

Spierence of Reb'rend Quacko Strong.

Swidg dat gate wide, 'Postle Peter, Ring de big bell, beat de gong, Saints and martyrs den will med'dar Brudder, Reb'rend Quacko Strong, Turn de guard out, Gin'ral Melchae Arms preside, de line long, Let de hand play 'Conk'ring Her, For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong, Joseph march down your broddren, Tribes an' banners nusterin', Speeches of welcome from ole m, Answer, Reb'rend Quacko Strong, Tune your harp strings tight, King David, Sing your good ole Hundred song, Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals, 'Round de Reb'rend Quacko Strong, Angles hear me yell Hosanna, Hear my duellin' speritool song; Halleluyer; I'm a comin', I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong, Make dat white robe radler spacious, And de waist-belt 'strondin' rry long, 'Cause 'twill take seem room in glory For de Reb'rend Quacko Strong, What! Noone at de landin'! 'Pears like sutt'n 'nudder's wron Guess I'll g'ibdat sleepy Peter, Fil's—'rom Reb'rend Quacko Strong, What a narrer little gateway! My! dat gate an' hard to move, 'Tis 'im dat? 'Tis 'Postle Peter From de parapet above, Uncle Peter, don't you know me— My sh'ldn't light so long, Why de berry niggers call me Good ole Reb'rend Quacko Strong, 'Doo no me—de shoutin' preacher, Re'lar hull hog Wesleyan too, What 'n de woods you've been a lofin? Some ole rooster's bodder'd you, I reckon, why! I've convarted Hundreds o' darkies in song, Dun' no me! nor yet my massa! I'm de Reb'rend Quacko Strong, I hark to dat ar' en'us roarin' Far away but rollin' nigher; See de ar'fello dravin' flyin', Head like night and mouf ob fire! 'Tis de berry king ob debbils, An' he ar' rassin' right along, Oh, dear Peter, please to open To Class-leader Quacko Strong, Ole Nick's comin', I can feel it Gettin' warmer all about, Oh, my good, kind kurnel Peter, Let me in, I'm all too stout, To go 'long wid Major Satan Into dat warm climate 'mong Fire an' brimston' wid de knoekin' Ole church member Quacko Strong, Dat loud noise an' comin' nearer, De ole smell like smoke, 'Nudder screech! Good heave me, Ludd, forgi' dis poor ole moke, Allers was so berry holy, Singin' an' prayin' extra long; Now de debble's gwine to catch me, Poor ole nigger, Quacko Strong, III dat gate swing back a little, Nigher squeeze in to get roo! My de Appel'lyer, de long, Everything around an blue, Bang de gate goes an' 'Belzebub, Bunch ob wool upon his prong, Goes along widout de soul ob Missabul sinner, name ob Strong.

MY FATHER'S WIFE.

I had always been a wild, wayward, and passionate girl; but when my mother died the sorrow I felt for the loss of one who had been so dear to me toned down for the time my bold spirit, and my father, a remarkably even-minded and unobtrusive man, viewed with delight what he thought would prove a permanent change in my disposition. After the loss of my mother we kept but little company, although I occasionally went to a quiet evening party. It was a private ball that I first met a young gentleman named Melford. I was then nineteen, and Mr. Melford was about two years my senior. The young man was handsome in his person and agreeable in his manners. An acquaintance sprang up between us; it was a clandestine one, for Mr. Melford told me that for certain reasons he must for the present decline an avowal of his feelings. I did not reflect upon the strangeness of this secrecy, for mine was that foolish age which disclaims common sense and defies romance. Beside, I gave a pretty shrewd guess as to what Mr. Melford's reasons were; he was, I thought, poor, and his father and his sensitive disposition would, of course, expect a shock if brought in contact with so calculating and worldly-minded a man as my father. Not that my father was harsh or unkind, but, like most of his class, he looked upon all subsidiary affairs from a practical point of view. Would he therefore, be likely to encourage a suitor for the hand of his daughter, one who had not attained a firm footing in the world? I shall never forget the day on which Arthur Melford confessed his love for me. We had met by stealth; I was certainly scarcely prepared for an avowal of love; and when I left him that day and reflected that I had tacitly pledged myself to a young man who, I was obliged to confess, was surrounded by a halo of mystery that should at least have made me cautious, I could not but feel that I had done a foolish thing. There must surely have been infused in my disposition something of my father's practical spirit, for I have never since been deceived by a practice of doubt. Arthur Melford, I should mention, was an under-teacher in a large academy for boys at Hackney, and his worldly prospects, according to his own account, were not very promising. It was not until the morning he declared himself to me that he told me he was a teacher in a school. Still, I could pardon his reluctance, for I well understood the pride from which it took its origin; but I have said before, the whispering voice of reason told me that I had acted somewhat foolishly. One morning, my father, feeling slightly indisposed, did not go to business in the city as usual. On learning that it was going to be a West-End on a shopping expedition, he determined to accompany me. We dined together in town, and longed about Regent street, now and then pausing to make a purchase. As we were walking, and I was looking when I suddenly remembered that I had omitted to call for a small parcel I had left two hours previously at the most agreeable lounge for ladies—the London Crystal Palace. The place was crowded, as it generally is at four o'clock in the afternoon. We therefore made our way out slowly. I detest a crowd, and have a habit—a foolish one perhaps—of hanging my head when I find myself surrounded by many people. On the present occasion I kept my eyes sedulously downcast; and when at last, on reaching the door, I looked up, and breathed more freely, it was to find myself surrounded by Arthur Melford. He was not alone. A lady of about six-and-twenty, well-dressed and attractive, was by his side. I drew a long breath, felt a strange, fluttering sensation about my heart, and turned very pale. I was about to pass on with my father, when to my indescribable surprise, he stopped short and with a bashful confusion, as unusual as unbecoming to him, raised his hat politely to Arthur Melford's companion, and then shook hands with her warmly. The lady instantly became agitated; she colored very deeply and trembled violently as she greeted my father. Arthur Melford seemed as much astonished as myself. "It is Miss Sanderson, the daughter of my employer, the schoolmaster," he whispered. My father cast a hasty and suspicious glance toward a. Could he have heard Arthur's words? "Florence, love," said my father, "allow me to introduce you to Miss Sanderson, a friend of mine, I cannot say an old friend, but who is shortly to be—"

"My father was happy, supremely happy in her society, and his relations and friends congratulated him on his choice. Then, too, what could be more gratifying to the man, varying kindness with which Mrs. Maynard treated her husband? While, as regard myself, although she of course felt that there was a difference between us, she would scarcely condescend to acknowledge its existence, and treated me with a generous affection which made me sometimes warm toward her in spite of myself. But then, that sudden parting with Arthur Melford! What was the cause of that dreary farewell? Was it not probable that the daughter of young Melford's employer had found out that her father's usher was acquainted with me, and had she not felt it her duty to inform my father, both the child and the presumptuous courtship of the poor and despised young man? Eighteen months passed away. My father had retired from his share of the business in which he had so long and so profitably engaged, and we were residing in a pleasant little retreat in a quiet watering-place on the Kentish coast. It was Autumn. Seabridge was getting dull; the miry days, which annually flock to the unpretending yet popular resort, were falling off with the yellow leaf. In another brief month they would all be gone. I was engaged to the last, for my father enjoyed the rough weather that, at the beginning of October, the Seabridge pier, with its tar-papered saloons, formed his daily promenade. It was the season of the equinoctial gales, and the casualties at sea were becoming frequent and serious. The autumnal visit to Seabridge for the benefit of their health began to experience a difficulty in taking their constitutional walks; trades people became anxious about their plate-glass, and like so many sailors, both the children prepared for a long spell of bad weather. One evening we were seated round a cosy fire, when a word or two spoken by my step-mother to my father roused his curiosity to a high degree. It was in reference to the bad weather that Mrs. Maynard spoke. "Terrible indeed at sea!" she said. "His ship will be due soon. Heaven grant him a safe voyage home!" I could not catch my father's reply, but I wondered to whom Mrs. Maynard's remarks bore reference. After our early supper my father suggested that we should take a turn of the pier. "This is a fine sea running," he said; "and as we return to London next week we must make the most of the briny." We readily acquiesced, and having wrapped ourselves up in our warmest garments, set forth. The night was very dark, and the scantily lighted and narrow street, which looked desolate and deserted; but round the custom-house, which was opposite the pier, was assembled a group of sailors who, from their excited demeanor, were evidently discussing some great calamity. We pressed on eagerly, being anxious to learn the cause of the excitement. One of the roughest and heartiest of the old salts informed us that the life-boat was about to set out to the rescue of a large cutter, the name of which he called Eddy Sands, the crew of the light-ship having fired an alarm rocket. In the course of a few moments the life-boat, rowed out by the cutter, left the harbor. As they dashed out into the dark, the crowd assembled at the pier-head, and many a silent prayer was breathed for the safety of the gallant mariners and the success of their endeavor. We determined to remain on the pier until the return of the life-boat, which, it was said, would probably be in the course of an hour and a half. We whiled away the time by talking and smoking, and the exercise and attention of the night was cheerless, we felt to much interested in the fate of the good ship which had run aground to think of any inconveniences we might experience. Nearly three hours elapsed before there were any signs of return of the life-boat, but at the end of that time a shout from the expectant multitude announced that she was at hand. A general rumble of voices, and the head of the pier, and in a few minutes the vessel and the steam tug had glided into the quiet waters of the harbor. The greatest excitement prevailed. It was soon ascertained that the name of the cutter was the Alderton, from New York. The captain and the whole of the crew and passengers were saved, and as they landed on the pier they were scrutinized with curious eyes by the good people of Seabridge. "Here comes the captain," exclaimed one, as a tall, dapper-looking man mounted the wooden steps by the landing-place; "but who is that with him?—one of the passengers, of course?" But what was it that I saw? My father and his wife hastily rushed forward with a cry of surprise, and seemed to recognize the handsome young man who landed with the captain, and the young man himself greeted them cordially. "Thank God for this, my young friend! You are saved!—saved!" In another instant I found myself face to face with Arthur Melford. "Florence, dear girl, as I last at last to throw off the mask, and to explain to you all that has seemed so mysterious, and has allowed the love that should subsist between us. Oh, Floy! I have long noticed your coldness toward me, and I had made me miserable but thank Heaven! there will soon be an end to it." It was my stepmother who this spoke to me. We were alone together. It was but an hour since we had, so unexpectedly met Arthur Melford. "I am so astonished—bewildered by what has happened to-night—that I hardly know what to say," I replied. "Our meeting with—"

"Listen, my dear girl," interrupted Mrs. Maynard, "and I will explain everything. You must know that I and Arthur Melford are distantly related to each other. Arthur's parents were poor, and he was left an orphan at an early age. When he was seventeen he became a junior teacher at my father's school at Hackney. My father treated him with unvarying kindness, and in return for which he gave him most zealous and energetic services. Arthur always looked upon me in the light of a sister, and made me his confidant in many of his private affairs. But he had no secret worth the telling until he accidentally met a certain Miss Florence Maynard; and when he had lost his heart to that young lady, and asked for my advice, I hardly knew what to say. He was poor, I reflected, and my father was rich. I was in doubt and anxiety on the subject, and had almost determined to place the affair before Arthur in its true colors, when one of those strange chances which sometimes occur, introduced me to your father. Now, I am not going to confess much, Florence, but I must a little. When Mr. Maynard proposed to me, I put into execution a very curious and devious plan. I told him the story of the loves of Arthur and Florence, and promised him my hand on this condition, that he should do his best to improve Arthur Melford's worldly prospects. Your father asked me to introduce him to Arthur, and I did so privately. The interview was a satisfactory one in its results, for Mr. Maynard arranged that Arthur should go to Canada for a year or so to a mercantile house there, which was intimately connected in its relations with his own firm. Arthur joyfully accepted the proposition, and he also promised to keep the affair a secret from you. In Canada he has won golden opinions for his steady, persevering, business habits. Of his sudden return, I need say nothing to you, Florence. Your affection for each other has been submitted to a severe test, and if you have ever looked upon me as your enemy, perhaps you will now admit that I have been a little unjust." "Oh! how shall I express to you my sorrow?" I cried. "By being a good girl for the future, and making a model wife for Arthur Melford." I sometimes think that the happiness I now enjoy is more than I deserve. I am Arthur Melford's wife, and my husband is junior partner in the prosperous mercantile firm of which my father-in-law is the principal. I never pay the debt of gratitude I owe my stepmother, for I often reflect that my clandestine acquaintance with the poor usher would have ended in disappointment and misery, had it not been for the wise interference of my father's wife.

STYLES. For the Ladies to Read. Combination costumes are the rule. New bracelets are formed of gold links. Stuffed birds appear on bonnets and hats. Shawls will be worn for early winter wraps. Gold-coil bracelets are new and fashionable. Fashion is a tyrant from which nothing frees us. Brocaded satin ribbons are shown in gay colors. Birds are more used on round hats than on bonnets. Belts will be worn in the house and on the street. Blondes will wear yellow this winter in profusion. The sheer linen lawn ties displayed are very pretty. Black velvet suits will not be popular this winter. Almond color is fashionable in hats, gloves and ribbons. Belt ribbons are shown to match the new shades of goods. Felt bonnets and hats come in shades to match costumes. Openings at the millinery houses show elegant novelties. Gilt beetles and lizards take the lead as bonnet ornaments. Flowers are at a discount and feathers are used in profusion. The washwoman overskirt is the favorite for walking suits. The newest costumes are trimmed with pipings of black satin. The silk stuffs of this season are usually varied and luxurious. Turquoises in jewelry are now regarded as extremely elegant. Gilded horse-shoes are among the new ornaments for millinery use. Camel's hair-cloth is displayed, especially for mantles and saques. Belt buckles of most elaborate workmanship are displayed in our stores. All that is festive in character is shown in seasonable goods and models. Wide sash ribbon around the waist and looped on the left side are in style. In brocades the climax of elegance and richness seems to have been attained. The elegant bonnet for visiting and reception wear will be made of velvet. The new and stylish veils are black thread net, speckled or dusted with tinsel. The new corduroy ribbons with satin on the wrong side are very handsome. Silver jewelry for morning wear is still sought after by the fashionable classes. Bonnets of green and blue combined are displayed to wear with plaid suits. Small buttons, used in great quantities, will be a stylish and popular trimming. The corners of fine cuffs and collars present beautiful devices in hem-stitching. Crash towels, handsomely embroidered, are mysteriously converted into shoo-bags. The shapes of bonnets are less numerous and varied than for several seasons past. Dress goods are of a better quality this season than they were during the summer. Some very ridiculous looking things are shown among the ornaments for bonnets and hats. Ribbons with graduated stripes of another color are among the latest importations in millinery goods. The drapery of a fashionable dress is now arranged to show the outlines of the form as nearly as possible. One of the new shades in fancy plushes to be used this winter for hats and bonnets is called "Gramoise." It has become fashionable to send customers cards of invitation to "openings." Some of them are beautiful. The show-windows of our millinery and dry goods stores never looked more brilliant and gay than they do now. Cork-soled Polish buttoned boots will be worn on the street, and kid boots and low-quartered shoes in the house. The deep Russian lace collars and cuffs are still worn. Some of them are deep enough to reach the bottom of the waist. Evening bonnets, composed entirely of ostrich feathers on a transparent frame, are among the novelties in millinery. The openings in this week during the past few days decide positively that we can design costumes equal to those imported. A Chicago girl left Cape May the other day wearing five different engagement rings. She goes in for Troy weight instead of love. Square silk neckerchiefs, cream, white or with dark centers and Scotch-plaid borders, will be much worn around the neck outside of wraps. It is the custom in France for the bridegroom to present the bride with three dresses—a visiting dress, a traveling dress, and a reception dress. The plaited and blouse waists worn this summer will be continued this winter, but will be much longer. Waists of all kinds are made very long. Hand-painted buttons are a novelty. Ladies industriously inclined buy the plain, flat buttons and paint them to suit the costume for which they are intended. People whose dresses are not of the freshest are by no means loath in praise of lighting ball-rooms with electric light. Fashionable Dresses. From the Philadelphia Times. To the anxious question, What will be the style for the season? but one answer can be made. There will be no one style—princesses, polonaises and overskirts, long dresses and short suits, basques and jackets, belted blouses and yokes; all these will be worn, and every lady may choose what best suits her age, figure, position and habits. Some skirts will be draped, other flat, some puffed and others clinging. Not that all limits are to be abolished, though, for there will still be certain peculiarities of fabric and trimming which will stamp the era of the garment, and tall unerringly to an expert when it was made. The cutaway coat will be among favorite styles, since it forms a

convenient wrap, and is well suited to the slender American figure. A good plan is to have a basque underneath, which may be worn without the jacket, but which under it gives the effect of a vest. In such case the sleeves are set in the basque and the jacket has the arm-holes merely corded. As usual, crinolines is predicted, a prediction which we do not credit. Nothing is so well adapted to the slight American figure as the long straight cuirass or the glove-fitting princess; nothing so softens the outlines of an angular, or deals so kindly with a stout figure; therefore, women are not going readily to adopt either bustle or hoopskirt. "They wore them a long time, and not so long ago, either." Yes, but the hoopskirt came as an emancipation from bondage, a blessed relief to overburdened hips. Full skirts were worn before its adoption, and to "set out" properly was the object of every woman's desire. As many as ten stiffly starched petticoats were often worn in full dress, and one may imagine the fatigue and injury from dancing all night under such a burden. The crinoline gradually grew smaller and narrower, and the bustle or tournure, was its last form—a form which died hard. Then, to everyone's surprise, the glove-fitting cuirass was found to be graceful and becoming, showing off a good figure to advantage and at least not exaggerating a bad one. Therefore we think that the day of crinolines is not yet—that most kilted suits will be kilted only to the knee, and that thin princesse robe with long narrow train will yet for more than one season sweep through fashionable parlors. French dresses have the train filled in with a mass of frilled and fluted musline which holds them out almost as well as a positive hoop, and to this support for the train will crinoline probably be confined for the present. Diagonal fastenings will continue in vogue, both for basques and for polonaises. For the last, and for the princesse dress, the most satisfactory fastening is straight to the waist, then an abrupt slope to the left until some twelve or fifteen inches below the waist line a row of buttons is finished by a bow—a fashion popular last season, and which will be this. Large collars, square in shape, and giving the effect of a yoke, are seen on recently imported suits, and high authorities predict that they will be as much copied as the Carrick collar has been. Shawl-shaped overskirts, laid in front in upturned plaits and scarf-drapery, are much worn. On some new dresses this scarf drapery is very low down on the skirt, serving merely as a graceful heading to the flouncing at the foot of the dress. One very handsome dinner dress of brocade and silk, in alternate gores of each, has a pla on of the brocade down the front, two plaits of silk around the foot, each inches deep, and above them a scarf formed of three bands, two of silk, with brocade in the centre, finished with fringe on the lower edge and caught at the sides into festoons by loops of folded silk lying on the sweeping train. Seaside Love. The Chicago Tribune's Newport letter says the pavilion was empty save for these two, but a wanderer outside happened to besp place that the treacherous ocean breeze wafted to her the following conversation, which she did not consider sufficiently sacred to avoid or to keep to herself: "Now, Charley, it's of no use; I can't marry a man who hasn't the means to live in Newport summers." Charley, gloomily—"You never knew this blasted place until this season." Irene—"That is very true, but this season has shown me what I need to make me happy." Charley—"A house at Newport with a man attachment—the house of primary importance, the man of secondary, very much secondary. I never saw a girl so changed as you are by this little taste of this confounded place. I wish the whole concern—the whole island—was at the bottom of the ocean. I wish one of those torpedoes would send the cursed town, villas, four-in-hands and all, to destruction. I wish—"

Miscellaneous Items. A burglar broke into a New Jersey house, devoured a quantity of mince-meat and dropped dead at the gate. Nevertheless, pass that pie.—Detroit Free Press. "Dere was only a leedle difference between us," said a burly Teuton who had just housewrecked another. "I was oxidized and he was cowedid—dot's all."—Puck. They pulled the boots off a man before they buried him in Deadwood the other day, causing the local paper to come out in a severe article denouncing "extravagance at funerals." An old granger, who came ir to town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with a handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while." A clergyman who was recently called up to hold services in the state prison at Sing Sing, prefaced his remarks to the prisoners by saying that he was "glad to see so large a number present." An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for Men."—Burlington Hawkeye. Editors like brevity, but a man who was recently hung in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said: "I'll see you later," and then the trap fell. The Norristown Herald wants to send the nine-wired man to jail for 250 years because no fair-minded gentleman would try to make a corner in wives until Dr. Mary Walker and Mr. Tilden had each secured one. A Chicago girl left Cape May the other day wearing five different engagement rings. She goes in for Troy weight instead of love. This is one of the D-Troy-Troy Press' weightiest jokes.—New York Commercial Advertiser. A lecturer, addressing a mechanics' institution, contended that: "Art could not improve nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming: "How would you look without your wig?" Fussy and partially deaf officer, inspecting stables: "Ah, Smith, what on earth have you been cleaning your harness with?" Smith: "No thing, sir." Officer: "Ah, then don't do it with that again; see how it rots the leather."—Fun. The cooks in Boston have struck fryer wages.—Graphic. Their interests were well understood.—Boston Post. That is well understood.—Commercial Bulletin. The business, in fact, being over-done and good situations rare.—Boston Advertiser. They are working political conundrums at London Minstrel shows. This goes well with the audience. One of the corner men asks: "How could you convert Mr. Gladstone into a Conservative?" The reply is: "Spin him round and round until he becomes Dizzy!" When Benjamin Franklin arrived in Philadelphia he calmly walked up the street with a loaf of bread under his arm. But he couldn't do it nowadays. Somebody would steal his bread before he got half a block away from the river.—Philadelphia Chronicle. A poem commences, "Under the willows he's lying." He must be a tramp. They lie under all sorts of trees. One was discovered lying under an axle-tree the other morning. The owner of the wagon made him wheel right round and leave.—Norristown Herald. From Scotland Yard—Sergeant: How's this, Jones? What do you mean by coming on duty unshaved? Jones: "I'm a growin' in my beard, sir." Sergeant: "Then you must get up earlier and do it, or—or— Anyhow, you must not grow it while on duty."—Funny Folks. The Chicago Times assert that the pickpockets who visited the city during the firemen's tournament have all drowned themselves in disgust at the discovery that for three days they have been operating in a community where every man had taken advantage of the bankrupt act. That artist on the Graphic who has the handling of pictures of war always has three or four officers in front of the men waving their swords and foaming at the mouth. Some one should tell him that infantry officers are always in the rear of the line, and they never forget their positions, either. A Minnesota preacher is discoursing on "who is the Devil. Where is the Devil and How the Devil can be Overcome," and the Detroit Free Press calls the attention of the Chicago Times to this personal assault. The old, old, Storey. Give a man a bad dog and hang him.—N. Y. Com. Adv. Feathers will be universally worn this winter.—Fashion Item.—If the American people are going to take to feathers universally, they will be a tar-nation sight worse stuck up than ever.—Philadelphia Bulletin.—Pitch in, old boy. We shall stick to this country, leather or no.—Cincinnati Saturday Night. A septic, who was badgering a simple minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied an honest old believer, with meaning emphasis: "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man, as it is for a man to talk like an ass." Having been presented with Bosnia, Austria is now fighting for it. "To you, John," said a dying man, "I will give \$10,000." "Why, father," said the son "you know you haven't a dollar in the world." "Of course I haven't," exclaimed the indulgent father, "you must work for it!"—Graphic. At a public reading recently a cockney was attempting to recite a part of Ballie Nicol Jarvie, but with indifferent success. A brawny Scot in the audience, indignant at the ruthless murder of his native tongue, bawled out, "Whaur's yer awkward, man!" "Why you've got it!" answered the cockney, to the intense delight of the audience. The Virginia City Chronicle is led to believe the chronic borrowers are getting sharper every day. "Have you got change for \$5?" asked one over there. "Certainly," said an innocent-looking fellow, who pulled out a handful of silver. "Then loan me \$3.50," said the other, without a tremor in his voice, and he nailed the coin right there.