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[For the Republican.]

EVENING.

The shadows of the tall trees lie upon the ground.
The parting day, lingering, smiled a bright farewell—
The last sun-rays, like kisses, on the hill-top fell;
Save the soft rustling of the leaves, there is no sound.

The earth owns the gentle spell of this quiet home.
The sweet spirit of Rest is coming with the night—
Even now her white wings glimmer in the morning light.
The angel Peace watches from her heavenly tower.

She guards the hearts of all the innocent and true.
In moments like these, she sends them messages of love—
Tender thoughts and feelings, as tokens from above.
Her eyes beam fondly on them—eyes of gentlest hue.

The innocent and true! Where are those noble hearts?
Some dwell in palace halls, some by the wayside rest,
As glad in beggar's bosom, as in royal breast.
The just law of Heaven equality imparts.

There, where pride is not, is no striving after rank.
The saints in the lower places envy not the higher.
Here the lowest may to the loftiest seat aspire—
A king has drained the cup from which a beggar drank.

Equal happiness is decreed for all mankind.
To each is left the choice of evil or of good,
And Heaven is the reward when sin's withstood.
The Heaven of a pure heart, of an upright mind.

And joy in Heaven was born to be immortal,
He is the genius of the sacred stream that springs,
Where'er the smile of God, its glory flings,
He greets the risen soul at the heavenly portal.

Even here, man may rise superior to fate,
Though hard beset by foes, though hunted to the grave,
He yet may die, as in glory die the brave,
Faithful to duty, calm and strong, though desolate.

Life is like a strange game, yet each in turn may win,
One thoughtless move, or a false one at the start,
May ruin all, and leave a sad remorseful heart.
Be wary then, young players, so eager to begin.

HOW I WENT OUT TO SERVICE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

When I was eighteen I wanted something to do. I had tried teaching for two years, and hated it; I had tried sewing, and could not earn my bread in that way, at the cost of health; I tried story writing and got five dollars for stories which now bring a hundred; I had thought seriously of going upon the stage, but certain highly respectable relatives were so shocked at the mere idea that I relinquished my dramatic aspirations.

"What shall I do?" was still the question that perplexed me. I was ready to work, eager to be independent, and too proud to endure patronage. But the right task seemed hard to find, and my bottled energies were fermenting in a way that threatened an explosion before long.

My honored mother was a city missionary that winter, and not only served the clamorous poor, but often found it in her power to help decayed gentlefolk quietly placing them where they could earn their bread without the entire sacrifice of taste and talent which makes poverty so hard for such to bear. Knowing her tact and skill people often came to her for companions, housekeepers, and that class of the needy who do not make known their wants through an intelligence office.

One day, as I sat dreaming splendid dreams, while I made a series of little petticoats out of the odds and ends sent in for the poor, a tall, ministerial gentleman appeared, in search of a companion for his sister. He possessed an impressive nose, a fine flow of language, and a pair of large hands, encased in black kid gloves. With much waving of these sombre members, Mr. R. set forth the delights awaiting the happy soul who should secure this home. He described it as a sort of heaven on earth. "There are books, pictures, flowers, a piano, and the best of society," he said. "This person will be one of the family in all respects, and only required to help about the lighter work, which my sister has done herself hitherto, but is now a martyr to neuralgia, and needs a gentle friend to assist her."

My mother, who never lost her faith in human nature, spite of many impostures, believed every word, and quite beamed with benevolent interest as she listened and tried to recall some needy young woman to whom this charming home would be blessing. I also innocently thought:

"That sounds inviting. I like housework, and can do it well. I should have time to enjoy the books and things I love, and D—— is not far away from home. Suppose I try it."

So, when my mother turned to me, asking if I could suggest any one, I became as red as a poppy and said abruptly:

"Only myself."

"Do you really mean it?" cried my astonished parent.

"I really do, if Mr. R. thinks I should suit," was my steady reply, as I partially obscured my crimson countenance behind a little flannel skirt, still redder.

The Rev. Josephus gazed upon me with the benign regard which a bachelor of five and thirty may accord a bashful damsel of eighteen. A smile dawned upon his countenance, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," or dyspepsia; and he softly folded the black gloves, as if about to bestow a blessing, as he replied, with emphasis:

"I am sure you would, and we should think ourselves most fortunate if we could secure your society, and—ahem—services for my poor sister."

"Then I'll try it," responded the impetuous maid.

"We will talk it over a little first, and let you know to-morrow, sir," put in my prudent parent, adding, as Mr. B—— arose: "What wages do you pay?"

"My dear madam, in a case like this let us not use such words as those. Anything you may think proper we shall gladly give. The labor is very light, for there are but three of us and our habits are of the simplest sort. I am a frail reed and may break at any moment; so is my sister, and my aged father can not long remain; therefore, money is little to us, and any one who comes to lend her youth and strength to our feeble household will not be forgotten in the end, I assure you." And, with another pensive smile, a farewell wave of the impressive gloves, the Reverend Josephus bowed like a well sweep and departed.

"My dear, are you in earnest?" asked my mother.

"Of course I am. Why not try this experiment? It can but fail, like all the others."

"I have no objection; only I fancied you were rather too proud for this sort of thing."

"I am too proud to be idle and dependent, ma'am. I'll scrub floors and take in washing first. I do housework at home for love; why not do it abroad for money? I like it better than teaching. It is healthier than sewing and surer than writing. So why not try it?"

"It is going out to service, you know, though you are called a companion. How does that suit?"

"I don't care. Every sort of work that is paid for is service; and I don't mind being a companion, if I can do it well. I may find it is my mission to take care of neuralgic old ladies and lackadaisical clergymen. It does not sound exciting, but it's better than nothing," I answered, with a sigh; for it was rather a sudden downfall to give up being a Siddons and become a Betcinder.

How my sisters laughed when they heard the new plan! But they soon resigned themselves, sure of fun, for Lu's adventures were the standing joke of the family. Of course, the highly respectable relatives held up their hands in holy horror at the idea of one of the clan degrading herself by going out to service. Teaching a private school was the proper thing for an indigent gentlewoman. Sewing, even, if done in the seclusion of home and not mentioned in public, could be tolerated. Story-writing was a genteel accomplishment and reflected credit upon the name. But leaving the paternal roof to wash other people's teacups, nurse other people's ails, and obey other people's orders for hire—this, this was degradation, and headstrong Louisa would disgrace her name forever if she did it.

Opposition only fired the revolutionary blood in my veins, and I crowned my iniquity by the rebellious declaration:

"If doing this work hurts my respectability, I wouldn't give much for it. My aristocratic ancestors don't feed or clothe me, and my democratic ideas of honesty and honor won't let me be idle or dependent. You need not know me if you are ashamed of me, and I won't ask you for a penny; so, if I never do succeed in anything, I shall have the immense satisfaction of knowing I am under no obligation to any one.

In spite of the laughter and the lamentation I got ready my small wardrobe, consisting of two calico dresses and one delaine, made by myself, also several large and uncompromising blue aprons and three tidy little sweeping-caps; for I had some English notions about housework, and felt that my muslin hair protectors would be useful in some of the "light labors" I was to undertake. It is needless to say they were very becoming. Then, firmly embracing my family, I set forth one cold January day, with my little trunk, a stout heart and a five dollar bill for my fortune.

"She will be back in a week," was my sister's prophecy, as she wiped her weeping eye.

"No she won't, for she has promised to stay the month out, and she will keep her word," answered my mother, who always defended the black sheep of her flock.

I heard both speeches and registered a tremendous vow to keep that promise, if I died in the attempt—little dreaming, poor innocent, what lay before me.

Josephus, meantime, had written me several remarkable letters, describing the different members of the family I was about to enter. His account was peculiar; but I believed every word of it, and my romantic fancy was much excited by the details he gave. The principal ones are as follows, condensed from the voluminous epistles which he evidently enjoyed writing:

"You will find a stately mansion, fast falling to decay, for my father will have nothing repaired, preferring that the old house and its master should crumble away together. I have, however, been permitted to rescue a few rooms from ruin; and here I pass my recluse life, surrounded by the things I love. This will naturally be more attractive to you than the gloomy apartments my father inhabits, and I hope you will here allow me to minister to your young and cheerful nature when your daily cares are over. I need such companionship, and shall always welcome you to my abode.

"Eliza, my sister, is a child at forty, for she has lived alone with my father and an old servant all her life. She is a good creature, but not lively, and needs stirring up, as you will soon see. Also, I hope by your means to rescue her from the evil influences of Puah, who, in my estimation, is a wretch. She has gained entire control over Eliza, and warps her mind with great skill, prejudicing her against me, and thereby desolating my home. Puah hates me, and always has. Why, I know not, except that I will not yield to her control. She ruled here for years while I was away, and my return upset all her nefarious plans. It will always be my firm opinion that she has tried to poison me, and may again. But even this dark suspicion will not deter me from my duty. I can not send her away, for both my deluded father and my sister have entire faith in her, and I can not shake it. She is faithful and kind to them, so I submit, and remain to guard them, even at the risk of my life.

"I tell you these things because I wish you to know all and be warned, for this old hag has a specious tongue, and I should grieve to see you deceived by her lies. Say nothing, but watch her silently, and help me to thwart her evil plots; but do not trust her, or beware."

Now this was altogether romantic and sensational, and I felt as if about to enter one of those delightfully dangerous houses we read of in novels, where perils, mysteries and sins freely disport themselves, till the new comer sets all to rights, after unheard-of trials and escapes.

I arrived at twilight, just the proper time for the heroine to appear; and, as no one answered my modest solo on the rusty knocker, I walked in and looked about me. Yes, here was the long, shadowy hall, where the ghosts doubtless walked at midnight. Peering in at an open door on the right, I saw a parlor full of ancient furniture, faded, dusty and dilapidated. Old portraits stared at me from the walls, and a damp chill froze the marrow of my bones in the most approved style.

"The romance opens well," I thought, and, peeping in at an opposite door, beheld a luxurious apartment, full of the warm glow of firelight, the balmy breath of hyacinths and roses, the white glimmer of piano keys and tempting rows of books along the walls.

The contrast between the two rooms was striking, and after an admiring survey I continued my exploration, thinking that I should not mind being "ministered to" in that inviting place when my work was done.

A third door showed me a plain, dull, sittingroom, with an old man napping in his easy chair. I heard voices in the kitchen beyond, and entering there beheld Puah, the fiend. Unfortunately for the dramatic effect of the tableaux, all I saw was a mild-faced old woman buttering toast while she conversed with her familiar, a comfortable gray cat.

The old lady greeted me kindly, but I fancied her faded blue eye had a weird expression, and her amiable words were all a snare, though I own I was rather disappointed at the commonplace appearance of this humble Borgia.

She showed me to a tiny room, where I felt more like a young giantess than ever, and was obliged to stow away my possessions as snugly as in a ship's cabin. When I presently descended, armed with a blue apron and "a heart for any fate," I found the old man awake, and received from him a welcome full of ancient courtesy and kindliness. Miss Eliza crept in like a timid mouse, looking so afraid of her buxom companion that I forgot my own shyness in trying to relieve hers. She was so enveloped in shawls that all I could discover was that my mistress was a very nervous little woman, with a small button of pale hair on the outside of her head and the vaguest notions of work inside. A few spasmodic remarks and many awkward pauses brought us to tea-time, when Josephus appeared, as tall, thin and cadaverous as ever. After his arrival there was no more silence, for he preached all supper time something in this agreeable style:

"My young friend, our habits, as you see, are of the simplest. We eat in the kitchen, and all together, in the primitive fashion; for it suits my father and saves labor. I could wish more order and elegance; but my wishes are not consulted, and I submit. I live above these petty crosses, and, though my health suffers from bad cookery, I do not murmur. Only I must say in passing, that if you will make your buttercakes green with saleratus, Puah, I shall feel it my duty to throw them out of the window. I am used to poison; but I can not see the coats of this blooming girl's stomach destroyed, as mine have been. And speaking of duties, I may as well mention to you, Louisa (I call you so in a truly fraternal spirit), that I like to find my study in order when I come down in the morning; for I often need a few moments of solitude before I face the daily annoyances of my life. I shall permit you to perform this light task, for you have some idea of order (I see it in the formation of your brow), and feel sure that you will respect the sanctuary of thought. Eliza is so blind she does not see dust, and Puah enjoys devastating the one poor refuge I can call my own this side of the grave. We are all waiting for you, sir. My father keeps up the old formalities, you observe; and I endure them, although my own views are more advanced."

The old gentleman hastily finished his tea and returned thanks, when his son stalked gloomily away, evidently oppressed with the burden of his wrongs, also, as I irreverently fancied, with the seven "green" flapjacks he had devoured during the sermon.

I helped wash up the cups, and during that domestic rite Puah chatted in what I should have considered a cheery, social way had I not been darkly warned against her wiles.

"You needn't mind half Josephus says, my dear. He likes to hear himself talk and always goes on so before folks. I sometimes think his books and new ideas have sort of muddled his wits, for he is as full of notions as is a paper of pins, and he gets dreadfully put out if we don't give in to 'em. But gracious me! they are so ridiculus sometimes and so selfish I can't allow him to make a fool of himself or plague Lizy. She don't dare to say her soul is her own; so I have to stand up for her. His pa don't know half of his odd doings; for I try to keep the old gentleman comfortable, and have to manage 'em all, which is not an easy job, I assure you."

I had a secret conviction that she was right, but did not commit myself in any way, and we joined the social circle in the sitting room. The prospect was not a lively one, for the old gentleman nodded behind his newspaper; Eliza, with her head pinned up in a little blanket, slumbered on the sofa, Puah fell to knitting silently, and the plump cat dozed under the stove. Josephus was visible, artistically posed in the luxurious recesses of his cell, with the light beaming on his thoughtful brow, as he pored over a large volume or mused with upturned eye.

Having nothing else to do, I sat and stared at him, till, emerging from a deep reverie, with an effective start, he became conscious of my existence and beckoned me to approach the "sanctuary of thought" with a melodramatic waft of his large hand.

I went, took possession of an easy chair, and prepared myself for elegant conversation. I was disappointed, however, for Josephus showed me a list of his favorite dishes, sole fruit of that all absorbing thought, and, with an earnestness that flushed his saffron countenance, gave me hints as to the proper preparation of these delicacies.

I mildly mentioned that I was not a cook; but was effectually silenced by being reminded that I came to be generally useful, to take his sister's place, and see that the flame of life which burned so feebly in this earthly tabernacle was fed with proper fuel. Mince pies, Welsh rabbits, sausages and strong coffee did not strike me as strictly spiritual fare; but I listened meekly, and privately resolved to shift this awful responsibility to Puah's shoulders.

Detecting me in gape, after an hour of this high converse, he presented me with an overblown rose, which fell to pieces before I got out of the room, pressed my hand and dismissed me with a fervent "God bless you, child, don't forget the dropped eggs for breakfast."

I was up betimes next morning and had the study in perfect order before the recluse appeared, enjoying a good prowl among the books as I worked, and becoming so absorbed that I forgot the eggs, till a gusty sigh startled me, and I beheld Josephus, in dressing gown and slippers, languidly surveying the scene.

"Nay, do not fly," he said, as I grasped my duster in guilty haste. "It pleases me to see you here, and lends a sweet, domestic charm to my solitary room. I like that graceful cap, that housewifely apron, and I beg you will wear them often, for it refreshes my eye to see something tasteful, young and womanly about me. Eliza makes a bundle of herself, and Puah is simply detestable."

He sank languidly into a chair and closed his eyes, as if the mere thought of his enemy was too much for him. I took advantage of this momentary prostration to slip away, convulsed with laughter at the looks and words of this bald headed sentimentalist.

After breakfast I fell to work with a will, eager to show my powers and glad to put things to rights, for many hard jobs had evidently been waiting for a stronger arm than Puah's and a more methodical head than Eliza's.

Everything was dusty, mouldy, shiftless and neglected, except the domain of Josephus. Upstairs, the paper was dropping from the walls, the ancient furniture was all more or less dilapidated, and every hole and corner was full of relics tucked away by Puah, who was a regular old magpie. Rats and mice reveled in the empty rooms, and spiders wove their tapestry undisturbed, for the old man would have nothing altered or repaired, and his part of the house was fast going to ruin.

I longed to have a grand "clearing up," but was forbidden to do more than to keep things in livable order. On the whole, it was fortunate, for I soon found that my hands would be kept busy with the realms of Josephus, whose ethereal being shrank from dust, shivered at a cold breath, and needed much cosseting with dainty food, hot fires, soft beds, and endless service, else, as he expressed it, the frail reed would break.

I regret to say that a time soon came when I felt supremely indifferent as to the breakage, and very skeptical as to the fragility of a reed that ate, slept, dawdled and scolded so energetically. The rose that fell to pieces so suddenly was a good symbol of the rapid disappearance of all the romantic delusions I had indulged in for a time. A week's acquaintance with the inmates of this old house quite settled my opinion, and further developments only confirmed it.

Miss Eliza was a nonentity and made no more impression on me than a fly. The old gentleman passed his days in a placid sort of dose and took no notice of what went on about him. Puah had been a faithful drudge for years, and instead of being a wretch was, as I soon satisfied myself, a motherly old soul, with no malice in her. The secret of Josephus' dislike was that the reverend tyrant ruled the house and all obeyed him but Puah, who had nursed him as a baby, boxed his ears as a boy, was not afraid of him even when he became a man and a minister. I soon repented of my first suspicions and grew fond of her, for without my old gossip I should have fared ill when my day of tribulation came.

At first I innocently accepted the fraternal invitations to visit the study, feeling that when my day's work was done I had earned a right to rest and read. But I soon found that this was not the idea. I was not to read; but to be read to. I was not to enjoy the flowers, pictures, fire, and books; but to keep them in order for my lord to enjoy. I was also to be a passive bucket, into which he was to pour all manner of philosophic, metaphysical and sentimental rubbish. I was to serve his needs, soothe his sufferings, and sympathize with all his sorrows—be a galley slave, in fact.

As soon as I clearly understood this, I tried to put an end to it by shunning the the study and never lingering there an instant after my work was done. But it availed little, for Josephus demanded much sympathy and was bound to have it. So he came and read poems while I washed dishes, discussed his pet problems all mealtimes, and put reproachful notes under my door, in which were comically mingled complaints of neglect and orders for dinner.

I bore it as long as I could, and then freed my mind in a declaration of independence, delivered in the kitchen, where he found me scrubbing the hearth. It was not an impressive attitude for an orator, nor was the occupation one a girl would choose when receiving calls; but I have always felt grateful for the intense discomfort of that moment, since it gave me courage to rebel outright. Stranded on a small island of mat, in a sea of soapsuds, I brandished a scrubbing brush, as I indignantly informed him that I came to be a companion to his sister, not to him, and I should keep that post or none. This I followed up by reproaching him with the delusive reports he had given me of the place and its duties, and assuring him that I should not stay long unless matters mended.

"But I offer you lighter tasks and you refuse them," he begun, still hovering in the doorway, whither he had hastily retired when I opened my batteries.

"But I don't like the tasks, and consider them much worse than hard work," was my ungrateful answer, as I sat upon my island, with the soft soap conveniently near.

"Do you mean to say you prefer to scrub that hearth to sitting in my charming room while I read Hegel to you?" he demanded, glaring down upon me.

"Infinitely," I responded promptly, and emphasized my words by beginning to scrub with a zeal that made the bricks white with foam.

"Is it possible!" and, with a groan at my depravity, Josephus retired, full of ungodly wrath.

I remember that I immediately burst into jocund song, so that no doubt might remain in his mind, and continued to warble cheerfully till my task was done. I also remember that I cried heartily when I got to my room, I was so vexed, disappointed, and tired. But my bower was so small I should soon have swamped the furniture if I had indulged copiously in tears; therefore I speedily dried them up, wrote a comic letter home, and waited with interest to see what would happen next.

Far be it from me to accuse one of the nobler sex of spite or the small revenge of underhand annoyances and slights to one who could not escape and would not retaliate; but after that day a curious change came over the spirit of that very unpleasant dream. Gradually all the work of the house had been slipping into my hands; for Eliza was too poorly to help or direct, and Puah too old to do much beside the cooking. About this time I found that even the roughest work was added to my share, for Josephus was unusually feeble and no one was hired to do his chores. Having made up my mind to go when the month was out, I said nothing, but dug paths, brought water from the well, split kindlings, made fires, and sifted ashes like a true Cinderella.

There had never been any pretense of companionship with Eliza, who spent her days mulling over the fire, and seldom exerted herself except to find odd jobs for me to do—rusty knives to clean, sheets to turn, old stockings to mend, and, when all else failed, some paradise of moths and mice to be cleared up; for the house was full of such "glory holes."

If I remonstrated Eliza at once dissolved into tears, and said she must do as she was told. Puah begged me to hold on till spring, when things would be much better; and pity pleaded for the two poor souls. But I don't think I could have stood it if my promise had not bound me, for when the fiend said "Budge," honor said "Budge not," and I stayed.

But, being a mortal worm, I turned now and then when the ireful Josephus trod upon me too hard, especially in the matter of bootblacking. I really don't know why that is considered such humiliating work for a woman; but so it is, and there I drew the line. I would have cleaned the old man's shoes without a murmur; but he preferred to keep their native rustiness intact. Eliza never went out, and Puah affected carpet slippers of the Chinese junk pattern. Josephus, however, plumed himself upon his feet, which, like his nose, were large, and never took his walks abroad without having his boots in a high state of polish. He had brushed them himself at first; but soon after the explosion I discovered a pair of muddy boots in the shed, set suggestively near the blacking box. I did not take the hint, feeling instinctively that this amiable being was trying how much I would bear for the sake of peace.

The boots remained untouched; and another pair soon came to keep them company, whereat I smiled wickedly as I chopped just kindlings enough for my own use. Day after day the collection grew, and neither party gave in. Boots were succeeded by shoes, the rubbers gave a pleasing variety to the long line, and then I knew the end was near.

"Why are not my boots attended to?" demanded Josephus, one evening, when obliged to go out.

"I'm sure I don't know," was Eliza's helpless answer.

"I told Louizy I guessed you'd want some of 'em before long," observed Puah, with an exasperating twinkle in her old eye.

"And what did she say?" asked my lord with an ireful whack of his velvet slippers as he cast them down.

"Oh! she said she was so busy doing your other work you'd have to do that yourself; and I thought she was about right."

"Louizy" heard it all through the slide, and could have embraced the old woman for her words, but kept still till Josephus had resumed his slippers with a growl and retired to the shed, leaving Eliza in tears, Puah chuckling, and the rebellious handmaid exulting in the china-closet.

Alas! for romance and the Christian virtues, several pairs of boots were cleaned that night, and my sinful soul enjoyed the spectacle of the reverend bootblack at his task. I even found my "fancy work," as I called the evening job of pairing a bucketful of hard russets with a dull knife, much cheered by the shoebrush accompaniment played in the shed.

Thunder clouds rested upon the martyr's brow at breakfast, and I was as much ignored as the cat. And what a relief that was! The piano was locked up, so were the bookcases, the newspapers mysteriously disappeared, and a solemn silence reigned at table, for no one dared to talk when that gifted tongue was mute. Eliza fled from the gathering storm and had a comfortable fit of neuralgia in her own room, where Puah nursed her, leaving me to skirmish with the enemy.

It was not a fair fight, and that experience lessened my respect for mankind immensely. I did my best, however—grubbed about all day and amused my dreary evenings as well as I could; too proud even to borrow a book, lest it should seem like a surrender. What a long month it was, and how eagerly I counted the hours of that week, for my time was up Saturday, and I hoped to be off at once. But when I announced my intention, such dismay fell upon Eliza that my heart was touched, and Puah so urgently begged me to stay till they could get some one, that I consented to remain a few days longer, and wrote posthaste to my mother, telling her to send a substitute quickly, or I should do something desperate.

That blessed woman, little dreaming of all the woes I had endured, advised me to be patient, and do the generous thing, and be sure I should not regret it in the end. I groaned, submitted, and did regret it all the days of my life.

Three mortal weeks I waited; for, though two other victims came, I was implored to set them going, and tried to do it. But both fled after a day or two, condemning the place as a very hard one, and calling me a fool to stand it another hour. I entirely agreed with them on both points, and, when I had cleared up after the second incapable lady, I tarried not for the coming of a third, but clutched my property and announced my departure by the next train.

Of course Eliza wept, Puah moaned, the old man politely regretted and the younger one washed his hands of the whole affair by shutting himself up in his own room and forbidding me to say farewell because he "could not bear it." I laughed and fancied it done for effect then; but I soon understood it better and did not laugh.

At the last moment Eliza nervously tucked a sixpenny pocketbook into my hand and shrouded herself in the little blanket with a sob. But Puah kissed me kindly and whispered, with an odd look, "Don't blame us for anything. Some folks is liberal and some ain't." I thanked the poor old soul for her kindness to me and trudged gaily away to the station, whither my property had preceded me on a wheelbarrow, hired at my own expense.

I never shall forget that day. A bleak March afternoon, a sloppy, lonely road, and one hoarse crow stalking about a field, so like Josephus that I could not resist throwing a snowball at him. Behind me stood the dull old house, no longer either mysterious or romantic in my disenchanted eyes; before me rumbled the barrow, bearing my dilapidated wardrobe; and in my pocket reposed what I fondly hoped was, if not a liberal, at least an honest return for seven weeks of the hardest work I ever did.

Unable to resist the desire to see what my earnings were, I opened the purse and beheld four dollars.

I have had a good many bitter minutes in my life; but one of the bitterest came to me as I stood there in the windy road, with the sixpenny pocket-book open before me, and looked from my poor, chapped, grimy, chilblained hands, to the paltry sum that was considered reward enough for all the hard and humble labor they had done.

A girl's heart is a sensitive thing. And mine had been very full lately; for it had suffered many of the trials that wound deeply yet can not be told; so I think it was but natural that my first impulse was to go straight back to that sacred study and fling this insulting money at the feet of him who sent it. But I was so boiling over with indignation that I could not trust myself in his presence, lest I should be unable to resist the temptation to shake him, in spite of his cloth.

No, I would go home, show my honorable wounds, tell my pathetic tale and leave my parents to avenge my wrongs. I did so; but over that harrowing scene I drop a veil, for my feeble pen refuses to depict the emotions of my outraged family. I will merely mention that the $4 went back, and the Rev. Josephus never heard the last of it in that neighborhood.

My experiment seemed a dire failure, and I mourned it as such for years; but more than once in my life I have been grateful for that serio-comico experience, since it has taught me many lessons. One of the most useful of these has been the power of successfully making a companion, not a servant, of those whose aid I need, and helping to gild their honest wages with the sympathy and justice which can sweeten the humblest and lighten the hardest task.—*Independent.*

DOLORES.

Her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Minorean Dolores bends to her oars,
Noting each reed on the slow moving shores;
But the way is long, and the inlet wide—
Can two small hands overcome the tide
Sweeping up into the west?

Four little walls of coquina stone,
Rude thatch of palmetto leaves;
There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
From winter, and labor, and hunger free,
Taking from earth their small need, but no more
No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
No gathering patient leaves.

Alone in their southern island home,
Through the year of summer days,
The two love on; and the bountiful beach
Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
The two love on, and the tropical land
Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
With dreamy, passionate eyes—
Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
A simple folk came from the Spanish sea isles,
Now, tinged with the blood of the creole quodroon,
Their children live idly along the lagoon,
Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
Ah, their blossoming life of love!—
But fever falls with its withering blight:
Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor prayers—
Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
Where the blue eyed soldiers come marching down
From the far cold North; they are men who know—
Thus Dolores thinks—how to cure all woe;
Nay, their very touch is blest.

"Oranges! oranges!" hear her cry,
Through the shaded plaza path;
But the Northern soldiers come marching in
Through the old Spanish city, with stir and din;
And the silent people stand sullen by,
To see the old flag mount again to the sky—
The flag they had trampled in wrath.

Ah, brown Dolores! will no one hear,
And by thy poor little store?
Now north, now south, on the old sea wall—
But her pitiful tones unheeded fall;
Now east, now west, through the angry town,
Patient she journeys up and down,
Nor misses one surly door.

Then desperate, up to the dreaded ranks
She carries her passionate suit;
"I have no money, for none would buy;
But come, for God's sake, or he will die!
Save him—my Luiz—he is so young!"
She pleads in her liquid Minorean tongue,
And proffers her store of fruit.

But the Northern soldiers move steadily on,
They hear not nor understand;
The last blue rank has passed down the street,
She sees but the dust of their marching feet;
They have crossed a whole country by night and by day,
And marked, with their blood, every step of the way,
To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair! She turns to the church,
Half-fainting, her fruit wet with tears;
"Perhaps the old saint, who is always there,
May wake up and take them to pay for a prayer;
They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
If he would but wake up, and listen to me;
But he sleeps so, he never hears."

She enters; the church is filled with men,
The pallid men of the North;
Each dingy old pew is a sick man's bed,
Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
The altar candles are swept away
For vials and knives in shining array,
And a new saint is stepping forth!

He must be a saint, for he comes from the shrine,
A saint of a Northern creed—
Clad in a uniform—army blue,
But surely the saints may wear any hue
Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands
And hears all her story, and understands
The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man,
To freshen the fevered mouth,
Then forth they go down the old sea wall,
And they hear in the dusk the picket's call;
The rowboat is moored on the shadowy shore,
The Northern saint can manage an oar,
And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch and a holy drink,
A bright little heavenly knife,
And this strange Northern saint, who prays no prayers,
Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged stairs,
And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

"Oh, dear Northern saint! A shrine will I build
Wild roses I'll bring from afar,
The jessamine, orange-flower, wood-tulips bright,
And those will I worship each morning and night."
"Nay, nay, poor Dolores. I am but a man,
A surgeon, who binds up with what skill he can
The wounds of this heart-breaking war.

"See, build me no shrines, but take this small book,
And teach the brown baby to read."
He is gone; and Dolores is left on the shore,
She watches the boat till she sees it no more,
She hears the quick musketry all through the night,
She holds the book in her pine knot's red light,
The book of the Northerner's creed.

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The sad war is over, the dear peace has come,
The blue-coated soldiers depart;
The brown baby reads the small book, and the three
Live on in their isle in the Florida sea;
The brown baby learns many things wise and strange,
But all his new English words never can change
The faith of Dolores' fond heart.

A boat with a load of oranges
In a flower decked shrine doth stand
Carved in coquina, and thither she goes,
To pray to the only real saint she knows,
The Northern surgeon in army blue;
And there she was found in this morning's dew,
Dead, with the book in her hand.

A Vocal Wonder.

I would have little to say about Parisian theatricals at this Senegalian heat, says a Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*, were it not for a wonderful discovery, carefully kept secret up to this very day, and which has just been communicated to me by the clever man who undoubtedly will owe to it his fortune and celebrity throughout the world. But before telling you what it consists of a short preamble is necessary. You are well aware that, apart from a few really great artists, belonging, for the most part, to the finer sex, the lyric stage is suffering from a daily growing scarcity of interpreters worthy of the immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* composed by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Halevy, Verdi, etc. A good tenor, more especially, has become, like the blue bird with a green tail, impossible to be found for the past fifteen years, the last one having been Roger, the creator of *Jean de Leyde*, in Meyerbeer's "Prophet."

Even tenorini like Capoul, whose vocal powers are quite insufficient for the great opera style, are not common, and we are in fact threatened with the complete extinction of the male soprano, and you should remark that it is just the moment when the first French lyric troupe will soon have to exert their powers in a house by one-third larger than any other hitherto used for operatic performances—the new opera building—where the orchestra and choruses alone will require numerous additions. Here the question arose, where are we to get a tenor possessed with steel lungs, in order to make himself heard in such a vast and costly structure? To solve this rather unsolvable problem Mr. Halanzier, the smart manager, sent emissaries to every corner of the globe, with full powers to secure at any price an *ut de poitrine*. One of them who in despair had joined the British expedition against the Ashantees, having heard King Koffee Kalkali singing beautifully "God Save the Queen," after the conclusion of peace, did all in his power to induce the black monarch to give up his shadow of sceptre and crown and make his debut at Paris in the role of Otello, perfectly suited to the color of his skin. But the funny Kalkah would not listen to any suggestion unless Mr. Halanzier should first come and take his place on the throne of Ashantee, which the perplexed manager declined to do, notwithstanding that royal purple is tempting to a Frenchman. So that the potentate of our first lyric scene had nearly given up all hope of discovering a tenor, and numerous artists were already engaged, after his orders, in transposing all the tenor roles into *contralti bassi*, when Providence appeared to him a fortnight ago in the person of your countryman, Mr. Elias Winkel, a native of Portland, Maine, where he enjoys a well-deserved reputation as a practical engineer and organ builder. In a true American fashion Mr. Winkel went straight on to the object of his visit without any of those fastidious circumlocutions so much *a la mode* in Europe. "I know your perplexity," said he to Mr. Halanzier (not a little surprised at the assurance exhibited by the stranger), "you are in need of a tenor, and you can not find one, of course, our age being no more devoted to fine arts, but to science, industry and politics; and for my own part I'll always deplore that General Butler, whom heaven has gifted with a splendid baritone voice, deserted his natural vocation and became ——. But never mind Ben Butler; I guess you don't care for him. Perhaps you have heard, at the time of the last Paris exhibition, of a steam organ whose powerful sounds gave a very nice idea of the trumpets of the last judgment, which will awake the dead and strike down the living. Well, I was the inventor of that new factor of harmony, one of the greatest attractions of your splendid universal fair. But, you know, our motto is 'Go ahead,' and, after five years of the hardest work, combinations and experiments, and at a considerable expense of money, I have just succeeded in completing an invention which, I am proud to say, shall be called the wonder of our wonderful century, a steam singer and declamator, which, in precision and purity, leaves far behind it all human nightingales of past and present times. It consists of silver, steel, copper and lead tubes of different sizes, provided with seven times as many pistons as there are notes in the gamut, thus giving fully seven octaves, while Mr. Tamberlik himself could never reach the third one. This combination of tubes, carefully adapted to a steam engine, which underlies the stage, remains in the side scene, so that the audience doesn't see it at all. Now, then, you need not trouble yourself any more about a tenor, nor, indeed, about any kind of singer, either male or female. The whole question lies in getting good pantomimists, who silently open their mouths and make the appropriate gestures; the have not to utter a single sound, my steam singers performing all the musical part of the role and doing so with such a perfection that the illusion ought to be complete. I intended to keep this marvel of mine a secret till the great Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia opens its doors, but I am, before all, a philanthropist and a friend of arts, and your lamentations have struck me to the heart; and, see, I had many inconveniences to encounter with your policy before I could arrive here in safety, for I have, of course, brought with me a specimen of my steam singer, and those stupid fools took me at first for a Communist agent sent to France with an infernal machine, intended to exterminate at once the National Assembly, the ministers and MacMahon himself. Pooh! But, rather come with me to the Grand Hotel, so that you may have a look, and, above all, a hearing of the thing."

And poor Mr. Halanzier, quite stunned at his visitor's incredible revelation, followed him, without being able to utter a syllable, to the splendid Parisian Capernaum, in the grand salon of which the new wonder was already disposed, under the guard of Winkel's servants and machinists. At a sign given by the inventor, the engine was put in motion, the automatical tenor partition of "Robert le Diable" was adapted to the key-ring, and for nearly two hours the inmates of the hotel and the people in the neighborhood were struck with surprise and admiration at the almost divine voice, which made itself distinctly heard, in all its purity and powerfulness, for 500 yards around.

Almost mad with emotion Mr. Halanzier fell into Mr. Winkel's arms and precipitately took him to his notary's, where a deed of cession granting to Mr. Halanzier the exclusive right for ten years of using in Europe Elias Winkel's steam singer apparatus was drawn and signed at once. Through this treaty, the existence of which nobody knows yet, the Paris Opera House will become once more the first academy of music in the world, and Mr. Halanzier is here to recuperate a hundred times the 500,000 francs which he has paid to the American inventor.

White and Black in Louisiana.

The folly of the course of the white natives of Louisiana, in keeping up the agitation over the "race issue" daily receives fresh illustration. It is certain that nothing but a sound and active commercial policy can save the State from utter ruin; yet Conservatives and Republicans sit with folded hands, in an attitude of intense suspense, each party accusing the other of hurrying the commonwealth, by fatal persistence in a useless quarrel, to its doom. The sound sense of business men in New Orleans and the other principal towns of the State is doubtless opposed to the reckless conduct of the "agitators," who declare that they mean, at any cost, to crowd the negro out of all the avenues of trade and politics; but the voice of wisdom is not heard above the clamor of the mob. Railway investors, who have unlimited confidence in the capacity of the State for a gigantic material development, if its people would all unite in a genuine effort to develop it, are deterred by the perturbed condition of local politics from making favorable recommendations to the capitalists whom they represent. New Orleans is daily losing trade because the white people of this State can not spare the time to look into the transportation question, so pre-occupied are they with the invention of measures to prevent negroes from drinking at the same soda fountains with whites. They even neglect to build the railroads by which the cotton and grain of Northern Louisiana and certain sections of Texas can be brought to the Crescent City, and embarked for Liverpool in two days, instead of being sent out, as is now the case, northward hundreds of miles to St. Louis, and thence down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

It is true that the Conservatives have received severe provocation, and