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Dead at Thirty.

Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
Just for the praise of the sycophant crowd,
That smoked your cigars, quaffed your rich wines and mellow,
You are sleeping, to-day, 'neath the sod in your shroud.

Just for the sake or being called clever—dashing—
By human hogs living outside of a pen,
The rain on your cold bed is ceaselessly splashing,
While you should be living—a man among men!

Just for the sake being pointed at—looked at—
By the false, insincere, hypocritical crew,
That grows on the follies of weak brains—like yours—fat,
You are dead as the dreams your boyish soul knew.

You feigned a contempt for the eagles of yellow,
And scattered them broadcast, with boisterous mirth—
Just for the sake of being called a "good fellow!"
You are nothing to-day but a boxful of earth.

THREE PROPOSALS.

It is not every girl who has had three proposals in one week from men who never saw her before they offered their hands and hearts.

I, therefore, have a story to tell. Of course, I was not one of the three. Oh! dear, no! I never would choose a wife. It is destiny with me or nothing.

In the fall of the year 1870 I was one of a number of guests at a French country house, situated just out of the fine old town of Troyes, in Champagne; a magnificent old place with the eaves of the house meeting above the narrow street; with its fine inns, where the traditions of the old school of French cooking are still preserved; where you can get a pastry such as Shakespeare's heroes would have honored, where the girls are rosy-cheeked and malicious looking; where the priests live with the people, are not addicted to reforms, and where simple praise is the largest part of God's worship.

My hostess, Mme. de St. Cyr, and I were on the best of terms. Mme. de St. Cyr was a most positive but amiable woman, not without good sense. We never really agreed on anything. But we always agreed to disagree. And to every proposition that I would advance, however paradoxical, Mme. de St. Cyr would smile, and answer sweetly:

"You are quite right."

This is true urbanity. Have your own way, but always agree with everybody.

The General de St. Cyr, a friend and old schoolmate of my uncle, was an excellent man, also positive, and for a Frenchman, singularly independent. However, he never interfered with his wife in any matter he thought came into her province.

The control, the education and the happiness of his daughter, Mademoiselle de St. Cyr, he left entirely to his wife. Was it the young lady's lovely face and delightfully elegant carriage, her small Cupid's bow mouth or a general philanthropic interest in the sex which gave me so lively an interest in her welfare? Who shall say?

Let it be sufficient that one soft, warm noonday, just after a delightful 11 o'clock breakfast, Madame de St. Cyr and I were discussing the education of young girls in general, with a latent reference to Mademoiselle de St. Cyr.

I think that I remarked that I was young. If any evidence of this fact, other than my bare evidence, was needed, it would be the delightful manner in which, at that time, I was fond of ignoring all other prejudices save my own.

"Doesn't it occur to you," said I, "that there is something wrong in the education of young girls in this country?"

"Yes."

"When they should be out in the world are they not in the convent? And when they should be in their own homes are they not out in the world?"

"Yes," again acquiesed Madame de St. Cyr, with a honeyed smile.

"And then this thing of choosing a husband for a girl; making the whole transaction a mere matter of money! The young girl, say, has a dot of 100,000 francs and a good character. The young man a fortune of 95,000 francs and a bad character. Which is he to make up, the good character in which he is lacking, or the 5,000 francs?"

"The 5,000 francs, of course," again ageed Madame de St. Cyr, with graciousness.

"Don't you see, madame, that your whole system is all money? Marriage should be the conservation of love. If your daughter is so fortunate as not to fall in love, why then she need not be married. In fact it will be an atrocity to ask her to do that violence to her feelings."

"And suppose," added Mme. de St. Cyr, quietly, "that my daughter shall happen to fall in love with a young gentleman, aud the young gentlemen shall not happen to fall in love with her. What then?"

"Then she'll have the consciousness of having 'loved and lost.' Her life will be sweetened with the ideal memories of a hope unfulfilled."

"But is not a girl like that in your country called an 'old maid?'"

This argument staggered me a little. I freely confessed to myself that the expression thus wickedly made use of by Mme. de St. Cyr did have an awful sound.

"Besides, what will you say to the many happy marriages which take place on exactly opposite principles? Of course I am talking now really for the sake of argument," continued Mme. de St. Cyr, suavely. I am quite of your opinion as a matter of fact. But, in all fairness, it must be conceded that there is something to be said on both sides. Mlle. de St. Cyr, as I suppose you know, is educated a la Anglaise!"

"A la what?"

"A la Anglaise—on the European plan. She is allowed to make a free choice of her husband."

"My dear madame, you don't say so."

"Yes, and this very day M. Frederic de Lambert will arrive from Paris on the noon train to receive my daughter's answer."

"Poor fellow," said I, "how I pity his suspense!"

"M. de Lambert is of excellent family; sufficiently well off, and, besides, quite good-looking. He is not the husband I would have chosen for Adele, but, then, he is a friend of her father, and, beside, Adele, as I told you, has been educated a l'Anglaise."

"I suppose they have known each other for a long time?"

Mme. de St. Cyr drew herself up a little stiffly, I fancied:

"M. de Lambert is very favorably impressed with Mlle. de St. Cyr's good qualities."

Had I committed a breach of etiquette? Had I been guilty of some delicate intrusion into the family of my hostess? It would seem so for with a quiet smile Mme. de St. Cyr changed the subject and took me out walking in the long garden behind the house. We talked about peaches and grapes. We sat down on a rustic bench and watched the fountain play. Then we walked back to the house again, Mme. de St. Cyr excusing herself. After a long look at the tall poplars shading the country road for miles, I also retired to my room.

There the breeze was playing with the white lace curtains. A volume of "Monsieur, Madame et Bebe" was lying on a little rosewood table near a comfortable lounge. I soon found myself yawning over the book, and was directly fast asleep.

I was awakened by the sound of wheels and the shuffling of feet on the porch. M. Frederic de Lambert had doubtless arrived. My curiosity to see M. de Lambert was whetted. A romantic Frenchman in unromantic France; a "love match" to quote against the advocates of sordid matrimony. I rubbed my hands with glee. Education a la Anglaise was well. The entering edge of reform was breaking down the barriers of French prejudice.

On entering the drawing-room I was presented to M. de Lambert. I bowed also to Mlle. de St. Cyr, who looked very dainty and refreshing in a becoming suit of white piquet.

M. de Lambert was a tall, fine-looking man, with a full brown beard and long mustaches, which he had a self-sufficient way of twirling; his eyes were rather small and blue in color. He betrayed no agitation and spoke in general terms about the theaters of Paris, remarking parenthically that the verses of some new poet, whose name I did not catch, were "exquis," and that the latest debutanti in French society, Mme. B——, was "charmante."

Mme. de St. Cyr was listening to him in precisely the same serene manner in which she had entertained me. The general was listening to nothing and looking at nothing. He was holding himself straight. Mlle. de St. Cyr certainly was not looking at M. de Lambert. Poor fellow, I thought, just think of that journey back to Paris. How heartsick he'll be. I must look him up when I arrive at the Grand Hotel and we will go to the Palais Royal together. Perhaps I can find a way to help him; who knows? It will cheer him up, anyhow, to have some one sympathize with him.

In the meantime M. de Lambert seemed very much at his ease. Perhaps he did not realize that he was not finding favor in the eyes of Mlle. de St. Cyr. Men are so over-confident. I treasured up the experience for some future case of my own.

Suddenly, to my surprise, de Lambert rose to go. He advanced to the middle of the room and made a low bow to Mlle. de St. Cyr. After executing maneuver he bowed himself out of the room, and was followed to the door by the general and madame. Are they not going to ask him to stay to dinner, I thought? No, it seems not. The general and madame return without the young man.—Mme. de St. Cyr and mademoiselle have a hurried conversation. The young lady excuses herself and goes to her room, and shortly after I am informed by her mother that the man doesn't suit.

"Poor fellow!" said I, for the third time in sympathy. "I snppose he was very much in love with your daughter?"

"Well, hardly," answered my hostess, with a colorless smile.

"He was not in love with her? Then why did he offer himself?"

"We picked him out," she responded.

"Well, madame, what is his motive?"

"To get married."

"Very probably," I said, with excitement; "but I naturally assume that his love for mademoiselle is the moving cause."

"Well," said madame, loftily, "if M. de Lambert has fallen in love with Adele, the cataclysm took place in the short time they were together in this room."

"How so?"

"M. de Lambert never saw my daughter in his life before this afternoon."

"Good Heavens! madame, but did you not tell me that he admired her good qualities."

"Most assuredly; he admired them as they were represented to him."

"But I thought you said that Mlle. de St. Cyr was educated a la Anglaise?"

"And so she is; but you would not have my daughter familiar with the young men of Paris, just like a big peasant girl with a farmer's lad that takes her to the fair?"

"But I have seen Mlle. de St. Cyr."

"You have seen her very little," said Madame de St. Cyr, apologetically.

"That is true," said I, thoughtfully.

"And, besides," continued the amiable matron, without the slightest intention to offend, "you are an American."

I gave up the discussion in despair. That evening at dinner I watched Mlle. Adele very closely. Her face was impassive. Her eyes were bent down upon her plate. I could detect nothing, divine nothing in the expressionless features.

Two days after a second gentleman called upon the same mission which had brought M. de Lambert from the delights of Paris. M. Fernand Naintouche was not of quite so good a family as his predecessor, so Mme. de St. Cyr informed me, but then his means were greater. He was something of a scientist, too, and had hopes of the Academy. This time I determined to be on hand and watch the advent of M. Naintouche very closely, noting, as well, the reception which the fair Mlle. Adele would be pleased to accord him.

M. Naintouche was an angular gentleman, with long, black hair, sallow complexion and thin beard. When he smiled he disclosed the fact that two of his front teeth were missing. The staple of his conversation was in the main scientific. Politically he most admired the writings of M. Louis Blanc.

M. Naintouche paid hardly any attention to Mlle. de St. Cyr, talking mainly with her mother during the short interview that followed. I fancied I detected a slight shiver under Mlle. Adele's white piquet dress. But I suppose it was the wind. Indeed, I believe I suggested at the time that she was sitting in a draft.

When M. Naintouche left Troyes, a disappointed suitor, a slight gloom fell over the St. Cyr household. The general was a little stiffer than usual, and madame was certainly a trifle colder. Mlle. de St. Cyr's face at dinner was paler than usual, and her cold lips trembled a little as, just between the salad and dessert, her mother's eye fell upon her.

During the evening I ventured to expostulate with the young girl's mother. I was bold enough to remind her of the fact that she had stated that her daughter was to be allowed a freedom of choice.

"Mais, mon garcon!" said the worthy lady, startled into impoliteness by my audacity; "my daughter has not the world to choose from, and really it is not every girl who can have her choice between three parts.

"Do you mean to say that she will have to take the third one whether she likes him or not?"

"Most decidedly."

"Why, madame, you cannot mean it; and, besides, the girl has really had no choice. To make a fair thing of it she should see the three gentlemen together, and have a chance to compare."

"That would be grotesque."

"It is that which is only natural and right," said I, losing my temper,

Mme. de St. Cyr gave me one look, and from that hour we discussed the social condition of France no more.

The third suitor arrived within the week. He had a "de" to his name, was nearly forty, and, though I did not stay to see him, presume that he was the most offensive of the three. The wedding came off with great eclat, I believe. The couple were married by the Archbishop of Paris; Faure sang in the choir and the Pope sent his blessing.

Several months afterward I received a dainty note at the American Legation, inviting me to dinner. It was a tete a tete affair, as is almost always the case, for French society, allowing the young girl no liberty, permits the married woman more freedom than we, in this country, allow even the girls.

On arriving at the Hotel de Jarney I hurried up the stairs into the cosy drawing-room, furnished in pale blue satin. In a few moments a portiere was thrown back and in entered Mme. de Jarney nee St. Cyr.

But what a change! The white pearly teeth were frequently displayed in a frank smile; the brown eyes sparkled with gentle malice; and talkative!—even her mother must yield the palm.

We soon became good friends; and it did not take me long to learn that if Mlle. de St. Cyr had said little, she had at least listened.

As we were seated, I at one end of the table, she at the other, and, as the soft light of the pink-shaded candles threw a cultivated refulgence upon the damask tablecloth, Mme. de Jarney said:

"You know I was educated a la Anglaise."

"Yes," said I, with the impudence of sympathy, "are you sorry you did not choose number one?"

She tossed her head coquettishly and replied, with a musical laugh:

"At any rate, I am glad to be free."

And with these words she expressed the sentiments of almost every French woman that enters into married life.—The Ingleside.

Facts About the Presidents.

The Presidential campaign which ended Tuesday November 4th, was a remarkable one in many respects. It was without aparallel for the bitterness of the contest and for the number of uncertain elements which had to be taken into consideration in figuring on the general result. In the first respect the campaigns which most resemble it are that of 1840, when Harrison defeated Van Buren, and the campaign of 1860, when Lincoln triumphed.

Mr. Cleveland will be the twenty-second President of the country. Of the Presidents, seventeen were elected and four-Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur—succeeded to the office from the Vice-Presidency. Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected by the House of Representatives in default of an election by the Electoral College, and Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected by the commission selected to decide the disputed election of 1876. Seven of the Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—were elected a second time.

General Grant was the youngest of the Presidents when inaugrated, being 47; Pierce and Garfield were 49; Polk and Fillmore, 50; Tyler, 51; Lincoln, 52; Van Buren and Taylor, 55; Washington and Johnson, 57; Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams, 58; Monroe, 59; John Adams and Jackson, 62; Buchanan, 66; Harrison, 68. Garfield died the youngest, not having reached his fiftieth birthday; Polk was 54 at his death; Lincoln, 56; Pierce, 65; Taylor 66; Washington and Johnson, 67; Harrison, 68; Tyler and Monroe, 73; Fillmore, 74; Buchanan, 77; Jackson, 78; Van Buren, 80; John Quincy Adams, 81; Jefferson, 83; Madison, 85; John Adams, 91.

The honor of furnishing Presidents has not been evenly distributed among the states, Virginia, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York, Ohio, Louisiana and Illinois furnishing all the incumbents so far. Cleveland being elected he will be the third President from New York—Van Buren and Arthur being his predecessors—and had Mr. Blaine been elected he would have been Maine'e first contribution to the White House.

It is somewhat remarkable that no member of the United States Senate should ever have been elected to the Presidency at the time of his incumbency. Disregarding the fact that experience in this body ought to fit a man for the high office, the people have ignored the Senators. The army has furnished a large number of Presidents, and, with the exception of Hancock, McClellan, and Scott, no military man nominated for the office has failed of election. Washington owed his elevation to his success in the field; Jackson's record in the war of 1812 was the wave which lifted him into the White House, and Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes and Garfield wore the epaulets of a general before they were honored with the chief magistracy of the nation.

There are now two ex-Presidents living—Grant and Hayes—and after the fourth of March Mr. Arthur will make a third. There has been talk of sending Mr. Arthur to the Senate, and there is a precedent for such action in the case of Andrew Johnson, who was a Senator from Tennessee both before and after his incumbency of the office of President. John Quincy Adams served in the House of Representatives from Massachusetts after his retirement from the Presidency, and many consider that he owes the greater part of his fame to his conduct in the humbler sphere.

The soothsayers predicted Mr. Cleveland's defeat on the ground that no man whose name commenced with C ever reached the Presidency, and cite the two Clintons, Clay, Cass, Calhoun, Crawford and Chase as examples.

A Famous Orphan Girl.

Once upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman named Sarah, in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make hair plaits, and whenever Sarah took them to market to sell them, she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a good little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could.

However, one fine day she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness, but noticing the cat as neglected as herself, she dried up her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till it fell asleep.

Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with lighter heart as she worked at her plaits. And as she sang, her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen.

The neighbors told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in a school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," became the famous singer of her day.—Little Folk's Magazine.

What the Moon is Doing.

The tides are caused mainly by the moon, as it were, catching hold of the water as the earth revolves around on its axis. This must cause friction on the earth as it revolves, and friction, as everyone knows, causes loss of power. Suppose a wheel, with hair round its rim, like a circular brush such as is used for hair-brushing by machinery; if this brush ber evolving rapidly, and we hold our hand ever so lightly on the hair, so that it is slightly rubbed backward as the wheel revolves, we can understand that the speed of the wheel will be gradually diminished, until at last it will be brought to a standstill, provided there is no additional power communicated to the wheel by machinery or hand beyond what was given to set it spinning round. Now this is somewhat analogous to what is happening to the earth in its rotation. There is reason to suppose that the action of the tides is slowly, but surely, lessening the speed of the earth's rotation, and consequently increasing the length of the day, and that this action will continue until the earth revolves on its own axis in the same time that the moon takes to revolve round the earth. Then the day, instead of being twenty-four hours as now, will be about twenty-eight days, and the earth will be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for about fourteen days at a time. The change this will bring about on the the face of the earth can hardly be exaggerated. All life, both animal and vegetable, will be destroyed; all water will be evaporated; the solid rocks will be scorched and cracked, and the whole world reduced to a dreary and barren wilderness. It is supposed by some that the moon has already passed through all this, hence its shattered and barelooking surface; that the earth, being so much larger, has more quickly acted upon the oceans which once were upon the moon's surface, and stopped almost entirely its revolution round its own axis, thus causing it to have a day equal to twenty-eight of our days, and the heat of the sun has already done to it what in future ages it will do to the earth.—Harper's Bazaar.

Life's Sweetest Dream.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream,"

sang the poet in the long ago; and how many hearts have since caught up the tender refrain, whose musical ripple will never cease to reverberate through the most profound recesses of the soul.

Earth has no essence so pure as this primal influence. The richest language of the tropics will not express its warmth. Poet and artist have alike failed in outlining a sentiment so akin to divinity.

Chords that never vibrated before thrill at its gentle touch with a music not of earth. Hope, "that hovering angel girt with golden wings," creates sunshine both in the inner and outer life, while "pure-eyed Faith, like the silver lustre of a star, lights up the veiled vistas of futurity.

Oh! how supremely blest is the heart that is filled by the holy emotion of love. The fair picture may be dimmed by the black shadows of separation and estrangement, but the memory of this hallowed influence will brighten and purify the heart that has held so much of heaven, proving the oft-quoted sentiment of England's laurelled minstrel, to be more than poetically true. This life of beautiful reciprocal attachment and joy, however brief, leaves a bright light and tuneful echo, which shall never forsake us "Till, with eternal summer crowned, we lose our three score years and ten."

Mary's Land.

Mary had a little land;
Young Smith admired it so,
That he proposed for Mary's hand,
To get the land, you know.

But when he asked for pa's consent,
Accordingto the rule,
The old man swore it shouldn't be,
For he was no man's fool.

And then the Gov'nor turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did apperr.

And then they fled to Parson Jones,
And straightway they were wed;
"No cruel parents e'er shall blight
Me and my love," she said.

But ere the honeymoon had fled,
Our Mary did discover
That there was quite a difference
'tween
A husband and a lover.

"What makes you sell the land, my dear?"
Mary one day did cry;
"Oh! I must raise some cash, you know,"
Her husband did reply.

And thus the land went up for sale;
In vain poor Mary frets;
And every smiling acre goes
To pay her husband's debts.

The Usual Way.

"From hand to mouth," he gayly said
And pressed her dainty finger tips,
Which salutation quickly led
To one upon her perfect lips,
As fair as roses in the South,
"From hand to mouth."

So she was won, and so was he;
'Twas something like a year ago,
And now they both are one, you see,
Although which one I hardly know.
They're living somewhere in the South,
From hand to mouth.

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