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THE LOST SONG.

It was my grandmother's story, and this is how she came to tell it to me.

I Annie Rae, had come down to spend Christmas at "Raeburn," the old family homestead. My grandmother and grandfather had been abroad for years, and this being the first Christmas for so long that the old house was opened, they wanted to fill it with bright young faces and merry laughter, to crowd out the voiceless memories which lurked in every corner, and so a whole party of us had come—cousins, first, second and third, in fact of all degrees. Speaking of cousins, isn't it very strange that very often the further removed the nearer they seem? At least George Stewart was only my third cousin by blood, and yet he always assumed more on the strength of our relationship than any of my first cousins, and somehow, in my own heart I did not mind it at all, though I did tease him so.

But I must go on with my story. It was Christmas Eve, and the old house was quiet at last. We girls had all gone to our rooms after a merry evening together. Fannie and Rose had the room near grandma's, while Kate and Lillie were just opposite. Some one had to sleep alone at the other end of the hall, and after long consultation, it was decided that I should go, for I had rashly boasted of never being afraid. I will confess to feeling a little lonely when all was quiet, and the deep shadows in the corners of the room seemed very dark, for the light of my candle did not reach far. There were three doors in my room, and after fastening securely the one leading into the entry, I merely turned the handles of the others, and finding them locked inside, did not care to explore any further just then. I must have been a long time undressing, for the clock struck the hour of midnight as I put out my light. Even then I could not sleep, but found myself wondering what was behind those doors that I had not opened, and I determined to have a regular exploring expedition the next day. There were so many romantic stories attached to this old house. I had even heard hints of staircases, shut-up rooms, &c., and had always delighted in mysteries.

I think I must have been asleep for a short time, when I suddenly found myself awake with a start, and a curious impression that I was listening for something. There certainly was a sound overhead, but what was it? It came again more clearly, and I distinguished a faint, broken melody, and yet imperfect, like some one playing a long-forgotten air on a piano where some of the strings were broken. Three times it came, like the verses of a song, and though there were no words, it seemed to speak to my very heart, and thought of George, and how sorrowfully he had looked at me that evening as I had passed him without saying "good night." It was only to tease him, and I had pretended not to see his proffered hand, but had taken Willie Thorne's arm instead, and we had walked up the broad staircase together.

Again, all was still, only a long drawn sigh seemed to echo my own through the room, and came from the direction of the furthest door. Without a sensation of fear, only an ill-defined feeling of pain and regret, I sank to sleep, and when I woke the morning sun was shining brightly enough to dispel all illusions. I resolved to say nothing to the girls, but quietly to explore and see what was to be found, for I knew perfectly well that what I had heard was no dream. So I got up long before breakfast, and after completing my toilet, threw wide open the shutters and opened the first door nearest the entry. Only an empty closet! Disappointed, but slightly relieved, I closed it and went over to the other. The key turned hard in the lock as if it had not been opened for a long time. Then the door stood wide open, and I saw a flight of stairs, but only prosaic wooden steps, like those leading to any garret. I started bravely up, and soon found myself in a large loft or attic, with odds and ends.

First, an old spinning-wheel caught my eye, relic of our most industrious great grandmothers. Then a stack of old fire-arms, with which our ancestors, the bold Race, may have shed the blood of daring foes, or, perhaps, and I am afraid more likely, have only done damage among the crows that came to steal from their spacious corn fields. Lastly, beyond these, and behind a pile of mattings and boxes, I came upon an old piano. It quite startled me, at first, but then the broad daylight was very reassuring, and I am not nervous. It was very old and of a most curious shape, and evidently had been very elegant in its day. I tried to lift the lid, and found it locked, but as I touched it a shiver ran through me, for I was convinced now that this was what my ghostly music had come from last night, and I determined to find out before another day had passed who it had belonged to, and what restless spirit still haunted its worn strings.

So after breakfast, when all the others had gone to church, I went into my grandmother's room to sit with her, for she was not very strong, dear old lady, and rarely went out of the house in winter.

After we were nicely settled, and had got through our morning's reading, I told her of my last night's adventure, and my subsequent researches, and begged her to tell me all about the old piano that I had found in the attic. She smiled at my eagerness, but did not seem at all surprised or incredulous, for though she herself had never heard the music I spoke of, there had been others long ago, she said, who, sleeping in that room on Christmas Eve, had been known to hear faint sounds, coming as if from the old piano above, though it was always locked, and the key had been lost. The coincidence, at least, was very strange, taken in connection with the history attached to it, and which my grandmother then proceeded to relate to me.

"Many years ago," said my grandmother, "when your great-great-great-grandfather was alive, this house was full of life and merriment; for your Aunt Annie—your great-great-aunt for whom you are named, child—lived here with her father and brothers. She was as bright and funny as the day was long, but so full of mischief and coquetry that she gave the heartache to all the young men, far and near, and yet had suffered never a pang herself. I am afraid that a spice of her coquetry has descended to this generation too, my dear," said the old lady, gazing fondly, but reproachfully at me. "I felt sorry to see the look in poor George's eyes, last night, as you turned from him on the stairs—"

"Oh! *do* please go on, grandmother dear," said I, "I am so much interested in the story." But in my own wicked little heart I was sorry too, and inwardly resolved to make up for it to him on the first opportunity.

"Well, your Aunt Annie always had the house full, and some of her cousins and young friends were always staying there. Among the gentlemen who were their frequent visitors was a young naval officer, Robert Carroll, whom they suspected Annie of preferring. Of course, as girls will, they all teased her most unmercifully about him, and consequently she would hardly speak to him sometimes, and just because in her own heart she knew that to talk with him just one hour was better to her than a whole day with all the others.

"The poor fellow evidently had no eyes for any one else, but he was very reserved and sensitive, and did not go in boldly and make love to her, as any other man would have done, but stood and worshiped afar off. They say he was a very fine musician, and sang beautifully, and not only that but he composed songs for Annie to sing; for she had a lovely voice, and would sing lovely old ballads for us in the long Summer evenings with wonderful pathos and feeling.

"As the days went by the time drew near for Robert to join his ship. Early in December his orders came, and he was to leave the day after Christmas.

"He loved Annie so dearly that he felt he could not go away from her so long without asking for some assurance that his love was returned, and yet he could not bear to think of hearing her say she could never love him. Sometimes she treated him so coldly, almost rudely, and yet again, when they were alone, he could have sworn her eyes spoke a different language.

"The day before Christmas came, and still no word had been spoken. On the morning of that day Robert wrote a note to her, and inclosed in it a little song he had written, and in the note he said,—"But stay," said my grandmother, "I think I can show you the very note itself," and going to her desk she took from it an old yellow piece of manuscript music, so faded as to be illegible, and a little sheet of paper. "These," she said, "were found up in the attic among other old letters and private family papers when we came back, and though I destroyed the rest I kept these," and taking up the note she read it aloud. It was very short, and ran thus:

Annie, darling, will you be my wife? and may I go away with hope warm at my heart that when I come back I may claim you as my own? Little one, if it is to be, and you can love me, will you sing my song for me to-night when I come? If there is no hope for me you will sing something else, and it will be better to learn it so than to give you the pain of telling me. But somehow I feel hopeful, and shall come with a brave heart in spite of the fate which your sweet voice is to sing me into life or death.

For ever yours, in this world and the next. ROBERT.

"He sealed the note inclosing the song, and sent it over by his servant. As the man was going into the gate he met Annie's youngest brother, Harry, a little fellow of ten years old, who snatched the note from him, and said, 'Oh! I'll take it to sister Annie, Tom,' and ran off. So Thomas walked away with an easy conscience, thinking he had delivered the note safely, at least to a 'member of the family.'

'Harry trotted off toward the house with the best intentions in the world, but was diverted on the way by some important business with a small boy of his own age, who suddenly turned up, so by the time he did go home all memory of the note had entirely vanished from his youthful mind.

"Evening came, and the younger children were all in bed, and Harry lay sound asleep, while on a chair hung his little jacket, and in the pocket still, poor Robert's note, undelivered. Annie, with cheeks 'like twin roses,' and eyes bright with love and hope, was waiting for the company.

All the young people were coming from the neighborhood to have a frolic, but she only thought of Robert. 'He must speak to me to-night,' she said to herself. 'I am sure he loves me, and in spite of my bad behavior to him sometimes, he must know my heart.'

"Early in the evening Annie's father, according to his custom, asked her for a song, and as she rose and went to the piano she caught sight of Robert's pale handsome face. He was near the door, where he had just entered, standing with his arms folded and his eyes fixed upon her with a look that to her dying day she never forgot. As she sat down to the instrument an unaccountable feeling of depression came over her, some unseen influence seemed to hold her hands so that she could scarcely strike the notes, but with an impulse she threw it off, and dashed into some gay and nonsensical song that was popular at the time, and sang it through to the very end.

"When she looked up Robert was gone, and she never saw him again in this world. He left home that night and never returned, for his ship, with all on board, was lost on the way out; and he went to his grave thinking her cold and heartless. And she—all the next day she waited for him, wondering that he did not come. That night, as she was wearily going to room, a little voice from the nursery called her, and going in, she found Harry wide awake.

"'Oh! sister Annie, said he, don't scold me, but I forgot your note yesterday, and there it is still in my pocket.' And he pointed to the jacket which hung on a chair. Mechanically, she reached and took it, but when she saw the address in *his* hand, she grew as pale as death. She only stopped and kissed the little fellow, who was sobbing bitterly, and no word of reproach passed her lips.

"From that day she was a different being. Her whole life seemed to be a period of waiting; waiting for news of him.

"You must remember, my dear,' added my grandmother, "that in those times there were no such conveniences for communications as we have now-a-days, when lovers can change their minds two or three times a day by mail, and can telegraph 'yes' and 'no' sixty times a minute (more or less) if they please.

"And when at last the news of Robert's death came, it was as if some blight had fallen on her, for she seemed to fade away, and grew weaker and weaker, until it got to be so that she never left her room. Then her piano was moved up there, the room you were in last night—for her music seemed the only thing left in which she took any interest, and often at night when all was still they would hear her playing, for she had never been known to sing since that time when, with her own sweet voice, she had smilingly sounded the death knell of two hearts.

"On Christmas morning, just one year after, when they came to her room they found her seated at the piano, with his song before her, and her white hands cold and stiff, resting on the keys. She had gone to meet him, and her weary waiting was over at last."

"This was my grandmother's story of the old piano—and that evening as George and I were sitting together on the broad staircase, while the others were dancing in the parlor, I told it all over to him, and would you believe it? when I came to the part about poor Robert's last letter, George actually said it served him right for not being man enough to ask for what he wanted when he had the chance, as I intended to ask you right here, little Annie," said he, and then—well, somehow I did not finish the story that evening.

Since then, however, we have often talked it over, but George always smiles when I tell him of the ghostly music I heard on Christmas eve in the old house, and suggests though the piano was locked, yet the back had fallen out from old age, and there was room enough for a whole regiment of mice to creep in and run over the rusty strings, and he further says that I was sleepy and troubled in my mind for treating him so badly, and thought it was my aunt's ghost come to warn me. But that is nonsense, of course, and I shall always believe that it was poor Robert's last song that I heard.

THERE is a model old man described by a Peoria newspaper. He hasn't taken a bit of care of himself. He chewed tobacco sixty years, and got fat on it. He drank hard for twenty-five years, and got younger every day. His eye-sight is so good that he reads his newspaper by moonlight through a microscope inverted to make the type small enough for his peculiar vision. He walks every morning four miles for his drinks before breakfast; he chops a card of wood between each meal; he has tried to die of old age thirteen times and failed every time. He attends to the wants of an old and feeble grandson, and superintends the funerals of his posterity with great care and decency.

MARK TWAIN AND THE SHAH AT OSTEND.

[London Cor. N. Y. Herald, June 18.]

"Would you like to go over to Belgium and help bring the Shah to England?"

I said I was willing.

"Very well, then; here is an order from the Admirality which will admit you on board her Majesty's ship Lively, now lying at Ostend, and you can return in her day after to-morrow."

That was all. That was the end of it. Without stopping to think, I had in a manner taken upon myself to bring the Shah of Persia to England.

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Now the train was signalled, and every body got ready for the great event. The Belgium regiment straightened itself up, and some two hundred Flounders arrived and took conspicuous position on a little mound. I was a little afraid that this would impress the Shah; but I was soon occupied with other interests. The train of thirteen cars came tearing in, and abreast the ships. Music and guns began an uproar. Odd-looking Persian faces and felt hats (brimless stovepipes) appeared at the car windows.

Some gorgeous Eglnish officials filed down the carpet from the Vigilant.—They stopped a long car with the royal arms upon it, uncovered their heads and locked the car door. Then the Shah stood up in it and gave us a good view. He was a handsome, strong-featured man, with a rather European fairness of complexion; had a mustache, wore spectacles, seemed of a good height and graceful build and carriage, and looked about forty or a shade less. He was very simply dressed—brimless stovepipe, and close buttoned dark green military suit, without ornament. No, not wholly without ornament, for he had a band two inches wide worn over his shoulder and down across his breast, scarf fashion, which band was one solid glory of fine diamond.

A Persian official appeared in the Shah's rear and enveloped him in an ample quilt—or cloak if you please—which was lined with fur. The outside of it was of a whitish color, and elaborately needle-worked in Persian patterns like an India shawl. The Shah stepped out, and the official procession formed about him and marched him down the carpet, and on board the Vigilant to slow music. Not a Flounder raised a cheer. All the small fry swarmed out of the train.

THE CORRESPONDENTS EXCITED.

The Shah walked back alongside his fine cabin, looking at the assemblage of silent, solemn Flounders; the correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, was hurrying along the pier and took off his hat and bowed to the "King of Kings" and the King of Kings gave a polite military salute in return. This was the commencement of the excitement. The success of the breathless *Telegraph* man made all the other London correspondents mad, every man of whom flourished his stovepipe recklessly and cheered lustily, some of the more enthusiastic varying the exercise by lowering their heads and elevating their coat-tails. Seeing all this, and feeling that if I was to "impress the Shah" at all, now was my time, I ventured a little squeaky yell, quite distinct from the other shouts, but just as hearty. His Saintship heard and saw, and saluted me in a manner that was I considered an acknowledgment of my superior importance. I do not know that I ever felt so ostentatious and absurd before. All the correspondents came aboard, and then the Persian baggage came also, and was carried across to the ship alongside of ours. When she could hold no more we took somewhere about a hundred trunks and boxes on board our vessel. Two boxes fell into the water, and several sailors jumped in and saved one, but the other was lost.—However, it probably contained nothing but a few hunured pounds of diamonds and things.

UNDER WAY FOR ENGLAND.

At last we got under way and steamed out through a long slip, the piers on either side being crowded with Flounders; but never a cheer. A battery of three guns on the starboard pier boomed a royal salute, and we swept out to sea, the Vigilant in the lead; we right in her wake, and the baggage ship in ours.—Within fifteen minutes everybody was well acquainted; a general jollification set in, and I was thoroughly glad I had come over to fetch the Shah.

MARK TWAIN.

[London Cor. of N. Y. Herald June 19.]

Leaving Ostend we went out to sea under a clear sky and open smooth water—so smooth, indeed, that its surface was clear, and so it was, clear and sunny; but a rich haze lay upon the water in the distance—a soft, mellow mist, through which a scattering sail or two loomed vaguely. One may call such a morning perfect.

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All the ships were in motion—gliding hither and thither, in and out, mingling and parting—a bewildering whirl of flash and color. Our leader, the vast, black, ugly, but very formidable Devastation, plowed straight through the gay throng our Shah-ships following, the lines of big men-of-war saluting, the booming of guns drowning the cheering, stately islands of smoke towering everywhere. And so, in this condition of unspeakable grandeur, we swept into the harbor of Dover, and saw the English Princes and the long ranks of red-coated soldiers waiting on the pier, civilian multitudes behind them, the lofty hill front by the castle swarming with spectators, and there was the crash of cannon and a general hurrah all through the air. It was rather a contrast to silent Ostend and the unimpressible Flanders.

The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur received the Shah in state, and then all of us—Princes, Shahs, Ambassadors, Grand Viziers, and newspaper correspondents—climbed aboard the train, and started off to London just like so many brothers.

From Dover to London it was a sight to see. Seventy miles of human beings in a jam—the gaps were not worth mentioning—and every man, woman and child waving hat or handkerchief and cheering. I wondered—could not tell—could not be sure—could only wonder—would this "impress the Shah?" I would have given anything to know.—But—well, it ought—but—still one could not tell.

And by and by we burst into the London Railway Station—a very large station it is—and found it wonderfully decorated, and all the neighboring streets packed with cheering citizens. Would this impress the Shah? I—I—well, I could not yet feel certain.

The Prince of Wales received the Shah ah, you should have seen how gorgeously the Shah was dressed now—he was like the sun in a total eclipse of rainbows—yes, the Prince received him, put him in a grand open carriage, got in, and made him sit over further and not "crowd." The carriage clattered out of the station, all London fell apart on either side and lifted a perfectly national cheer, and just at that instant the bottom fell out of the sky, and forty deluges came pouring down at once.

The great strain was over, the crushing suspense at an end. I said, "Thank God, this will impress the Shah."

Now came the long files of Horse Guards in silver armor. We took the great Persian to Buckingham Palace. I never stirred till I saw the gates open and close upon him with my own eyes and knew he was there. Then I said:

"England, here is your Shah: take him and be happy, but don't ever ask me to fetch over another one."

This contract has been pretty straining on me. MARK TWAIN.

CIGARS.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THEIR MANUFACTURE.

The custom of smoking tobacco-leaves in the shape of cigars and cigarettes, seems to have originated among the Indians of Cuba and San Salvador, from whom it was derived by the first Spanish colonies, whose descendants afterwards introduced it into Europe.

In the earlier part of the sixteenth century it was the fashion in and around Seville—and, in fact, throughout Andalusia—to cultivate tobacco-plants in the gardens adjoining private residences, and to have the leaves rolled and prepared on the spot, in true Indian style.

Such gardens or plantations, were called *cigar-rales—i. e.*, places where the locust sings, that insect (*cigarra*) being very common in Spain. As every individual of means took especial pride in raising the best tobacco, and in smoking none but the products of his own home-manufacture, the phrase, "*Este cigarro es de mi cigarral*" (this cigar comes from my garden,) was soon adopted into general use, and the newly-coined word gradually found its way into other languages, with but slight modifications.

Cigar-smoking was not common, however, until the beginning of the present century, when the consumption of tobacco in every form suddenly attained enormous proportions and became an important source of revenue for several countries.

It has always been, and probably ever will be, the common belief that the best cigars are made in Cuba, and this is true in a certain measure. Previous to the year 1820 the manufacture of cigars on that island was monopolized by the government, but since then it has been thrown open to all; and owing to the incessant demands made upon the Cuban market, there is hardly any real competition among the manufacturers.

The Cabanas brands seem, however, to bring somewhat higher prices than those of any other house, the best cigars from that manufacture occasionally selling for fifty cents apiece in Havana, or twenty-five cents at wholesale.

Besides the immense quantity sold for exportation, over fourteen hundred million cigars are annually smoked on the island of Cuba alone.

The cigar manufacture is a government monopoly in the Philippine Islands. The best tobacco is raised in the northern portion of the island of Luzan, and is cultivated under the immediate supervision of Spanish officials and agents, who buy it directly from the planters.

There are three principal manufactories; the largest is at Manilla, and employs seven thousand women and twelve hundred men, all of whom are paid by the piece, to insure greater expedition and better work. The other two average about four thousand hands each.

Nearly one hundred and twenty-five million cigars and a proportionately large number of cheroots and cigarettes, are annually exported from the Philippine Islands.

The colonies affording better opportunities and more advantages for the culture and preparation of the valuable leaf, but few manufactories have been established in Spain itself. Yet those that have been started have nearly all continued in successful operation, and the one at Seville has gained a world-wide reputation.

In France the tobacco manufacture, in all its branches, has long been one of the principal sources of internal revenue. As early as 1674 the monopoly of the tobacco trade was sold for six years to Jean Breton for the sum of seven hundred thousand livres, or about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The French cigars are mostly of a superior quality, and are so skillfully shaped and delicately manipulated that none but experienced connoisseurs can detect the difference from genuine Partagas or Vuelto-Abajos, whose superiority is mainly due to their peculiar flavor and uniform combustion.

Immense quantities of cigars and cigarettes are manufactured in Bremen and Hamburg with very inferor or damaged leaves, and are shipped to all parts of the world, to be disposed of at extremely low rates.

Bremen takes the lead in this branch of trade, more than four thousand persons being actively engaged in it, and the yearly exportations from this city alone numbering over three million cigars.

En passant, it may be interesting for the reader to know that seventy-five thousand ordinary-sized cigars can be profitably manufactured out of six hundred pounds of good unadulterated tobacco. This simple fact shows how very remunerative the business can be made.

Wherever civilization has penetrated, the cigar has made its appearance, and has rapidly come into favor, however much has been said against smoking.

The annual amount spent by the English on tobacco alone—and principally on cigars—has been estimated at not far from fourteen million pounds sterling.

But in point of consumption, as well as of traffic and manufacture, the United States rank foremost as far as cigars are concerned.

"WHITEWASHING DONE HERE."—A good story is in circulation at the expense of Speaker Blain. Old Job Saldkell, a colored man, has been in the whitewashing business since the days of Washington. He is a lively old darkey, and he dropped in to say "dat some dem fellars fooled him like de debble." And it seems that some wags, soon after Mr. Speaker Blaine had made his dramatic demand for an investigating committee, told old Job, always in search of work, that Mr. Speaker Blain had the biggest sort of a job of whitewashing on hand, and he J. S., had better see him. Duly armed with bucket and brush, the old man took a pull at the bell of the speaker's palatial residence, and, on its being answered, said, "I want to see the Speakah." He was shown into the library, where parliamentary law and a gaval relaxed in gown and slippers. "Well, my man, what's wanted?" "I heard, sah, dat you had a mighty big job ob whitewashin' on hand, an' I jes drop along to see if I could git it." "Whitewashing?" repeating each separate letter as if dropping the word from a vial into a spoon. "Yes, sah; dey say dat you is gwine to whitewash the whole House ob Repumsentatives." "You infernal old scoundrel," cried the speaker, but he could not refrain from laughing at the amazed look of the venerable African. "Lord, sah, Ise no scoundrel, I only axed ye for yer job ob whitewashin'—dat's all. Now—now—now look ye heah," he continued in some trepidation, as he saw the Speaker rise to a question of order, "I do'no what you mean. And you jis tell em ef you want dat whithwashin' done or not—eh." "Look here, old man," exclaimed the Speaker, "some stupid ass has been imposing on you." "An' sah," said old Job to us, "he splain de matter, an"—here the old fellow's countenance opened in the most alarming manner, and from its cavernous depths came a "Yah, yah, yah," of the loudest sort.—*Washington Capital.*

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the earth can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle.—They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighted-down spirits glad, than all the other blessings the world can give.

A Duluth editor publishes statistics to prove that within nine years that embryo city will need fifty elevators, one thousand steamers, and tens of thousands of railroad cars. He sees it all "in his mind's eye," and is so confident all this will come to pass he will sell a half interest in his printing office for a new milch cow.

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.

From the days of Socrates to Charles Dickens there has been one long succession of unfortunate examples. Poet and painter, dramatist and novelist, philosopher and linguist—The Moliers, the Miltons, the Byrons, the Bulwers, the Durers, the Scalingers, the Sheridans, the Thackerays—will all marry and quarrel in the future as in the past. All these men, without exception, will, in the future, as in the past, blame their wives for the several successive trophies. And yet what a record of heartlessness and indifference our greatest men have left of their domestic life! Dr. Franklin, old utilitarian kite-flyer, went to Europe leaving his wife behind, and never saw her for eleven years. She had shared his poverty, and practiced his poor Richard maxims, pinched and economized, patched and darned, worked early and late, bred children, nursed them through jaundice, red gum, whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, and fits, while Benjamin enjoyed the splendor of a court, velvet cushions, great dinners and choice society. Of course when he came back the poor drudge was no match for a philosopher: there was a great gulf between them. That her heart rebelled is manifest in the headstrong acts of her children. He quarrelled with his sons, and disinherited one of them. Thus the mother is revenged. A just retribution for any wrong on woman is sure to come in the vice and crime of her children to the third and fourth generations.

Henry Clay thought he could safely leave his wife at Ashland to bearing children and make butter for the Lexington market, while he made laws for the nation and love to the lovely women in Washington. There his heart stood always open as any boarding house door, but shut against her who was playing Solomon's wise woman on a farm in Kentucky, cutting out lindsey and jeans for the "niggers." His dream of ambition over, sick and sad he went back to Ashland, to find that the domestic drudge called by the holy name of wife, had reared up for him a race of degenerate and wayward children. He was filled with bitterness of disappointment. But they measured the depth of the mother's humiliation. The angles of indifference and retaliation were but equal. Was it the sorrowful mother that made one son crazy with hopeless love; another a sour, discontented man, overcome through life with a sense of inferiority, and jockeys and gamblers of the rest? Truly, wisdom is justified by her children. We do not gather grapes from thistles, nor figs from thorns. By their fruits shall ye know them. Great pacificator! how could he fathom the cause of our social wrongs? We cannot quench our thirst at sweet and pleasant streams whose fountains we have poisoned. He might despise the wife who ministered to him in carnal things, but just and mighty was her revenge. Henry Clay is dead; his compromise measures are scattered to the winds; but his misdeeds live after him. His own Theodore still lingers in the asylum at Lexington. There is but one thing immortal, and that is love.

VERY EXACT.—A case of rather troublesome exactness on the part of a Down East lady is reported. A woman called at a grocery store recently and made some purchases, paying cash therefor. An hour or two afterward she returned in some agitation, inquiring if a pocket-book had been seen; she lost her's and hoped they had found it. Nothing had been seen of it, and a search was instituted, when the lost article was found behind a barrel in front of the counter.—Another half hour passed, and again she appeared, this time asking if any one had tampered with her pocket-book while it was at the store, as the money was not all there.

"How much money is missing?" inquired the trader.

"One cent," was the reply.

"Here, John," said the storekeeper, "give the lady one cent from the till."

She took it and went on her way rejoicing.

Later—Next day, we understand, the woman brought back the money, saying she had bought a cent's worth of hairpins the day before, and found it when she missed the pocket-book.

An exchange says: "When you see a bare-headed man follow a cow through the front gate, and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you may know that his cabbage plants have been set out."

AN envious man says that since the postal cards were introduced, the postmistresses are not getting an average of more than three hours' sleep a day. What a slander!

The prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

Many fortunes, like rivers, have a pure source, but they grow muddy as they grow large.

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