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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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A. W. BEMAN,
Attorney at Law. OFFICE, NO [illegible] Broadway (18th Ward), Cleveland, Oh

Little Elsie.

Ah, don't come a-wooing with your long, long purse!
And your longer purse behind;
I'm a bright young girl and I know my place,
And I think I know my mind.
I like to laugh, and dance and sing,
And to tease my parents dear.
My brothers call me a "tiresome thing,"
But they wouldn't miss me here.

Oh, 'tis I am my mother's heart's delight,
And my father's right hand brave,
Would I leave my home so free and bright
To be a rich man's slave?
Would I buy myself a gown of silk
In a grand dull house to pine,
When I have boys to play with and cows to milk,
And the whole fair world is mine?

Ah, don't come talking of the cares of life;
My head is gold, not gray;
And it's my desire to be no man's wife—
At least, not just to-day.
But I've a heart and it's warm and true,
And I'll keep it safe at ease;
And if one I love should come to woo,
I'll give it—when I please!

—Dinah Muloch Craik.

HOW I WAS TEMPTED.

Standing there, the bright sunlight about me, the terrible temptation of my life came. Not for my own sake was this temptation strong, but when I thought of her, my little baby girl, there came to me the knowledge that I would yield.

Yield—and to what?

To be the wife of a man whom my soul loathed, while my darling, the one love of my life, lay under the dark blue waves.

I would not believe this terrible story they told me—this man who sought me for his wife, and the coarse, ill-bred woman who now seemed to be mistress of the Grange, where for that short bright year of my married life I had reigned as a queen.

The terrible words burned in my brain—the words they had spoken to me, or rather, Vance had spoken; for though I felt there was some secret understanding between the new house-keeper and him, outwardly they were distant enough.

This is what he told me?

I had not been my darling's legal wife, for far away in another land, another wife had claimed him, a wife who died—at least, so he proved to me—six months after my marriage.

Oh, Heavens! how could I believe it? Believe that my love could be guilty of such a crime?

This man, Vance Eldridge, whom I so hated and despised, and my husband, Guy Ashton, whom I had worshipped, were second cousins, and both had been my lovers before I had chosen Guy.

When Vance had asked me to be his wife I told him I had already given my promise to Guy, who had spoken two days before him.

His face had grown black.

"I will not give you up to him!" he cried. "You are mine by the passion of love I bear you. What does he know of love?"

The next moment he had caught me in his arms, and, despite my struggles, had kissed me on my lips and brow.

"Coward! Shame! Disgrace to your name!" I cried hotly. Then I half pitied him, his face had grown so pale.

"Violet, I cannot ask your pardon, for I would peril my soul for those two kisses. The day will come when all your kisses will be mine, for I have sworn it, and I will manage some way to keep my oath."

The next moment I was alone, the terrible dread of Vance Eldridge, which never left me after, conquering every other feeling.

Three months later I was married to Guy, and then Vance left the home that had sheltered him from childhood.

I had never spoken to Guy of that scene, nor of the kisses that yet made my soul burn with anger at the remembrance of them. The offence had never been repeated, and on my wedding-day he went abroad.

Then one year passed, a year whose brightness lingers with me now, so full it was of passionate bliss and days bright with love's glory.

Merciful Heaven! could it be that the lover-husband, who kissed my lips with passionate tenderness, and surrounded me with every sign of love, the husband who had seemed to idolise me, had made me —— Oh no, no; it could not be!

"I will not believe it," I cried in my agony. "He was my husband. I was his wife."

Even this I cried aloud when Vance, who had come home shortly after the news of Guy's death, held before my eyes the terrible proofs of his story—the marriage-certificate of Inez Vanessa and Guy Ashton.

"You were not his wife, Violet."

"Not his wife!" I repeat, staggering blindly towards a chair; but before I reach it, Vance leaps to his feet, my senses leave me, and then—then I know no more.

When I open my eyes again, I am lying on the sofa all drenched with cologne-water, and Vance and the housekeeper are bending over me.

"She is better," I heard Vance say, as I opened my eyes, and then I closed them again, but I had seen the expression of relief on his face.

"She is fragile as the flower whose name she bears," he says; "but——"

I hear the woman say "Hush!" then something is held to my lips, which I drink without opening my eyes.

One week later my temptation came to me, when Vance asked me again to be his wife.

"Your choice is this, Violet," he said, "to leave the Grange with your name a by-word—for the truth must be told if you go—to leave it with your nameless little one in your arms, and his, Guy's, name a word of dishonor and reproach, or to become my worshipped and honored wife, and bury the terrible story from all human knowledge."

The temptation was terrible, and I yielded—yielded for my little yellow-haired baby's sake—the baby who looked at me with its father's eyes, and smiled with its father's smile—for her sake, my little Leoline, and for his as well—for Guy, who had wronged me so, but whom I had loved, nay, did love still, though he slept beneath the wave, with my heart and soul.

For his sake and the sake of his child I would sacrifice myself, that his name might rest in peace, not be remembered with dishonor.

Near the Grange, or, rather, below it—for it was built on an eminence—was a little Gothic cottage, owned by a gentleman who lived at some distance from it.

The cottage was exquisitely furnished, and the owner willing enough to let it, but found it hard to get a tenant it would suit in size, considering the rent.

One day, however, I was passing, and at one of the windows I saw a dark beautiful face, whose rare loveliness almost startled me.

As her eyes met mine she drew back, but not before I saw a strange interest—strange at least for one who I believed had never seen me before—dawning in her eyes, while I looked up, attracted by her manner.

A few days later I happened to be in one of the rooms of the Grange quite alone, for Leoline was sleeping, and with a deep pain at my heart I looked over the broad lands that I had believed my child's inheritance.

Standing there, I realised with full force the misery of the life that lay before me, as the wife of a man I actually shrank from—a man who I felt was a villain.

Ah, women's hearts are strange; that word I shrank from applying to Guy, who had so wronged me, while to this man, of whom I knew nothing actually wrong, it seemed the fitting term.

Somehow I spoke my thoughts aloud, and a voice behind me repeated my words.

"I will take back my promise," I said; "anything is better than an unwilling wife. He loves me, and he will have mercy."

"Ha, ha, ha! He loves you, and will have mercy. Ha, ha! If he does, Mrs. Nobody, I will not."

I turned, and was face to face with the housekeeper, whose vulgar face was almost purple, and appalling with the hideous expression that rested upon it.

"You fool!" she said; "I know all the story of Guy Ashton's marriage; and even if Vance were fool enough to let you slip, I would publish it. Great Heavens, girl, if you knew how I hate you!"

At this instant a light footfall was heard, and we both turned round and stood face to face with the beautiful stranger of the cottage.

Mrs. Cassin's face paled slightly, and without a word she turned and left us.

"I only came in," the stranger said, "because I heard your cry of terror;" then she took my hand. "Child," she said—"for you seem a child to me—will you tell me your trouble?"

I burst into tears and told her all, then looked up in her face.

"There is the man I have promised to marry," I said, as Vance came up the pathway.

I will never forget the look that came into her eyes as she rose to her feet.

"I do not wish to meet him," she said. "Oh, God, that I could save you! But I am powerless—my hands are tied."

Without waiting for an answer, she slipped through the window that opened on the veranda, and was gone before Vance entered the room.

Late that evening I saw him and Mrs. Cassin, the housekeeper, talking earnestly together, and my heart sank within me.

An hour after that Vance came to me and told me that the next morn must see me his bride, or——

He said no more, but I understood. My baby and I would go, not only friendless, but nameless, into the world.

Despair seemed to seize me, but I gasped out my assent, then fled to my own room, and, clasping Leoline in my arms, cried in passionate anguish:

"For your sake, my baby, and for your father's; but, oh, my darling, if we could only die together!"

Perhaps, had death seemed near me in any way, I would not have been so willing to go; but, despite my fragile appearance, I was young and healthy, and there was little danger just then of my wild wish being granted; but God knows I meant it at the time, for my anguish was more, it seemed to me, than I could bear and live.

My marriage morning dawned, and I knelt beside the altar; the words were spoken that made me Vance Eldridge's wife, and all the time there rose before my eyes the stately vessel that had gone down with Guy—my Guy, I called him still, despite the terrible story I had heard.

The ceremony was over, and white as my bridal-robes I stood, and it seemed to me my senses were leaving me, and then in the midst of us stood the dark-eyed stranger of the cottage.

Haughty-looking as an empress she stood, and Vance's face paled, as clear and triumphant her voice rang out:

"I can speak now!" she cried. "My unhappy brother is dead, free from your power, Vance Eldridge, whom I knew as Guy Ashton. Child," turning to me, "you were Guy Ashton's wife, for he never put ring on woman's finger before he wedded you; but that man," pointing to Vance, "took his name, and under it married a child in years—a proud, passionate, loving child, whose very soul at the time went into his keeping."

Vance never spoke a word, but a sneering smile crossed his face as the woman continued:

"He tired of her, however, and deserted her, and she dared not push her claims nor follow him, and why? Because her brother, led into gambling by this same man, forged his name for a check, and the villain, who purposely lured the boy into the commission of the crime, held the proofs of it in his possession; but the unhappy youth is dead, and I am here to tell the truth."

"It is rather late," Vance said, "for this lady is already my wife; for, acknowledging the whole story true, my first wife, your sister, whom I married years ago, is dead almost a year. My marriage with this lady is perfectly legal; the story I told her—well, all is fair in love or war, and—— Violet, Violet, my wife, you will pardon me for the love I bear you."

I shrank back, white and shuddering. I was his wife, yet triumphant through it all rang the thought, "Guy had not wronged or deceived me. Guy had been my husband."

In the midst of it all I thanked God for that. My child, my Leoline, bore rightfully her name. She was the legal heiress of the Grange.

The next instant there rang through the building the clear musical laugh of the stranger, and at the sound of that laugh, Vance started and looked at her.

"She is not your wife, my dear husband, for I am Inez Vanessa, instead of Assunta. Oh, man! could your eyes deceive you thus—could such a simple disguise make you a fool? Has six years so changed the girl you professed to love, that such a flimsy thing as a crown of raven hair, a dash of olive paint, could mislead you? See!"

The next moment the black hair lay on the ground, and a sponge had wiped the liquid off her face, and she stood before us, like, yet unlike, the beautiful dark woman she had been.

"You know me now—I am Inez, your wife, and the ceremony between you and that child there is neither more nor less than idle words, for I can prove my identity. It was Assunta that died a year ago—not I. When I came here I learned your plans, and in this disguise I watched you, but I dared not speak till to-day, but to-day I have thwarted you."

"Curse you!" he cried, as he drew a pistol from his pocket and fired straight at her heart.

I know not what impelled me, but I sprang between them.

I felt a sharp pain in my side, and then I knew no more.

When I woke to life again—oh, the joy of that awakening! for Guy, my own, my husband, was bending over me.

Was it only my senses that deceived me, or was it true?

I closed my eyes. When I opened them he was gone.

"Guy! Guy! Guy!" I cried.

Then Inez's beautiful face bent over me.

"Ah, tell me, did I only dream?"

Something in her face made the question die on my lips.

"Keep quiet, Violet. Can you——"

"Guy lives! He was saved! Where—where——"

"Here, my love—my darling wife!"

I was in the arms of my husband.

When I grew a little stronger they told me all—the story of Guy's escape, and of the long months he had lain helpless in a far-off land, and I listened to all with Leoline in my arms, my head on my husband's breast.

Then they told me another story—that Vance was dead and buried, and before his death, Mrs. Cassin had confessed he was her son, whom she had put in the place of little Vance Eldridge, whose nurse she had been, and who had died in his infancy.

They told me he had died by his own hand, and I listened, pale with pity and horror, but—ah, the world is selfish, and I as well, for am I not in my husband's arms, and the past seems already fading away.

As time passed, the one temptation of my life was almost forgotten, and another child came to keep my Leoline company.

A dark-haired boy is now almost as tall as my yellow-haired girl, and the last little one that came to me I have called Inez, after the beautiful woman who ever since has made the Grange her home.

Her home it will be for a little longer still, but only for a little, for last night a slender ring glittered on her finger. When she told me his name I bent and kissed her.

"There never was one of his name unworthy of woman's love," I said; and Guy, who has known him all his life, repeated my words when I told him.

An Astonishing Story.

A dog belonging to the B—s, which was a great favorite of theirs and regarded as of thoroughly irreproachable training, was charged by some of their neighbors with worrying sheep at night. The family rebutted this charge on the ground that the dog was fastened into their kitchen at night and was never let out until the servants came down in the morning.

The farmers, however, persisted that they knew the dog so well and had seen him going from the sheepfold, though he had managed to escape them. When this was urged so strongly as to make it imperative on the B—s to take some further steps, one of the daughters volunteered to sleep in the kitchen and watch the dog's behavior.

When they made up the young lady's bed the dog seemed very restless and strange, but by and by he settled down and all was silent.

A little after midnight he got up, came to the bed, and sniffed about until he had satisfied himself that the lady was not awake. Then he leaped into the window-seat, lifted the catch of the shutters, and opened them. Then he undid the latch of the window, which he opened, and then disappeared.

After a long interval he came back, closed and fastened the windows and shutters, and finished by licking his own feet and the marks which he had left by springing on the floor. To the terror of the seeming sleeper he now came and closely scrutinized her; but she kept still, and he at last crept off to his own bed.

As soon as she heard the servants stirring the lady rose softly and slipped through the door. But the guilty dog had marked her. He sprang up and made a dash at her with undisguised fury, for he saw that his secret was discovered and his character blasted by one whom he now regarded as a hateful spy.

Fortunately, she got the door fast just in time, and at once alarmed the house. But the dog was now so furious that no one dared go into the kitchen, and at last a gun was brought, pointed through an aperture, and he was shot dead.—*From "Petland Revisited."*

An Inventor's Hard Life.

Mr. Daniel Drawbaugh, who claims to be the original inventor of the telephone, was in the court room of the United States circuit court during the argument yesterday before Judge Wallace in the great suit of the American Bell Telephone company against the People's Telephone company.

Mr. Drawbaugh is of small stature, with a bald head, a ruddy face, aquiline nose, wears a mustache that is nearly gray, and has a quick, nervous, restless manner. He moved about impatiently as Mr. Lysander Hill, his counsel, detailed the history of this inventor, which, like that of many men of his class, is a story of poverty, of hardship, and a constant battle for fortune.

In the speech of Mr. Hill the following facts in reference to Mr. Drawbaugh's life were brought out: He was born in 1827, in the village of Eberley's Mills, Milltown, Cumberland county, Pa. He attended school a part of five winters, up to the time he was 16 years old. When about 12 years of age he made a clock and an automatic machine for sawing wagon felloes, and continued throughout his life to manifest a genius for mechanical inventions. During the years 1859 and 1860 he conceived the idea of transmitting articulate speech electrically through a telegraph wire, and he started to make a machine through which, it is alleged, conversation could be carried on at a distance of twenty miles. This was done by the use of what was known as the "carbon telephone," which is constructed on the same principle as the Blake transmitter. Some of these instruments, counsel said, were made as early as 1867. Prior to the war Drawbaugh invented a machine that was largely used for agricultural purposes in the south, and when the war broke out he had a large amount of money owing to him that he was not able to collect. He was therefore obliged to go into bankruptcy.

From 1869 to 1880 he was in extreme poverty, with a large family, and his only source of income was payment for the doing of odd mechanical work in the houses and on the farms of his neighbors. The latter said of him that his hobby was electricity, and that he was a man of great inventive genius, but it was frequently very hard work for him to borrow a dollar from any one of them.—*New York Herald.*

Mustard and Love.

"Why, darling," he said, as she drew back from his proffered embrace, "what have I done that you should treat me so coldly? Have I offended you in any way?"

"No, George," she replied uneasily, "my love for you remains undiminished, but to-night, dear, I cannot occupy my accustomed seat. Do not ask me why. Have perfect faith in me, and some day, when we are married and shall have grown old together, I may tell you why I could not sit on your knee, to-night. But not now, not now."

But George wasn't satisfied. A haunting fear came over him: he dreaded he knew not what, and for a moment he wrestled mightily with his despair.

"Nay, dearest," he insisted. "You must tell me why you act thus so strangely. As your future husband I have a right to know. There should be no secrets between us now."

"Ah, George," she said blushing painfully, "if you insist upon knowing I will tell you, but I hoped that you would spare me. I was out in the wet to-day and caught a slight cold, and—and—and the doctor ordered a mustard plaster on my back."

And just outside the birds slept sweetly in the branches, and far below the river flowed on sparkling in the moonlight.—*New York World.*

A trade paper says that this year's crop of new pins counts up 8,920,384,000.

LIFE IN LIBERIA.

Interesting Information from the Consul General of the Colored Republic.

A Washington dispatch to the Cincinnati *Times-Star* says: Mr. William Coppinger, consul general for Liberia and secretary of the colonization society, leaves here in a day or two for New York to superintend the work of sending to Liberia the regular semi-annual colony of colored people. Every spring and every fall this society, formed over sixty years ago, sends out a small shipload of black men and women to the native land of the African race.

"There is great unrest among the colored people of this country," said Mr. Coppinger, as he sat in the rooms of the society here. Above his head as he sat hung a portrait of Henry Clay, one of the founders of the society. In the room adjoining were a number of portraits of the early supporters of the association, among them the father of Mayor Latrobe, of Baltimore, painted by himself at the age of 82. In the closets, with which the room was lined, were samples of coffee and cotton and other articles of a similar nature, the production of the colonists in Liberia. On a mantel, just opposite him, stood photographs of the legislature and supreme court of Liberia, all their members black. The portrait of their present president showed the face of an apparently bright and intelligent black man. "He is a native of Liberia," said Mr. Coppinger, "born there of parents who were slaves in this country; he is a man of marked ability, and a successful president. This is Rev. Dr. Blyden," he said, pointing to the photograph of a full blooded negro. "He is the president of our college there, you know, a man of thorough education and ability."

"You have some educational facilities in Liberia then?"

"Oh, yes, very good ones. There are public schools, and by the laws of the republic all children of a certain age are required to attend school a certain time in each year. Education is compulsory. Then there are higher grades of schools, and the college, which cost $20,000, and is well equipped and well patronized. The people who go there appreciate very thoroughly the value of education. In fact, we do not now take any who are not of this class. The number of applications is so great that we have opportunity to select our people pretty carefully."

"Are your applications for opportunity to go to Liberia numerous, then?"

"Numerous?" he said with a smile, glancing at a pile of papers before him, "I should say they were. They come not by hundreds, but by thousands and tens of thousands. The desire to move to a new country where men and women of color can be on an equality in every sense with the other men and women of that country seems to be on the increase. We get thousands of applications from every direction, and thousands more than we can meet with the limited means at the disposal of the society, which is, of course, maintained by contributions. Yes, the applications are very numerous. I believe that if we had ships and means to help all applicants get a start there as we do with those whom we do send, there would be a half-million of the colored people of this country ready to go at once."

"How many are you sending now?"

"That depends altogether on our means. This fall we shall send between thirty and forty, I think."

"How many have you sent in all since the society was formed."

"About sixteen thousand, who were residents of this country. Then there are about five thousand more natives of Africa who were captured on board vessels which were bringing them to this country to sell them as slaves. They were, as a rule, sent to Liberia. So there have been over twenty thousand persons landed there to make homes in that country since our society began its work sixty-three years ago."

"And are those who tried the experiment satisfied with the receipts?"

"Yes, the very large proportion of those who have gone there have been contented from the start. We have been careful, especially in later years, to only take men after they thoroughly understood all the hardships they would have to undergo in emigrating to a new country and to one of a hotter climate, and the result is that we have found them satisfied, and giving satisfaction also to the managers of the enterprise."

"How does the change in climate seem to affect their health and constitutions?"

"Not unfavorably. They are, as a rule, very healthy, and the percentage of mortality small."

"And what are the relations of those who go there to the natives by whom they must be surrounded?"

"Very satisfactory. Their influence upon the natives is very strongly marked. Liberia, you must know, extends up and down the coast for a distance of six hundred miles, and stretches back into the interior almost indefinitely, so that the people who go there and who have gone, are brought into contact with a very large number of the natives. The result has been a gradual assimilation of the natives with the civilized element. They have gradually come to see the advantages of civilization, as is shown by the fact that within the past year two of the native kings have come into the Liberian country to remain, expressing a desire to adopt the habits of civilization. Some of these kings and others of the natives have for a considerable time been sending their children to the schools of Liberia. The influence of the colony is so marked that it is now possible for one familiar only with the English tongue to make himself understood all along that section. A very large percentage of the natives in the Liberian country speak English and understand it readily."

"And what does your association do for those whom it sends abroad?"

"It gives them passage to Liberia from the port of New York only, requiring them to furnish their own transportation to that point. On their arrival there it gives them ten acres of land, a town lot where they prefer it, and in some cases where there is a family of considerable size it gives twenty-five acres. This seems like a small amount of land, but, in fact, it will produce as much there as one hundred acres will here. It also allows them $50 for rations and shelter after reaching there. Toward this each emigrant is expected to subscribe at least $25 before leaving home."

"And what are the opportunities for self-support there?"

"The same as here. The men who have trades are in demand and at good wages, as are also teachers, clerks and accountants. As to farming, a colored man who has been there two years writes us that two-thirds of the labor that it would take in the United States will reward the workman thirty, sixty, a hundred fold; the profits will sweeten the toil. A coffee-tree planted and raised will in four years yield its increase, two crops a year of what may be pronounced the best coffee grown in the world. Arrowroot, pepper, lemons, oranges, yams, potatoes, corn, beans, and a hundred other articles of food and commerce, put them in the earth, and they are as sure to produce as the God of nature is to bring the seasons."

The Story of a Humorist.

Williamstown, where Williams college is situated, lies snugly nestled in among the cluster of purple giants known as the Berkshire Hills. After the college commencement is over the town is filled during the summer by a crowd of pleasure-seekers, and has quite a reputation as a summer resort. I had gone up to attend a class reunion, and, having a week or two to while away until I went back to my desk, concluded to spend them loafing around where I was. The college halls were empty, and but few of the summer visitors had arrived, so I spent the greater part of the time under the large trees in front of the library. As I lay there one afternoon watching the jaunty sparrows flit in and out the ivy on the chapel walls I saw, shambling along the walk, a man who was evidently strongly charged with New England rum. He seemed conscious of my scrutiny, as he suddenly wheeled around and stared steadily back at me.

"George Kane," I cried out, half to myself and half to him. "George!"

"How are you, Browne?" (in a sheepish tone). "What'r you doing here?"

If you were in Washington five years ago you surely remember George Kane. He was the wittiest and brightest man in the ranks of the pencil-pushers. He never wrote anything that was not eagerly read and laughed over. A merry sprite seemed to dwell in his quill, and he always had a joke at his tongue's end. He was Momus on earth again.

And it was this happy laughter that stood on the walk near the steps of the library with blinking eyes and shaky knees, looking like a dreary tramp just risen from a bed in the gutter; stupid, swaying from side to side, with his head tilted on one side; this was George Kane, whom we considered a giant of journalism, and a word from whom would send us youthful journalists into the seventh heaven of delight!

"I suppose you're seeking inspiration from the grand old h-hills," he said with a lurch; "so'm I—inspiration with a little sh-sugar 'n it."

And then seeing my look of astonishment at his plight, "Come, come, youngster, is this the first time you've seen a man full? Haven't you any place to get myself decent in?"

I took him to my room, and tried the usual remedies is such cases, but he seemed to grow only more maudlin. He wept over me, and called me a "a zemplery fren'," and as a last resort I made him come out with me and walk up one of the mountain roads. He talked incessantly, cursed the dusty roads, laughed at the buds, whistled to the chipmunks, cried about the pine giants, and admired the sunset, and when we reached the top of the mountain road he stopped abruptly and sat down by the little mountain brook under a grand old pine, and told me his story.

He had come to Washington with a young wife whom he loved madly, and whose slightest wish was his law. Newspaper work kept him away from her the greater part of the time, and she found other company. One day he came home and found an empty house. He saw her once afterward, as she whirled past him behind a magnificent pair of horses along one of the avenues. "I tried hard to find her, Browne," he said. "Indeed I did. I loved her too much to let her go." But he never had found her, nor seen her face again. And yet, with his awful sorrow always by his side, he laughed his heartiest, and kept his world of readers in a constant grin. "I couldn't cry, so I had to laugh. I would have gone mad if I hadn't. I tried to keep the blue devils away with my pen. I wrote and wrote, but I was in hell all the time. I suppose they laugh all the time there. I have tried drinking lately, but it's no use, and I think I shall try water, soon," with a horribly significant gesture toward the river, lying far down below us in the valley. So he rambled on in an almless way, with many, horrible, almost blasphemous jests until he valley lay in darkness beneath us and the dark arch above us twinkled with a thousand stars. We descended in silence until we neared the hotel. A stylish dog-cart just then passed us, in which sat a lady alone. George Kane ran from my side to the horse's head and stopped it.

"Mary!" he cried: "for God's sake Mary listen to me!"

The woman half rose at the sound of his voice, and then with her whip upraised, in a hard voice, brazen and loud, answered him:

"O, get out of my way, George Kane!"

He let the rein go, and stood there irresolute and miserable. The light from a hotel window fell on his face There was no laughter there now. White, distorted, haggard, and weary of life, a face I can never forget, and when the whip descended with a hiss and the frightened horse sprang forward, it went down, and was crushed in the dust of the road. The horse, with a furious gallop, rushed along the rough road; the dog-cart pitched this side and that, and finally was overturned, and two days afterward George Kane lay in the college cemetery buried beside his wife.—*G. A. Copeland, in Washington Hatchet.*

Punch Bowls.

A large punch-bowl is to be found in almost every house in Washington, and punch-making has become a fine art. One of the most famous punch-makers was the late Charles Astor Bristed. His punches were neither too strong nor too weak. In other words, one glass would not make you drunk, neither were you obliged to drink several gallons in order to reach a point of exhilaration. This point of exhilaration is the place to stop drinking. Daniel Webster punch is a complicated drink that calls for whisky, rum, champagne, arrack, maraschino, green tea, lemons, sugar, and a very little water. A party of distinguished Scotch gentlemen, who were in the city not long ago, during their stay were invited to visit the private residence of a prominent gentleman. During the evening a light collation was served in the dining-room, and a huge punch-bowl was set out. The head of the party, a Scotchman, who at home occupies the position of provost in his native town, stepped up and tasted the punch, and, turning to an acquaintance, said: "That seems very light; I think it would take a man a long time to get drunk on that." This cool liquor glided very gently down the provost's throat, and a second glass followed. Pausing before beginning a third glass, he engaged in conversation for a moment, then he shook his head and said: "I don't see what is the matter with me." His eyes became half shut, and as he stepped forward he nearly lost his balance. Turning in the most surprised fashion, he looked at the punch-bowl, and said: "Do you know, I think that drink is very inseedious. What is it made of?" His friend replied: "Whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemon, and a little water." The Scotchman understood at once what was the matter.—*Washington Cor. Boston Budget.*

"Time's money," growled the disappointed creditor. "Well," replied the persecuted debtor, "haven't I always said I'd pay you in time?"