THE BILLINGS HERALD.

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VanCleve & Wadsworth

[illegible] visits on the first of April each year was not to pay interest but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was early sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions and sharp black eyes, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-two, was of a different mold, short and stoutly built. His face at first sight seemed heavy and vacant, but this was, in fact, the abstraction of the dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and hair clustering in thick curls over his low but broad forehead, made amends for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He rarely dared face his father's anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of his sex, made up in severity at home for the smooth and passionless exterior he maintained abroad.

"Wilt thee give it to me?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with unspeakable disgust.

Poor little painting! It was a fragment of an autumn afternoon, during which Richard had been husking corn in "the hill field" and which had abided in his memory clothed with a halo of a hundred day-dreams. There was a corner of a woods, the foliage half green, half shading into tints of brown and red. A rivulet leaving a meadow still gay with autumn flowers and green with wet grass, flowed rippling and sparkling out of the sunlight into the shade of the dying leaves. What courage and hope it must have! Richard followed its waters as they flowed on to Chester creek and then to the stately Delaware river, and far out till they met the mighty ocean which washed the shores of all the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his husking knife into the shucks and turned out the golden ears one after the other, he humbly took this lesson to himself, as was his wont, and said: "I, too, must have more courage, firmer hope. Why should I not go forward in my study of art with greater faith? I must, I will." And to fasten the vow he had painted two studies of this little piece of meadow as a constant reminder, snatching the time on First days and Fifth days, when his father and mother were at meeting, and he and Mose Riddle, the colored man, were left to look after the stock. One copy he had sent on a venture to a commission house in New York, the other he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to him, and each tree had become a symbol of some rebuff of danger he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibbilla Vernon and had promised this sole confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over some time and let her see it. But Sibbilla lived two miles away, and as her parents was also strict members of meeting, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with due caution.

Richard's first impulse, then, was to secure the picture. But his father had a double cause of displeasure and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only was this painting business an ungodly amusement, but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped.

"I'll put it where it deserves to go, and where thee will follow unless thee turns thy steps from the world and its follies. But the fire thou wilt meet will be that which is not quenched, and where the worm dieth not."

While these words, which Friend Harris spoke slowly and with that slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of the speakers in meeting, the solemnity of which was further increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he stepped to the kitchen fireplace, where a goodly fire was burning under the crane, and striking the picture against the corner of the mantlepiece tore a ragged split through its center and threw the whole into the flames. In a moment it was a shriveled cinder.

There are certain natures whose inherent strength can only be developed by a violent shock. Full of latent power, their weakness comes from a native humility. They distrust themselves through a genuine admiration of others. Such was Richard Harris. But the necessary shock had come. He gazed a moment at the cinder, his face darkened, but the severe discipline of the society and the family exercised the sway that it usually does even on the very young among Friends.

"Father," he said, with a low and even tone, "I repeat what I have often told thee; I have no light that there is evil in painting as thee thinks there is, I shall [take] and mother farewell to-day and [seek] employment elsewhere. I shall not [claim] any share in thy estate."

[He took] his hat from the window sill he [went out] of the kitchen door leaving his [illegible] ... ntly in misery ... rules of her ... yielding in ... loved— ... mitting any for his two motionless ... heart rather ... pathy with ... arts, and ... comfort- ... Moreover, ... not too ... advantage to ...

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There was but one which had really held him. That was Sibbilla Vernon. The daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meetings was familiar to all members of the society, Sibbilla was a not unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Calm, self-possessed, clear-headed, she had announced when but fifteen to her family that her own conscience was her guide, and that in all essential matters she should follow it.

From childhood she and Richard Harris had delighted to play and talk together; and though no word of love, no kiss and no caress had ever passed between them, both their families and themselves considered their union merely a matter of time and money. Nor did this absence of the usual passage of love seem to any one concerned a strange circumstance. They were accustomed to the repression of all outward show of feeling. In neither household had the children ever seen a kiss exchanged among its members, young or old.

Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibbilla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She looked upon his peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect, which condemn them indiscriminately.

"Wilt thou presume to deny the many testimonies of Friends, both in England and America, against these sinful arts?" her mother would ask, being a "public friend" of considerable local fame, who never employed the incorrect nominative "thee" even in family life.

"Mother", replied the daughter, "they spoke for their day. I must act in mine by the light I have, not by theirs."

Her mother wisely avoided argument, trusting that the Spirit would enlighten her daughter in time.

Leaving the fodder-stack Richard walked across the bare fields toward the plain brick house which was Sibbilla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority about three hundred dollars. He had youth, strength, talent, love—was not that enough? Would Sibbilla approve of it? Would she make the serious sacrifice it involved?

As he approached the house it was about ten o'clock, and all the males were out at work. He knocked at the front door, instead of the side door as usual, and Sibbilla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an expression of pleasure, which Richard did not fail to note, and which filled him both with joy and anxiety.

"Why, Richard, what brings thee here at this hour?" was her exclamation.

"Sibbilla," he said, "I wish to see thee," and, stepping in, he closed the door, and they both stood in the wide hall, obscurely lighted by the transoms at each end. He paused a moment to recover control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: "I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. I shall have to give up my membership in the Society as thee knows. Father says he will leave me nothing, if I do, and I know thy mother agrees with him. But I am not afraid. All that I ask is that thee approve of my decision and will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home."

At that supreme moment of resolve all the strength which for generations had been nurtured by the noble theories of self reliance, all the passion which for generations had been muffled and smothered under the narrow Quaker system of formality and repression, burst forth and were expressed in the face of Sibbilla Vernon. She seemed to rise in stature, and laying her hand on his arm, and passing the other around his neck, she said:

"Richard, I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now."

The tone was low and the words without haste, but he who heard it felt in his inmost soul no oath could be stronger.

"Thank God and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in their lives each felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love. Seated on the wooden "settee" which is the common furniture of the country hall, he told her his father's words and action and his own unalterable determination to seek his future in art. It was agreed that they should be married by a magistrate as soon as Richard should have an income of seven hundred dollars a year.

Full of quiet joy he went home, announced his intended marriage and immediate departure, packed his trunk, and told Mose to have the dearborn ready at six o'clock in the evening to take him to the railway station. After the five o'clock supper the members of the family maintained almost entire silence, his mother quietly crying, and his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his favorite literature.

The dearborn drove up with Mose, who had been to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the postoffice, and brought a letter for Richard. It was rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, and therefore Mose announced it with considerable emphasis, addressing his master by his first name, as is the custom in strict families.

"Joseph, here's a letter for Richard. Hiram says it's a letter from York, and 'pears as if it must be on business."

Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it passed it to his son. It was from the firm in New York to whom he had sent the copy of his picture, and it read:

New York, January 18, —.

Dear Sir:—We have the gratification of informing you that the study you sent us [illegible] has attracted the attention of our [illegible] whom we have parted with it [illegible] tucting comm., storge inc. etc. as per enclosed statement bal. of $372.62, for [which we enclose check] herewith. [The] duplicate of the study yet [illegible]. We will take that at [illegible] on delivery, and will [take] five more studies to [be delivered] this year. Respectfully,

GILES WILES & Co.

[As] his letter the check fell from [the] table. The sight of the [stamped] paper was too much [for] his father. Glancing at the large [amount], as much as he received for the best wheat crop on his farm could raise, he snatched the letter from his son's hand and eagerly read it. Richard stood by in silence.

"What does he mean by the duplicate study?" said his father in an uncertain voice.

"He means," said Richard, quietly, "the picture you threw in the fire this morning."

A new light dawned on his father's mind. So long as his son's taste seemed nothing but a time-and-money-wasting form of idleness it had no redeeming features; but the incredible fact that there are people willing to pay hundreds of dollars apiece for such vain images now stood right before him. He was too shrewd to misunderstand it and its results.

"Richard," he said, with a softened voice, "I desire that thee would postpone leaving us for a few days. Thy mother and I will accompany thee to the city, and will be present at the ceremony. I think Sibbilla's parents will also not refuse to attend."

As he went he said to Mose, who was waiting with the dearborn:

"Mose, thee should always be slow to anger, and avoid the committal of rash actions when out of temper."

Mr. Dana says it is the groom who should engage the minister, but is silent as to whether it is the correct thing for the young man to borrow the money from his father-in-law.

[illegible] ... earned,
[illegible] ... desires.
[illegible] ... pure and white
[illegible] ...stalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

RETRIBUTION.

"So you are determined to do as your mother did; marry before you are old enough to know your own mind?"

The reply was very firmly uttered, "Yes, sir."

The old gentlemen turned his keen eyes upon his nephew's face.

"What is the girl's name?"

"Annie Grant."

"Annie! Grant!—ah!—wasn't that the man's name who was arrested for forgery, and died in prison a short time ago?"

"Yes sir; and if I could I would only love her the more for the trouble she has gone through!"

"Well, sir, as you make your bed, you must lie on it! Marry this girl—disgrace yourself by connection with a forger's family; but never come snivelling to me for help."

The sensitive lips under the soft mustache quivered.

"Oh, uncle, I will never ask you for help endeed; but then don't turn from me in anger."

But the only answer was the stern "Go!"

Reginald Hart was the son of Dr. Wilton's only sister. Since his mother's death he had been brought up by his uncle to consider himself his heir. He was an active, energetic young man, and in preference to a college career had decided to enter business life. He was only twenty-two and for two years had known and loved Annie Grant.

As Dr. Wilton had said her father had been convicted of forgery, and imprisoned, leaving his motherless and worse than fatherless daughter almost overcome by the dreadful blow.

Reginald knew his uncle's aversion to his marrying; but he determined, come what would, to make the stricken girl his wife, and be able, as her husband, to comfort her.

So they were quietly married.

It would have been hard to imagine a happier couple in the stateliest halls than in three small rooms which were all their modest income could afford.

A few years passed on. It was rumored that the old doctor was about to enter into a matrimonial alliance with one of society's most brilliant ornaments. Many times had his elegant carriage swept past Reginald and his wife as they walked to and from church.

But Reginald's pride kept him from ever seeking his uncle, and so the breach was not healed.

One evening Reginald came into his cozy home, where his wife and little one sat before the cheerful and bright fire in a great excitement.

Annie's sweet voice stopped its lullaby, as she looked up.

"Why, Regy, what is the matter?"

"Matter! Why, the bank in which all my uncle's fortune is deposited has failed!"

Annie rose, and laying the little girl in her cradle, came and stood by her husband's side.

"Reginald, what shall you do?"

"Annie, it seems like retribution."

"Poor old gentleman!"

The young husband looked up into his wife's eyes, and read the thought that was in her heart.

The great mansion looked very gloomy to the passer-by; and alone in his room, with his head bowed over two letters, was the old doctor.

The first was a short note from the brilliant but heartless woman who had pretended to love him in spite of his long gray hairs.

"Fool that I was!" he murmured, as he tore the perfumed note in a hundred pieces. The other read thus:—

"DEAR UNCLE,

"Let bygones be bygones. I have a happy home and there is room for one more. Come to your affectionate nephew,

REGINALD HART."

Some time passed, and Reginald received no answer to his letter, and heard that his uncle's house was to [be sold] by auction.

It was a dark and stormy night [preced]ing the day of the sale. In his [library], with the curtains drawn, and no [fire on the] cheerless hearth, sat Dr. Wilton. All had was gone—at one fell blow [illegible] his resources, he had carelessly [contracted] debts, and now he was unable to [meet] them. What should he do?

The bent figure, with its white head wearily lifted itself, and going to the window drew back the curtain.

The old man stood there for a while watching the few passers plodding along through the [illegible]. Perhaps some of these people would [illegible] through his halls to-morrow, while he—where would he be then?

He slowly walked across the long room to an escritoire which stood at the farther end. In it lay an end of trouble: his hand was on the knob, when the patter of little feet at the door, and running into the room comes a fairy figure [illegible] rosebuds.

Straight to the [illegible] little one runs, [illegible] the tears to him with one [illegible] to his, and [illegible] innocent [illegible] kissed.

He is saved. Fast the tears fall down his face as he clasped the soft hand tightly.

"Ah, I know; it is Reginald's child."

"Yes, and Reginald, too," exclaimed an eager voice.

Annie little thought when she told her baby daughter what to do as she went into the room how nearly a tragedy had been enacted there. She never knew; and in after years she oftentimes wondered at the strange look which would pass over the old man's face when little Belle would slip a soft hand into his.

It was Retribution, but that dread visitant had come in angel guise.

All He Wanted was Common Civility.

Down at Cape Cod, last summer, Chauncey M. Depew heard of a rough skipper on a whaling voyage who, when obstinate, could see nothing. The mate shouted out one day, "Thar she blows and thar she breeches;" and the captain says, "I don't see no blows and I don't see no breeches." Pretty soon the mate yells out, "Thar she blows and thar she breeches." The captain said, "I don't see no [blows] and I don't see no breeches." Again the mate yells out, "Thar she blows and thar she breeches;" the captain said, "Mate, if you think thar she blows and thar she breeches, you can take the boat and go for her. The mate took the boat and brought alongside a whale which tried out eighty barrels of oil and the captain said:

"Mate you have done well and shall be mentioned to the owner; you will be complimented, perhaps rewarded."

And the mate said:

"Capt. Jones, I don't want no mention, and I don't want no compliment, and I don't want no reward; all I want is common civility, and that of the d—dest, commonest kind."

Increased Southern Cotton Spindles.

From the Agusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Almost every few days there are new manufactories springing into existence, and the rapid increase in cotton manufacturing south will greatly change [illegible] mates, and cause the importance of the [in]dustry to be more fully recognized in the markets. Within the past and during the present year of 1881-82 the increase is enormous. A recapitulation showing a total increase of 176,600 spindles, nearly one-third of the being in Georgia, and more than half in Georgia and South Carolina. The increase in spindles in the several states has been as follows: Georgia, 16[illegible], 600; Alabama, 34,000; Tennessee, 24,000; Mississippi, 3,000; Louisiana, 2[illegible]; North Carolina, 3,000; South Carolina, 96,000; total spindles, 361,600.

[illegible] say that the [illegible] heavy wheat crops and a [illegible] respects for the state of Virginia, as reported, are in favor of a splendid wheat crop the coming season.

Poplar will grow readily and rapidly on any moist soil and perhaps would do well in portions of the west, where it is desirable to grow trees. As it is used largle in paper manufacture, its production should be profitable.

A New Jersey farmer reports that a dressing of eight bushels per acre of salt to land badly infested with white grubs enabled him to raise good crops of corn for three years past, which was impossible previous to this application.

It is immaterial at what time vegetables are transplanted, provided they are not too large and the ground is warm and mellow; but they should never be transplanted in a rain storm, when the ground is puddly. If transplanted when it is warm and mellow root action begins at once.

The two earliest varieties of dwarf and bush beans are the early Fejee and the early Mohawk, the latter being the most productive. For a succession the early Mohawk and the early Valentine are both good sorts, while for late crops, as well as for picking, the Refugee is considered the best. In order to obtain a constant supply it will be found to be necessary to make a sowing every two weeks, and the plants will be rendered more productive if the beans are dropped three or four inches apart. Care should be taken not to hoe when the plants are wet, as the earth, or even dust, scattered on them will cause them to rust, and thus greatly injure the crop.

Table Manners.

A writer in Harper's Bazar calls attention to the want of good table manners which marks so many American families and which foreigners notice as one of our defects. The writer says:

We do not, as a nation, comport ourselves well at the table. In the first place we eat to fast, and are apt to make a noise over our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouths without a sound, lifting up their spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly.

In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the mouth open, and of putting too much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and at hotels, of putting our heads in our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of with the fork.

Some people eat instinctively with great elegance; some achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly.

Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Fish and fruit are eaten with silver knives and forks, or, if silver fish-knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never tilt a soup-plate for the last drop, or scrape your plate clean. Leave something for "manners"—a good old rule.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals.

The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible.

No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions.

But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit but one helping.

The Best Cattle for Beef and Milk.

The best breed of cattle for combined beef and milk purposes is unquestionably the Shorthorn, but we must take the precaution to select one as comes from what is called the milking families. The cows of this class gives very large messes of milk, excellent for cheese or butter. When aged and no longer wanted for the dairy, they can be dried off, put on to good feed and will soon fatten very rapidly, and make choice beef. The steers bred from these cows when properly fed, attain great weights at two-and-a-half-years old, and may be fully matured at three to four years old. They turn out first-quality beef, which brings the highest price both in the home and foreign markets. These great milking cows must never be turned out to run with their calves, unless they are milked clean by hand night and morning; for till the calf attains two or three months of age, it cannot take all its dam's milk, and in consequence of this, it keeps the cow in great pain, and often spoils part of the bag, or one or more of the teats by drying and caking there. This retention also occasions a [illegible] which it is very difficult [illegible] to [illegible] turned out to run with the cow, then select for your breeding such as come from the Shorthorn families which are only moderate milkers. At the west these are preferred to the great milkers, because stockholders generally want the calves to be turned out to run with their dams. They have so many animals on these large farms or ranches, the owners do not wish to be troubled about milking their cows. They do not make butter or cheese, the cattle being raised only for beef, and consequently they want such cows as give no more milk than the calf can suck clean and thus prevent the bag or teats from getting injured. At a proper age the cow will wean the calf herself when it can obtain a good living from pasture alone. The Devon breed of cattle are kept for combined beef and milk. They are very fine in all their points, and of a pure bright red color. They are not as large as the Shorthorns by one-fourth to one-fifth; but in consequence of this, and being extremely active and hardy, they will thrive and fatten on shorter and rougher pasture than the Shorthorn. There are individual animals of some other breeds which prove good for beef and milk, but they cannot be depended on as with Shorthorns and Devons. The Holsteins are worthy rivals of the Shorthorns for the combined purpose of beef and milk production, but being much fewer in numbers they are not so widely known.

The Tomato and its Culture.

Considered either as a fruit for the table or as a product for market, the tomato is held in and is worthy of high esteem. It seems to have a place filled by no other relish, being agreeable to the taste and inviting to the eye. Add to its [many] good qualities that of its immense productive capacity, and no wonder that the subject of its culture is so often referred to. Every section and locality must be govered by the closing season of frost, as a very light frost destroys the young and tender plants.

About eight or ten weeks previous to the last expected frost, seed may be sown in the hot-bed, or, if there is no hot-bed, seed may be sown in window-boxes. Early bearing of the plant is promted by transplanting or "pricking out" the young plants as they come to suitable size. A dozen or two of plants will supply the wants of a large family for the season. Only thrifty, strong and healthy plants should be planted out, and, in order to secure this, the young plants should have plenty of room in the seed-bed or boxes, with good, rich, sandy-loam soil, and be kept well watered, occasionally giving liquid manure. This is also essential after planting out in garden soil up to the time of maturity of the fruit. A dark, warm, sandy-loam soil, made rich through fertilizing for previous crops, suits the tomato. Some light application of thoroughly rotted manure, ashes or guano will stimulate a quick growth, as early production is usually very desirable. If the soil is poor, manure heavily, broadcast and in the hill, with well-rotted and fined stable manure and compost.

The land having been properly prepared, it should be laid off in rows and hills four feet each way. Make the hills large and [illegible] and fine. Dig out a hole [l]arge and deep to hold the roots [of the pl]ant with any clinging earth from [the pre]vious bed. With one hand hold the plant in position in the hole, while with the other pour water to fill the hole. If properly done, the mellow soil will fill in about the roots and nearly fill the hole and hold the plant so that, if freshly taken from its bed, it will not wilt, even if transplanted in hot sunshine. When the water has settled away, fill around the plant with good, fresh soil. I prefer to train tomato plants to a stake; when, if properly cared for, there will be more and better fruit. Side shoots should be stopped at the first blossom; your fruit is then fully exposed to the sun, is always clean, and sweeter than if grown on plants not thus trained. The stakes may be the same as for beans, and, when set, as high as a man's head. Attention will be needed to tie up and nip the side shoots, as the plants grow, which can be done when hoeing.

Varieties are numerous, with very little difference in earliness, more being due to culture in this respect; but there are other differences to be considered—such as flavor, meatiness, perfect coloring and ripening. A round, smooth, thick-meated fruit is to be preferred, other things being equal. The best I have tried is the Acme. Rot sometimes attacks the tomato, its cause being largely due to warm, wet weather and heavy dews, especially where the plants spread and lie low or on the ground in mass. Thin planting, pruning and tying to stakes will obviate this difficulty in nearly every instance; so that where the plants are properly raised and trained from the ground little damage is to be apprehended.

HE CLUNG TO HIS OLD COAT.

How Two Dutiful Sons Were Sadly Thwarted by a Father's Speculation.

Philadelphia Times.

A good deal of amusement has been caused in dry goods trade circles during the past few days by the leaking out of a little story at the expense of two young gentlemen who are widely and favorably known in the trade. The father of these young men is a prominent Market street merchant, noted for his large wealth, shrewd business ability and great economy, particularly in the matter of wearing apparel. The sons, who are models of taste and elegance in dress, have for a long time borne a particular antipathy to a certain venerable coat which has clung to their respected parent for many years, and often tried by persuasion to induce him to sell it to the rag-man and buy a new one, but the old gentleman's invariable reply was: "You poys shpend money enough for cloths for one family. Dis goat is good enough for me." At length, knowing their father's fondness for a bargain, they thought of a ruse by which to induce him to lay of the old garment and get a new one. Taking the coat which the father had worn they went to their tailor and instructed him to take it as a pattern as to size and to fit and make the finest coat he could. "We will," said one of them, "get father down here on some pretense or other and then you must sell him that coat. No matter what he offers, you take it, and we'll pay you the balance." In due time the sons received word that the coat was finished—price $80. The next morning at breakfast the eldest son casually remarked: "Father, you will be going near the tailor's to-day, and I wish you would stop in and tell him to be sure and send home my new coat to-day, for I have a party to attend to-night."

"Very vell, my son, I vill do so, but I don't see what you poys van't with so many goats."

The old gentleman delivered his message, and the tailor's opportunity had come. Fingering the venerable garment, he remarked, persuasively: "It is a shame for a rich man like you to wear such an old garment as that."

"Tank you very much, but this goat is good enough for me."

"I have got something," persisted the tailor, "that I believe will fit you, and it is the greatest bargain you ever heard of. I made it for a customer, but it was a misfit. The price of that coat," said the tailor, producing the garment, "is $80, but it won't fit the man I made it for, and I'll let you have it for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on and proved a per-[illegible]

A Reminiscence of Longfellow.

Annie Howard, in her reminiscences of Longfellow, published in the Providence Press, says: "I have never seen a man who had a finer capacity for friendship with persons of both sexes than Mr. Longfellow had. It is so rare a gift that I think it will have to be called, as in fact sometimes is, a separate sense. His regard for Mr. Greene seemed like that of David for Jonathan, to pass the love of women. Mr. Greene is an invalid, and I can not remember an occasion when I met Mr. Longfellow when the conversation did not turn largely upon Greene, as he always called him. 'Go and see Greene,' was his constant request, while every note I received from the poet was sure to contain some reference to this dear and scholarly friend, with whom he had discussed almost every line of his translation of Dante, and whose memory, with all his invalidism, he declared he would trust before his own. Mr. Longfellow's love for his classmates was also very strong."

The Noted Texan Bandit.

The death of Jessie James, the popular Missouri assassin, recalls the fate of another equally desperate bandit, "Sam" Bass, who made the plains of western Texas the scene of his exploits. This noted robber, for whose capture, "dead or alive," a large sum had been offered, was finally entrapped with a comrade in the town of Round Rock in the summer of 1875, and after a short but bloody struggle, in which the sheriff of Williams county and two of his deputies, as well as the companion of the outlaw, were left in the streets dead and dying, Bass himself fell from his horse in the outskirts of the town, mortally wounded by a ball from a Winchester rifle. He was buried with much "pomp and circumstance" in the cemetry at Round Rock; songs were composed and sung in his honor, and his grave is even now strewn with flowers by sympathizing Texans. His gang was broken up, many of his partners in crime going up into Missouri and joining Jesse James. Two of them, "Frank" Carter and John Underwood, have figured conspicuously in several recent train robberies.

"You'll never get such a bargain again if you live a hundred years," said the tailor. "You may have that coat for $40."

"I'll giff you twenty-five," said the old merchant, who knew cloth when he saw it.

"Take it."

Carrying his old coat in a bundle, the purchaser went out arrayed in the $80 coat.

At supper that night he appeared in the familiar old coat and in excellent good humor. To his sons he said; "I made a nice little ting to-day. Ven I was at the tailors I bought a [goat]—a nice, fine goat. The price vas $[80] but I got it for $25. I put it on and [I had] not got a square pefore I met [a man who] noticed my new goat and [asked] and I told him about how [che]ap. He offered me $30 for [it an]d I took it—made $5 in five [minutes]."

"Yes," [said] the sons, dolefully, in chorus, you've made $5 and we have lost $45." Then they explained. "My gracious!" that is pad," said the old man, when he comprehended the situation, "but let dis be a lesson to you, my shildren. Never dry to deceive your fader."

[illegible] port Beer! D[illegible]

The First Declaration of Independence.

The programme of the people of Charlotte, N. C., and vicinity, for the celebration in May next of the 107th anniversary of the Mecklinburg declaration of independence is an elaborate one. Wednesday, the 17th, will be spent in quartering all the troops who arrive on that day. Thursday, 18th, there will be an imposing military procession, composed of the volunteer militia from various sections of the state and some invited troops from abroad, and a welcoming address from the mayor, at the conclusion of which a number of rifle teams will contest for a prize. Friday, 19th, will be spent in a prize drill. Saturday, 20th, (Decoration Day proper), the procession will march to Independence square, where the inspection of the North Carolina troops by the governor and a staff will take place. The procession will then move to a site near the city, where speeches will be delivered by orators selected for the occasion, after which a firemen's tournament will take place between the Charlotte fire companies and visiting firemen, which will conclude the celebration.

CRUEL JEALOUSY.

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Happy Reconciliation.

"A pretty woman in a grassy orchard gathering apples on a sunny September day. What could be pleasanter?" thought Dr. Coventry, as he paused to speak to sweet Cecily Seymour, who stood by the sunniest wall, pushing her brown hair from her flushed face.

Such a bonnie face, fresh and bright as a summer dawn, with clear gray eyes fringed about with dusky brow and lash, like a clear lake edged round with rushes.

"What do you think of uncle to-day, doctor?"

"I fancy he is better, Miss Cecily; but he still needs great care, and must be kept quiet."

Cecily shrugged her plump shoulders as she said a little impatiently.

"What a pity he has such a bad temper."

"Indeed it is it goes against him tremendously" I'm afraid it makes it rather unpleasant for you, too. Is there no one who would come and help you?"

"No; and if there were I would rather take care of him myself. I owe him that for his care of me." She rubbed a red checked apple on her gown as she spoke, and passed it to the doctor, saying:

"You will find it sweet."

"So I should your lips, Hebe," thought the doctor, as he dug his strong white teeth into the juicy fruit.

Dr. Coventry sat down on a rustic seat while Cecily continued to pick apples.

Presently she jumped down from the low ladder with a little cry of pain as she came to earth.

"The doctor caught a tempting glimpse of white stocking and dainty buckled shoe.

"What's the matter, Miss Cecily? he asked, with a smile at the pretty puckered face:

"Oh, a bee has got up my sleeve and stung me."

She tucked up her pink cotton sleeve, baring all the beauty of her snowy dimpled arm whose fairness was stung by a wee brown bee.

"He must pay for his presumption," said the doctor, securing the remedy for the hurt.

As he applied it he raised the pretty plump arm towards him, and, bowing his face upon it he kissed the soft flesh rapturously.

Cecily flushed up above her innocent eyes.

"Forgive me, dear," said he softly; "I could not resist the temptation."

Sill fellow," she said, smiling.

"I am afraid I am very silly, indeed, for I have learned to love you, and want you to come and brighten my life. Will you marry me, Cecily?"

Her honest eyes scanned his closely for a few seconds, then the said in a sweet shaken voice, her vivid lip trembling at her daring:

"Are you in earnest? Have you considered how serious a question you have asked me?"

Of course I have considered, and am in earnest, darling. Tell me what is your answer. Be kind to me, Cecily, for I love you, dear—love you beyond all else the world contains."

"Then if it will be for your happiness, I consent."

"Will it be for your happiness, too, little woman?"

For answer she took up his strong brown hand and pressed her lips to it with humble abandon, strange in one whose looks showed pride in every lineament.

"I believe you do love me a little, beauty."

"I love you more than I can say."

That evening Cecily had to walk to the village to get some fancied need for her peevish old uncle, who was invalided through gout. The road was dark and dreary, but she did not notice the gloom, for her heart sang within her at the thought of her handsome lover's fond assurance of love and future guardianship.

Cecily's life had been a lonely one, shut out of the world by the pride of her uncle, who, from being a landed gentleman had sunk, through improvidence and gambling, into a single yeoman, who farmed a few acres where once he had lorded it as owner of a vast domain.

The first gleam of clear, undying sunshine in Cecily's life had come to her out of the y[illegible]. Now she was to be his wife and live in the pretty white house on the hill with everything in life to make her happy. No wonder her heart sang within her, and her step was as light as the beat of her happy heart.

In the dark highway presently she passed, out of breath, at the end of the road where she could see the lights of the village. A little cottage ornee stood by where she waited—a cottage that had caught an air of mystery from its beautiful occupant, of whom the village knew nothing.

'Tis hard to be virtuous in a village, so perhaps this lovely lonely women deserved what was said her.

Cecily was wondering what the past had been when the door opened and a tall form stood in the doorway. It was the figure of a man—a figure she fancied she knew. His voice startled all the blood to her heart. It was the voice of Dr. Coventry, who said, in the soft, loving tone she knew so well:

"Ally, dear, you are a sweet little absurdity to be so sillily jealous. Where is the woman who could rival you? Kiss me, dear, and say good night. I'll come to-morrow at the usual time. Meanwhile rest content. I assure you you hold undivided empire in the heart of the man you love."

Cecily saw the pretty, flaxen head uplifted and saw her 'king's' lips seek the winsome mouth of this queenly, dark-robed woman who had overshadowed with a dark despair all the glow and glory of her dawning happiness. Then she saw her lover pass so near that she could have stayed him with her hand; passed on, carelessly and cheerfully whistling a gay dance tune.

How her heart ached! When a sudden sickening pain possessed her. Oh, if she could but die, and so forget her pain, her agony of disappointment and never-ending grief.

She executed her simple errand and returned again through the dark road home; but with what different feelings. Her feet lagged, her heart beat heavily, and there seemed no light ahead.

As she passed the cottage she stood still in the darkness and cursed it and its flaxened-haired mistress with such bitter resentment as her simple uneventful life had never known before.

That night her uncle called her to him in a softened mood and told her that Dr. Coventry had been and asked his permission to marry her.

Cecily's face paled as she said in a tone of unchanging resolve:

"I will never be his wife, uncle. Do not ask my reason, enough that I know him to be utterly unworthy a good woman's loyal affection. Tell him I refuse him now and forever."

Surprise kept the old man dumb for a second, then he flew into a violent rage, and stormed and cursed at her more bitterly than he had ever done before, and he had stormed somewhat roughly in his time.

Cecily grew white, and bore his passionate upbraiding patiently, bowing her sweet face like a flower before the breeze.

"You shall leave her before the week is out, and go work for your aunt Helen, ungrateful, deceitful girl."

Cecily said she hoped if he could spare her he would let her go at once; such a change was her most earnest desire.

And so in the morning sunlight she sped away from rural Ruthlord into the dust and din of the great city to a big school in Bloomsbury, where her maiden aunt trained city misses into the mystery of good breeding.

Meanwhile the puzzled doctor had received her answer from her uncle, who now that the safety valve for his ill humor was gone, pitched into the doctor, telling him his girl must have some good reason or she would not have acted in so contrary a manner.

That night the doctor, with a sad, set face, went into the pretty cottage where a pretty women awaited his coming, with a puny baby wailing at her breast. She saw at once something had gone wrong with her brother, and quietly won from him the little history of his love and its perplexing ending.

"I should not have thought such a jolly, honest-eyed girl could be fickle, Tom. There must have been some misunderstanding dear. You were so sure of her love, Tom."

"As sure as I am of God's divinity; yet, you see she has failed me. But do not bother about me, dear, I am a man, made to suffer and be strong."

[illegible] I have news for you; I found Jack [yester]day and he has promised these shall [be no more] between you; he looks ill and is [illegible] your masquerading here as a widow; he is overjoyed that the baby is a son, and satisfies me that yours was a groundless jealousy, and in fact, waits outside, impatient to speak for himself. You have played with edged tools, sis; may your wounds be a warning to you in the future; remember that to the pure all things are pure, so cease to cavil at your fate because your husband counts a pretty woman among his friends."

"Good night, little woman; I am in no mood to witness a love scene, so I will go; good night dear; God bless you."

In the porch he paused to say to a tall, bearded man:

"Go in, man, or she will faint with suspense; be patient with her, remember error came of excess of love."

"All right, Tom; my heart has yearned for her so long that I can but be gentle, seeing what she has suffered since she tore herself out of my arms; poor little girl! life was not worth living without her."

* * * * *

"A lady to see you, Cecily; please be quick back, there are all these exercises to correct and we are late."

"Very well, auntie, I won't be long;—who can the lady be unless it is the rector's wife? Oh, I hope uncle is not any worse."

With proud composure Cecily waited for her visitor to speak, but instead of so doing the little lady burst into a flood of passionate tears, begging Cecily, if she had a woman's heart, to prevent her only brother, Dr. Coventry, from going as a surgeon with a regiment ordered to India for active service.

"It is simply ruin for him to sell his practice now, he is doing so famously; but he says he cannot stay in a spot that recalls daily this bitter disappointment; why can't you love him? he is good, true, noble, all that a man should be; there never was dearer brother or better son."

Cecily began to see the light; oh, why had she not trusted him.

Clasping Ally's hand, she told her all her suspicions, all her wicked, jealous rage that had bidden fair to wreck two lives; and then Ally told her own story, which had just the same groundwork—jealousy; and while Cecily listened, she blamed herself each moment more severely.

"What can I do to remedy my miserable mistake?"

"Come back with me at once and tell Tom how it came about; he came up to town about disposing of his practice and returns to-night to Rutherford; I only discoveaed your address to-day."

Cecily needed no second bidding, but, prettily dressed in her daintiest frock, sprang into the hansom beside the woman she had hated and was driven to a stately house at Kensington.

Ally pushed her into a darkened room where a man stood in a dejected attitude by a window, reading a letter in the dusk.

"I say, Ally, my business with Curtis has fallen through; he savs the purchase money is too much; why did you go out alone, child? you know Jack dislikes it!"

Cecily came timidly to his side, her courage fast forsaking her.

Tom looked round and saw instead of Alley's pretty petite shape, a stately form, with a graceful, drooped head; then he sprang forward, saying:

"Cecily! is it possible? why are you here?"

He drew her into the dim light of the window, and scanned her shy face as he spoke; then she uplifted all the witching light of her pleading eyes to his, and said softly:

"Oh, Tom, can you forgive me? I have wronged you cruelly."

Then followed the dreary details of her jealous pains and her weary life without him. As he listened to the pleading voice the ice seemed to melt about his heart, and clasping her to him he said: "Oh, my darling, the mistake was almost past retrieving. Why are women so foolishly suspicious? You two jealous women have almost wrecked the lives who loved you. But this must be a danger-signal to you in future, darling. Suspicion is a foe to love; perfect love should be built upon faith."

"I will never mistrust you again, Tom, dear."

"Don't say never, pet, rather promise that if you should be tempted to repeat this experience, you will come to me husband honestly and tell him your trouble."

Cecily promised with her beautiful arms encircled about her lover's neck.

Jack was met half an hour later by his little wife who, when she gave him a kiss of welcome, said:

"Don't go into the library, Jack; remember how we used to hate being caught spooning in the dark. Tom's sweetheart and he are making it up. I must say they linger over it as though they find it a pleasant business."

"May their making up be as pleasant as ours, pet, and the lesson as lasting."

South Carolina's Wonderful Palmetto in Memory of Confederate Dead.

Columbia Letter in the Syracuse Standard.

The Iron Palmetto is the greatert work of art in the State House yard. This is a casting wholly of iron, commemorating the death of many of Carolina's slain, whose names are found in raised letters on two brass tablets at the base. The success of this casting consists in its perfect imitation of the living palmetto—the favorite tree of South Carolina. We had heard of this statue in other places, but had never been able to believe the stories of the flexible leaves bending in the breeze, supposing this phenomena an optical delusion, but such is really the case. The long, thin leaves of iron, life-like even to the hair-like fibres of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the acutest observer at the distance of five rods.

These sad momentoes of a sadder past cause all the glories of war and the petty triumphs of victorious arms to sink into pitiable insignificance, and only this pathetic tribute to the memory of fallen believers in the lost cause, whose faith was sealed in their own blood, remains to tell of the woe and heart-breaking sorrow which has fallen like a pall of midnight darkness over all the South.

General Porter Pardoned.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—In reply to Gen. Fitz John Porter's application for the remission of that portion of the sentence of the court martial now being executed, the president, with recommendation of the attorney general, has issued the following order, and has thus removed the only legal obstacle to congressional action and exhausted all his powers in the case under the existing laws.

Chester A. Arthur, president of the United States of America. To all to whom these presents may come, greeting.

Whereas, On the 10th of January, 1863, Fitz John Porter, major general of volunteers in the military service of the United States, and also colonel of the Fifteenth regiment of infantry, and brevet brigadier general in the United States army, was by a general court martial, for certain offenses of which he had been thereby convicted, sentenced to be cashiered, and to be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the government of the United States; and,

Whereas, On the 21st of January, 1863, that sentence was duly confirmed by the president of the United States, and by his order of the same date carried into execution; and,

Whereas, So much of that sentence as forever disqualified the said Fitz John Porter from holding office imposed upon him a continuing penalty, and is still being executed; and whereas, doubts have since arisen concerning the guilt of the said Fitz John Porter of offenses whereof he was convicted by the said court martial, founded upon the result of an investigation ordered on the 12th day of April, 1878, by the president of the United States, which are deemed by me to be of sufficient gravity to warrant remission of that part of the said sentence which has not been completely executed; now, therefore,

Know ye, that I, Chester A. Arthur, president of the United States, and in consideration of the premises, do hereby grant to the said Fitz John Porter full remission of the hereinbefore mentioned continuing penalty. In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 4th day of May, A. D. 1882, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

[Signed] CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the president:

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, secretary of State.

GEN. PORTER'S ACCEPTANCE.

Following is Gen. Porter's acceptance:

WASHINGTON, May 5.—To Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, Sir: I respectfully ask you to express to the president my acknowledgment of the receipt through you, and my appreciation, of his order remitting the continuous portion of the sentence imposed upon me by the court martial in 1863. I am very respectfully, yours. (Signed) FITZ JOHN PORTER.

Gen. Porter's memorial to congress recites and embraces the documentary history of the case and asks that congress will take necessary action to at once carry out the recommendation of the advisory board of army officers, ordered by the president, and to restore him to the positions of which the sentence of the court martial deprived him.

MINSTREL JOKES.

Character and Origin of the Best of the "End" Men.

Seated in the little alcove made sacred to the stage manager just back of the proscenium arch was the veteran minstrel—Lew Benedict. Clad in primitive attire, the principal portion of which was a pair of pants and a striped shirt, Mr. Benedict was giving some directions as to the stage setting, but speedily concluding his labors piloted the way up to the dressing-room in the mysterious regions above. Here was a chaotic and motly scene. The majority of the troops were either "making up" or divesting themselves of their attire, and the floor was strewn with a variety of garments that would have made the late Solomon in all his glory long for a back seat. Carefully encasing himself in a pair of variegated pants was Frank Moran—a man whose name has been linked with negro minstrelsy almost ever since it was incorporated in the theatrical dictionary, and striking his arms into a sunflower bedecked coat, he proceeded to put the finishing touches on his face before the mirror. Billy Arlington, the old-time warbler, but really a fine, manly looking fellow just in the prime of life, was in a devotional attitude before a wash bucket trying to entice some of the black off his face with a big sponge. Harry Armstrong, who is counted among "the younger men," but who has still amused audiences for nearly a decade, wore a pair of pink pantalets which give him something of a spirituelle appearance, barely relieved by the cigar which he was smoking. The other members of the troupe were scattered around promiscuously and doing their work of dressing or undressing with the least possible delay.

"Talking about old times," said Lew Benedict, seating himself and holding down a trunk with his pedal extremities, "I think Surridge is a little off as to how the minstrel business started—"

"By-the-by," said the reporter, addressing the question generally to the group, "how do the gags and 'end business originate—who gets them up?"

"Well, now," replied Benedict, smiling, "that's a poser, sure enough; it's hard to tell where that funny business does come from, and how anything new gets into it."

"A good deal of it comes from the stories the men get to telling each other at the hotel," said Moran; they make 'em up there and then get them off on the stage. Of course lots of it gets to be stereotyped, and the only wonder to me is that we ever do get anything right new and fresh."

"Yes," chipped in Arlington, "jokes get to be public property very quick, and if the people only understood it as we do they wouldn't kick about old gags. Now, for instance, we opened at San Francisco; all our gags were new and bright. Nobody could say that they had heard them before. Well, there was a fellow at the theater who ran one of these little programmes in newspaper form. He thought the jokes were pretty good and just sat down and took notes on them all. Next evening the little paper had all the jokes and gags in it, and from there they were copied everywhere. After that when anybody would hear of our jokes the chances are they would say, 'Oh, —I saw that in some paper.' That's what makes it so hard to get new gags. I see some shows advertise, 'All jokes new and fresh—nothing stale, etc. This can't be, because after a joke's repeated once everybody who wants to be smart takes it up and it ceases to be new any more."

"We depend a good deal, too, on the papers for our jokes," said Armstrong, with an evident desire to give the paragrapher his meed of justice. "I got some of the very best I ever had in my life out of the Detroit Free Press. The London Punch used to have some first rate stuff in it for the end."

"Talking about newspapers and gags," said Benedict, "I'll tell you a little story: I had a gag that is as old as the hills now, but I got it up myself and it was a good one. It was that one about the Mississippi "Why don't they stop the Mississippi, from overflowing? Why, dam it, they can't! See? That was a pretty good gag when it was young. Well, about seven or eight years ago I was in a little town in Indiana where they had been having some trouble with the water, and I got off the same gag about the Wabash River. It took well, but when the show was over a fellow that ran a paper there came up to me and said: "Lew, that was a pretty cute gag about the Wabash." "Whose gag?" I said. "Yes," said he, "and we mine." "Well, it's a pretty good gag anyhow," I said. "How long ago did you write it?" "Oh, about a year and a half ago, I guess," says he. Just then Billy Arlington come down stairs and I said "Billy, how long ago did you hear me tell that 'dam it, they can't' gag?" "About ten or twelve years ago," says Billy. It took this fellow down about four and a half pegs."

"That's something like my gag about the bum," said Armstrong, with a grim laugh. "I have a little gag like this: "In Russia, when they want to get rid of a Czar they give him a bomb. Here in this country, when they want to get rid of a bum they give him an office." I had a man named Carson write that and a lot more truck for me back in New York, all good, and I've seen that same joke traveling all over the country with the name of some newspaper attached to it. However," added the minstrel philosophically, "they are welcome to it; it's a sort of a stand-off on what we get from them."

"I'll tell you another old newspaper gag," said Moran, thoughtfully tilting back his venerable beaver. "It's one about "Bring a Swede to this country, and he's a Russian bring a Turk, and he's a Turk; bring a Spaniard, and he's a Spaniard; but bring an Irishman, and he's a policeman." That's a good end gag, but was taken from some newspaper."

"Is there often anything of an impromptu nature on the end?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes; all the time," responded Benedict, a smile illuminating his face as he doubtless called to mind some instances of the past. "You take a man at the end who is a little slow about telling his gags and new things will continually suggest themselves to his mind. That's where the merit of some men lies. I remember I was with a minstrel troupe back east once where we played at a town for three nights. The first night Billy Arlington and I—we were on the ends—got to blackguarding each other in a genteel way and things grew pretty interesting. I would say something to Billy and he would come back at me, and then I would go for him again. The audience caught on, and I never saw a thing take so well in my life. The three nights we were there I don't think we got off one old gag, and the people flocked by the hundreds to hear us."

"Nearly every man has his speciality," said Moran," and, as a matter of course, that includes more or less jokes, good, bad and indifferent. That tells the whole thing in a nut-shell. Some make them up themselves, some have somebody to write them and some steal them out of the newspapers."

"I would willingly give a couple of $20 bills," spoke up one of the party, "for a couple of right good fresh jokes. They are the hardest things in the world to get—the jokes, I mean."

An Absent-Minded Man's Memorandum.

From the Lockport Journal.

He must have been just a little bit absent-minded, if he is a well-known farmer of the town Cambria. We refer now to the one who lost his memorandum prepared by the dutiful housewife, which contained, among the other household necessities to be purchased, the injunction not to forget to have a tooth pulled. If it required to be written down in order that he might remember it, we should say that it was not of much importance which tooth was "yanked" so long as he filled the bill and had one taken away. We can recall times when it was necessary to take along anything but the jaw to the dentist's office, and we were not inclined to forget where we were going either.

Somebody's Darling.

Can You see the Ink Bottle on the Table? It is full of Nice Black Ink. If you Want to, you can Pour the Ink out on the Carpet. It makes the Carpet look Black too, does it not? Sit down on the Carpet and Put both your Little Paddies in the Ink. What a Nice Picture you can Make on the Wall Paper now. Make a picture of a Big Man and a Little Girl. Do you want to Put some Ink on the Lace Curtain? Very well, Put it on Carefully, for you Should never Waste the Ink or anything Else. This will be quite a Surprise to Mamma when she Comes In.

Commodore Gerry of [illegible] has [illegible] the plan of a [illegible] which will [illegible]