in her hair;
The light is gone—in deepening gloom
I whisper kisses to the air,
Climbing the stair.

—Exchange.

"AVIS," THE FOUNDLING.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"But you have known me so short a time—only six weeks—how is it possible that you can love me?"

"How is it possible? Rather ask how is it possible to avoid loving you. And, besides, is it really so incomprehensible, Avis? You have known me just the same length of time, and yet—yet—I have ventured to hope that you—that you love me dear. Oh, Avis, is the sweet hope false? Have I deceived myself? Or will you, indeed, confirm it by promising to be, some happy day, my wife?"

He would have caught and clasped the fair girl in his arms, but she, keeping him back by a gesture of her little hand, while her great dark eyes were fixed with beseeching earnestness upon his face, answered:

"It is not what I wish—or even what you wish—that must be thought of, Mr. Roy, but your mother—your mother, who has been like a mother to me also, so good, so generous.—What would she say—"

A voice, tremulous yet stern, interrupted her—a voice that made them start and turn in some confusion.

"She would say that you are right in remembering her, Avis, and that she is glad of this proof of your gratitude; for the rest, Roy Livingstone's mother looks farther than her own family circle, and higher than to a poor dependent, however good or fair, when she seeks a bride for her only son and a future mistress for the Livingstone homestead, "The Laurels." Leave us, Avis. I do not blame you, child, forget this folly; it has been no fault of yours. I will speak to you further presently—wait in my room."

"And so," she went on, turning to her son, when Avis, silently weeping, had left them—'and so this is the result of your artist folly. You would paint my pretty companion's picture, forsooth, and while so doing have stolen her heart and lost your own. I might have looked for this; I should have been more careful. But do you hope that I shall tolerate such folly? I overheard you ask the girl, just now, to be your wife."

"You did," the young man answered gently, but with a resolution that was unmistakable. "I love her and will marry her."

"Without my consent? Without your mother's blessing? Is this the affection—the duty of my own child?"

He put his arms around her.

"I shall never set you at defiance, mother, and least of all for Avis's sake. She is too good, too ardently attached to you to do aught that could wound you. But will you not have compassion for us, also, mother? We love each other. Avis has been to you as a daughter always; let it be mine to make her so indeed. Where could you ever find a child so truly yours—whose heart and soul you know—whose mind is of your own pure training? I love her with a love that will not change. Unless you give me Avis for a wife, I shall not marry."

"Absurd!" Mrs. Livingstone's eyes flashed scornfully. "When our guests arrive to-day you will find many far superior to Avis. A foundling! It is not her poverty—we are rich enough—but her birth."

"We know nothing of it, and I care nothing. It is herself I love."

"Listen, Roy." The lady's proud face softened as she laid one white hand on her son's shoulder, while his arm stole around her fondly.—"You are my only child; all my hopes are bound up in you. Let us take time to think, and not quarrel over this foolish girl, She is dear to me, but compare her with others, and if, when our guests are gone, you still are in the same mind, we will see what is best for all. Will you promise?"

"To wait for your consent until our guests are gone? Yes, I can promise that."

"And, meantime, not to speak of this to Avis?"

"That's harder, mother. But if you will tell her that you may consent, I will obey you."

"I will tell her every word that has passed between us," said Mrs. Livingstone.

And she meant to keep her promise. But Avis was not waiting for her, as she had expected. The girl had gone to her own room, sending a piteous little message of excuse to Mrs. Livingstone. Her head ached. Might she be allowed to sleep in her own chamber?

The lady smiled.

"I will set her heart at rest to-morrow," she thought. "There is no time now." For her expected guests were arriving.

And when Roy looked at her inquiringly, as he missed the girl, she whispered:

"She wished to keep her room to-night; all will be well to-morrow."

But when to-morrow came a sad surprise came with it. Avis had disappeared, leaving behind her this note:

"DEAR MRS. LIVINGSTONE—I go that I may not cause you grief or pain—you who have been to me a true mother. I fly from a temptation that would prove too strong if I remained. When I am gone your son will soon forget me. I pray God he may—for his sake. But I shall not forget, nor cease to love you. Farewell, dearest friends. Forgive your little AVIS."

This was all; and she had gone—leaving no trace, making no further sign.

In vain Roy sought for her, even with the help of detectives; having left home and gone to the city for that purpose; while his mother, no less anxious for the safety of the lost girl, made what excuse she could to the assembled guests for his absence. After a month of weary searching he returned, heartsick and discouraged.

"No news," he said, in answer to his mother's anxious questions; nor will there ever be. I have lost all hope of finding her."

* * * * * *

A year had passed since Avis had disappeared, and once more a gay party of merry guests made "The Laurels" bright and cheerful, foremost among them being Rose Brandon, the beauty and heiress, and belle.

A great favorite was she with the stately Mrs. Livingstone, and there were not wanted those who named her as the future mistress of the splendid but gloomy house which her beauty and joyous laughter made so bright. Even Roy Livingstone's brow, on which the cloud of disappointment and regret had grown habitual, cleared somewhat as his artist-eyes took in her fresh, proud loveliness, as he listened to her animated talk, the smile that had grown so rare stole to his lips and shone like a light in his eyes. His mother, watching him, smiled too.

"Is she not beautiful?" she whispered to him. "She would make a fair and gracious queen for 'The Laurels', Roy."

"My queen went into exile, mother, a year ago. I have a constant heart, and cannot transfer my allegiance."

"Roy," cried the clear, merry voice of Rose Brandon—"Roy have you given up painting? You used to be so ambitious. Only a year ago, I remember, you were enthusiastic about some picture that was to bring you fame. What has become of it? Are you an artist no longer?"

"I painted the picture, but never put it on exhibition. My mother has it in the library. I have never painted since," said Roy, gravely.

A kind of chill fell on the company; instinctively they felt they were on dangerous ground. Even the beauty's happy voice took a softer tone as she questioned gently:

"May we see the picture, Roy?"

He arose without a word and led the way to the library, the guests all following, led by Rose Brandon. Last of all came Mrs. Livingstone with her old friend, Mrs. Grey, a fair sad woman with silver hair.

Mrs. Grey was a great invalid, and unconquerable grief had preyed upon her heart for years and broken down her fragile body. She leaned heavily on Mrs. Livingstone's arm.

"What is this picture?" she asked her.

"The portrait of one whom I reared and loved as my own child, and whom we unaccountably lost, owing to an unhappy misunderstanding. She was a lovely creature, and was to have been Roy's wife. Sometimes I fear he will never marry now."

By this time they had reached the library. Of the many paintings on the wall one only was concealed by a heavy curtain; Roy drew the crimson folds aside.

An exclamation from Mrs. Grey and Rose Brandon and a murmur of admiration from all the rest bore witness to the loveliness of the image that was disclosed.

Mrs. Grey pressed forward eagerly her weakness for the time seeming forgotten.

The portrait of a graceful girl, fair as a lily; the lovely, wistful eyes, with a world of loving tenderness in their midnight depths, looked out from a face of exquisite beauty, but as ivory, clear and pale; a tender, dimpling smile upon the scarlet lips; a trailing spray of scarlet blossoms in the blue-black hair, soft and glossy as the raven's wing—a simple robe of white, and on one lovely snowy arm a curious golden bracelet. This was all.

Mrs. Grey stood like one entranced, her agitation visible to all. Her delicate hands were locked tightly together; her breath came in quick gasps.

"How like!" she murmured; "how strangely like! In Heaven's name, who is she?"

"My adopted daughter," Mrs. Livingstone replied, for Roy had turned aside in silence, overcome by the sight of the beauty he had loved and lost. "Twelve years ago I took her—then five years old—from a poor old fisherman down on the beach, three or four miles away. He had rescued her from the sea on the night of a great storm, two years before, and had cherished and cared for her tenderly; but finding sickness and old age fast robbing him of health and strength, he sought to find a friend for his little girl in me.

"Imagination cannot picture anything lovelier than the child was then. I loved her at first sight, and have loved her always. I adopted, educated her, and brought her up as my own. I have the clothes she wore when she was found, but they furnish no clue to her parentage, but on her arm, clasped firmly above her elbow, was a bracelet; it fits her slender wrist now; you see she wears it in the portrait; upon it is a single word—the old fisherman took it to be her name, and so called her; we never changed it. 'Avis' is the word, and 'Avis' she is called—"

A cry from Mrs. Grey interrupted her; she sank upon her knees before the picture with outstretched arms.

"Avis!" she cried. "My child—it is my child! Fourteen years ago the cruel sea washed her and her father from my arms. The waves restored him dead, but she was seen no more. Where is she—oh, where is she? And the clothes she wore?"

She sank back in Roy's supporting arms speechless, almost insensible.

Mrs. Livingstone hastened from the room, but returned almost immediately with the little garments.

Weeping with love and joy, the long-bereaved mother identified them all.

"Blessed be the merciful Heaven that has kept her safely, and restored her to me after all these years. And you, my friend," turning to Mrs. Livingstone, "how shall I thank you for your love and care? Oh, bring her to me. Let me clasp her once more in my arms. Why do you hesitate? I am strong enough; joy does not kill. What is it?" she continued wildly, gazing with growing fear upon the pale, averted faces of mother and son. "Has harm befallen my child? Have I found her only to lose her? Avis, my daughter! Oh, where is she?"

Rose Brandon rushed to her side.

"Be calm," she cried. "Avis is safe and well. No harm has come to her. Listen to me—I can tell you where to find her."

"You!" it was Roy who spoke.—"You know Avis?"

"I know her well, but I have never known, until this moment, of her connection with this family. Why have you kept your loss and grief a secret, Roy? I could have helped you, had I known your troubles, long ago."

"It is nearly a year since she came to us, in answer to an advertisement for a music governess for little Ida. Mother was sick when first she called and consequently I received her. She was so beautiful and innocent and yet so sad and friendless, that my whole heart went out to her from the first. She told me the simple story of her adoption here and of Roy's love for her, but without mentioning a single name, so that I never thought of you. She had left, she said, in order that he might forget her. She gave me as a reference her own former music teacher, who, answering for Avis every way, declined to tell anything the girl had left concealed. So she came to us and has dwelt with us ever since, quiet and sad, poor child, but safe and kindly cared for. I left her at home with Ida and mother when I came away. She is there now."

Roy Livingstone caught her hands in his and pressed them to his lips.

"God bless you, Rose!" he cried, hoarse with emotion. "You have given me back happiness and love. Mrs. Grey, I will bring your daughter to you. I go by the train that leaves in half an hour; before nightfall you shall fold her in your arms. Adieu, all!" and he was gone.

* * * * * *

The dusky gray of an autumn twilight filled the lonely school room that afternoon, but occasional flashes of light from a small but cheerful fire fell on the slender girlish figure that sat before it in a low arm-chair, her soft, pale cheek supported by one little hand, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals.

A world of longing love and regret was in those great dark eyes, that saw not what they gazed upon, but were looking far away into the past.

Thinking of Roy—always thinking of Roy. Where was he? How fared he? Had he forgotten Avis? Alas! poor Avis could not forget. Hark! what was that?

A footstep in the hall outside the door. Nothing in that to make the eyes so bright and the pale cheeks flush to vivid crimson. Ah, but it had sounded like Roy's footstep.—Roy's footstep here—what idle dreaming! What strange tricks fancy oftentimes played her.

She could close her eyes and hide her face in her hands, as now—now, partly for shame at her own fond folly—and fancy, oh, such things! Fancy "The Laurels" her happy home home once more, and Mrs. Livingstone her kind adopted mother. Fancy Roy's tender smile and loving look; recall the very words he spoke—his earnest tone—his sigh.

What was that? That was not fancy, surely? She sat quite still—her face still covered by her hands—and listened; a sigh had sounded close beside her; breathed like the very echo of her dream, and now a voice—oh, Heaven, what voice—whispered her name;

"Avis! Look at me, Avis!"

She turned, she rose, gazed for one moment in his face as if bewildered; then, with a cry of joy and love unutterable: "Roy! my beloved!" sprang the arms, sank on the breast of her true lover.

"You have found me!" she cried, "you have found me!"

"Never to lose you again, Avis—never again!"

"And your mother?"

Her great eyes searched his face timidly, anxiously.

"She will welcome you as I do. We shall part no more. You will learn, dear, that she never meant to part us. And another waits for you. Oh, come, love, to the heart that aches to welcome you—to the arms of your own true mother."

Only one month later a bridal party aroused to joy and mirth the slumbering echoes of "The Laurels."

And who so fair as Avis, the sweet bride, with her troop of lovely bridesmaids, of whom Rose Brandon laughing and blushing, was the merry chief? Who so rich, so proud, as Avis, now? Avis, the foundling, found, indeed, at last, and by her own true mother; Avis, the lost, restored to all that loved and mourned her; Avis, the joyful bride of the generous, noble lover, who in the days of her poverty and namelessness—in spite of time, and absence, and silence, loved her faithfully and truly to the last.

Jefferson Davis's Military Policy.

No people ever worked harder for independence with more relative advantages than the Confederates, and if, as a military question, they must have failed, then no country must aim at freedom by means of war. We were one in sentiment as in territory, starting out not with a struggling administration of doubtful authority, but with our ancient State Government and a fully organized central government. As a military question, it was in no sense a civil war, but a war between two countries—for conquest on one side, for self-preservation the other. The South, with its great material resources, its defensive means of mountains, waterways, railroads and telegraph, with the immense advantage of the interior lines of war, would be open to discredit as a people if its failure could not be explained otherwise than by a mere material contrast. The great Frederick, at the head of a little people, not only held back a combination of several great military powers, but conquered and kept territory, and Napoleon held combined Europe at the feet of France till his blind ambition overleaped itself. It may be said that the South had no Fredericks or Napoleons, but it had at least as good as its adversary. Nor was it the fault of our soldiers or people. Our soldiers were as brave and intelligent as ever bore arms, and if only for reasons already stated they had a determination superior to the enemy's. Our people bore a devotion to the cause never surpassed, and which no war-making monarchy ever had for its support; they gave their all, even the last striplings under the family roofs filling the ranks voided by the fall of their fathers and brothers. But the narrow military view of the head of the Government, which illustrated itself in the outset by ordering from Europe, not 100,000 or 1,000,000, but 10,000 stand of arms, as an increase upon 8,000, its first estimate, was equally norrow and consequently timid in its employment of our armies. The moral and material forces actually engaged in the war made our success a moral certainty, but for the timid policy which—ignoring strategy as a science and boldness of enterprise as its ally—could never be brought to view the whole theatre of war as one subject, of which all points were but integral parts, or to hazard for the time relatively unimportant points for the purpose of gathering for an overwhelming and rapid stroke at some decisive point; and which, again, with characteristic mis-elation, would push a vigorous force directly forward into unsupported and disastrous operations, instead of using its victory to spare from it strength sufficient to secure on equally important success in another quarter.—General Beauregard, in the Century.

In the records of the office of the Secretary of State of South Carolina is the following petition, bearing date of 1733, addressed to the Governor of South Carolina and signed by sixteen maidens:

WHEREAS we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy condition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captured by widows, and we are thereby neglected. In consequence of this, our request is that your Excellency, for the future, orders that no widow presume to marry any young man until the maids are provided for, or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction of invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition to us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

The Stampede from Bull Run.

From the "Recollections of a Private," in the Century, we quote the following: "That was the fault of the officers who allowed the baggage wagons to come to the front, instead of being parked at Centreville. The stampede and confusion began among them first. Why, the men were so little frightened when they began to fall back in groups scattered through the fields that I saw them stop frequently to pick blackberries. Frightened men don't act in that way. At Cub Run, between the Stone Bridge and Centreville, the irresponsible teamsters, with the baggage-wagons, were all crowded together near the bridge, and were in a desperate hurry to cross. A Confederate battery began dropping shell in among them, and thus demolished some of the wagons and blocked the way. The confusion and hurry and excitement then began. The drivers on the south side finding they could not cross with their wagons, now began to cut their traces and mount their horses and hurry away. Those who drove baggage-wagons on the safe side of Cub Run then began to desert them and cut the traces and shout and gallop off. The infantry, seeing this confusion and understanding the cause of it, quickened their pace. Soon the narrow road become filled with flying troops, horses, baggage-wagons and carriages. The volunteers began to throw away their muskets and equipments, so as to stand an even chance in the race. Here and there, all along the route, abandoned wagons had been overturned and were blocking the way. One white-headed citizen, an old man, looking very sorrowful, stood directing the soldiers on their way to Washington, saying: 'You'd better hurry on, or the cavalry will cut off your retreat!' The houses all along the route were filled with wounded men, while the ambulances were filled with officers hastening to Washington. Soldiers here and there marched in groups and sorrowfully discussed the situation and its causes. The expression heard on every side among them was: 'Why were not the reserves brought up from Centreville to help us?' 'Why didn't they bring up the troops from Fairfax Court House?'—questions, it seems to me, hard to answer, even if they did come from private soldiers running away from the field of Bull Run?"

What Men Must Wear.

Business suits are made of checks or fine stripes in rich shade of brown or blue. The coat may be cutaway and fastened by three or four buttons or it may be in a sacque shape. The vest is high and the trousers are easier than those of last season, yet not loose. For traveling are sack suits of cheviot.

Morning suits for semi-dress and for visiting have a four-buttoned cutaway coat, with small turn-over collar, made of diagonal or cork-screw cloth, either black, brown or blue. The vest may be of the same cloth or else of spotted material different from the coat. Brown is very fashionable for the morning coat and vest, with dark striped cassimere trousers.

Day dress suits for receptions and weddings that take place in the daytime have a double-breasted Prince Albert frock coat of very fine diagonal cloth, either black or blue, with a vest of the same cloth and dark, striped trousers. The turn-over lapels of the frock-coats are faced with silk. The pantaloons are usually dark gray, but may be made of cloth like that of the coat and trimmed with braid on the sides. Both this suit and the morning suit are appropriate for church.

For evening dress suits broadcloth is less used. In its place are fine diagonals and crepe cloths (which are finely repped), for the entire suit. The vest is cut very low and is fastened by three or four buttons; the low swallow-tail coat does not fasten, and its new feature is a collar of silk. The vest is sometimes rounded out in heart-shape, and both vest and collar are finished on the edges with fine chord. White Marseilles vests are sometimes used instead of the black vest. The trousers are cut to fit rather easier and have two small braids down the sides.

Overcoats for autumn and winter are single-breasted sack shapes reaching to the knee. They are made of soft and pliable beaver cloths, such as Elysian and fur beavers, blue, gray or black, with a velvet collar, and are edged with velvet or with cloth binding. Driving coats are of light drab or brown kerseys. Very dressy frock overcoats of medium length are made of Elysian beavers. Plaid chevoit and homespun ulsters are stylish when made with three seams in the straight sack shape, with a cape and hood, but no belt.—Harper's Bazar.

WANTED, a friend: One who will recognize me when I am compelled to wear patched breeches; who will take me by the hand when I am sliding down hill, instead of giving me a kick to hasten my descent; who will loan me a dollar without requiring $20 worth of security; who will come to see me when I am sick; who will pull off his coat and fight for me when the odds are two to one; who will talk of me behind my back as he talks to my face. Such a friend is wanted by ten thousand times ten thousand human beings throughout this broad earth.

It is easy to make sacrifices for those we love, but it is a noble victory to overcome self for the sake of our enemies.

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