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[For the Sunday Republican.]

WITHERED VIOLETS.

I've a bunch of withered violets,
Not fresh with morning dew,
Nor bright as when they first were culled,
'Neath heaven's arching blue,
But withered, faded, scentless things,
Whose loveliness hath fled.
Their beauty died long years ago;
No fragrance now they shed.

But they are sweeter far to me
Than flowers of southern clime;
They link the present to the past,
That sacred by-gone time,
When hopes were bright and cloudless as
Their own soft April sky;
But, like my withered violets,
They blossomed but to die.

He culled them from some forest glade
To twine amid my hair,
And tenderly he placed the buds
In all their sweetness there;
Was it a brother's holy love,
This thoughtfulness of me?
I was content, the gift was dear,
As friendship's gift should be.

We met at eve, 'mid scenes of joy,
Yet why was I so sad?
I tried to sing the songs he loved,
But still I was not glad.
What was it then, had coming griefs
Their shadows cast before,
To dim my once unclouded sky,
And bid me sing no more?

Oh! bitter thoughts, from his own lips
I heard as if I dreamed,
Another claimed the love which I
Had thought my own had seemed;
Then it was not a sister's love
Which I had freely given;
Ah! no, I know it now, but must
The tie so soon be riven?

I smiled, and wished him happiness,
But in their briny bed
I checked the tears, for which I would
Have given worlds to shed;
But I must sing; I heard his voice,
Its cadence broke the spell;
The song was finished, and he said
I'd never sung so well.

How oft the lips are wreathed in smiles
To stifle back a sigh!
The laugh, though feigned, must anxious hearts
And loving looks defy;
The joyous tones must be assumed
E'en though that heart should ache,
They must not, shall not, know at home,
E'en though that heart must break.

I laid my violets aside,
I could not see them die,
For they, like hope, have withered too,
And so I put them by;
Long, weary years have passed since then,
And still my faded flowers
Are doubly dear, for they recall
My sweetest, saddest hours. L.

HER TWO HANDS.

Old Caspar came home about sunset. His pick was on his shoulder; so was his old wool hat, for he thrust it far back from his wrinkled front. Caspar had a bend, as if he had been half persuaded these many years to go on hands and knees again, so heavily time sat on his back, and so close to the earth did his daily labor draw him.

He was a good-natured, trotting old fellow, working his mouth eagerly, and straining his bleared eyes as he approached the town's draggled skirts, for very thinking of his folks—his old woman and his little gal.

There were rows of dismal frame huts all around, built by railroad companies for the purpose of penning as many of their employes' families at a time as possible. They repose gloomy and barn-like, squat on that sandy foundation which scripture condemns, swarming with legions of tallow-headed children. Women sharp at the elbows, and sharper at the face, were raising clouds of pork smoke from their respective kitchen altars. In fact, the whole neighborhood reeked with the smell of grease, and the evening was so warm a Laplander might have resented it. But Caspar's nose was not delicate. He trotted over the cinder sidewalk, nodding this way and that, glad there was such a fine air, and that his old bones were so near home.

"Thar's the little gal, as usual," he chuckled, as he turned a corner and found Madgie on her lookout at the gate. She was a comforting sign to see in that neighborhood, so tidy and fair in calico and braids, and the pink flesh color of youth. You wondered why she hadn't been no further up town, and draped in something costly; why her deft fingers had never learned there were ten keys to unlock a soul which slumbers in rosewood, and which rises at a touch, like some blessed genii, to comfort all ills and fill all thoughts; you wondered why some high bred father was not coming home to her now. But then this old man would have found it so hard to do without her. Then, too, Madge might never in her life have struck the royal heart which was now in her hands, which she held her bank against all the future, and the interest of which was the only income which she wanted.

"There you are, grandpa!" cried Madge.

"Yes, and there you are, Madgie; and here we both are Madgie!" entering the open gate and casting down his pick.

He put his hands on both sides of her head, and gave her a sounding smack on the cheek.

"Supper's ready."

"Yes, yes, just wait until I get a little of the smut off my hands and neck. It's been a powerful hot, dusty day."

Caspar trotted through the little barn allotted to him, hailed his old wife, who sat ready to pour his tea, and after blowing and plunging through a deal of water, returned to his family with shining countenance and a handful of onions.

"I jist pulled these up for a relish. They're cooling, ingens is. You tended that ingen-bed, didn't you, Madgie?"

"Grandma and I."

"And we wanted some of them ingens for market," said the old wife, eyeing the sacrifice severely. "We a'n't got no ground to throw away raisin' luxuries for ourselves."

"Well, well, mother," pleaded Caspar, dipping his fragant sphere in salt, "I don't calk'late to pull 'em all. I jist wanted somethin' refreshin' after a hard day. Taste 'em Maggie," said he, insinuating the emerald tops toward her.

"Oh, no, grandpa, keep 'em yourself," shaking her head and smiling.

"I feel," mumbled Caspar, filling his senses and his jaw with perfumed roots until a blind man would have pronounced him a Mexican, if his nose had sat in judgment over Caspar, "I r'ally feel as if I needed somethin' refreshin' workin' hard day after day for nothin' you might say. Sort of seein' your work go to pieces under your eyes, and knowin' the danger to them on the road."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" cried Madge, turning white as her bread and butter.

"Why, honey, you see we've picked and picked in that cut, and the side's as unstiddy as water. The stones and the earth just roll on the track continual. The company orto do somethin' to that cut. Stones as big as you is jarred down every train. But then the road's new, the road's new, yet."

"Men ain't got no sense," broke in the old wife. "Don't you see you're skeering that child to death for fear Charley'll get mashed up. He runs on the road."

Two blades of keen remorse leaped from Caspar's bleared eyes.

"Now, don't you be skeered, honey. Take an ingen, honey."

He reached over to pet her fingers.

"Charley didn't pass to-day when the dirt was rattlin' down so. He don't pass till half after eight this evening, and we left the track as clear as this table. Yes, sir, them rails is as free and bright as new tin pans. So don't you be skeered, honey."

"I'm not scared about anything, grandpa," said Madge, tremulously, but smiling like a rainbow.

"There, now, mother," cried Caspar, triumphantly, returning to his onions, "you come down on me for nothin'. She ain't skeered a bit."

No, not a bit. She flew about the room like a bird, washed the earthenware, brought her grandfather his pipe and dropped at his feet to tell him some funny story afloat. In his enjoyment he wrapped himself in such a cloud that she could hardly see the clock.

Madge slipped out to the gate. She was often there, looking up the road. The two old people sat inside, thinking of the days when they were young.

She was restless, and flitted over the cinder sidewalk, following a magnet which would have drawn her from the centre of the earth. To the road, of course. How often had she watched the rails converging horizonward until they sharpened themselves to a needle point. The railroad had a fascination for Madge. When a girl she used to follow her grandfather to his work, and hide among bushes to see the big freights lumbering by, and the express trains whirling into town like screaming land demons. She had heard of the sea, and the spell it had upon sailors, but she saw the railroad and felt the spell, which nobody seemed to remark, that it cast over inland labors. She saw her boy playmates sucked up by "the road;" heard her grandfather tell of hairbreadth escapes from collisions, of cool courage in men who placed themselves between the people they carried and most horrible death. She had learned the power and mission of "the road." In short, she was as loyal a daughter of the rail as any Maine skipper's child is of the sea. Madge had affinity for an engine. To this day her throat swelled, her eye kindled, when the great iron animal swept past her. Charley drove an engine, and his engine was, in her eyes, a fitting exponent of the strength and beauty of his manhood. Such was the romance of her little dry life. Everybody must have his enthusiasm. She had been in the town's great depot at night, arrived from a holiday trip, and had laughed aloud to see some busy engine hurrying up and down, picking up freight like a hen gathering her chickens; now breathing loud enough to deafen a multitude, now concentrating his strength and panting slowly away at the head of its charge. She had waked from sleep to hear them calling to each other through the darkness, and translated to herself what they said.

It was a proper thing for Madge to be an engineer's wife. She thought it a fitting thing to be Charley's wife under any circumstances, I assure you. There was now only a little strip of time between Madge and Charley. She looked over that little strip, and saw just how it would be. They were to have a cottage on a clean street; her grand-parents, if they became infirm, were to have a home with her; "and these two little hands," said Charley, "will make me the dearest nest; I'll be so glad to run into it at night."

Madge's pink face took on rose as she thought of all these things, looking up and down the cut to see if the track was clear. It was clear. She felt relieved and foolish about coming out there through twilight to spy for Charley's welfare, and much inclined to hide from the smoke rising far off. But those unstable sandy walls towering over his way; Madge watched them jealously. Just as the thunder of the train could be heard, her heart stood still to see them dissolve, like pillars ground down by some malicious Samson, and piled upon the track until nothing could be seen for yards but one long hill of earth and stones!

Now, little Madge, if there is heroism in you, it must meet and lasso that iron beast whirling a hundred people upon death! A hundred! The whole world was in the engine house. He wouldn't try to save himself when he came upon the life trap. She saw how he would set his lips, bend nerve and brain to the emergency, she saw how car would crush into car, the wreck lie over a burning engine, and Charley be ground and charred under them all!

O, sublimely selfish woman! She flew over the track like a thing of wings. It was life and Charley, or death with Charley. The headlight flashed up through the dusk. There were matches in her pocket; she scraped them on a rail, and tore off her apron. O, they wouldn't ignite, and the cotton would but smoulder. It is rolling down on her swift as air. Bless the loom which wove the cloth which made the cotton apron! She tossed it, blinking and blazing above her head, walking slowly backward. The red-eyed fury roared down at her, but you can't terrify a woman when her mind is made up. It should run over her before it should reach the sand heap.

She was seen. The engine rent the evening with its yells; the brakes were on—her lasso had caught it—it could now be stopped in time. She darted aside, but the current was too strong for her. She was dizzy, fell and clutched in the wrong direction. Poor, poor little fingers.

Now the people pour out; they run here and there. Women are crying—perhaps because they weren't hurt. The engineer darts along like a madman, looking under the train. There, a dozen feet before the engine, rises a sand hill. Everybody wants to know how they were stopped before they rounded the curve.

"Here she is!" shouted Charley, striding up with a limp bundle, like a king who had sacrificed to the good of the State. "She showed the signal, and stood up to it until I saw her—until we almost run her down! There's half the fingers cut off her left hand! There, what do you think of that now, for the woman who saved you all?" holding up the mutilated stump.

"God bless it!" prayed an old gentleman, taking off his hat.

"Amen!" roared the crowd. With one breath they raised three shouts, which shook the sand hills until they came down handsomely a second time, Charley standing above their enthusiasm with the fainting child in his arms, like a regent holding some royal infant.

"Let me see her, sobbed first one woman then another. So Charley sat down and let them crowd around him with ice water, cologne and linen for bandages. He even gave the men a glimpse of her waxy face, just unfolding to consciousness. Like all Western people, they wanted to pour out their hearts in "a purse." Madge hid her face on Charley's blouse, and "would none of it."

He carried her home at the head of a procession, which stopped before her grandfather's hut, and cheered her "last appearance." So do people froth up in gratitude.

An hour afterward, when the neighbors were dispersed, and Caspar stood convinced that "an ingen" might not be the best brace for Madge's nerves when her hand was dressed, and her grandmother was quavering a psalm in the corner, Madge turned such a look on Charley as even that stout-hearted fellow could not stand. He leaned close to her, and not having yet washed the smoke off his face, was as Vulcan like a lover as you could desire. But Madge always saw the god, not the mechanic.

"Oh, Charley! how can I make a little nest for you now? After the feeling of tonight is over you will wish that you had married anybody rather than a maimed girl!"

Unwise Madge! She drew her fate upon herself. I do aver that to this day her nose is much flattened by the vice-like punishment Charley made her suffer for that speech.

When he came in next evening he laid a paper in her lap and watched the pale face expand and blossom while she read a deed of gift to her of the prettiest cottage on the prettiest street in the city. The company which Charley served, and which could do handsome things as well as thoughtless ones, begged her, in a flattering note, to accept the gift as a small acknowledgment of their obligations to her.

"How could she make a little nest for him?" asked Charley, looking at her through brimming eyes.

"Why, with her hands, after all," answered Madge, crying.

"And this will always be the prettier hand of the two," said that foolish fellow, touching the bandaged one.

A man named John Hanafan, "in a weaving way," called at the central station, Detroit, the other evening, and asked to be locked up. When the sergeant expressed surprise at the man's rather unusual request, Hanafan replied: "Put 'er down, I say. When I'm drunk the old woman can handle me like a child, but when I'm sober I can wollop 'er all to smash. Jess lock me up till I get sober." His request was promptly complied with.

The marquis of Westminster has just paid $110,000 for a beiling.

THE SQUIRE'S MISTAKE.

Squire Dudley was in his garden, pulling weeds in his patch of tame strawberries, on the morning when he took a fancy for Ruth Lee's pretty face. She came down the road, looking fresh as a new blown rose in her plain calico dress and straw hat. Her brown hair, cut quite short, blew all about her face in little rings, and her blue eyes and bright cheeks made her as pretty a picture as one often sees. Squire Dudley saw her just as she came opposite the strawberry patch, and called out "Good morning!" in his brisk, cheery way.

"O, good morning!" she answered. "You almost scared me, Squire Dudley. I didn't see you until you spoke."

"Pleasant morning, isn't it?" said the squire, coming up to the fence. Ruth had halted in the road.

"It's beautiful weather," answered Ruth. "I told mother it was too pleasant to stay in doors, and started off on a visit."

"Are your strawberries ripe yet?" said the squire, wondering that he never had noticed what a fresh, charming face Widow Lee's daughter had before.

"Our strawberries!" laughed Ruth. "We havn't got one. Our old rooster got in one day, about a week ago, and picked all he could eat, and then coaxed the hens in, and between them they ruined our strawberry crop."

"Too bad!" exclaimed the sympathetic squire. "Have some of those, Ruth. They're just ripe enough to be good."

He picked some great clusters of ripe berries and handed them over the fence to her.

"Thank you," said Ruth, smiling. "How nice they are. Mother was making great calculations on her strawberry jam. She was terribly vexed when she found out what the hens had done."

"I've got lots to spare," said the squire. "I'll send some over to your mother."

"She'd be much obliged to you," said Ruth; "if you have more than you want—"

"Plenty of them," answered the squire; "plenty of them. Can have them just as well as not."

"I must be going," said Ruth. "Good morning."

"Good morning," returned the squire, looking after her as she went down the road. "I declare there ain't a prettier girl in town than Ruth Lee. I wonder some of the young fellows haven't got her away from the widow. If I was young now—"

Squire Dudley stopped suddenly. An idea had just flashed across his brain.

"I'm fifty," he said at last, after thinking quite busily for some minutes. "I'm fifty, but I don't look it. I don't see why I shouldn't try my luck, after all. Girls as young as Ruth marry men older than I am. I'm sure she'd make any man a good wife. Her mother is one of the finest women in the State, and she's brought her daughter up to know how to work, and be saving and prudent. I'm sure we need a good housekeeper. Mrs. Brown, she's old and fussy and crooked, and this way of living isn't half living. I do believe I'll marry her, if she'll have me. Maybe Charley'll say it's foolish, but I can't help that."

The squire fell to weeding out his strawberries again diligently, and kept thinking about Ruth all the while. Long before dinner was ready he had fully made up his mind to propose marriage to Ruth and bring home a new housekeeper and mistress to the great house whose mistress had been dead for ten years or more, provided, of course, that Ruth didn't say no, and the squire thought there wasn't much danger of that, though, why he should be so sure, I can't say.

"Don't you think we need a housekeeper?" he said to his son Charles that afternoon, as they sat on the verandah. The squire evidently saw some new feature in the landscape, for he kept his face turned away from Charley's as he spoke.

"A housekeeper?" asked Charley. "We've got one. What do we want of more, I should like to know?"

"Yes, I know," assented the squire, turning red in the face, and beginning to get a little uneasy; "but Mrs. Brown isn't such a woman as we need. She doesn't take any interest in the work as—as a woman would who—who had more interest in it."

After which extremely logical argument the squire got more fidgety than ever.

"I understand that," answered Charley. "If she had a personal interest in the place, and in being prudent and keeping things up, she'd do better than she does now. Now she gets her pay for her work, and that's all she cares for. It's all we can expect of her."

"Just so," said the squire, glad to know Charley agreed with him so far. "I've been thinking this morning that the best thing I could do would be to get some one who would take a personal interest in matters. I don't see as you intend to get married, and if you won't, I don't know but I'd better."

The squire breathed easier. The worst part was over with.

"You get married!" exclaimed Charley, in intense surprise. "Why, I didn't know that you ever thought of such a thing."

"And I haven't till this morning," exclaimed the squire. "I got to thinking about it this morning, and the more I thought about it the more I thought it a good plan. You haven't any objections?"

"Of course not," answered Charley. "You can do as you think best. If you deem it advisable to get a wife, I have nothing to say further than the hope that you will get some one who will make you happy."

"She will," said the squire very decidedly, "she will, I am sure."

"May I ask who 'tis to be?" inquired Charley.

"I—I haven't asked her yet," answered the squire, as red as a rose. "I'd rather wait until I'm sure of her before I tell who it is. She might say no, you see, and I should feel rather cheap."

Prudent Squire Dudley. That afternoon he picked a panful of his finest strawberries, and directly after tea started off across lots in the direction of Widow Lee's, with the berries on his arm. It was dusk before he got to the widow's, for he walked slowly. He had very busy thoughts for company. He was wondering what it were best to do. Should he propose at once to Ruth, or should he see her mother first, and talk with her? He concluded the last was the wisest plan. As he opened the gate noiselessly he heard voices in the other corner of the garden, and stopped a moment to find out if it was the widow and her daughter.

"I never had any idea of it before," said a voice, which he recognized as Charley's: "not the least in the world. He said he hadn't thought anything about it until today. I couldn't find out who he had in view. I hope it isn't old Miss Sharp. She'd like to get somebody."

The squire burst into a profuse perspiration at the idea of having Miss Sharp for a wife.

"He says he didn't see as I ever intended to get married," went on Charley. "I didn't tell him I had got me a wife picked out, but I wanted to. I am sure he'd approve my taste in making a selection."

"What nonsense!" laughed a clear, pleasant voice; Ruth's voice, the squire knew, the moment he heard it. "If I am going to be your wife I want you to quit laughing at me in that sly way, pretending you are flattering me all the time."

"His wife. Good gracious!"

The squire was so taken by surprise that he came near dropping his strawberries. So it was all settled between them. And he had come near proposing to his son's intended wife. He felt cold all over at the thought of it. How lucky that he did not take Charley into his confidence, and tell him who he had concluded to marry.

"I declare," exclaimed the squire, "I've made a mistake this time, sure enough. The rascal got the start of me. I'd like to know what I'm to do? I've told him that I intended to get married, and if I don't he'll likely as not, mistrust something. Dear me!"

The squire was in trouble. Another bright thought occurred to him. There was the widow. After all, she would be more suitable for him than Ruth would have been. She was somewhere near his own age. A fine woman. A smart woman. She would make a fine mistress for his empty house. Why shouldn't he marry her, since he could not have her daughter.

"I'll do it," exclaimed the squire, bound to go through with the matter since he had got so far. "I'll do it."

He knocked. The door was opened by the widow, round-cheeked, rosy and smiling.

"Why, Squire Dudley? Good evening," she exclaimed. "I hardly know you at first, you havn't been here in so long. Come in; take this rocking-chair, and let me take your hat."

The widow bustled about and got the squire a chair and deposited his hat on the table before he happened to think of his basket.

"Oh! Ruth told me your strawberry crop had proved a failure, so I thought I'd run over and bring you a few. Strawberry short-cake don't go bad this time of year."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you," said the widow, taking the basket. "I was so provoked to think the hens should spoil mine. Such a nice lot as I would have had."

"If you want any preserves, come over and get 'em," said the squire. "We've plenty of 'em. Mrs. Brown—she won't do anything with 'em except as we use them in the season of them, I suppose."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the widow. "You ought to have them done up. They're so nice in the winter. I would like to get some for jam; and if Mrs. Brown won't take care of them, I'll do them up on shares."

"I wish you would," said the squire. "Things are all going to wreck and ruin about my place. 'Taint to be expected a hired woman will take any interest in affairs," and here he sighed deeply.

"No, that's so."

It was strange that the squire had not found out how things were going to wreck and ruin before. Mrs. Brown had been there ever since Mrs. Dudley died.

The squire and the widow kept up a very brisk conversation, and at the end of an hour he was more deeply in love with her than her daughter, and began to wonder how he had been so blind as to overlook such a delightful woman for so long.

By-and-by the widow bustled out, and presently came back with a pitcher of last year's cider and a plate of cake.

"Do have something to eat and drink," urged the widow. "If I'd known you were coming I'd have made a cherry pie. I remember you used to like my cherry pies."

"I—I wish you'd come and make cherry pies for me all your life," blurted out the squire, turning very red in the face again. "I—I came down to ask you to marry me, Mrs. Lee."

After which innocent falsehood the squire felt decidedly relieved.

"I'm sure I'd as lief marry you as any man," answered the widow, blushing, and looking as pretty as a rose.

"It's all settled, then," cried the delighted squire, and kissed her plump on the lips just as the door opened and Charley and Ruth came in.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with my new housekeeper," said the squire, bowing very low to hide his red face.

"And allow me to present my wife—that is to be," answered Charley. "You take the mother and I'll take the daughter."

I am happy to say that under the new administration things are no longer going to wreck and ruin.

THE APES OF GIBRALTAR.

The Effects of Undue Zeal in Hunting.

A correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, writing from Gibraltar under date of September 16, says:

The Governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, is popular, and makes an excellent commander. He and his predecessors have mainly devoted themselves to defending the apes that are to be found on the rock against hostile attacks from the garrison or town. These apes are the only wild monkeys in Europe. They have been here from time immemorial, and they are reverenced as much as their brothers in the sacred groves of Benares. The most stringent orders are issued against injuring them. From the signal battery on the top of the rock soldiers are always on the lookout with telescopes for them, and the number seen every day is registered in a book. A few months ago a young gentleman arrived here fresh from school, as an ensign in a regiment. Wandering over the rock with a gun, he espied an ape, and, as he thought it would be interesting to send home a stuffed monkey, shot it. Imagine the horror of the town and garrison when the lad came back through the streets, bearing with him triumphantly the result of his day's shooting. An officer—even an ensign—is a very great man here. The inhabitants did not dare to rush upon the sacrilegious wretch who had slaughtered a creature almost as holy as an officer. Some sat at their doorsteps in silent horror, and veiled their countenances. Others followed the corpse of the dead ape to see what would happen to its murderer. Gibraltar was in—for it—a state of wild excitement. When the ensign reached his barracks, his colonel and brother officers explained to him the fearful crime of which he had been guilty. So great, indeed, was the offense that it was felt that the Governor alone could deal with it. Sir Fenwick Williams is a man of a kindly nature; but even he, I understand, thought for some time of nothing less than cashiering the unfortunate ensign; while one or two of the permanent authorities, who, on hearing what had occurred, immediately went to the Government House to tender their advice, were strongly in favor of the *lex talionis*, and, the ensign being slain, to avenge the *manes* of the slaughtered ape. After a lengthy discussion he was consigned to captivity. He has since been released, but he has left his own name in prison, and is now called by every one "Du Chaillu."

How to Read.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson says, in a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*:

I was once called upon to prescribe intellectually for a young girl of fair abilities, who showed no want of brains in conversation, but had a perfect indifference to books. She read dutifully and torpidly whatever was set before her—novels, travels, history, all were the same; each page drove out the previous page, and her memory was a blank. Her parents asked me to teach her to read; she joined in the request, and I consented to the experiment, on condition that she would faithfully read a single book in the way I should direct. She consented. It was the time of Kossuth's visit, when everybody was talking about the Hungarian revolution. The book I chose was "Hungary in 1848," by Bruce, of far more interest then than now. I prescribed it in daily doses of one chapter. If possible she was to read that—the chapters being short—but under no conceivable circumstances was she to read more. After each chapter she was to put down, in a blank book I gave her, some remark suggested by it. She must mention something that had interested her, or seek the explanation of some word, or anything else she pleased. Her comment might be only to say that Georgy was a traitor, or to inquire how his name should be pronounced; but at least there must be one sentence of remark per chapter. From time to time I was to see what she had written, and answer her questions, if any. This was the prescription, and she took it courageously.

I knew in advance what would be the greatest difficulty. It was to keep her to one chapter. It seemed to her such a mistake, such a waste of opportunity, when she could so easily manage five or six chapters in a day. Had she done so, all would have been lost, so I was inexorable. The consequence was that she never failed to read her chapter; and when she got to the end of it, for want of anything better to do, she read it over again, or went to work with her note book. It was a very nice note book, and she wrote a beautiful hand.

When I came to look over the pages, every few days, I was astonished at the copiousness and variety of her notes. On some days, to be sure, there would be but a single sentence, and that visibly written with effort; but almost always there were questions, doubts and criticisms, all of which I met as I could. I found my own mind taxed by hers, and finally reread every chapter carefully, that I might be ready for her. And at the end she told me with delight that for the first time in her life she had read a book.

Where was the magic of the process? I suppose mainly in the restraint, the moderate pace and the necessity of writing something. "Reading," says my Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man, writing an exact man." To clearly define and systematize what you know, write.

Colonel Higginson says that one peculiarity of Hawthorne was that he never spoke of a literary work of his own until it was finished. Authors are very apt to talk about their literary children before they are born.

FANNY FERN.

One of Her Little Lovers.

[From the Hearth and Home.]

Once upon a time, when a little country girl came to New York to make her first visit, her first thought was to manage to get a directory and look out the number of a certain house. She forgot, for the time, the park, the stores, the pictures, the theatre, but stole off quietly, looking up the names of the streets until she found the right one, then pursued it until she came to a brown stone house whose windows were all thrown open, where flowers were blooming on the window ledges, and a canary singing gaily in a gilded cage. Walking rapidly on until she saw the number, "I knew it," she said delightedly. "Of course her home wouldn't look like the rest. It's just like her. She always said she liked flowers and birds and air and sunlight."

The little girl walked up one side, down the other, paced backward and forward, watching the windows. Presently a lady came to one, bent over a rose in bloom, gathered a few leaves and disappeared. The little girl had stood perfectly still, watching her with eager eyes, and when the lady was gone she started back to her hotel with a feeling of satisfaction, and yet filled with longing.

"Where have you been wandering through the streets of this great city alone?" was the inquiry.

"I've been to see where Fanny Fern lived, and I saw her, too; she came to the window. She lives in a big brown house, with the windows all open, and the rest of the people have theirs all closed. I knew it was her house, too, before I got there. The bird and the flowers told me she lived there. Oh! I do wish I could go to see her! But, then, I'd just be like any other little girl to her, and, of course, she can't see them all."

After that, whenever the little girl came to the city, she went over and walked before those windows. When she was on Broadway, half its attractions were missed, for she had heard that there the bold, free step and genial manner of Fanny Fern often distinguished her from the crowd of promenaders, and so she fruitlessly kept her watch, but never accomplished her desire.

Finally the word came, Fanny Fern is dead! It seemed that it could not be so. Death, and the Fanny Fern the children knew, so bright, so loving and so gay, seemed far apart. After the sad news, she who had paced up and down before that cheerful house a little girl, retraced her steps. The blinds were down, the emblems of mourning draped the door, but the flowers still bloomed upon the ledges. As she walked up and down, how vividly came up before her that bright sunny afternoon, and the lady bending so tenderly over her flowers.

See remembered, too, what a heaven of delight was opened to her in that dreary age of childish literature, when one Christmas morning she drew from out her mother's long stocking "Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends."

Who ever so entered into children's sympathies and feelings before? Morals were thrown to the winds. Indeed, Fanny seemed to hate them as much as the children did. But, instead, every childish leaf thrown off by her happy pen breathed the purest, largest morality. Children's hearts expanded under her words like buds under the warm sunlight. Love was the fruit of every line.

The world never seemed so fair before, nor earth so delightful, as when she drew her sunny pictures. The vision of that floating island, green to the water's edge, in which she wished to gather all the children and make life beautiful and bright for them, haunted my childish dreams. "Wouldn't it ever be?" To-day, even, it is remembered with a sigh of regret. Every child who read "Little Ferns" felt the beating of her great warm, loving heart.

There was a love that could inclose every little waif. Ranks and conditions were unknown. The starveling from Five Points, grimy with dirt and steeped in vice, showed to her his possible good; the little, grinning, naked negro was a child, and therefore heir to her love.

No impressions of common brotherhood, no realization that we are all children of the one Father, have ever been experienced comparable to those awakened by the pathetic little sketches that caused our hearts to ache with sorrow and glow with love for poor little unfortunates. Nor was it that patronizing condescension of pity for the poor that taints our older philanthropy.

It is a great thing to so impress the minds of children, to fill them with beautiful thoughts, to inspire them with universal love, and to lift them above all that is petty and unworthy. Such impressions are lasting, and to-day the world is brighter, happier, and better that there once lived upon it Fanny Fern.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

A Romantic Lawsuit Involving an Estate of Over a Million Dollars.

[From the Louisville Ledger.]

A very remarkable lawsuit which has been for some time pending in the courts of Kentucky and Indiana, was brought to a termination a day or two ago by the agreement of the parties to the suit to a compromise.

It will be remembered that some years ago a German gentleman named Gustavus Scharman resided in Louisville. He was the possessor of a considerable amount of property, lived in good style, drove fine horses, sported a footman in livery, and claimed to be a German nobleman. He was married to a German lady, had a young and interesting family, and to all appearances was prosperous and happy. But, as in so many families, there was a ghost in this one, the secret of whose existence did not come to light until the death of the principal actor in this little social drama.

Gustavus was a resident of Aix-la-Chapelle, a little city of Rhenish Prussia, pursued the business of cloth manufacturer, and was what might be considered well off, his real and personal estate being worth about 140,000 thalers, or about $100,000. He loved, or thought he loved, a lady named Amelia Eberhardine Goll, daughter of one of the royal counselors, and in 1845 he proposed marriage, was accepted, and the marriage was performed in that year. An ante-nuptial contract was entered into between the two, according to the code Napoleon, which was in force at Aix-la-Chapelle, by which, in case of the death of the husband before the wife, she became entitled to one-eighth in fee simple of his entire estate, and one-fourth of the estate during her lifetime, besides having a community of interest in all acquisitions to the common fund after marriage, which community of interest would entitle her to one-half.

The two lived happily together for some time, or apparently so. The life of the wife, however, was soon rendered wretched by the discovery that another had supplanted her in her husband's affections. This, however, was not exactly the case; it was she, in reality, who had taken the place which nature had assigned to another. Schurman had in his employ a number of factory girls, one of whom, Catherine Bengel, was possessed of more than ordinary beauty. The impressible young batchelor was smitten with her beauty, but the inexorable laws of society governing the little Rhenish province in which he lived, held over him a terror of proscription which prevented him from doing that which his heart prompted. He loved Catherine Bengels, and his love was returned; but he married Amelia E. Goll, who brought to him a proud name and an extensive dower. But, for the crime which Schurman had committed against his nature, he was amply punished. His married life was unhappy, while his love for the lowly Catherine Bengels became even more intense, now that it was impossible for them to be legally united. They met clandestinely, and the intercourse coming to the knowledge of the unhappy wife, she became distressed beyond measure, upbraided her husband with his perfidy, and threatened divorce. This rendered the husband desperate, and openly avowing his attachment, took Catherine Bengels into his domicile. Becoming discontented with this condition of things, Schurman decided upon emigrating to America, and came to this country. He returned in 1849, and gathering together what property he could, departed in 1850 for the United States, in company with Catherine Bengels. Before his departure his wife instituted suit for divorce. On the arrival of Schurman he proceeded to Louisville, where he took up his residence, and sued a divorce from his wife Amelia, which was granted, when he immediately married the woman who had eloped with him.

Gustavus Schurman purchased real estate in Indianapolis and Louisville, and by his tact and business management increased his wealth to over a million of dollars. At the time of his death he had seven children, two by his first wife and five by his second wife. In making his will he left his Prussian property to his two German heirs, and his American property to his American heirs.

The first wife, Amelia, learning of the death of her husband, obtained possession by legal process of the Prussian estate, and sued for her share, as per marriage contract, of the decedent's estate in America. Her son, Gustavus F. Schurman, represented her with power of attorney, and the ablest lawyers in the city were employed to prosecute the case. The pleadings were voluminous, and as a vast amount of property was involved, great interest was manifested in the result. It appeared, however, that as the case progressed the plaintiff weakened somewhat in enforcing her claims. Being in a foreign country, and copies of proceedings in foreign courts being frequently rendered necessary as testimony in the American courts, she became wearied, and finally agreed to a compromise by accepting, in lieu of all claims, the sum of $100,000.

OUR PACIFIC COAST.

The Recent Decision of the Emperor of Germany—The Island of San Juan.

[From the New York Dry Goods Reporter.]

The future of our empire, as well as of our commerce on the Pacific coast, is assured by the decision of the Emperor of Germany confirming to the United States the possession of San Juan. The American Pacific coast is singularly deficient in good harbors. There are only three on the entire coast between Alaska and Mexico, and now they are in possession of the United States. The first of these on the south is San Diego, nearly on the border line between the United States and Mexico, and the destined eastern terminus of the Texas (Southern) Pacific railroad, now in course of construction, under the auspices of Colonel Thomas Scott. This harbor is one of the finest in the world, and is undoubtedly destined to become the centre of the new and growing commerce of the East, besides becoming the chief distributing and receiving port for Mexican States on the Pacific coast. San Francisco is six hundred miles north of San Diego, and is too well known to require any extended notice. It is now the chief centre of our commerce on the Pacific, and its enterprise and energy, no less than its excellent geographical situation, will always secure to it a position as the New York of the Pacific.

Over a thousand miles from San Francisco, farther north, and near the border line between British America and the United States, lies the long disputed island of San Juan. This is small and insignificant in size, being only about fifteen miles long and seven miles wide, and it would not be worth while for two great nations to contend for its possession, but from the fact that it contains the only large harbor on the entire coast north of San Francisco, and that the ship entrance to it is large and commodious.

The dispute about the sovereignty of San Juan originated in this way: The northwest boundary line between the United States and British America was long unsettled. The United States claimed the entire country as far north as the parallel of 54° 40', while Great Britain contended that 49° was the true line. The discussions were very heated for some time, and came very near involving the two countries in war. Finally, in 1849, a treaty was effected, and the line of 49° was adopted. But this line would cut off half of Vancouver's island, which was never claimed by our government, and so in deference to British influence, the line was permitted to deflect from a point in the coast outside the main land through a channel which was intended to secure Vancouver's island to Great Britain, and nothing more. But it was subsequently discovered that there were two channels. One is known as the Rosario straits, and is next Vancouver's island, and the one obviously intended by the treaty as to be resolved to Great Britain. The other is called the Canal de Haro, and involves the possession of San Juan and a dozen or more smaller adjacent islands. But there was still more at issue. The Rosario straits were only a few miles wide, through a long and tortuous passage, in which the water was only four or five metres deep, while the Canal de Haro was seven miles wide and over twenty-five metres deep, constituting the entrance to the commodious harbor of San Juan.

The United States authorities had so little doubt of the sovereignty over San Juan that when the northern part of Oregon was territorially organized, in 1853, San Juan and the adjoining islands were included as counties belonging to the embryo State. But the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company soon learned the future commercial and strategic importance of the principal strait, which secured us the control of San Juan, and on their representations the English government claimed it under the treaty. In 1857 General Harney landed a force of United States soldiers on San Juan, and the same day an English man-of-war arrived to take possession, but returned to Vancouver's island in order to obtain reinforcements. There was imminent danger of a war, but it was finally averted by the judicious conduct of General Scott, who agreed that both countries should hold joint possession of the island until the question of its sovereignty could be finally determined. Matters remained in abeyance until the formation of the treaty of Washington, when this vexed question was referred to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany. The latter in turn referred the subject to the "crown syndics," consisting of the ablest jurists in the empire, and on their report the Emperor confirmed all the original claims of the United States to the possession of the Canal de Haro, and all the islands of the group, including San Juan.

This decision confirms once for all the future commerce and empire of the Pacific to the United States. It enables us to control, strategically the British possessions on the Pacific, and the possession of the principal harbor and strait leaves us without a rival for the commerce of Japan and the Russian Empire in Asia which is developing so rapidly, and which will soon become of immense importance. But even these great advantages, from being only remote and distant, are brought directly within our reach, as it were, by the Northern Pacific railroad now rapidly approaching completion. The Pacific terminus of this great through line across the continent will thus be brought in contact with a splendid American harbor, the largest, and, in fact, the only one in that part of the world, for the few British harbors are small, and the entrances to them are narrow and dangerous. It will thus be seen that the satisfaction of our government and people at the favorable decision of the Emperor of Germany are based on a sufficient foundation. It places our future empire and commerce on the Pacific on an enduring basis, and gives us another important vantage ground for the attainment of the great prize of Eastern commerce, which is slowly but surely drifting toward the United States.

A romantic story is told of how, during the bombardment of Paris, a gallant French captain, Legrand, by name, undertook to bear dispatches into the besieged city by swimming across the Seine; how he failed in his mission, his fate remaining a mystery for many months; and how, very recently, there was fished up from the bottom of the river a military skeleton accoutred in a swimming undress uniform, and clutching a water-proof satchel containing the missing dispatches. A funeral with military honors and an imposing monument in Pere-la Chaise follow as things of course; but we are not yet informed what weighty matter made those dispatches so heavy that they anchored the corpse in several fathoms of water until the flesh all left the bones without disturbing the bathing costume. However, we suppose that a body which is in Seine is not to be judged by the ordinary laws of gravity.

Gustave Courbet, the famous painter and Communist, has found that his doll is stuffed with sawdust, and entered the convent of the Trappists.

A sealed proposal—The engagement kiss

An Address by the United States Centennial Commission.

To the People of the United States:

The Congress of the United States has enacted that the completion of the one hundredth year of American independence shall be celebrated by an international exhibition of arts, manufactures, and products of the soil and mine, to be held at Philadelphia, in 1876, and has appointed a commission, consisting of representatives from each State and Territory, to conduct the celebration.

Originating under the auspices of the national Legislature, controlled by a national commission, and designed as it is to "commemorate the first century of our existence, by an exhibition of the natural resources of the country and their development, and of our progress in those arts which benefit mankind, in comparison with those of older nations," it is to the people at large that the commission look for the aid which is necessary to make the centennial celebration the grandest anniversary the world has ever seen.

That the completion of the first century of our existence should be marked by some imposing demonstration is, we believe, the patriotic wish of the people of the whole country. The Congress of the United States has wisely decided that the birthday of the great republic can be most fittingly celebrated by the universal collection and display of all the trophies of its progress. It is designed to bring together, within a building covering fifty acres, not only the varied productions of our mines and of the soil, but types of all the intellectual triumphs of our citizens, specimens of everything that America can furnish, whether from the brains or the hands of her children, and thus make evident to the world the advancement of which a self-governed people is capable.

In this "Celebration" all nations will be invited to participate; its character being international. Europe will display her arts and manufactures, India her curious fabrics, while newly opened China and Japan will lay bare the treasures which for centuries their ingenious people have been perfecting. Each land will compete in generous rivalry for the palm of superior excellence.

To this grand gathering every zone will contribute its fruits and cereals. No mineral shall be wanting, for what the East lacks the West will supply. Under one roof will the South display in rich luxuriance her growing cotton, and the North in miniature, the ceaseless machinery of her mills converting that cotton into cloth. Each section of the globe will send its best offerings to this exhibition, and each State of the Union, as a member of one united body politic, will show to her sister States and to the world how much she can add to the greatness of the nation of which she is a harmonious part.

To make the centennial celebration such a success as the patriotism and the pride of every American demands will require the co-operation of the people of the whole country. The United States Centennial Commission has received no government aid, such as England extended to her World's Fair, and France to her Universal Exposition, yet the labor and responsibility imposed upon the Commission is as great as in either of those undertakings. It is estimated that $10,000,000 will be required, and this sum Congress has provided shall be raised by stock subscription, and that the people shall have the opportunity of subscribing in proportion to the population of their respective States and Territories.

The commission looks to the unfailing patriotism of the people of every section to see that each contributes its share to the expenses and receives its share of the benefits of an enterprise in which all are so deeply interested. It would farther earnestly urge the formation in each State and Territory of a centennial organization, which shall in time see that county associations are formed, so that when the nations are gathered together in 1876 each commonwealth can view with pride the contributions she has made to the national glory.

Confidently relying on the zeal and patriotism ever displayed by our people in every national undertaking, we pledge and prophecy that the centennial celebration will worthily show how greatness, wealth and intelligence can be fostered by such institutions as those which have for 100 years blessed the people of the United States.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, President.
LEWIS WALN SMITH, Temporary Secretary.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS.

Alabama—William M. Byrd, James L. Cooper.
Arizona—Richard C. McCormack, John Wasson.
Arkansas—E. W. Gantt, Alexander McDonald.
California—John Dunbar Creigh, John Middleton.
Colorado—J. Marshall Paul, N. C. Meeker.
Connecticut—Joseph R. Hawley, William Phipps Blake.
Dakota—George A. Batchelder, Solomon L. Spink.
Delaware—William T. Reed, John H. Rodney.
District of Columbia—James E. Dexter, Lawrence A. Gobright.
Florida—John S. Adams, J. T. Bernard.
Georgia—Thomas Hardeman, Jr., Lewis Waln Smith.
Idaho—Thomas Donaldson, James S. Reynolds.
Illinois—Frederick L. Matthews, Lawrence Weldon.
Indiana—John L. Campbell, David M. Boyd, Jr.
Iowa—Robert Lowry, Coker F Clarkson.
Kansas—John A. Martin, George A. Crawford.
Kentucky—Robert Mallory, Smith M. Hobbs.
Louisiana—John Lynch, Thomas C. Anderson.
Maine—Joshua Nye, Charles P. Kimball.
Maryland—John W. Davis.
Massachusetts—George B. Loring, William B. Spooner.
Michigan—James Birney, Claudius B. Grant.
Minnesota—J. Fletcher Williams, W. W. Folwell.
Mississippi—O. C. French.
Missouri—John McNeil, Samuel Hays.
Montana—William H. Clagett, Patrick A. Largy.
Nebraska—Henry S. Moody, R. W. Furnas.
Nevada—William Wirt McCoy.
New Hampshire—Ezekiel A. Straw, Asa P. Cate.
New Jersey—Orestes Cleveland, John G. Stevens.
New Mexico—Eldridge W. Little.
New York—John V. L. Pruyn, Charles H. Marshall.
North Carolina—Alfred Dockery, Jonathan W. Albertson.
Ohio—Alfred T. Gosborn, Wilson W. Griffith.
Oregon—James W. Virtue, Andrew J. Dufur.
Pennsylvania—Daniel J. Morrell, Asa Packer.
Rhode Island—George H. Corliss, Samuel Powell.
South Carolina—James L. Orr, Archibald Cameron.
Tennessee—Thomas H. Coldwell, William F. Prosser.
Texas—William Henry Parsons.
Utah—John H. Wickizer, Oscar G. Sawyer.
Vermont—John N. Baxter, Henry Chase.
Virginia—Walter W. Wood.
Washington Territory—Elwood Evans, Alexander S. Abernethy.
West Virginia—Alexander R. Boteler, Andrew J. Sweeney.
Wisconsin—David Atwood, Edward D. Holton.
Wyoming—H. Latham, Robert H. Lamborn.

A sailor, at the theatre, when the playbill read "twenty years take place between the first and second acts," left the house, as the curtain fell on the first act, and remarked, as he went away, that very few of the audience would see the play out. We are reminded of this by a card from the Greeley national headquarters, denying the report that they had closed their rooms, and boldly affirming that they will continue open till the good work begun shall have been accomplished in behalf of their next President, Greeley."

The marriage of Signora Augusta Tamberlik, daughter of the tenor, with Dr. Galezowski, the oculist, who saved her sight, took place in Paris on the third ultimo.