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THE BRIDE

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring—
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar, just,
Above our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare as white was on
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katharine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.
—Sir John Suckling.

COMMUNICATED.]

The Character of Lee.

FOREST, MISS., Nov. 15, 1879.

EDITORS CLARION: In a recent article published North, and which has gone the rounds of the press, there is given what purports to be, an interview with General Lee, immediately after the surrender. It is stated in same that General Lee spoke quite favorably of General Grant's magnanimity, as shown in the terms of the surrender. This is only in favorable contrast with General Lee's accustomed modesty, and gracefully and felicitously conceals what I consider his own great magnanimity. He conceals with modest skill his own liberality, and places in the back ground, the fact, that Grant was then treating with the greatest Captain of all the ages, and was receiving the surrender of the remnant of an army, the equal of which, in all the elements that tend to make a soldier a hero, has not been known in the history of the nations. It was enough to shock a greater soldier than Grant into a tremendous spasm of liberality. At Appomattox I copied the terms of the parole in my memerandum book, and the first thought of them was this, that they were extremely liberal—a very specious deception indeed, and coupled with the discipline of the Federal army, were colculated to deceive. There was no offensive display nor hilarous applause, only the minute firing of cannon, no plundering—all combined, did have the appearance of excessive liberality. But by comparison, when we remember that the Federal commander, cowered beneath the giant shadow of Lee, it dwarfs the magnanimity at first conceived. As to the merit of General Grant as a commander, as compared with General Lee, that surrender had nothing to do; it was a hollow mockery as to a triumph of military genius; and to accomplish a victory upon any terms, Grant was ready and over-willing.

It is to be regretted in consideration of the magnitude of his triumph, that he did not more fully stand by those terms, but he allowed the politicians to control him, and the terms that drew much respect to him, were thrust to the winds in the general destruction that followed the war. By comparison, we arrive at a just conception and judgement of Lee's military genius. History, with its pages pregnant with the names of men of great renown, and wonderfully heroic deeds, does not show a war waged so long, against such overwhelming odds and puissant forces. The North had her ports open, a splendid navy and the flood gates of Europe ajar; practically Lee fought the whole of Europe, and then to add the combined destructive means of warfare, created by the inventive genius of the centuries. He never was whipped by brilliant tactics, stategy, legitimate achievement, or grand display of military genius, but by overwhelming forces, and dogged attrition, the sharp incisive friction of continued contact. His supplies exhausted, scarcely sustenance enough to maintain life, to say nothing of fighting trim, his men over-worked, over-marched and over-fought, with no means of substitution or reliefs, but the constant continued attack or combatting of continually recuperated, renewed and over-powering odds, a new and large army brought into usage at every turn and battle, it is matter of wonderment to the best military minds of the day, how he and his little handful of exhausted veterans, stood up and held back from the gates of our capitol, like a great wall of fire, that unholy crusade. It is the grandest, truest proof of the highest military genius, a capacity that dwarfs the glory of Napoleon, whose deeds were written upon the pyramids—and who with an immense army, thoroughly equipped, provisioned, and powerfully sustained, marched with his legions, constantly repleted, on like an avalanche to brilliant conquests! But Robt. E. Lee—almost wholly without resources, with an army scantily fed and clad—worn by constant contact—never perfectly equipped, never relieved and rested, held at bay, and often whipped, the "Grand Army of the Potomac," for four long years.

By comparisons of resources, of appliances of war, of numbers, we affirm, that General Grant was over-desirous of surrender, and that that surrender was not brought about by extraordinary display of military genius, but by [illegible] haustion of resources and men! He could not be otherwise but magnanimous, and it was the noblest benediction of the times, of all times, for Lee to have surrendered to him!

Comparatively speaking, General Grant is a great commander, but in the superlative degree, he does not rank with such men as Alexander, Scipio, Conde, Napoleon and Lee!

Gen. Dick Taylor says of Lee, that when he took "command of the Army of Virginia, he was *facile princeps* in the war, towering above all on both sides, as the pyramid of Ghizet above the desert. Steadfast to the end, he upheld the wavering fortunes of the Confederacy as did Hector those of Troy! *Last scene of all at his surrender, his greatness and dignity made of his adversary but a humble accessory!*"

He was truly a real Captain, wonderfully skilled in the art of war, as if the martial genius of the world, its high glory and grand achievement, had centered in him. Nature has few peculiar minds in her great boundary of humanity, but as Barras said of Napoleon, I apply to a a greater than he, that nature in one of her most exalted moods, one of her greatest moments, resolved to produce a master-piece, and gave to the wondering world Robt. E. Lee!

An Appolo in appearance, and of magnificent bearing, he was indeed, as Gen. Dick Taylor said, that of all the men he had seen, "he was best entitled to the ephithet of distinguished; and so marked was his appearance in this particular, that he would not have passed unnoticed through the streets of any capital." A recent English criticism of him rates him above all the commanders of the world, in this, that while he ranked with them fully in military capacity, statesmanship and high manhood, he possessed to a very marked degree a grand moral character and status, that attracted the admiration of the world, and gave him a special prominence over the world's great commanders. In the world-wide range of criticism, there has hardly been paid such a compliment to a man! Verily and literally he is "first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

H. CROMWELL.

A Bridegroom Up a Tree.

From the Macon Enterprise.]

A negro widow of Brunswick Ga., captured a beau. He pretended to love her, and she joyfully accepted his affection. The wedding day and hour were fixed, and the ebony bride, attired in the height of Georgia African fashion, anxiously awaited her equally ebony bridegroom. The e. b. g. didn't come, and the guests whose appetites were ravenous, went in search of him, saying: "We'll find dat nigger, dead or alive." All through that long and weary night they they did seek without finding, but the next morning they caught him up a plum tree, dragged him down, conducted him to the bride, and were about to send for the preacher, when she interrupted the proceeding: "I'se got enough 'specimen wid dat nigger," and administered to him a lively drubbing with a broomstick. Then she told him to "git out of her sight for ebah mo'." He got.

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.

A MESSAGE THROUGH THE AIR.

It was a lovely night in the month of August that I sat on the porch of old Uncle Toby's house, not yet entirely recovered from the impressions made by a glorious sunset which even then left its foot-prints upon the clouds that hovered in the western sky.

My horse stood at the gate already saddled, awaiting me, but I was determined not to leave Uncle Toby's house until I had carried my point, and being his nephew, I had enough of the same old blood in my veins to make me as persevering as he was obstinate.

"Uncle Toby, I must have that bird."

"Wa'al, neffy, ask me for anything else in the house except that, and it is yours."

"I don't want anything else, Uncle Toby, but that you must give me."

"Wa'al, now, neffy, you know that 'ere carrier pigeon took the first prize at the county fair."

"Which fact will only make me prize it dearer. Come, now, Uncle Toby, be generous."

"Wa'al, boy, the bird is your'n. You always had your own way with old Uncle Toby."

To say that I was delighted would but faintly express my feelings. The bird was a beauty, as may easily be imagined; and as I bid old Uncle Toby good-night and mounted my pony, with the case in my hand containing the prize I so dearly coveted, I drove home with a light heart and a brain filled to overflowing with plans in which the bird's speed would be tested. Numerous valuable prizes seemed already to be within my grasp as I reached home, and having stabled my horse, ascended to my dark and lonely room.

I was but sixteen years of age at the time, and on the night in question I was the sole and only occupant of my father's mansion, the other members of the family having gone on a summer trip to the mountains, leaving me in charge. My room was on the second floor, overlooking the road, and thither I had taken my bird, where in my solitude I could quietly admire its beautiful proportions.

Extinguishing my lamp, I sat by the open window, contentedly smoking my pipe and enjoying the cool breezes that swept across the lawn laden with the rich odors of the flowers, when my attention was attracted to some dark objects that appeared to be approaching by the road that led past our house.

I listened intently, and above the whispers of the summer breeze I thought I could detect the hum of whispered conversation.

It was no unusual occurrence for tramps to pass our place at that hour, and the circumstances caused only a ripple of curiosity to arise in my bosom, until I heard a latch of our gate lifted, and distinctly the tread of many feet fell upon my ear.

I was so surprised and startled at this unexpected intrusion that I was momentarily dazed, and before I could decide on a plan of action they had ascended the door-steps, and I knew from the splinterings of wood that they had already commenced operations to force an entrance into the house.

By the light of a dark lantern, which they carried, I discovered that they were six in number, and all wore heavy black masks the more effectually to prevent recognition in case of discovery. Then my voice came back to me, and thinking to make up for my youthful years in volume of my voice, I yelled out, in thundering tones:

"Hello! What are doing there?"

The dark lantern was closed like a flash, but yet I could define distinctly the dim outline of the robbers as they stood like dark shadows in contrast white balcony beyond. For a moment the stillness of death ensued, when I received a reply, uttered in tones I shall never forget and with an emphasis that clearly indicated a purpose to carry out what was threatened:

"I say, youngster, just you take in that head of your'n and keep that baby mouth closed or I'll blow the top of your head off."

The sharp click of a pistol followed, and you can rest assured that I needed no second warning. What should I do? I was at least half a mile from the nearest neighbor, but the house was surrounded and escape was impossible. There was certain death in the very attempt itself.

The shotgun. Ah! that was a good idea. I would get the gun and defend the mansion to the bitter end. The shotgun I had left in the parlor so as to have it within reach during the long hours of the day when tramps were as thick as huckleberries, and I had forgotten to bring it up stairs that night. My mind had been so much absorbed by my carrier pigeon that I had incautiously overlooked the making of my usual preparations for self-defence.

I thought I would go down and get it, and actually opened my bed-room door for that purpose when I heard a loud crash below which told me as plain as words could utter it, that the hall-door had been successfully forced, and that the robbers were then actually in the house.

I retreated to the shelter of my little room, locked and bolted the door, a prey to my worst apprehensions. I remembered the cruelty of these masked men, and I knew that if they did not murder me outright they would by binding and gagging so torture me as to make even death itself desirable.

Of one thing I was satisfied, that the safety of the robbers depended upon my being secured, and to achieve that result would be their first object. If I had a weapon, so that I could have made an effort to preserve my life, I would then have been contented, but the idea of an unarmed boy being thus left to the mercy of these unfeeling ruffians almost drove me to distraction.

I heard their footsteps ascending the stairs, and I proceeded to barricade the door, when a thought flashed across my brain. How was it that it escaped me so long? The carrier-pigeon that I had just received from Uncle Toby I would release with a message; it would return to Uncle Toby's, and I would be saved, and the robbers foiled in their search for plunder.

I wrote a message hurriedly, secured it to the bird, which I placed upon the window sill, when, after a moment's hesitation, it ascended skyward, and when it passed from my sight was flying like the wind in the direction of Uncle Toby's. The message read as follows:

UNCLE TOBY—The house has been entered by six masked burglars. Come immediately.
BOB.

Scarcely had the bird started on its homeward flight when the robbers reached my door and tried to force it; but I had pushed my bedstead against the door, and with my personal efforts to prevent them from entering I had improvised a barricade that promised to resist all attacks made against it.

The prolonged defence I was making incensed and exasperated the fellows to such a degree that they poured forth threats of vengeance upon me. Their patience became exhausted at last, and a pistol-shot which grazed my cheek warned me of the danger of longer remaining in that position. It had been fired through the panel of the door.

I rushed to the window and gazed out upon the lawn below. The distance was great, and it seemed to me that, while torture awaited me if captured by the robbers, there was certain death in a leap from the window.

What should I do? The distance to Uncle Toby's house was but five miles, which the pigeon must have covered by this time. But suppose the bird should not be discovered? Suppose Uncle Toby had gone to his room for the night, and my message would not be seen and read before morning? The very thought was so agonizing to me that I refused to entertain it.

All this time the fellows were working at the door. The bolt was forced, and slowly but surely, the barricade was yielding to the power outside. I saw a masked face peer through the opening thus made, and the glimmer of the dark lantern outside. I could remain in longer. Death itself seemed preferable to the uncertainty of my fate at the hands of these desperate fellows.

I rushed to the window, and, without hesitation, I jumped. It seemed to me to be a lifetime before I struck the ground, and when I did, I rolled over upon the grass temporarily paralyzed from the shock I had received. When I attempted to rise the grip of an iron hand pressed my throat and I felt the cold steel of a pistol as it was pressed against my temple.

To resist meant death. The house was surrounded. I held my peace while the robbers proceeded to bind me, for whenever I displayed any restlessness that cold steel was pressed against my head. The only struggle I made was when he attempted to insert a gag in my mouth, but I had to submit, for I received a blow from the butt of the fellow's pistol that multiplied the stars that I saw in the heavens a hundred-fold.

Completely discouraged, I gave myself up in despair. I resisted no longer, closing my eyes to shut out, as it were, the gloomy prospect before me. Somewhat surprised at the prolonged delay of the robber in perfecting my pinioning, I opened my eyes.

Uncle Toby stood over me. Stretched upon the grass by my side was the fellow who had secured me, a gaping wound in his head affording an explanation of the sudden ending of his attempt upon my liberty.

A dozen determined and well-armed men were with him. The masked robbers at first showed a disposition to resist, but on reflection, seeing the hopelessness of any such attempt, they surrendered unconditionally. At the next term of the court they were each sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment.

Uncle Toby was making his final round of his grounds on the night in question, when the rustling of a bird's wings attracted his attention. It entered the pigeon-cote. Unable to control his curiosity, and anxious to ascertain the cause of such a peculiar proceeding, he procured a ladder, ascended to the cote, and there, to his surprise, he found that the carrier-pigeon had already returned, and with a message. He read it, summoned his neighbors, and arrived just in time to bag the fellows.

The old bird is dead now, but while it lived there was not money enough in our town to buy it from me.

"Probabilities" from Josh Billings.

Josh Billings, who is as usual passing his summer in the White Mountains, has put in the way of the editor of the White Mountain Echo to print a few of the component parts of his new book, to be published in the fall. Its title will be "Old Probabilities: Perhaps Rain—Perhaps Not;" and it will have for its leading motto: "Truth iz said to be stranger than fickshurp—it is to most pholks." The selections are these:

Abobt the hardest thing a fellow kan do is to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average. Try it.

Don't dispize your poor relashuns. They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkard to explain things to them; undoubtedly so.

Next to klear konshience for solid comfort cums an easy boot. Try both.

If a young man hain't got a well-balanced head, I like to see him part his hair in the middle. Don't you?

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front uv him and do my weeping.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I have seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say to 2 thirds of the rich people in this world, make the most of your money, for it makes the most of you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success when a rattle-snaix's head's sticking out of a hole. I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chained to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't get loose from the post, i notiss. Not much.

I thank the Lord that there is one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that is the wag ov a dog's tail. Yure unkle.

I have seen men so fond ov argument that they would dispute with a guide-board at the forks ov a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

Thare are but fu sights in this life more sublime and pathetick than tu see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a mustach.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Never expose your disappointment to the world.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

Humility is of all graces the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be grace at all all.

Though charity may make your purse lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier another.

Good taste is the modesty of the mind; that is why it cannot be either imitated or acquired.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associations are little.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

If a man can be happy and contented in his own company, he will generally be good company for others.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

A good, honest laugh at a good, honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care, but an ill-tempered joke is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it has been withdrawn.

Courage is always greatest when blended with meekness. Intellectual ability is most admired when it sparkles in the setting of modest self-distrust. And never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge and dares to forgive injury.

The wise man has his foibles as well as the fool. But the difference between them is that the foibles of the one are known to himself and concealed from the rest of the world, and the foibles of the other known to the world and concealed from himself.

SHORT-STOPS.

You may remain evergreen and never look spruce.—John Bunyan.

Prettier than a picture—the original of it—sometimes.—H. W. B.

A bicycle rider in a crowded roadway is like a stock operator. He straddles, puts, and calls.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A man who goes fishing should take a lunch along with him. He may get no other bite.—William Almon Wheeler.

There is a young lady on Almon street who follows the fashion so closely that she will not eat oysters unless they are scalloped.—St. Louis Spirit.

There are more watches worn in the United States than in any other country. Of course the people have a better time.—Sherman's Stump Speech.

"See here, Jones, why don't you fence in your premises?" "Oh, there's no need of it, so long as my wife is always a-railing around the house, is there?—Yonkers Gazette.

"Very oppressive here, Mr. Spicer," said a friend at one of the first concerts of the season. "Yes," said the other with a weary look at the gentleman who was piping feebly on the platform, "the mole aria is dreadful.—Dr. Burney's History of Music.

BOSSING BABIES.

MARK TWAIN'S RESPONSE TO THE FIFTEENTH TOAST AT THE BANQUET AT THE RE-UNION OF THE CUMBERLAND, RECENTLY HELD IN CHICAGO.

15. The Babies, as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities.

The following is Mark Twain's response to the toast "Babies," which was the humerous event of the occasion. The fifteenth and last regular toast was "The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities;" and to this Samuel L. Clemens responded. He said:

I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, [laughter] for we have all been babies. [Renewed laughter.] It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby [laughter] as if he didn't amount to anything. [Laughter.] If you will stop and think a minute; if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life [laughter] and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. [Roars.] You soldiers all know that when the little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. [Laughter.] He took entire command. You became his lackey; his mere body-servant [laughter,] and you had to stand around, too. [Renewed laughter.] He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, whether or any thing else. [Convulsive screams.] You had to execute his order weather it was possible or not [roars], and there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double quick. [Shouts.] He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect [laughter], and the bravest of you didn't'd dare say a word. [Great laughter.] You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose, you had to take it. [Roars.] When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread, but when he turned on the terrors of his warwhoop [laughter] you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. [Renewed laughter.] When called for soothing sirup did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? [Boisterous laughter.] No, you got up and got it. [Great laughter.] When he ordered his "pap bottle," and it was not warm, did you talk back? [Laughter.] Not you. [Renewed laughter.] You went to work and warmed it. [Shouts.] You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff [laughter], just to see if it was right, three parts water to one of milk [tumultuous laughter,] a touch of sugar to modify the colic [laughter], and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. [Roars.] I can taste that stuff. [laughter.] And how many things you learned as you went along. Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin: simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Shouts.] If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning [laughter,] didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition, which would not improve a Sunday school book much [laughter], that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself. [Great roars]. "Oh, you were under good discipline [laughter], and as you went pattering up and down the room in an undress uniform [laughter] you not only prattled undignified baby-talk but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to lung "Rock-a-by, Baby, in the tree-top," for instance. [Great laughter.] What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! [laughter] and what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not every body within a mile around that likes military music at three o'clock in the morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise [laughter—"Go on"], what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.] The idea that that a baby doesn't amount to any thing! Why, the baby is just a house and front yard full by itself. [Laughter.] One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. [Laughter.] He is enterprising, irrepressible, brim full of lawless activities. [Laughter.] Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the Reservation. [Great shouts.] Sufficient unto the day is one lately. [Laughter.] As long as you are in your right mind, don't you ever pray for twins. [Laughter.] Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair. Twins amount to permanent riot [laughter], and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. [Uproarious shouts.] Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies, [laughter]. Think what is in store for the present crop, fifty years from now. We shall all be dead, I trust [laughter], and then this flag, if it still survive, and let us hope it may, will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State [laughter] will have grown into a political leviathan—a great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck—let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. [Laughter.] Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. [Laughter]. Think of it, and, putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable, profanity over it, too, [Laughter.] In another the future-renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but a liquid interest—poor little chap—and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet nurse. [Laughter.] In another the future great historian is lying, and doubtless will continue to lie [Laughter] until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early. [Laughter] and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some sixty thousand future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time; and in still one more cradle, some where under the flag, the future illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth, [Laughter] an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guests of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago, and if the child is but a prophecy of the man there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. [Laughter and applause.]

There is no question about the genuine humor of this speech. The banquet closed the annual occasion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and at midnight broke up, to meet the next time in Cincinnati.

Those vulgar New Yorkers! If they knew how it jarred upon the cultured ears of Boston they would at once and forever abstain from that expression, "A bobtail car." Allow us to suggest this formula, which is both terse and elegant, to-wit: A Robert-final vehicle."—Boston Transcript.

A humorist leaps gayly upon the step of one of the gigantic omnibusses of the boulevard, and cries cheerily to the conductor: "Is the ark full?" "No, sir," replies the jovial conductor, "we have kept a seat for you. What, ho, within there! Room for the monkey, room!"—Albany Argus.

WE know a man who married a second time before his first wife was buried, and no one thought it very awful.—Boston Post.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL.

Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
Words I said I should not speak;
And I would I could recall them—
Would I had not been so weak.
Oh, that one unguarded moment!
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appeal to me in vain.

True, my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart,
I am happy when beside you,
Wretched when we are apart;
Though I listen to your praises
Always longer than I should,
Yet my heart can never hear them
Half as often as it would!

I would not, could not, pain you;
Would not for the world offend;
I would have you know I like you
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep one secret
In my bosom always hid,
For I never meant to tell you
That I loved you—but I did.

RENEE'S LOVE.

"Renee! Renee!"

The sweet French name floated out from the open window of the cottage and Renee Courtland came out from the shadow of drooping trees, her broad hat hanging loosely on her shoulder where she had pushed it back from her face, while standing in the shadow. Margaret Gray's voice had roused the girl from dreams of Lester Sinclair, the handsome blue-eyed stranger visiting at the house that nestled amid linden trees in the hollow below, where the old-fashioned cottage of the Grays stood. She had been dreaming of his deep laughing eyes, his sunny, chestnut curls, his gay, nonchalant manner, that always changed to tenderness for her. Whatever was the charm of Lester Sinclair's manner, he had surely won the first love of Renee Courtland's girlish heart. Years before the father of Renee Courtland left her to the care of Margaret Gray—who had been his girl-love in their early youth, and who had never married, in memory of that first love-dream. She scarcely knew herself what had come between them, only it had ended in bitter words and a still more bitter parting, and then, in his passion, Charles Courtland had married a pretty, dark-eyed French girl—the mother of Renee.

Years after, when his wife died, he had come to his early love and asked her to be his wife and a mother to his child.

But, with all her gentleness, Margaret Gray was prouder than many haughty women, and she gravely answered him—"No." Gently, almost sorrowfully, yet still it was "No."

He made no second appeal, knowing how useless it would be.

But when, three years later, death called himself, he left his orphaned, penniless child to the care of Margaret Gray.

The child had grown up to a dark, slender maiden, with great gray eyes and a childlike smile, to be the darling of Margaret Gray's heart and the day-star of Victor Gray's life.

Some distance down the road Victor Gray stood leaning against a tree, his face grave and thoughtful, even beyond his wont.

He was not a handsome man, this Victor Gray.

But there was something better than beauty in his dark, proud face, for manhood was stamped on his broad brow. Courage, honor and truth gleamed in his eyes, and, though the general expression of his face was stern, his smile could be gentle almost as a woman's, and this man loved pretty, childish Renee with all the strength of his heart, and she—well, she loved Lester Sinclair.

He threw away his half-burned cigar and turned towards the cottage, his face still gravely stern.

Renee came to meet him.

"Oh, Victor, can't I go down to Raymond's this evening? Kathie is going to have a croquet match. Margaret says no, but you—oh, Victor, may I not go? You might come with me, Victor, Kathie asked you."

He looked at the pretty, childish face.

"Yes, I will go, Renee," he said.

Two hours later Renee came down, looking like a wild rose in her pink muslin robes, with clustering flowers in her breast and hair.

They were rather early in the croquet ground, so Kathie and Renee played a game by themselves.

Victor Gray watched Renee with passionate, pitying eyes, knowing the pain in store for her, which he had been too cowardly, he thought bitterly, to warn her of.

"I could not tell her," he said, "and yet I wish I had."

He watched her wistfully, turning pale as he saw how her eyes wandered to the gate.

She had thrown her hat aside and the soft breeze lifted the short, dark curls off her brow and deepened the rose tint on her cheeks.

He saw the red lips part in smiles and the lovely dark eyes deepen, and turning toward the gate he saw Lester Sinclair coming up the pathway, a lady leaning on his arm.

The one look at Renee's face told Victor that she never suspected the truth.

Her faith, like her love, was unwavering. She believed in Lester Sinclair as she did in her own loyal love.

The lady on his arm was a delicate little thing, with a certain kind of beauty, of the wax-doll order, with big blue eyes, dainty features and clustering flaxen hair.

They came forward to where Renee stood.

"Clare," he said, "this is the young lady I told you of—Miss Courtland. Renee—Miss Courtland, my betrothed wife, Miss Duvane."

"His betrothed wife!"

The words rang in Renee's ears, then seemed to die away in a faint, moaning sound.

Remember she was only 17, and childish for her age.

The bright young face grew palid as death, and the sweet light seemed to fade from her eyes.

Victor strode to her side.

"Take me home, Victor. I—I don't feel very well. Please take me——"

The words died away on her lips, and the next moment Victor held her white and senseless in his arms.

* * * * * * *

A magnificent room, large, lofty, and furnished with almost Oriental splendor, from the velvet carpet, into which the foot sank noiselessly, the silken inlaid furniture, the wondrous gems of art that adorned the walls, the rare statues that filled every conceivable nook, to the most minute article in the room.

At one of the windows a tall, slender woman stood holding back with a slender, jeweled hand the foam-like draperies—a woman so radiantly, rarely beautiful that even the casual passer-by half paused with a look of involuntary admiration on her face.

The low white brow, the great dark eyes, the curving crimson lips, and waving masses of blue-black hair, made a picture almost perfect in its loveliness.

And yet it was not a satisfied face; there was a look of past pain and present longing, strangely mingled, resting upon it. Where the expression lay you could hardly tell, only it was here.

And this graceful woman, who seemed born for the wealth that surrounded her, was Renee Courtland, who had lain so white and still in Victor Gray's arms six long years before.

The change in her life had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly. An uncle of her father's, who had never spoken to him after his marriage with the pretty French girl, had seen Renee, and, being childless, had left her all his wealth.

"Not for love," he said, "she was too like her Frenchified mother for that, though there was something of the Courtland about her as well, but simply because she was a Courtland, and his nearest of kin."

But loyal Renee had never forgotten her old friend, for when in her stately home, Margaret Gray was with her, and every Summer the little cottage welcomed her fair young face again.

For weeks and months after the day she fainted in Victor's arms, Renee had been the shadow of her former self.

Pale and listless, it seemed as if hope would never reassert her sway in the tender young heart, and Victor watched her suffering almost as much in his great love for her.

It seemed at times to Renee Courtland as if her heart must break, with its passionate pain, but hearts do not easily break at seventeen, and Renee conquered her love, then buried it out of sight forever, and as time passed on, if it arose to confront her, she put it aside with all the strength of her nature.

Then came the great change in her life, and smiles came back to the beautiful face, though sometimes the shadow of the old pain darkened it.

And four years later she met Lester Sinclair again, handsomer, if possible, than ever, with a new gravity about him that became him well.

He had laid his fair young wife to rest in her grave, and was free again.

Renee's face grew pale when she first heard it, paler still as he bent over her hand, and then the past seemed to be forgotten.

Even when he married the wealthy heiress, Clara Duvane, Lester Sinclair knew that the little dark-eyed girl held more of his heart than he would willingly acknowledge, and now, seeing her day after day, so regal in her loveliness, the old love deepened, till Renee Courtland held every hope of happiness for him.

As time passed on, Victor Gray noticed an added restfulness in Renee's eyes, that the weary look around her mouth deepened, and could scarcely understand it.

He enters the room now, graver, perhaps sterner than of old, and the girl came forward to meet him.

"You are welcome, Victor," she said clasping his hand, "and Margaret will be so very glad."

"You do not look happy this evening, Renee," he said, his eyes on her face.

The girl turned away with a quick, impatient gesture.

"I am not happy," she said; "my life has been one mistake."

"Which will be righted in time," he answered, quietly, though his face paled slightly.

When Victor left her she went back to her place again.

"Will happiness pass me by forever?" she cried; "is he blind, or is it that he will never see?"

Only that morning Lester Sinclair had stood before this girl whom he had wronged in her early girlhood and pleaded for her love as a man might plead for life itself.

Coldly, almost haughtily, she had answered him—

"No. My love for you died years ago; it could never come to life again."

"Renee, Renee!" he cried in a voice of passionate pain, and the girl knew if she wished revenge on Lester Sinclair most truly she had it now.

"My love died years ago," she repeated more gently, half pitying his pain. "No, Lester, it can never be."

Victor Gray merely went up to change his business suit and speak a few words to his sister, and in less than an hour he joined Renee again.

As he entered the room he saw she held a potrait in her hand.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he went forward.

"How you love that man, Renee," he said, bitterly.

The proud dark face flushed.

"What man?" she asked, coldly.

"Pardon me, Renee, I was rude; I scarcely knew what I said. You are not angry, Renee?"

The girl was silent for a moment; then she crossed over to him.

"If you mean Lester Sinclair," she said, "you are wrong, Victor. This morning he asked me to be his wife and I refused him."

"You refused him! Why, Renee?"

"I love him no longer," she said.

Was Victor Gray blind?

Looking on the lovely, flushed face, listening to the tremulous voice, could he not understand?

The lovely dark eyes were raised to his face.

He bent his stately head.

"Renee, my darling, you love me?" he said.

The next moment he held her in his arms and kissed the sweet, red lips.

"Say you love me, Renee. I have only said yes myself," he said.

A smile hovered round her lips.

"And no one at all said that you loved me, Victor."

"Loved you, Renee! I think I must have loved you all my life—long before you smiled on Lester Sinclair."

"That is past," she said gently. "It was only a girl's first wild love dream; but to you, Victor"——

"You have given what?"

"My last, my best, my purest love. Are you content, Victor?"

And as he bent and kissed her again all shadows fled from Renee Courtland's face. Her heart has made its choice, and it rested in peace in the light of Victor Gray's loyal love.

Only One Victim Wanting.

A young woman at Smyrna, N. Y., had a dream many years ago of eight men standing before her in a row, with outstretched hands. She interpreted this to mean that she would have eight husbands. Her seventh husband died lately, and, although she is now 84 years old, she is confident that the dream will be fulfilled. If such dreams could be bottled they could be sold for two dollars per bottle, and the line of females awaiting their turns to purchase would make the rush for the four per cents at the Philadelphia and New York post offices look decidedly small in comparison. Young men, however, would soon form a ring to smash all the bottled dreams in the country.—Norristown Herald.

WHY?—"Father," said a little girl, "why does everybody speak so much of poor E——'s goodness? We never heard of her doing anything remarkable." "My child," asked her father, "what is the lamp doing?" "Nothing, father." "You are right, my child; it is not doing anything; nevertheless it is lighting up the whole room. 'Let your light so shine before men,' said One, 'that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.'"

Benj. Franklin on Death.

LETTER TO MISS E. HUBBARD ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER, JOHN FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24, 1756.

I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve, that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain, instead of an aid become an incumberance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases which it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow and know where to find him! Adieu.

B. FRANKLIN.

Loveliness in Women.

Lovlliness in women, though it may vary in its character and manifestations in different periods of life, is not the property of youth only. There is a great and undeniable charm in the fresh beauty of eighteen, to which inexperience and early romance lend perhaps additional fascination. A pretty girl of that age, who has been untouched by care, and who knows of the world through imagination only, is a very delightful object; and many men may wish they might take captive her first affections.

Between eighteen and twenty-two the changes of a girl, so far as the charms of her person go, are not likely to be great; but in that time, by longer intercourse with society and by natural development, she may grow more companionable for men of maturity, find her carriage and self-control better and greater. Those are important years in a young woman's life, the years during which, in our climate, a majority of the sex are married.

And yet, from twenty-two to twenty-five or twenty-six a maiden may and generally does still further advance in attractiveness and adds to the store of her charms. She is still young, but she has outlived many of her youthful fancies, and feels some of the dignity of womanhood. No better ages than those in a maiden's life, and never is she lovelier.

Why stop at twenty-six? What fairer woman are to be found than those between twenty-six and thirty, and even older?

FASHION NOTES.

Redingotes are revived.

Very small bustles are worn.

Little frogs are worn for brooches now.

Pocket shaped muffs are again in vogue.

Plush is used to excess on Paris dresses.

Square breakfast caps are again in vogue.

Black wraps are de riguer for street costume.

Black cut jet beads now trim all dressy black suits.

Fichus will be more fashionable than ever this winter.

The new lace fraises are made very high, and frequently wired.

Seal skin sacques continue to be the most recherche mid-winter wraps.

Colored mantles will be worn by women of correct taste only for carriage toilet.

Both black and white Breton and point d'esprit laces are used for trimming muffs.

Normandy point is the most suitable lace for muff trimming, on account of its durability.

Pale drab corduroy and wine or plum colored camel's hair makes a warm and dressy street costume.

Costumes of seal brown ladies' cloth or camel's hair and corduroy velvet will be much worn in mid-winter.

Two kittens falling out of a basket is the latest fancy water color sketch for hand screens, or flat, square top fans.

The richest toilets are of black satin and silk profusely decorated with jet embroideries, fringes and passementeries.

Quilted satin petticoats in colors to match costumes bid fair to displace felt and cloth balmorals for midwinter wear.

Matrimonial Strategy.

Several years ago Mr. Lewis Montford and his wife separated. About two and a half years ago he married another woman, without having a divorce from his first wife. The father of his second wife had him arrested for bigamy, and he was confined in jail for some time. He was finally released on bail, his second wife standing on his bond. He instituted suit for divorce from his first wife, and managed to delay trial for bigamy until last week, when a divorce was granted him by the court. Montfort and his second wife were on hand, ready with a license, and were married a second time in less than twenty minutes after the divorce had been granted, the ceremony being performed in Mr. Stokes's blacksmith shop. And thus ended a perplexing and much talked of matter.—Columbus (Ga.) Times.

It Was a Time to Weep.

He was telling her of his last poem, and she was naturally interested and asked him in what journal it had appeared. He told her in the pleased manner common to young men under such circumstances, but when she asked in her next question if it were prose or poetry, the poor fellow turned his tearful eyes to heaven, and hasn't spoken to that girl since.—Steubenville Herald.

AN old man who had been badly hurt in a railway collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said, "Well, no, not for damages I've had enough of them, but I'l just sue 'em for repairs."

Whenever lightning begins to play it raises thunder.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	4W.	3M.	6 M.	1 YR.
One inch	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	9 00	15 00	20 00
Two in.	2 00	3 00	4 00	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
Three in.	3 00	5 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	40 00
Four in...	4 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00
Five in...	5 00	7 50	12 00	15 00	[illegible]	50 00	75 00

☞ Special, or local notices, 20 cents per line each insertion.

THE PALE REAPER.

Panola Star.]

Again we are called upon to announce the death of two old and esteemed citizens of our county. Col. Ed. F. McGehee died at his residence six miles west of Como, Monday the 10th inst., and Mr. Terrell Jones, familiarly known as "Uncle Terrell," died at his residence four miles north-east of Sardis, Wednesday morning the 12th inst.

Mississippi Central.]

We deeply regret to hear of the death of Prof. W. N. Thacher, of Oakland. He died, as we learn, on Sunday last, after a protracted case of typhoid fever. Prof. Thacher, for the last several years, has been filling the position of principal of the Oakland Institute.

Copiahan.]

We learn that E. A. Durr, of Georgetown, this county, his life at home, on the morning of November 12th. Copiah has lost another good citizen.

The Epidemic at Concordia.

Concordia Leader.]

During the prevalence of the epidemic at this place our citizens were well suppled with eminent physicians from abroad—Dr. M. S. Craft of the United States Board of Medical experts, Dr. Banks of the State Board and Dr. Currell of Greenville. These gentlemen, doubtless done all in their power, but the death roll will clearly show that their skill in the treatment of this disease (yellow fever) was baffled. Of the thirty or thirty-five cases among the whites twenty-two now repose in mother earth. A fearful per centage. It appears that the disease assumes different phases yearly, and thus the treatment or theory practice of former years does not answer the purpose.

Horatio Seymour.

Washington Post.]

"There is not a statesman of any party in this republic, nor has there been one in recent years, whose eminent fitness for the highest office was more apparent or more generally conceded than Horatio Seymour's. Malice and detraction could strike no assailable point in his armor of integrity, while in all the resources of enlightened statesmanship he would fill the highest conception of what belongs to the Presidency. It would be a suggestive coincidence if Horatio Seymour should be the Democratic and Ulysses S. Grant the Republican Presidential candidate in 1880. It would be the campaign of 1868 over again, with the result exactly reversed."

The Cincinnati Enquirer suggests Potter and Hendricks as the probable candidates on the Democratic side, and thinks it is only "a matter for future discussion whether the ticket shall read Potter and Hendricks, or Hendricks and Potter. We are now simply engaged in getting out raw material. If the States are to be considered in the order of their importance, then Potter's claims seem to surpass those of Hendricks; if the nominations go by rules of personal promotion, then Hendricks marches to the front. Porter's political achievements are the latest, but Hendricks has the longest standing as a patriotic Democrat. Potter has been a champion of the Democrats in attacking the Republicans for their "counting in" tricks in 1876; but Hendricks was himself one of the "counted out."

Stealing the Presidency.

New York Sun.]

We can assure the Times, and all others disturbed by Mr. Carpenter's attempt to cover the last Presidential fraud by starting a hue and cry after the swindled Democracy, that a second attempt to steal the Presidency by any party will not succeed; nor will the first one be forgotten or forgiven.

The Now Representative From Coahoma.

Coahomian.]

The result of the election places Hon. D. M. Russell in the Legislature as the Representative of Coahoma. Mr. Russell is an affable, honorable gentleman and will make an able Representative for our county.

HUMOROUS.

This free education is getting played out, when dinner is made late by the cook's stopping work to discuss the principles of evolution with a book agent.—Boston Post.

Two ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and, on being asked by the usher what characters they personated, they replied that they were not in special costume, whereupon he bawled out, "Two ladies without any character!"

"You see, massa," said the old colored washwoman, "since dey's got dese here big crayvats we don't hab so much to do. De gemmen puts on a big crayvat nowadays, instead ob a clean shirt. You don't know much about dese matters, but if you take off all de crayvats in this town, an' make the gemmen show up, landsakes! you'd see de worst lookin' white men you ebber laid yo' blessed eyes on."—Syracuse Herald.

X. has the best kind of a reputation as an unrivaled liar. "He is so much at home in lying," said A., speaking of him, "that whenever by mistake he tells the truth he becomes confused and troubled." "He's so great a liar," said another of X.'s friends, "that you can't even believe to the contrary of what he tells you."—Paris Newspaper.

A clergyman's wife had impressed upon her little boy the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterward she told him the story of Jonah and the whale. "The whale is a very large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah." "Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy. "Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt; and while she was hesitating about the continuation of the story, the boy interrupted, "And, mamma, did he spit the skins out, too?"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Ought a baker drive a thorough bread horse?

Temperance advocate takes drinking as his spree-text for a sermon.

What is it that a man with two eyes cannot see with one? T'other eye.

"Nothing for the waiter, sir?" "No, I don't resume until next season."

It was an Irisman who said of an enemy that "he would spit in your mouth when your back was turned."

The poor chap who was lost in contemplation was afterwards found in cold victuals by his charitable neighbors.

Song of the Harvard graduate—That last examination did so much for me, that now I am ower of the big A. B.

An Iowa preacher prayed for rain, and next morning found six boxes of paper collars in his yard. Faith in its own reward.

Whiskey is now made from leather, and this may perhaps explain why so many persons who drink it are always strapped.

A termagant with a large mouth was reduced to silence by being informed that it would make a good model for a coal hole.

Not one person in a hundred can tell new flour from old except by observing that the cook's hairpins stick tighter to the new biscuits.

A FAR-seeing managing editor says: "Young men sending spring poetry to this office will please enclose names and addresses; not for publication, but as an evidence of their insanity in case they are arrested for murder.