TIME'S CURE.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some bolssom breaks
And leaves it dying.
The chill dark night is near,
The sun will soon depart
And leave thee sighing:
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying.

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast:
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice, then, grieving heart
The hours fly fast!

MY LUNACY.

The Confederate force of General Early had gained the mastery in the Shenandoah valley, and our demoralized battalions were falling back precipitately through Winchester.

Sheridan dashed upon the scene, and his presence, like a spell, checked the retreat, and infused new courage into the disordered mass. Our battery reached a knoll to the left of the pike, and unlimbered in front of the timbered slope, on the brow of which the Confederates had posted a heavy battery. The infantry line on our front was advancing splendidly, and I saw the gleaming crest of bayonets fall when the order came for a charge on the double quick.

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Bright sunshine was streaming through the open curtain, and seemed to have awakened me from my prolonged slumber. Slowly my scattered senses gathered from dim unconsciousness, and as thought assumed definite form the scene of the battle-field again flashed before me.

"What of the charge?" I inquired anxiously, making a desperate effort to rise.

The sharp unnatural tone of my own voice startled me, and my strength was unequal to rustle even the covering of my couch.

"Do not try to walk now, Charley; you will be strong very soon." It was the voice of my wife. In a moment I realized that I was home on the shore of the northern lake. I glanced through the window, and the waving branches associated with my thoughts of the battle scene were not there, but the snow lay heavily on the ground glistening in the sunshine. Many months had passed away—a blank period in my existence.

As I recovered my strength and comprehension I learned the critical ordeal I had passed in surviving a severe wound that caused a fracture of the skull, and necessitated the operation of trepanning.

Still many more months elapsed before I was again abroad. The war was ended, and the people were rejoicing in the restoration of peace. I was tendered and accepted the old position I had resigned in response to the call of arms—teacher of mathematics in the academy of my native town.

The routine of the position was familiar enough, but close attention to its duties shortly developed the fact that my nervous system had not recovered from the severe shock it had sustained, and my mental powers were impaired.

As nearly as I could define the effect produced, the injury seemed to have interrupted the harmonious action of the brain, and the right and left lobes appared to operate independently, and take separate and distinct cognizance of emotions and sensations conveyed by the medium of the senses. Every thought seemed to have its duplicate, necessaay to a complete impression. When I studied a single problem, and the solution occurred immediately would follow the solution again, as if emanating from a second mind acting in conjunction, and always a little slower in its perceptions. This derangement, vexatious and confusing at first, continued to increase as I devoted myself to mental labor, until finally I was compelled to abandon my position in the academy.

The necessity was indeed a hardship, as it left me without the means of sustenance. My brave and devoted wife bore up nobly under the affliction, and insisted that I should indulge in the repose that my critical position demanded. Meantime she turned the fine musical faculties acquired in better days to good account, and we continued to live comfortably for a time on the proceeds of her labor. Comfortably, did I say? No, it grieved me constantly to see her toil so arduously, with the double responsibity of household cares. And I knew that her assumed cheerfulness was the cover of painful solicitude she experienced on my behalf.

This anxiety did not favorably effect my derangement. It grew more marked and depressing. Vague fears haunted me by day, and harrowed the long, sleepless hours of night. The strange perception of a double intellect became so far defined that the senses were sympathetic. The sounds that reached my ear were repeated as if by echo; taste and touch were fanciful and erratc, and at night wierd, fantastic forms flitted before my eyes, and real objects assumed the shape of what they were not, and drove me to the verge of delirium, while the effort constantly exerted to retain my reason only the more prostrated the mental powers.

Ultimately my malady reached a stage at which I seemed to realize both physical and mental and double existence. At times I could distinctly see the form and features of my second self, directly confronting and gazing upon my more immediate self. And then my own voice addressed me and we conversed together—myself and second self—now condoing in common misery, and then in tantalizing and horrible imprecations.

The terrible delusion became unbearable, and I felt that reason could not much longer retain command of the disordered facilities. It was a night when my mental agitation had reached a high degree. My wife had fallen asleep, overcome with constant care and watching. I was pacing the sitting room of our chamber, about the hour of midnight, as was my habit. Ossasionally I reclined on a sofa, in the hope of catching slight respite from the distress of my terrible hallucination; but it was for a moment only.

I lay down again on the sofa. My brain seemed whirling in a blaze of fire, and I sprang up stricken with madness. The horrible spectre stood before me with a fiendish grin of derision. I grasped a heavy piece of furniture and dashed at it with the fury of a maniac. The spectre seemed palpable to the blow, and yielded. I saw it vanish in darkness that spread before me, and my tormenting second self was gone. I broke forth in frantic laughter, that returned in a hundred echoes around me, and sank exhausted, unconscious to the floor.

The morning sun was shining in upon me when I awoke to returning consciousness. A cool perspiration oozed from my forehead. I rose on my elbow and, for some moments, endeavored to recall my identity and the recollections of the night. Then a horrible conviction came upon me. Good heavens! It was my wife—the reality of the form I had dashed down and destroyed in my frenzy!

Overwhelmed with remorse, I rushed wildly from the house and fled I knew not whither. The greater grief that had come upon me re-animated my mental power, and I became calm in despair; but shrank cowardly from the desolation that my own hand had wrought.

It was some weeks after the dreadful night I have described that I reached New York city without detection, a greater portion of the distance working as one of the crew of a canal boat. I wandered along the wharves of the metropolis, searching anxiously for some means of escaping the country, and longing even to flee the fellowship of civilized man. The opportunity was finally discovered in a ship sailing around Cape Horn for the Pacific coast, on board of which my services were accepted in a menial capacity.

I was soon safe from discovery and pursuit, and free upon the boundless waters—free as one could feel with the remorse of a hellish deed upon his soul, and the abandonment of all hope of a happy hour in life again.

I need not describe the experience of a long and tedious voyage, and the hardships and indignities put upon me in consequence of inefficiency and total ignorance of a seaman's duties. To me it was of little account. But the change of life and scene, and the sea air, had a wonderful effect in repairing my mental and physical strength. It was on a bright September morning that I first spied the hazy shores of California, and in a day or two thereafter sauntered along the streets of San Francisco, alone in a new world, with only the companionship of a bitter recollection.

As necessity required, I sought employment, and managed to sustain myself, leading a listless, purposeless sort of life. But the monotony soon became oppressive, and the apprehension of ultimate discovery excited renewed anxiety. Frequently I fancied the recogntion of a familiar countenance on the streets, that kept me in painful uncertainty.

The day came in which my worst fears were realized. The miserable wretch in whose house I was sojourning delivered me into the hands of justice. By what means he discovered my identity I could not determine; but I met my fate boldly, for remorse had so far embittered my existence, that I disdained longer to struggle for its continuance.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed, as the officers inclosed my wrists with iron shackles, "take your accursed reward! I am Charles Harden, murderer, from——"

They dragged me to prison, and the officers of the law came and questioned me. I told them all, and they transferred me to more secure confinement, lest I should escape again the retribution of crime.

Long I lingered in the solitude of a gloomy cell, awaiting the final decree of fate, until calm indifference succeeded despair, and gradually every emotion, even life itself, seemed to subside into a dream.

But a day came when my sensibilities seemed reanimating, like one emerging from a trance. Slowly my mind manifested activity, and in time I recalled my identity; when suddenly the recollection of my whole life flooded back upon me, and all the weight of its great burden of remorse again descended.

An old man whose kindly countenance had become familiar to me, as in a vision, appeared and sought to rally my despondency with words of hope and encouragement.

"You have had a long, bad spell, Harden," he remarked, "but you are coming around all right now, and will soon be out in the world again."

Then I was not in prison, but an insane asylum. Thank heaven my wretched guilt had not been discovered.

And then I learned from the old man the circumstances of my arrest as a lunatic, and the nature of ym affliction. In the operation of trepanning at the hand of unskilled surgeons, a small splinter of the fractured skull had been left adhering in a position to irritate the membrane of the brain, and this trifling oversight had caused the insanity attended with such sad results, to blast the happiness of my life forever, and stamped my memory with the ignominy of murder.

The derangement had been effectively repaired by the skilled surgeon of the asylum, and my mind now rapidly recovered its original power. But what availed it, I reflected bitterly; and why had I been restored from peaceful lunacy to a conciousness to which death would be a relief.

One morning the old attendant of whom I had spoken interrupted my gloomy meditations with a countenance more than usually cheerful, that seemed to radiate the heart of some hidden hope.

"Harden," he remarked, "you are growing vigorous again in both body and mind. I have a message for you that may excite you a litte. Do you think you can stand an agreeable surprise?"

"Anything agreeable to hear would need be a surprise," I replied. "But, my dear friend, I fear the world could now hardly afford a message to me sufficiently pleasurable to inspire any apprehensible excitement."

"Well, if you are confident to that extent, I will permit the bearer of the message to impart it directly to you."

The old man withdrew, and presently returned with a companion. A thrill, remonitory of some great surprise, startled me as I heard the approaching footsteps.

I raised my eyes. Great Heavens! they met the old love-look of my wife, ready to advance into my arms.

The ardor which I returned her embrace was assuring that my power of nerve was restored.

The last great hallucination was dishevelled, and a ray of gladness burst in upon my heart, streaming through the dark cloud of despair that had hung over me those long and wretched years. I laughed and wept by turns. And then I drew the recovered treasure of my life more firmly to my breast, fearful I was still in a dream, that might banish and leave me again in misery and despair.

"And how did you follow me here?" I demanded, when sufficiently collected to make the inquiry.

"There is your address," my wife replied, handing me an Eastern paper containing the following paragraph, copied from a San Francisco paper:

"For Stockon—An unknown man was taken from a boarding house on Sansome street yesterday, and brought before the commissioners of lunacy, and by them committed to the asylum at Stockton. From what could be gathered from his incoherent talk, his name is Charles Harden, from New York city, and he imagines himself to have committed some serious crime. His insanity is caused by fracture of the skull, which has been improperly trepanned."

"And who was it that I struck down and killed?"

"Your own reflection in our pier-glass mirror, which was shattered to atoms the night you disappeared."

And so it was my own second self, and none other.

We remain in California, my wife and I, for its air is genial, and if at times I recall the recollection of those long years of wretchedness and despair, it is that the contrast may render the present more peaceful and happy.—*Argonaut.*

VÆ VICTIS.

Miriam Beatrice Deane.

Ah, gracious, tender God!
Have I not tried to be both brave and strong,
E'en when the way I trod
Seemed desolate and long, so sadly long?

When tired, aching feet,
Bared to the touch of cruel rocks, bled fast;
When every heart-beat
Stabbed through me with some memory of the Past;

When darkness on me fell;
When Love lay dead, and fickle Hope was not;
When all the pangs of Hell
Seemed focussed, in my soul, to one white spot;—

Through all, have I denied
Thy right to take from me all warmth, all sun?
Through all, have I not cried:
"My Father, let thy hardest will be done?"

But now I can no more:
Oh, bark! so tossed by every bitter breath,
Drift idly from the shore,
And touch the cool, dark, waveless sea of Death!

A Flood and What Came of It.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, there was a young damsel called——. But perhaps I'd better not mention her name; she's changed it now, in any case, and to save everybody's feelings, I'll call her Mollie Muldoon—sweet Mollie Muldoon. Now a more delightful creature it would be hard to find, for she had that incomparable nature that blends the child with the woman; and whereas she could play like a kitten in seasons of frivolity, you might in a dire and serious extremity search the wide world over for a wiser or maturer judgment. She had the most wonderful knack of taking a shabby house, and going over it from top to bottom, with a touch here and a brush there, and a little adornment over yonder, so that, when she was through, the metamorphosis would be startling, and one would declare that under the kilt plaits of her house dress she concealed the wand ot a fairy.

Everybody knows that poverty and pride are like oil and water, and won't go together very well; and it could not be denied that Mollie's beauty and grace were sadly suited to the stinted means of life doled out to the widow Muldoon and her two children. When Mr. Muldoon was living they had all the luxuries that his handsome salary and generous heart could devise; but the bountiful heart became cold in death, and the handsome salary ceased long before Mollie was old enough fully to enjoy either the one or the other. It was only a mercy from heaven that Mrs. Muldoon's father outlived her husband, and was able to allow her a small income, or heaven knows what would have become of sweet little Mollie, with her yearnings after fashionable furbelows and surroundings.

Poor little Mollie! Many a time I've seen her beautiful eyes filled with tears of rage and mortification over an abortive attempt at making a dress with puffs and frills out of a small pattern; but out she came presently with some old under-skirt of her mother's, or aunt's or grandmother's, and with a few touches of her magic fingers the whole fabric would fall together, colors and all as gracefully as a rainbow, and then her eyes would shine again, and her dimpled chin go up in the air with the true pride of genius.

"Just look at that Mollie Muldoon," said Fanny Sharp, as Mollie went by; "she's ruining her mother, the way she dresses."

"Pride goeth before a fall," croaked old Granny Sharp.

It was only a week or so after that I heard from Mrs. Muldoon's own lips the confirmation of a rumor that been going about for months—that Mollie was actually engaged to be married to young Adolphus Dacre. The Dacres had been given over by our whole community long since. They had treated the church scandalously, hiring the best pew, and never paying a penny on it; the grocer had refused to give them any further credit; the butcher's cart drove right by their door; and Malony, the milkman, had been seen sitting upon the front stoop of the Dacres,' waiting, he said, for one or two things—his money or the liver of Mr. Dacre.

"And of course," said Mollie, "so long as these miserable tradespeople held on, and treated the Dacres with respect, the whole aristocracy of Babbleton followed suit; but now that the butcher and baker and candlestickmaker have given them up"—

"It's a case of the rotten potato," said her seventeen-year-old-brother Jack.

"Have you too turned against Dolph?" said Mollie.

"I!" replied the lad, with mock tragedy. "Never! As a friend of mine, he's A 1, and no mistake; but I don't take much stock in Dolph as a brother-in-law. It's all he can do to keep himself in chuck."

"Mamma, will you make Jack stop talking slang?"

"I beg pardon," said Jack; "what I meant to say was that under existing circumstances Mr. Adolphus Dacre finds it exceedingly difficult to supply his own individual necessities, and positively declines any inducement to take in the matrimonial racket."

"Declines me!" said Mollie, with scornful emphasis.

"Declines the whole feminine generation," said Jack.

That very day, which was a freezing one in December, Mollie was seen down upon the skating pond executing with marvelous grace and facility the intricate evolutions of the outer edge, and with her was Dolph Dacre. Whatever might have been his inclination toward the feminine generation in general, it was plainly evident that to Mollie in particular his whole heart and soul went out in fond emotion. His face was of the same mobile tendency as Mollie's, and love, admiration, devotion, idolatry, beamed in every line of it.

"It's a shame to part them," said the romantic lookers-on.

"It's ruinous to have them so much together," said the prudent; but Mollie and Dolph went gliding on, their hands locked together, their glad hearts caring no more for fate than for the freezing wind.

"Dolph is a bang-up skater," said Jack that night at supper. "That patch in his left boot loosened his skate, or he'd have been the top of the heap. If he could only get a pair of shoes"—

"Do you mean to say," said Mollie, the morsel upon her fork suddenly becoming distastful to her—do you mean to say that Dolph Dacre can't get as many shoes as he wants?"

"Well, sis, if it come to that, can I? Can you? Poverty is a blamed uncomfortable thing; but I hope it's no disgrace."

"It is a disgrace. It is a hideous, heinous, unbearable crime!" said Mollie, and pushed her chair away, and went up stairs to cry her pretty eyes out.

Her mother found her with her head buried in the pillow, her whole little body quivering with excitement.

"Why, Mollie, my child"—began poor placid Mrs. Muldoon; and then the young termagant turned upon her.

"It's your business," she cried, "to put an end to this madness between Dolph and me. Do you think it's a very nice thing to have your daughter—papa's daughter—engaged to be married to a man that can't afford to buy himself a pair of shoes?"

"A little temporary embarrassment, my child."

"A little temporary fiddlestick!" broke in Mollie. "It's forever and ever, and hopeless, and I wish I was dead!" Here she began to sob again.

"What can I do?" said poor Mrs. Muldoon.

"You can break off the engagement—forbid him to enter your doors—insult him—tell him you wont give your daughter to a pauper—make him so mad he'll never look at me again."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said the poor lady, her cheeks beginning to burn. "I admire and respect the young man too much to cause him any unnecessary suffering; but I'll tell him to give you up, for his own sake as well as yours."

Poor Dolph met Mrs. Muldoon half way. He confessed it was the merest presumption upon his part to aspire to the hand of a creature so fair and sweet and supremely perfect; he owned that his pecuniary prospects were hopeless, and his future a blank season of despair.

"I can get him back again," said Mollie; but she found this not so easy, after all. Dolph had a pride of his own that had long battled impotently against his love. He came no more to the house; the skating pond missed its champion; the main street lost its most graceful promenador; no more little billets-doux went into the vest pocket nearest his heart, or lay in the perfumed recesses of Mollie's battered writing-desk. The broker's office where Dolph was employed opened late and closed early, for there was very little business doing those times of commercial depression, but he haunted the busy streets of the financial center with so haggard and distracted an air that he passed for a youth who had ventured his all upon some rotten security and lost it. Which, indeed, was the truth in more ways than one.

Mollie, who had not looked for this firmness of resolve upon his part, began to grow pale and listless; she also forsook the familiar haunts that love had made so delightful, and busied herself more than ever with patching up the outward appearances of her toilet and the shabby surroundings at home. She grew less plump, less rosy, faint lines of thought traced her fair white brow; her eyes took a shade of melancholy in their depth that made them a deeper, softer, darker blue.

"She's losing her health," sighed poor Mrs. Muldoon.

It was midsummer, and Babbleton was at its lovliest and best, and it became necessary for fashionable people to leave it at once. Among the arrivals at a popular watering-place might have been noticed the names of Mrs. Cinqbar and her niece Miss Mollie Muldoon, and within a month letters began to reach Babbleton that made the heart of poor Mrs. Muldoon beat with alternate hope and fear.

"Mollie behaves like an angel," wrote Mrs. Cinqbar; "and if you show the least discretion and sense in following up this providential opportunity of hers, it will be the luckiest thing in the world for you all. Mr. Fithian is a man of distinction and influence as well as wealth, and will be able to give Jack a push in life. We should all of us be exceeding grateful for Mollie's success; and I do hope you'll manage to get that moldy dining-room of yours repapered and painted before Mollie's return. Jack might help in these things during his holidays, and I'll see that you have presentable linen and china for the table. If you lived within the pale of civilization, Mr. Fithian needn't of course, stay to a meal; but no one can tell what may happen in that miserable Babbleton, in the way of a flood, or hurricane, or something."

Mrs. Muldoon did her feeble best, aided by some abortive efforts of Jack, whose invention far outran his executive ability; but when Mollie came back the whole domestic *menage* began to wear an air of comfortable serenity. Mollie soothed the fear and fluster of her mamma, altered her old black silk to the newest style, coaxed and bullied Jack into semi-recognition of the inevitable, and everything went merry as a marriage-bell. Aunt Cinqbar was astonishingly generous for one of her cautious proclivities; and other relatives, who had hitherto been as adamant to the calls for relief, became plastic as putty in the face of this joyful extremity.

Mollie's wedding trousseau far exceeded her wildest ambition; and as she had considerable versatility of soul, these smooth expanses of silk and velvet took some such a shape to her as the lump of rough marble to the sculptor, or nicely-stretched canvas to an artist. Her eyes began to glow before the scissors snipped into the material; and when the whole ideal conception was realized, and particularly as the train hung well, and she was fitted to a nicety, she was wildly happy.

Only once was there an open allusion to Dolph. When it was proposed that the bridal couple should kneel during the benediction, "No, no," cried Mollie; men never kneel gracefully, at least there are very few—only one; but never mind."

Two or three hours after, her mother came upon her unawares, and found her with her face bowed upon her hands. When it was lifted, it was wet with tears; but she would bear no caressing, and only said she was tired, and so glad the storm would prevent Mr. Fithian from coming down. In truth, it was a day in which no man, beast or reptile would care to be abroad. Heavy black clouds hung over Babbleton; the wind swept wildly through the deserted streets, increasing at nightfall to a hurricane, howling and shrieking like an unloosed demon about the dwellings of that hapless suburb, tearing ruthlessly the gimcracks of flimsy architecture from roofs and balconies, up-rooting trees and shrubs, rocking Mollie's bedstead like a cradle, and at last sending a brick with direful accuracy straight down Mrs. Muldoon's chimney through the kitchen stovepipe, blocking up the damper, and frustrating the baking of a lovely meat pie that Mollie had made for supper.

Then the heavens opened, and the rain fell; and such a rain! A bucketful at a drop, Jack said, when he came home from town. He was wet to the knees, and declared that, two blocks below, a raft was plying from corner to corner; the boys were getting out their boats, and if the storm continued, the city of Venice would be nothing to Babbleton. As the kitchen fire had gone out, Jack's clothes were put to dry in the dinning-room; the meat pie was still in its dough casing, but the coffee was warm; and there was plenty of cold ham in the larder. "And with ham and pickles," said Jack, "we can defy the elements."

So they all sat down to supper, Mollie's hair in one braid down her back, and the bib of her kitchen apron still tucked under her chin, when suddenly there was a ring at the bell.

"If that's Mr. Fithian," said Mollie, "I shall die. Do run up and see, Jack."

Then Mrs. Muldoon and Mollie waited in breathless silence, and, as the house was small, and its acoustic properties accommodating, the smoothly modulated tones of Mr. Fithian came distinctly to their ears. "Is Miss Mollie in?" Jack rather thought she wasn't out. Then the parlor door opened and shut, and Jack came below.

"He's more like Mephistopheles than ever to-night," said Jack. "He's always tall and lean and cadaveros, but he's a specter now; and his eyes have all the gleaming of a demon in their dreaming."

"Is he very wet, Jack?"

"Wet! He's drowned. But he's as polite as a mounseer; he's holding two quarts of water at this present minute in his high hat, and smiling blandly while the rain drops over his marble brow."

Mollie went bravely up into the parlor. Now there is this about the grace of youth, that it is invincible; and Mr. Fithian had never found Mollie so charming as when she stood there before him with her kitchen bib on, and her hair in one braid down her back; but, on the other hand, a gentleman of Mr. Fithian's phsique style and age can be awfully brought to grief by two hours' wading in a tempest. His devotion was supreme, and merited a better acknowledement at the hands of Mollie; but we all know the weakness and ingratitude of human nature. His overcoat and high hat and overshoes were thrown together in a wet mass upon the rack; Mollie saw them as she passed through the hall, and her heart sank within her. Did he expect to remain? With the kitchen fire out, and the back area filled with water, and nothing in the house but ham and pickles, did this alien and stranger expect to be asked to share their humble hospitality? He stood there, pretending to look at a book upon the marble table, while the water fell from his coat-tails in a pool.

"You—you are so wet!" said Mollie!"

"I know it," he said. "Can't I go some where and get dry? Let me go down stairs, Mollie, to the kitchen fire; surely you don't mind me, darling. Run down and ask your mother's permission."

Her mother met her at the stairs with a pale face and outstretched hands. "Don't come down, Mollie; the whole lower floor is flooded; the heater is out."

Mollie went into the parlor again. "There isn't one spark of heat in the whole house," she said to Mr. Fithian.

"Perhaps, under these circumstances, it would be better to retire to the upper chamber," said Mr. Fithian, whose teeth were now beginning unpleasantly to chatter.

"Yes, we'd better all go to bed," said poor Mrs. Muldoon; "we can at least be dry and warm there."

At that moment a portentous drop fell straight from the ceiling upon the sparsely-covered cranium of Mr. Fithian.

"Great heavens! the roof is leaking!" cried Mrs. Muldoon; and rushing up stairs, they found a stream of water in the upper chamber gradually making its way to the floor below. It leaked from under the closet door. In that closet hung the better part of Mollie's bridaltrousseau. She walked with a faltering step and beating heart to the door, opened it, and took one quick gasp to catch her breath. A gust of wind blew her one braid of hair over her eyes, the rain came pelting down; the sky-light had blown off; the pretty conceits of silk and velvet, the unrivalled conceptions of the dressmaker's brain, the ribbons and lace and all the dainty finery there, had fallen a prey to the devastation of the elements. It was all over. Mollie was pale, but calm. She walked down stairs again with a firm step. As she went she heard a familiar voice in a subdued whisper.

"This floor is all right now, Mrs. Muldoon; the drain was clogged. Now Jack and I will get at the kitchen stove."

It was the voice of Dolph Dacre, the sweetest melody the world held for poor little Mollie Muldoon. Nothing could have kept her then from descending to the kitchen floor. It was wet and cold, and feebly lighted by the straggling flame of a solitary lamp, but Mollie suddenly found it radiant. It was warm, it was glowing, it was delightful. Dolph stood there, in his shirt sleeves, holding the kitchen stovepipe, while Jack was extricating the intruding brick. His luxuriant locks were blown across his brow, a bar of soot extended Dolph's mustache, but, oh! the invisible grace of youth! Mollie looked at Dolph with clasped hands and pleading eyes.

"Hold on, Jack," said Dolph, and dropped the stovepipe.

"What's the row?" said Jack, and looking up, found Mollie clasped to Dolph's bursting and exulting heart.

"It's all over, Dolph," sobbed Mollie. I did the best I could, but everything's spoiled. And what's the use? All the poor man can do is to get away, and stay away forever."

"I'll go for some conveyance for him, if you say so so, Mollie," said Dolph, who had a compassionate heart.

"If you only could," said Mollie.

And he did. Mr. Fithian was quite ill for several weeks, and somehow in gaining one fever he lost the other. At all events, when Mollie was married, the other day, to Dolph Dacre, among the wedding peesents was a set of silver from Mr. Fithian; and whether he meant it for satire or a religious exhortation nobody knew, but this inscription was neatly engraved upon the coffee urn: "A foolish man builds his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

The Bride and Her Dowry.

A clergyman was sent for to visit a girl who was seriously ill. The illness proved fatal, and the mother was left bereaved of her child as well as husband. A few days after the child's funeral the widow called and requested to see the clergyman. She put into his hand a small packet, which she begged he would give to some society which was sending the Gospel to the heathen world. He opened the parcel, and to his amazement counted out twenty dollars. He at once remonstrated with the widow; told her that, gaining her prearcious living as a laundress, she surely ought not to give so large a sum. With firmness she urged him to take it, and then said, "How I came to have this large sum is just this: When my child was born I thought, 'She'll live to get married some of these days,' and I thought I would put by a little sum to be a store for her then, and I began that day with sixpence. You know what happened last week. Well, I thought, 'The Heavenly Bridegroom has come, and he has called her home to His bride; and, as He has taken the bride, it is only right that He should have the dowry.' "

DEACON ADAMS ADMONISHES HIS SON.

What's them things in yer pocket, Jake, a-bulgin' out so? Hey?
What? Apples! After all my good advice, you mean to say
You've been a-stealin' apples ag'in on the Sabbath day!
A-stealin'! Hain't I told ye 'tis a sin to steal a pin?
And stealin' apples on Sunday is a blamed sight meaner sin;
But you will keep stealin' 'em time and time ag'in.
Sweet apples, too, I'll ventur'! the sickliest kind of trash?
Such condemned foolish wickedness beats patience all to smash;
I wouldn't had it happen----not for fifty cents in cash!
To steal sweet apples, Sundays, aint no ways to behave;
If you dodge the cholera morbus you'll live to be a knave;
And bring my wig and nat'ral hair in sorrow to the grave.
You'd make a purty deacon, wouldn't you, Why, look at me!
Did I get to be a deacon by petty larceny?
No! Stealin' is too risky for genuine piety.
We needn't allus tell the truth to spile a trade that's brewin',
For if you don't take strangers in, in trade, why, they'll take you in;
But stealin' apples Sunday is the roa to moral ruin.
I don't see, Jacob, where you got your streak of thievery;
It ain't the Adams' style----the Adamses was jest like me----
And your mother's side, the Browns were famed for honesty.
I hope, I really hope that you won't steal ag'in my lad,
For if you should get ketched at it 'twould make me very sad.
Hem! Jacob----hain't you got a good sweet apple for your dad?

An Appreciative Old Party.

Sometimes it is rather difficult to sustain a conversation even with a man who is apparently willing to talk. Yesterday, on the C. B. & Q. train coming east from Fairfield, two men occupied a seat just in front of me. One of them was a pleasant-looking old man, and the other was a young man, who looked like a student. They appeared to be strangers to each other, and for some miles they rode in silence. Then our train paused a moment to catch its breath at a siding and a freight train went thundering past us. Then the young man turned to his neighbor and said:

"What a wonderful thing is a railroad."

"Eh?" said the old gentleman, looking up with a pleased expression, "Eh?"

"I say a railroad," repeated the young man, "is a wonderful thing."

"Oh!" said the old man, delighted, "is it?"

The studently looking young man looked as though he didn't know just exactly what to say to that, and nobody blamed him.

But the old man was too well pleased to find a talkative friend to permit the conversation to die an untimely death as that, so he asked, in brisk, interested tones:

"Why is it?"

The young man looked as though he didn't exactly know why, as indeed any man might have looked under the circumstances, but he gathered himself and said, with a little rhetorical flourish:

"Why, it winds through the valleys and scales almost inaccessible mountain heights; it creeps along the dizzy ledges of the beating precipice and stretches away hundreds of miles across the smiling plains and the limitless prairies; it pierces the rock-ribbed hills, and where it cannot climb it burrows; it winds around——"

Old gentleman, in a fine burst of enthusiasm.

"Oh, doesit?"

Now, what could any man say to that? The young man felt just that way, and all the fire died out of his eyes and the flush faded away from his cheeks, and somehow he found himself wishing that he had the old man in a dark and lonely tunnel on the Union Pacific railroad, and no one by to stop the murder. Of course he sank into profound, abashed silence, but the old party was by this time thoroughly interested in the subject, and he spurred his young companion on by aaying, after an apparently intense intellecual effort:

"Er—er—but why? wha' for?"

The young man made one more effort to entertain his enthusiastic comrade, and answered his rather childish question, growing in earnestness as he went on:

"Why, to meet the ceaseless demands of restless trade; to annihilate space and bring the climates close together; to pour the gold and silver into the treasury vaults at Washington; to bring the corn of Iowa to the port of New York; to empty the wheat fields of Minnesota into the elevators of Baltimore; to"—

Old gentleman, fairly carried off his feet with excitement:

"Ground, fences and all?"

Then the young man glued his nose to the window and riveted his whole attention to the landscape, and the old party vainly endeavored to draw him out again. He was enthusiastic enough, was the old man, but somehow he didn't have the flow of language to express it.

The Patent Buffer.

It was a reporter on a live daily who had glued his lynx eye to the keyhole of a Baldwin hotel room, the other day, when he was disgusted to find, on looking up, that the occupant of the apartment was beaming down on him from the transom. "Day, day," said the guest, cheerfully; "guess you've struck the wrong number. The man suspected of a forgery and being a politician is next door, and the man with four wives is just across the hall."

"I—really—mus' excuse," stammered the for once abashed special.

"Not at all; don't mention it," put in the boarder, jumping down and pulling the quill-driver in to the room. "Fact is I was just laying for one of you fellows; knew you'd be along presently."

"Want to be interviewed?"

"No; I want to show you press gentlemen a little invention of mine that ought to be in the possession of every reporter in the country, and it will be, too. I expect to sell no end of 'em to your paper alone."

"Do, eh?"

"Certainly. I call it the Reporters' Patent Combined Spiral Spring and India Rubber Nose-Buffer. You have often in the fulfilment of yourduties had the door through which you were looking opened most unexpectedly, inflicting a severe blow upon the nasal extremity. This sometimes leads to inflammation, especially where the keyhole is brass; gangrene sets in—lockjaw—death! Now all you fellows have to do is to carry a patent buffer, put up in one of these elegant morocco cases, and—"

But the newspaper-man made a dash for the elevator and escaped.—*San Francisco Post.*

UNITED THEY STOOD.

The Only Day Upon Which the Americans and English Fought as Allies.

An English paper published in Shanghia, China, gives this reminiscence: Thursday, the 4th of April, was the anniversary of the battle of Muddy Flat, which occurred in 1845, and is, we believe, memorable as the only occasion when the American and British flags were united or allied against an enmy. The volunteers' flag, destroyed at the fire at the British consulate, bore these words: "4th April. Defence not Defiance." Few remain now in Shanghai who were present and took part on that memorable occasion, and a few scraps from memory of the event may not be uninteresting to the volunteers of the present day. For some time previously the Imperialist soldiers, or as they really were, rabble, were encamped outside the Defence Creek, their camps extending from the Joss House at the Soochow Creek nearly up to the turning of the race course at Probst's Garden. They had made several fruitless attempts to drive the rebels from the city.

The imperialists were, however, a continual source of annoyance to all foreigns, for as their encampment was on the edge of the creek they would insult foreigners and even ladies walking on this side of the creek. They for several days cut off our market supplies, compelling us to fall back on Cross & Blackwell. Notwithstanding repeated remonstrances from the consuls to the Chinese commanders, they refused to retire to a distance, or stay their insults or encroachments. One source of great danger was, that they used to place their targets for ball practice in such a position that the ball would come hissing near the persons of foreigners while taking exercise on the road. At last becoming emboldened, they assaulted a lady while being carried in a chair, and wounded her husband, and it was determined to expel the intruders the intrud- by force. It was, therefore, arranged by the American and British Consuls that they should unite their forces, call out the volunteers and all foreigners to assist the naval force to drive away the imperialist's army.

The volunteers to a man turned out under Captain Wade, then her Majesty's vice-consul. The force, under the command of Captain O'Callagan, of the Encounter, and Captain Kelly, of the Plymouth, marched out to the spot on the Maloo, between the Racket Court and the old Grand Stand, the American force taking ground where the municipal stud are stabled. It had been duly notified to the Imperialist commmander that they would be given up to three P. M. to move off, but as there was no signs of his complying, at the moment of three o'clock, as if by magic, a shell from each gun fired by the American and English forces fell bursting into the encampment, a general stampede followed, and the country to the westward, so to speak, blackened and blued with the figures of hurriedly retreating soldiers. Not one of the foreigners had the slighest idea that the camp contained so many soldiers.

After the first shelling, when the soldiers had apparently evacuated the position, the foreign forces approached the works; in doing so they were fired upon by the soldiers stationed at the guns pointing from concealed port holes, when M. Gray, of Russel & Co., was wounded, losing a leg. Captain Pearson, of the American ship Rose Standish, received a mortal wound in the face. The carpenter of her Majesty's ship Encounter was killed, also a seaman of the United States ship Plymouth. Mr. Brine an English merchant, one of the volunteers, received a mortal wound in the head. Some minor casualties were also received. It was not ascertained how many men were killed of the Chinese. Their encampment were completely destroyed. In consequence of the determined action of this handful of foreigners, the Chinese commander considered it prudent to move off to a more respectful distance. The whole affair was very pluckily carried out. About 400 foreigners in all bravely left their houses, and attacked, it was estimated, about 15,000 Chinese intrenched with several large guns in position. And so vast the number of Chinese who followed in the rear of the foreigners, and remained between them and their homes, that, had they had any sympathy for their countrymen they had only to oppose their return, and the foreigners would have been attacked front and rear, and not one could have escaped. The rebels, seeing the success of the foreigners, came out and completed the destruction of the encampment.

Lingnal Difficulties.

A Maine man, the other day, in a public court of London, said he spoke "American," and all the court laughed. On one occasion an estimable attache to the late Mr. Bennett, and who, from the fatigues of the job press of the New York *Herald*, aimed to study medicine and become a city coroner of Gotham, illustrated the power and the peace of language at one and the same time. The very first case of the doctor's coronership was that concerning the death by murder of an Italian. The only or chief witness was the terrified son of the murdered man. He was brought before the learned doctor, who said, in an imperial Milesian style, worthy of a Gotham coroner:

"Well, my lad, what language do you speak?"

No response.

"Do you speak German?"

No response.

"Do you speak French?"

No response.

"Do you speak Spanish?"

No response.

"Do you speak Italian?"

No response.

"Well, do you speak Irish?"

No response.

Turning to the jury, the classical doctor said: "Gentlemen, in the whole course of my professional experience I have never had such an astonishing witness brought before me. As you see, I have addressed him in five different languages, and he has responded in neither."

Having fined a tavern keeper for selling liquor without a license, two magistrates near Toronto remarked to the people in court: "Come, boys, let's have a drink!" and led the way to the identical tavern.