Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY R. MAUZY & CO.

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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 59. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1882. NO. 26.

Staunton Spectator

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feb28-1y

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OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

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apr19-1y

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POETRY.

MEMORIES.

BY FATHER RYAN.

They come as the breeze comes over the foam,
Waking the waves that are sinking to sleep,
The fairest of memories from far away home,
The dim dream of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out of the sky,
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep,
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,
And I welcome them all while I wearily weep.

They come as a song comes out of the past,
As loved mother murmured in days that are dead;
Whose tones spirit-thrilling live on to the last,
Where the gloom of the heart wraps its gray o'er the head.

They come like ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,
And they follow our footsteps on life's winning way;
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves,
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come—sad as tears to the eyes that are bright;
They come—sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale;
They come—dim as dreams in the depth of the night;
They come—fair as flowers in the lone, lovely vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so—
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the past;
Its memories follow wherever we go—
And the days that were first sway the days that were last.

FINDING FAULT.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for all we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well,
To find your own defects to cure,
Ere other's faults you tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own short-comings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us all, when we begin
To slander friend and foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know;
Remember curses, chicken-like,
Sometimes to roost come home;
Don't speak of other's faults until
You have none of your own.

NEW YORK LETER.

The New Vanderbilt Palace—Society and Fashion Gossip.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, February 28th.—It gives me great pleasure to write you a letter about what is going on in our great city at present, and first of all, I think I must tell you of Mr. Vanderbilt's new house, or rather palace, on Fifth Avenue, of which you have all, no doubt, heard wonders, and of which I had my first glimpse or view the other day.

The occasion was the first of a series of receptions given to the newly-married daughter of the house, Mrs. Dr. Seward Webb. The house is, as I have said, located on Fifth Avenue, a little above the grand and beautiful Catholic cathedral. With its exterior I know you must all be familiar, for descriptions of it have been going the rounds of the papers for the last year or so. So I will devote my time to describing the charming interior.

As the massive Ghiberti doors swing open, I entered a square vestibule, surrounded with architraves of pale yellow marble, and in front of me stood an exquisite Parian marble vase filled with rare and blooming roses and hyacinths. Three more bronzed doors then opened into the dressing rooms, and I then entered an immense hall which extends to the top of the house, with galleries on each story. The balustrades running around them are composed of single figures exquisitely wrought of bronze and brass, and they are supported on columns of crimson marble with bases of bronze and silver. Around the hall extends a rich carved wainscot of English oaks, and a sparkling wood fire burns in a grand fire place which reaches to the ceiling. Around the hall are distributed with lavish and artistic touch, superb statues in bronze and marble.

The drawing-room or *salon* where the guests were received reminds one of the dazzling pen-pictures of subterranean palaces in that book so dear to childhood's days, the Arabian Nights. The room is hung with delicate crimson plush over which wander beautiful flowers, embroidered in their natural colors, real butterflies of brilliant plumage, and cut crystals which resemble the precious stones, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The woodwork is inlaid with mother of pearl, and profusely carved. The columns which support the ceiling are of the finest porphying and are enriched with seeming precious jewels. The windows are of stained glass, the furniture and carpets most luxurious. Female figures of silver clasping clusters of lights stand before all the mirrors, a few rare pictures hang on the wall and about every article in the room the most perfect taste is displayed, and everything harmonizes beautifully. A prominent person who had visited fifteen palaces in Europe said to me after seeing it and being charmed with its splendor, "It is as noble, sincere, and fine as if Albrecht, Duer, and Peter Fischer had made it with their hands. So far as I know, it is the most beautiful room in the world. I have seen the interior of many palaces abroad, but never one to compare with this."

The Japanese room opens from this jeweled parlor, and in it is displayed all the luxury and perfection of that cultivated nation. Even the carpet is of bamboo pattern. Here we could sit and read and feel at home, so exquisitely harmonious is the perfection of art and luxury. The yellows and greens, the Japanese uncut velvet in low tones, the panels of bronze relieved by dots of gold and silver, the red and Miaco lacquer work—all are Japanese. It almost seems as if the beaming and artistic genius which for these thousand years has been dreaming in Japan wakes up to-day in that lovely room in Fifth Avenue.

Every day is a feast day in such a room as Mr. Vanderbilt's dining-room. It is in the style of the Italian Renaissance and our first impression is of grandeur and spaciousness. Its arched ceilings and paintings; its beautiful detail of silver net-work and golden vines which ornament the panels of the ceiling; its artistic cabinets full of priceless porcelain, plate and china; its heavy English oak chairs and tables, its vases of Sevres, Dresden, and Worcester; its silver, porcelain, and glasses on rich consoles, make this room one of the most superb banqueting rooms in the world.

The picture-gallery is assuredly the most impressive room in the whole house, owing to its vast proportions and magnificent furnishing. It is forty-eight feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and thirty-five feet high, and it is filled with the choicest achievements of ancient and modern art. The ceiling is opalescent and delicately tinted. A gorgeous divan of velvet and [illegible], made in Scutari, occupies the centre of the room. The walls of San Domingo mahogany, carved into caryatides and pilasters against black oak, make framing for the works of Gerome, [illegible] sonier, Alvarez, and every other modern painter of note. The [illegible] which offers a special entrance to the picture-gallery on Fifty-first street was made in Venice. Every country, continent, island, sea, and shore, mountain, quarry, mine, and river in the world has been put under contribution for the house of the richest man in the world.

Upstairs the rooms of Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter are wonders. The ceiling of one of them is a mirror inlaid in diamond diaper, in a field of dead-gold, and its fire-place is of onyx and Limoges enamels. Exquisite [illegible] from the pencil of Watteau, jewel boxes and miniatures of queens, [illegible] silver and gold figures, and pictures everywhere ornamented the room, [illegible] bed linen is of the finest texture adorned with costly lace, and the dressing [illegible] and chairs are marvels of beauty. [illegible] particularly pretty chair is composed entirely of silver and pearl, with a cushion for the seat of palest blue and silver brocade.

There has been comparatively little going on in society since Ash Wednesday. Never has a gayer season been known than the one just passed. The number of private and public balls, weddings, receptions, teas, and dinners have been innumerable, and the entertaining has been unusually magnificent, in some instances too much so. For example, at a dinner party given the other evening just before lent, each guest found on his plate on sitting down to the table, in addition to the customary bouquet of roses and violets, a fine cane, with a gold-headed dog at the top, whose eyes were of rubies and whose teeth were of rarest pearls! It places one in an extremely embarrassing position, to say the least, to be obliged to accept such obligations from one's host. There has been so much rivalry this winter between leaders of society in regard to the souvenirs at their various dinners, commerce-parties and germans, that such display and needless extravagance as I have above described is beginning to be considered exceedingly vulgar.

Speaking of display and extravagance reminds me of a great society youth of this city, one of our "swells," who has suddenly come into a fortune and who has been conducting himself ridiculously. He keeps four fast horses and a cab, a barouche and a close carriage, which it is necessary, he says, to use every day in driving to and from his lawyer's, whom he has to consult frequently. He spent $4,500 in furnishing one room in his mother's house. He has sixteen dress suits, twelve every day suits, and ten dozen of silk hose of different colors on which he has his monogram beautifully embroidered. He wears diamonds on his hands and in his shirt bosom worth a hundred thousand dollars. He has one especially beautiful ring—a sapphire set with diamonds and pearls, which a girl admired very much at an entertainment recently. He coolly said he would send her one around like it when he got home. He sports an exquisite cane, which has, concealed at its top, a fountain, from which there falls, on touching a hidden spring, sprays of the most delicious, fragrant cologne. His money is spent very extravagantly, and every day he obeys some new whim and purchases things for which he has not the slightest use. He was told by a reigning belle the other day, whose favor he is exceedingly anxious to win, that to succeed, he must go down town and go to work. Of course, this is by no means a specimen of our New York Society Youth. I know some of them belonging to our best families, who are very, very clever, charming young men, who devote their whole days to work, and who, in consequence, are not able to give only their evenings to fashionable g therings, but whose society is much courted, and who, by really fine, sensible, and cultivated society people, are thought much of.

We have had among us during the last month several of the nobility of Europe. Lady Duffus Hardy, a charming woman, has been residing in town all winter and has been much courted. Lord Beaumont, too, a very unobtrusive young man, is visiting us again. It is such a real pleasure to meet him. He is so unaffected and friendly, and has none of the airs and graces which are sometimes assumed by people of his title, education, and assured position in England. It seems to me that the higher up people are either in the social or intellectual scale, the less do they want to impress the fact upon others.

General George B. McClellan and his family have been in society a great deal this winter. His wife is a sweet woman, and his daughter, Miss May McClellan, although not as beautiful and fascinating as some of our New York society girls, is very good and intellectual. Speaking of these girls, reminds me of what a brave few of them did the other night at the closing ball of the "F. C. D. C." (Family Circle Dancing Class), which comes off with great brilliancy and *eclat* at Delmonico's. They had previously declared their "abomination" of white and pale colors for dressing for evening wear and so determined to wear black! In consequence, several of our bells appeared in voluminuous gowns of black tulle made decollete, and worn with long black gloves reaching almost to the shoulders. Some of the dresses were relieved with garlands or bouquets of roses or violets, but most of them were so very somber as to cast a sort of gloom over the assembly.

The other evening, at a concert given at Chickering Hall by the Mendelssohn Glee Club, among whose members are two natives of the Old Dominion, a very beautiful song, which is familiar to but few, was sung, entitled "Forever and Forever," the words of which are by Violet Faur, the author of that extremely entertaining romance, "Sophy." The melody is beautifully pathetic and sweet, and the tones of the singer's voice very pure, limpid, and harmonious. Here are a few of the verses:

I think of all thou art to me,
I dream of what thou canst not be,
My life is cursed with thoughts of thee,
Forever and forever.

My heart is full of grief and woe,
I see thy face where e'er I go,
I would, alas, it were not so,
Forever and forever.

Perchance if we had never met
I had been spared this mad regret,
This endless longing to forget,
Forever and forever.

Ah! leave me not, I love but thee,
Blessing or curse which e'er thou be,
Oh! be as thou hast been to me,
Forever and forever.

It is queer how sometimes a little song like this, sung with pathos and feeling, will please and move even the slowest of us.

There is nothing especially new in Fashions just now, the spring styles being unusually late this year. One does, however, occasionally see something novel and handsome. For instance, the other day, on going along Fifth Avenue, I saw a young lady wearing a bright red plush cloak. It was tight-fitting, and fell to the hem of her dress. It was buttoned with great silver cat's head buttons, and the large bright red Gainsborough hat, worn with it, was trimmed with a silvery feather.

Beaded basques are much worn at evening balls and receptions. One girl, the other evening, wore a beautiful costume composed of the palest pink satin mervellieux, made with a long train of pink plush handsomely hand-painted in delicate blue and pink morning-glories and violets. The skirt was trimmed with flounces of exquisite pointe. The basque was composed entirely of pink beads, which glittered and shone like diamonds, with every movement of its fair wearer. The beads were put on on a foundation of pink silk, and the basque fitted perfectly. The effect, however, is not as pretty as we would imagine, so many beads giving an armorial aspect that is not suitable or becoming to a woman. However, the idea is novel, and, as we are always in quest of new arrangements, another season we shall no doubt see these beaded waists much worn.

At a fashionable wedding recently, which occurred in one of our Fifth Avenue churches, a very pretty idea was introduced. Instead of separating the pews reserved for the family from those of the guests by the customary white satin ribbon or silk cord, and extremely artistic gate composed of the greenest smilax and English ivy studded with tiny clusters of Cornelia Cooke and Jacqueminot roses, camellias, violets, hyacinths, and glowing crimson carnations, was placed across the broad centre aisle. As the fair bride entered the church, the gate was opened from the centre by two charming little children, a boy and girl, picturesquely attired in pure white Kate Greenaway costumes. As the bride and her party passed through, the little ones strewed their pathway with flowers in profusion. The effect was unique and lovely.

Speaking of weddings reminds me of an exceptionally pretty one which occurred in Plymouth Church over in Brooklyn last Thursday evening. The feature of the wedding was the presence of some little children, all girls, ranging from three to ten years of age, who preceded the bride as she entered the church. They were all attired differently, the prevailing colors being pale blue and white. The dresses were all made alike in Mother Hubbard style, and draped with quantities of floating tulle. On one arm each carried a rustic basket containing nothing but great scarlet rosebuds—Jacqueminots, and delicate fern leaves, and in the other hand they held garlands of smilax and lilies of the valley. Two bridesmaids making lovely pictures in white moire and cashmere with watteau trains followed them. They carried immense bouquets of Jacqueminot and Marechal Niel rosebuds, and behind all this array of youth and beauty came the bride herself, looking as beautiful as a dream in trailing robes of white satin and illusion, orange-blossoms and glittering jewels. As the large bridal party (which in addition to the above consisted of six ushers), grouped themselves picturesquely around the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher a dozen little girls attired alike from the choir above the pulpit threw down quantities of rarest, fragrant roses, until the floor around the bride and groom resembled a carpet of flowers. All was beautifully bright and charming, and during the service the organist played very softly and sweetly an air appropriate to the occasion, "Call me Thine Own."

The other afternoon quite an amusing yet pitiful sight occurred on Broadway. A poor Oriental, a Turk, I believe, who had but that morning arrived at Castle Garden (which is, as you know, the immigrants' arriving place), in some way became separated from his companions, and strayed up Broadway. He was without stockings, and wore peculiarly shaped sandals. He was very thinly clad, poor man, in what appeared to be thin yellow lawn made very loosely.—His head was bare, and as the cold winds blew about him he looked around bewildered, exactly resembling a person crazed. Finally he started on a fast run up Broadway, startling everybody with his weird figure and strange performances. A policeman finally succeeded in capturing and calming him, and he walked back to the Battery or Castle Garden quite rationally, after having first been provided with a comfortable overcoat.

I presume you have all read about the young Irish poet and æsthete, Oscar Wilde, until you are quite tired of him and his theme. He really is possessed of strong individuality, and a good deal of poetic feeling, considerably more than those who are personally unacquainted with him will admit. He was very well received here, and his next visit is looked forward to with pleasureable gratification. To be sure he might wear his hair a few inches shorter and his trousers a few inches or a foot longer, but when we think of those few really fine poems he has give to the world, "Requiescat" and "Impressions," we should be glad to forgive and overlook his eccentricities.

He is responsible, however, for the æsthetic mania with which New York has been suddenly seized. Everything now amounts to nothing unless æsthetic, young men and girls included. People are now furnishing their houses æsthetically, are dressing æsthetically, only patronize shop-keepers, dress-makers, caterers, etc., who are "æsthetic." It is the only adjective of any great prominence in the vocabulary of New Yorkers now. "Is she, he, or it, *æsthetic*?" is now the important question. "Patience," that æsthetic opera, which is really highly enjoyable, has been running at the Standard Theatre here for almost two hundred nights, and still the audiences are tremendously large and enthusiastic. Well, I wonder what will become the popular idol next?

M. H. F.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

WHY A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY HAD PERFECTLY WHITE HAIR WHEN SCARCELY OUT OF HER TEENS.

I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the younger ladies present. She was not beautiful, but united the striking characteristics of a brilliant fresh complexion and a profusion of hair, white as snow, which was wound on the top of her head after the fashion of Madrazo's "Marquite," belonging to Mrs. A. T. Stewart. She was very merry, a good talker, and, I must confess, I contrived to occupy the greater part of her attention with that tendency towards monopolizing the best which the moment affords that I am told is often observed by my familiars.

After bidding adue to the ladies, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponsor at most of these accidental gayeties of ——, and casually remarked, after talking somewhat of my new acquaintance:

"By Jove, what hair! It accents her whole appearance. Wasn't she lucky to achieve it young?"

My friend removes his cigar.

"That depends on how you look at it. I am inclined to think things small and large, that she was. I doubt, however if she wouldn't say to-day that the price was rather large. And it was a pretty big price. Do you like stories? I'm minded to tell you one, if you like, about that white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel and something like this my friend told me.

You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country people take in the courtships of young folks. From the time Harry Wells began to [illegible] to Mamie Clausen at church socials until they were married in the First Presbyterian Church the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was and is now a prominent commission merchant, generally considered wealthy, and has always lived at least like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle and a great favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, are people of reputation in the county. Old Jack Wells represented us a few times in the Legislature, and has accumulated in one way and another a handsome property.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild he had sobered down, and was at any rate such a frank, manly fellow that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

As I say, the marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send off, and the details were sent far and wide through the state. Harry had studied law, although he didn't have much natural inclination for it, the old man thinking his political experience might serve Harry in that way, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds and doing hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and two miles from old Jack's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally though his father he became trustee for the minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, mother half-crazy and no end of coal lands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then and leave Mamie. You may imagine that there was a good deal of visiting at the house of two such popular young people, and that fourmile stretch of read was generally kept pretty warm. When Harry had to go away Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive to town, and there was always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay alone. For a law abiding State we have a pretty rough element in it, and although we haven't had much to complain of here, there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had a sudden summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about $4,500. When he found he had to go off at a few moments' notice he wrapped up a bundle of papers and his money and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day and begged him to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers and handed her a canvas bag, in which was the $4,500 belonging to the minor heirs.

"Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"

"Just like a woman! No. But I declarr I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear but between the mattresses, I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life, for remember, the money is not ours, and at all hazzards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to stop long enough to eat a biscuit.

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-by and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointment telegram. By this time she had become accostomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seed-beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone up stairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who would not be driven off.

She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also a mensenger with another telegram which announced another disappointment, but the next day without fail, Harry wrote, he would be at home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.

"Yes," said the fellow, "when that time comes your mistress will have another ironing table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sundey clothes every day."

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do over. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, not indisposed to have a chat over her work.

Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who with a certain gentlemanly instinct rose up as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat; at least I've waited to ask you in person."

Women are soft-hearted creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst one of those terrific thunder storms that gather so suddenly and with such force in this country. After its strength was spent—and I remember that it was the most violent of the season—there fell steady heavy sheets of rain that brought Rock Creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't mean to send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.

"I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."

"What, in a house like this. It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl and it seems to me it ought to be able to hold three people."

"You are very impertinent. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away."

As she spoke even, the rain came down in blinding sheets and lightning streaked the heavens.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "we don't go much on matters on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll nave to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dog-kennel."

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power, and possibly it might be worth while to do civilly what she would probably have to do at last.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her curiously, "I don't care where you lock the door."

They took him up stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he politely bade them good-night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her and the two descended to shut up the house. After they made everything secure they went back up stairs.

"You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed and piled chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily and the night was black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed and, although worried and anxious, finally went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself awake and a bright light shining in the room. She started up and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was indeed shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw down the road, for it was as bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading to their house and on reaching the gate came into the yard. Now, almost paralyzed with fear she saw that they were masked. The truth almost blinded her. They knew that she was alone, that she had this money and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle, which he had loaded and taught her to use. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their position.

"It's the tramps that's done it."

"The tramps. No. Sarah, the key, the key of the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house and those men have come to get it, thinking I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What have you, pistols, shotguns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here's my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist. Where are they going to break in?" The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front door.

"Get behind me. I will fire at the first man that enters. How many barrels are there?"

"Six, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me in case I need it."

There was no storming of shutters.—They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane

"Don't faint, madam; there's work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support and then went into the room. "Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward and lay with his face up and head towards the door.

"Raise the mask and give him air first, madam."

Mamie raised the mask and fell back with a wild shriek.

"It was Harry Wells!" I answered. "It was that smiling, popular young scamp."

"It's no use to ask why he did it. I don't care. Motives don't matter much in such a case. But she, Mamie—Mrs. Wells—she has her gray hair, but there is no trace of that midnight tragedy in her face."

"I believe she was ill for a long time," answered my friend. "They say small-pox cures one of other diseases. Well, some griefs are like the small-pox; they cure you of lesser weaknesses—tenderness of the heart for example This, I think, was one of them."

"And the tramp"—

"He and Sarah were of course the witnesses at the inquest. The next day he was off on his journey, and I have never heard of him since."—*Sunday World.*

THE HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.—The nest is about an inch in diameter, and as much in depth, with its outside constructed of the blueish gray moss taken from old trees or fences, and thickly glued to the interior with the saliva of the bird. Within are thick layers of the fine wings of flying seeds; and lastly, the downy substance from the great mullein and from the stalks of the common fern line the whole. The eggs are two, and pure white. A short time before the young leave the nest they can be seen thrusting their tiny bills into the mouths of their parents, and sucking what has been brought them; a very different method of feeding from that of most young birds.

We can, without hesitation, say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has given the best satisfaction. We have sold an immense amount of it during the past winter. WALLACE, HILTON & CO., Druggists, Lock Haven, Pa.

In a bad way—"Are you dead, Tim?" said an Irish father to his son, who had fallen down a well. "Not dead, father, but spacheless," came up from the depths.

"What is the worst thing about riches," asked the Sunday school superintendent. And the new boy said: "Not having any."

If some religious people we know would prey on their neighbors less and their knees more the world would be better off.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The following poem made its first appearance in London this morning and has been sent by cable to the New York *Independent*, and will appear in its issue to-morrow. It is entitled, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade, Balaklava, October 25, 1854":—

I.

The charge of the gallant three hundred,
The heavy brigade;
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by,
When the points of the Russian lances,
Broke in on the sky;
And he called, "Left wheel in to line." And
They wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted,
He knew not why.
And he turned half round, and he bade
His trumpeter sound
"To the charge," and he rode on ahead,
As he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred, whose glory
"Follow, and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and
The might of the fight;
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to right;
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone,
Through the great slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own,
Like an Englishman, there and then;
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had.
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell, like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crashed like a hurricane
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down to and fro,
Rode, flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys;
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering, all dismayed;
"Lost are the gallant three hundred—the Heavy Brigade!"

IV.

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forest of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

A note appended to the poem states:—"The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Scott's Greys and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliott, Scarlett's aide-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter and Shegog, the orderly, who had been close behind him."

FACIAL HABITS.—A face is nothing without expression, and expression is worse than nothing unless it is good. Expression is capable of control, and control is the function of the mind. Hence mind makes the face.—Transfiguration is from within. A noble soul fashions a noble face. Thought and feelings constitute every one an artist; the face is the canvas, and every part of it may be made to him with expression. The tonsorial art may wreathe the forehead in tresses and ringlets, but there is another art, more dainty and delicate, by which the brow may be clothed with a halo of almost divinity. Facial habits, whether hideous or heavenly, are contracted so gradually that only the most sensitive souls are aware of their growth until the knots and guards are past remedy. Many a fair face has been utterly ruined by the unconscious outflow and incrustation of some baleful fount within, and not unfrequently an ill-formed visage comes eventually to a loveliness surpassing description. How apt the fable of the little maiden who longed to be beautiful, and was told by a fairy that if she would live a year without evil thought or feeling, and then come and mirror her face in a certain mountain spring, she should have her wish. Earnestly she struggled, but at the end of the year she had to confess to the occurrence of many an evil; therefore her desire was not gained. Another year was granted, but this was also marred by a few mistakes. By more earnest endeavors the third year was crowned by almost perfect success. The fairy and the maiden met by Elves' mountain spring. "Ah!" said the fairy, "thou hast no need of the magical mirror, thou hast made *thyself* lovely; look and see!" She looked, and lo! these years of pure and gentle moods had fulfilled her beautiful ideal and answered her longing.

Once upon a time a woman died, and, as the mourners were carrying her to the grave, they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been only in a deep trance. Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady boys! Steady there! Be very, very careful!"

"Ma, haven't I been a real good boy since I've been going to Sunday school?" "Yes, my lamb," answered the maternal parent, fondly. "And you trust me now. Don't you, ma?" "Yes, darling." "Then," spoke up the little innocent, "what makes you keep the preserves locked up in the pantry, the same as ever?"

Snooks went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare, 'f you two gals don't look like 'nough to be twins."

A celebrated lawyer said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to get a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

No slouch.—The stiff felt hat