

AT THE MESS TABLE.

By GEORGE T. LAMGAN. At the mess table, the guests were seated, and the guests were seated, and the guests were seated...

hadn't got to playing he might be told him it was wrong and had to play, he used to say, "Why, my dear, you're playing wrong, but only for the candy, or the cigars, or something like that. And when we heard that the young folks played, and down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and Squire Ring was going to play a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothing at all with him. We used to think it awful to do that way when I was young, but it just seems to me as if everybody nowadays was going wrong into something or other. But maybe it isn't right for you to talk to your judge in this way, but it just seemed to me as if the very sight of those heads would kill me, Judge; I thought if you only know how I felt, you would not play on so; and then to think, right here before all those young folks! Maybe, Judge, you don't know how younger folks, especially boys, look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that, maybe that if them that ought to know better than to do so, and them as are higher lart, and all that, would be turned examples, my poor Tom would be alive and now for his poor old mother; but then there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor little grandchild, my dear darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois."

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you now, Jack, that though it's well enough to be tender hearted and all that, it don't do to have too much of it, especially in the butchering business. But under his rough fustian coat Jack carried a heart warmer and kinder than most boys brought up to seeing young lambs and calves led away daily from sorrowing mothers to be slaughtered in the butcher's pen, and he could not drive from his mind the thought of the sad faces he had seen that evening; they walked on again in silence, and it was only when he reached the gate that he said, half jesting, half in earnest: "I suppose you'd have no objection if I could buy the cow back?" "None in the world," answered his father, with an easy smile. "I have no grudge against the poor animal's life."

THE BLOWN BIRD. The maple's leaves are whirled away; The depths of the great pines are stirred; Night settles on the silent day; As in its nest the mountain bird, My wandering feet go up and down, And back and forth from town to town, Through the lone wood and by the sea, To find the bird that fled from me; I followed, and I follow yet; I have forgotten to forget. My heart goes back, but I go on; But see divided by our way; Through summer heat and winter snow; Poor heart, you are no longer one; Go to the nest I built and call— She may be hiding after all— The empty nest, if that remains, And leave me in the long, long rains; My sleeves with tears are wet— I have forgotten to forget. Men know my story, but not me— For such fidelity, they say, Exists not—such a man as he Exists not in the world to-day. His light bird has flown the nest, She is no more than all the rest; Constant they are not—only good To bill and coo, and hatch the brood; He has but one thing to regret— He has forgotten to forget. All day I see the ravens fly; I hear the sea-birds scream all night; The moon goes up and down the sky, The sun comes in with ghastly light; Leave whirring, white flakes around me blow— Are they spring blossoms or the snow? Only my hair! Good by, my heart, The time has come for us to part; Be still! You will be happy yet— For death remembers to forget. —Translated from the Japanese.

THEIR SECOND YOUTH. The Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which overlooked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing and chattering and whispering, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them; she was thinking. At last she looked up and yawned—"Oh, I am so sleepy and thirsty! Mabel, bring me some water." Mabel obeyed—and as she received the cup, she said "Your Ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow?" "To-morrow! What is to-morrow?" "Does not your Ladyship recollect that to-morrow is your Ladyship's birthday?" "My birthday? Oh, yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel in no humor for merriment now. Lay down your work, girls, for a little while, and take a stroll in the garden." When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking glass she said: "My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine! That sounds odd! It is ten years since my father came into possession of this estate, and every one of those years have passed one just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I look no older." And she looked again into the mirror. "I am no older in any one respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine!" Her reverie was here disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father. "Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame! go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbor L— this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party." At this the Lady Annabel's color heightened visibly. "He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were setting, that as our estates touch, and as he has but one son, and I have but the daughter—; but I hear my men; they have brought home the stags—one of them has such horns! You must come down after awhile and see them." So saying he left her. "And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel to herself. "How well I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday! I was 12 years old, and, although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy. I refused to dance with him because he was a whole head shorter than I—but if my father and his have such plans for us—"

rather, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did. A few months more, and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left on earth, and earnestly and bitterly does she pray that she may die, and leave this world of sorrows. She receives no visitors, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall, closely-veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the shady walks about the castle, and the village children coming home from school peep at her through the hedge and whisper: "It is only the old lady taking her walk." We said visitors were never admitted there, and they were not. So much the greater then was the surprise of all the servants when, one day, a fine-looking, middle-aged man was seen in the large parlor in converse with their mistress; this was repeated so often that at last it became quite a customary thing. She took no more solitary walks; her black veil was laid aside; her close cap again gave way to her glossy hair—glossy still, though streaked with gray. Her youth was coming back—for was not this Jasper—the Jasper of old—her first love? Poor Jasper! he had been unhappy in his marriage, and upon his wife's death had come home with his son after long years spent in poverty abroad. He did not think the Lady Annabel too old for him now, so the castle was the second time illuminated for a marriage, and a second time were the jewels taken from their cases. "Jasper," said Annabel, "the world will call us an old couple. It is true years have passed over us. We have been old, both of us, but it was sorrow that made us so, not time. Sorrow has left us now, and time has brought us to this, our second youth. Is it not so? For, although they speak the truth when they say both of us have gray hairs, yet, if they could but see our hearts, they would say there is youth yet in them—as in the day when I would not dance with you because you were a head shorter than I, or the day when you deserted me because I was too old for you."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In the winter of 1870 I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago on the N. W. railway. At Oshkosh we were joined by a delegation of lawyers on their way to Madison, the capital, to attend the Legislature, then in session. They were all men of more than usual intellect, and of exceptional character. Two were ex-Judges of the Circuit Court, and one I had seen Chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association. The party found seats near together, and after the salutations were over and the news duly discussed they began to look about for means to while away the time. After awhile some one proposed a game of cards. No sooner said than done. Two seats were turned apart so as to face each other, a cushion arranged for a table, and three of our lawyers, including the Chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a Chicago runner, on good terms with them, were soon deep in the mysteries of a game of euchre. I was surprised to see Christian gentlemen and Judges of law and equity, leaders of society, makers of public sentiment, lawgivers for a great State, directors of public morals, supposed to be good examples of all that is good and noble in the human mind, thus neglecting their seal of approval to a most dangerous and evil practice. To be sure they played for stakes no higher than the cigars for the party. But it seems to me that, in the eyes of all discreet persons, this does not change the act nor lessen the danger of its example, but rather heightens it; as from the less to the greater is the invariable course of crime. But I did not intend to moralize on paper, but was about to do so when I was filled with such thoughts as these of the party grew tired of the game, and our remaining Judge was invited to take his place. I saw the blood mount in an honest blush of disapproval to his manly face, and he hesitated and drew back. But the game had become interesting and his excited companions urged him. "Come, Judge, take a hand," they cried, "we can't go on without you." So the Judge slowly rose from his seat, inwardly condemning the act as I evidently saw, and stepping forward took a seat among the players and the game went on. I had noticed an old lady in a seat to the rear of the players, who had got on board at Menasha, I believe. Gray and bent with age, she had sat abashed, and with eyes closed, seemed asleep most of the time, until the train, stopping at Oshkosh, she opened her eyes and looked at the company of lawyers. She then underwent a change, and became greatly interested in the company, looking from one to the other, as if she recognized them all, or as trying to recall their faces. When the game of cards was started she became very restless, would hunch uneasily about in her seat, take up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bite the threads. Once or twice I thought she wiped her eyes under her "Shaker bonnet," but could not tell. She acted so strangely, I became more interested in her than in the players, and watched her closely. She got up after a time and tottered forward, holding on to the seats as she passed. She brushed against Judge— in passing, but he had become interested in the game and did not notice her. Reaching the water tank at last, she drank a cup of water, and took a seat near the door, with her back to the players. But she did not long remain there; rising again with difficulty, she tottered back toward her former seat, but reaching the players she paused, directly in front of them, and, now greatly excited, threw back her bonnet from her face and looked around the company. Her action at once arrested their attention, and pausing in their play they all looked up inquiringly. Gazing directly in the face of Judge— she said in a tremulous voice, "Do you know me, Judge?" "No, mother, I don't remember you,"

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HOW JACK ENGAGED THE BEEF. Early and late had Farmer Bruce labored since taking his little family out West, trying his best to make an honest living for them, and lay up a little fortune for hard times; but the hard times came along before he was ready, and it seemed as though troubles grew faster than anything else around him, causing many anxious days and sleepless nights for him and his good, thrifty wife. Sickness came first, forcing him to lay by at the very time that his fields needed him most, and when at last his grain was planted, a long drought, injuring the crops of others but slightly, absolutely ruined his, and seeming, as he disconsolately said, as if sent directly against him. In truth, it was discouraging, and while his neighbors on all sides—old settlers, and well-to-do—were prospering and thriving, storing away their gathered produce, the poor farmer only found himself growing poorer, and, knowing that he had little to put by from his summer's work for the winter's needs, he grew more and more dejected and anxious. One by one it had been necessary to sell the few pieces of stock they had owned, the pigs going first to pay the doctor's bill, the sheep next to buy seed, and now it had long been a settled fact in the poor man's mind, long before he would tell his wife or little Donald or Patsy, that "Clover," the good, gentle cow, must go. He had not the heart to tell them, for had not Clover come all the way from their far Eastern home with them, and for four years—as long almost as little Patsy could remember—had been just like one of the family; and surely, a better or more affectionate cow never lived. Every summer evening Donald and Patsy went to their father's side, and soon as she heard their voices, and waiting to give them the trouble of looking for her, she would come quickly from the woods or the meadow to meet them, and all three walking home together, you would never know but that it was Clover taking care of them instead of their driving her. And as for their mother, a tender-hearted, timid, little woman, who had never learned to know her neighbors very well, Clover seemed like a real friend to her, reminding her always of her home and her friends she had left there. And now to think that Clover must be sold! And, what was worse still, no one around wanted to buy a milk cow, and because she was so fat, fed continually by the children with everything good, it was the butcher who wanted her, offering more than any one else. Oh, it did seem hard, and yet, look at it as they would, there seemed no help for it. "It is to go bad for our children," said Farmer Bruce, as the tears streamed down his wife's eyes. "We are owing now for the best provision, and I have not a cent with which to buy more. And you know we are almost strangers here still, and even if I felt it right to borrow with so little certainty of paying, I know of no one who would probably loan me the price of the cow. It always looks as though people were so poor; but God only knows how hard we have worked, or how we have tried to save. Sometimes it seems as though even His hand would be against me."

THE WINDIEST CITY. A citizen of Buffalo, who had been renowned for writing the windiest city in the land, wrote some years since, to General Myers for the statistics on the subject. In reply he received a table which he has just published in the Buffalo Courier, showing the quantity of wind, measured in miles, which passed over the principal cities of the United States during the year ending November 30, 1874. The following is the table: Names of Cities. Miles. Names of Cities. Miles. Augusta, Ga., 35,720; Indianapolis, Ind., 49,374; Baltimore, Md., 33,969; Louisville, Ky., 56,885; Boston, Mass., 66,634; Milwaukee, Wis., 30,482; Buffalo, N. Y., 10,000; St. Louis, Mo., 44,097; Charleston, S. C., 65,484; Nashville, Tenn., 39,951; Chicago, Ill., 36,773; New Orleans, La., 69,078; Erie, Pa., 32,779; New York, N. Y., 32,621; Duluth, Minn., 41,388; Norfolk, Va., 70,779; Eastport, Me., 79,833; San Francisco, Cal., 34,896; Erie, Pa., 32,779; New York, N. Y., 32,621; Galveston, Tex., 38,731; St. Louis, Mo., 44,097; Philadelphia, Pa., 31,577; Washington, D. C., 64,619. Note.—The record for Philadelphia was incomplete, showing 61,571 miles less than eleven months.

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A QUESTION FOR SCIENTISTS. It is a little remarkable that the "science" of pugilism as developed in the prize-ring has never received more attention from the savants. It is ignored in the encyclopedias, and the Darwinian, Spencerian and scientific and philosophical systems. Delsarte mapped out the whole human body into mental, moral and passionless areas till it looked like a chess-board, but pugilism does not appear in any of the squares as a mental, moral or vital force bearing upon the art of expression. Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, Comte and others have analyzed all the springs of impulse, all the outcomes of heredity, all the mysteries of being, all the evolutions of descent, but not one of them has touched upon this distinguishing characteristic that separates Anglo-Americans from all other nations, and links them so closely with the brute. How much light they might have thrown upon this subject in solving this ethnological mystery why it is that prize-fighting is confined to British and American soil! Frenchmen fight duels with pistol or sword, but never with fists. Germans fight duels with no intention of inflicting more than a scratch, and at the first drop of blood the encounter is over. Italians and Spaniards stand up behind an adversary with a stiletto, but never use fists. Russians, Turks, Chinese, Persians, Hindus, Hottentots, Indians know nothing of the prize-ring. It is rooted in Irish and English soil, with now and then vigorous offshoots transplanted in our own. It recruits its victims from the stalwart ranks of Hibernian and Briton life; it finds its patrons in the highest, and an English Marquis drew up one of the codes which govern its proceedings. What is there in English and Irish blood that does not run in the blood of the rest of the races and lead them to stand up in a ring and pummel each other to a jelly for money and a champion's belt, and without any personal hostility? What is it that makes fist-fighting, cock-fighting and dog-fighting almost exclusively Anglo-American entertainments? How is it that this strain of brute, savage force still remains in Anglo-Irish blood and is not found in the veins of any other nations whose courage is undoubted? These are questions upon which the savants might throw some light.—Chicago Tribune.