Better Than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joy with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth;
Lowly living and loftly thought,
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep,
Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
But he his simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore;
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire pass away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the fireside characters come;
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Tale of the Last Afghan War.

CHAPTER I.—AN ASIATIC BEAUTY.

Evening in Afghanistan, on a fine October day in 1841; the city of Cabul lying outspread in all the beauty of its countless gardens and many colored towers beneath the sunset glory, the massive tomb of Baber, the Mogul, standing out like a giant sentinel against the crimson sky; the red light fading slowly over the wide green plain around, dotted with white villages; and framed in a ring of purple hills; the little river dancing and sparkling amid its clustering trees, and here and there along the endless ranks of wooden houses a few turbaned figures gliding forth to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the coming night.

But the peaceful scene harmonizes ill with the stalwart figures in white frocks that come tramping along the main street— showing the light hair and clear blue eyes of the Englishman beside the lank, wiry frame and dark, lean visage of the Seapoy—heeding as little the fierce looks darted at them from either side as the gleam cast on their bayonets by the setting sun.

Afghanistan has been invaded and overrun. The great Ameer, Dost Mohammed himself, is on his way to Peshawur as a prisoner, and sixteen thousand troops hold Cabul in the name of Shah Soojah, the new king, whom British bayonets have forced upon the "men of the mountain."

But the invaders, flushed with their easy victory, and ill-restrained by their commander, are already beginning to lose their discipline.

An experienced leader would augur mischief from the sounds of boisterous merriment echoing on every side, and to and fro, as unlike as possible to wary soldiers in the heart of an enemy's country.

At the corner of the principal streets three or four of the loudest brawlers had halted and spread themselves out as if to stop some one who wished to pass.

"Holloa, Bill!" cried a rough voice; "'ere's a prize. Who'll bid for a share?"

"Share and share alike, as good comrades ought!" shouted a second, with a coarse laugh. "Let's have a look at the little baggage."

And, so speaking, he tore away the vail of the slight figure which his comrade had seized, revealing the face of a young native girl of sixteen.

The next moment the aggressor started back with a howl of pain, as the small knife, which is every Afghan woman's inseparable companion, gashed his extended hand from side to side. But the frail weapon was instantly wrested from her, while half a dozen strong hands seized the struggling form in their brutal grasp.

Just at that critical moment a blow, which the late Senator Morrissey himself might have applauded, sent the foremost assailant sprawling on his back, while the others recoiled right and left before the shock of a tall figure that came bursting in among them, scattering them in all directions.

"Now, then! who the deuce are you, shovin' in where you ain't wanted?" growled one of the soldiers, pugnaciously.

The new-comer deigned no reply, but silently threw back his cloak, displaying to the startled group the uniform of a line officer, and the badge of their own regiment.

"By Jingo!" muttered the challenger, with a look of dismay, "here's a pretty job."

"You call yourselves Englishmen?" cried the officer, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion. "Is this how you keep up the honor of the old flag? You shall hear of this to-morrow morning, be assured of that! Be off with you!"

The crestfallen brawlers slunk away without a word.

Then the rescued girl took her protector's hand in both her own, and pressed it lightly to her forehead, with an almost royal dignity, which, in one scarcely beyond the years of childhood, astonished even the unimaginative Englishman.

Though voted a model officer by his superiors, and an insensible brute by the ladies of Peshawur garrison, Captain St. Clair was not yet so thoroughly "pipe-clay" as to have lost his appreciation of feminine charms; and he could not but own that this young beauty of the wilderness, with the fire of her Afghan blood in her deep, lustrious eyes, and the supple grace of the Oriental in every line of her perfect figure, made such a picture as he had seldom seen.

In spite of himself, his voice softened as he asked in her own language:

"Have they hurt you, my poor child?"

"I would have hurt them, had they not snatched away my knife," answered the Afghanne, proudly, as she pointed to the blood drops that had fallen from her assailant's wound. "The daughter of Akbar Khan knows how to defend herself!"

"Akbar Khan!" echoed St. Clair, recalling with a sense of vague uneasiness for which he could not himself account, the name of the terrible chief whose influence among the hill tribes was only second to that of the Ameer himself, "But how came you here, then, when your father is far away in the south?"

"I come—to visit—a friend of my father's," said the girl with a momentary hesitation which did not escape her questioner.

"She's lying, the little fox!" thought he; "but it's no business of mine."

"I was going back," she continued, "to the friends who are waiting for me in yonder village, but I found the city gates shut."

If that is your only difficulty," said the captain, "it is soon mended. Come with me."

A few minutes brought them to the eastern gate, and two words sufficed to open it.

As the girl passed through the deep, shadowy archway, she looked wistfully back to her preserver, and paused for a moment as if about to speak.

But the words, whatever they were, died on her lips, and St. Clair strolled back to his quarters, with a half smile upon his face at the thoughts of a romance which the sentimental subalterns would have rejoiced in falling to the lot of an "old stager" like himself.

Little did he dream that upon this seeming trivial occurrence hung not merely his own life, but that of every man in the English army.

CHAP. II.—GATHERING OF THE VULTURES.

Sixteen days had passed since Captain St. Clair's adventure, and the night of the 5th of November found him slowly pacing the street where it had occurred.

As he stood musing, hidden by the shadow of a projecting corner, two Afghans came slowly up the deserted street.

Just as they passed him, he heard one say to the other:

"All is well, then: for the hill tribes are with us to a man if Akbar Khan but lift a finger."

"It is said that the khan would have held back," rejoined the other, "for he knew that the Feringhees (Europeans) are strong, but when he heard that these dogs (may Allah consume them!) had insulted his own daughter, Gulpyaz, when she came hither in the last moon with his message to the chiefs of the city, he swore that not a man of the unbelievers should escape, and he will keep his oath!"

And the speaker's voice was lost in the distance.

St. Clair's heart grew chill within him as he listened. His worst suspicions were now fully confirmed, and the benumbing sense of secret treachery (of all things the most abhorred to a brave man) oppressed him like a nightmare.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped forth as if to follow the two conspirators, and found himself face to face with Guleyaz herself.

There she stood in the ghostly twilight—calm and beautiful as ever, but with a sombre light in her large dark eyes, such as one sees in those of the hungry tiger, when, after a long and weary circuit through the jungle, he sees the deer which he has been tracking fairly within reach at last.

"Feringhee," she said, taking his hand, "you showed me kindness once, and an Afghan never forgets either good or evil. Death is waiting for the English host, and I have come to save you ere it be too late."

"It is you, then, who have betrayed us?" said Herbert, with an intensity of scorn which no words can convey.

The taunt struck home. In an instant the tender, clinging woman sprang up into an offended queen.

"Betrayed!" echoed she fiercely. "Is it treachery to aid my own race against its enemies? Why did the Feringhees come hither to waste our valleys and burn our homes? Why have they taken our own king from us, and set up in his stead a dog unworthy to tie an Afghan's sandals? But woe to them! Before the full moon shall have spent her light, the dogs shall lick the blood of every Feringhee in Cabul!"

Herbert shrank back appalled, so hideously changed was that beautiful face by the sudden tempest of passion. But this movement of aversion checked her rage in mid-current, and the warm, womanly heart beneath asserted itself once more.

"Do not be angry with me," she whispered, pleadingly; "no one shall harm you while I live. Hear me—the English are many and mighty, but what avails the tiger's strength when he is once in the toils? Every leave on yonder hills is an Afghan warrior, every twig a loaded rifle. Escape if you can; I will guide you out of the city, and bid my friends keep you safe till all is over. Why should you perish in vain?"

As she spoke, there came over her hearer's noble face a smile of grand and commanding scorn. He drew up his towering figure to its full height, and met her beseeching eyes unflinchingly as he replied:

"Do you ask me to desert my comrades in their sorest need, just that I may save my own life? Thank you—such meanness does not run in our blood. If we are to die, we will die like brothers, shoulder to shoulder, striking hard and deep to the last, with the old English flag flying overhead!"

The girl looked at him—a look which, through all the horrors that were to come, he never forgot. Grief, anger, tenderness, wondering admiration, were all mingled in the momentary flash of those marvelous eyes. Then she pressed his hand passionately to her lips and was gone.

Ha! What was that sudden glare that broke out over the whole eastern side of the town? And what could be the meaning of that dull, distant roar, like a far-off sea, swelling ever louder and louder, till the ear could distinguish the sharp crackle of musketry, the crush of falling buildings, the clamor of countless voices, and high over all the terrible war shout, "Allah Akbar!"—God is victorious.

Just at that moment four soldiers, torn and blood-stained, came marching past, carrying a helpless, ghastly, dust-begrimed figure, in which even St. Clair himself could scarcely recognize his once gay and dandified junior lieutenant.

"It's all up, old boy," said the lad, faintly. They have fired our quarters and murdered poor Burnes and ever so many more; and the whole town's up to help them. Nothing for it but to die game."

"Nothing, indeed," muttered Herbert "God have mercy on us all!"

The next moment he was hastening at full speed toward the scene of action.

CHAPTER III.—THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

All great historical catastrophes—Armada wrecks, London pestilences, Saragossa sieges, Mscow retreats—are wont to prolong the agony which they inflict, and to let fall their vengeance drop by drop, instead of mercifully ending all with one crushing blow.

So it fared with the ill-fated invaders of Cabul. The murderer of Sir Alexander Burnes, the noblest of the countless martyrs in that disastrous year, was only the first drop of a coming storm.

Then followed blow upon blow, the rising of the whole surrounding country, the destruction of the reconnoitering parties sent out too late by the commander-in-chief; the capture of the British stores, which left the troops almost without food, and at length on the fatal 1st of January, 1842, the crowing madness of the "convention of retreat," by which the whole army gave itself up to its destroyers, accepting the assurance of a safe passage homeward from the very men who had sworn the death of every British soldier in Cabul.

Foremost in every combat was Herbert St. Clair, recklessly exposing himself to all dangers; for, soldier as he was to his very finger-tips, the sight of an English flag dishonored and an English army in retreat, bowed him down with a sense of personal disgrace, and made him careless of life after such a humiliation.

But, to the amazement of all who witnessed his reckless daring, he came out of every fight as scathless as he had gone into it; and the conviction gradually forced itself upon him, with a thrill of mingled bitterness and delight, that the Afghans had purposely spared his life, that they had done so because he was the man whom their great prince's daughter secretly loved.

Meanwhile the course of events went inexorably on. On the fifth of January, in the depths of the terrible Afghan winter, the forlorn army—two-thirds of which were men reared amid the burning heat of India—filed through the gate of Cabul, wearied, dejected, half-starved, ill-supplied with ammunition, to commence its long march of death.

For a time it seemed as if the assurance of safety were really to be kept. They passed the great plain without firing a shot or seeing the face of an enemy, and even the most experienced officers began to hope that, after all, their worst apprehensions might prove unfounded.

But they little knew the man with whom they had to deal. Akbar Khan was not one to let slip the prey which he had once ensnared, and the jaws of death were already gaping for every man of the ill-fated army.

In the gray of a gloomy winter morning, they came in sight of the pass of Koord-Cabul, through which lay their shortest route to India. At the first glimpse of the black, tomb-like gorge, shut in by frowning precipices, over which brooded a weird, unearthly silence, the boldest felt their hearts sink, but it was too late now to draw back. Rank on rank, with the ghostly mist closing around them like a shroud, the doomed host went down into the valley of death.

And then, in one moment, the tragedy began.

Far and wide the air was rent with the Afghan war-shout, and each rock, each thicket, each hollow, was one blaze and crackle of musketry, every bullet telling fatally upon the helpless mass below.

Surprised and outnumbered, the English still stood their ground manfully, and attempted to return the fire, but against ambushed marksmen hundreds of feet overhead, what could they do? In a moment all was one whirl of fire and smoke and hideous uproar; yells of rage, shrieks of agony, savage curses, the shouts of officers, the neighing of frightened horses, the crash of falling rocks, the groans of the wounded and the dying, all mingled in dismal chorus with the thunder of the battle—blood flowing like water, and death coming blindly, no man knew whence or how.

What need to dwell on the multiplied horrors of that fatal day? how the entrapped men, famished, wounded, hopeless of escape, fought stubbornly to the last; how the worn-out officers, with their swords dropping from their frostbitten hands, still cheered on their fainting men as gallantly as ever; how one handful of heroes fought their way out of the deadly valley, only to be slaughtered to a man by fresh enemies beyond.

Of sixteen thousand who left the capital, only a single man reached Jellalabad alive; and one day avenged alike Rohilcund and Cabul.

Through the whole of the dreadful struggle. Herbert St. Clair had fought among the foremost, reckless of life, and caring only to have his fill of Afghan blood before he died.

Man on man, the white-frocked murderers fell before his deadly aim; and the rocks above began to echo with the cry of "Kill the Ingleez-Bashi!" (English captain) while bullets fell around him thick and fast. But although his uniform was torn to rags and his cap struck from his head, the death hail still failed to reach his life; and the superstitious mountaineers looked with secret awe upon this man whom no weapon could harm, and no peril dismay.

But the end came at last. A sharp, sudden pang shot through his left side—a sick dizziness overpowered him—the black rock and the rolling smoke, and the eddy of struggling figures, swam before him in a mist—there was a rushing, roaring sound in his ears—and he fell heavily to the earth.

CHAPTER IV.—TRUE TO THE LAST.

When St. Clair regained consciousness, he was too weak and weary to take much note of his surroundings. His chief feeling was one of overpowering exhaustion, mixed with a vague sense of having lain insensible for weeks or even months since the fatal day of Koord-Cabul. Little by little he began to notice that he was lying upon a cushioned-couch in a large, high-roofed chamber, the walls of which were hung with the skins of wolves and tigers mingled with pointed helmets, silver-hilted yataghans and long mountain rifles.

Through a narrow loop-hole in the wall, which revealed its immense thickness, he caught a glimpse of a smooth green valley far below, dappled with clustering trees, among which a tiny stream sparkled in the sunlight—a sufficient proof how long a time must have elapsed since the gloomy winter morning of the great battle.

At that moment a light step caught his ear, and, looking around, he beheld once more the long dark hair and lustrous eyes of Guleyaz.

He was about to speak, but she sighed to him to be silent.

"The angel of death still hovers over you, and you must beware. I will tell you all you wish to know. The Feringhees are slain, every man, and the coward whom they set up as our king has fled for his life. They who struck you down were men of another tribe, who knew nothing of my father's pledge; but our people recognized you among the fallen, and brought you away—and here, in the halls of Kara-Dagh, you are safe as beneath the shadow of the prophet's tomb!"

The word "Kara-Dagh" (Black mountain) was a revelation to St. Clair.

There was no further room for doubt. He was a prisoner in the mountain stronghold of Akbar Khan himself!

Day succeeded day and the wounded officer, thanks to his own native vigor as well as the untiring care of his charming nurse, began to shake off the fatal torpor which had held him down so long.

After a while he was able to leave his couch, and supported by the arm of Guleyaz, who seldom left him, to venture forth upon the battlements, where he sat for hours drinking in the life-giving mountain breeze, and feasting his eyes upom the glorious panorama below.

From Guleyaz herself he has learned that her father was himself in the strong-hold; and the reluctance with which she gave the information recurred to his memory more than once.

The reason of these precautions was at length explained by a piece of news which made his heart leap, when the careless talk of two sentinels brought it to his ears, viz., that a second English army was advancing into Afghanistan to avenge the destruction of its predecessors.

No living creature is more thoroughly accessible to female influence than a strong man suddenly made helpless; and Herbert, with the princess, arm supporting his weary head, and her musical voice repeating some stirring native war-song or romantic Eastern legend, was happier than he had ever been amid the rush and carnage of the battle field.

But this pleasing dream was destined to a sudden and awful awakening.

One morning when St. Clair's strength was so completely restored that thoughts of escape had already begun to haunt him, Guleyaz rose to leave him much before her usual time, with a long, lingering, beseeching look, which her last words terribly explained:

"The Feringhee warriors are on their march hither, and my father is angry, This day he will send for you, and, oh, beware of offending him, for your own sake—and mine!"

An hour later, the curtain that hid his door was lifted, and a deep voice said:

"Follow us, Ingleez. The khan calls for you.

Led by his guards, St. Clair traversed a seemingly endless passage, and entered a wide hall, around which stood a line of armed Afghans, motionless as statues.

In the center sat the pricipal chiefs of the tribe, and midmost of all the stately figure of Akbar himself, in all the splendor of barbaric adornment, with the folds of his jeweled turban overshadowing the fierce black eyes that had never known fear or mercy

As the prisoner entered Guleyaz (who was seated beside her father) shot one rapid glance at him, as if to bid him remember her warning, and then cast her eyes down as before.

There was a momentary pause, and the Akbar spoke:

"Feringhee, you are a brave warrior, and as chief speaks with chief, so will I speak with you. We have slain many of the Ingleez, and their brethern are angry. War is at our gates, and we need every good sword that will fight for us: Hear me; we have fought with you as an enemy—we now embrace you as a friend. You have been valiant and we respect your valor; you have been kind, and we are grateful for your kindness. Dwell among us, fight in our ranks, call yourself an Afghan instead of a Feringhee—and my wealth shall be your wealth, and I will be your father, and my daughter shall be your bride."

For one moment the brave man's pulse throbbed wildly, as the large deep eyes that had so often looked love into his own rested on him imploringly. Few men could have met that glance unmovd; while, on the other hand, he knew that to refuse such an offer from such a man would be rushing upon certain death, in the cruelest form that Afghan vengeance could devise. But in the face of the terrible temptation, the English heart within him beat true as ever. He looked fearlessly into the merciless eyes that watched him, and his voice never wavered as he replied:

"Prince, you have spoken plainly, and I thank you. Your offers are great; but were you to offer me the Afghan crown itself, you could never tempt an English soldier to break his faith and take the hand of a traitor and a murderer. Do your worst—I defy pou!"

Even the iron men around him shuddered to hear such words addressed to their terrible leader, and the daring speech was followed by a dead and awful silence.

A momemtary spasm of rage shook the prince's granite-hewn face, succeeded by a look of stern and reluctant admiration—the savage's instinctive admiration of courage, even in a mortal enemy. He spoke at length, with calmness more deadly than the loudest anger:

"It is enough—take him away!"

The guards led forth the captive; and mingling with their heavy tramp came the doomed man's last words:

"God save old England!"

The silence of midnight brooded over the ancient palace, when the gloom of the dungeon into which St. Clare had been cast was broken by a sudden light.

Before him, white and rigid as a corpse in the spectral glare of her lamp, stood Guleyaz, with her fingers pressed warningly to her lips. In silence she held out to him the tunic and gaudy turban of an Afghan warrior, signifying to him to put them on.

He obeyed mechanically, like one in a dream, and the moment the disguise was complete she led him hastily to the door.

Outstreached on the floor outside lay the sentinel, evidently stupified by some powerful narcotic, by whom administered Herbert could easily guess.

Pausing a moment to assure herself that all was still in the castle, Guleyaz went straight to the end of the passage and opened a small iron door, locking it behind her as soon as they had entered.

What followed Herbert could never clearly recall. He had only a vague recollection of tracking the gloomy windings of a dismal cavern, from whose damp, oozy sides the water fell drop by drop, with a sullen plash, which was the only sound that broke the eternal silence.

One of these drops extinguished the lamp, but Guleyaz's burning hand seized his own in the darkness, and led him onward he knew not whither.

At length, after a seemingly endless interval, another door flew open before them, and St. Clair, with a delight which no words can convey, felt the cool night air on his cheek, and saw the stars shining overhead.

"There lies your road," said his guide, pointing down the valley. "The armies of your people cannot be far off now. May Allah keep you safe till you reach them."

"And you?" asked Herbert, with a sudden impulse of tenderness, as the tremor of her voice told him she was weeping. "They will know that it is you who have saved me, and then"—

"Who cares what happens to me?" answered the girl, passionately. "When the dew that refreshed it is gone, what matter how soon the flower withers? I have saved your life—I care not how soon I lose my own."

"Never, by heaven!" cried St. Clair, throwing his strong arm around her, as if his whole soul were poured into the caress. "I am not such a cur as to sneak off in safety, and leave my little ewe-lamb to these mountain-wolves. Come with me, darling; and may I be called coward before the whole regiment, if anything but death ever parts us two again!"

* * * * * *

Years later, the story of that flight sorely tried the faith of the guests at Clairmount park; but still harder did they find it to recognize the savage amazon of Cabul in the beautiful and highbred lady to whom Sir Herbert St. Clair was wont to say playfully:

"My dear, I've been telling these gentlemen about our Afghan adventures in 1842."—*David Ker.*

A Cincinnati Sensation.

Nothing in the fashionable social world here has created such a sensation recently, and nothing ever so strange, as the strangely-romantic marriage of Miss Blanche Worthington, of Covington, Ky., a leading belle of great beauty and accomplishments, to Mr. B. V. Jackson, of Parkersburg, W. Va., son of Judge Jackson, of the U. S. Court of West Virginia. The affair was a runaway match, and the ceremony was performed at the Burnet House by the Rev. Dr. Gray, an Episcopal divine.

The lady has long been engaged to Maj. Byrne, a prominent young railroad man of this city, a very worthy gentleman, and, as his conduct on this occasion shows, a chivalrous one. The Major is a devoted Catholic, which faith the young lady voluntarily adopted after careful investigation and a long course of instruction from leading divines of the Catholic Church in this city and Covington, and which she was to formally embrace on her marriage day in June.

During the festival week Mr. Jackson and sister visited Cincinnati, where Maj. Byrne, assisted by his lady love, contributed to their entertainment. On Thursday they all dined together at the Burnet very happily. That evening the lover placed his betrothed in the company of Mr. Jackson for the festival. On Friday she was to entertain him by introduction to her lady friends and did so.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Jackson called upon his friend Maj. Byrne to assist him in getting a marriage license, to which he responded as a friend at once, and together they repaired to the Probate Court, the lover little dreaming what was in store for him. The names of the contracting parties were there first pronounced. Imagine what must have been the feelings of the strong man, the ardent lover, when hearing the name of his almost wife in such a connection, but he believed it a cruel joke, and not until he met the lady did he doubt her. He was invited to give the bride away, and, having to release her from her engagement with him (a most solemn one), he consented, being a lifelong friend of both parties. There seldom has been witnessed a nobler exhibition of true manhood and chivalry than when this gentleman, suffering the agonies of a crushed heart and humiliated spirit, with a calm nerve and bearing, having formally released the lady from her plighted troth, forgiving her the great wrong she had done him in blasting his life by precipitately trampling under foot the pledges of fidelity and love still warm upon her lips, gave away in marriage to another the idol of his own heart. He has not since permitted the affair to be mentioned in his presence, but is evidently suffering as such a man can suffer. His friends have been apprehensive of the result upon him. The prominence of the parties—Miss Worthington being a member of a leading Kentucky family, a great favorite, a famous beauty and belle, some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old; Mr. Jackson, the lady's junior, the scion of a prominent Virginia family, a cousin of "Stonewall," and son of a distinguished jurist, and the deserted lover, a prominent gentleman in railroad and business circles, of high moral worth and culture, and, I believe, a native of your State, Maryland—makes this a leading sensation in the three States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia.—*Jinninnati Cor. Baltimore Gazette.*

Story of a Brooch.

There is a brooch in the window of one our best jewelers, writes a Paris correspondent, to which a curious tale is attached. This breastpin is mounted with great art and set with gems. It is divided in four parts, and shows four twisted, bent and blunt ordinary pins under a transparent enamel. Where were these four found? What were they used for? Did they hold a fichu, shawl or flower? The poetry of the brooch had to be looked into, and the following has been ascertained: A foreign count was, years ago, hurried one night out of bed and arrested for a political offense. Ere his dreams had been quite forgotten, he was dressed by those who had spied out his abode, and dragged to prison. It happened to be a very dark one. The day after this occurrence he began to think how terrible it would be to live long in such a location with nothing to do, and, as he thought, he fumbled about his coat pockets. While doing so he discovered four pins which he had stuck in the lining of one of his frock tails in case he might require one. He held the four for some moments, then flung them right and left about the narrow cell. It was a quiet one; but, listen with all the intensity he could, there was no way of knowing where they had fallen. He therefore went down on all fours and carefully felt about, sprawling in every direction until he had recovered them for another exciting hunt. Well, readers, this he did six and seven times a day, and when he was sleepless, for six long years. Napoleon III. died, then Victor Emanuel, and the count was set at liberty. The four pins were kept. And a comtesse is to wear the brooch they are enshrined in. This story only teaches that all must take an interest in life, and the most exciting the best under the pressure of grief. The comte has related that had he lost one of his four pins he could not have endured captivity. Each time he flung them about he fancied they were quite lost, and the ardor with which he crawled over his nude floor was the equal to that of the chase. Books, papers and pens were denied him.

How to Cook a Husband.

The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows: Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it is not supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way; but they are on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good housewives haye on hand), place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant, cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with spices of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.—*Toledo Blade.*

Was She to be Commended?

A religious newspaper lately went into pious ecstacies over a young girl who, though compelled to earn her living by hard work at machine sewing, yet contrived by dint of denying herself all but the barest necessaries of life, to contribute quite liberally to a fund for the erection of a church edifice. The periodical aforesaid praised the girl most lavishly and held her up as an example worthy of imitation.

I question whether she ought not to be severely censured for such a course of conduct. Girls who support themselves by taking in sewing do not fare at all sumptuously if they have work all the year round (which is of rare occurrence) and when they expend all their meagre earnings on themselves. To say of a girl of this class that she confines her expenditures to "bare necessities" means that she lives on bread and tea, goes without proper under-clothing, and denies herself the comfortable wrap which she needs to protect her from cold and storms. She moreover leaves herself without any reserve fund, and when work is slack, or when it stops altogether, how is she to subsist? If sickness overtakes her she is compelled to go to the hospital and add one more to the host who, through ignorance, vice and indolence have become burdens on the public. Burdens which you, my thrifty friends, are taxed to support. It is the self-respecting, self-denying and frugal in the community who are taxed for the maintenance of hospitals, prisons and alms-houses. Has any one a right to increase the pauper class or to recommend measures which will land those who adopt them in eleemosynary institutions? Besides being a burden the poor girl will not have the care and attention she would receive at a private house. She will be very much at the mercy of doctors and nurses, who are not always the most humane of people. Most likely she will be experimented on by half-fledged physicians, and subjected to treatment which, although perfectly legitimate, cannot fail to be extremely distasteful to a woman, however low in the scale of refinement she may be. And the object of all this self-sacrifice is what? To clothe the naked or feed the starving? No, it is that a certain congregation may have a fine building in which to hold its service. And then they have the effrontery to call this "giving to the Lord." Where in the Bible is it commanded or even intimated that costly churches are a necessity or that they are particularly desirable; and where is the chapter and verse wherein we are enjoined to reduce ourselves to abject poverty in order that the "Temple of the Lord" may be beautified? "Giving to the Lord," indeed! It's vanity and pride and not righteousness which dedicates piles of marble and stone that cost from fifty thousand to one million dollars to the service of God.

Christ could be content with "upper rooms," but we of this century must have our marble fronted buildings finished with stained-glass windows, costly altarpieces and expensive upholstry. We count it, too, as a thing worthy of all commendation that the poor should starve their bodies and their minds in order that our church edifices may be artistically frescoed and provided with all the modern requirements of elegant worship.

"Giving to the Lord!" It's rank blasphemy to say that.

Real Care and Sham.

That sturdy son of the English church, the bishop of Manchester, recently, in the course of a public speech, made some sharp remarks on the frivolity of social life, and read the following letter from a young woman to illustrate:

We breakfast about 10. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation, or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots. and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch, and at 2 o'clock we lunch. At 3 my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a 5 o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner, and after dinner we go to the theater or the opera, and when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do.

This is an exaggerated picture, of course; or at least, however true of English society girls, could hardly be asserted of any considerable portion of this community. Yet the cares or what are magnified into cares of some people can hardly be of greater importance than feeding the canaries and parrots and cutting off dead leaves and faded flowers. There is a fatal facility in multiplying cares about nothing, until we seemed to be absorbed and completely taken up with vanities and nothings. The more complex civilization gets, the more burdensome it becomes, untill we are fain to run away in any direction from the treadmill which we have built for ourselves. Take for instance the single item of the supply of food to our human necessities. Plenty in the first essential; then we must have variety and delicacy, then fine ware from which to eat and an experienced servant to care for it as well as to prepare the meals; other refinements are gradually added, until the performance of satisfying hunger amid plenty, becomes a feat of organization, co-operation, and execution, not at all inferior in difficulty to the original problem of procuring the raw material of food itself. It finally comes to this that there is more distress over the failure of the domestic to scrub the silver or brush up the crumbs, then there would once have been over the absence of the dinner entirely. Perhaps it is still truer of apparel that the demands of fashion impose on this generation more labor and vexation than the weaving and home manufacture of garments did upon the celebrated grandmothers.

This tendency of civilization to complicate rather than simplify our lives should be resisted at every turn. Let us be sure these modern "conveniences" are not traps to impose some new and embarrassing fetters, quite different from the opportunity for enlarging life which is anticipated from them. Keep the necessities of life well within bounds and find something outside of them, of a more ennobling character, for all the leisure which can be made. It is very easy to fill up leisure with "fancy work" and "loafing" and imagine oneself tired from mere absence of exhilarating mental effort or personal experience outside of the most ordinary selfish ways of life.

It is sometimes a good moral discipline to think over one's burdens, separate the real and the necessary, from the fictitious and the needlessly assumed. The value of the practice goes beyond personal life into public affairs. The difficulties of public problems arise more from manufactured obstacles to improvement and reform than real ones, however real the former may sometime be made to appear.—*Springfield Republican.*

After the Revival.

REV. ALEX. B. JACK.

There is a bible in England bound in solid gold. Its pages are the finest parchment, its margins are illuminated with rare and curious workmanship. It is a costly relic, the property of the British Sovereign, kept under lock and key, and guarded with untiring care. Yet, after all, it is only a dead thing, penned by the hand of some old monk, painted by the finger of some cloistered nun. There it lies entombed in its grave of glass; in itself it has no life, neither can it give life to others. It is not for a moment to be compared with the humblest Christian who lives or lodges in some lowly cottage, and who is not a dead but a living bible. Pearls of the East, diamonds of the sea, are on the boards of that bible; what are these to the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit? What, that dead parchment to a deathless soul and a heart instinct with life? What, that ink fading and rusting beneath the eye of Time to the blood in which the Spirit dips his finger and writes living truth upon a living soul? Anybody could write a bible. With a feather plucked from a sea-bird's wing I could write the bible on a paper page. With iron forged in the fire I could trace the bible on the rugged rock. But ah! to write living truth upon a living heart, that is the work of the Holy Spirit. It is only the God who created that can convert the soul.

What is true of the reading is true of the preaching of the Word. Select the most gifted minister alive, seek out the man who lives in the closest communion with God, and who is skilled in reading the secrets of the human heart, and who has above all other men that electric and magnetic power which heads others to himself. Now, take one in whose salvation you feel a deep anxiety, and who is yet in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity—send him to that minister to be converted. I know what his answer would be. His answer is in the bible; his answer is a royal answer in more sense than one. When the servant of the Syrian came before the King of Israel with a letter, saying, I have herewith sent my servant Naaman unto thee that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy; immediately the King rent his garments, and appealing to his courtiers, cried, "Am I a God to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send to me to recover a man of leprosy?" Even so, send a man to a minister to be converted, and if that minister knows his business, if he knows what he can do, he will say, "Am I God to kill and to make live, that you send that sinner to me to be converted?" A minister may make an impression on a dead soul, just I can make an impression on a dead body. I have seen a corpse galvanized so that seemed in every limb alive and life-like. So a man gifted with the power of moving other men may raise a tide of emotion in the human heart; but it is a tide like that of ocean when raised by the wind, its surface swells, and rolling along the beach tears the sea-weed from the rocks and casts the sea-shells on the shore. The tide-dial tells me that it never penetrates the dark depths of ocean. After a heavy swell for a tide or two it soon returns to its wonted calm; and that is just the result of many a promising revival and the history of many a Sabbath day's labor.—*Observer.*

Pen Picturers of Travelers.

Bob Burdette, the pungent paragrapher of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has been traveling a good deal by rail lately, and he supplies his paper with the following amusing pictures of some people he met on the cars:

FINDING A SEAT.

A woman with three bird cages and a little girl, has just got on the train. She arranges the three bird cages on a seat, and then she and the little girl stand up in the aisle and she glares around upon the ungallant men who remain glued to their seats and look dreamily out of the window. I bend my face down to the tablet and write furiously, for I feel her eyes fastened upon me. Somehow or other, I am always the victim in cases of this delicate nature. Just as I expected. She speaks, fastening her commanding gaze upon me.

"Sir, would it be asking too much if I begged you to let myself and my little girl have that seat? A gentleman can always find a seat so much more easily than a lady."

And she smiled. Not the charmingest kind of a smile. It was too triumphant to be very pleasing. Of course I surrendered. I said:

"Oh, certainly. I could find another seat without any trouble."

She thanked me, and I crawled out of my comfortable seat, and gathered up my overcoat, manuscript, my shawl strap package, my valise, my overshoes, and she and the little girl went into the vacant premises as soon as the writ of ejectment had been served, and they looked happy and comfortable.

Then I stepped across the aisle; I took up those bird cages and set them along on top of the coal box, and set down in the seat thus vacated. I apologetically remarked to the woman, who was gazing at me with an expression that boded trouble, that "it was too much warmer for the canaries by the stove." She didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that made it much warmer for me, for about five minutes, than the stove can make it for the canaries. I don't believe she likes me, and I am uncomfortably confident that she disapproves of my conduct.

A railroad company suspecting deadheads put a detective on the track. One day he heard a passenger remark that it was very easy to go from B—— to D—— without a ticket. He watched the speaker and was surprised to see him hand the conductor a ticket. Getting into conversation with the passenger he said: I'd like to know your plan for traveling without a ticket, and don't mind giving you a couple of dollars for it." "Done," said the man, pocketing the bill. "When I want to travel without a ticket I walk."

New chatelaine pockets are of black morocco, inlaid with red gold. Belt buckles are made to match.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

St. Paul Railroad Time Tables.

First Division St. P. & P., R. R. & M., & P. & P. Railroad Lines.

MAIN LINE—WEST.

For Breckenridge, Glyndon, Fisher's Landing and St. Vincent.

Leave.		Arrive.	
St. Paul	7:00 a. m.	Breckenridge	8:00 p m
Minneapolis	7:45 a. m.	Fisher's L'g	2.15 p m
Breckenridge	6:50 a m	St. Vincent.	6:33 p m

EAST.

Leave		Arrive	
St Vincent	9:00 a m	Breckenridge	8:44 p m
Fisher's Land'g	1:24 p m	Minneapolis	6:26 p m
Breckenridge	6:30 a m	St Paul	7:00 p m

Branch Line for St Cloud, Sauk Centre, Alexandria and Bismarck.

St. Paul	7:30 a m	St. Cloud	12:10 p m
Minneapolis	7:52 a m	Alexandria	5:35 p m
Alexandria	8:30 a m	Minneapolis	6:20 p m
St Cloud	2:50 p m	St Paul	6:40 p m

St Paul and Minneapolis Trains.

Leave.		Leave.	
St. Paul	7:00 a. m.	Minneapolis	7:52 a m
St. Paul	9:30 a. m.	Minneapolis	10.30 a m
St Paul	12:00 m.	Minneapolis	2:00 p m
St. Paul	3:00 p. m.	Minneapolis	4:30 p m
St. Paul	5:50 p. m.	Minneapolis	6:16 p m
Arrive.		**Arrive.**	
Minneapolis	7:45 a. m.	St Paul	8:30 a m
Minneapolis	10:00 a. m.	St Paul	11:00 a m
Minneapolis	12:30 p. m.	St. Paul	2:35 p. m.
Minneapolis	3:30 p. m.	St. Paul	5:00 p. m.
Minneapolis	6:26 p. m.	St. Paul	7:00 p. m

Passengers for points north of Glyndon should take the train leaving St. Paul on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

J. P. FARLEY, Gen'l Manager and Receiver.
W. S. ALEXANDER, General Passenger Agent.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Depot foot of Sibley street. Ticket and Freight Office, No. 43 Jackson street.

Trains.	Westward.			Eastward.
St Paul	Le	7:30 a m	Ar	6:40 p m
Minneapolis	Le	7:52 a m	Ar	6:30 p m
Sauk Rapids	Le	11:20 a m	Ar	3:00 p m
Brainerd	Le	2:20 p m	Ar	12:25 p m
Glyndon	Le	9:00 p m	Ar	6:25 a m
Moorhead	Le	9:25 p m	Ar	6:05 a m
Fargo	Ar	9:30 p m	Le	6:00 a m
Fargo	Le	6:45 a m	Ar	8:00 p m
Bismarck	Ar	8:45 p m	Le	7:00 a m
Duluth	Le	4:00 a m	Ar	10:05 p m
N. P. Junction	Le	5:45 a m	Ar	8:15 p m

Trains are run daily except Sunday.

Passengers leaving St. Paul or Minneapolis at 7:30 a. m. reach Fargo and intermediate points the same day.

Connection made at Bismarck with stages for Deadwood and all points in the Black Hills, also for Fort Buford, Standing Rock, Fort Keogh, Tongue River and intermediate points, and at St. Paul with trains to and from all points East and South.

In effect February 3d, 1879.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager.
G. G. SANBORN, Gen. Passenger Agent.

St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylors Falls R. R. Co.

Depot foot of Jackson street.

Hudson and River Falls Trains:

On and after Monday, Dec. 2, 1878, this Company will run a train daily, Sundays excepted, leaving River Falls, Wis., at 7:55 a m; leaving Hudson at 8:30 a m, and arriving at St Paul at 10:00 a m.

Returning, will leave St Paul at 4:00 p m, Hudson at 5:30 p m, and arrive at River Falls at 6:05 p m.

St. Paul and Stillwater Trains.

Depart.		Arrive	
St Paul	10:10 a m	Stillwater	11:10 a m
"	12:55 p m	"	2:00 p m
"	4:00 p m	"	5:00 p m
Stillwater	9:00 a m	St Paul	10:00 a m
"	10:00 a m	"	11:20 a m
"	2:15 p m	"	3:25 p m

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Passenger Depot foot of Jackson street. Ticket and Freight Office Southeast Corner of Third and Jackson streets. Thompson & Petsch, Ticket Agents, St. Paul.

TRAINS.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
River Division—		
Through Chicago & Eastern Express	*11:22 a m	*2:47 p
Through Chicago & Eastern Express	†7:40 p m	‡6:10 a m
Iowa and Minnesota Div.		
Prairie du Chien, Milwaukee and Chicago Express	*6:35 a m	*6:30 p m
St. Louis & Kansas City Ex	*6:35 a m	*6:30 p m
do do	†8:25 p m	‡6:45 a m
Owatonna Passenger	*5:15 p m	*11:30 a m

St. Paul and Minneapolis trains via Fort Snelling and Minnehaha.

Lve. St. Paul	‡6:20 a m	Arr. Minneapolis	‡7:10 a m
" "	8:25 a m	" "	9:15 a m
" "	10:05 a m	" "	10:55 a m
" "	*2:55 p m	" "	3:45 p m
" "	1:35 p m	" "	*2:25 p m
" "	5:30 p m	" "	6:20 p m
Lve. Minneapolis	*6:25 a m	Arr. St. Paul	*7:50 a m
" "	8:15 a m	" "	9.05 a m
" "	*10:25 a m	" "	*11:15 a m
" "	1:50 p m	" "	2:40 p m
" "	3:45 p m	" "	4:35 p m
" "	*5:15 p m	" "	*6:30 p m
" "	†6:45 p m	" "	†7:35 p m
" "	8:20 p m	" "	9:20 p m

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays excepted. ‡Mondays excepted

St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad.

Depot foot of Jackson street.

TRAINS.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Omaha, Kansas City and Texas Express	3:30 p m	11:05 a m
St. James Accomdat'n	7:00 a m	6 15 p m

The 3:30 p. m. train connects at Merriam Junction with the Minneapolis and St. Louis R. R. for Waseca and intermediate points. All trains daily except Sunday.

W. H. DIXON, Gen. T'kt Ag't.

Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis and North Wisconsin Railways.

Depot foot of Sibley street. Freight and Ticket office corner Third and Jackson.

Trains	Leave.	Arrive.
Through Chicago and Eastern Express	*11:25 a. m. / † 7:40 p. m.	‡6.15 a. m. / *2:45 p. m.
Hudson Accommodation	* 6:04 p. m.	*7:50 a. m.

North Wisconsin Trains.

Depart		Arrive	
St Paul	*11:25 a m	Clayton	5:40 p m
Clayton	*7:30 a m	St Paul	2:45 p m

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays excepted. ‡Mondays excepted.

Hereafter, freight for all points on North Wisconsin R R must be delivered at Union Freight Depot of the St Paul & Pacific and Chicago, St Paul & Minneapolis railroads.

F. B. CLARKE, Traffic Manager.

THOMPSON & PETSCH. Ticket Agents.

St. Paul & Duluth Railroad.

For Duluth, Stillwater and way stations, from Saint Paul & Pacific depot, foot of Sibley street.

Leave....... 8 00 a m | Arrive.......... 4 30 p m

Hinckley accommodation—from Saint Paul and Duluth depot, foot of Third street.

Leave........ 11 15 a m | Arrive......... 2 50 p m

All trains daily except Sunday.

Southern Minnesota Railway, Connecting at Ramsey with C. M. & St. P. Trains North and South.

At Wells with Central Railroad of Minnesota, and at La Crosse with C. M. & St. P. Railway for all points East.

Going West—Trains leave La Crosse...... 7.47 a m
Trains pass Ramsey.......... 1:50 p m
Going East—Trains pass Ramsey.......... 11:20 a m
Arrive at La Crosse.......... 5:37 p m
Minneapolis Time.

P. M. MEYERS, Vice President. W. H. BARRON, General Ticket Ag't
J. M. EGAN, Superintendent.

Minneapolis Railroad Time Table.

Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway---Short Line Iowa Route via Burlington.

Running through express trains with Pullman palace car sleepers to St. Louis without change, 23 miles shorter than any other route.

	Le. daily.	Ar. Daily.
St. Louis Express	1:45 p m	1:15 p m
Passengers at St. Paul leave by the St. Paul & Pacific R. R. at 12 m, connecting at Minneapolis daily, Sundays excepted. Train on Saturday runs as far as Albert Lea, only.	Le. daily, Ex. Sund'y	Ar. Daily Ex Sund'y
Mixed Minneapolis and Merriam Junction, connecting for local stations and St. P. & S. C. R. R. as far as St. James	7:00 a m	6.25 p m
Mixed Minneapolis and White Bear Lake, Duluth and Stillwater	7:00 a m	5 10 p m
Omaha Ex., for all points on St. P. & S. C. R'y., Omaha and California	3:00 p m	11:45 a m

Trains arrive and depart from the St. Paul & Pacific depot, Minneapolis.

Tickets and sleeping car berths secured at city ticket office, No. 8 Washington avenue, (opposite Nicollet House) W. G. Telfer, Ticket Agent, and at St. Paul & Pacific depot, Minneapolis, and at 116 East Third street, St. Paul—GEO. H. HAZZARD, Ticket Agent. CHAS. F. HATCH, Gen. Man.
A. H. BODE, Gen. Pass. Ag't

HOTELS.

International Hotel,

Corner 7th & Jackson Streets, St. Paul.

Three minutes walk from the depot. Fire proof. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES, $1.50 PER DAY. Give it a trial, and see for yourselves.

M. T. C. FLOWER, - - - - Proprietor
359

Metropolitan Hotel,

Cor. 3d and Washington Sts.,
St. Paul, - - - Minnesota
GEO. CULVER, MANAGER.

Complete in all its appointments. First-class in ery department. Fare, $3 per day. 98-ly