THE CLARION.

ESTABLISHED February 18, 1837.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, AUGUST 4, 1886.

(VOL. 49--NO. 31.

THE CLARION.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year.......................$1 50
Seven Months...................1 00
Sixteen Months.................2 00

Remittances should be made by postoffice order when the same can be obtained, or by registered letter. When entrusted to the mails in the ordinary way the publishers will not be responsible for loss.

MISSING LINKS.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM COLLEGE.

Of the many favored regions where ambitious young collegians flock in fiercely phalanxed legions, to do or die with fighting,

We believe the hardest batter, and the loudest of their clatter, hits the island of Manhattan, with an educated smiting.

The youth who's all gymnastic, with a brain that's unelastic, stuffed with knowledge periphrastic, comes to see us in our sanctum; he delights in erudition, and his present modest mission is to show a composition which in college fairly "yanked 'em."

He then proceeds to tell us that whatever he should sell us would be breezy as a "bellus," and would win us new subscribers.

That his trenchant style of writing should be made both bright and biting, and would surely prove the blighting of the aldermanic bribers.

But we get his worth specific when he asks in words terrific, with a nerve that's so pacific that it leaves us sort of weak, if we should have objection, when he felt a predilection to write up a comic section, if he did the work in Greek.
—N. Y. World.

The young Princesses of Wales are expert tricycle-riders, doing sometimes forty or fifty miles a day.

Mauve is a favorite color in England, and was selected by the Princess of Wales for the costume she wore at the state ball.

Seven thousand men are encamped along the southern border of Kansas awaiting the legal opening of the Oklahoma country.

A prize of $100, offered by a New York illustrated paper for the best idea for a cartoon, was won by Daniel Fanshaw, a Brooklyn street-car conductor.

A Nova Scotian has cut the branches from the tallest spruce tree on his place and nailed the American flag to the top. He tells his neighbors that it is the next question in politics.

A little negro called "Curt," at Marshall, Mo., whose father was a soldier and was killed in the war, recently received $1,500 pension money. His first purchase was a $65 finger ring, his second a $300 horse and buggy.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," of whom the *St. Nicholas* readers all know, is in a sense photographic, the real boy being Herbert Hodgson, a son of Mrs. Burnett's brother. This brother, a jeweler, lives in Norfolk.

A professional beggar died recently in Rio Janeiro and left a fortune of $200,000. A Rio journal remarks that the discovery should occasion no surprise, as it is well known that many of the beggars in that city are worth more than those who bestow alms on them.

Pierre Lorillard has spent $500,000 so far on Tuxedo Park, and he intends to lay out $300,000 more. The Tuxedo Club, for the delectation of which the park is being put in order, has 260 members. Mr. L. lately offered the boys living near the park $1 a head for every copperhead snake killed there.

The much-dressed heroine of this year's summer resorts is a 5-year-old heiress of millions. She has with her over a hundred dresses, many French hats, a watch, and much jewelry, with even diamonds. Eighteen trunks are necessary for the wardrobe of herself and family of dolls.

The recently discovered whetstone mine near Buffalo Gap, Dakota, is one of the most important and promising finds of the year. The home rock is of superior quality. Specimens have been sent to the principal hardware dealers of the East, and such replies as have been received are of the most encouraging character.

The following gives the language of the various precious stones: Amethyst, peace of mind; diamond, pride; emerald, success in love; ruby, cheerful mind; sapphire, chastity; topaz, fidelity; turquoise, success and happiness; opal, pure thoughts; pearl, purity and innocence; garnet, fidelity in every engagement; blood stone, I mourn your absence.

The late King of Bavaria's favorite beverage was a mixture of white wine and champagne, prepared in a bowl with a thick layer of fresh, strong-scented violets floating on the top. The violets gave a delicious perfumed flavor to the mixture, much to the King's taste, as Ludwig was so fond of scents that the air around him was generally redolent of perfume. The fancy cost him quite £10 daily.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins recently gave a $100,000 parsonage and a $30,000 organ to a church at Great Barrington, Mass. The parishioners don't know what to do with them, for they cannot afford to raise the pastor's salary to enable him to keep up his $100,000 establishment, and the organ gets out of order so often that it entails much extra expense to keep it in repair.

Lightning struck a house in Voluntown, Conn., the other night, and, after ripping up things generally, the current divided into two. One went to a house near by, killing a goat on the way; struck a girl, burned her stocking and shoe off, and blistered and partially paralyzed her leg. The other current went off at right angles from the first, damaged a pig pen, and knocked down a horse in an adjacent barn.

If Florida has many more boys like Mortimer and Roland Bunting of Madison her future is assured. These little fellows—they are 13 and 11 years old—have this year rented twelve acres of land and planted it with corn and cotton, have worked the crops carefully, and have good prospects of an abundant yield. This besides raising enough vegetables to supply the large family of their father, who is an invalid.

George Lubish and G. McCarthy, of San Francisco, were rivals for the affections of a young woman, and agreed to settle their respective claims according to ring rules. In the presence of over half a hundred friends they fought thirty-six rounds without any advantage on either side. The contestants then agreed to settle the controversy by means of the dice. The dice rolled out in favor of McCarthy, and he departed with the girl on his arm.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has announced to her intimate friends her permanent retirement from the literary world. "The author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is no longer the strong woman of a few years ago," says the Boston *Transcript*, "her constant watching by the bedside of her dying husband having practically shattered her health, as it has reduced the robust physical frame to merely a skeleton. For more than eighteen months, with scarcely an interruption, has the affectionate wife remained at her husband's side, reading and singing to him as he lingers through the days and nights waiting for the end that is not far off. Mrs. Stowe is 75 years of age, and, although she retains a lively interest in the current events in order that she may gratify the desires of her invalid husband, the famous writer is content that her work is done. The returns from her work have fortunately placed her in comfortable circumstances."

Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Southern poet, who has just died at the age of 55 years, was a man of highly sensitive nature, modest, and remarkably industrious. He had a picturesque home near Augusta, Ga.—a little house on the top of a hill surrounded by a few acres of uncultivated land. He wrote his poems on a rough bench that he had used in building the cottage. In 1866 H. Rives Pollard, editor of *Southern Opinion*, a literary and political weekly published in Richmond, offered a prize of $100 for the best poem on the War of the Rebellion. Mr. Hayne won the prize with his "Confederates in the Field." In speaking of Mr. Hayne and William Morris, the English poet, the late Edwin P. Whipple said: "We cannot see that the American poet is one whit inferior to his accomplished English contemporary in tenderness, sweetness, grace, and ideal charm, while we venture to say that he has more of the true poetic enthusiasm." Mr. Hayne's poetical works had a large circulation.

The Irishman explained that he was smiling because he had seen his cousin from Cork that day. On being asked if there was good news from home, he replied: "I only saw him across the street, and when I ran up to him, I found *it was not the man.*"

Young Farmer—"Why am I like a railroad director?" "Give it up."—"Because I've been watering the stock."

FOR THE CLARION.]

Commencement Exercises of the Iuka Normal Institute.

The Commencement exercises of the IUKA NORMAL INSTITUTE began Tuesday evening, July 20th, and closed on the 23d. Throughout the exercises much interest was manifested by the people of the town and surrounding community, and the visitors from a distance numbered as many as could have been expected. It was the fourth annual Commencement of this excellent institution, and every one whom we heard express an opinion regarded these exercises as the best the school has yet given.

On Tuesday night the Commencement Sermon was preached in the Methodist church, by Rev J. A. Francis, of Corinth. He is comparatively a young minister, and the enthusiasm which he appears to have in his labor, was, we are glad to say, in no little degree infused into the young people confronting him. He spoke of the Christian graces as given by Paul, and showed the necessity of their being possessed by every young man and young lady in beginning active life-work. His sermon was highly creditable to himself and duly appreciated by his audience.

Wednesday night there were no public exercises. This was the night for the Alumni Association. After a pleasant evening of social intercourse, extending from nine to half-past ten o'clock, the present and past graduates of the Normal partook of a handsome supper prepared by the ladies of the Baptist church. Everyone who attended the banquet was highly delighted with it, and pronounced it not the least interesting feature of the entire exercises. After this genuine feast, at the call of the teacher, some of the young men responded in short speeches to the subjects which he announced, and a beautiful recitation was given by Miss Susie P. Dunn: "Rock of Ages." At one o'clock, the hour of dispersion and departure, the evening's entertainment closed. If there was anyone who did not enjoy himself to the full extent of the law, he escaped the observation of your correspondent—was too courteous to let it be discovered.

Thursday night the students in the Teachers' Department delivered their addresses. The first speech on the programme was omitted: "Petruchie and His Kate," by Mr. J. J. Blythe. This was regretted by the audience, as Mr. Blythe has quite a reputation among his people as a speaker, and with his fine stock of humor never fails to please his hearers, at the same time presenting his theme in such a manner that it is clearly understood.

Miss Susie P. Dunn, of Enterprise, Miss., spoke upon Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Had the chivalrous James Fitz James beheld her this night as she knelt pleading for the release of Roderick Dhu, we imagine it would have required considerable effort on his part to fling the chain of gold over Malcolm's neck and "lay the clasp in Ellen's hand," so much would he have been attracted by her beauty. Her elocutionary talent is of a high order, and joined to her own beauty, and the beauties of her address, she was quite an attraction on the stage.

Mr. C. C. Hughes, of Delay, Miss., spoke of Nihilism in an address of fifteen minutes. His appearance on the stage was free from all embarrassment; he spoke naturally, with no attempt at oratory; a simple, plain presentation of the history and principles of Nihilism; and in conclusion portrayed its results should it obtain control of any government. He drew these results from its principles and its late atrocious plots in some of our cities, showing that he thoroughly understood his subject, in all its details. Mr. Hughes' simple language and natural gestures show that he is no stranger to public appearance, or if a stranger, not in the least afraid of it.

Mr. J. I. Longest next spoke upon Sir William Wallace, the Scottish Patriot. Mr. Longest is a handsome man—tall, straight, and well formed, and in general has the appearance of an orator. But unfortunately his oration was not thoroughly memorized, and when half finished his memory proved treacherous, and there was a painful pause of a minute or more before he succeeded in recovering the lost thread of his speech.

The character and story of Antonio were well presented by Miss M. E. Miller, of Grenada. The noble traits of this Christian man lost nothing in the hands of the young lady. Miss Miller speaks well.

"The Southern Historian, Statesman and Philanthropist Alex. H. Stephens," as the speaker, pronounced him, was carried from birth to death, and all important acts of his life in his triple composition fully reviewed by Mr. J. G. Sloane, of Rayne, La. He occupied only about ten minutes, yet if any auditor failed to procure a good outline of the life of Mr. Stephens, it was not the speaker's fault. Mr. Sloane's limited time did not allow him to perfect his sentences or round off his periods, but as an example of condensing with sound judgment—of putting much in little—we have rarely heard his speech excelled.

The sad history of Josephine, the beautiful, gifted, but ill fated wife of Napoleon, was told by Miss Cora Thompson, of Cranesville, Tenn. The language used by this young lady was chaste and elegant, her sentences all polished but weighted down with no useless ornaments. Her own appearance wonderfully composed and natural. She was the calmest and most graceful of all on the stage Thursday night.

Considered as a whole, your correspondent judged the speech of Mr. R. E. Wilkerson, of Sparta, Miss., on the "Crusades" to have been the best delivered by any student in the Teachers' Class. We imagine it required much time and a deal of mental labor for Mr. Wilkerson to be able to give so good a sketch of the Crusade. By cultivating his voice he will make an attractive speaker.

Friday evening, at 2 o'clock, the yearly Exposition began. This is an unique feature of the Institute. All the written papers the students have prepared during the entire year are exposed to the critical eye of any who may wish to examine them. All the visitors have the privilege of asking questions and the students promptly answer, or attempt to. Besides, experiments in Philosophy, Chemistry, and the Sciences are performed. The manner in which the students manipulated the apparatus and performed the experiments assigned, revealed that they thoroughly understood what they were about.

Friday night the graduates in the Scientific Course spoke. Miss M. J. Benson, of Rara Avis, Miss., gave a beautiful sketch of Hinda, the heroine of Tom Moore's Fire-worshipers. The theme was poetical in its nature, and the speaker extracted all the poetry and rhyme, presenting it in simple language.

Mr. Stone Deavours discussed Milton's Hades. He pitched his voice to such a key in the beginning, that it was very laborious to sustain it.

Mr. C. K. Dunn, of Enterprise, Miss., unrolled a large, well-drawn map of the battle of Waterloo, and with pointer in hand, proceeded to tell all about it. His gestures had not been practiced sufficiently, and he required prompting several times. He talked very pleasantly in a conversational way.

Miss Cordelia Hale, of Rara Avis, Miss., related the story of Miles Standish's Courtship in an agreeable manner, varying the cold facts with short, appropriate quotations from Longfellow's poem.

"His Satanic Majesty," as pictured by John Milton in Paradise Lost, or Milton's Satan, as the programme stated, was well handled by Mr. G. A. Holley, of Rara Avis, Miss. Mr. Holley's voice was not in good trim, but he managed to be heard over all the hall, and acquitted himself with honor. He displayed a thorough knowledge of the Devil, and seemed well acquainted with the "Old Fellow's" mischievous tricks and strange devices to ruin man.

Mr. J. P. Lee, of the same place, had a live subject, and he presented it in a live manner: "The African in the United States." Mr. Lee is not behind in the magazine literature of the day. He considered one after another the various propositions which late thinkers and investigators have advanced concerning the negro's future and his ultimate end. He spoke with much force and freedom.

Miss Ada Nesbitt, of Iuka, in a short, but exquisite speech, told of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

The ablest effort of the evening was made by J. N. Sibert, of Walcott, Ark. Mr. Sibert is possessed of plenty of bone, muscle, and meat, and blessed with a strong pair of lungs, a good voice and a clear brain. His subject was Ireland. He spoke of the Home Rule bill with understanding, and showed wherein the woes of Ireland would be alleviated were it to be accepted by Parliament. His conclusion, as indeed his whole speech, was magnificent. Five large, handsome boquets were his reward, and the congratulations of all who could find an opportunity to grasp his hand.

Miss Annie L. Talbert of Memphis, next spoke. Her subject, Portia, the fair, sweet woman in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, whose hand was to be given to that suitor who drew her portrait from one of three caskets. Miss Talbert did splendidly. Not only was the matter of her speech well written and adjusted, but she succeeded in gaining the attention of her hearers and making herself understood throughout the house.

When Mr. J. H. Watson came to the front to discourse upon Cardinal Wolsey, he gave promise of equaling, if not surpassing those who had gone before him, but unfortunately his memory failed, and not being able to recall his speech, after a pause took his seat. It should be said, however, that so much of his address as was delivered, was not surpassed by any of the evening. Mr. Watson was universally liked by his classmates, and had their profoundest sympathy. He was the last speaker.

Prof. H. A. Dean then conferred the degrees. Sixteen students receiving the degree of Bachelor of Didactics; twelve, that of Bachelor of Science. We must not omit to mention the music with which the audience was regaled during the intervals between speakers. It was excellent.
S. D.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

Born in Shame and Reared Among Swine, He Conquers Fame and Fortune.

Perhaps the history of the western hemisphere has never furnished a more wonderful example of the self-made man than may be found in the person of Francisco Pizarro, a gentleman who came to America about 1510, intending to grow up with the country.

Mr. Pizarro was born at Truxillo, Spain, about 1471. His father was a Spanish colonel of foot and his mother was a peasant girl who admired and respected the dashing colonel very much, but felt that she had scruples about marriage, and so, although years afterward Francisco tried his best to make a match between his father and mother, they were never married. It is said that this embittered his whole life. None but those who have experienced it can fully realize what it is to have a thankless parent.

Pizarro's mother's name was Estramadura. This was her maiden name which seemed to harmonize well with her rich, pickled-olive complexion and so she retained it all her life. Her son did not have many early advantages, for he was neglected by his mother and allowed to grow up in a swineherd, and it is even said that he was suckled by swine in his infancy while his giddy mother joined in the mad whirl at the skating-rink. We can hardly imagine anything more pitiable than the condition of a little child left to rustle for nourishment among the black-and-tan hogs of Spain while his father played old sledge on the frontier in the regular army and his mother stood on her Spanish head and wrote her cigar-box name in the atmosphere at the rink.

Poor little Pizarro had none of the modern advantages, therefore, and his education was extremely crude. The historian says that he grew up a bold, ignorant, and brutal man. He came to what was then called Spanish-America at the age of 39 years and assisted Mr. Balboa in discovering the Pacific Ocean. Having heard of the existence of Peru with all its wealth, Pizarro secured a band of self-made men like himself and lit out for that province for the purpose of conquering it if he liked it and bringing home some sold silver teapots and gold-lined card-receivers. He was engaged in gathering this line of goods and working them off on the pawnbrokers for twenty-one years, during which time he did not get killed, but continued to enjoy a reasonable degree of health and strength.

Although Peru at that time was quite densely populated with an industrious and wealthy class of natives, Pizarro subdued her with 110 foot soldiers armed with old-fashioned muskets that had these full-blown barrels, with muzzles on them like the business end of a tuba horn, sixty-seven mounted men, and two toy cannon loaded with carpet-tacks. With no education, and, what was still harder to bear, the inner consciousness that his parents were plain, common, every-day people whose position in life would not advance him in the estimation of the Peruvians, he battled on. His efforts were crowned with success insomuch that at the close of the year 1532 peace was declared and he could breathe the free air once more without fear of getting a bronze arrow-head mixed up with his kidneys when his back was turned. "For the first time in two years," says the historian, "Pizarro was able to take off his tin helmet and his sheet-iron corset at night when he lay down to rest, or undismayed to go forth bareheaded and wearing only his crinkled seersucker coat and a pair of sandals at the twilight hour and till midnight wander alone amid the famous guano groves of Peru."

Such is the history of a man who never even knew how to write his own name. He won fame for himself and great wealth without an education or a long, dark-blue lineage. Pizarro was like Job. You know, we sometimes sing:

Oh, Job, he was a fine young lad,
Sing glory hallelujah.
His heart was good but his blood was bad,
Sing glory hallelujah.

So Pizarro could not brag on his blood and his education was not classical. He could not write his name, though he tried faithfully for many years. Day after day during the campaign, and late into the night, when the yaller dogs of Lima came forth with their Peruvian bark, he would get his orderly sergeant to set him the copy:

"Paul may plant and Apollinaris water, but it is God that giveth the increase."

Then Pizarro would bring out his writing material and his tongue and try to write, but he never could do it. His was not a studious mind. It was more on the knock-down-and-drag-out order.

Pizarro was made a marquis in after years. He was also made a corpse. He acquired the latter position toward the close of his life. He, at one time, married the inca's daughter and founded a long line of grandees, marquises, and macaroni sculptors, whose names may be found on the covers of imported cigar boxes and in the topmost tier of wrought-iron resorts in our best penitentiaries.

Pizarro lived a very busy life during the conquest, some days killing as many as seventy and eighty Peruvians between sun and sun. But death at last crooked his finger at the marquis and he slept. We all brag and blow our horn here for a few brief years, but when the grim reaper with his new and automatic twine-binder comes along he gathers us in; the weak and the strong, the ignorant and the educated, the plain and the beautiful, the young and the old, those who have just sniffed the sweet and dew-laden air of life's morning and those who are footsore and weary and waiting—all alike must bow low to the sickle that goes on cutting closer and closer to us even when we sleep.

Had Pizarro thought more about this matter he would have been ahead today.—*Bill Nye, in Chicago News.*

A good old story on its rounds again: A Yankee woman while visiting England was complimented by a British officer upon her English, and asked if she was not peculiar in this respect among her countrywomen. "Oh, yes," she replied with nonchalance; "but then I have had unusual advantages. There was an English missionary stationed near my tribe."

In Germany, if false information is given to a newspaper reporter he can collect damages of its author.

PRESIDENTIAL LOVES.

Something About the Wives and Sweethearts of Our Rulers.

President Lincoln's first love was a golden-haired blonde, who had cherry lips, a clear blue eye, a neat figure, and more than ordinary intellectual ability. Her name was Anne Rutledge. She was the daughter of a tavernkeeper in Salem, Ill. Mr. Lincoln met her when he was about 23, and, after a romantic courtship, became engaged to her. She died before they could be married; and Lincoln was so much affected by her death that his biographer, Ward Lamon, says his friends pronounced him crazy for a time. He was watched carefully, and became especially violent during storms, fogs, and damp and gloomy weather. At such times he would rave, declaring, among other wild expressions, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain, and storms to beat upon her grave." At this time he began to quote, it is said, the poem which is so well identified with him, beginning—

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

It is supposed that he was thinking of his first love during the times he so often repeated it. Years afterwards, when he had become famous he was asked by an old friend as to the story of his first love for Anne Rutledge, and he said, "I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife."

Lincoln's next love was a tall, fine-looking woman, named Mary Owens, with whom he became acquainted about a year after Anne Rutledge died. Upon her rejection of him, he wrote a letter to his friend Mrs. O. H. Browning, saying that he had been inveigled into paying his addresses to Miss Owens, but on being refused he found he cared more for her than he had thought, and proposed again. In this letter he says:

"I most emphatically in this instance have made a fool of myself. I have come to the conclusion never more to think of marrying, and for this reason—that I can never be satisfied with any one who would be fool enough to have me."

Still, it was not long after this that he was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, a well-educated, rosy brunette of Lexington, Ky., who was visiting at Springfield, where Lincoln was a member of the Illinois Legislature. Both Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas proposed to her. She refused Douglas and accepted Lincoln. Lincoln became suddenly ill, and it was more than a year before the marriage was consummated. It took place finally in Springfield, and the couple began their married life by boarding at the Globe Hotel at $4 a week. Lincoln was 33 years old at this time and Mary Todd was 21.

A number of the presidents have been in love more than once, and several have suffered the pangs of love unrequited. Washington Irving says that Gen Washington had a serious passion at 15 for some unknown beauty which made him really unhappy for a time. The son of President Tyler, who is distantly related to the Washington family, tells me that the general tried to win the daughter of Col. Cary of Denby, Warwick county, Va. Col. Cary was very wealthy, and Washington, who paid attention to none but prospective heiresses, was much attracted by one of his daughters. He was a poor Major then, and he rode on horseback to Warwick county, and called upon Col. Cary. Cary, a stiff old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and much dignity, asked Maj. Washington, as he alighted from his horse:

"May I inquire, sir, what has caused you to honor me with a visit at this time?"

Maj. Washington blushingly replied that he had come to ask permission to pay his addresses to Miss Cary with a view to marrying her.

"Well, sir," responded the stately Colonel, "I would have you understand that my daughter rides in her own carriage; and if that be your business you may as well mount your horse, sir, and return."

Miss Cary afterwards married a man named Ambler, a member of one of the noted families of Virginia. She was present at the celebration which took place after the surrender at Yorktown, and it is said that when she saw Washington so highly honored she fainted away in the realization of the great mistake she had made in not marrying him.

A year or two after this, when Washington had become a Colonel, at 23 years of age, he fell in love with May Phillips, a rich New York heiress, at whose house he spent a week. The authorities are divided as to whether he proposed to her or not. All concede, however, that he was slighted and went away very angry, and it is charged that he carried his anger to the extent of aiding in the confiscation of the Phillips estate after the Revolution had become a success and his love had married his rival.

John Adams' love affairs were numerous. In 1764, the year in which he was married, he writes in his diary:

"I was of an amorous disposition, and very early, from 10 to 11 years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I shall draw no characters nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be considered as no compliment to the dead or the living. This I will say: they were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of or regret her acquaintance with me. * * * These reflections, to me consolatory beyond expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity; and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education."

Jefferson's first love occurred when he, a youth of 19 years, was going to college at Williamsburg. His inamorata was Rebecca Burwell, and his letters of this date are full of her and his love. He devotes many pages to his grief over losing a watch-paper which she had cut for him, and Christmas-day, 1762, he wrote a letter about his sweetheart to his friend John Page which would have filled, says Parton, twelve modern sheets of letter paper. He was continually comparing her to the loves of the poets, and copies of love songs written by Jefferson at this time are still in existence. He sighed for a year before he broached the subject of marriage in a stammering way at a ball. Miss Burwell did not give him an explicit reply, and a short time afterwards he found she was engaged to another.
—*Frank G. Carpenter ("Carp"), in Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Maine Father.

This is how an old gentleman proved to his son that he was not so old as his father. The father had bought a "dooryard horse," good-looking enough, but worthless as a roadster. He wanted to get rid of him, and so one day he put a brad in the end of his whip and started for his son's. As he drove into the son's dooryard he stuck the brad into the horse, knocked off his hat with his own hand, came up to the door flying and apparently out of breath. The son stepped to the door. "Father, what have you got there?" he asked. "I have got the Devil, and I wish somebody had him; he has about pulled my arms out of the sockets. He is worth $1,000 to any man if he can drive him, but I have got to be too old to drive such a horse as that." After the old man had been rubbed with liniment, and before he went off, his son offered to swap a nice $400 horse for the puller and to give $100 boot. The old gentleman traded, had some more liniment rubbed on his shoulders, and drove away. Three weeks later the father visited his son again. The father said to his son: "How do you like your new horse, George?" "Father, how could you lie to me as you did?" "Did you know you were not so old as your father, George?" "I never want to be if I have got to lie as you did. Don't you want some more liniment?"—*Norway (Me.) Advertiser.*

A report comes from London to the *Book Buyer* that tiresome people—some call them bards, others poetasters—insist on calling to see Oliver Wendell Holmes, and, when they are shown into his room, immediately strike an attitude and in a loud voice, and with much violent gesture, forthwith recite an ode or an address, to which he is expected to listen.

The Scout—1864.

As I ride with a keen lookout throughout the town,
In the wind of the Autumn blowing free,
You lean from your open window down,
And I raise my face to your own, cherie!
I press my lips to the rose in your hair,
And wish it was one of the two on your face;
If I were up in the window there,
Would you give me a last embrace?

I have been rather sad. I dreamed of a day
(How the wind of the Autumn is blowing free!)
When the rattle of sabres would pass away,
And the winds would whisper to you and me
That love is the best, whatever betide,
And the journey of life, made hand in hand,
Is a path of flowers; but the dream soon died
In the air of this war-curst land.

This very moment I catch the beat,
On the wind of the Autumn blowing free,
Of a squadron passing with muffled feet
By the mill, who are hunting me.
If they find me—a shot!—I am wounded, sweet!
One touch of the roses so fair to see;
If they drag me in to die at your feet,
You must kiss me again, cherie!
—*J. Esten Cook, in Bivouac.*

THE

Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant sea above his head."
Keat's Endymion.

CHAPTER I.

A PROLOGUE, AND THE FIRST SCENE.

In a large wooden building not far from the seashore, a building attached as school-house to "Munster's Boarding Academy for Young Gentlemen," I, Hugh Trelawney, then scarcely ten years old, was moping alone. I had only arrived two days before from London, where I had parted from my father, a traveling lecturer in the cause of what was then known as the New Moral World. My mother had long been dead, and I had led a somewhat neglected life, sometimes accompanying my father on his wanderings, more often being left to the care, or carelessness, of strangers. At last I had been sent to Southampton to complete a very perfunctory education.

It was afternoon, and a half-holiday; my new school-fellows were playing close by. For myself, I was too used to loneliness to be very miserable. I merely felt an outcast for the time being, and took no interest whatever in my new associations.

As I sat thus, I must have fallen into a brown study, from which a slight sound startled me.

Looking up, I met the flash of two dark eyes which were intently regarding me.

"Are you the new boy?" said a clear voice.

I nodded, and stared at my interrogator, a girl of about my own age, whose black eyebrows were knitted in a way very curious in so young a child as she seemed.

Her arms and neck were bare, and she was fondling a kitten, whose bright eyes and lissom movements seemed to have something in common with her own beauty. I noticed, too, that she wore earrings, and that they were very bright and glistening.

"What is your name?" she continued, in the same clear questioning tone, altogether with the manner of a superior who was not to be trifled with.

"Hugh."

"Hugh what?"

"Hugh Trelawney."

I felt somewhat overawed by the tone of the little lady, who, to my boyish eyes, seemed much more my senior than she was in reality.

She continued to regard me with the same keen scrutiny, and then said, looking at my attire:

"Who is *dead?*"

I still wore black for my mother, and, with a somewhat faltering voice, I told her so.

She did not seem surprised, and expressed no sympathy; but, walking to the school-room window, looked out, saying, "Why don't you go out and play with the other boys?"

"I don't care about play. I am tired."

"Tired with what?" she questioned, quickly.

I made no reply, for I was not prepared for the question. I had meant to imply that I was low-spirited and dull, but had not cared to confess so much in so many words.

She understood me, however, and, although she seemed indifferent to my condition, troubled me with no more questions.

Glad to direct her attention from myself, for her bright eyes troubled me and made me feel ashamed, I stooped down and stroked the kitten, which she had placed upon the floor. Even as I did so, I could feel her eyes still fixed upon me; but when I looked up again with an annoyed expression, she turned her eyes away, and laughed.

This imboldened me, and I began to question in my turn.

"Are you the schoolmaster's daughter?"

At this she laughed the more—so brightly and pleasantly, with such a good-humored sympathy with my blunder, that my first impression of her began to improve, and I saw that, besides being a rather imperious, she was a very pretty, young lady.

"Why do you laugh?" I remarked.

"At you," she replied; "because you take me for Mr. Munster's child. I am a stranger here, like yourself. My people live far away in South America, and are very rich. My mother is dead, and I don't remember her. My father has sent me here to be taught; but I shall soon go back to him. Have *you* a father?" she added, quickly.

I nodded.

"Is he kind to you, and was it he that sent you to school?" she asked.

But without waiting for my reply to her questions, she continued, "*My* father cried when I left him, though he is a great man, and when he gave me these earrings, he told me my mother had worn them before me, and he kissed them. We live far away from here, in a brighter place. Don't you *hate* England?"

This was rather a startling query, but being in a state of mind bordering on disgust for life in general, I readily assented. Her eyes gleamed.

"It is a dreary place," she cried; "dull and miserable, and it rains nearly every day. But it is different where I come from. It is always bright there, and there are flowers everywhere, and the trees are full of fruit; and there are bright insects, and beautiful snakes without stings, that can be taught to twine round your neck, and feed out of your hand."

As she spoke thus, indeed, it seemed that I was transported to the land of which she spoke; her eyes were so sparkling, her face so bright and sunny, her form so foreign in its slender beauty—and her earrings glistened, and her beautiful ivory teeth gleamed—and I saw her walking in that land, a wonder among all wonders there, with fruits and flowers over her head, and brilliant insects floating round her, and luminous snakes gleaming harmless in her path, and dusky slaves waiting upon her and doing her courtesies. For it must be borne in mind that I had been a studious boy, fond of reading wild books of travel and adventure, and of picturing in my mind the wonders of foreign lands. Much that I had fancied of dwellers in distant regions was realized in the face I now beheld for the first time.

At what age is a beautiful human creature—and more particularly one belonging to the gentler sex—insensible to admiration? I am certain that my new friend perceived mine, and that it did not displease her. It was, at any rate, genuine homage, quietly expressed, almost against my will, in the pleased yet timid glances of my eyes.

When she next spoke, her clear impetuous tone was greatly changed and softened, and a kinder light dwelt on her face.

"If you will come with me," she said, "I will show you the place. There is not much to see but the garden, and that I like well enough. Will you come?"

I rose awkwardly, as if at a word of command; and, taking my cap from the peg where it hung, swung it in my hand as I followed her to the door.

Ashamed, yet pleased, to be chaperoned by a girl, I wondered what my schoolfellows would think of it.

Close to the school-room was the playground, or rather the capacious piece of lawn, dignified by that name.

My schoolfellows were playing cricket thereon. They paid no attention to me as I passed, but looked at my companion with a curious and not too friendly expression. She, for her part, passed along imperiously, without deigning to cast a single look in their direction; and I noticed that her look had changed again, and that her dark brows were knitted with the former unpleasant expression. She said nothing, however, for some minutes.

Our first visit was to the top of a high knoll behind the house, whence we could see the surrounding country, and, some miles to the southward, the distant sea, with a white frost of billows on the edge of liver-colored sands.

It was a quiet, sunless day; but far away there were gleams of watery light on the white sails of ships passing by under full canvas.

The girl looked seaward at the passing sails with much the same peculiar expression she had worn on our first encounter.

How could I fathom her thoughts? I guessed she was thinking of her home, but I was wrong.

"Are you *clever?*" she asked suddenly.

This was a question which I, as a modest boy, felt totally unprepared to answer. I looked at the ground, peeped at her, and laughed. Her expression did not change.

"I mean do you know much," she continued, in explanation. "Have you learned much before?"

I explained to her, as well as possible, that my acquirements were very slender indeed, and merely consisted of the stray crumbs of knowledge which I had been enabled to pick up at day schools in the various towns where my father had resided during my childhood. In point of fact, I was a thoroughly uncultivated little boy, and had never been crammed with the solid pabulum so much in vogue at our public schools. I could read and write, of course, and knew arithmetic as far as the rule of three, and had got through the first four declensions in the Latin grammar; but all was a chaos, and I had no accomplishments.

I did not explain all this to my interrogator; for I was too proud.

"If you are not clever, and know so little," observed the girl, thoughtfully, "take care of the other boys. Why don't you make friends with them? Why do you like to sit alone, and be sullen? If there were girls here, I should make friends, I know. But boys are different; they have cruel ways, and they hate each other."

All this was said in a tone rather of reflection than of conversation; and she still kept her eyes on the distant ships, as if from some secret source far away the current of her thoughts was flowing.

"The boys hate *me,*" she pursued, "because they think me proud. I am not proud, but I am quicker and cleverer than they are, and I come from a better place. I beat them in the class and at all things, except figures; and I have helped the biggest of them sometimes, when they were too stupid to understand."

All this was a revelation to me. Until that moment I had never supposed that my companion's place was among the common scholars. During my first two days in school she had been absent—a circumstance which she soon explained to me without any questioning.

"I have been away on a visit, and only returned this morning. I do not come to school every day, because I have headaches, and my father will only have me learn when I please. Now let us go down and look at the garden. There are fruit-bushes there, and some of the fruit is ripe."

Still respectful and submissive, I followed, and we were soon wandering side by side in the quiet garden in the neighborhood of the school-house. Ever and anon, as we walked, I heard the shouts and cries of my playmates; but they were wafted to me as from some forsaken life.

A spell had been passed upon me, and I was in a dream. As I write, the dream surrounds me still. Years ebb backward, clouds part, the old horizons come nearer and nearer, and I am again wandering in the quiet shade of trees with the shining young face at my side. I can no longer recall looks and words. All becomes a tremor. I see the one face only, but the voice becomes inarticulate.

What I remember last is a sudden sound dissolving a spell. A bell rung loudly from the house, and my companion uttered an exclamation—

"That is the bell for tea," she exclaimed. "You had better go."

And she ran before me up the path. She was nearly out of sight among the garden bushes when, urged by curiosity, I took courage, and called after her.

"What is your name?" I cried.

She nodded back with a smile.

"Madeline," she replied. "Madeline Graham." With that she was gone. For a moment I stood bewildered, and then, with quite a new light in my eyes, I made the best of my way into the house, and joined the boys at the tea-table.

Although Mrs. Munster presided at the board, my new friend did not appear, and as I munched my bread and butter, I thought of her face with a kind of dreamy pleasure, delicious to recall even now.

CHAPTER II.

NEMESIS INTERVENES.

In my hasty sketch of school, I have made little or no mention of the schoolmaster and his wife. Indeed, so far as my present retrospection is concerned, they are nonentities; and they form part of my story only in so much as they affected my relations with the leading actress in the life drama to which these chapters are the prelude.

Munster was a feeble-looking but talented little man, with a very high forehead, which he was constantly mopping with cold water, to subdue inordinate headaches; and Mrs. Munster was a kind creature, with an enormous respect for her lord, and quite a motherly interest in us boys, she having no children of her own.

The manner of these good people was kind toward all; but their treatment of Madeline Graham was blended with a sense of restraint almost bordering on fear. It was obvious that they had been instructed to treat her with more than ordinary solicitude, and it was equally obvious that they were liberally paid for so doing.

When she broke from all restraint, as was the case occasionally, their concern for her personal welfare was not unmixed with a fear lest open rupture might rob them of the installments derived from their wealthiest pupil. Madeline, on her side, was perfectly conscious of this; but, in justice it must be said, that she seldom took undue advantage of her position.

The more I saw of Madeline Graham, the more I observed her manners and general bearing, the more the thought of her possessed me, and blended with my quietest dreams.

After that first interview, she held somewhat aloof for many days, but her eyes were constantly watching me in school and at meals, though without any approach to further familiarity. She seemed desirous of keeping me at a distance, for reasons which I could not possibly penetrate.

Gradually, however, we came together again.

Madeline had not exaggerated when she boasted of excelling the other scholars in brightness and intelligence. Her memory was extraordinary, and tasks which taxed all the energies of boyhood were easily mastered by her quick and restless brain.

She was taught with the rest of us in the open school, and was generally at the head of her class.

It so happened that I myself, although in many things dull and indifferent, was also gifted with a memory of uncommon tenacity. In all tasks which demanded the exercise of this function I took a foremost place. Madeline was my most formidable rival, and we began, quietly at first, but afterward with energy, to fight for the mastery.

The competition, instead of severing, brought us closer to each other.

Madeline respected the spirit which sometimes subdued her, and I, for my part, loved her the better for the humanizing touches of passion which my victory frequently awakened.

We had been friends six months, the quiet round of school life had become familiar and pleasant to me, when, one day, at breakfast, I noticed that Munster wore a very troubled expression, as he broke open the largest of a number of letters lying before him. The envelope was of peculiar yellow paper, and the post-mark looked foreign.

Madeline, who sat close by, turned white and eager, and her great eyes fixed themselves on the strange missive.

Within the letter to Munster was a smaller one, which he handed to Madeline silently.

With impetuous eagerness, she opened and read it. It was very short. As she glanced over it, her bosom rose and fell, her eyes brightened and filled with tears.

To hide her trouble, she rose and left the room.

Meanwhile Munster evinced similar surprise and consternation. He bit his lips as he read his letter, and passed his hand nervously through his hair. Then, with a significant look, he passed the letter to his wife, who, reading it, in her turn became similarly troubled.

As he passed the letter to her, something dropped rustling to the floor, and Munster, looking rather red, stooped and picked it up. It was a curiously printed paper, and looked like the note of some foreign bank.

Breakfast was finished—school began—but Madeline did not appear. Munster still looked fidgety and annoyed.

As for myself, I was torn by sensations to which my little heart had been hitherto a stranger. I felt on the brink of a precipice, down which all that I held dear was disappearing. I could not eat, I could not say my tasks, I could not think. What was going to happen? I asked myself wildly again and again.

At two o'clock, when we were summoned to dinner, no sight of Madeline. But by this time some hint of the truth was forcing itself upon me.

A whisper had passed round the school—"Madeline Graham is going away!"

Going away? Whither? To that far-distant, that mysterious land whence she had come, and whither I might never follow her? Going away forever! Passing westward, and taking with her all that made my young life beautiful and happy. Could this be?

I shall never forget the agony of that day. I have had blows since, but none harder. I have felt desolation since, but none deeper.

After school, I hung round the house, haunted every spot where she might be expected to appear. I yearned to hear the truth from her own lips. I paced to and fro like a criminal awaiting his sentence. I could not bear the sight of the other boys, but kept to the secret places, moody and distracted.

Quite late in the evening, I wandered into the garden—a favorite resort of ours. The sun had sunk, but his slowly fading light was still tilting the quiet place, and the shadows of trees and bushes were still distinct upon the ground.

I had not been here long when I heard the foot I knew, and, turning, I beheld my little friend hastening toward me.

She was pale, but otherwise composed, and said at once:

"Have you heard that I am going away?"

I stammered something, I know not what; it must have been inaudible. I had a sharp, choking sensation, and drooped my looks from hers.

"I have just got a letter from my father. I am to go back home immediately. See!"

So saying, she placed in my hand the small inclosure which she had received from Munster in the morning. Seeing my puzzled look, she exclaimed:

"You may read it."

I did read it, in one quick, painful glance. I remember every word of it now. It was written in a large, bold hand, and ran as follows:

"MY OWN DARLING LITTLE MADELINE,—You will hear from the good people with whom you are living that a great change has taken place, and that you must come home at once. Wish a kind good-bye to all your friends in England; perhaps you may never see them again. Come without delay to your loving father,
RODERICK GRAHAM."

Prepared as I had been for the blow, it did not fall so heavily as it might have done. I struggled with my feelings, and choked down a violent tendency to cry.

She perceived my consternation, and was herself moved. But there was a quick, strange light in her eyes, as if she were contemplating something far away.

"I have prayed many a night that my father would send for me," she said, thoughtfully; "and now he has done so, I scarcely feel glad. I am afraid there is something wrong at home. Shall you be sorry, Hugh, when I go?"

At this open question I broke down utterly, and burst into a violent sob.

She put her hands in mine, and looked earnestly into my face.

"I thought you would be sorry. None of them will miss me so much as you. We have been great friends; I never thought I could be such friends with a boy. I shall tell my father of you, and he will like you, too. Will you kiss me, Hugh, and say good-bye?"

I could not answer for tears; but I put my arms round her neck, and I did kiss her—a pure, true, loving boy's kiss, worth a million of the kisses men buy or steal in the broad world.

My tears moistened her cheek as I did so, but she did not cry herself.

She was altogether calm and superior, bowing down to my boyhood, compassionating and cherishing me; but in all possibility sharing little of my intense personal passion. She was nearer womanhood than I to manhood (girls always are more mature than boys); and she took my worship in gentle state. A queen, kissed by a royal subject, could not offer her cheek more royally than little Madeline offered her cheek to me.

Yet her manner was full of strong affection, too. She would miss me, I felt sure.

In the midst of my agony, I found words to inquire how soon our dreaded parting was to take place. What was my astonishment to hear that she was going to leave Munster's at once.

"There is a ship to sail in two days, and I must go away to Liverpool to-morrow early in the morning. My poor father! There is something very wrong indeed, and it will be many a week before we meet, though the ship should sail ever so fast."

As I write, recollection darkens, the sun sinks behind the little garden; the little shape fades away, and it is dark night. I seem to remember no more.

But what is this that gleams up before me? It is the faint gray light of dawn. I have been in a very disturbed sleep, and am awakened by a harsh sound in the distance. It is the sound of carriage wheels.

I start up; it is daylight.

I hear a hum of voices in the house below. Without awakening any of my companions in the room, I creep to the window, and look out.

How chilly looks the cold damp world outside! How pitiless and cold lie the dews on the leaves all around! I shiver, and my heart aches.

A traveling-carriage stands at the door, and a sleepy-eyed coachman yawns on the box.

Hush! yonder from the house-porch comes Mrs. Munster and by her side the little figure that I love.

The proud spirit is broken this morning, and the little eyes look soft and wet. Madeline clings to her protectress, and nods adieu to the servants, who flock around to bid her farewell.

She does not look this way. Does she think at all of the poor friendless boy whose heart she has filled with her beauty, and whose eyes are watching her so wildly from the curtained bed-room window up above?

The coachman cracks his whip, the horses break into a trot, the little one leans out, and waves her handkerchief until the carriage rounds the corner, and is hid from view.

Madeline! Little Madeline!

I have fallen upon my knees by my bedside, and am passionately kissing the lock of hair I begged from her last night. My heart seems breaking. All the world has grown dark for me in a moment.

To what new trouble is this that I am about to waken, now that the one star of my life's dawn has faded away?

CHAPTER III.

AFTER TEN YEARS, I BEGIN LIFE IN EARNEST.

The prologue over, the drama of my life begins. There is always a prologue of some sort, in which the keynote of life is generally struck for good or evil, pleasure or pain. Mine is the episode of Little Madeline. Much of the spirit of what has been told will survive in the events which I am now about to narrate.

Madeline Graham faded at once and forever out of my boyish existence. I neither saw nor heard from her directly; but some months after her arrival in her distant home, there arrived a wonderful parcel, full of dried fruits, nuts, and other foreign edibles, addressed, in the hand I knew, to "Master Hugh Trelawney," at Munster's. My schoolmates laughed wildly on its arrival. I tore it open, expecting to find some message in writing, showing me that I was not forgotten. There was not a line. With a somewhat heavy heart, I distributed the more perishable fruits among my school-mates, reserving a very little for myself—for I had no heart to eat. I stored up many of the nuts in my trunk, till they were quite moldy and rotten. When I was obliged to throw them away, I seemed to cast away at the same moment all my hope of seeing my dear little love again.

No other message—no other gift—ever came; though I wrote, in my round, boyish hand, a little letter of thanks and kind wishes. All grew silent. Little Madeline might be lying in her grave, far over the lonely waters, for aught I knew to the contrary.

I remained at Munster's until I was fourteen. In all these years I never forgot Madeline, never ceased to mention her name every night when I prayed by my bedside, never relinquished the thought of some day sailing across the ocean and looking on the dear bright face again.

This intense and solitary passion became, if I may so express it, the secret strength of my life. It brightened the coarse and indigent experience of school-life, filled it with tender and mysterious meanings and associations; it made me inquiring and tender, instead of hard and mean; it determined my tastes in favor of beauty, and made me reverence true womanhood wherever I saw it. In a word, it gave my too commonplace experience just the coloring of romance it needed, and made the dry reality of life blossom with simple poetry, in a dim religious light from far away.

What wonder, then, if, at fourteen, I found myself reading imaginative books and writing verses—of which early compositions, be certain, Madeline was the chief and never-wearying theme.

I had taken tolerable advantage of Munster's tuition, and was sufficiently well grounded in the details of an ordinary English education. I had, moreover, a smattering of Latin, which, in my after struggle for subsistence, turned out very useful. I should have progressed still further under the care of my schoolmaster, but at this period my father died, and I found myself cast upon the world.

It is not my purpose—it is unnecessary—to enlarge on my own private history, and I shall touch upon it merely in so far as it affects the strange incidents in which I afterward became an actor. Things were at this point when I one morning received the startling intelligence that my father was dead, and that I was left alone in all the world. The first feeling which the news produced in me was one of very confused and dubious sorrow. Of late years, I had seen very little of my father. Since I had come to Munster's I had been left there, never even going home for my holidays as other boys did. Munster's was my home, and to all intents and purposes Mr. and Mrs. Munster were a father and mother to me. Still, for all that, the knowledge that I had a father in some remote quarter of the globe, who paid for my maintenance, and came to Munster's about once in six or eight months to spend an hour with me, had been a source of some satisfaction, and caused me now, for a short time at least, to deplore his loss.

Then came other and more complicated thoughts. If I had no longer a father to pay for my maintenance, what was to become of me; for, as far as I knew, I had no other relation in the world? Puzzled by these thoughts, and seeing no solution to them, I could do nothing but wait in eagerness and dread for what was to follow.

The next morning, when I was dressing, Mrs. Munster came into my bedroom and handed me a jacket with a crape band on the left arm; she also pointed to a cap which she had brought in with her, and said:

"You must wear this one now, Hugh."

Then she turned, bent her kindly eyes upon me, and kissed my forehead and murmured, "my poor boy."

I ventured to inquire whether I was to see my poor father in his coffin or to follow him to the grave. The tears came into the woman's eyes, and she took my hand.

"You will never see him again," she said; "never. He died in America, and was buried before we received the news. But you are a brave boy," she added, "and must not grieve. It is sad for you, my dear; but trouble is sure to come sooner or later. If it comes when one is young, so much the better, for one is better able to bear it."

"Mrs. Munster," I said, piteously, "what is to become of me?"

The good lady shook her head.

"I don't know, my dear," she replied; "your poor father has not left you a sixpence. Hugh," she added suddenly, "have you any relations?"

"No," I replied, "not one."

"Are you sure?" she continued. "Think, my dear."

I did think, but it was of no use. My brain would not conjure up one being to whom I could possibly lay any claim.

"No uncles, or aunts, or cousins?" persisted Mrs. Munster; when suddenly I exclaimed:

"Yes, Mrs. Munster; now I remember, I've got an aunt. At least, I *had* an aunt; but she may be dead, like father."

"Let us hope not," said Mrs. Munster. "Well, my dear, tell me what she is like, and where she is to be found."

"I don't know what she is like," I replied. "I never saw her."

"Never saw her?"

"No; she never came near us; but I've heard father speak about her. She was my mother's sister, and her name is Martha Pendragon, and she lives at Cornwall."

"Martha Pendragon," repeated Mrs. Munster. "Is she married?"

I reflected for a moment, then I remembered having seen letters addressed to "Mrs. Pendragon," and I said as much.

"And where does she live?"

"St. Gurlott's, Cornwall."

Mrs. Munster wrote it down.

"'Mrs. Pendragon, St. Gurlott's, Cornwall.' It looks promising, as I dare say St. Gurlott's is a very small place. Make yourself as contented as you can for a few days, my dear. I will write to the lady and ask her what she means to do."

I could do nothing else but wait, and I accordingly did so; though I found it utterly impossible to take Mrs. Munster's advice, and preserve a contented frame of mind.

My exceedingly hazy recollections of my aunt's communications were by no means such as to inspire confidence. I began to ask myself, for the first time, why it was she had never been permitted to visit my mother in her home; why my mother, who was evidently fond of her sister, had never made a journey into Cornwall to see her; above all, why my aunt had never come to visit my own mother when she was dying? Thus I speculated for four days, at the end of that time I saw Mrs. Munster receive a letter, open it, read it, and glance strangely at me.

"It is from your aunt, my dear," she said; then, looking at the letter again, she added: "She is your aunt, I suppose?"

"From Mrs. Pendragon?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, with a strange smile; "from your Aunt Martha."

I wanted to hear more, but no more came. Mrs. Munster again turned her attention to the letter and began studying it as intently as if she were carefully working out some abstruse mathematical problem. Presently, her husband came into the room, and she handed him the letter. My curiosity received a fresh stimulus when I saw him start at sight of it, read it twice, and then glance, as I thought, half pityingly at me.

"I suppose it's all right," he said, turning to his wife; "the boy must go."

She nodded her head thoughtfully.

"It seems a pity, doesn't it, after the education he has had?" she said to her husband; then, turning to me, she added, "Let me see, Hugh, how old are you now?"

I replied that I was fourteen.

"And are you sure you have no *other* relations except this—this Aunt Martha, as she calls herself?"

I replied that during the last few days I had been racking my brain incessantly on that subject, but without avail.

"Well," she said, "I suppose your Aunt Martha is better than nobody, my dear—she seems a good-natured sort of person, and is quite willing to give you a home; but it seems a pity to take you from school before your education is complete, and if we could find another relation who would let you stay here it would be so much better for you. I will write again to your aunt; she may know of some one, though you do not—your father's relations, for instance; but if she does not—why, the only thing you can do is to go to Cornwall."

I accordingly had to wait a few more days, at the end of which time a letter was received from my mysterious relative. This time it failed to bring with it disgust or amazement, and conveyed only disappointment.

"Your aunt tells me she is your only relative on your mother's side," said Mrs. Munster, "and your father's family she knows nothing about. She has fixed Thursday as the day on which you are to go to her; therefore, my dear child, I see no help for it; you must leave us!"

Thus it was settled. On the Thursday morning I, accompanied by my small stock of luggage, started on my travels, and saw the last of Munster's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Broadway Incident.

It was desperately hot, and the little woman yesterday afternoon trudged painfully up the west side of Broadway under her burdens. These were a huge bundle, apparently of clothing, which she held under her right arm, while in her right hand she carried a big tin can that could hold a gallon. On her left arm, resting against her shoulder, was a well-grown child, showing great exhaustion from the heat. Calmly sauntering in front of her, smoking his pipe, with his hands folded behind him, while he leisurely gazed at the wonders about him, was a strong, sturdy man. The couple were husband and wife.

Policeman 1,422 saw them coming along. His face darkened with an ominous scowl, and, striding up to the man, he took him by the shoulder, wheeled him about, and, taking the child out of the mother's arms, made him carry it, and then put the big can into the man's hand. The fellow grinned and made a motion as if to rid himself of the child and only carry the can, but Policeman 1,422 by determined gesticulation gave him clearly to understand that he meant business. The little woman at first looked startled, but as she realized the situation she gave the gray-bearded blue-coat a smile of thanks, and the crowd that had gathered applauded him enthusiastically. "Men like him shouldn't be permitted to come to this country at all," muttered big-hearted No. 1,422 as he mopped his brow and looked daggers at the Polish immigrant. "Why," said he to an inquiring by-stander, "it was only yesterday that a wee bit of a woman came along here with a trunk on her back, and the loafer of a husband was walking at her side smoking a big pipe as quietly as you please and not giving her a hand. Did I make him help? Well, I should smile," and No. 1,422 stepped into the gutter to give his hand to an old man on crutches who was crossing the street.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Everything is Lovely and the Goose Hangs High.

This expression is a corruption of an old-fashioned saying that originated in the early days of this country.

As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; and as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns—on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beautifully blue—they seem full of glee, and join in a chorus, "*Honk, honk, honk!*"

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, never could mistake them. And the folks on the earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times, realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under peculiarly favorable circumstances for this or that enterprise, for them to say: "Everything is lovely, and the goose honks high!"—*From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas.*

To wear a uniform is the ambition of every male citizen in the United States. He feels that ambition when he draws on his first pair of pantaloons, and continues to feel it until he lies down to die. Since the War the ambition to wear a uniform has become particularly noticeable.

A HANDSOME FIEND.

She Drives Her Divorced Husband to Death, and Thinks the Tragedy Very Funny.

We were at the Air-Line Junction, just out of Toledo, and the four or five of us waiting for the same train became quite friendly, as men will under the circumstances. We were out on the platform when a train came in from the other way and about a dozen passengers got off. All of a sudden a middle-aged man with a bald-head and a professional look about him—he was one of the five of us who were waiting—gave utterance to one of the biggest oaths in the swearing calendar and took a step or two forward. We saw that his attention had been attracted to a good-looking woman who was in the company of a rather oldish and good-looking man. The woman left her husband—for so the man proved to be—and walked right up to our friend and held out her hand and said:

"Shake, Charley! You aren't looking exactly well. Divorce and all that doesn't agree with you first-rate. Let me introduce you to my hub."

"No! Never!" gasped the man, whose face was as white as a sheet.

"O, well, just as you please. He's a good feller and he wouldn't be jealous. Got your second wife picked out, old boy?"

"For God's sake go away!"

"All right, Charlie, but I supposed you'd be glad to see me. We didn't get along together very well as man and wife, but we shouldn't lay up any grudges. How's the folks at home? How's your business doing? Anybody dead or married since I left? Say, Charlie, what did the papers say about me anyhow?"

He held up his hands as if to keep her back, and she laughingly said:

"Bah! but I ain't going to hurt you! If you are going to stop here for an hour or two come up to our room and we'll talk over old times."

With that she bowed and turned away, while our friend began pacing the long platform. One of the others understood the case and whispered to us:

"He was divorced from her two years ago, and it nearly drove him crazy. She was and is a scheming, heartless, faithless woman. Lands! but how dare she talk to him after that fashion!"

About fifteen minutes to train time we went in to see about our luggage, leaving the man still walking. We had scarcely left the platform before a special came dashing past. We heard the whistle and the bell and the roaring, and the sounds had not died away when there was a shout of horror from the platform. The divorced husband had flung himself under the train, and when it passed his body was a mangled corpse.

The woman came down from the sitting-room into the crowd and asked what had happened. Some one told her that a man had flung himself under the wheels, and she was given a description of the victim.

"Why, that's my old Charley!" she exclaimed as she raised her hands. "Now, what could have possessed him to do such a thing! Why, it's so funny—so very, very funny that he'd let himself be ground up that way!"

She ran back to the edge of the crowd to tell her husband, and as she explained the horror to him she tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Now, then, you won't be jealous of me again, will you?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mark Twain as a Reporter.

Mr. Steve Gillis, printer and journalist, was the friend and room-mate of Mark Twain in the old days when the latter was a reporter on the *Call* of this city. They had likewise suffered and triumphed together in the sage brush, the dusty green foliage of which they frequently succeeded in turning to a bright red. Mark was, and is, a very nervous man. Small annoyances robbed the nerves, and it gave him malignant pleasure to experiment upon those of Mr. Clemens.

"Steve," cried Mark, in an agonized voice, shaking his bedfellow out of an apparently profound slumber, "do you hear that mouse—that infernal, gnawing mouse? It's driving me wild."

"Oh, hang the mouse," growled Gillis, turning over and snoring ostentatiously.

It wasn't a mouse, but a little machine which Stephen was privately working with a string for the benevolent purpose of terrorizing his friend.

Mark lay and writhed, and cursed, and gnashed his teeth. He cried so, and beat upon the headboard. He got up and threw things under the bed, and walked around the room, and wrung his hands and moistened his profanity with tears of impotent exasperation. The mouse still gnawed, and Twain put on his clothes and went forth and paced the streets till morning, leaving his tormentor to revel in bed.

"Hello, Sam; what in God's name have you been doing?" asked Gillis another night, starting out of real sleep this time, and sitting up in bed. And no wonder he was startled. Mark, undressed, had just entered the room. In his hand he held a Japanese sword, as sharp as a razor, a prized gift from Bayard Taylor. This weapon was dripping with blood. The clock struck midnight.

"Blank him, he'll never crow again," exulted the assassin, but even as he crawled into bed the offending rooster sent forth a cock-a-doodle-do that caused Mark to give a howl of foiled vengeance and bury his head under the blankets. In the morning it was discovered that his one furious stroke in the chicken-house had bereft eight hens of their heads, but the rooster had escaped. He owed his life to the fortunate circumstance that he slept—or, rather, crowed—at the end of the perch farthest from the door of the coop.

"Steve! Steve, I say! Curse you, wake up," came in a hoarse and furious whisper at 2 a. m.

Mr. Gillis awoke and beheld Mr. Clemens, clad only in his shirt, standing by the open window. The night was cold, and Mr. Clemens was shivering violently. In his shaking hand was a revolver.

"Steve," he pleaded, "you're warm and your nerve is good. For God's sake, get up and shoot this cat for me. I've been out in the yard for an hour, trying to get a bead on the brute, and now that he's there on the fence I can't kill him—oh, I know that I can't kill him, blank him! Get up, Steve, do."

"Oh, let the cat alone."

"What? You won't get up? Then, by the Creator that made me, Steve Gillis, I'll shoot you. I'm shaky, but I can do that, if I can't hit the cat!"

And Mr. Gillis arose and slew the cat in self-defense, and Mark Twain went out and brought in a bottle and sat up till sunrise to celebrate the execution.—*San Francisco Post.*

They Were Delegates.

She was a lean, scrawny woman, and she took the seat the third back from the stove. He was short and fat, and sat opposite to her. As soon as the coach door was closed the car began to heat up, and presently he snapped his finger at the brakeman and said:

"For Heaven's sake open some of those ventilators!"

"Don't you do it!" exclaimed the woman.

"Do you think I want to melt?" demanded the man, as he wheeled to face her.

"Do you think I want to freeze?" she demanded in turn.

"Madam," said the fat man, after carefully surveying her, "if I was a mass of bones I'd carry a hot brick when I traveled."

"O, you would! If I was a mass of pork I would carry a hunk of ice with me."

The brakeman went into the smoking car to be clear of the storm, and the fat man got up and opened the door. He had scarcely returned to his seat when the lean woman got up and closed it.

"Madam!"

"Sir!"

"I want that door open!"

"And I want it shut!"

Just then a passenger came down the aisle from the other end of the car and shook hands with each in turn and said:

"Mrs. Cassowary, this is Mr. White. I suppose you are both delegates to the convention."

"Ah! Mrs. Cassowary, I beg your pardon."

"Ah! You can have the door open, Mr. White."

"By no means."

"I insist."

"But allow me to give way."

And they roasted us until we had to go out on the platform to keep from running to grease.—*Detroit Free Press.*