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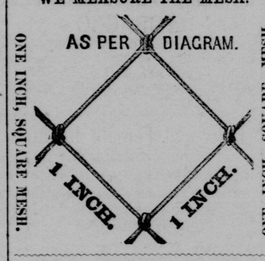

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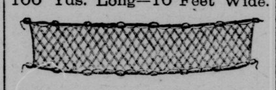

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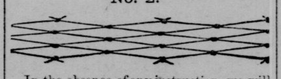

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Wife and I.

Come and drain a cup of joy
Now with me, good wife,
And bring the girl and boy
Now with thee, good wife.
Let all hearts be blithe and gay,
It is fourteen years to-day
Since you spoke the little "aye"
That to me was life.

When in wedding white arrayed
I beheld you stand,
Why, I almost felt afraid
E'en to touch your hand.
And when with love intent
Your gaze on me you bent,
You seemed a being sent
From the "Better Land."

And an angel you have proved
Since that good, glad hour,
Aye, wherever we have roved
In sunshine and in shower.
In all goodness you transcend,
And all excellencies blend
In the mother, wife and friend,
As a sacred dower.

You have made my life more pure
Than it might have been;
You have taught me to endure,
And to strive and win.
With your simple song of praise
You sanctify our days,
And our thoughts to Heaven you raise
From a world of sin.

Come, let's quit the dusty town
With its noise and strife,
And seek the breezy down
That with health is rife.
Work is good and so is play,
Let us keep our wedding-day
O'er the hills and far away,
Happy man and wife.

—Cassell's Family Magazine.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Where They are Located and How They are Marked.

The death of General Grant and the discussion which has arisen from the selection of the Riverside Park in this city as a burial ground for his remains have awakened interest in the places where the other ex-Presidents of the United States have been interred.

The grave of Washington is, as every American knows, at Mount Vernon, Va. Thanks to the care of the Mount Vernon Association, the old home of Washington and the tomb to which his remains were removed in 1837 from the old vault in which they had been up to that time are in good condition. The vault is large and built of brick, with an arched roof. Through an iron gate two sarcophagi are seen. The coffins which lie in the open vestibule of the vault proper are of Pennsylvania marble. That of Washington bears an American shield, the other but two words—"Martha Washington."

Two Presidents, father and son, sleep side by side beneath the Unitarian church of Quincy, Mass. John Adam's body was first buried in the family vault in the Quincy Cemetery and was transferred to its present resting place in 1828. John Quincy Adams died February, 1848, in Washington, and his remains were placed by those of his father a few months later.

In a thick growth of woods a few hundred yards from the road leading from Charlottesville, Va., to Monticello, is the grave of Thomas Jefferson, who died on July 4, 1826. It is marked by a coarse granite obelisk made after a rough pen-and-ink sketch found in Jefferson's drawer a few days after his death. The vandals who have visited the spot have chipped and battered the monument until from base to apex the corners present the appearance of rough, unhewn stone.

Near the former home of James Madison at Montpelier, four miles from Orange, Va., in the centre of a large, level field, surrounded by a substantial brick wall, five feet high, are four graves. The iron gate leading to the field has a plate upon it inscribed "Madison, 1820." Over one of the graves, a well-defined and neatly-turfed mound, a slender obelisk of granite rises to a height of twenty feet from a pedestal of four pieces. It bears, in large, sunken letters, this inscription, "Madison, born March 16, 1751." The date of death, June 28, 1836, is not given.

Near the extreme southwestern limit of Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va, repose the remains of James Monroe. Monroe died in this city on July 4, 1831, and his body was removed twenty-seven years later to Richmond, under the escort of the Seventh Regiment, then commanded by Col. Abram Duryea. The resting spot is marked by a huge block of polished Virginia marble, eight feet long and four feet square, on which rests what is called the sarcophagus, a granite block nearly as large as the pedestal, but wrought into the shape of an ordinary coffin. Over and around this rather odd monument is a fancy Gothic temple, eleven feet long, nine feet wide, and 20 feet high, four pillars resting upon a foundation of dressed Virginia granite and supporting a peaked roof.

Eleven miles from Nashville, on the pretty Lebanon pike, is the Hermitage. Sixty rods away is the now dilapidated wooden house Andrew Jackson vacated when he moved into his famous dwelling. In a corner of the garden, eighty yards from the house, lie the President and his wife under a massive monument of Tennessee limestone. Three steps lead to a circular area eighteen feet in diameter, from which spring eight fluted Doric columns, supporting a pretty though plain entablature and dome, surmounted by an urn. In the centre of the platform is a pyramid resting on a square. On the left is a stone marked, "Gen. Andrew Jackson. Born March 15, 1767. Died June 8, 1845."

Martin Van Buren's bones repose in the crowded graveyard at Kinderhook, N. Y. A plain granite shaft, fifteen feet high, shows the tomb. On one face of the shaft is the inscription in black letters, "Martin Van Buren, VIIIth President of the United States, born Dec. 5, 1782, died July 24, 1852." Below this is the record of his wife's death, and upon another side is the name of his son.

William Henry Harrison, the great Whig chieftain, who occupied the Chief Magistrate's chair for a month only, was buried by the side of his wife and children in a plain brick vault on the summit of a hillock at North Bend, Ohio. A flat stone at the height of about two and a-half feet from the ground, roofs the brickwork of the vault; it bears no inscription.

Just ten yards from Monroe's grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., is a tufted mound, but not a stone is there to tell that beneath lies the body of John Tyler.

The body of James Knox Polk was buried in June, 1849, in the City Cemetery of Nashville, Tenn., and the following year was removed to the garden of the Polk mansion in Vine streeet, in that city. The monument is twelve feet square and as many high, and is of limestone. Its style is Grecian Doric, though the columns are unfluted which support the usual architrave, frieze, cornice and attic.

Zachary Taylor's body now occupies its fourth grave. It was first placed in the cemetery at Washington, thence removed to the Taylor homestead, five miles from Louisville, later to the Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville and finally to Frankford, Ky., where it was placed near the tomb of Vice-President Richard Mentor Johnson.

Forest Lawn Cemetery, near Buffalo, contains the body of Millard Fillmore, marked by a plain tombstone, inscribed with his name and the dates of his birth and death, respectively January 7, 1800, and March 8, 1874.

Franklin Pierce died in 1869 and was buried at Concord, N. H. The grave is surrounded by a neat iron fence 6 feet high. The monument is of pure Italian marble, elaborately wrought, a spire with cap, die and plinth resting on a base of granite 3½ feet square and surrounded by a draped cross.

In the centre of a lot in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa., is the remains of James Buchanan in a vault of heavy masonry, covered with limestone flags. On these is a ground base of granite over seven feet long, four feet seven inches wide, and a foot thick, supporting a monument in the Roman style, a single block of Italian marble with heavily moulded cap and base.

Abraham Lincoln is buried under a towering pile of marble, granite and bronze at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield, Ill., the principal feature of which is the statue of the illustrious President.

The monument over Andrew Johnson's grave stands on the summit of a lofty, cone-shaped eminence half a mile southwest of Greenville, Tenn. It is of marble, a shaft thirteen feet high, festooned at the top with the American flag and surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings.

James A. Garfield's body lies in a vault in Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.—N. Y. World.

Carlyle and His Tobacco.

Carlyle's habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan, before he went to Edinburgh University. "His father," he told me, says his biographer, "was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of that allowance. Carlyle's allowance in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much. Once when the canister of 'free-smoking York river' on his mantlepiece was nearly empty, he told me not to mind that, as he had 'about half a stone more of the same upstairs.' Another tobacco anecdote of Carlyle, which I had from the late G. H. Lewes, may be worth a place here. One afternoon when his own stock of 'free-smoking York river' had come to an end, and when he had set out to walk with a friend (Lewes himself, if I recollect rightly,) he stopped at a small tobacco shop in Chelsea, facing the Thames, and went in to procure a temporary supply. The friend went with him, and heard his dialogue with the shopkeeper. York river having been asked for, was duly produced, but as it was not of the right sort, Carlyle, while making a small purchase, informed the shopkeeper most particularly what the right sort was, what was its name, and at what wholesale place in the city it might be ordered. 'Oh, we find that that this suits our customers very well,' said the man. 'That may be, sir,' said Carlyle, 'but you will find it best in the long run always to deal in the veracities.' The man's impression seemed to be that the veracities were some peculiar curly species of tobacco hitherto unknown to him."

A dentist does not always have fair sailing. Sometimes he runs against a snag.

Two-Eight and Three-Fourths.

Maud S. has again given a new measure of the possibilities of trotting. Five years ago there were still horsemen who put the limit of time in which a horse could trot a mile at 2.10. Now that speed has been exceeded by two animals, while Maud S. is a second and a quarter below it. Since she won "the record" she has reduced it by two full seconds, that being the difference between the performance at Chicago in 1880, by which she beat the 2.11¼ of St. Julien, and her performance of yesterday.

Already Maud S. has taken her place with Flora Temple in the development of American trotting, for the length of time during which she has been the "Queen of the Trotting Turf" and for the number of wonderful performances by which she has vindicated her right to the title. Flora Temple "held the record" for six years, from the 2.24½ in which she beat Tacony's time down to the 2.19¾ which culminated her career, in 1859, and which remained unbeaten for six years. Maud S. has now held the record for five years, with the exception of a single day in 1884, when Jay-Eye-See won it by ¼ of a second to lose it the next day by the same narrow margin. During the six years of her supremacy Flora Temple reduced the mile time by five seconds lacking a quarter, whereas Maud S. has reduced it by only two. This difference, no doubt, indicates that we are rapidly approching the limit of trotting speed; but it is to be remembered that the day of Maud S. is not yet over. There is nothing to indicate that she may not be as much better next year than this as she has proved herself to be better this spring than she was last.

Estimating the difference between trotters and runners this great advantage in duration of the trotters must not be overlooked. Maud S. is now of an age when, if she was a thoroughbred, she would long ago have been retired from the turf on account of the manifest impossibility of her running with success against younger animals. Being a trotter it is a question whether she is yet in her prime. The appearance of a thoroughbred on the turf at 17 years of age would be hailed as a laughing-stock if it were not resented as an instance of cruelty to animals. Yet it was at this age that Goldsmith Maid trotted her fastest mile. In fact it may also be said that no trotter has become famous in recent years before an age at which a runner would be retired as superannuated. These facts ought to give pause to those who deprecate trotting as an "unnatural" gait.—N. Y. Times.

Mark Twain Was Neighborly.

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith relates this: "When I was living with my brother in Buffalo Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing gown and slippers and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind about something, and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"'Nice morning.'

"'Yes, very pleasant.'

"'Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by.'

"'Well, we could stand a little.'

"'This is a nice house you have here.'

"'Yes, we rather like it."

"'How's your family?'

"'Quite well—and yours?'

"'Oh, we're all comfortable.'

"There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air, and in his lazy drawl remarked; 'I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if—'

"But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up stairs, trailing language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and returned to the veranda Mark wasn't there."

Cause and Effect.

Light is always swifter than sound. We see the distant woodman's axe fall long before we hear the blow. We watch the flash of the far-off cannon before we hear its roar. We are blinded by the lightning before we are deafened by the thunder. Sometimes, indeed, the distant artillery of the lightning flares and flashes along the horizon, and we hear no reports at all. So it is in higher realms. When a brave blow is struck for right is the world, the sound of it seems long in getting out. Sometimes only after a man is dead do the reports of what he has been doing raise the echoes. Sometimes his good deeds are not heard on earth at all. Happily for us God sees the blow struck. Happily for us He waits for no resultant earthly echoes. Happily for us He could as instantly detect the right deed, and commend the right motive, were report and result delayed as many ages as there are sands on all the shores of all the seas.

Christianity and "Our Greater Minds."

The following question is put to us by an intelligent correspondent, who writes from this city:

"Do our greater minds accept Christianity? Do they believe in theology as taught by orthodox churches? I ask this because I consider what you have written on religious subjects as the best productions offered to the public."

The greater the mind the more it must be impressed by the moral beauty and the poetic truth of the teachings of Jesus. But such acceptance of Christianity by no means implies belief in the theological system which has been developed from these sublime doctrines. It does not even involve belief in the supernatural origin of Christianity, as taught by the church.

There is, too, as much difference of sentiment as to the truth of theology among those our correspondent calls "our greater minds" as among people of less ability and cultivation. The intellectual strength of the party of infidelity is great, but it is not so great as that of the party of faith. Yet it is true that at this time the tendency of highly educated minds is rather toward criticism of theology than unquestioning acceptance of its conclusions.

What our "greater minds" think as to theology, however, proves nothing, one way or the other, as to its truth. The mysteries of life and death are past finding out. The greatest mind is as far from their solution as the simplest and most unlettered of men. There is a boundary beyond which human intelligence cannot go, and what lies across that border, soon reached, only theology, claiming supernatural authority and inspiration, has ever undertaken to explain. A man must, therefore, either abandon the search altogether, as the agnostics do, or accept the solution of theology. His own wisdom gives him no aid.

St. Paul accordingly told the early disciples that they must not expect to convince the wise, to whom his preaching was foolishness. They could only ask men to believe what they themselves saw through the eyes of faith, and what could not be proved by any of the methods of human logic. It is so because Christ said it was so, was all they could answer to the wise objectors. First believe in Christ, and all is explained.

That is all Christian theology can now do. It can appeal to faith only, and in accepting it a man must give up all his pride of intellect and his reliance on intellect merely, and become as a little child, believing what is told to him because it comes from an authority he worships as divine.—N. Y. Sun.

Making Ladies Attractive.

A Parisian newspaper has been teaching its lady readers "how to be attractive." Surely the readers of the Vie Parisienne ought to be in no need of advice such as the following: "Look confident and indifferent; express yourself simply and with a voice as sweet as possible. Be keenly alive to everything that passes, yet appear absent-minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything, quote nothing; seen everything, appear ignorant; heard all, always express surprise; desiring everything, ask for nothing. Be light-hearted to preserve your beauty; be indulgent to attract sympathy"—and so on.

These laws—some evidently anti-blue-stocking laws—are laid down as absolute, with one exception. "Blush neither for shame nor for pleasure," to which is added "if you can help it." Verily, the good old saying holds still, "Il faut souffrir pour etre belle." There are, however, some clauses which might with equal advantage be applied to both sexes. For instance: "Do not force wit; always listen attentively; be charitable for your own satisfaction; be frank, and you need never be afraid of the truth. See things at a glance; judge quickly, and think more quickly still, in order to keep a cool head." But wise as these saws are, and however much the world might be benefited by a general application of them, they belong decidedly to the category of precepts which will not be practiced.

A Buried Beauty at Long Branch.

One of the popular pastimes with giddy Gotham girls when in bathing attire is to bury each other with sand; that is, to cover the entire body with the golden grains, leaving the head uncovered. One young lady was thus immured yesterday. Such a feeling of comfort stole over her as the sand moulded itself to her form that she pulled an old straw hat down over her face and swung off into the land of dreams. No one would suppose that the hillock of sand and the old straw hat concealed a sleeping beauty, and it is little wonder that two young men came up and sat down on the sand-heap. They did not sit long. Something began to writhe and move beneath the sand. Terror-struck, the men jumped to their feet, thinking an immense sea serpent lay concealed there. In their haste one of the men knocked the old straw hat and disclosed the pretty face. A pair of blue eyes dropped their lashes, a pair of pink cheeks were suffused with blushes, a pair of crest-fallen young men hurried away and a shame-faced maiden gathered herself together and fled into the bath-house, while the crowd on the beach yelled and roared.

When a roller-skater's feet slip he makes a base sit.

The Old Home.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

"Return, return," the voices cried,
"To your old valley, far away;
For softly on the river tide
The tender lights and shadows play;
And all the banks are gay with flowers
And all the hills are sweet with thyme;
Ye cannot find such bloom as ours
In yon bright foreign clime!"

And still "Return, return," they sung,
"With us abides eternal calm;
In these old fields, where you were young,
We cull the heart's ease and the balm;
For us the flocks and herds increase,
And children play around our feet;
At eve the sun goes down in peace—
Return, for rest is sweet."

For me I thought the olives grow,
The sun lies warm upon the vines;
And yet, I will arise and go
To that dear valley dim with pines.
Old loves are dwelling there, I said,
Untouched by years of change an' pain;
Old faiths that I had counted dead
Shall rise and live again.

Then I arose and crossed the sea,
And sought that home of younger days;
No love of old was left for me
(For love has wings and seldom stays);
But there were graves upon the hill,
And sunbaems shining on the sod,
And low winds breathing "Peace be still;
Lost things are found in God."

Italian Flirtation.

In loitering through Italian towns nothing strikes the youthful stranger more than the extraordinary beauty of the women, and he naturally desires to express his gratitude to those who have lent a new loveliness to life. In the North this is easy enough. "How beautiful she is," echoes wherever small feet fall lightly on the pavement of any city from Venice to Florence, and even now to Rome. Dainty little ears hear the words not unkindly, and soft, sweet voices will sometimes argue not quite kindly as to whom they were intended for. But in Naples we must be silent and discreet.

The noblemen have revolvers and the lazzaroni long knives hidden away somewhere out of sight of the police, but yet within easy reach Let the young man be careful, and if he must give vent to an admiration too passionate to be silenced, let him draw his right hand down his face from the cheekbones to the chin. That means, "Oh! how lovely she is!" and the slower the movement is, so long as it is perceptible, the more deep and lasting is the impression supposed to be indicated.

Every woman, be she peeress or peasant, understands this sign, and will go home happier from having seen it. Whether it was of yore a symbol of worship for the old Etruscan we cannot tell. It is certainly one of the most sincere forms of adoration that modern Naples knows.

The Mosquito.

The mosquito is a queer bird. He is versatile. He can turn his hand to almost anything, and do it quickly, too. When you see one balancing on his tip-toe, like a girl crossing a muddy walk, you would swear he was all legs. When he dodges from one of your ears to the other like chain-lightning you are confident that instead of legs they are all wings. At midnight, when all the world is hushed and still, and he patiently waits by your bedside until you drop asleep, so that his impending operations may not disturb you, he sings his happy, contented little ditty to while away the time, and then you are certain that he is all voice. When he lights down on you and begins to explore your anatomy, to find out what you are stuffed with, you swear on a stack of Bibles—of the new version, Oxford edition, price $2—that legs, wings, voice and all had turned into red-hot drilling tools, soaked in pork brine. When you strike where he was and hit where he is not, you think he has smelted the whole business into a combination of Bessemer steel springs, oil tempered. Yes, the mosquito is a whole tool chest, with monkey wrench and oil can thrown in, and a portable forge to keep his tools hot.

The Latest Scheme to Get a Husband.

It is almost impossible to keep up with the times in these agonizing days. The newest wrinkle in æsthetic circles is for a young lady to artistically decorate a miniature trunk, ostensibly for collars and cuffs, with scenes from noted summer resorts and forward it by messenger boy to her best young man. If the trunk ever gets there it will signify: "Isn't it an appropriate season for a wedding trip?" If the bait is successful, the young man's tailor gets an order for some new and very nice clothes.—Baltimorean.

A great hardship—an iron steamer

Do spiritualists write on rapping paper?

"I'm struck on your shape," as the shingle said to the boy.

The man who frequents the saloons is apt to get things mixed.

Little girl at breakfast table: "Mama this is very old butter; I have found a gray hair in it."

"Capital punishment!" as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

The elephant is a very bad behaved animal. He turns up his nose at everything that is given him to eat.

A candidate says he is in the hands of his friends, but he finds before he is done that the hands of his friends are in him, and in pretty deep, too.

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